**Nibbling Cherry**

by**[sluttyally](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=27467&page=submissions)**©

A couple I met recently are seriously into cars. And I mean seriously!   
  
They're friends of Aaron's, a guy I work with, and we met one Friday evening at a bar. My habit on Fridays is to change into something a little sexy after work, so I can enjoy a flirt and, sometimes, something else afterwards.  
  
That night I wore a white crop top which only just covers my tits; the minute I lift my arms . . . well, you can guess! A white miniskirt on top of my fishnets and I was ready for action.   
  
At the bar, Aaron introduced me to his friends, "Ally, this is Steve . . . and Cherry".  
  
My eyes opened wide as I took them in. Steve was an ordinary looking guy, a lot like Aaron: tall, slim, athletic and he looked kind of brainy as well. My eye lingered much longer on Cherry. Hanging on Steve's arm was a petite Asian girl, very pretty, with long dark hair.   
  
"Hi Ally", Steve held his hand out. "We've heard a lot about you from Aaron".  
  
As I shook hands with them both, I wondered about what he'd said. He'd said "we", implying that Cherry was his girlfriend. And Aaron - what had he told them about me?  
  
Anyway, I found out pretty quickly!   
  
Steve and Aaron buried themselves in computer jargon, so I was left to chat with Cherry who, I discovered, was a 22 year old marketing student. Her parents were born in Singapore and she modelled part-time.  
  
Cherry stretched her slim legs in front of her as we talked and I admired her high-heeled sandals with their little jewelled straps. More and more, she also kept peeking looks at my thighs and I gradually lost the urge to keep my pussy properly hidden with my tiny skirt.   
  
At one point, undoing a couple of buttons of her denim jacket, Cherry leaned forward with an enigmatic little grin.  
  
"So, Ally, Aaron tells us that you enjoy, um, . . . how shall I put it, surprising people with your outfits". She shifted her glance from my face to my crotch, where I could feel the fishnet getting moist.  
  
As she waited for my reply, she undid the last two buttons of her jacket and fanned herself as if she was too hot. It was only when she sat back that I saw what she wanted me to: her large pert tits, displayed in a frilly low cut top open wide enough to almost show her nipples.  
  
"Wow, Cherry", was all I could think to say, my eyes fixed on her firm brown breasts. "Now I see why you talk about surprising people with outfits", I giggled.  
  
We laughed together and Cherry went on to say that she'd specially asked to meet me.   
  
"You know, Steve and I got really turned on by Aaron's stories of your adventures at work!"  
  
I blushed, wondering how far Aaron had exaggerated my antics.  
  
"I've always liked to show off too", Cherry said, and then added quietly, "but I never had the confidence, until I had my boob job". She leaned forward, her slim hands cupping her tits, as if she wanted me to look closely at them.  
  
"I thought so!" I said to myself, but I just nodded, glimpsing a bit of nipple as Cherry let her tits fall into place.  
  
We spent the next two hours swapping stories about our exploits. I told Cherry about the times I'd had sex in public and she laughed at my wantonness.  
  
"What about you, Cherry?" I asked. "What do you enjoy?"  
  
She paused for a moment. But, then, she said, "Look!" as she smiled and reached down.  
  
Cherry parted her legs and showed me how her pants were fastened. They were button-up hipsters made of very fine stretchy black lace, so tight they looked spray-painted on. The pants were sized a little too small for her, so she'd left the top button popped open while the others barely came together in a way which showed little bits of smooth brown flesh between them.  
  
"You see, I can put my fingers in like this", she giggled as a long painted fingernail slid in between two of the buttons.   
  
"And I can just pop them open quickly if I feel like it too", she added, showing me, by sliding her whole finger in.   
  
I was feeling horny from this girl showing off to me so blatantly and, in my excitement, had run my fingers up under my top to my bare breasts several times. By now, Aaron and Steve were paying attention too, as Cherry popped her last button and sat, looking innocently, with her fingers between her legs.   
  
She pulled her hand out and gave her fingers a delicate little lick before picking up her drink. "You know, Ally, Steve's got a stand at the Subaru Festival this weekend and he always gets me to model for him. You wanna join us?"  
  
I looked at Steve and Aaron. "What does it involve? I've never been to a car show."  
  
All three of them started a big sales pitch to me. All I'd need to do is 'look pretty' with Cherry, as guys came by to talk high-tech stuff with Steve and, perhaps, take our photos.  
  
"That sounds like an exhibitionist's dream come true", I laughed. "What do you wear to these things, Cherry?"  
  
