

Carnival Knowledge

By DirtyMartini

Published on Lush Stories on 22 Oct 2009

All stories, poems and plays copyright Alan W. Jankowski.

Sometimes it pays to know the carnies, like when you want to take a hot girl to the fair after hours

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/carnival-knowledge.aspx>

The summer of 1980 seemed to hold nothing but promise for this young man. Just one year out of high school it was an easy decision for me to take a year off before going to college. Heck, I was young enough to enjoy myself and wanted to travel and see the country while I had the opportunity. The year before, just out of high school, I had taken a job as a carnival worker or carnie as they are known. It gave me the chance to schlep across country and get paid in the process. Being a carnie can be grueling at times. You sleep in pop up trailers and drink and party like rock stars without the benefit of groupies. Hanging out with the carnies gave me second thoughts about ever letting my kids go on amusement park rides, but they were a fun bunch of guys and I enjoyed their company. I did the carnie thing for five months, making my way from the East Coast to the West in the process. After returning to New Jersey from my left coast finale, I moved into a trailer I shared with a buddy from high school. It was tight, but there was just enough room for my guitar, my blues records, and me. I bought an old BSA Gold Star 650 motorcycle and spent the beginning of 1980 traveling up and down the East Coast on the bike. You could always tell where I had last parked it by the oil stains on the pavement, but it ran well and more importantly, it looked damn cool. By summer I had settled back in New Jersey, looking forward to getting in as much time as possible on the Jersey shore before going off to school in the fall. By August I hate to have to say I was getting tired of drinking and casual sex, but living like it was my last summer on earth was starting to catch up with me. I would have to get into study mode next month and I started to ease down on my partying at the shore. I made plans to go to the Flemington Fair in Flemington New Jersey in late August. This would give me a day of relative relaxation and a chance to catch up with my old carnie buddies from the summer before. It was something I really looked forward to. It was a warm Friday morning the day I set off to the fair. It was already close to 80 degrees by eleven or so when I got on my BSA and started off. The sun beating down on my bare arms felt so good. I started to think how I was going to miss these road trips on the bike once I started college. I was certain I would have little time for much other than studying. After about an hour on the road I got onto Route 202 with its rolling hills. As I opened the throttle on the long downhill stretches, the breeze caused the sleeves and back of my T-shirt to flap wildly in the

wind. It felt so good, as the temperature had passed the 80 mark by now and the rushing wind was a welcome relief. The roar of the pipes was the perfect soundtrack for what was to be my last major summertime excursion. After arriving at the fair, I parked the bike and made my way through the main entrance. I planned on spending a couple hours with my carnie buddies and afterwards about an hour checking out some of the exhibits I recall being fond of. I immediately made my way towards the back where the pop-up trailers were parked. I knew at least some of the carnies would be hanging out there, probably drinking beer, while the rest operated the rides. I knocked on the trailer door and was immediately greeted by an old co-worker, Jose. "Hey Amigo, long time no see," Jose said. "Come on in, bro." I was treated like a long lost brother returning home from war. We sat and talked. The beer flowed freely and the time passed quickly. People came and went as they went to relieve the guys working the rides. Before I knew it almost four hours had passed. After a lot of hugging and good-byes I left the trailer. I knew it would probably be the last time that I saw most of those guys. I wandered onto the main drag and slowly made my way towards the booths with their various games. I stopped at an Italian ice stand and bought myself an Italian ice to refresh myself from the heat. As I was paying for my ice, I heard a voice. "Hey, I got the same shirt," a lovely female voice said. I turned and saw a beautiful girl, about twenty years old, with long black hair and big brown eyes. She was wearing a pink T-shirt and faded jeans. It was clear that the only thing covering her perky nipples was the T-shirt. She had pink fingernail polish with silver glitter and a silver necklace. Other than that she wore no jewelry or makeup except bright red lipstick. Her slender body and small breasts made her appear younger than her twenty years. She had a youthful vigor and a quick, sly smile that could melt even the hardest heart. "I just bought the same shirt as you." She pulled a T-shirt out of a plastic bag. It had the logo of the rock group 'The Who' on it. "Oh cool, you a Who fan too?" I asked. "Yes." We began conversing and found out we had similar musical tastes. She told me her name was Cindy and she lived in the next town with her parents. We started walking along, sharing an Italian ice. We passed through the area containing the animals, as Cindy wanted to see the horses. Afterwards we headed onto the main walkway and stopped at the booth where you aim at the clown's mouth with the water pistol. The water entering the clown's mouth causes a ball to rise and ring a bell. The first person to ring the bell wins a prize. I handed the girl behind the counter two tickets and Cindy and I each grabbed a water pistol. I quickly won as the bell rang. "What do you want?" I asked Cindy. I had a choice of prizes. "I'll take the small bear on the left," she told the girl operating the stand. Cindy took her teddy bear and we strolled onward down the main drag, stopping occasionally at various booths. We stopped and got a funnel cake that we shared as we walked towards the area where the rides were. "Ooh, a merry-go-round! Let's go on!" Cindy exclaimed. After giving the operator the tickets, we each found a horse. The ride started as the music blared. The ride slowly built up speed, as the lights became a blur. The carnival music completely drowned out the sounds of the crowd and the animals in their stalls under the moonlit sky. Cindy would reach up on occasion and try to grab a ring. As she stood up in the stirrups her T-shirt would ride up her back and her nipples would press against the cloth, which was the only thing holding them back. She was all smiles and giggles. We went around a few times and as the music and lights wound down, we dismounted and rejoined the crowd on the

