**Cherry**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 06 – Uncle Ben goes back to work**

On the first Monday that Ben had to go to work we were eating some breakfast when Ben asked me what I was going to do that day.

“It’s a nice sunny day so I was thinking about going for a walk after my morning plucking session; maybe I’ll find that river you mentioned.”

“Good idea, you can go skinny-dipping.”

“I can’t swim, remember?”

“Hmm, yes, but you could go for a paddle.”

“Yeah, I might just do that.”

“Cherry love, don’t forget that I said there might be some scouts or other youth group camping down there, and if you go the other way you might come across a caravan park. It will probably be quite full with it being the school holidays. I’m guessing that you aren’t going to put any clothes on so you be careful; okay.”

“Yes Ben, I’ll be careful, I’m not a little kid any more.”

“You can say that again you sexy little slut.”

“I love it when you call me dirty names Ben.”

I sat out the front and had my daily plucking session then I set off, naked apart for my flip flops, and I wandered off in the direction that Ben had told me to go. Surprisingly, I enjoyed the walk; everything was so nice, so fresh, so quiet. It made me wish that I’d grown-up there. I followed a path through a couple of fields then a small wood then the path dropped down to the river.

It wasn’t that big but it was really pretty, not like the grotty river where I live. I stood and just watched the water flowing over the rocks for a while then decided to go for a paddle.

Kicking my flip flops off I waded in. I got as deep as my waist then decided that I shouldn’t get so deep into it so I turned and headed back. I got to about knee deep and was watching the water, and a couple of little fish, when I heard some voices, kids voices.

I quickly decided that I wanted to get out and hide in the trees to see who they were and what they were doing. Rushing to get out, I slipped on a slippery rock and went head-long, banging my head on a rock.

Fortunately, I didn’t knock myself out but it really hurt and I was very dazed. I managed to get to my knees and crawl to the bank where I collapsed on my stomach; not having the strength to get up and run.

After a minute or so I heard the voices again. This time they were right next to me. I lay still with my eyes shut.

“Is he dead?” One boy asked.

“Dunno.”

“We should find out, come on, help me roll him onto his back.”

Hands grabbed my shoulder and thigh and I was rolled onto my back. As I turned over I moved may leg so that my feet were wide apart.

“Fuck it’s a girl.”

“Is she dead?”

“You’ve done the first aid course Tom, check to see if she’s dead.”

I felt a hand hold my wrist; then it moved to my neck.

“I can’t find a pulse.” It must have been Tom saying.

“Is she breathing?”

I held my breath as Tom pulled my jaw down, presumably to see if he could feel me breathing.

“Don’t think so, and she’s got some blood on her head.”

“Maybe someone bludgeoned her to death.”

“What shall we do?”

“Someone should go and get Skip.” A girl’s voice said.

“No, he said that we had to stay together.”

“We could carry her back.”

“She’s still warm.” Tom said; “maybe we should try that CPR thing, and mouth to mouth.”

“Go on Tom, you do it.”

The next thing that I knew was that Tom was thumping my breastbone. I didn’t want any more of that so I coughed and spluttered but still stayed still with my eyes shut.

“Fuck, she moved. You saved her Tom.”

These were a few seconds silence then a boy’s voice said,

“She must still be unconscious.”

Another few seconds silence then,

“Is that what your pussy looks like Emma?”

“Hey dickhead, she’s a girl, I’m a girl; you do the maths.”

“Aren’t you going to show us yours Emma?”

“Fuck off.”

“Where’s her pee hole?” Yet another voice said.

“In her pussy stupid.”

“Can I see it?”

“Don’t be daft.”

“No, she’s unconscious, she won’t know. Go on Tom open her up and show us.”

“Don’t you dare.” Emma said.

“She’ll never know.”

The next thing I knew was that 2 hands were spreading my pussy lips.

“I can’t see it.”

I felt something touch my foot as some of the boys got closer to me. Then my lips got spread some more.

“Still can’t see it. Spread her legs some more.”

Hands grabbed my ankles and I was spread as wide as I could go. Then my pussy lips were pulled outwards.

“Look, you can see right into her hole.”

“That’s not her pee hole that’s her fucking hole.”

“It’s all wet. Has she peed herself?”

“She’s been in the river stupid.”

“That’s not river water.” Emma said.

“Does she want to be fucked if her hole is all wet?”

“Maybe,” Emma said, “she’s ready for it.”

“How do you know Emma, have you been fucked?”

No answer.

“Who’s going to fuck her then?”

“Not me.”

“Not me.”

“I will.”

“No you won’t.” Emma said, “No one will. That would be rape.”

“But she hasn’t said ‘No’.”

“You’re still not going to fuck her.” Emma said.

“How are you going to stop me?”

That was it, I moaned and moved my head then I slowly opened my eyes, just in time to see Tom jump up.

