**Rachel's Rowdy Rambling Rodeo**

by[LitEroCat](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=714802&page=submissions)©

Perusing an old style porno rag my perv friend Steve gave me, I came to the personal ads and underground activities for the brazenly daring. The blatantly open, tongue-in-cheek, ads were hilarious and kept me reading them. One of the few commercialized ads caught my attention. Under a small photo of a well endowed, topless woman wearing just boots, white Stetson and a short denim skirt on a horse was the title Rachel's Rowdy Rambling Rodeo. She stood in the stirrups, arms held out like wings, head back with eyes closed, her skirt fluttered and her big boobs frozen in interesting, mid chaotic flight. Below the title was the warning 'due to mature acts and audience participation, ADULTS ONLY' and a phone number to call to reserve a seat in a local performance. In smaller print, it said to call for the schedule. "Umm, honey? You've been asking about something public to do al fresco while it's still summer. Look at this."  
  
"What the hell? Is that a circus or..."  
  
"Hard to say. If you're intrigued by the 'adult participation' beyond the topless acts, I'll call and get more info. Yes? It doesn't say you MUST participate, but I bet many will. You can at least indulge your voyeur instinct, if my hunch is right." Her silent confirmation and smirk were enough. I called and an ingenue voice gave me the info and took my reservations with an unusual enthusiasm. She said she and her family thanked me for my support. She said she was Rachel, when I questioned her sparkling demeanor, and the star and the woman in the ad. She and her sister do all the tricks, but, she giggled, they just provide a setting for the adults to be 'naughty'. I was intrigued, as was Sue.  
  
Once Sue decided to attend the new experiences promised, she struggled with what to wear. I had to keep reminding her that she would stand out unless she dressed like the others, had a Western theme and showed lots of skin. 'Standing out' is a major sin in her book despite her exhibitionism fantasies. She finally chose a small, flame red bikini panty, oddly replaced a mini skirt with small, loose legged blue jean shorts, and a red gingham shirt fully unbuttoned and tied under her tiny tits with single knot for ease of slipping or undoing. She insisted we both wear Stetsons and boots.  
  
Though we arrived early, we had to park at the far end of the small lot. Others who arrived with us were even more venturously dressed than we were. Just before broaching the gate, Sue unbuttoned my snug shorts and pulled them open enough to expose my black briefs. I hesitated just a few seconds before doing the same to her and exposing nearly half her crimson panty. She grinned and we moved to the gate.  
  
Due to the dry, sunny day, bare tent poles were in place for three large tents that would only cover the two facing stands and the dusty rodeo grounds. Three barrels were spread down the center of the grounds for the performance. We found seats in the third row up of four with a mirror image of our stands across the still silent stage. We were all close enough to clearly see everyone in both stands. That would soon be an important point. We looked around nervously and stealthily gawked at the obvious PDAs and open groping in the hot sun.  
  
An announcer broke into the crowd noises to signal the start of what would be a short show. Rachel's sister, Ruda, called out that there were three acts to the show, but her sister was missing. A scream for help came from the suspicious lump against a center tent pole. The crowd got a little quieter and the bulge screamed again. Ruda shouted, "I'ma coming sis! I sees you." A blonde head appeared among the folds of the canvass bulk. A slim red-haired cowgirl came charging onto the field on horseback. Her blue denim shirt, held closed by one desperate button, fluttered in the wind and threatened to fly apart to release its full D-cup prisoners. She stood in the stirrups and her matching short denim skirt rose and fell over her muscular, sexy legs. She leaned forward to grab her lasso and her skirt climbed past her lower cheeks. We all heard her cry out to her sister, who screamed back. Ruda dashed past the center pole, circled the far one and returned, bent over and ass gleaming in the stark light. Too far to see any panty, we all squinted for a better look. She stopped abruptly, kicking up a cloud of dirt, at the right pole and swung her leg over her saddle. Was she or wasn't she? Only the shadow hid her secret crack and teased us.  
  
Ruda struggled with the canvass, assuring her sister, but getting nowhere. She tied her rope to the canvass and the saddle horn; leaped over her saddle, flashing her sexy legs and ass for us, and backed the horse away. The canvass resisted a few seconds then broke loose. It unwound around the back of the pole and flew off as the powerful, brown horse backed. Rachel was still tied to the pole, but her blouse was pulled wide open by the stiff canvas and her DD-tits launched it apart. She screamed loudly into her headset, "Oh, my tits . . . " Several women before and across from us ripped off their tops and swirled them overhead so their varied tits swung freely in the midday sun. Ruda was already running toward her, her own tits colliding wildly as she ran. She pulled Rachel's blouse closed, looking around feigning embarrassment and struggled with the ropes until they gave. Rachel gathered her blouse closed and ran off the 'stage' letting her short, denim skirt flutter and bounce so her long, slim, sexy legs tempted us. Ruda bent to pick up her lasso, gave us a prolonged up skirt view and nearly burst her last shirt button except that one hefty tit fell out the top and removed the shirt tension. The crowd whooped and more women stripped off their shirts like drunken frat girls.  
  
