**Cherry**

by Vanessa Evans

*A young girl is abused by her parents, but gets to enjoy it.*

**Part 01**

My parents are shit! Seriously, they should never have had me. They don’t give a fuck about me and never do anything for me. Well, that’s not quite true but nearly. Maybe I should back up a bit and tell you a bit about myself.

My name is Cherry, yes, Cherry, why the fuck would someone name their baby daughter Cherry? Dad says that they did it because I was conceived in back of a Nissan Cherry, but I’m not convinced because I can never imaging him to ever have being able to afford any sort of car; Besides, who names their baby after a car’s name? Anyway, I’ve just turned 12 and my body recently started puberty. As you can imagine, at the moment I’m one hell of a mixed-up girl. I’m still skinny but I’ve started getting little tits and a few pussy hairs. My pussy slit is starting to get a bit puffier and my little clit just peeks out from between my pussy lips.

It doesn’t help that my parents are a couple of drug taking drunks who, most of the time don’t even know that I exist. When they do realise that I’m there it’s either to tell me to get them some food, or go to the shop to get them some cigarettes or booze; or to hit me. Yes, I’m an abused child. The abuse isn’t just the odd slap or thump, both my mum and dad strip me and really tan my backside; and for some weird reason they usually wait until my older brother Elvis, yes, Elvis, who is 3 years older than me, is at home and gets to watch mum or dad strip me and spank my little bare butt.

Both mum and dad usually end-up finger fucking me after they’ve spanked me, and recently they’ve started calling me a dirty little slut when they’ve held up their fucking finger and it’s been all wet. One time after dad had spanked me real hard, for no reason, he was finger fucking me and I suddenly screamed out in pain (more than usual). Dad pulled his finger out and held it up to show mum. Then he said,

“I guess that the little tramp can start taking me properly now.”

I hadn’t a clue what he was on about and it didn’t help when mum replied,

“Naw; give it another year or so then we can make some money out of her.”

As you can imagine, very little of their benefits money gets spent on clothes, especially for me, so when I’m at home I have to wear old school uniforms that should really have been thrown out years ago. I struggle to get into most of them and my dad has ripped a lot of them off me when he decides that he’s going to put me across his knee and spank me.

There’s one skirt that’s managed to survive, it’s a lycra tube skirt that mum got me from a charity shop when I was about 8. It’s only 9 inches long and only just covers my butt. Whenever mum or dad pulls it off me it manages to stay in one piece – well so far.

I used to cry for hours after I’d been spanked, but recently things have changed. I guess that it’s puberty that’s changing me. Every time that I get spanked now I’ve noticed that after the initial pain of the first few swats I start to actually enjoy getting spanked. Am I some sort of freak or what?

I’ve never really suffered from embarrassment, or humiliation. Having to wear old clothes at home that don’t fit me any more, and don’t really cover much of me, getting stripped and spanked every few days is just part of normal life for me. I’ve never really known anything else.

Anyway, as I mentioned above, about a month or so ago, I realised that I was starting to like the spankings. They made me feel good and I started getting this tingly feeling in my pussy; and it started getting wet. At first I thought that I was peeing myself but when I went to my room and put a finger inside me, it came out all covered in a sort of clear, white creamy liquid. I put the finger in my mouth and it didn’t taste of much but it had that sort of moreish taste.

With puberty, my body has started growing in other parts as well as me getting tiny tits. In the last few months I’ve grown 6 inches and put on some weight. My butt has started to go a bit bubble shaped.

My first period was a bit of a shock. Okay, the sex education lessons had told me what to expect, but for it to actually happen caught me by surprise. I wanted to talk to someone, another girl or woman but my mum was out cold so I found my mum’s tampons and read the box. It felt weird pushing it in.

The changing shape and size of my body has caused problems in the clothes department as well. I managed to talk mum into giving me some money to buy a new blouse and skirt for school but I’ve got to the stage where the only non-school clothes that I’ve got, that dad hasn’t ripped, that I can still get into are that little lycra skirt, a couple of elastic waist skirts and 3 stretchy tops; all from a few years ago. As you can imagine, the tops stretch quite a lot and don’t reach down to my skirts; and my budding nipples bulge out all the time. I haven’t got any bras because my mum says that I don’t need any. She says that I can have one when my tits start sagging.