“What happened? Who are you lot? Fuck, my head hurts.” I said.

Emma (the only other girl there, and about my age), squat down between my legs and said,

“Stay still, you must have fallen and banged your head. Just relax for a few minutes then see how you feel.”

I looked round and saw 4 boys and Emma; all still looking down at me. I closed my eyes and groaned.

“Has she blacked-out again?”

“Don’t know. Shall I prod her to see if she responds?”

“No; just leave her.” Emma said.

There was another long pause then a boy said,

“Her tits are bigger than yours Emma.”

“No they’re not.” Emma replied.

“Prove it.”

“No.”

“Are your nipples as hard as hers look Emma?”

Emma was silent.

“Why hasn’t she got any hair on her pussy?”

“She’s only a little girl; it probably hasn’t started growing yet.”

“And where’s her clothes? Why hasn’t she got anything on?”

“Probably wanted to go for a swim; it’s called skinny-dipping.”

“What, swimming without your trunks on?”

“Yes.”

“I couldn’t do that. Do you do it Emma?”

“Not anywhere near you lot.” Emma replied.

“So you have been skinny-dipping Emma?”

No answer.

“What shall we do about her?”

“Nothing yet; let’s just watch her and see what happens.”

Silence.

“What if she doesn’t wake up?”

“Let’s worry about that later.” Emma said.

Silence.

“Is her pussy getting wetter?”

“Maybe she’s having a wet dream.”

“What’s one of those?”

“It’s when you shoot your load in your sleep.”

“Do girls do that Emma?”

No answer.

“This one looks like she is; look, it’s bubbling out of her hole and I’m sure that her hole is a lot bigger than it was earlier.”

I didn’t know how much longer I could keep it up. The boy was right, my pussy was oozing and I really wanted to rub my clit.

“So where’s her clit?” A boy asked.

Had I tele whatsdit from my brain to his?

“It’s there’”

“Where? Touch it.”

And one of them did. My body responded and jerked.

“Fucking hell, do that again Harry, make her cum.”

“No don’t do that Harry, it’s not right.” Emma said.

“Go on Tom.”

“Isn’t she too young to cum, I mean her pussy is so small, she only looks about 9 or 10.”

“Can a girl cum when she’s asleep or unconscious?”

“Haven’t you ever woken-up with a wet patch on the front of your PJs Josh?”

Giggles.

Harry touched my clit again and I moaned. Then it felt like he was rubbing my clit with the end of his finger.

“Where the hell did he learn to do that?” I thought; and enjoyed it.

“Go on Harry, she likes that.”

“How do you know?”

“Look at her, listen to her moaning.”

I was enjoying it and if he kept doing it they were going to be treated to the sight of me cumming soon.

“You shouldn’t be doing that Harry.” Emma said.

“Why not Emma, do you want me to do this to you?”

No answer.

Harry kept doing it and my moans got louder and louder. A couple of minutes later my body started jerking all over the place, my hips went up in the air, and my eyes opened wide and I’m sure that they rolled around in their sockets.

With one last deep groan my body relaxed and my eyes closed again.

“Fucking hell, did you see that?”

“Do you cum like that Emma?”

No answer.

“I need a pee.”

“You mean you’re going for a wank.”

“Shall we all wank on her?”

“You can as well Emma, we’ll let you.”

“Fuck off perverts.” Emma responded.

Just then I heard a man’s voice shouting for the kids. I started to panic a bit, I didn’t want the man to find me like that, well I did, but…

“Shit, what shall we do?”

“We’ve got to go.”

“What shall we do about the girl?”

“Leave her, she’ll come round soon.”

“Okay.”

Everything was silent apart from the sound of feet running through the grass. I opened my eyes and confirmed that I was alone. I quickly got up, found my flip flops and ran into the trees.

I watched as the kids led a young man to the spot where we had been. Everyone was looking around but they couldn’t see me. I wondered if the kids would get into trouble.

After they’d gone I wandered back the way I had come. When I came to a nice grassy area I lay down and enjoyed the sun. Going through my mind was everything that had happened and my right hand found its way to my pussy and I had a wonderful orgasm.

When Ben got home that evening I had an amazing story to tell him and I’m not totally sure that he believed me. Anyway, he said that I had to be punished for teasing those kids and he took me out to what I now call the punishment horse and made me cum with 10 swats from his belt on my butt.

Then he turned me over and fucked me until we both came again.

The next morning I told Ben that I was going back to the river.

“Be more careful today, I don’t want you to bang your head again.”

“I will.”

When the sun made it warm again I set off, slowly wandering along enjoying nature and again wishing that I’d grown-up there.

When I got close to the river I concentrated on looking around to see if anyone was there. Not seeing anyone I again kicked off my flip flops and went for a paddle. I stayed closed to the bank and a couple of times I squat down and dunked my hot pussy into the cool water.

