



Ferris Wheel

A Torquere Press Single Shot Classic by Drew Zachary

2000

Jake could do this job in his sleep. Hell, he had done it in his sleep a time or two. Boss frowned on that though.

Still, it was deep into the dog days of August, near the end of the season really, and he was doing it all by rote. Get the people off the wheel, take tickets of the folks going on, make sure they were strapped in, move the wheel around fifteen degrees and repeat. Once they'd all changed out there wasn't even that to do, just wait for the timer to go off while the wheel spun.

He didn't even really hear the music anymore, or the way it competed with the scary music coming from the haunted house or the pop crap coming off the tilt-a-whirl. Just one big buzz.

Yep, by the end of August he was pretty fucking tired of this job. Funny how he always forgot what the last month, month and a half was like in April when he was all eager to get on the road at the start of summer fair season.

He was so busy half-doing and working on his grouch that he almost missed the blond who got on by himself. His prick noticed though, perking up right nice.

Tall, probably just over six feet, with broad shoulders and a wide chest just made for biting. Looked strong, but not like some guy who lived in the gym; just broad and hard, like he worked a lot. Which made sense, figuring that this particular small town was just the middle of farm country. Looked young though, probably not even twenty.

Blue jeans and a tight t-shirt, and why the hell was this guy alone?

He took his own t-shirt off and wiped his face down and then went and helped the guy put the bar down, making sure it was locked in place. "Don't want you falling out," he said, giving the kid a hungry grin.

Fuck, it was a hot one as it was today, but it felt like the temperature had just skyrocketed.

The kid gave him a strange look, sort of confused, and nodded. "Thanks."

Ah well, he had another hour on his shift anyway. He loaded the rest of the cars and then sent the wheel on its run.

He was paying more attention now though, watching the kid every time he was in sight. The more he watched the more he thought it was a shame the blond hadn't seemed more interested. Of course, buggery was usually more frowned on in the small towns and farm communities.

When it came time to switch out the riders, he kept the kid's car for last.

This time, when he unlocked the bar and smiled he got a shy grin in return. "Thanks. Didn't fall out, so I guess you can count that as a success. If I go around again will you make sure it's just as safe?"

"Sure thing -- safety's my middle name. First is Jake." He gave the kid a wink.

The kid blushed. Fucking blushed. But he offered his hand and said, "Lindsey. Or Linds, whichever."

"Hey, Linds. Hold up a sec there, eh?" He nodded back to where the crank was and helped a lady and her two rugrats in. He set the wheel in motion. "I get off in an hour," he told Linds, leaning in. The kid was just a hair or two taller than him. "We could meet by the ball toss booth."

Linds gave him another weird look, then a slow once over. "We could," he agreed slowly. "You wanna toss balls?" Linds was grinning again, but there was heat in his eyes. Blue-green eyes. Strange color, but they had laughter in them, and if Jake wasn't completely off the mark, a healthy dose of lust.

"I can think of better things to do with 'em but toss." He grinned at the kid, let his own lust show through, trying not to feel like a fucking dirty old man. He wasn't ancient or anything, but if he wasn't ten years older and a hundred years more experienced than Linds, he'd eat his hat. "An hour."

"Meet you there," Linds said, walking away and not looking back. Nice tight butt, too.

Well, there was nothing like a raging hard-on to make an hour crawl by slower than molasses in January. On top of that, Jimmy was almost ten minutes late coming to relieve him. He didn't stay to tell the asshole off though, just bee-lined for the ball toss, hoping the kid hadn't bailed.

He was there, eating blue cotton candy and not looking really pissed off, just leaning on the side edge of the game, looking around. When he saw Jake heading towards him Linds smiled, his eyes doing another inspection. The grin grew.

Oh, this was going to be fun. It had been too long since he'd gotten his rocks off any way but solo.

He grabbed a bit of the kid's cotton candy, making a show of eating it. "You got more you wanna see here, or do you want to check out the back forty -- it's the best place to see the whole fair at once."

Linds was still watching his mouth. "Huh? Oh, I've been here for hours -- seen it all. I'm good for a walk." Linds finished off the candy and tossed the bag into the nearest bin as they walked away from the ball toss. "Sticky," he said, licking off his fingers.

Oh fuck, the kid was making him feel like the virgin here, ready to pop off with barely any provocation.

He grabbed a couple of bottles of water and two candy apples from Mona's kiosk and nodded toward a break in the fence on the other side of the ball toss. "This way."

A nice view, some sticky treats and a little privacy. What more could a man ask for?

Linds kept glancing at him as they walked, and it wasn't until the kid reached for one of the water bottles that Jake noticed the kid's hand was shaking. Not a lot, but it was there. He passed the water

bottle over, grabbing Linds' hand and tugging him a little, just enough to take the kids forward momentum and swing that body lightly against his. "Supposed to be a bit of fun, eh?"

Putting his lips against Linds' he took a light kiss.

Lindsey nodded and licked his lips. "Yeah, I know. Just...don't do this. I mean, I *do* this, just never wandered off with anyone before." The kid blushed a little and looked away before looking Jake right in the eye. "Want to, though."

"Well there you go, that's what counts."

He judged they were far enough away from the fairway not to get noticed, so he slid his arm around the kid's waist, fingers grabbing onto a belt-loop and nudging their hips together. "You're a fine looking man, Linds. And I know what I'm doing -- 's gonna be a good time."

That earned him a smile and another nod. Kid didn't seem to be a big talker, and that was okay -- what he did say was at least honest. Linds didn't look around to see if there was anyone watching, either. Was either out enough not to worry, or too horny to care.

Lindsey mirrored him, an arm going around Jake's waist, and hell the kid took his time about it, too, feeling his butt on the way past and hooking his thumb into the waistband of Jake's jeans.

"How far are we going?" Linds asked, lifting the water bottle to his mouth.

"Far enough no one'll hear it if you're a screamer." He gave the kid another wink and sped up a bit, his boner fucking killing him.

Linds almost choked, his cheeks flaming. "Not a screamer. Girls scream, I just...yell. A lot." Then he gave Jake a wicked grin. "You've got a good name for yelling."

He grinned. "I like your style, kid."

He stopped them at the beginning of the next field. There was a nice old tree, big enough for the two of them to lean against and the grass on the ground was fairly soft. "This looks good."

Linds tossed the capped water bottle on the grass and turned into him, arm still around his waist. "Yeah. Looks real good." Then that pretty mouth was on his, the kid taking a deep kiss and holding him close.

Fuck, but Linds was hard, big arm locked around him and hot mouth sealed over his. Jake's prick went from interested to flat out need and he grabbed Linds' hips, pulling their groins together. Oh yeah, there was a matching heat there and he groaned; the kid felt like he had a prick to match all those long limbs and sweet muscles.

Linds might not have been a talker, might have been a bundle of nerves, but the kid seemed to know what he wanted and wasn't shy about going for it when he got started. Big hands landed on Jake's ass, pulling him in tight, and the kid's hips were just fucking snapping as they rubbed on each other, hard and fast.

He pulled out of the kiss and pushed Linds back a bit. "Slow down, kid, there's nothing worse than being stuck in a pair of jeans full of spunk." He slid his hands round Linds' waistband, fingering the button at the top of the boy's jeans. "Last chance to go back to the farm."

Lindsey laughed at that, his breath short. "Jesus, the farm hasn't been this exciting in...ever. Don't stop now, not gonna last long this time."

He grinned. "Good boy," he murmured, bringing their mouths back together again as he opened Linds' jeans and pushed them off the slim hips.

He stopped to pump the sweet cock that jumped out at him and then got rid of the kid's t-shirt -- he wanted to see if what the clothes hinted at was as good as he was hoping.

He moaned happily. Oh yeah, the kid had a fucking great body. Linds' skin was tanned from a summer's worth of work, tight dark nipples standing out. Hard muscles and smooth, hot skin -- kid had nothing to be ashamed of, and he seemed to know it, just standing and letting Jake look.

But even admiration takes its toll, and soon enough Linds was reaching for him, tugging at Jake's shirt with one hand, the other fumbling at the button of Jake's jeans.

"Gonna look, or gonna touch?" Oh, the kid could get pushy when he was needing. Jake liked that, meant that he could be pushy too, didn't have to worry about being too aggressive. Reassured that he wasn't gonna find the local cops on his ass in the morning, he leaned in and went right for one of those nipples that were just begging for it. Small and hard under his tongue, the kid's nipple tasted sweet, like hay and apples and cotton candy.

Lindsey's hands stuttered over Jake's waistband, a long shudder rolling through that strong body. "God, yes." Then the kid managed to figure out how buttons worked and a hand wrapped around Jake's prick, pulling him smoothly, and a hot mouth fastened on his shoulder, sucking hard.

He thought he might have heard the kid moan, long and low and deep in his chest, not letting the sound out yet.

"They can't hear us out here, kid." He muttered the words against warm skin as he made his way across the wide chest to the other nipple, biting and nipping at the hard little point. His own hand got moving on Linds, giving as good as he was getting. They'd get off nice and quick first, give them some staying power for the fucking.

"Make me holler then." Lindsey stroked him a little harder, a little faster, the palm of his hand skating over the tip of Jake's cock. The kid was humping his hand now, pushing into his fist, and Jake could feel Lindsey's legs start to tremble.

