**Debbie Takes Tissues Shopping**

A Naughty Cheerleaders Story

by Mary Kwite

**Chapter 1**

I groaned and rolled over when I slowly started to wake up. I was so sore. Everywhere. What kind of weird dreams did I have last night? Where am I?

It took time for me to realize that I wasn’t in my room. I was in the basement on the futon. And I was startled when I looked over to see someone on the futon with me!

My memory came back slowly. “Oh My God!” I thought to myself. “I wasn’t dreaming!”

The basement was pretty dark. A little light shone in from between the curtains on the small windows. “What time is it?” I thought. I focused on the form next to me. All I could really make out was tits. Huge ones. Obviously, it was Debbie, the head cheerleader.

Not wanting to wake her, I slowly rolled over to climb out of bed and realized that I was naked. Instinctively, my hands moved to cover my nipples and cunny. I turned to put my feet down on the floor and sat for a minute to chill.

I saw Tonya and Addie spooning on the sofa and Laia crashed in the easy chair. They were all still asleep. I got up and walked toward the stairs. On my way, I tripped on one of our cheerleader uniforms and put it on. I looked for a few seconds, but I couldn’t find the panties. I walked up the dark steps quietly, not wanting to wake anyone up.

The kitchen was bright when I opened the basement door. “Mom?” I called, but not too loud.

I looked around the house, but there was no sign of Mom or Ms. Connor. It was like 11:00 already. I peed and put on a pot of coffee and sat at the kitchen table.

Scenes from last night kept popping into my head. Mom walked in on my initiation. They were tickling my titties. Or my long thick nipples anyway. They discovered my secret when they pulled my bra off and wads of tissues flew out. “Tissues! Oh my God!” I said out loud. “They’re calling me tissues now.” They all saw that I have absolutely no titties at all. I’m completely flat. All I have are fat nipples. I felt a little tingle in my cunny thinking about it.

Mom tried to put a stop to the festivities, but my teammates stopped her. She was stripped naked and tickled. God, her cunny is so hairy! Well, it was hairy. Somewhere along the line she got it shaved bald. God, she was humiliated by them all night. A little more tingling in my cunny.

Ms. Connor showed up somehow and eventually I got stripped naked. My thoughts shifted more to my humiliating body. The body I tried so hard to make sure no one ever knew about. I faced away from the others in the shower and locker room.

To go along with my titless chest, my cunny is practically bald. I just have a little peach fuzz. You can barely even see it. I have a little girl’s body. No titties and a bald cunny. Even Addie has some titties. And I know all the girls shave their cunnies because they have thick hair. Not me.

I don’t have much of a butt either. Just the slightest flair of hips. I look at myself in the mirror every day, hoping that I’d see a little tittie growth or may be a dark hair. Nothing.

They saw my clitty too. It’s long and thick. You can see it and my thick lips sticking out of my slit all the time. No other cunny I’ve seen looks like mine. I saw Mom’s cunny last night. Her clitty is big too, but not nearly as big as mine.

At least my nipples and clitty prove that I’m not really a little girl.

Mom was tickled until she peed. Then they all tickled me. Wait… “Oh!” I said out loud to no one, “Mom told them to tickle me! Tickle me until I came!”

And I did cum. It was the first time ever. I’d tried to do it to myself all the time, but I always chickened out when the feeling got too weird. But I was tied up last night and couldn’t stop them. And the weirdest thing happened. When I came, stuff shot out of my cunny. Like a boy’s thingy is supposed to. What was that? Is that normal?

“God! It happened right in front of everyone. I’m so humiliated,” I continued my conversation with myself.

The rest of the night’s events played out in my mind. Debbie was in charge until Ms. Connor showed up. Then she took over and things got weirder and weirder. Mom and I were handcuffed all kinds of ways. Mom got spanked. I got spanked. I sucked on titties and licked cunnies.

Then, Ms. Connor made me tell her how to punish my Mom. Whatever I told them to do to Mom, I got double. I’m so ashamed now of what I made them do. At the time, I felt like she deserved it. I felt like I deserved it too. I’m not so sure now but thinking about it has my clitty throbbing.

I reached down to touch it and winced. The pain made me remember the whipping Ms. Connor gave our cunnies and buttholes. “My butt’s gonna sting when I have to poop.” I had no one but myself to blame. I asked for it, and we got it.