"My sister and I hafta to clean up and prepare fo the next act," boomed Rachel. "So y'all gwon an entertain uselfs fer a bit." We looked around and no one was upset. Instead, this was the permission they awaited before stepping up their licentious license. A few couples stripped each other nude and tossed their clothes out of reach. They put on their own fucking shows and Sue stared slack jawed. "How y'all doin?" Rachel boomed. "Havin fun, I see!"  
  
A vendor voice in the aisle bellowed "Hot dawgs, corn cahbs, cukes, dildos, call out for your pleasure! Hot dawgs..." It was echoed from the other stands too. Business was brisk!  
  
The cowgirl rode back onto the dirt stage in a small, fringed outfit that was still too short and tight. She did the usual riding tricks. But her handstand on the saddle was most memorable since her short skirt flipped onto her back and exposed a dark patch between her legs. Sue licked her lips. I wished I'd brought my binoculars! She folded her knees at right angles and spread them slowly and 'pedaled' with her legs apart. The bouncy ride made her big boobs shift harshly within her straining shirt; the buttons popped open one at a time with every other bounce. We all cheered at her sensual exposure as she slowed her gait and came very near the stands so we could tell that she neither wore panties nor was a natural blonde.  
  
As she started her second lap, her sister came out on another horse, fully dressed again. This time she wore a cropped gingham shirt that billowed teasingly and a simpler short skirt. She raced around her sister, aimed her long barreled peacekeeper at Rachel "Hey sis, y'all need some air vents in that big hat." and fired. As a bright white cloud of smoke formed around her in the bright sun, her own skirt blew off with the boom. She too was not a natural red head. She shrieked and kept riding, standing in just a brief top and boots. She aimed and fired again. BOOM, smoke, her shirt was gone. Her fabulous tits rebounded, collided chaotically and deliciously, she paraded near the stands, naked. Women in the crowd tossed their shirts and bras into the ring. Rachel stood and let her skirt fall and cover her goods. She stared at her naked sister, then at her clothes.  
  
After some dramatic 'shocked' looks, she stripped off her skirt and threw it to her sister. "Here sis, my shirt can cover me, you take my skirt and cover your cute little kitty." Ruda let it fall to the dirt. Her big, beautiful, unhindered tits glowed and danced in the bright sun. Rachel whispered into her mic, "Oh lawd. My little sister can't be exposing her cute little pussy like that." Then, louder, she offered, "Ruda! Here, take this." She whipped her skirt off and tossed it to Ruda who reached and missed, of course. It also fell into the dirt and both sisters were gloriously naked except for hat and mic. Both beautiful women encouraged their d-cup chaos; stretched and touted their shapely and well-toned bodies. "Oh well. It ain't nothin all y'all ain't seen before. Don't be afeard to join us in the stands nekked. It'd make us feel better. It's why y'all CAME, ain't it?" A small cheer went up.  
  
We watched more quietly as Rachel, still trotting enticingly, slyly pointed out, at the rear of the saddle, a second saddle horn shaped like a big dildo, but softer. She slid to it as she slowly, squatted and mounted it. We heard her moan into her mic; watched her bouncy ride around the 'ring' and saw the large dildo repeatedly slam into her sex. Her moans grew louder and the crowd got silent. Ruda, meanwhile stood on her saddle then did a handstand - legs formed a V then Z, slowly spread wide. She turned, faced backward, and slid onto her own dildo. Her moans echoed around the silent audience as she lifted and dropped her pussy onto it. The bouncy ride kept both performers moaning. Both sisters put their faces on the saddle at the same time so their tits could swing freely for us to enjoy as they continued to fuck their thick, counterfeit cocks. Other moans came from the stands all around the track.  
  