The skirts are no better; both of the elastic waist skirt are the same length as the lycra skirt and are pleated so they bounce about quite a bit. Especially when I go down to the kids play area and run around and play on the swings and climbing frame.

As for knickers, well, mum decided that I didn’t need to wear any of those years ago; even for school, she said that I didn’t need them. Some of the boys have started staring at me and shouting rude things to me when I fall over at playtime or when they follow me up the stairs at school. I guess that I’m showing my butt a lot more now that I’m having a bit of a growth spurt.

The weird thing is that I’m starting to like the boys seeing up my skirts and I find myself sitting with my knees apart. I’ve started hanging upside down on the climbing frame near out flat quite a lot as well. Whenever boys come and look at me hanging there I get this nice tingly feeling in my pussy and want to stay there for ever. The boys usually say all sorts of rude things and joke about my name but I don’t care; in a way it’s nice. It proves that they’re noticing me.

Because I’ve only got one decent school skirt and blouse, I’ve started changing out of them as soon as I get home. My limited wardrobe gives me little choice so I often don’t bother to put anything on. What’s the point? One of my family is more than likely going to rip all my clothes off so why bother? What little clothes that I have will probably last longer if they’re not getting ripped off me.

Most of the teachers at our school are old men in their late twenties or so. We have a few women, mostly younger than the men. Whenever I see a man teacher looking at me I’ve started flashing my pussy at him. I think that it’s funny to see their faces. A couple of them quickly look away and blush but most of them stare at my pussy. None of them have said anything. I’ve even flashed a couple of the young women teachers. One of them once said,

“Cherry, I think that it’s time that you started wearing knickers.”

I just replied,

“Yes Miss.”

But I can’t wear something that I don’t have; not that I wanted to, I couldn’t see the point.

As for the jokes that the boys, and some of the girls, make about my name, at first I didn’t realise what they were on about, but during a sex education lesson the teacher started going on about girl’s virginity. The teacher was good in one way because she got everyone to shout out all the slang names for girl’s and the boy’s reproductive parts. One girl, who I don’t like, had to go and shout out the name Cherry when the teacher got round to Hymens. There was a lot of giggling and everyone was looking at me. I think that was the only time that I felt a bit of embarrassment.

I had my first orgasm about a month ago. My dad decided that I needed spanking again and he pulled my clothes off and put me over his knee. As soon as I was in position I started to feel all tingly around my pussy and wondered if I was going to get all wet again. I spread my legs to see if that would make any difference. Being spread like that didn’t worry me because both my mum and dad spread them before they started fingering me.

Anyway, when my dad started spanking me my mum came and sat at my feet and started playing with my pussy. She was giggling as my dad spanked me.

It wasn’t long before it stopped hurting and I started feeling good; really good.

My dad stopped spanking me and started fingering me.

“I wonder if she’s too young to cum?” I heard my dad say.

“She’ll cum.” Mum relied.

And cum I did. I had my first orgasm as my mother and father worked on my pussy. It was weird, but nice. When it first started I thought that I was dying but that thought soon passed as my body started jerking about and I started shouting,

“Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

Mum and dad stopped playing with me and just watched my little body perform for them.

As I started to get my senses back I heard mum say,

“Told you.”

And then,

“I’d better get her on the pill. I’m sure that you and that no good son of yours will be fucking her soon.”

Dad touched my clit causing me to jerk again, and gasp.

Mum got up and went somewhere but dad said,

“Hey Elvis, come here and I’ll show you how to make a girl cum.”

As Elvis, who had watched every second of my ordeal, got up and came over. My dad lifted me up and plonked me down on the floor on my back. Then he spread my legs wide.

“Get down on your knees son.”

I looked up and saw the 2 of them, on their knees either side of my hips. Then I saw dad’s hand go to my pussy.

“You see that little knob of skin son, that’s her clitoris. Girls love it when you play with their clits. Here, I’ll show you.”

