**Cherry**

by Vanessa Evans

*Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts. They will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.*

**Part 20 - The Cruise continues**

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When we woke up Sir John was gone and we again discovered that the yacht had moved somewhere overnight. We looked out and saw a really nice beach and a town up a hill.

We went and showered then went looking for Harlee. We found her and 2 other naked girl staff members sitting out on one of the decks and enjoying the peace and quiet, some drinks and the sun.

“Where’s Sir John?” I asked.

“A boat came and picked him up a couple of hours ago. He’s left instructions for what you are to do today, and tomorrow. You are to enjoy yourselves on the beach, have some fun. Sir John told us that 3 of us can come as well, I hope that you don’t mind.”

“Hell no,” Skye said, “but can we have some breakfast first please?”

“Of course, where would you like to take it?”

“Right here with you, if you don’t mind.”

We spent a relaxing couple of days on that beach. Five naked girls coming ashore in a speed boat each morning and going back late afternoon. We got to know Harlee and Cora and Harper quite well. All 3 love their jobs and wouldn’t change it for the world. When I asked them if they minded there not being any men around Cora replied,

“We get men visitors when Sir John has guests aboard. The staff of the guests and they have to sleep somewhere. Besides, girls are fun as well.”

“You can say that again.” Skye said.

Around the middle of the afternoons we all went to the beach café to eat. No one complained about all of us being naked, in fact there were 2 other naked girls there as well, but disappointingly, no naked men.

On the second day just after we’d got back to the yacht, the helicopter arrived and Sir John and 2 other men got out. When Sir John came down to the lounge Skye and I ran up to him and hugged him.

“Hello Baby Pussy and Sweet Kitty; how’s my Itty Bitty Titty Club doing? I’ve got 2 guests for you to entertain tonight.”

“Ooo goody.” Skye said.

“Harlee will take you to their rooms, help them refresh themselves then bring them back up here. I want you to dance and pleasure yourselves while we talk and drink. Baby Pussy, you go with Stavros here, now off you go girls.”

Sir John slapped us both on our bare butts and we followed the men who followed Harlee.

In the room with Stavros I was surprised when he immediately slapped my face.

“You will do as I command whore.”

“Yes Master.” I replied, wondering what he was going to do to me.

“Undress me.”

I did, kissing his body as I did so. As I lowered his underpants his hard cock sprang out. I kissed the purple end then sucked it.

“On the bed whore, on your hands and knees.”

“Goody, doggy style.” I thought as I got into position. But instead of his cock entering me I felt his hand come down on my butt, hard; harder than my dad or brother had ever spanked me.

“Ouch.” I said.

“Shut up whore.”

His hand came down onto my butt over and over again. By about the fifth time I was could feel an orgasm approaching. By about the tenth swat I was cumming as hard as I ever did in response to a spanking. I felt my whole body shaking and jerking. It was difficult to keep quiet.

Right in mid orgasm I felt his cock invade my hole. He rammed in and out of me over and over again until he shot his load deep inside me. Meanwhile I was staying up there, and didn’t start coming down until he stopped thrusting.

He pulled out just as he started to go soft, then he said,

“Wash me.”

I turned and went to suck him clean but he said,

“No no whore, in the shower.”

Following him into the shower, he just stood there while I soaped him all over then rinsed him.

“Dry me.” He commanded.

I got one of the big fluffy towels and did as commanded.

“Dress me.”

Stavros opened the case that had appeared on his bed and got out the clothes that he wanted to wear. As I pulled his silk pants on I kissed his soft cock.

Back up in the lounge Stavros talked to his mate or colleague or whatever and Sir John called me over,

“Stavros didn’t hurt you too much did he BP?”

“No Sir John, I’m used to that sort of thing, my dad and brother used to beat me when I was a kid.”

“Yes, I remember you telling me that, that is why I sent you with Stavros.”

When I got back to where Skye was standing she whispered,

“What the hell happened to your butt? It’s bright red.”

“He spanked me.”

“Must have been hard, does it hurt?”

“No.”

“I’m glad that mine didn’t spank me.”

“It’s okay, I’m used to it, in fact I enjoy it.”

“Wow, we’ve got to talk girl.”