"You got it." He slid his free hand around to the kid's ass, fingers exploring the hot crack, moving down it toward the kid's hole, never letting up on nipples and cock.

"Fuck." Linds almost stilled, then shifted as much as he could to spread his legs, the hand on Jake's cock tightening and speeding. Hot panting breaths on Jake's shoulders and near growls from the kid, then teeth scraping along his collarbone as Linds really got into it.

As soon as Jake teased at the kid's hole that blond head snapped back and the kid cried out a stream of nonsense, shooting over Jake's hand.

Oh, yeah, that's what he'd been missing, the scent of come that wasn't his own, the sound of another man in fucking pleasure. He humped the kid's hand hard and came with a moan. He brought the kid's head up, bringing their mouths together in another deep kiss, swapping spit and taste and heat.

"Hands and knees, Linds -- your come is all I got for lube, best not let it dry."

And just like that the kid dropped, offering his ass and passion drugged grin. "Ready. Waiting." God, the kid's lips were red and swollen, his eyes heavy lidded. Linds looked over his shoulder, watching Jake. "God, you're hot. Can't believe you wanted me." It seemed almost shyly given, despite the kid's current position.

He shook his head. "You're a natural kid, with a sweet fucking body -- you stop hiding yourself on the farm, you'll find there's a lot more 'n me that want you."

He knelt between the kid's legs, sliding one slick finger into the tightest fucking hole he'd felt in forever. "Fuck, kid -- you a virgin?"

Linds shook his head, but the blush was showing even on his back. "No. Just...been a long time. And not often." Lindsey's voice was almost as tight as his hole. "Be okay, just let me know when you're gonna do three or your cock and I'll be ready." He sounded sure anyway, and he was pushing back, looking for more.

All right, not a virgin, cool. Some guys liked having virgins, and he'd admit he liked a nice tight hole, but you had to be careful with virgins, and he really just wanted to slick the kid up and pound away.

"Two now," he warned, pushing a second finger in with the first, getting most of the kid's come in as he stretched the little hole.

"Oh fuck, yes," Linds moaned, shoving back. It took a couple of moments for Linds to relax around his fingers, to let him thrust easily, but the kid seemed happy enough. His head had dropped between his shoulders and the muscles in his back were flexing as he moved, riding Jake's fingers.

"Harder?" Linds asked, his voice low and husky. Like he wanted it, but wasn't sure if he could ask.

"I can do harder. I can also..." He crooked his fingers, searching for where the smooth walls had a little bump. Oh, yeah, right there. He nailed the gland hard.

"Christ!" Linds froze, then looked back at him. "What the fuck was that? And do it again?"

He frowned. "Jesus, kid -- you said you weren't a virgin. You telling me you've been fucked up the ass but no one's ever found this before?" He nailed the gland again, moving his fingers in and out, playing the spot for all it was worth.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God," Linds was turning into a puddle, just moving and pushing, his hips rolling and cock filling. "Been...been fucked, yeah. Liked it. Just, oh God, just not like this. Jake, please. Fuck me? God, please."

"Fuck yes." He pulled his fingers out and reached over for his jeans, pulling a condom out of the back pocket and getting it slipped on. Then he was pushing at that hole, hands on Linds' hips, guiding the kid back, letting Linds' own motions pull him in.

Oh, fucking sweet. Tighter than the boss on payday and fucking hotter than August.

Linds was panting, his arms locked to keep him up, and he was looking straight down at the ground. But he was moving, rocking back, taking Jake deeper with every movement. So fucking tight, and a long line of back stretched out in front of Jake, it was almost easy to let the kid set the rhythm.

Almost.

Linds suddenly looked back at him and grinned. "You. In me. Now." And he pushed back, taking Jake in balls deep with a throaty groan and a curse.

Jake didn't need a second invitation.

He started to thrust, shifting a little, searching for the right angle to get Linds' gland with his cock -- kid had never had anyone go after it before and it would make him easy to be a fucking good lay in the kid's head while he was getting his own rocks off in a good way.

He knew he found it when the kid screamed. Well, yelled, if that's what Linds wanted to call it, but to Jake's ears it was a scream.

Linds went nuts, pushing back and rocking, begging for more. "There. Oh fuck, yes, there!" The kid's arms were still locked and it was a good thing, the way his back was arching and his hips were working, that beautiful body just giving it up and going with it, matching Jake thrust for thrust.

Jake set up a good hard rhythm now that he'd found the little gland, fucking good and hard. Oh, shit yeah, he wished he could do this all night, just fuck this tight hole until the sun found them again in the morning. Linds seemed good for it, his ass grasping and holding him, working his cock with every thrust. Linds wasn't saying much anymore, just chanting "Yes," and saying Jake's name over and over. Sounded good.

So he just pounded away, letting the pleasure strip away every fucking thing, the heat, the smell of hay, the sound of the midway, the dirt under his knees, it all gave way to hot fucking.

Linds started to shake beneath him, shudders racing down the kid's back. "Oh fuck. Jake -- ah shit, Jake! Touch me? Fuck, so close, gotta come." Linds was rasping, his voice hoarse and throaty.

He slid one hand down around the kid's hip, wrapping his fingers around the hot flesh, pulling in time with his thrusts. "Come, kid. Come on my cock."

Linds' ass clamped around him, tight and hot, muscles rippling along his length. The kid's head snapped up and he fucking screamed, no chance of it being yelling this time, and the cock in Jake's hand throbbed as Linds shot his load onto the ground.

Oh yeah.

He groaned as he slammed into the kid, shooting into the condom. Oh fuck, yeah. He collapsed over the kid's back, breathing heavily.

Linds lowered them to the ground, arms shaking. "Oh, holy fuck. That was....Jesus. Never felt-" Linds took a deep breath and stopped talking.

He nibbled at the back of the kid's neck and slipped out, quickly disposing of the condom before plopping on the ground next to Linds.

"Good one, kid?" he asked, chuckling, hand sliding down over his chest to his belly, scratching at the curls around his cock.

Linds looked over at him, eyes still sort of stunned looking. "Better than ice cream," he said, rolling over. "Fuck, I'm a mess."

Lindsey started picking grass off his stomach, still looking at Jake. "So, I guess farm boys aren't really your usual speed. Or at least not ones that are barely experienced." He seemed more skittish now than he had before. Well-fucked, but skittish.

"Relax, kid -- I got my rocks off same as you." He slid his hand along Lind's belly, stroking the smooth, warm skin, brushing off the rest of the grass.

"You did at that," Linds grinned. The kid relaxed a little, and reached over to touch him, just a hand smoothing over his chest. "You always that good, Jake, or was that a fluke?" The hand on Jake's chest rubbed a circle just over his belly, the kid's eyes following along, just looking. Looking pretty impressed.

He laughed. "Hell, kid, you think I'm going to tell you it was a fluke?"

Linds blinked, color rising in his cheeks. "Right. Okay, I'll just assume that you always make guys scream. Tell you something, though. There's a guy I gotta talk to. Tell him he's a fucking idiot and find him an anatomy book or something."

He laughed again. "You do that, kid. Better yet, you show him where his is and then flip him off and tell him to go fuck himself."

"Oh, I like that plan. 'Cept if I show him I gotta touch him, and I said that wasn't going to happen again." Linds looked around and shrugged. "Whatever. Gonna be dark in an hour or so, you got anywhere to be?"

"No, I'm done for the day." He sat up and handed over one of the candy apples, crunching into the other one. "We don't want to stay here though. Certainly not naked. The skeeters get fierce after the sun goes down."

Linds nodded and started to eat his apple, looking thoughtful. Half the kid's apple was gone when the kid suddenly grinned at him. "Ever fuck in a hay loft?"

He raised an eyebrow. "You invitin' me home, kid?"

"More or less. Well, less actually, if you mean am I dragging you to meet my family -- they're all in town for the night, and no offence, but I don't think you're the sort of guy they want me to hook up with up. But I got a truck, and I got a nice empty barn." Linds raised an eyebrow. "Take you there, take you back, get off again in between?"

"That sounds like something I can handle, kid." Jake was grinning to beat the band -- he'd never had any complaints, but the kid sure wasn't hurting his ego none.

"Cool." Linds leaned over and kissed him, lips sticky and candy sweet, tongue just barely there before flicking away. "Finish your apple, Jake. We got a bit of a walk to the truck. Plus, we gotta waste time getting dressed and shit." Linds winked at him, broad grin spreading across his face.

The kid was a puppy. Cute puppy, but definitely a puppy. All bouncy and eager and had big feet. Jake was just glad he didn't actually drool.

He shook his head and finished his apple, tossing the stick near the tree and then getting dressed. He shook his clothes out before putting them on; the only trouser snake he wanted in his jeans was his own.

He watched Linds as the kid got dressed, cock twitching at the sight of that pretty ass bent over. Oh yeah, he could do another round with that. A quick check confirmed that he did have another condom in his pocket.

Linds picked stray grass off his t-shirt and stood in front of Jake for a second. "Ready? We need to stop for anything, or can I just shove you in my truck and get you out to the barn?" Fuck, the kid was vibrating.

"I've got condoms, but unless you want to use hay for lube you might want to stop, yeah."

That got a laugh and a nod. "'kay. Lube. Beer? Food. Need food. Let's go then, yeah?" Linds winked at him again and started walking. "Gonna be a long night, Jake," the kid said over his shoulder. He sounded very sure. And pretty happy with the idea.