I rubbed Sue's upper thigh as high as her jeans allowed and she rubbed the twitching bulge in my pants. She was obviously getting aroused and whispered that she could 'feel' their dildo inside her. She looked around and watched couples rubbing groins over and under clothes. As her breathing quickened, I rubbed her covered pussy and clit thru the jeans. When she didn't complain, I ordered her to finger herself under her exposed panty. She gasped quietly at the thought. Looking around more desperately, she saw bare tits being sucked all around, tonsil hockey, but no one nearby completely exposed yet - except for the still trotting sisters.  
  
When Sue couldn't get her hand into her tight jeans' top, I 'ordered' her to open them more and retry. She hesitated, but saw several men watching her. My 'orders' allowed her to continue guilt free and perform for those men and unknown others. Blanching, she unzipped her jeans all the way then pulled them apart. She rubbed her labia over and under her crimson panty, but couldn't get her finger inside her damp snatch. I knelt next to her, held her jeans apart and looked into her glazed eyes for resistance. I found none, so I lifted her ass an inch and pulled the tight shorts to her mid thigh to expose all her crotch. She gasped, looked at the men watching and rubbing themselves and, not feeling out of place, didn't cover up. Her panty spots grew bigger and wetter. I rubbed the panty into her swollen camel toe and circled her clit. She flushed, clenched the arms of the seats and opened her legs wider. The cowgirls' moaning affected everyone, but at the moment I was only concerned about Sue's pleasure. Some men had turned around, some huddled closer to her and she shuddered and gasped.  
  
As they stared, I told her I still wanted to see her finger herself, but now so did they. She shuddered again wordlessly and I slowly pulled her wet panty past her nest, past her swollen slit, to her knees and over the top of her shorts. With her trimmed pubes exposed to all, she gasped, panted and stared at her naked groin exposed in the warm sunlight to so many proximal strangers. She looked hungrily at the four men nearest us, their bare poles exposed, at full attention and aimed at her as anguished offerings. After a brief indecisive moment staring at them staring at her and at each cock, she slowly resumed rubbing self. Decision made, she pushed her shorts and panty below her knees and spread them wide.  
  
With her damp hair and pussy shimmering in the bright, hot sun in plain sight, she also decided that I should join her. She wanted my obviously stiff cock exposed too and wrestled with my jeans. Her frenzy caused her loosely tied shirt to slip open and peel away from her chest. She spread then pushed my jeans down to my boots with my briefs so my rigid dick leapt out and up. She cradled my balls and pulled my sac forward before fingering my cock and giving it a tentative kiss ...after checking that we were still being watched! Only then did she finger her clit, spread her labia for the strangers and plunge two fingers deep inside. Using her free hand, she blatantly rubbed my cock so all could see; more to embarrass than excite me, I'm sure. I slipped her open shirt off one shoulder and waited for her to shift hands to slide the other side off. She finally noticed that I had pulled her blouse open and off her shoulders, yet left it there to frame her naked tits. That convinced me she was accepting enjoying her exposure, not just enduring it. I removed the shirt and as soon as I tucked it under her seat, two hands slipped over her shoulders and onto her tiny tits. She seemed to enjoy being molested by two strangers.  
  
Since she'd released my flailing dick, I stepped out of my clothes, shirt too, and pushed them under her seat. She didn't even notice that, except for my boots and hat, I was completely naked before her. With her head back and eyes closed, she allowed anyone to access her tits and tall, hard, perfect nipples. Mouths kissed her neck and cheeks, one found her stiff nipple and sucked it. I took that moment to remove the rest of her clothes and put them with mine. Now just as naked as I was, I lifted her arm rest and moved one leg onto the lap of the man next to her. He mouthed a silent 'thank you'. His pants were gone and he pulled her knee against his naked cock. She didn't react. I briefly pushed two fingers past hers and raided her soaked pussy. It was only a brief visit since I saw a man behind her rub her lips then push his thumb into her mouth. Though she sucked it lewdly, I knew her germ tolerance was much lower than most of us. A dirty thumb would disturb her, but the unknown, sweaty cock he was moving toward her mouth would later disgust her. So I pulled her face toward me and laid my throbbing cock on her lips. Eyes still closed, she licked around my bishop then sucked most of me into her mouth. I hoped this would avoid an argument later and not spoil our fun. I had to wonder if she knew it was my cock or if she would have sucked any stranger anyway.  
  