All of a sudden I heard this man’s voice,

“So, the kids weren’t telling us a load of porkies; there is a naked girl down here.”

I quickly turned round and saw a young man, probably about 19 or 20, standing there grinning.

“Where did you come from?” I asked.

“The scout camp just down there.” He replied pointing downstream.

“What are you doing?”

“At the moment I’m watching you, you don’t want to have another fall do you; and how is your head?”

“Oh, they told you about that did they?”

“And all about how you were unconscious and they checked you out, all over; and about your little unconscious performance.”

“What performance?”

“From what they described you were having a wet dream and you orgasmed.”

“Oh; I’ve been told that I do that sometimes. Don’t all girls do that?”

“So how old are you, and what’s your name? I’m Simon by the way; I’m one of the leaders, the lucky one who had to stay here all day whilst the other’s went off to the beach for the day.”

“My name’s Cherry and I’m 13. Why couldn’t you go with them?”

Simon sniggered.

“Security,” Simon relied, “we can’t leave the camp deserted all day; and someone has to look after Emma. She was throwing up all night; probably something to do with their cooking. I’d better get back and see how she is; do you want to come with me? She might feel better if another girl is with her.”

“Okay.”

I found my flip flops and followed Simon to the camp. It only took a few minutes and there was Emma wearing T shirt, shorts and trainers, getting herself something to eat.

“Shouldn’t you still be in your sleeping bag Emma?” Simon asked as we walked up behind her.

“It’s okay Simon, I’m feeling much bet…. Oh!” Emma replied as she turned round to face us.

“Emma, this is Cherry, I believe that you met yesterday. I’m sorry that I didn’t believe you.”

“Yes, well.” Emma replied, “I see that you haven’t found your clothes yet.”

“I don’t wear any very often, I can’t see the point.”

“Do you want a sandwich?” Emma asked.

“No thanks.”

“Are you sure that you’re okay Emma?”

“If I’m eating this I’m okay Simon. Do you fancy a walk by the river Cherry?”

“Okay.”

“You two be careful, and stay…”

“Together; yes, I know Simon.”

Emma and I set off slowly, talking about all sorts, from where we came from, school, boys, the campsite and anything that we could think of. Emma wanted to know what it was like going around without any clothes on. I told her that it was great but I didn’t tell her anything about the sex or the spanking.

We got to a bend in the river where it was all open and a lot of water.

“Shall we go for a paddle?” I asked, “It’ll be nice and cool.”

“We go swimming here.” Emma replied.

“I can’t swim but you can swim and I’ll paddle if you like.”

“I’m not wearing my costume so I can’t.”

“You could skinny-dip.”

“No, I couldn’t do that, someone might see us.”

“Who’s going to see us, and I’m already naked.”

“Well…. what about Simon?”

“He’s back at the campsite. Go on, it’ll be exciting.”

“Well okay then. But you have to let me know if you see anyone.”

“Okay.”

I kicked my flip flops off and watched Emma undress. Under the shorts and T shirt she had a horrible little bra and boring bikini knickers; and she shaved, or hadn’t started growing any hairs yet. The boys were wrong about Emma’s tits; they are a little bit bigger than mine.

All the time that Emma was getting naked she kept looking around, checking that we were still the only ones there.

“Relax Emma.” I said. “Do I look scared?”

We slowly waded out into the river. I stopped when I got to waist deep but Emma kept going and was soon swimming around.

“This is nice.” Emma said, “It’s tickling my pussy.”

“Are you sure that it’s not a fish?”

Emma screamed.

“You’ve got to learn to swim Cherry, this is wonderful. I could teach you.”

“I think that it will take more than one lesson from you Emma, but I’ve got to start somewhere. Come on then.”

Emma came over to me and got me trying to swim. I made sure that I could still touch the bottom while Emma kept telling me what to do. After a while she said,

“I’m going to put my arms out and I want you to lay on them then practice the strokes.”

I did, and my little tits and rock hard nipples kept rubbing against Emma’s arm. Her other arm kept pressing on my lower stomach. At one point I had a quick flash back to being across my father’s knee and getting spanked.

After doing that for a while I heard Simon say,

“Here Emma, let me help you.”

Emma screamed, dropped me and covered her tits and presumably her pussy (it was under the water).

“Get out Simon; go away, I haven’t got any clothes on.”

“I know Emma, I watched you take them off. Cherry hasn’t got any on either and she’s not screaming her head off and acting like a baby.”

“Yes but…”

“Get over it Emma, you haven’t got anything that Cherry hasn’t got.”

“Well..”

Meanwhile, I’d gone under before finding the bottom and lifting my head and chest out of the water.

“Thanks Emma.” I said.