And Jake had a late start tomorrow. It couldn't have worked out better.

2001

Lindsey wandered the fair grounds mostly at random, feeling more than a little stalkerish, and a bit like an idiot. He'd not intended to go to the fair at all, at least not without Ryan, but here he was. Dressed in his best jeans, the tightest t-shirt he owned, and his good sneakers.

It was all Ryan's fault. Last thing he said before he drove back to university was "Go. Do it. Tell me the details, and we'll have some fun, yeah?" Then he'd kissed Linds hard and made it plain that he meant it.

So now Linds walked around, telling himself he wasn't really there just to find Jake, see if he wanted another go. No, he was just there to go on some rides, eat some sugary stuff, and see the fair.

Right.

He came around the Scrambler, dodging a group of kids and almost getting shoved to his ass. When he looked up, there Jake was, and Linds forced himself to breathe.

Jake was wearing what might very well have been the same clothes -- jeans and a dark t-shirt, a pair of work boots on his feet. The dark hair was maybe a little bit longer, the face a mite more tanned -- it had been a dammed hot summer. And shit, that was stalkerish, that he could tell all that from a glance.

Linds bit his lip and gave himself a mental push. Jake could say no. Wasn't like Linds was going to force him into anything. Ryan said it was okay -- hell, Ryan had wanted to watch, so that was permission taken care of. Okay, so he'd just go over, get on the ride, and find out if Jake even remembered him.

Jake grabbed his ticket without looking at him. "Just one?" Jake asked, opening the bar for him.

"Yeah. Make sure I'm safe?" It came out before Linds could stop it, and only the fact that his voice sounded normal saved him from death by blushing.

"Jesus, kid, what are you te-" the words cut off as Jake got a look at him and then the man chuckled. "Yeah, all right. I can do that."

The bar was lowered and Jake leaned on it with two hands, brushing the sides of his legs. "There you go. All safe."

Oh, that was better. Points for getting a look, more points for being remembered. And shit, just the touch of the man's hands on him had Linds more than half hard.

Linds kept his eyes on Jake as he got the rest of the riders on, and every time the wheel brought Jake back into his view Linds made sure he was watching Jake. He wasn't real good at seduction, especially not when he wasn't able to touch or talk, but he could at least make it plain to Jake that he was only on the stupid ride because Jake was running it.

When the ride was over, Jake gave him a wide grin as he stepped off. "You enjoy your ride, kid?"

"Enjoyed the view, yeah," Linds said, looking Jake in the eye. Then words just dried up on him and he knew he had to move, let Jake do his job. He swallowed hard and made himself ask. "How long 'till your shift is done?" Couldn't be much plainer than that now, could he?

Jake raised an eyebrow and then gave him a slow, hot smile. "There another ride you're wanting, kid? If so, maybe I can help you out in about a half hour."

Linds grinned at him, relief and lust mingling. "Meet you at the Ball Toss? Go for a walk?"

"I think I can manage that, yeah." Jake gave him a wink and went back to collecting tickets and letting people on the ride.

Linds walked away, adjusting his cock as he went. Okay, that went well. He bought some cotton candy and wandered for a bit, keeping an eye out for people he knew. He didn't care if people saw him talking to Jake, but everyone knew he was with Ry, and it would be a little hard to explain why he was wandering off the grounds with someone else.

Thankfully, he didn't see anyone he knew, and the Ball Toss had been set up on the far edge this year. He leaned against a support post and waited, was licking purple candy off his fingers when he saw Jake coming up.

Jake already had a couple of candy apples and a big bottle of water in his hands and a noticeable bulge in his pants. Linds couldn't help grinning, couldn't help staring. Shit, he was wound up and wanting, excited and eager. Ryan would be amused. And horny.

He waited until Jake got to him and fell into step, both of them making a bee-line to the fence, leaving the fair behind. Linds cast a look back, saw the back end of the rides and games and no one paying them any mind at all.

He didn't say anything, just slipped an arm around Jake's waist, making their hips bump as they walked. Jake's arm went around his shoulders.

"It's Lindsey, right?"

Linds nodded and glanced at Jake out of the corner of his eye. "You remember." Thank fucking Christ.

Jake chuckled. "I don't fuck that many farm boys visiting the carnival, kid."

Linds blinked. He hadn't really thought about it. "Oh. Well, that's good to know, I guess." He grinned again and licked his lower lip, his cock stretching and getting harder as he remembered their previous encounter. "I don't get fucked by that many carnies either. Well, no other carnies." He dropped the hand he had on Jake's waist and brushed it over Jake's ass.

Jake wiggled that ass a bit for him and gave him another of those wide grins. "Gonna swell my head, you coming back for seconds."

Linds blushed, he knew he did. "You made an impression," he admitted. He took a look around to see how much farther they had to walk. Another couple of minutes should do it.

He planned on yelling.

Jake stopped him under a wide tree. He couldn't swear it was the same one they'd stopped under last year, but it might have been. Then the arm around his shoulders wheeled him around and Jake was kissing him, hard and focused.

Lindsey gasped at the sudden assault, opening his mouth wide and letting Jake's tongue in. God, yeah. His prick was hard, pushing at his jeans, and Linds just held on and kissed back, hands pulling Jake close and letting him know how much Linds wanted.

Jake moaned a little and pulled their hips harder together, rubbing. Encouraged, Linds ground against Jake, sliding his hands around to Jake's ass, squeezing and tugging. He groaned into the kiss and raised a hand to pull at Jake's shirt, wanting skin, wanted to lick and taste, and just *feel* him.

Jake helped him get rid of the t-shirt and then insisted on taking his off as well as getting their jeans undone. Better. So much better. Linds grinned and took another hard kiss, his fingers going right to Jake's tight little nipples, pinching and teasing them both until they were hard and pebbled.

"Fuck, that's sweet, kid." Jake's hand slid around their pricks, bringing them together and squeezing.

Linds groaned and let his hips move, picking up a rhythm. God, Jake was hard against him, the heat and slide of the man's cock against his own making him almost dizzy. He kissed and licked a path down Jake's neck, one hand going to shove Jake's jeans all the way down, then grabbing that sweet ass for a squeeze.

Jake's mouth latched onto where his shoulder and neck met, sucking hard enough to leave a mark. The hot hand around their pricks moved quickly.

"Oh God, yeah." Linds had a sudden flash of what they looked like, his own head tipped back in the sun, their bodies moving faster and harder. A long shudder raced down his spine, his balls pulling up.

"Fuck. Gonna—gonna shoot, Jake." Jesus, he hardly knew his own voice, tight and desperate.

"Come, kid. Wanna smell you."

His head tipped further as his back arched, his hips snapping. With a long moan Linds jerked and came, shooting over Jake's hand and cock, his prick pulsing.

"Fuck, yeah, that's it." Jake's hand kept moving, hot prick sliding along his own, making him shudder.

Stiffening, Jake came, more spunk spraying.

Linds groaned and kissed him hard, hand rubbing come into both their bellies. "God. Smell good."

"Yep, nothing like the smell of come in the afternoon." Jake gave him a wink, stripping out of his boots and jeans.

Linds watched for a moment, just enjoying the sight and running a hand over the mark Jake had made. When Linds touched it his cock twitched, and it didn't take too long before he was getting his sneakers and jeans off as well.

He gave Jake a grin and pulled a tube of lube out of his jeans pocket, then tossed it to the older man without a word. A couple of condoms got dropped on the ground.

Jake chuckled. "You came prepared this time."

Linds nodded, knowing he was blushing. So much for playing it cool. "Had a hope, yeah."

"There you go, stroking my... ego again." He got another wink from Jake and then he was pulled close. "So how do you want it, Linds? Hands and knees? On your back?"

Linds ran his hands over Jake, taking the time to touch. Last time, he'd been too blown away, too fucking stunned to pay attention. He let his hands wander and took another kiss. "On my back. Wanna watch you."

"You'll have to bring a blanket next year," Jake told him, spreading the t-shirts on the ground for him.

Linds laughed, a little breathless as he lay back. "Farm boy, here. Little soft grass is better than some things I've been pushed up against."

Jake settled between his legs. "I seem to recall some blankets and a hayloft."

"Yeah, well. You *really* don't want hay up your butt. Scratchy stuff ain't quite the same as grass, even if it is stored inside and more private." Then his eyes rolled back in his head as Jake started to touch him.

Jake's chuckles slid over him as surely as those warm hands. Jake rolled his balls and stroked his cock back to hardness before sliding one slid finger inside him. Linds moaned, relaxing and letting Jake in, his hands going to Jake's shoulders. Fuck, he wanted this. He drew his legs up and back, opening himself.

Jake slipped a second finger in, nailing his gland on the second try.

"Oh fuck, yes! There!" Linds gave himself over to the sensation, his hips rolling, hands reaching for Jake to pull him down, closer. Wanted to kiss, wanted the taste of Jake in his mouth.

Jake obliged, tongue fucking him with the same long, hard strokes he was being finger-fucked with. He could hear himself, the moans and sighs and at least one sound that even he would call a near scream as Jake pushed into him, teasing over his gland again and again with agile fingers.

"More. Please -- more." And it looked like begging was going to be a part of this, too. Oh well, Linds didn't care if his pride took a shot -- he'd practically been stalking the man, after all.