busy thoroughfare. As we continued on our way, we held hands as Cindy continually glanced my way and giggled. She looked so good with her long black hair shining under the full moon. As we came to the end of the road, the Ferris wheel came into view. Cindy became excited and all smiles as she suggested we go on it. Of course I agreed. We held hands as we stood in line and when it came our turn I handed the man our tickets and we got on. The man fastened the cross bar across our laps and we held on as the mighty wheel climbed upward towards the star studded sky. As Cindy held onto the cross bar, I could see the silver glitter on her pink nails sparkle in the moonlight. "This is so romantic," Cindy said as she snuggled next to me and placed her hand on my right thigh. I could feel the arousal building up in me as the blood ran to my crotch. As the Ferris wheel car stopped up top, you could literally see for miles. The people below looked like dots and the stars in the sky looked almost in reach. After the ride ended we once again found ourselves on the main drag. The fair was closing as the lights were slowly being extinguished. The sun had set but the sky was bright with the light of the moon. It was a gorgeous night. Since we had to leave, I suggested to Cindy that we take a ride on my motorcycle. She told me she loved bikes and was visibly excited at the thought. We made our way out of the fair and onto the bike. Cindy put the teddy bear on the handlebars of the bike, held in place by a bungee cord I had there. Cindy got on and held me tight as we entered the main roads. As she nuzzled up against my neck, I could get a whiff of her floral scented hair. As we rode down the road and got on the main highway, Cindy would put her arms out and stroke my forearms. I could see the glitter on her nails reflected in the moonlight. As we stopped at lights, I would rev the BSA twin. The vibrations would cause Cindy to sigh and she would squeeze me tight, nuzzling her nose against the back of my neck. We rode around for a couple of hours in the beautiful August night. A beautiful girl on the back of a classic British bike holding me tight under a clear, star-studded sky. A perfect night if there ever was one. As the ride progressed, Cindy went from stroking my forearms to stroking my thighs. It was clear this gorgeous young woman wanted to ride more than my motorcycle. Suddenly, I had an idea. I turned back on Route 202 and headed towards the fair. As I pulled back up to the entrance, Cindy asked me what I was doing. The fair was dark except for a few security lights and a guard at the entrance was the only visible sign of human life. I parked near the main entrance and told Cindy to wait there. I ran around back by the fence where the pop-up trailers were. The carnies were hanging out, drinking beer. I called out for Jose. "Jose, Jose!" I shouted. Jose came to the fence. "What up, Amigo?" he asked. "I need you to do me a favor," I said. "Come around to the front entrance and bring your keys for the rides." "OK, but only for you, Amigo." Jose always called me 'Amigo'. It was a term of endearment as we were good friends. I ran back to Cindy as Jose came to the main entrance. "I need you to get us in and I need to borrow your keys." "OK, for you I do this only, Amigo," Jose said. I grabbed Cindy's hand and led her into the fair. Jose returned to the trailer. As Cindy and I walked along, there was nobody in sight as everything was put away for the night and all was dark and calm except for an occasional security light. "This is wonderful!" Cindy exclaimed. "So romantic." We walked down the same main drag we had walked down just hours before. "Look, here is where you won the bear," Cindy said. I stopped at the booth and went around and unlocked the water pistols. "I think it will work," I said. I squeezed the trigger and water shot out. "I have an

