**Cherry**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 02 – A year later**

I started my story about a year ago when I had just turned 12. Things have changed quite a bit since then.

For starters, I’ve had another growth spurt and I’m nearly 4 feet 10 inches tall now. My tits have grown very pointy and are almost an AA cup and my butt has got a bit rounder. My pussy is still just a slit with my tiny clit poking out. My weight has increased just a little bit and I now weigh about 90 pounds.

My dad told me to start getting rid of the few pubic hairs that I had, saying that he didn’t like getting them stuck in his teeth. The next morning I borrowed his razor but he found out and before he spanked me he told me to stop using the razor and to pluck them out. So that’s what I now do; usually when I’m getting ready for school, but sometimes when we are watching the TV on an evening. I’ve discovered that I can distract Elvis if I sit opposite him, spread my legs wide and start plucking the hairs. After I’ve done that for an hour or so Elvis always visits me after I’ve gone to bed.

One advantage of growing a bit taller is that my school skirt is shorter. No that’s silly, but you know what I mean. There seems to be more boys following me up the stairs and I’ve discovered that they get a better view if I stop and bend over pretending that my stupid shoe lace has come undone.

Some of the male teachers seem to enjoy staring at my pussy a lot more since my skirt doesn’t cover as much. I think that they appreciate my pubic hair plucking as well.

When the weather got warm the male English teacher decided that it would be a good idea to take our poetry classes outside in the nice warm, fresh air. For 3 weeks of poetry lessons he had us all sitting in a circle, crossed legs Indian style, reading and discussing poetry. I liked that because it meant that my pussy was spread open and I could feel the fresh, warm breeze tickling me. I found it hard to concentrate and had to visit the toilet straight after each of those lessons.

Some of the boys opposite me couldn’t stop staring at me. The teacher walked around the inside of the circle all of the lesson and he always seemed to stop in front of me and look down. I held my book on my feet with my hands on the edges so that he could look down between my arms and legs.

I wondered if any of the other girls were knickerless. I guessed not because the teacher always came back to me.

Early on in that year I discovered the fun of going upstairs on the school bus. The boys behind me often seemed to be fighting to see who could follow me up the stairs.

Going to the shops got to be fun that year as well. Of course I’d been shopping on my own before; hell, I did most of the family’s grocery shopping each week.

One Saturday I decided to go for a wander round the local shopping centre. Wow, all those people. I’d never really thought about it on the odd occasion when mum took me shopping.

Talking about my school skirt, my one and only school skirt got ripped one evening when dad pulled it off me to spank me as soon as I got home from school. Fortunately, it wasn’t too bad and I managed to pin the tear together. I showed it to my mother who swore, slapped my father, told him that he wasn’t going to fuck her for a week; then told me that we’d go and get another one at the weekend.

We did, my mum took me to this school outfitters and selected a skirt for me. She wanted me to try it on but when we got to the changing rooms they were all busy with 4 or 5 parents stood outside waiting. My mum had a little moan about too many damn people then told me to take my skirt off right there where I was. My jaw dropped for a second then I looked round. Two men and one boy about my age had heard my mum and were looking at me.

Then I realised that it would be fun so I unfastened my skirt and let it drop to the floor. Then I turned away from the men and boy and bent at the waist to pick-up my skirt. When I was back up straight I turned and looked at the men and boy. Both men had smiles on their faces and the boy was just stood staring at me with his mouth wide open.

My mum passed me the new skirt and I stepped into it. Good old mother had picked a skirt for a fat girl and when I fastened it and let go it slid down onto my hips. When I shook my ass it slid over my hips and hit the floor.

I looked at the men and saw bigger grins. The boy was still gobstruck.

“Hmm,” my mum said, “I guess that you need size smaller. Come on, let’s go and find one.”

I picked-up my skirt, left the too big one on the floor and followed my mother. There I was, bottomless, following my mother across the shop floor. I felt weird, but nice; my pussy started to tingle.

My mother stopped at the rack that she’d got the too big skirt from and started going through them looking for a smaller one. Meanwhile I was stood there looking round.

A woman with 2 kids, one boy, one girl, was close by. The woman hadn’t seen me but the kids had, they just stared. A young woman sales assistant had also seen me and came marching over.

“Madam,” the young woman said, “you shouldn’t get your children to try on the clothes out here; we have changing rooms for that.”

“They’re all full.” Mum said without even looking round.

“You should join the queue and wait.”

“Haven’t got all day.” Mum replied.

This time mum turned round, gave the young woman a look that could kill, and passed me another skirt. I unfastened it and stepped into it only to find that I couldn’t fasten it, it was too small.

I slid it down and stepped out of it.

“Madam, I must insist. If you can’t join the queue then I must ask you to leave.”

“Fuck you.” My mother said and reached down for my hand. I just managed to pick-up my own skirt as my mother pulled me out of the shop.

“Muuum; stop; I need to put my skirt on.”

“What? Oh yeah,” my mother said and stopped walking.