"You want more, Linds? No problem, it's all yours." Jake's fingers disappeared and the man slipped on a condom and then there he was, hard, hot cock pushing into him.

Linds cried out, bucking up. He wanted Jake in, wanted him deep and fast. Linds looked down his body, and watched as Jake's cock slid into him, felt himself being stretched and filled. "Oh fuck," he whispered, more to himself than to Jake. "Good."

Once Jake's hips were pressed tight against his ass, Jake bent, rubbing their cheeks together. "How do you want it, Linds?"

"Make me holler. Fast and hard." Then he grinned. "This time."

Jake was still laughing as he started thrusting, giving it to Linds fast and hard, just like he'd asked for.

Linds groaned, deep in his chest. Jake was slamming into him, just fucking going to town and back. Long deep thrusts that made him wonder if maybe a blanket would have been a good idea after all, and Jesus, the man was nailing his prostate with just about every stroke.

Good. So fucking good, desperate and fast, just like he'd wanted it, dreamed of it. Linds cried out Jake's name, sliding his hands over sun warmed skin and grabbing at Jake's ass to keep him moving, keep him deep.

"Fucking sweet, kid," muttered Jake, one hand sliding around his cock and pulling him off while those bone-shuddering thrusts just kept on coming.

"Oh god. Christ, Jake. Wanted this." Lindsey rocked up, hips meeting Jake's as they moved faster. He could already feel heat building in his belly and when Jake's thumb teased at the head of Linds' cock he called out again, ass tightening around the prick moving in him.

"Fuck, yeah, kid, come on my cock."

Linds tried to hold on, make it last, but the words sent him over as much as Jake pounding into him. "Ah, fuck!" he screamed, thrashing on the grass, spraying heat between them, his body tense and hot and shaking with release.

Jake kept thrusting into him, groaning when he came.

Panting, still shuddering, Lindsey reached for him. Wet, open-mouthed kisses as they came down, and Linds could still feel his own heart racing. "Jesus. Good," he murmured. "So fucking good."

And it was. Was what he'd wanted, what he'd spent the time before Ryan thinking about. Ryan was amazing, no doubt about it, but Jake was a memory made real again. Something he'd been given the chance to recapture for an afternoon.

Linds kissed Jake again, sweeping his hands over Jake's back, waiting until they got their breath back before letting go.

Jake rolled off him and lay next to him, looking up into the tree. One hand lingered on his skin, petting his belly. "That was pretty fucking nice, kid."

Linds nodded, smiling. "Yeah. Was." He winked at Jake and stretched, his toes curling. "Still better than ice cream."

Jake chuckled. "Well, I was glad to oblige, Linds." Jake turned to give him a grin. "Next year, bring a blanket."

Next year. Linds knew Jake was joking, that there probably wouldn't be a next year, but there wasn't any need to call him on it. So he smiled and nodded, making a show of how unsoft the rock under his right shoulder was.

"I'll do that. And beer." And maybe an audience, if Ryan was as into the idea as he had been this year. If there was a next year.

Taking in the long, lean body and warm grin, he had a suspicion there would be.

2002

Ryan tried not to pace. He finally had to sit down to stop, but he was too fidgety to stay still for long. God, Linds had gone into the fair grounds almost an hour ago, and he was supposed to at least come out to the field and let Ryan know if it was going to take long.

Or if Jake said no.

He smoothed out a lump in the blanket and lay back to look up at the sky. The sun was shining through the leaves in the tree, and it was damn hot. He wondered idly if it would okay if he at least took off his shirt. Maybe that was too forward.

Christ, he was here to watch his boyfriend get fucked by someone else...forward was long gone.

At least they had beer. Beer was good.

He was about to start pacing again when he saw them coming across the field. Linds was a tiny bit taller than Jake, but even from this distance Jake looked more mature, easy in his skin.

Oh God. He'd said yes. Linds had sworn he'd not just bring Jake back without telling the man -- could be a nasty surprise to find an extra guy. But now they were coming across the field.

Ryan stood up to wait for them and saw them pause in the middle of the field. When Linds turned his head and kissed Jake, Ryan's eyes widened, and his cock started to fill. Oh, this was going to be wild. Jake brought their bodies together and they really went at the kiss for a long time before finally breaking apart and continuing on toward him, Jake's arm looped around Linds' waist.

Ryan managed to stand still as they drew nearer, but he felt like jumping up and down, or climbing the tree. Anything. He and Linds had talked about this -- for more than a year they'd talked about it. And now they were close enough for him to see them clearly, see how hard they were, and see Lindsey's eyes, dark with need.

Oh, they were all so fucked.

"Jake, this is Ryan," Linds said as soon as they were close enough.

"Hey," Ryan said, suddenly wondering what the etiquette was. He offered his hand, feeling vaguely stupid. Jake gave him an easy smile and took his hand, shaking firmly.

Jake looked as if he was in his early thirties, skin tanned, laugh lines around his eyes. The t-shirt and jeans hugged the lean, muscled body and there was grease under his fingernails. Man was sporting a mighty fine erection, too.

He finally made it back up to Jake's face, finding an easy smile there and realizing that Jake had been checking him out just as thoroughly.

"So you're Lindsey's fella."

Ryan grinned. "Yeah. I am. And you're still holding onto him. Can I have him back long enough to kiss?"

Jake chuckled and let go of Linds. He could feel the man's eyes on them as they kissed. Ryan could taste Jake in Linds's mouth, and he moaned a little. "God."

"Okay?" Linds asked.

"Uh huh. Just shaky legs." He ran a hand over Lindsey's ass, then let him go. "I'm just gonna be -- well, here. But not standing anymore."

Lindsey laughed and took another quick kiss. "You just make yourself comfortable, Ry." Then he turned back to Jake, and Ryan sat on the edge of the blanket, watching.

"You sure you're okay with this?" Jake asked, taking both him and Linds' in with a sharp gaze. When they both nodded Jake grinned. "Well, all right then, time for the yearly make Linds scream fuck."

And just like that it was on. Linds moved into Jake's arms and they started kissing, hands moving fast to get rid of shirts first then Linds -- his Linds -- was undoing Jake's jeans with a groan and reaching for Jake's cock.

Ryan groaned himself and rubbed at his cock through his jeans, not wanting to strip off until they were good and going, which wouldn't be long by the looks of it.

Jake's fingers plucked at Linds' nipples as the man devoured his boyfriend's mouth. It was hot and primal, pure sex. Ryan knew Linds' noises, could judge his hunger from them. But Jake's were new, hotter than fuck as they moved together. Linds stroked Jake's cock, thick and hard, and Ryan watched them kissing with open mouths. They ground together, Linds almost whimpering as Jake teased at his nipples, and Ryan's plans to wait went out the window. He stripped off his own shirt and lay back to kick off his shoes, fingers playing over his own chest as he watched.

Jake got his own hand around Linds' familiar cock and was it ever something, watching a strange hand, not his or Lindsey's, jacking Linds off. "Gonna get the edge off, eh Linds? Make the fucking last?"

Linds only nodded, his head buried in Jake's neck, hips moving fast. Ryan felt his own breathing speed up, waiting, watching their hands, their pricks leaking all over. Fuck, they *smelled* good.

Lindsey was moaning, his voice deep and rough like it always got just before he came, and Ryan grabbed his own balls to stop from shooting in his pants. With a sharp cry Linds' head fell back and he cried out, shooting over Jake's hand.

"Oh, that's as pretty today as it was two years ago." Jake rubbed his hand along Linds' belly, spreading Linds' come, rubbing it in. "You ready for a piece of me?" Jake asked.

"Fuck, yes," Ryan said, blushing when Linds raised an eyebrow at him, laughing.

"Ryan's ready," Linds said to Jake. Then he kissed Jake hard again and stepped back to strip off his jeans. "Reckon I am, too."

Ryan bit his lip watching Linds get naked. It always took his breath away, the sight of all that skin, the muscles. But this time he could watch Jake, too, an unfamiliar body. Leaner and darker than Linds, sexy as hell and hard as stone. It took about three seconds for Ryan to start undoing his own pants.

"You got the slick stuff and the glove?" Jake asked, helping Linds get down on his hands and knees before stripping off his boots and jeans.

Ryan nodded and reached for the bag they'd brought. Food, beer, blankets...and lots of rubbers and a new bottle of lube. He tossed the lube to Jake and opened one of the condoms for him, too. No point in wasting time.

Jake gave him a grin and a wink. "I can see the advantages of having an audience." Then Jake was all business, slicking his fingers up and pushing one into Linds.

Ryan knew his eyes were wide. Holy fuck. Linds moaned and pushed back, arching as he worked himself on Jake's hand. Ryan barely noticed that he was stroking his own cock, all his attention on watching Jake starting to finger-fuck his boyfriend.

"Oh God. Good," Linds said. "More?"

"Hungry, Linds?" Jake grinned but his voice was husky. The man slipped another finger into Linds, hands darkly tanned against Linds' pale ass.

Ryan knew how that felt, what Linds felt like inside. He knew Lindsey's gasps, the taste of his mouth, the way Linds moved. But watching was something else. Ryan moaned softly, looking at Jake, taking in the planes of his belly, his cock, his hands.