idea,” Cindy said. She climbed over the counter and sat on top of the clown. “Aim for me instead of the clown,” she said. I aimed the pistol as a stream of water soaked her T-shirt. Her nipples were clearly visible behind the wet shirt. She giggled loudly. “No, silly. Lower!” she said as she unbuttoned her jeans, revealing a neatly trimmed dark bush. This was a girl who did not believe in underwear. I aimed the water pistol at Cindy’s groin. She cried out and laughed hysterically as the cold water hit her womanhood. I did it a couple more times as Cindy laughed loudly. Cindy then climbed back on top of the counter and jumped into my arms, almost knocking me over. The wetness of her shirt was cold against my body. Her nipples were hard as they pressed against my chest. We ran down the main drag hand in hand till the end of the road. The merry-go-round was once again in sight. “Oh, can we go back on?” Cindy asked excitedly. I went over to the control panel for the ride and inserted the key. The motor started up. I lifted Cindy up onto one of the horses. I started up the ride as the sound of the carnival music broke the silence of the still New Jersey night. As the ride started in motion, I hopped on the horse behind her and grabbed hold of her hips as Cindy stood up in the stirrups. As the lights flashed and the music blared, I pulled down Cindy’s pants as she tried to grab the rings. Her beautiful butt was in full view as I rubbed my face against her soft cheeks. As the music continued to play, I managed to turn Cindy around so that her back rested against the pole supporting the horse. I licked her stomach with firm strokes and made my way down to her waiting pussy. Her soft bush teased my face as I took in her womanly scent and began teasing it with my tongue. Cindy arched her back against the pole and held the pole at a point above her head. The flashing lights danced magically upon the sweet juices that were forming on the wondrous feast before me. As I supported her arched body with my hands firmly gripping her butt, I teased her womanly delights with my tongue in ever harder and quicker strokes while her scent mixed with the fresh country air. As I continued my tongue strokes, her juices began to cover my face. As we went around and around, her moans became increasingly louder until they drowned out the sound of the music. Her climax ended as the merry-go-round slowed to a halt in a fitting finish to a total sensual delight. She fell into my arms in a warm embrace, her nipples once again pressed against my body as we dismounted. She pulled up her jeans and we held hands as we continued up the deserted path. As we continued up the road, we held hands as once again Cindy glanced my way and giggled. Just as before, Cindy’s long black hair shone in the moonlight. Just as we did earlier in the day, we came upon the Ferris wheel. We both looked at each other with telling glances, and then we embraced. I went over to the control panel and started the engine that powers the ride. I helped Cindy into one of the Ferris wheel cars and fastened the cross bar. I started the ride and stopped it just in time so that Cindy and the car were at the highest point in the ride overlooking the whole fair. I then stopped the motor so that the loudest sound was the crickets chirping in the distance. I climbed up the side of the ride and when I reached the top, I grabbed onto the cross bar and hoisted myself in, joining Cindy in the Ferris wheel car. I sat myself on the cross bar across from Cindy. She looked so lovely with her long black hair shining in the moonlight. The view from above was spectacular. The moon hung low in the summer sky as it looked down upon us. The stars dotted the summer sky. They looked so close you could reach out and grab one. If Cindy had asked me that night, I would have. I leaned forward and gave Cindy a passionate