When I pushed my aching sword into her throat, she gagged and sat up. Only the hands on her tits moved with her. She smiled when she looked around, saw most women at least half naked, men getting rubbed and herself completely naked. She warmly kissed my meat and mindlessly watched a variety of sexual contacts. I sat again as she kept jerking me. One beautiful, sexy woman one row down caught our eye. She stood topless, bent over the next row down and gripped the arm rests between those seats. Her western skirt was rolled onto her back and a man behind her stuffed her puffy, wet pussy and bounced her pendulous tits against the man and woman in the next row. We suddenly felt big tits slap our heads just as a woman behind us mimicked the woman before us. She moaned and rested her tits on our shoulders. We chuckled and each fondled one until her nipples grew hard and long. After a moment's laugh we each sucked the stranger's tits. When she climaxed, Sue looks quizzically at me and pointed at the next row.  
  
Knowing what she wanted, I helped her up and checked her pussy. It was still soaked and hot. She languidly stretched unnecessarily, undoubtably to call more attention to her glaringly naked body, then leaned far over the next row before spreading her legs and pussy for me and all the strangers nearby. She supported herself briefly on the newest strangers' arm rest, then by leaning on their naked upper thighs. I heard her whisper an apology, for their small size, to the couple she offered her tits to. Noticing how hard and tall her nipples were, they smiled and happily sucked them.  
  
Before I could get behind her naked ass and puffy, perfect pussy, I watched her help herself to a handful of the new woman, Clara's, tit. I euphorically and pridefully watched her fondle and suck it with my face inches from her damp, fragrant pussy. As we watched, she trailed her hand down to Clara's open groin, circled her clit and pushed two fingers into the strange pussy. Clara shuddered on my wife's skillful fingers and leaned her beautiful face back toward me. I kissed her full lips and felt her tongue forcefully raid my mouth. We sucked tongues until she climaxed noisily on Sue's fingers and Sue licked the fresh pussy juice off one finger. She bumped our mouths with the other soaked finger, brought us the gift of her fragrant pussy, and Clara quickly sucked it in. Sue pulled the savory finger half out and licked it and Clara's tongue. I was too close to resist, so our three tongues licked each other and the juicy finger at once. The people in front of Clara turned at the sounds of sex and stared into her open cunt or at our three acrobatic tongues.  
  
Husband Cliff leaned forward to watch his wife's incensed actions as he jerked his throbbing cock and pulled on my wife's nipples.  
  
She shifted her hand to squeeze and jerk his long, hard, exposed cock and wiggled her ass for me to demand attention. She shifted her hips up so her musky, wet snatch opened more and I made my own show of exposing her tender precious pinkness and ruddy, wrinkled hole to those behind and next to us before fingering her for all to watch.  
  
Finally, as Cliff and Clara bit her nipples, I stood behind her, paused in my own exhibitionism to enjoy so many couples staring at my hard and ready cock as I aimed it at my wife's glorious hole. Ever so slowly torturing her, I breached the steamy snatch and paused. Sue groaned and thrust back so I had to sink in all the way. As my thrusts got faster and harder, we all enjoyed watching her cheeks compress then bounce back; watching her tiny tits leap from the mouths of the strangers-no-more; watching her feet leave the ground so far that I had to hold her down by her hips; watching her squirm and worm until she overcame her germ disgust and wrapped her mouth around Cliff's cock. When I wrapped her legs behind me, it was much easier to target and massage her G-spot so I could bring her to a deeper yet quicker orgasm. She grunted around Cliff's meat just a minute more then began moaning and shuddering spastically. Her orgasm helped Clara approach climax again, as well as Cliff and I explode our cum into both ends of my sweaty, ruttish wife.  
  
The raunchy side of Sue took over again and she slid out of my grasp and curled onto the strangers' laps. On her back, with her cum-filled cunt taunting Clara, she pulled Cliff's head to her. Just before she kissed Cliff with a cum-clad tongue, she asked Clara to clean me up. I fed her my messy, musky meat coated in delicious Sue juice and fondled her big boobs as she fingered Sue's cum-filled pussy. I wanted to eat this stranger there while all watched, but settled for her mouth sucking me and her comments about how my cum tasted straight from the source vs. pussy-enhanced from Sue. She fingered Sue to another orgasm and her tight, hot throat made me cum again.  
  
About then, we noticed that the 'circus' show was over, the stage was empty and dark, most of the crowd had already left. The few remaining people used bits of clothing to clean up, so we left partially or completely nude. The four of us chose to stay naked, at least to our cars. Sue and Clara were just a pace ahead of us, arm in arm, giggled and skipped conspicuously, wiggled their shapely, still tempting asses and whispered conspiratorially. They followed us home, naked, and we shared memories, secrets and an invitation to join our 'fucking club' after the usual health screening. We shared dinner, spouses (no fucking beyond oral yet) and our bed. Overall, a very nice summer day and weekend!