Then they made Mom and I rub cunnies together. We were tied up that way and Ms. Connor got me really close to cumming with those beads in my butthole.

“Why did it feel so good when she pulled them out?” I got nauseous thinking about it. Nauseous and horny at the same time. It made me cum harder than I came the first time and I squirted that stuff all over Mom’s cunny. I think she orgasmed too.

“Oh God! I had sex with my Mom!” I said, thinking that I’d never be able to face her again. Or go to school and face my teammates. Then a horrible thought popped into my mind.

“School!” I thought, “They said they’re going to expose me in school! To everyone! They wouldn’t. They couldn’t.”

I realized that I was touching my clitty thinking about it. It hurt, but I didn’t care. I felt myself getting close to that place where I usually stopped myself, but I didn’t stop. Remembering how good it felt last night, I kept rubbing my sore clitty. The feeling was getting more and more intense. I was about to fall over the edge thinking about being exposed in school.

“What the fuck!” Debbie’s voice rang out from behind me. “Didn’t you have enough last night?”

I pulled my hand away. “Debbie… I’m sorry… I…” I started to say.

“At least you made fucking coffee,” she ignored me. “You’re not totally useless.”

The three of them came into the kitchen. They had found their nighties and panties.

“Who told her to get dressed?” Tonya asked.

“Oh… Right… Strip!” Debbie ordered.

I froze for a moment, but then thought about getting punished. So, I got up and pulled the cheerleader uniform off and I was naked.

“Her body’s pathetic,” Laia said.

“Yeah. Even I have bigger titties than her,” Addie added, pulling her nightie up and proudly sticking out her A-cup titties and cute puffy nipples.

I stood with my head down and let them humiliate my body. My clitty didn’t stop throbbing and my nipples were as long and thick as ever.

“I got a bunch of texts from Ms. Connor. They’re at the mall. First, we have to clean this place up. Then we have to go through Anna’s… Uh… Tissues’ clothes and get rid of what she doesn’t need. Then I take her to the other mall. She said she’ll text again later.”

“I’m working at the shop today,” Tonya said. “I have time to help clean up, but then I’m out.”

“Me and Laia are volunteering today, remember?” Addie said.

Debbie acknowledged the others and said that she’d drop them off on the way to the mall. Looks like it was going to be just me and her going shopping.

“She said one other thing,” Debbie said looking down at the floor. “I’m… I’m not allowed to wear a bra today. I’m being punished for what happened last night. For letting things get out of hand. It’s been years since I’ve been out without a bra.”

The girls hugged her and told her it would be OK and tried to comfort her. I just stood there naked and humiliated.

“She said that’s just the start of the punishment, too. She didn’t say what the rest of the punishment is, but she’s gonna punish my tits. I know it. She loves punishing them. That’s all I am to everyone. A giant pair of tits. I’m so sick of it,” She said, sitting at the table and crying into her hands.

I jumped up and poured her coffee while the others continued to try to cheer up the head cheerleader. I nearly laughed out loud at the irony. “Maybe they should do a cheer for her!” I thought to myself, “Give me a T!... Give me an I!... Give me a T!... Give me a T!... Give me an I!... Give me an E!... Give me an S!... TITTIES!... TITTIES!... YEAAAAAA TITTIES!”

“OK,” Debbie said when she calmed down, “Let’s get moving here. We have a lot to do.”

We ate a quick breakfast of cereal, cleaned up the kitchen and went down to the basement. It was a wreck. Our cheerleader uniforms and panties were scattered all over. The furniture was rearranged and all the sex and bondage stuff was everywhere. I clenched my thighs to squeeze my clitty when I noticed the string of beads that Ms. Connor used on my butthole.

Debbie gave the orders. As we cleaned, she had each of us to up to shower, two at a time. She told us to make it quick and we did.

“No fucking in the shower!” she ordered. “We don’t have time.”

Addie and Laia showered first. Then me and Tonya. She made me wash both my body and hers. I loved serving her this way and enjoyed touching her all over. We didn’t wash our hair, so we didn’t have to blow-dry it and we did a quick make-up job. Debbie showered last.