Man was sexy; it was easy to see why Linds wanted him. Ryan pulled his own cock a little faster, taking in the sight of them together, listening to Linds, watching Jake. Christ. Made him hot, made his balls ache.

Linds whimpered. Fucking whimpered, pushing back onto Jake's fingers. "Please, Jake."

"Sh, I got you, Linds. Gonna do you right." Jake pushed another finger inside Linds, making Linds buck. "There it is." Jake looked not only sexy, but happy -- he obviously liked fucking.

Ryan was having trouble sitting still. He was there to watch, but it was just too hot, too close. He rolled to the side, hand still on his own cock and kissed Linds once, tongue-fucking the pretty mouth and swallowing sounds. He pulled back and moved back to where he'd been, where he actually wanted to be; the spot with the best view.

"Sorry," he said to Jake with a grin. "Had to. You two are so fucking sexy together."

"Hear that, Linds? We're sexy fucking." He got another wink from Jake and then the man was pulling his fingers out of Linds slowly, letting Linds feel it all.

Ryan watched Linds' head drop and swore he heard his boyfriend almost purr. "Uh huh. If Ry says so, it's true," he said. Then he shot a look of pure heat at Ryan and grinned. "Ry's not doing so bad himself."

Ryan shuddered under the weight of that gaze, his cock jumping.

Jake grinned over at him as the condom went on that impressive cock. "No, he's not hard on the eyes at all. I'll do you after I've done Linds, if you want."

Ryan stared, then blinked. "Uh..." He looked at Linds, not sure what to say. They hadn't talked about that. The look Linds gave him was all fire and want, and Ryan didn't even have to ask.

"God, yeah," he said to Jake, his voice tight.

Jake chuckled. "Didn't I say last year you were good for my ego, Linds? Hell, make that double this year. Don't worry, Ryan, I'll save you a little something for once I've made Linds here fly."

Linds shuddered. Ryan moaned and grabbed his cock, stroking slowly. "Make him scream, then. Want to watch you fuck my man."

"You got it." Jake slid his prick along Linds' crack and then pushed in slowly, making Linds moan.

Oh fuck. Ryan watched Jake sink into Linds, watched his cock, his fingers digging into Linds' hips. Linds moaned and rocked back, trying to get Jake deeper, and Ryan held his breath as they started to move. Jake didn't waste any time, just set up a nice, hard rhythm. He could see Jake moving, shifting slightly with each thrust until Linds screamed for him.

That's when Jake really started nailing him.

They were wild together, Lindsey not holding anything back as Jake ploughed into him, both of them noisy as fuck, filling the air with grunts and cries. Linds sounded like he was going to fly out of his skin, begging for more, harder, and saying Jake's name over and over.

Ryan was so turned on it wasn't even close to amusing. His prick was hard and leaking, his balls were throbbing, and all he could do was watch and pant and try not to come first.

Jake's hand slid around Linds' hip, wrapping that sweet cock Ryan knew so well in a tanned hand.

Ryan bucked into his own hand as Jake started stroking Linds off. Didn't take long after that, Linds letting loose a scream like Ryan hadn't heard in ages and coming hard enough that Ryan damn near felt it. Ryan held on long enough to watch Jake freeze, buried in Lindsey's ass, and then he shot, cock pulsing as he came.

Jake was stroking Lindsey's back, pulling out slowly and discarding the condom with his free hand.

Ryan grabbed his shirt and swiped at his belly and hand, then lunged for Linds, kissing him hard.

"Christ. You're beautiful. Love you."

Linds grinned and kissed him back, pushing him down onto his back on the blanket. "Yeah? Love you, too." Then he leaned up and reached a hand out to Jake, inviting him in.

Jake just grinned and sat back on his haunches, cock already perking back up. "I'll just watch until Ryan's ready for a piece of the action."

Linds didn't waste time making sure Jake meant it, and the next thing Ryan knew he had a squirmy boyfriend plastered all over him, skin warm from the sun and body hot from fucking.

Linds kissed him, hands wandering over his sides and legs tangling until Linds could thrust against without much effort. God, Ryan loved it when Linds got like this, so hot he just had to move. They rocked together, Ryan more than happy to let Linds get him hard, always aware of Jake's eyes on them.

"You guys look good together -- I guess you finally found one who knew where your happy button was, eh Linds?" Jake was watching them, one hand stroking that fine prick back to hardness, the other one holding a half-eaten candy apple.

Linds rolled off him and grinned at Jake. "Yeah, he found it right off, though it was about three months before we got that far." Ryan moaned as Linds kept talking, one of Lindsey's hands wrapped around his prick and starting to play.

Jake chuckled. "So the two of you don't mind getting a little extra in, eh? I guess that makes me a lucky man today."

"Makes me lucky," Ryan corrected him with a gasp, Linds' thumb playing over the tip of his cock.
"Christ, Lindsey."

"Want me to stop?"

"Not really, no."

Jake's chuckles got louder. "Well, I'm ready for another go -- you boys are inspiring. You can stay right where you are, Ryan, let Lindsey jack you off while I fuck you."

A shudder rolled through him and he found his legs spreading without much conscious thought, sliding over Jake's thighs as the man settled.

Linds grinned at him and leaned forward to kiss Jake hard before bending to kiss Ryan as well.
"Ready, Ry?"

Ryan nodded and grinned back, then winked at Jake. "Ready to see if he lives up to your descriptions, yeah."

Jake leaned over him to grab the lube and another condom. "You heard the kid screaming. I do okay."

"Uh huh. Don't doubt 'okay'. But it took a lot for me to get into Lindsey's jeans after you, and the way he tells it--"

"Shut up." Then Linds was kissing him and Ryan was trying to kiss and laugh at the same time.

Jake slid a hand along Linds' head. "You do make my... ego big, kid."

One of Jake's fingers teased his ass, pushing against, but not into, his hole.

Ryan pouted at Linds. "He's teasing."

"Serves you right."

Ryan grinned and tried to rock back onto Jake's finger, happy and wanting. Jake chuckled, finger sliding in, just a little, still mostly teasing. In and out and in and out, shallow and easy, making him crazy with wanting more.

Ryan bit his lip, hips pushing down, trying for more, then up, into Lindsey's hand. "More?" he asked, trying not to sound like he was begging. His voice caught, though, and Linds' hand tightened around his cock, pulling harder. Linds was always happy to help.

Another chuckle from Jake, but the man gave him more, a second finger joining the first, both sliding deep. That was better, little ache, just enough to feel it. Ryan's thighs spread a little more, his skin sliding over Jake's legs. Linds made a sound in his throat, sort of growly and hot. Really fucking sexy. Ryan hadn't thought much about being on this side of things. He'd wanted to watch Linds, and that was wild, so hot it burned. This was even better. He rocked down as hard as he could, hungry for Jake's fingers, wanting that thick cock deep inside.

A few thrusts later, Jake added a third finger, fucking him hard now, finding his gland and pegging it over and over again.

Ryan didn't bother trying to be quiet. He thrashed on the ground, hips rocking as he cried out, his own fingers going to his nipples and pulling hard. "God. Yeah, like that. Jesus, fuck me, Jake. Please!"

"Sure thing, Ry." Jake was grinning, taking his time putting on the condom. "Long as you're sure."

Ryan moaned, his eyes locked on Jake's cock as he rolled the rubber on. "He's teasing again, Linds."

Lindsey laughed, hand still stroking Ryan's prick. "Worth it. Promise."

Jake gave Linds a wink and then that blunt heat was at his hole, pushing against him, into him. Jake didn't exactly tease, but he was moving slowly, pushing in and in until he was seated deep.

Ryan realized he was holding his breath and let it out with a long groan. Filled and open, he felt like an utter slut. His lover holding his cock, another man in his ass, the sun beating down on him... Yeah, slut. And he loved it. His prick was rigid, his skin tingled, and he just wanted more.

Jake gave it to him, started fucking him with deep, hard thrusts.

"Oh Christ." His back arched and he just let Jake do it, eyes closed to block the sun, everything centered on the feeling of getting pounded into the ground, Linds' fingers sweeping over him. Jake nailed his gland and Ryan cried out, his voice rough and shaky.

"Nice and tight, kid." Jake's voice was rough, the words ending on a groan. "Could fucking do the two of you all damned day."

"Promise?" Ryan gasped. "Oh fuck, Linds, harder."

Linds stroked him again, shifting around a little so Ryan could see him jacking off.

"God, gonna shoot--" So fucking hot, watching Linds, feeling Jake, too good to last much longer.

"Yeah, kid -- come on my cock, let me feel it."

Ryan screamed, Lindsey's hand sliding over the head of his cock, Jake fucking him deep. His ass clamped down on Jake's cock and fire raced down his spine as he came, spunk spraying over Linds, over his own belly and chest.

"Oh yeah, that's it." Jake plowed into him a few more times and then came with a groan. Linds wasn't too far behind, his hand fast and tight around his dick, finally coming with a long groan, heat spilling onto Ryan's thigh. Ryan was still shuddering when Linds leaned over to kiss him, still had his legs over Jake's thighs, not ready to let go yet. Felt too good.

Jake pulled out and tied off the condom, shifting and stretching out beside them. "Days like this make me wish I still smoked."

Ryan grinned, still panting. "Beer do?"

"Yep." Jake got up and located the cooler, fishing around in and pulling out three beers. He and Linds were each given one and Jake opened the third, taking a long swig.