As I quickly put my skirt on I heard my mother say,

“I don’t know why you bother; you never seem to have the damn thing on at home.”

“Mum,” I replied, “that’s different, we’re out in public and people are watching.”

As I fastened the skirt I looked around, and yes, people were watching; and I liked it. Well my pussy did, it got wet.

My mum then took me to a big supermarket.

“They’re bound to have some in here;” she said, “and they’ll be cheaper. We should have come here first.”

They did sell dark blue skirts, well stretch tube ones, a bit like my oldest surviving non-school skirt. Mum selected one for me, looked round and couldn’t see the changing rooms so she told me to get my skirt off.

“What, out here? There are hundreds of people all around. We’ll get thrown out again.” I said.

“Not if you get a move on girl.”

I repeated the same exercise and yes, the skirt did fit me. With it pulled up to my hips it came to about half way down my thighs.

“Is that okay for you mother?” I asked.

“That’ll do;” my mother said, “dirt cheap as well. Come on, get it off, we need to get home.”

My mother was looking at other clothes as I started to get changed. Before I took the skirt off, I pulled it up to my waist then slid my hand around the hem.

“Nice, yes, that will do.” I thought as I slid it down.

I folded it and then picked up my old school skirt and started to put it on. As I did so I looked around and could only see one man watching me. I was a bit disappointed and as I pulled my old skirt up I pulled a bit too hard and felt 2 of the pins that were holing it together pop open and fall off.

“What the hell, this isn’t school.” I thought and didn’t look for the 2 pins.

The skirt was ripped nearly up to the waist on my right hip. Feeling a bit naughty, I slid the skirt round so that the rip was over my pussy then went over to mum.

“Okay, I’m ready.” I cheerfully said and followed my mother to the checkout.

The poor old man on the till wasn’t sure what he could see, but he sure as hell kept staring at my partially covered pussy.

My mother didn’t notice my wardrobe malfunction until we were sat on the bus.

“Cover your pussy you little slut,” she said.

“I can’t, the pins have gone. It’s dad’s fault for ripping it.” I replied.

“That bastard of a husband of mine has a lot to answer for, but you should have said something sooner. I guess that you’ll get a sore backside when we get home.”

No sooner that we’d walked through the door than my mother said,

“Go and get those clothes off then get back here girl.”

I ran to my room and was back, naked, in seconds.

It was only when I looked around the lounge that I realised that Elvis was there, and one of his mates. Both were silently staring at me.

My mother sat down, pulled me over her knee and gave me 20 of her best swats. I was just starting to enjoy them when she stopped.

Mother stood up, letting me slide off and onto the floor. I landed on my back.

“Open your legs and put your hands above you head girl; and stay there for an hour. I’m going to find your father.”

As she opened the door she shouted,

“She’s all yours boys.”

And then the door slammed shut.

There was a full minute of silence as I thought,

“I’m going to have my first gang-bang.”

Elvis probably thought,

“I’m gonna fuck my little sister again.”

The other guy probably thought,

“What the fuck! Is this for real?”

Elvis was the first to say something,

“Hey Zac, have you got your phone with you?”

I was thinking,

“Does he just want some pictures of me or does he want to send a photo of me as an invite for more of his friends to come round and fuck me?”

Actually, I wanted both, but I had to settle for some photographs.

As Zac took some photos of me from all angles, and some close-ups of my tits (he need full zoom for those) and pussy (I kept my legs wide open all the time); I was thinking,

“Please fuck me.

My pussy was leaking like a river and throbbing in anticipation. Then they got up and looked down at me.

“I usually tan her ass before I fuck her, do you want that pleasure? Tell you what; you tan her ass while she sucks my cock.”

Neither boy said anything as Elvis turned me over and lifted me onto all fours. Within seconds I was being fucked at both ends; another first for me, with Zac spanking my butt as he fucked me.

Elvis orgasmed first, then me, then Zac. Then they swapped ends and I started sucking Zac’s soft cock. It didn’t stay soft for long and my head was soon bobbing up and down. I tried to time it with Elvis’ thrusts but I wasn’t too successful. I guess that I need more practice.

Zac needs more practice at mouth fucking as well because he seemed to be backing away each time that my head went down on him.

When we were all spent the 2 boys sat on the sofa and I lay on my back on the floor with my legs open. I wanted them to see their cum seep out of me.

After a few minutes they both got up and left. I guessed that they’d had their way with me and were no longer interested in me. I wasn’t upset by that because Elvis always comes back for more.

After a while my right hand found its way to my pussy and started rubbing. I was just about to cum when dad walked in; or should I say staggered in. He stopped, looked down at me then staggered over to me and collapsed down, half on top of me.

My moment was gone but I was feeling mischievous; I rolled dad off me and onto his back then I knelt on his shoulders. My pussy was hovering over his face and I stayed there rubbing my pussy and a couple of drops of either Elvis’s or Zac’s jism dripped down onto his face.

Then I finished myself off rubbing my pussy on his nose.