We didn’t get the chance, Harlee put some music on and Sir John waved at Skye and me to indicate that he wanted us to dance.

We did, and the 3 men watched for a while then got on with their talking. Harlee appeared occasionally and refreshed their drinks. On the second of her visits she came over to us and whispered,

“Start making out.”

We got the message and we turned to face each other and kissed. We slowly made love to each other in time to the music as we stood there. I got in a position where I could look up and see what the men were doing. Most of the time they were watching us in between saying something. I wondered if Sir John was using Skye and me to distract them so that he could get a better business deal or whatever.

Skye and I got down on the floor and enjoyed a 69, both of us cumming.

Then it was time to eat. Sir John had Skye and me sit on the laps of his guests while they ate with one hand. I didn’t manage to eat much but that didn’t matter, I knew that I could press my little gold heart later and get Harlee to get me something.

The eating and drinking went on for hours. I couldn’t understand what they were talking about. It was in English but the strange words meant nothing to me.

Eventually, Stavros started getting to his feet and I had to quickly get to mine so that I didn’t end up in a heap on the floor.

“Follow.”

I did, and back in his room I was told to get on my hands and knees on the bed and he fucked me so hard that I was half expecting his cock to come up my throat.

I managed to cum once sometime in the torrent of abuse that his cock was inflicting on my young pussy.

Eventually, he rolled off me and fell asleep. I lay on my back on the other side of the huge bed and also fell asleep holding my sore pussy.

I woke up to the noise of the helicopter landing. I was alone in the room. The helicopter soon took off again and I assumed that Stavros was on it.

I was right, when I got back to my room Skye was in the shower and she told me that they’d left. Then she asked me about the abuse that my dad and brother had inflicted on me. I was still finishing my story when we got up to the lounge and Harlee told us that the 3 men had left but that Sir John would be back that evening.

We spent the day sunbathing and the odd 69 or two on our favourite sunbathing deck at the front of the yacht, the one that is in full view of any boat that passed the front of the yacht; but none did that day.

Sir John got back early evening and after we’d all eaten he told Skye and me to go and shower. As we did we heard some noises below and when we went up on deck we saw the speed boat waiting for us.

Cora was in the driving seat and she quickly pulled in to a little harbour at the end of the beach. There was a car waiting for us and we drove through the town to a small theatre, one like those in England and not an amphitheatre.

Inside, Skye and I were ushered into a room where a man was waiting for us. In the next 30 minutes both Skye an I were covered from head to foot in gold spray paint. The man even got us to lift a leg up so that he could get our inner thighs and pussies.

I tried asking the man why we needed to be covered in gold paint but he didn’t speak English, or he pretended that he didn’t.

Eventually, Sir John appeared and told us to follow him. As we walked he explained that we were at an awards presentation and that our job was to stand either side of him and when someone’s name was called out it was our job to go out into the audience and lead them down to the stage.

“Naked on the stage and in the middle of the audience?” Skye asked.

“Yes, that’s not a problem is it?”

“No, no, definitely not Sir John, we’re looking forward to it aren’t we Skye?”

“Yes we are Sir John.”

“And if someone should happen to stop you on the way and finger your pussies you are to stop and let them. You’ll find that the whole event will stop and everyone will look at you while they play with your pussy. That’s what people are expecting.”

“Just what sort of awards are you presenting Sir John?” Skye asked.

“Erotic movie awards.”

“Oh, I see, so all the people in the audience make porn movies do they?”

“Erotic movies SK, not porn, erotic movies.”

“Okay, erotic movies, sorry Sir John.”

“Will anyone be filming the awards.” I asked.

“I doubt it BP, why, do you want to be in an erotic movie?”

“It sounds like fun.”

“I think that you are both a bit young for that, unless I can find a producer that makes movies with under age girls in them. I’ll ask around.”

“Thank you Sir John.”

“Right then girls, are you ready?”

“Yes Sir,” we both said.

Wow, it was a bit nerve racking walking out onto that stage totally naked, much more so than the show at school, but as I stood next to Sir John I thought maybe I wasn’t quite as naked as I’d ended up at school. As I remembered the details my pussy started tingling and getting wet.

Sir John’s little speech ended and he called out the first name. It was a man right in the middle of the audience. We’d have to squeeze between 2 rows of people to get to him. Skye and I split up to get to him from both ends of the row.