"Not much!" laughed Steve, winking at Cherry, who lifted her pretty foot up and placed it between his legs, giving him a little squeeze.  
  
Her foot stayed there, as Steve played with her shoe and both he and Aaron eyed the black lace of her unbuttoned pants stretched across her pussy. I almost started to get a bit jealous about the attention Cherry was getting, but I quickly thought better of it.  
  
"OK, who wants to help dress me up for it then?" I pouted.   
  
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"First rule is, you gotta wear a g-string", Cherry explained, as we went through her wardrobe the following afternoon.  
  
She'd just come back from a run and, even in her track gear, she looked like a princess. Her white running shorts were wet with sweat, and I wondered if she realised they showed the outline of her pussy lips clearly, especially when she bent over to untie her shoes. Above the waist of her rolled down shorts, her taut belly curved to meet the swell of her impressive tits, which were held tightly in place by a sports bra.  
  
"Apart from that, you can be pretty outrageous. Quite a few of the girls are", she went on, as she pulled her top off. "That's how you draw attention to your stall".  
  
Aaron's eyes were boggling as he took in Cherry's tits. They were flawless, brown globes, defying gravity, big enough to look fake when she was naked, but not ridiculously obvious under the right clothes.  
  
"Hell, Aaron, you've seen these before!" Cherry sighed, as she pulled down her shorts. My hands went to my own tits, which were a similar size, but not so firm.   
  
"Can I see yours?" Cherry asked. She was now completely naked as she moved towards me.  
  
Aaron had driven me to Cherry's place and, all the way over, he'd admired my legs in their short checked skirt, especially when I made myself comfortable and put my feet on the dash. My tits hung loose in a tank top with large armholes, so plenty of flesh was visible on the sides.  
  
She took the bottom of my tank top and lifted it up to peek; I helped her and pulled it right off above my head.  
  
"Wow!" she said, as my tits jiggled. "Aaron - look at that . . ."  
  
Her eyes glistened as I listened to her chatter away. I hope it doesn't sound conceited, but I'm so used to people commenting on my tits - even other girls - that it hardly registers anymore. Suddenly, though, I became aware that she'd touched them.  
  
"Can I feel them?" Cherry now had a wicked little grin on her face, as she held my tits.  
  
"They feel so different to mine", she said, gently squeezing. She thrust her own boobs forward, against my chest. "Here!"  
  
Even if I didn't want to, I'd have had to touch them, she was standing so close. And, she was right, they did feel completely different. Mine were soft and heavy, hers felt compact and dense.  
  
"Get your hand off your gearstick, Aaron!" I laughed, when I looked to him and noticed that he was stroking his cock through his pants. "This isn't some lesbian fantasy, you know!"  
  
I quite enjoyed getting so close to Cherry and her sweet smell wafted to me as we fondled each others tits. I detached myself first, though, and said, "Well, Cherry, what do we wear?"  
  
"I'll have a shower first; you try on anything in there and get Aaron to tell you what he thinks. He's been to these things before".  
  
She disappeared into the bathroom, wiggling her butt provocatively at Aaron and giggling loudly. As the sound of running water started, Aaron started throwing clothes at me.  
  
After I'd tried on several things, I realised that these car show chicks were a breed apart. "Are these women all hookers, Aaron?" I asked, as I modelled a tube top which was only about 4 inches wide.  
  
"Not in that way, Ally! They do use sex to sell, though", he smiled. "Does that bother you?"  
  
I hadn't thought of it that way, that this time I was not showing myself off, but trying to draw attention to car products. Somehow, that gave me a sense of freedom and, already, I could feel my pussy tingling.   
  
"So, Aaron, there's not likely to be anyone there I know, is there?" I asked cautiously.  
  
"I don't think so, Ally. Although I suspect you've met most of the young guys in this town!" he laughed.  
  
I threw a high-heeled shoe at him. "Bloody hell, Aaron!! What do you think I am?"  
  
I took Cherry's advice about g-strings quite literally. "No pussy flashing then?" I asked her, when she got out of the shower.  
  
"Well, they turn a blind eye as long as you're wearing a something underneath!" she laughed.  
  
"And what's their definition of a g-string anyway?" I giggled. I pulled a tiny clump of silver from my bag and dangled it in front of Cherry and Aaron.  
  
"What the hell's that?" asked Aaron, laughing.  
  
"I'll show you!"   
  
The underwear consisted of a lace band which went around my waist while the thong part was not fabric at all, but a string of tiny fake pearls.   
  