The girls changed into jeans and t-shirts. I was told to stay naked. Debbie looked obscene with no bra on. She was right. All I saw was her big titties and nipples poking out.

“You three finish up down here,” Debbie ordered. “I’ll take Tissues up to go through her shit and find her something to wear for now.”

We grabbed some garbage bags from the kitchen and headed up to my room.

The first drawer Debbie opened had my bras. “You won’t be needing THESE anymore,” She said and emptied them all into a bag.

“Or these,” as she emptied all the panties out of the second drawer.

And so, it went from there. Virtually everything I had went into the bags. All I had left were a couple of pairs of shoes and sneakers, my socks, a few tank tops and a few pairs of tight butt shorts. They were the ones I’d wear under a short dress or skirt. They were more like panties than shorts.

Looking at the few things I had left, my cunny was dripping. I could feel my juice on my thighs as I walked. Was she really going to take me to the mall wearing something from this pile? Why was this making me so horny?

She picked up a white pair of butt shorts. “Put these on,” she said. I noticed that they were the oldest ones, the ones that were a size too small and worn a little thin.

“They’re too small for me. I need…” I started but was interrupted.

“Fucking put them on!” she ordered. “I’ll tell you what you need!”

I struggled to get them up and over my hips. They were really tight and snug up in my cunny. The fabric rubbed against my sore clitty. My cunny was as naked as it could be while still being dressed and I felt that they were pulled way up my butt crack. I thought that once Debbie saw how the shorts looked that she’d add them to the bags of clothes we were getting rid of and find something else for me to wear.

Instead she walked over and started adjusting. She pulled them up even tighter into my cunny and butt crack and folded the waist over, so they were low on my hips.

“Perfect!” she said as she stepped back to look me over.

“Perfect?” I thought to myself, but didn’t dare say anything.

A white cropped tank was next. I put it on and could feel my nipples poking the fabric out. The top ended just above my belly button.

Again, she stepped back to take a look. She made a face that said she didn’t like what she saw.

“Go get some scissors,” she ordered.

I cringed as I went to do as I was told.

When I got back, she took the scissors and cut a V into the neckline. Then she cut about two inches off the bottom of the already cropped top. She looked, then cut the neck lower. She looked again and cut a little more off the bottom. She gave me some white ankle socks and my cheerleader sneakers to complete my outfit.

“That’s good for now,” she said. “Go look in the mirror.”

I had a full-length mirror on the back of my bedroom door. My jaw dropped when I looked. The V-neck of the top was cut so much that I could see some of the dark skin around my nipples show. My nipples poking so far out didn’t help any. The bottom of the tank top was about three inches over my belly button. The worse part was that it was obvious that someone took a scissor to it. The one saving grace about the top is that you couldn’t tell that I had no titties at all. It wasn’t tight enough for that. My nipples poking out kept the fabric from revealing my secret.

The shorts were a different story. I could see my cunny – clearly. The fabric was pulled up tight and my wetness made it nearly transparent. My meaty pussy was right there staring me in the face. My thick clitty was pushed to the right side of the seam that was up my crack. The waist barely covered the top of my mound the way Debbie folded it down.

I turned to look at the back and saw my practically naked butt in the mirror. The shorts were all the way up my crack, exposing half of my butt.

“I… I’m… I’m naked…” I stuttered softly. “Naked… I can’t… Debbie, please… Don’t make me…”

“Get these fucking bags downstairs,” she ordered, ignoring my plea. “I’ll go see how their doing in the basement.”

She walked out of my room and down to the basement. I piled the bags near the front door. The others came out of the basement as I put the last bag down.

“Oooooo… Look how cute she looks… ahhhh… my goodness…” The girls cooed as the looked me over. They pulled at the fabric and slapped my butt cheeks. All I could do is stand there and take it. They all looked so nice in their jeans and fashionable T-shirts. Even Debbie looked classy with her huge titties swinging around. I didn’t know any words to describe what I looked like other than trash. I looked like trash.

“Get all this shit in the trunk,” Debbie ordered.

We all grabbed something and had my clothes and the girls’ things in Debbie’s trunk in one trip. Debbie got in the driver’s seat. She told Tonya to take shotgun and had me sit in the back between Addie and Laia.

Before Debbie had pulled the car away from the curb, the girls had my top pulled up and were squeezing my nipples.