Ryan watched him drink, throat working, and shuddered again. Easy to see why Linds kept going back, Jake was just...walking sex. Helped that he was a nice guy, too. With another grin Ryan opened his own bottle, taking a long swallow.

Linds curled into his side and Ryan wrapped an arm around him, taking a beer flavored kiss. "Hey. Good?"

"Better than, Ry. Thanks."

Ryan grinned at Jake. "Not a problem. Any time. Really."

Jake grinned back "I'll be here next year -- same time, same place."

Linds laughed and raised an eyebrow at Ryan, his expression wicked. "Well, you keep coming and we'll keep...coming."

Ryan rolled his eyes and drank his beer. He loved Linds, really, but the man had a lousy sense of humor.

Still, a more or less standing date would sort of give him and Linds something to talk about, something to plan around, and for. They could work out a bunch of fun things between the two, little surprises for Jake. Ryan wondered idly if Jake ever bottomed, and his cock twitched. "Next year sounds fine to me," he said.

2003

Another hot as hell summer.

That made four in a row where August was hot enough to leave a man nice and dark, baked up good.

Jake collected tickets and loaded folks on, two at a time over and over again, just like always. He could do this in his sleep. Hell, half the time he did, dreaming of the giant wheel going round and round.

Of course today he was also a little more than half hard and he had no reason to believe Linds was going to show up, with or without boyfriend in tow, but try telling his cock that. It had been perky and interested since they'd set up yesterday. It was, after all, kind of a tradition at this point and his cock knew it.

He'd even jacked off a few times the night before and it was still playing the eager card.

He collected tickets from a whole bunch of kids and started getting them sorted onto the ride. One little girl barely tall enough to be on the ride to start kept pulling back and letting other kids on, insisting she was sitting with 'unca windy".

"You're not sitting by yourself, honey." Boss would have his hide if he let a wee thing like this ride on her own.

"No! Unca Windy!"

"Yeah, yeah, you and the wind. I get it, it's not happening."

"Sadly, she means me," a long suffering voice said from just behind him. "And I can't tell you just how I feel about that."

Jake turned and there went his cock, all the way to happyland on an express train. "Linds. You've got a kid?" No wait, that didn't make any sense, no way this, what five year old? could be Lindsey's. He'd seen the guy just last year and he'd definitely been queer then.

"No!" Lindsey looked horrified at the thought, and Jake could hear laughter from somewhere. "Shut up, Ryan," Linds sighed. "What I have is a sister. Ryan has a sister. There are about six little people from the sisters. And me and Ry got the whole troop for the day." Lindsey looked around and winced. "So... well." He shrugged, just looking miserable. "Sorry?"

Disappointed tugged through Jake but he shrugged it off. He'd been looking forward to a good hard fuck, maybe even two or four, depending on whether Linds and Ry were still together, but it wasn't like he was sweet on the guy, now, was it?

"Your loss." He gave Linds a wink and helped the little girl onto the next swing, nodding to Linds. "Go on and get in and I'll make sure you're safe." No reason he couldn't tease a little.

He got another sour look. "I know what I'm missing," Linds said, the look turning to a half smile. "Trust me." Linds winked then, and pulled a face either at Ryan or one of the kids. Just as the cart started pulling back, though, his eyes got wide and then he settled back with a grin, one arm hooking around the little girl's shoulder. "But it's a very friendly town, isn't it, Julie?" he asked loudly.

The little girl peered up at Linds like she wondered about his sanity.

Jake was wondering it himself, but he looked back just the same, catching a lone man in a cowboy hat standing a ways off, not in the line, but looking right at him.

A very small hand patted his leg. "Us now? Sir?"

"Man's busy, tiger," Ryan said with a laugh. "He'll get rid of us soon enough."

True enough he'd rather be checking out the man beneath the cowboy hat, but the boss would have his hide if he didn't get the ride moving, so he loaded Ryan and his 'tiger' into the next cart and two more that had to be part of the same brood into the last one and then started the wheel on its run.

Once it was going, he leaned against the girder behind the controls and turned casually. The cowboy was still watching him, just standing still as stone and looking him over. Blatantly. He was fairly tall, maybe just over six feet in his boots, and broad enough not to be skinny. His white shirt gleamed, his tan looking all the darker, and he nodded once at Jake, the very tip of his tongue wetting his lower lip. He spread his legs a little, thumbs hooking into his belt loops so his hands just framed his package.

Blatant and bold, and Jake could hear Linds laughing.

This was no blushing virgin Jake could impress just by bringing him off. Not that Jake couldn't make a non-virgin happy. No, he had the goods no matter what a man's status was.

Jake let his gaze drag from the man's boots on up, lingering at that fine looking bulge and then again on that mouth. Then he smiled and winked. Looked like Linds had lined up a replacement for him, which was real neighborly of the kid.

He got a nod and the cowboy took a step forward, moving slow and easy. Too slow, apparently, because suddenly there was someone talking to him, standing between them. A middle aged man, looking and pointing and rambling on. Jake caught a flash of rolled eyes, his new friend just

standing there being talked at. He wasn't walking away though, and he kept looking over at Jake, until finally the newcomer moved off. The cowboy looked up at the ferris wheel, his head tipped right back, and he nodded once. He didn't come any closer though, just stood and watched and waited.

Jake checked his watch and shrugged. Forty minutes before he was done for the day.

The ride was winding down and he started letting folks off, giving Ryan and Lindsey a nod before beginning to collect the tickets of the next batch. He took a good look at Linds' ass as he walked off. Damned shame he wasn't going to get a piece of that this year. Linds was a hot fuck.

That butt gave an extra wiggle and Linds looked back at him, laughing. Then he headed right on over to the stranger with the hot eyes.

Linds and the man shook hands, Ryan grinning and herding the little ones off to the side. Jake let people on the ride, looking back to see Linds talking intently, close to the cowboy's ear, and making assorted gestures that were either really flattering or about fishing -- the one that got away. Linds finally beamed and stepped back, clapping the cowboy on the arm and turning to wave at Jake. Then Ryan waved too and they moved away, kids screaming and laughing.

The cowboy nodded real slow and held up a hand, one finger, and walked away. He went to the snack kiosk and bought water bottles and a big bag of floss from Denise, then planted his feet, standing right where Jake could see him. With a grin, he started eating cotton candy, sucking it off his fingers, the water bottles resting at his feet.

Jake chuckled and called Linds a brat under his breath. Brat with a heart of gold, that was for sure.

And he didn't have to forego his standing date. His cock was sure happy about that.

The rest of his shift passed slowly, and fuck him if he couldn't feel the stranger's eyes on him the whole time. Subtle this man wasn't, but then Jake never was too subtle himself.

As soon as his shift was over, Jake took off his t-shirt and wiped the sweat off his forehead -- it was just getting hotter and hotter -- then he hooked the shirt into his waistband and made his way over to Denise's booth, sparing his cowboy no more than a glance. "Two candy apples, hon."

He paid for them, hip leaning against the little wooden kiosk.

A shadow fell on him and a deep voice said, "Trade you an apple for some water, Jake. Hear you get a little thirsty after a long shift in the sun."

He turned and offered out one of the candy apples. "You have me at an advantage."

He got a grin and a water bottle. "Dave. Pleased to meet you. Lindsey had... good things to say about you."

"Well, any friend of Lindsey's a friend of mine." He winked and took a nice long drink, head tipped back, giving Dave a chance to get a good long look.

When he was done, he recapped the water and licked his lips. "I don't suppose you fancy a walk?"

"Fancy more than a walk," Dave said, his voice dropping even lower, the sound of it sliding right over him. "Which way?"

Oh, yeah, there went his cock, half hard to all hard. He was going to get his rocks off this evening. "Out behind the game booths. There's a nice long field with some trees at the end of it." He headed off that way, starting in on his apple, trusting Dave was going to follow.

"Nice," Dave said, though Jake was unsure if the man meant the field, fucking outside, fucking soon, or the view of his ass. Didn't matter, any of those were okay, really. Dave fell into step beside him, long legs keeping up just fine. "Remind me to buy Linds a beer next time I see him." Dave

grinned at him and winked. "Kid was *very* flattering to you, Jake. Gave you something to live up to."

Kid always did make his ego swell. "I won't disappoint you." He picked the pace up, eager to get going. He even had a little tube of lube and some condoms in his back pocket. He was damned glad he was going to get to use them. As soon as they hit the trees he turned to Dave, tilting that cowboy hat up off his face and leaning up to take a nice, hard kiss.

Dave kind of growled, his mouth opening just like that, letting him in. Big hands settled on his ass and Dave gave him a pull, bringing their bodies tight together, rubbing nice and slow. He was hard, his cock pushing against Jake like a heavy rod of hot iron, even through the layers of denim. "Nice ass," Dave muttered into the kiss, one hand squeezing, the other moving up Jake's back to tug at his hair.

Jake just moaned. Definitely no shrinking virgin here -- Dave was a man of experience. Jake could go for that. He could go for letting it all hang out and letting the need drive him as hard as it wanted. You could be a little rough with a man who knew what he was doing.

Jake didn't waste any more time. He started tugging off Dave's t-shirt, their mouths parting and Dave's hat going flying as he pulled it up over Dave's head.