"So what do you think?" I asked Cherry, bending over to show her the effect. It felt daring to spread myself for another girl and I enjoyed feeling her eyes on my half-wet pussy while the pearls also rubbed against me.  
  
"All I want to know, babe, is whether those pearls are glistening from your wet pussy", Cherry replied, with a smile in her voice. She reached forward trying to touch.  
  
"Hey!" I laughed, pulling away and standing up again, "If you're a good girl, you can find out later!"  
  
Over my pearls, I pulled on a little dress made of black and white polka-dotted polyester which, from the front, looked like a standard minidress, albeit a very short one. When I turned around though, Cherry and Aaron could see that the rear laced up from top to bottom. Because it showed my whole butt crack, it was an outfit I'd never normally have dared worn in public; one of my boyfriends had bought it for me to wear for him at home.  
  
"Well?" I asked, standing on my toes to see how my butt cheeks would lift when I had my heels on.  
  
"Totally amazing!" said Aaron.   
  
That's all I was waiting to hear, so I slid on a pair of Cherry's platform mules and we were ready to go.  
  
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The show had started at lunchtime and Steve had been there since early morning. Aaron looked like the cat who got the cream when he walked in with Cherry on one arm, me on the other.  
  
"Only one lady per gentleman! I'd better have the other one", the doorman joked with us as he let us through.  
  
He stared at us as we walked by, especially at our butts. Cherry had worn a pair of pink shorts so brief that, if you looked carefully, her pussy lips could be seen poking out either side of the seam. Together, we made quite a pair!  
  
"The trick is to wear a g-string that's even smaller than your shorts!" Cherry giggled, as she adjusted herself while we were in the car. She also tied her wraparound pink top under her breasts so that just a hint of nipple was visible. In her six inch sandals, she looked like sex on legs; like the cars, every part of Cherry was temptingly displayed.  
  
"Remember, Ally, while you're here, the aim is to attract as many guys to Steve's stand as possible!" Cherry whispered as we approached, already getting heaps of stares.  
  
I watched as she ran ahead, to kiss Steve, who was sitting in a deck chair, chatting with a couple of guys. As Cherry bent from the waist, the guy nearest her got a good close look at her stretched shorts revealing her pussy lips and superb brown butt cheeks.  
  
"Steve, we've dressed Ally up nicely!" she shrieked, pointing at me, as I stepped forward and made small talk with them all.  
  
Steve's stall had a display of what to me looked like lots of engine parts. He told me they were something to do with 'high performance exhausts'. I really couldn't care about the cars, although Steve's Subaru looked pretty sexy with its shiny wheels; I was more interested in the people.  
  
"Hey, Cherry, look at her!" I said, pointing to a girl tottering past us in six inch platforms, whose oversized fake tits were just held in place with a bikini made of flowers strung together.  
  
Lots of girls were dressed in race-gear: miniskirts and t-shirts with sponsors' names on them. All afternoon, Cherry and I swanned around the stand, leaning against the car, having our photos taken and chatting with the guys who swarmed around the stall.  
  
"Can I take your photos, girls?" asked a tall guy with a shaved head. "It's for Zoom Magazine".  
  
Steve and Aaron also came forward and the photographer took a couple of shots of us all with the car. Then a wicked idea came into my head and I looked across at Cherry.   
  
"Hey", I called to the photographer, just as he was turning away. "You want some really interesting shots?"  
  
"Sure honey", he grinned, looking at my legs, as if he knew what I was offering.   
  
I took Cherry's hand and, together, we sat on the bonnet of the car, our feet dangling in our high heels. The flashes started and I whispered to Cherry, "Let's show him a little something, hey?"  
  
I slowly spread my legs as the photographer crouched lower; it was pretty obvious he was getting a good view of my pearls. I reached under my dress and tugged them a little to run them inside my pussy lips and, when I felt the pressure on my clit, let out a little moan.  
  
"You're such a slut, Ally!" Cherry giggled as she, too, spread her legs apart, pushing the edges of her plump pussy lips either side of the seam of her shorts. I reached down and ran a finger between Cherry's legs and got a little thrill of excitement when I felt the dampness of her shorts.  
  
By now, about 20 or 30 people had stopped to watch the photo session and all the attention was making me feel very horny. Cherry's hand slipped into her shorts and, through the tight fabric, I could see a finger slide into her pussy.  
  
"Go girls!" one voice yelled out and, pretty soon, we had a crowd egging us on. Some security guys stood nearby, just as interested as the paying customers, and I noticed Aaron and Steve talking together as they stood aside.   
  
"Let me undo you!" I heard Cherry whisper as I felt her hand at my back, fiddling with my laces.   
  