kiss. She kissed back with all her might, our tongues in a lovers' embrace. I removed Cindy's damp T-shirt to reveal those delicate breasts in all their glory to the moonlit sky. I worked my way down with my tongue and lips. First her ears, then her soft neck, rounding her breasts and wondrous nipples, leaving nothing untouched. As I continued my journey downward to the Promised Land, the only sounds were the soft squeaking of the Ferris wheel car as it gently rocked. The rocking was somehow soothing, like a cradle rocking a baby. With the crowds long gone and the animals asleep, the only other sounds were Cindy's soft moans as I gently removed her pants and cast them aside. As I stood up and removed my clothes, revealing my rock hard erection, I was startled at the words that broke that summer evening silence. "Stop." "Stop?" I asked in an utterly confused state. "Stop," Cindy repeated. I could feel the blood draining out of what was once a proud and glorious erection as she muttered the one word no man wants to hear. Cindy then bent over and reached into the pocket of her pants. She pulled out something and as she held it up I could see what it was. A condom. OK, I thought, I guess things could have been worse, but this was not the ideal I was hoping for. "I insist," she said. "I have to." She then held the wrapped condom up to her lips. She then tore the wrapper open with her bright red lips, the saliva on the package shining in the moonlight. She then removed the condom with her teeth and maneuvered it with her mouth so that it was perched perfectly between her pouted lips. I could feel my erection returning in full glory like a flag raised above a battlefield. Cindy then leaned forward and placed her long slender fingers on my thighs. The glitter on her fingernails once again sparkled in the moonlight. Her hair danced on my inner thighs as she leaned forward and with her mouth engulfed my massive hard-on in one decisive motion. With her lips she slid the rubber on along the entire length of my shaft. When she came back up for air, I could see streaks of her red lipstick along the sides of the prophylactic and the wetness of her saliva along my member glistened in the light of the moon. As she raised her head, she smiled a huge seductive grin. I was perched with my butt resting against the cross bar and Cindy was now across from me seated in the Ferris wheel car. I grabbed Cindy's hands with one hand and spun her around with the other so that her knees were now resting on the seat of the car and her hands were on the back edge. Her butt was in the air facing me and I began to stroke her womanhood from behind. She was so wet by now she was practically dripping. I started to finger her, one finger at first, then two. I fingered her wet pussy until her soft moans drowned out the squeaking of the gently swaying Ferris wheel car. As she begged me to take her, I inserted my covered member into her wanting love canal. I began to thrust, slowly and rhythmically at first as the car began to rock ever more. As my thrusting began to increase in speed and intensity, the car on the top of the Ferris wheel began to rock like a ship in a storm, the leading edge alternately obscuring the moonlight creating a rhythmic light dance upon her sweat drenched back. Her moans became screams of passion breaking the silence of the New Jersey night as the Ferris wheel car rocked furiously from our lovers' dance. Her vaginal muscles threatened to lock us as we came together in a fit of passion high over the Flemington countryside. When we finished, I leaned back against the cross bar and Cindy sat up in the seat of the car. Once again she had a sly grin on her face. She reached out between my legs and began to unroll the condom from my penis. She removed it and held it up with a big grin. She then held it by

the opening up to her lips and stuck out her tongue as if to tease the rubber. She then took the index finger of her other hand and unrolled the condom inside out onto her index finger while inserting it in her mouth. With the condom inside out on her finger, she then performed mock fellatio on it, cleaning it off like new, careful not to miss a drop of what seemed to be my precious love juices. She then put it aside and gave me a huge smile, ear to ear. We sat and held each other for some time, just two people enjoying a spectacular view. When we started to get hungry and a bit tired, I climbed down and started the ride back up. I helped Cindy out of the car, shut off the ride and took the key. We walked back to the trailer where Jose and the guys stayed to return the keys. "Have a good time, Amigo?" Jose asked. "Oh yeah," I said with a smile. Cindy and I walked out the front entrance. On the way out we passed a security guard who gave us a telling grin. Cindy and I just looked at each other and smiled as we got back on my motorcycle and headed out into the New Jersey night. May, 2009.