It felt nice with everyone staring at me as I walked up the aisle. As I started squeezing between the back of the row in front and the people still sitting down, it didn’t take long for hands to go between my legs. It was like I was already in a porn movie, one of those artificial scenes that I’d seen when Ben and I had watched a few.

With fingers going in and out of my pussy, and one or two pushing into my butt hole, I finally made it to the man. Skye had just made it as well and she had a big smile on her face.

The man stood up and the 3 of us set off the way Skye had come. We finally made it to the aisle after both our pussies and butt holes had been invaded numerous times. If it hadn’t been for the gold paint I’m sure Skye’s face would have looked as flushed as mine felt.

When we got back to the stage and stood either side of Sir John, he cracked a joke about golden pussies. I didn’t hear what it was but the audience had a good laugh. The man got his award which was a statue of a woman on her hands and knees and a man behind her with his cock inside her pussy.

Five more times Skye and I had the pleasure of squeezing between rows of seated people. I must have had over a hundred people’s fingers inside my pussy and butt hole that night.

After the last award (Sir John said that it was the last one), I thought that it was all over and that we’d go back to the yacht, but it wasn’t. Sir John told us to go over to 2 big men who had appeared behind us. As I walked I saw 4 ropes being lowered from the roof.

“I hope that this is what I think it is.” I thought.

The men indicated to us to lay down and when we did they attached ankle cuffs and the ropes to the cuffs. I smiled as my feet went up and up. Before long I was hanging there, upside down with my fingers not quite able to touch the floor.

No sooner that I was like that, the ropes started parting and my legs were stretched wide open.

I was so happy, it was days since I’d been upside down and what could be better that being like that with a hundred or so people looking at me. My pussy tingling got stronger and stronger and I could feel my juices leaking out of me and starting run over my pubic bone and up my stomach.

There was some clapping from the audience then Sir John invited everyone up onto the stage for an after awards party.

OMG, I was in heaven and it was going to get better. I just knew that some, hopefully all, of the people would come and inspect our pussies and hopefully play with them and make us cum.

And my wish was granted. Not only did people play with our pussies, but quite a few of the men, and a couple of women exposed their genitals to our faces which just happened to be at the right height.

Most of them pulled my butt to them so that my face was right in-line with them. I opened my mouth and took the cocks in and sucked them until they either came or gave up. The women were a lot more difficult but I managed to get a few good licks.

At the other end of my torso, my 2 holes were getting lots of fingers and other things pushed in and out of me. I’m sure that some of what they pushed into me was food from the buffet. I saw some of the bits of food fall onto the floor near my hands. They made me cum 4 times before someone had the idea of pushing golf balls into my pussy. I’ve no idea why someone would take golf balls to an awards presentation but it was definitely golf balls going inside me. I know that because my pussy wouldn’t hold more than 4 and it slowly ejected the fifth one and it bounced on the floor by my hands.

Trying to get that fifth one to stay inside me turned into a game that it seemed like everyone wanted to have a go. I even saw Sir John walk up to me and have a go. It was no good, my pussy just couldn’t keep the fifth one in and it came out every time.

I tried looking over to Skye but I couldn’t see her, but I could hear her each time that she orgasmed. She was obviously having as much fun as I was.

I was exhausted and I tried closing my eyes to get some rest, but each time that I did the fifth one would come out and bounce by my head.

I heard someone say, in English, let’s get them all out and start again.

“Squeeze them out girly.” I heard.

I started squeezing my pussy muscles and managed to get 3 then 4 out. As I struggled with the fifth one some said something about gravity. I guessed that I was struggling because I was upside down. Then I felt multiple fingers pushing into me. It felt like a whole hand, then it felt like 2 hands coming out of me. I don’t think that I’ve ever been stretched that much.

“Got it.” I heard the same voice say.

I was tired and I gave up trying to get cocks to suck and I just relaxed all my muscles and let anyone do whatever they wanted to me. I remember the golf balls going inside me again, probably because they popped out of me and landed on the floor near my head. And I remember a tennis ball bouncing near my head. I wondered if that had been inside me as well.