"Only if I can undo you!" I giggled, reaching swiftly to the front of her tied shirt. I pulled quickly and, suddenly, her breasts sprang free. Cherry gave me a surprised look, but I just grinned broadly at her.  
  
The small crowd applauded and I felt like a showgirl, performing to an audience. I'd never done this before, but it felt amazingly liberating.   
  
"There!" I could hear Cherry say, as I felt the back of my dress loosen. I pulled the halter neck strap off around my head and stood up, feeling the loose garment only just clinging to my body.   
  
I turned to face Cherry and put a hand on each of her knees, forcing her legs apart.   
  
"What are you doing?" she asked, with a slightly worried look on her face.  
  
"Just lie back on the car", I instructed her. "And enjoy what's going to happen".  
  
She let her legs relax and I could see the wet patch on her shorts right there in front of me. I bent over and touched the damp pink fabric with the tip of my tongue.   
  
"Hell, Ally", what are you doing?" I could hear Steve's voice near me.  
  
The photographer had moved around and was still flashing wildly as my tongue and lips kept nibbling Cherry's delicious pussy lips. My own pussy felt hot as an oven and I felt my inhibition drop away.  
  
"Steve, pull my dress up!" I hissed to him, between nibbles. "I want everyone to see my pussy".  
  
I caught a look at his shocked expression but then, moments later, felt his hands on my butt, lifting my dress. Once it was around my waist, I could spread my legs a little further and I enjoyed the knowledge that several dozen people could see my little pearls tight up against my pussy and asshole.  
  
Cherry's tits looked magnificent, sticking straight up as she lay on the bonnet of the Subaru. She was wriggling a lot and, although I hadn't gone down on too many women, I thought she was about to come.  
  
"How's that?" I asked her, as she sighed. She just nodded and spread her legs even further apart, so I could pull her damp shorts aside and work directly on her clit.  
  
Within seconds, she orgasmed violently, flailing on the car bonnet and kicking the front panel with her shoes. I stood up and held her feet, as I didn't want Steve running over and stopping our fun.  
  
"Cherry, you're a complete babe!" I said quietly, as she became calm. Her hands went to her tits and softly stroked her erect nipples as she moaned softly.  
  
I looked behind me and saw a large crowd of people, some of whom were now clapping and cheering. About six security guards had arrived too, right on the edge of the stand, stopping people from getting near.  
  
"Nearly done, Steve!" I giggled, catching his eye as I took in the crowd. I also noticed Cherry's little feet now dangling, twitching slightly and I had an idea.  
  
I took Cherry's foot in its platform shoe with its neatly painted toenails. "Wriggle your toes, babe!" I told her, as I slid the foot between my legs.   
  
"Keep wriggling, Cherry!" I said, as I felt her toes drive little electrical sparks through my clit.  
  
I'd never masturbated with someone's foot before, but high heels have always turned me on and here was the perfect opportunity. I worked her big toe past my pearl g-string into my slippery pussy and rubbed it up and down as if it were a dildo.   
  
By now Cherry had sat up and was watching what I was doing with her foot. "Jeez, Ally!" she whispered, but showed no sign of pulling her foot away.   
  
In the meantime, I could feel my climax grow to its threshold. I wanted to hang on to this feeling, but wasn't sure if I could. The photographer had loaded more film and was getting close-ups of Cherry's pretty foot against my wet slit.  
  
"Cherry, let me take your shoe off!" I said. Her shoe slid off easily and I licked the end of the heel.   
  
"What are you going to do, Ally?" she asked, wide-eyed.  
  
Her toes were wriggling against my clit again, but I wanted to put something hard into my aching pussy. I'd done this only once before, with my red high heels in the park one day, but I knew it would slide in nicely.  
  
"Watch!" I said, looking Cherry in the eye, as I enjoyed the feeling of her six inch heel sliding into me. "Keep wriggling!" I added.  
  
My orgasm came as soon as I looked down at my pussy. With Cherry's shoe inserted, the sight of her wet little toes sent me over the edge and I almost lost my balance as the waves of my orgasm coursed through me.  
  
I can't honestly remember the next two minutes or so, but the next thing I remember was leaning face down on the bonnet of the Subaru, my butt in the air. I looked behind me and, between the photo flashes, saw a crowd of faces.  
  
"Oh, my God!" I whispered to Cherry, who was still sitting on the bonnet, obviously continuing to enjoy the attention on her bare breasts. "What have we done?"  
  
"We've stolen the show, honey!" Cherry laughed.