And show my brother, my father did. He was relatively sober and he was quite good at it because he made me cum again.

They both looked down on me as my little body spasmed a few times again.

“Now you try it Elvis.”

Elvis was a bit slow and a bit nervous; I guess that he hadn’t had a fix of something or other yet that day. Anyway he fumbled around and pressed so hard that I screamed. I screamed again when he managed to hold my little clit between his finger and thumb and he pulled – hard.

“Not so rough son;” dad said, “you’ve got to be gentle if you want her to cum. It’s the same with her tits; not that she’s got much there yet, but girls usually like it if you massage them and play around with their nipples.”

With that, I felt dad’s hand on my right tit. I’d never thought of playing with my tits before but when dad did it I felt good. When he pulled on my nipple I felt something go from my nipple to my pussy.

My brother and father continued playing with my tiny excuse for tits, and pussy until I had another orgasm.

“Another thing that girls like” dad said, “is for them to suck your cock. There’s a bit of a knack to it, we’ll have to teach her until she gets it right. Get on your knees and open your mouth slut.”

I was a bit scared and a bit nervous, but I did as I was told. Then dad unzipped his trousers and pulled out his cock. Now that was the first real live cock that I’d ever seen and my first thought was,

“How the hell do men get those things in a girl’s hole?”

I’d had trouble getting a tampon in the first time. Then I remembered the teacher say something about vaginas stretching. Anyway, I didn’t get the chance to think any more because dad pushed his cock into my mouth.

“Suck it girl.” Dad said, “and be careful with those teeth. If you hurt me your backside will crimson red for a month.”

So I sucked. Instinct must have told me to go up and down on it, and before long I felt it get hard; and bigger. Dad grabbed the hair on the back of my head to keep it still and he started fucking my mouth.

At one point I thought that I was going to suffocate but dad pulled out and I gasped for air.

Dad pushed back in and his cock went further in to me and started going into my throat. I gagged for air and started coughing and spluttering. Dad pulled out, I gasped for air and he thrust back in, even deeper.

This went on and on for ages until I felt his balls bounce against my chin and my tears and drool ran down my face. There was even snot coming out of my nose. By that time I was starting to panic a bit as dad seemed to keep his cock in my throat for longer and longer.

Then dad groaned and really pushed into me. I started to feel something coming out of the end of his cock. He pulled out and squirted his white, creamy jism all over my face.

“Taste it slut.” My dad commanded.

I put my tongue out and reached for some of the liquid. In a way it tasted a bit like what I got out of my pussy, but different; a bit more salty. Instinct again must have told me to bring a finger to my face and scoop the jism into my mouth.

“Suck it clean.” Dad again commanded and pushed his cock back into my mouth.

I sucked and felt a bit more come out of the end. Dad pulled out and said,

“Not bad for a first attempt slut, but you need a lot of practice. Elvis, you have a go; I’m off to the pub.”

With that he zipped up and disappeared, but not before saying,

“Don’t fuck her Elvis; I don’t want another brat to have to look after.”

Elvis looked down at me, my eyes still full of tears and a bit of drool was still on my chin. I looked up at him and saw the lust in his eyes, and a bulge in his trousers. He moved in front of me and said,

“You know what to do.”

So I did. Elvis’ cock wasn’t as big as my dad’s but it still managed to fill my throat. I had to push Elvis away a couple of times because I needed some air. Then he held my head right against him and he squirted his jism right down my throat and I thought that I was going to die.

Then he let me go.

He looked down at me and said,

“I guess that I’m going to have some fun with you from now on Cherry. Maybe I should fuck your ass right now.”

I’d never even considered having a cock up my ass and the thought horrified me. I quickly got to my feet and ran to the bathroom where I sat on the toilet and thought about what had just happened.

My thoughts went from feeling numb, then horrified, then maybe that wasn’t too bad, then maybe that it would be nice to do it again. It was at that point that I realised that my pussy was very wet. I put my finger in my hole then licked it and finally thought,

“I hope that it happens again soon.”