“Behave yourselves back there,” Debbie said looking in the rear-view mirror. “Ms. Connor doesn’t want her cumming.”

I squeezed my thighs together hearing that.

“You think she looks sleazy now, imagine what she’d look like if she came in those shorts,” she added. “You saw how much she squirted last night.”

Being treated this way had me in a daze. I lost any concern with what was going on around me. Thinking about being out in public like this, combined with my thigh squeezing and what the girls were doing to my nipples had me on the edge in no time. I thought about squirting thick juice into my shorts and walking around with it running down my legs. I needed it now. Wanted it. Thinking about all my humiliating secrets being exposed to the world had me a horny mess. Hornier that I’d ever been.

All I could do was breath heavy. I pushed my chest out to force my nipples out further for the girls and crossed my legs to get more friction on my clitty.

“Oh, no you don’t,” Laia said. She released my nipple and pulled my left knee over her right leg. Addie did the same with my right knee, so my legs were spread, and I was unable to stimulate my clitty.

The went back to squeezing my nipples. Every so often one of them would reach between my legs and rub my pussy through my shorts, making me moan loudly. I was so soaking wet down there. They had me in such a state, that I didn’t notice where we were going or who may be looking into the car. I didn’t care.

I was so distracted that I was startled when the car stopped. Addie and Laia said goodbye and jumped out. I was left alone in the back seat, dumbfounded. “Huh… What?” was all I could say.

The grabbed their stuff out of the trunk as Tonya got out and into the back seat with me.

“Hey, Tissues,” She said sweetly.

Debbie pulled the car away from the curb and we were on our way again.

Tonya was on my right and had me sit with my back to the left side door, my legs on her lap. She pulled me close so that my butt was right next to her. My top was still up over my nipples. She put my right leg over her head, behind her neck and my left between the two front seats, spreading me wide. She started rubbing my left thigh coming closer and closer to my cunny. I know she could feel the wetness on my thighs. I was back in that dazed state in no time.

“Aaahhhhh...” I moaned as her hand made contact with my cunny.

She struggled to work her finger under the leg band of the shorts – they were so tight and wet. Her finger rubbed my wet cunny.

“Remember what Debbie said, now,” Tonya said softly. “No cumming for you.”

I had my eyes closed, clueless to what was going on in the world around me. I was thinking about being naked in school. Completely naked and exposed walking down the halls. Everyone was staring. They could see I had no titties. They could see my long hard nipples. They could see my bald cunny and huge swollen clitty. I was so humiliated, but so wet. So horny.

Tonya’s finger worked her way into my cunny and she worked it in and out slowly. “Tell me to stop if you’re gonna cum,” I heard her voice say from somewhere far away.

But I was dazed; lost in my fantasy. My hips matched the rhythm of her pumping and I squeezed my own nipples. In my fantasy I stopped in the middle of the cafeteria, naked in front of everyone. I spread my legs and squeezed my clitty. I felt the feeling build and was getting ready to have a squirt cum, both in the car and in my fantasy.

“I… I… I’m gonna cum! I’m gonna cum in front of the whole school!” I shouted.

Tonya pumped once more and quickly pulled her finger away. “Cum in front of the school,” she said laughing.

I heard Debbie’s laugh from the front seat too.

“AAAHHHHH… Noooooo!!” I screamed and humped the air feeling for her finger. My eyes snapped open, and my fantasy ended. I was denied.

The car stopped and I noticed we were in the back of some store. Tonya opened the door and said, “Later, gator,” and got out.

Debbie looked over the back seat at me, shook her head as she waited for Tonya to get her stuff out of the trunk.

As she drove out of the parking lot, I saw that we dropped Tonya off at an adult store. Is that where she works? Is that where they get all their handcuffs and paddles? Would I be allowed to go in there? Maybe I could get some of those beads in there. And a paddle.

I got myself righted in the back seat and put my seatbelt on. My shorts were soaked, and I was surely leaking onto the seat. There wasn’t much between my cunny and the seat to absorb what was leaking out. It felt weird to be in the back seat with Debbie driving and no one in the other front seat. I felt naked and slouched down as if people were staring. No one really noticed me though.

“I have to stop at my house before we go to the mall,” she said and turned the music up. I was left alone in the back with my thoughts.