Eventually, I realised that no one was doing anything to me, then my hands, then hair, then head touched the floor. I ended up in crumpled pile in all the food that had been in my pussy then ended up on the floor.

I was knackered, sore and filthy. Just when I was hoping to fall asleep a big man picked me up and carried me to a changing room and a shower. He deposited me on the floor of the shower and turned it on. Two minutes later Skye was deposited next to me. I looked at her and just managed to say ‘Hey.”

It took what seemed like forever for Skye and me to recover enough to get to our feet and start to clean ourselves. Well, it was easier to clean each other. We tried rubbing the gold paint off, but it was well and truly stuck to us.

As I started to feel human again I looked out and saw Sir John.

“Hello girls, how are my Itty Bitty Titty Club’s star members doing?”

“Knackered Sir John.” I answered.

“I’m sure that you’ll be just fine quite soon. Don’t bother trying to get the paint off, it will be a day or two before it all comes off, and don’t forget to have a good clean-out inside as well girls, I don’t want to find a glazed cherry when I go inside you Cherry.”

“No sir.” I said, not acknowledging his attempt at a joke.

“I know how we can clean our insides.” Skye said.

She reached up and unhooked the shower head which was on the end of a flexible hose. Then she unscrewed the shower head leaving warm water gushing out of the hose.

“You first or me?” Skye asked.

“Me please.” I replied.

Skye held the end of the hose to my hole and my eyes opened wide as I felt the warm water rushing into me.

“Fucking hell Skye, that’s nice. …… Oh stop, stop, I feel like I’m going to burst.”

Skye lowered the hose and a mushy, horrible rainbow coloured mess came rushing out all over Skye’s legs.

“Yuk! What the hell did they put in me?”

“No idea, but I bet that mine’s full of the same.”

Skye held the hose to her hole and had a blank expression on her face for a few seconds before my legs got covered in a similar mess.

After that we took it in turns to fill each other and squirt it out. We kept doing it until it was clear water that came out.

“That was nice.” I said, “if you’d done it for much longer I would have cum.”

“Yeah, I was getting close as well.”

“We’ll have to do that on the yacht and maybe have a competition to see who can squirt the furthest.”

“That sounds like fun.”

Shortly after that the same big man came in and gave us each a big towel. He obviously wanted us to get dried so we did then he waved for us to follow him.

He led us back to the stage where there were still a few people talking and drinking.

Skye and I just stood there looking at everyone until Sir John saw us.

“Come, come girls.” He said. “Here’s my golden nymphs.”

“Nymphomaniacs.” I thought as we went over to him.

Sir John introduced us to most of the guests that were still there and a few of them said something to us, but we didn’t understand what they were saying because it was all in Greek.

One young woman who was still there could speak English and she brought us a drink each. Fortunately it was champagne and not that ouzo stuff.

“You 2 girls,” the woman said, “you are so beautiful, you look magnificent. How old are you?”

“14.”

“14.”

“Oh, you English girls, you mature so young. Look at those magnificent little breasts, and the way your pussies took those golf balls. I could not have done it when I was your age.”

I smiled at her and thought,

“And I didn’t know that I could take it.”

“Drink up girls,” Sir John said as he walked up to us; “it’s time to go.”

Both Skye and I finished our drinks in one go and followed Sir John out to a waiting car.

We were soon pulling into the little harbour where Core was waiting for us in the speed boat.

“Don’t rush off girls,” Sir John said, “after watching you 2 perform I need some relief.”

“Can we have a drink first please?”

As I asked that I saw Harlee tipping some blue powder into some OJ and 10 seconds later Skye and I both had a glass in our hands.

The next 30 minutes or so was taken up with Skye and me pleasuring Sir John in the lounge before he went off to bed. Skye and I had another shower then went to bed ourselves. Little bits of the gold paint were starting to come off.

The next morning was a Sunday so I asked Harlee if I could video call Ben. I wanted to show him me covered in gold. He was home and we spent a good 30 minutes with me doing most of the talking telling him everything that I’d been doing.

The next couple of days were quiet, sunbathing and pleasuring Sir John. Then it was more jet-ski and water skiing lessons. We had another scuba diving lesson as well. The diving was fun and it was fun teasing our 2 male instructors but there was no going ashore and the fun that we had the last time.