"Wanting?" Dave asked with a chuckle. "Needing?" He dipped his head and bit at Jake's neck. "Got a low down ache you need soothed?" Fingers brushed over Jake's cock and started working on his jeans. "Tell me what you want, Jake. We got a lot of time to fill up, and there's so *many* ways to play."

Jake groaned and pushed up into Dave's hand. Fuck, when was the last time someone who *really* knew what they were doing had touched him? Too fucking long ago.

"Wanna fuck your ass, Dave. Just as advertised."

He got a hum and lick on his neck, Dave's hand wrapping around him. "Standing? On my back? Want it *hard*, Jake." Dave bit him again and laughed. "This time, anyway."

"Want it long?" Jake asked with another groan. "Because I need the edge off first." And fuck if he wasn't going to get it, too, Dave's hand working him hard and rough.

Dave dropped to his knees and took him in, sucking hard, tongue playing over the head of his dick like magic, hands running over his ass and tugging his jeans down to his knees.

"Fuck!" He wasn't much of a screamer himself, but shit, Dave just might turn him into one. "Condom, back pocket," he gasped. He wasn't going to last more than a couple of sucks at this rate.

Dave nodded, the motion doing wonderful things to his dick and balls as he hunted for the rubber. Quick as anything, Dave had one, the wrapper fluttering to the ground. "Come on," Dave said, smoothing the condom on and giving him a squeeze. He sounded breathless and hungry, needing just as much as Jake. His mouth opened wide again and Jake's cock was halfway down the man's throat in a heartbeat.

Anyone who deep-throated like that was experienced in it, so Jake just grabbed onto Dave's head to hold him in place and fucked that hot, hot mouth. All it took was a few thrust and he was coming, cock jerking as he filled the condom.

Hands slid over him and Dave fell back on the ground, grinning up at him. "Nice," he said, tearing his own jeans open and shoving them out of the way. "Don't fall down, now," he teased, taking himself in hand. His prick was standing tight away from his body, the tip red and leaking. Dave's eyelids fluttered a little as he started stroking himself and his back arched.

"You want me in you while you do that?" Jake asked, disposing of the condom and stroking his own prick, keeping it nice and hard.

Dave stared up at him. "Yeah," he said, letting go and kicking off his boots. He pushed his jeans off all the way and planted his feet on the grass, legs spreading wide as his knees fell apart. "Fuck me," he whispered, jacking off again and watching Jake with hot, intense eyes.

Jake moaned a little. Fuck, yes, he'd give Dave exactly what the man was asking for.

He got rid of his sneakers and pulled his jeans the rest of the way off, rescuing the lube and extra condoms before going to his knees between Dave's legs. Oh, he had a nice up close view of that cock and the large, heavy balls from here. Dave was all man. *All* man and Jake's cock throbbed. He wanted him some of that.

He slicked up his fingers and pushed two into Dave without preamble.

"Yes!" Dave arched again and pushed back, taking him in and almost curling up again when his back relaxed. "More. Won't break."

He made two fingers three, not being shy about giving Dave what he wanted. His cock was throbbing, just eager as hell to get into that tight heat.

"Uh huh. Good." Dave stroked himself with one hand, the other going behind one of his knees and pulling his leg back. Opening himself right up. "Jake. Please. In me, man."

"Yeah, yeah, just making sure I'll fit." He winked and grabbed Dave's legs, putting them up over his shoulders and then he lined right up and started pushing in. "There we go." He groaned. Fuck, Dave was tight. Good.

Dave gave a long, low moan and his eyes closed again. "Been a long time since someone... oh god. Since someone...." His voice trailed off and his hips rocked a bit, Jake sinking right in. Dave's eyes opened, but they looked hazy. "What was I saying?"

"You were saying 'damn, Jake, that's a huge cock -- fuck me with it.'" He winked down at Dave and started doing exactly that, giving the man a nice hard thrust.

"Right, that," Dave agreed faintly. He shook his head as if to clear it and grinned up at him. "I *never* scream."

"There's always a first time." Jake shifted slightly, moving with each thrust, searching for Dave's prostate. Never let it be said he didn't give as good as he got.

Dave snorted and then gasped. "Oh, there," he ordered, body rippling. "You make me scream I have a beer with your name on it. And air conditioning."

"Oh, I'll do a lot of things for air conditioning." He settled into a good hard rhythm once he had Dave's gland on every in-stroke. Then he leaned forward, pushing Dave's legs back against his chest, rolling his ass up and Jake just went to town, plunging into the hot body again and again.

"Oh fuck!" Dave looked up at him or the sky or the trees, his eyes wide and getting hazy again. The man didn't just lie there taking it though; his hand worked his cock and he rolled his hips, thrusting back and riding up and down Jake's cock. He knew what he was doing, squeezing just so and grinding down, wiggling his hips in a bit of shimmy, making it good. "Gonna blow," he warned, his eyes finally meeting Jake's dead on.

"Do it. Let me feel you now." He pushed harder, bracing on one hand so he could pinch one of Dave's nipples good and hard. He might not get a scream out of Dave, but the man was going to come for him and come hard.

He got a keening wail, Dave going tight and stiff under him, spunk spraying and arcing high before splashing down. The wail ended in a sob, Dave's cock still spurting as he worked the last burst out with his hand, and Dave trembled and shook under him, his ass still spasming and gripping Jake's cock hard.

Jake closed his eyes and let the squeezing take him, his cock shooting off and filling the condom with his spunk. Fuck. Nice. Hot.

He pulled out and got rid of the condom, let Dave's legs off his shoulders so the man could stretch out. "Sounded like a scream to me, Dave."

"Nah," Dave protested, sounding lazy and well fucked. "But it was close enough. Goddamn, I might just have to buy Linds dinner or something." He rolled over and plastered himself against Jake, licking and nuzzling. "Kid didn't lie."

"So that *was* the size of my cock he was describing. It was either that or the biggest fish that ever got away." His cock just wouldn't go down, Dave's touches keeping him half hard despite coming twice. He'd be damned if Dave wasn't a better lay than Linds had been and he was already hoping for a next year.

Dave laughed and moved on him, teeth dragging over his nipple. "I'll never tell. Though there was talk of poles..." Dave smiled up at him. "How much time do we have, Jake? Time for beer and showers and another go or three?"

"Hell, yes. I need to be back to check the Wheel, get her ready for another day at eight tomorrow morning and I don't have anything but a little trailer to look forward to until then." Showers, beer and Dave had said something about air conditioning. The man sure did know how to sweet talk a guy.

"Perfect," Dave mumbled, going back to his nipple and lapping at it. "I think I can fill your time. Think you can keep up?"

He took Dave's hand and wrapped it around his almost completely returned erection. "What do you think?"

"Think we're going to need a lot of sleep tomorrow. And I'm going to be walking odd." Dave looked up at him, one eyebrow up as he started playing with Jake's cock. "How many rubbers you got left? Enough for me to ride again before we go get that beer?"

"Yeah." He grinned. "I got two for the price of one last time and came prepared this time." He lay back and stretched his arms up over his head, making a face as grass tickled his ass. "You did say there was a shower on offer, too, right?"

"Yeah, shower. Promise." Dave straddled his hips, fingers still light on Jake's dick until he spied the rubbers and dove for them. He opened one and slid it on Jake, then lifted himself up, hovering over him. "You fucked Ryan, too?" he asked, almost casually. His eyes were wide though, getting dark and drugged looking.

"Uh-huh. Twice."

His balls had actually been sore last year by the time Ryan and Linds were done with him. And then the two boys had gone at each other a time or two. It had been something else. Though this was shaping up to be even better, Dave hotter than the late August afternoon.

Dave sank down onto him with a sigh, his hole just opening up and sucking Jake in. "God," he said under his breath. He rocked a little, grinding down. "Be pretty." Dave looked down and tilted his head as he lifted up a bit. "But not my speed, really." He slammed himself back down and gasped.

Jake's eyes rolled and he set his heels in the ground, meeting the next drop, thrusting up hard into Dave's willing body. "No, you want a man who knows how to fuck you hard."

"You know it." Dave sat on him again, rocking. "Kids don't have the... staying power." He panted a moment and lifted off again. "God."

He grunted. "Good recovery time though." He thrust up, meeting the next push down again.

"There is that." Dave looked down and grinned. "You don't seem to have any trouble with that, Jake." He wiggled and braced himself, hands on Jake's chest and started riding him hard, thighs working.

"You're inspiring." Fuck, he hoped this talking thing wasn't going to go on -- he was about ready to head straight for grunting territory.

"It's a gift." Dave suddenly froze, Jake's cock deep in his body and shifted forward a bit. "Right there, man. Right the fuck there. Fuck me." He lifted a bit and shuddered.

Oh, the man was a slut. Jake liked that. He liked it a lot. And he was more than happy to fuck Dave into a stupor.

Panting and gasping, Dave rode his cock like it was the best midway ride ever, his entire body working with Jake's until Dave was getting damn close to that wail again. His eyes were closed and the sun and fucking were building up the slick sweat between them, the smell of sex and summer all around them... then Dave looked at him, met his eyes and smiled. "Good," he whispered, his ass clamping down and the smell of come strong and hot again.

Good? It was fucking awesome and Jake jerked up onto that tight, tight ass and let go of his load. He collapsed back into the ground, not even caring that there was a root right under his shoulders.