When I went to bed that night I masturbated again, and as I was doing so I thought about my shopping trip with mum. I liked the idea of being naked in a shop and decided to go shopping again, on my own. I didn’t have any money so I couldn’t buy anything but that wouldn’t stop me for having some fun trying things on.

I orgasmed to the vision of me walking naked through a shop full of people, all looking at me.

The new school skirt that mum bought me was great. I can wear it as long, or as short as I want. I adjust it dependant on which teacher is running the class that I’m going to.

I’ve started sitting on the front row in the classes that have a nice male teacher and letting my knees drift apart as the lesson goes on. I think that it’s helped me get better marks but I’m not sure.

I’d forgotten how easily stretch skirts ride up and when I get on the school bus; the first time that I wore that new skirt I gave a few kids an eyeful. I’d already pulled it up after leaving home but when I climbed up the steep steps to the top floor of the bus the skirt rode up so high that the whole of my butt was on display to the boy climbing up behind me. I also gave an eyeful to the boy sat on the seat opposite the top of the stairs. By that time I just thought,

“Fuck it,” and walked back to a free seat before pulling it back down to sit down.

A couple of boys sat further back had watched it all and said a few rude things before I sat down.

Since that day I’ve put on a little show for the boys every day, twice actually. Some of the girls don’t like me doing it and call me a slut, but I don’t care.

Elvis did bring his mates round to see me; not that time, but at least once a week since. The little brat has started charging them, £5 to look at my pussy, £10 for a blowjob, £20 to fuck my ass and £25 to fuck my pussy. Needless to say I never get any of the money.

It was one of his mates that introduced me to pushing all sorts of things up my pussy. One time after I’d been fucked by one of his mates, another one appeared from the kitchen with a cucumber in his hand. I was still on my back on the sofa with my legs wide open, and this twat walked straight up to me and pushed that cucumber right into me. The cucumber was bigger than any cock that I’ve had inside me and I screamed at the pain of being stretched so much and so quickly.

“How much for doing that?” the youth asked.

After a moments of thought Elvis said,

“A tenner.”

The youth left £10 pound lighter and I was left with the cucumber sticking out of me.

Another thing that’s changed in the last year is the spanking. I started getting them every day and they weren’t just on my butt Elvis gets me to lie on my back and hold my legs up and spread as wide as I can. Then he spanks my pussy and tits. I think that I cum faster when he does that. He’s started charging his mates £15 to let them do that to me.

Because I cum when they do it I don’t mind.

As I said, being naked in the clothes shop and the supermarket gave me an idea, and I started going to clothes shops on a weekend just to try them on. I have great fun getting changed and leaving the curtains open. One of the clothes shops near where I live has the cubicles in the main shop, they’re the best as I can get naked and let men look at me.

In one shop I was feeling really brave and after I’d got naked I walked out into the main shop carrying the dress that I’d got to try on. I went to the rack where I’d got it and changed it for a different one. Then I walked back, right passed a young couple. The girl stared at me with an open mouth and the boy stared at me with a big grin on his face. As I passed him I saw his head turning so that he could have a look at my butt.

In another shop where the cubicles are in a separate room I was naked when 2 girls slightly older than me walked in. They stared at me then went into the cubicle opposite me and they too didn’t close their curtain.

I watched them and they watched me as they both stripped naked. My jaw dropped as they turned to face each other and started kissing. Their hands started wandering over the others body but I didn’t see anything else because a woman came in and told us to close the curtains.

I’ve been back to those shops a few times since, and walked out into the main shop naked to swap something a couple of times; but I haven’t seen any other girls naked in the main stores.

Oh, just remembered, I never told you about PE lessons at school. I stopped going to them about a year ago when my shorts ripped. I’d had them for about 5 years and they’d been washed about a million times. They were so thin and so tight (they gave me a camel toe that hurt a bit) that one day when I was in the gym they just split right up the back. I screamed and ran out, and never went back to PE lessons.

Another thing that I’m still doing on the way home from school when it’s not raining is going to the kids play area. I still like going on the swings, but the climbing frame is the best, I hang upside down there for ages letting the boys ‘inspect’ my pussy. A couple of them have started getting their phones out and taking pictures of my pussy. I like that because they’ll be looking at those pictures when they’re in bed having a wank.

Mum hasn’t spanked me much lately, but she has played with my pussy when dad has been spanking me. She makes me cum then dad makes me cum again, that’s nice.

Since the cucumber incident I’ve been experimenting with other household items. The best thing that I’ve used on myself so far is the vacuum cleaner. I’m hoping that my clit will get bigger if I keep putting the vacuum nozzle on it. Boy does my little clit vibrate when it’s inside that nozzle. It makes me cum in seconds and if I leave it on I can cum over and over again. So far I’ve made it up to 9 orgasms before I can’t take any more and I’ve pulled the nozzle away. I’m hoping that if I keep practicing I will be able to keep the nozzle on for 100 orgasms. Now that would be cool.