That night I discovered masturbation as I rubbed my whole pussy and diddled my clit. When I calmed down I pressed my second finger on my butt hole. It hurt a bit so I got my finger wet by pushing it in my pussy then tried it again. That helped and before long I was finger fucking my butt hole. It was nice, but not as nice as when I did it to my pussy.

The next day after school, my mum took me to the doctors and told him that I was sleeping with boys and that she didn’t want me to get pregnant. The doctor wrote a prescription for birth control pills and told my mother to explain when I should take them. He then told my mother to book me in for a full gynaecological examination. She never got round to that last bit.

Mother explained when I had to take the pills to me on the bus on the way home with a couple of boys in the seat in front listening to every word.

That night my dad came into my room and dropped his boxers. His cock was rock hard and I feared him forcing it into my hole but he just told me to get on my knees and give him a blowjob. “Silly name’” I thought.

It soon became a regular thing for me to have to give either my dad or Elvis; or both, a blowjob on an evening after they’d spanked me. Yes, Elvis has started spanking me as well. Sometimes one of them would go down on my pussy and make me cum after they’d pushed me off their knee onto the floor. Those were the best times and whenever they just push me off their knee I’ve started rolling onto my back and spreading my legs wide hoping that they’d go down on my pussy.

Without realising it I had started looking forward to those sessions and got disappointed if neither of them came to me. I also started masturbating before I get up on a morning and before I go to sleep at night. I also do it sometimes in the toilets at school if I can’t wait to get home.

About a week after I started taking the pills, when my dad came into my room, instead of getting me to give him a blowjob, he told me to get off my knees, get onto the bed and to get on my hands and knees. At first I didn’t know what was going on, but when he pulled me round so that my knees were on the edge of the bed and he stood behind me I just knew that he was going to fuck me.

I felt his cock move around my hole then it slid to my ass hole.

“Oh fuck!” I thought as I felt it start to go in my ass hole.

“Relax slut.” I heard dad say as he pushed a bit harder. It hurt like hell but slowly his cock went deeper and deeper into my ass. I knew when he was fully inside me because I could feel his pubic hairs tickle me.

Dad relaxed for a few seconds then slowly pulled out. Then thrust hard into me.

I screamed then decided that it wasn’t that bad. Then dad fucked my ass until he came deep inside my ass.

He slapped my butt real hard as he pulled out. I really had mixed feelings after he left and I lay on my back slowly rubbing my pussy. On the one hand I was happy that I’d just been fucked for the first time, but I was unhappy that it was my ass hole and not my pussy hole. I made myself cum again before I went to sleep.

I didn’t have to wait long before I had my first pussy hole fuck. Elvis came home one evening and both mum and dad were out. When he realised that we were alone he shouted at me for not getting him any tea ready for him. Then he sat on the sofa and told me to get over his lap. It was one of those days when I hadn’t bothered to put any clothes on when I took my school uniform off so I was naked as I lay across him.

Twenty slaps, one warm butt, one warm and wet and tingly pussy later; Elvis told me to get up then kneel either side of his legs. As I was doing that he unzipped and got his cock out. It was sticking up in the air as I shuffled in so that my bare chest was right in front of his face; I could feel the end of his cock touching the tops of my legs and my pussy.

“Hold it,” Elvis said, “and lower yourself on to it.”

Elvis had his hands on my hips and just as I felt the tip of his cock go inside me he pressed down on my hips forcing me to go all the down on his cock in one fast move.

I screamed at the sudden pain but was soon bouncing up and down on his cock and loving every second of it. My brother had taken my cock virginity.

Elvis must have told my dad what he’d done because the next evening after my mother had spanked me and I’d gone to bed, my dad visited me and he got me to ride him cowboy style – as he called it. He told me that my mother loves it that way.

The more that dad and Elvis use my body, the more I want to flash my pussy and tits to anyone and everyone. I started to look for, and dream about ways that I could flash my pussy to strangers. At that stage I wasn’t very brave and sort of restricted myself to flashing my teachers and the boys at school, and hanging upside down on the climbing frame. I thought that I was getting really brave when I started spreading my knees when I was upside down.