Dave sort of fell on top of him, breathing rapidly across his chest, then licking at his neck. "Lordy. Tell me that was a one in a million kind of fuck. If you do that regular, I'm going to quit cows and learn how to run one of those rides."

He laughed. "Well now, I don't usually fuck and tell..." No way was he saying it wasn't always that good.

Dave rolled over, lifting enough to let Jake's cock slip free before collapsing on the grass. "Stay all night?" he asked, looking at the sky. "Steak, beer, shower, air conditioning..." He grinned and

looked at Jake. "I'm really not a desperate and pathetic mess, you know. Just don't see the point in letting a good partner get away before he has to."

Jake grinned. "I was hoping you'd ask ever since you said the magic words. Air Conditioning. Sweet."

"That mean I don't have to fire up the grill for the steak?" Dave teased.

"I don't believe I said that." As if on cue his stomach growled nice and loud. "In fact if you want more good fucking, you need to fuel the beast."

Dave's grin softened to something else for a moment. "I want," he said softly, taking a long kiss, his mouth warm and gentle. "There's bugs coming out," he said when he pulled back. "Let's go."

Jake got up and got dressed quickly. He didn't bother wiping off the dirt and grass, figuring he'd insist on a shower first. Cold air, lukewarm water, cold beer, hot steaks and another go round or two with that ass. Oh yeah. He maybe owed Linds a thank you fuck.

"Lead on, Dave. I'll be the one behind you -- checking out your ass."

2004

Dave never in his life minded stopping to talk to neighbors. He was a friendly sort, knew the people around him, and liked them. He was always willing to hear about new babies, new stock, new gossip. Rarely excused himself from a conversation.

But if Mrs. Thomason didn't take her baby and walk away from him in ten seconds or less he was going to have a fit.

He was dressed up nice, in new jeans and the best shirt he had, and he'd brushed his hat. He was a beacon, apparently, and every step he took closer to the Ferris wheel made his gut tighter and drew people wanting to chat. Like the two coming up on him now.

"Hey, Dave," Ryan said with a smirk. "Good day?"

"Maybe," he allowed, trying to brush past them. "I'll let you know."

"Now, now." Lindsey reached for him and Dave sighed, stood there rolling his eyes and letting the kids tease him. "Looking good. Going anywhere in particular?"

Dave sighed again. "Was thinking I might take a ride on the Ferris wheel, if you must know."

Lindsey beamed at him and leaned close. "He looks good," he whispered. "Hot. Waiting. Horny as hell. I think you're a sure thing."

"Go away, little boy," Dave said, turning on his heel and walking away. Behind him, Linds and Ryan laughed and whistled. Dave ignored them, heading right to where he wanted to be. Where he needed to be.

Fuck, Jake looked good, well he looked bored as hell and he was checking his watch. Almost time the man got off, in all senses of the word, if Dave had timed it right. More tanned and thinner than Dave remembered. Of course, back in April, Jake had been fat on easy living and Dave's cooking.

Then Jake turned and caught him looking, gave him a once-over that was long and slow.

Dave felt his breath catch in his chest. It had been days since even the last phone call, and he had weeks of an empty bed built up; there was enough want in Jake's eyes that Dave was sure the summer heat had just gone up another couple of degrees. He looked right back, just standing there getting hard in his jeans. He didn't bother hiding it, just made sure he was where Jake could see him until his relief showed up and they could get out of there.

He'd planned on taking a ride, the last one of Jake's shift, but he didn't think he could get that close to the man and stay decent. He was truly stuck, just standing and waiting and looking.

Jake looked at his watch again and mouthed "ten minutes and you get lucky" at him.

Dave whimpered. Ten minutes. He looked around and debated slipping around the side of... something and taking the edge off, but he didn't want to stop looking at his man. He nodded and went to buy candy floss and apples and water, just to kill time.

There was quite a line up at the kiosk today and he'd only just paid when that lean body was suddenly pressed up alongside his. "Trade you for a bottle of water."

"Trade me what?" he asked, unsurprised at his voice, at how tight it was. "Jake. Please?"

Jake's eyes were hot and they got hotter at his words. "Well we've got tradition to uphold, but I feel your pain. You parked nearby?"

"Uh huh." Dave passed over a bottle of water and a candy coated apple. "Go for a walk?" he offered, making an effort at tradition. "Truck's in the lot, beer's on ice, steaks are ready to go on the grill when we're done."

"Beer and steak can wait, Dave. I can't. I hope you parked near the back of the lot." Jake led the way toward the field being used as a parking lot, drinking down a good three quarters of the water as he went.

"Right on the fence line," Dave promised, his hand brushing over Jake's ass. He wasn't stupid. Truck was over as far as it would go, and they were mostly hidden by a couple of the carnival trailers. It was open, but not like anyone would just see. "Missed you," Dave said, simply to keep himself from saying other things.

"Fuck yeah. My hand's got nothing on your ass, Dave. I've been waiting for this day to get lucky for *months*."

Dave nodded and sped up a little more. "Want you," he whispered. "Fucking *need* you, Jake. I ache." He pointed down the line of cars to the truck. He wasn't sure he was going to be able to walk all that way; he was going to go off like a teenager as soon as Jake touched him, he just knew it.

Jake walked faster, getting ahead of him and it was amazing how it didn't look like the man was hurrying, just a loose-limbed walk that quickly swallowed up the space between them and the truck.

"Fuck, your ass..." Dave hissed at him, trying to at least keep pace. "Jake - " He reached out and grabbed Jake's arm, swinging him around the far side of the truck and pushing him up against it. "Don't make me beg. Yet."

Jake's hands went to his ass and tugged him in close. "No begging. Yet." Then their mouths crashed together, hot and hard and full of months of pent up need.

Almost sobbing into the kiss, relief close enough to taste, Dave started rubbing. He shoved a leg between Jake's knees and sucked on his tongue, lost in the heat and taste he'd not had in far, far too long.

Jake got a hand between them and got his jeans open, hand wrapping around his cock and tugging him nice and hard and rough.

Dave just shook and came, not able to keep it in, not willing to. He stared into Jake's eyes and shot his load like he was a kid and then did his level best to get Jake's jeans open in return, even though his fingers didn't seem to want to work.

"I've got it," Jake growled. "Get the condom out of my back pocket." His own jeans were pushed down first and it was only once he had the condom that Jake opened his jeans and pushed them down. "Get it on me and turn around." Jake sounded hoarse.

"Here?" Dave blurted, looking around. He took a look at Jake and nodded. "Here." He snatched the rubber and got it where it needed to be, then turned around and braced himself on the truck. Oh fuck, this was going to be... intense.

"Shit, lube." Jake groaned. "Sorry, babe. I'll make it up to you later, promise." With that Jake pushed in, cock hard and hot and insistent.

Dave hissed and waited out the sting, riding the burn. That ache told him his Jake was home, at least for the moment. It meant he had his man for a time. "Better," he managed. "I expect a nice long blow in the shower later." He took a breath and relaxed, letting Jake all the way in. "Oh god, you feel good. Fucking huge."

"And you're tight," ground out Jake, panting and holding still for a moment. Then he was moving, plunging in and out, thrusts getting harder fast.

"Been a while." Like weeks and months without anything at all was a while. He spread his legs a little more and pushed back, meeting Jake's thrusts and trying not to yell when the man hit his gland. He looked down, watched his own cock swing and bob with every thrust, and moaned. He doubted Jake was going to last long enough to bring him off again, but that didn't matter. Only thing that mattered was that they'd be getting in the truck and going home for a bit; he wasn't going to sleep alone. "More," he whispered. "Come in me, Jake."

"Oh, fuck." Jake pushed hard enough to shove him right up against the truck, and then again and he could feel Jake's cock throb inside him, filling the condom.

"Oh yeah," Dave moaned, shaking on the feeling, loving every second of it, every twitch and gasped breath. "Love you."

Jake shuddered, head coming to rest on his shoulder. "Dave?"

Dave nodded, not willing his open mouth to say another word. He closed his eyes and leaned his forehead on the truck, waiting. He could hear the music from the rides and the shouting and laughing, a distant cacophony of sound drowned out by Jake's panting breaths.

"Guess someone else is going to have to give the locals a thrill in the back field, then."

Dave felt his legs go weak and his eyes start to sting. "You're leaving?" he whispered, trying not to sound as hurt as he felt.

"What?" Jake snorted. "No. I'm off the market, babe. Keep up."

Oh. Oh! "Yeah?" Even Dave knew that he sounded like the sun had just come out from behind a huge storm cloud. "Good. I mean, cool. No, I mean 'good'. Let's go home, Jake. Need to be a lot more naked, right now."

"Uh-huh." Jake nipped the back of his neck and pulled out with a groan. "Come on. Take me for a ride."

2005

Ron could do this job in his sleep.

God, August was hot and no one had warned him when he'd taken the job just how *boring* it would be.

Take the tickets, help the people into the swings, make sure the safety bar was down properly, move the swings on and repeat until the Ferris Wheel was full. Then run the ride for four and a half minutes and start unloading, same as loading only in reverse.

The heat wasn't exactly helping his concentration either.

He took tickets from a couple of older guys and as he put the bar down, he couldn't help noticing they were holding hands. Took all kinds, he supposed, though they had to be at least thirty

"Make sure it's good and tight," said the one without the cowboy hat. "We want to be safe."

End

Ferris Wheel

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