“Oh, sorry Cherry, it’s just that Simon scared me.”

“Yes please Simon,” I said, “it will be more reassuring to have 4 hands stopping me from sinking and drowning.”

“You’re NOT going to drown Cherry.” Simon replied.

And I didn’t. My swimming did progress a bit that day, and I enjoyed having 4 hands on my chest and stomach. I’m assuming that it was Simon’s hands that held my little tits and pussy; even getting a finger inside me a couple of times.

I eventually got a bit tired and said that I’d had enough of a swimming lesson and we all got out of the river. By then Emma seemed to have stopped getting embarrassed and when Simon and I started walking back to the campsite Emma just picked up her clothes and followed us. When we walked into the big tent Emma threw her clothes down and came over to where Simon and I were getting a drink.

We went outside to dry off in the sun, sitting on 3 of those folding camping chairs, and I looked at Emma and said,

“Nice nipples Emma, they look as hard as mine are.”

Emma didn’t blush as he looked down at her chest and replied,

“Yeah, I guess that the cold water did that.”

“And did it have the opposite effect on your cock Simon?” I asked.

Simon was taking a drink at that time and all of a sudden his mouthful came spraying out. Eventually, he replied,

“You can’t ask a man that.”

“Why not? I bet that you’ve asked a girl if she’d cold when you’ve seen her hard nipples.”

“Well yes, but.. Hey, are you 2 hungry, I’m sure that we can find something better than a sandwich.”

With that Simon turned and went back into the big tent.

“I guess that’s what you call ‘girl power’.” I said to Emma.

Then we both laughed.

A couple of minutes later Simon returned with a couple of plates with some little pork pies, crisps and some of those individually wrapped chocolate cakes. He put the plates down on the grass then moved his chair so that we were round the plates, him opposite to us.

We sat eating and talking about nothing really, and when we’d finished I said,

“This sun is nice; can I stay here and soak it up for a while?”

I didn’t wait for an answer and I shuffled my butt to the front of the chair and lay back opening my knees as I did so.

Simon’s eyes opened wide when he saw my pussy but he still managed to say,

“Err yes, I guess that it would be okay, the others aren’t due back for a couple of hours.”

Emma was watching both of us and I guess that she saw the effect that the sight of my pussy was having on Simon.

“Girl power.” Emma said then sat the same way that I was.

Poor Simon didn’t know which body to look at and his eyes kept going from one to the other.

After a few minutes he stood up and said,

“I’ll clear up.”

Neither Emma nor I responded.

Simon picked-up the plates and went off to the big tent.

“Do you want to have a bit of fun when he comes back?” I asked Emma.

“I should go and get dressed.” Emma said.

“No, no, stay and watch what I do and see how Simon drools after me. Feel free to join in if you want. You’ll get him under your spell, and you’ll make yourself feel good.”

“Interesting.” Emma said.

A few minutes later Simon came back and saw that he still had a great view of 2 pussies. Sitting down, his eyes again darted between the 2 pussies. Then I started, my right hand slowly moved to my pussy and started rubbing.

Simon smiled and Emma’s jaw dropped. I guess that she couldn’t believe what I was doing.

I kept going and was starting to feel good, really good. By that time Simon’s eyes were glued to just my pussy. I looked over to Emma and was disappointed to see that she wasn’t joining in. What’s more, she was getting up off her chair.

There was no way that I was going to stop and I continued until I had an orgasm, a loud orgasm.

As I was coming down from my high I felt some water drops on me. I looked up and the sky was clear; then I saw Emma. She had 3 of those big pump water-pistols in her hands and she was squirting both of us. Simon snapped out of his dream and stood up. So did I, I saw some potential.

Simon turned to face Emma and she screamed and dropped 2 of the water pistols. Simon picked one up and chased after her. I picked up the third one and ran after them.

We stood there squirting each other. Simon ran out of water first and I took the opportunity to jump on him. Emma followed and the 3 of us fell to the grass. We rolled over a few times then Simon was on his back with Emma sat on his chest and me on his legs.

We all stopped and got our breath back. As I say, Emma was on his chest with her knees either side of him facing his face. I was on his legs with my knees either side of him facing Emma’s back.

“Move up him Emma.” I said.

“Move up him Emma, I can’t get to him.”

It was rubbish, but I wanted Emma to get her pussy to his face.

Emma shuffled up a bit.

“More Emma; get your shins over his shoulders.”

Emma shuffled some more and I when thought that her pussy must be over his face. I unzipped Simon’s shorts and got his cock out. It was soft, but not for long. I started wanking him then shuffled down so that I could bend over to get my mouth to his cock.

I heard a gasp from Emma and assumed that Simon’s mouth had met Emma’s pussy.

My head bobbed up and down and Emma moaned, more and more.

Emma’s head went back, she screamed and I went deep onto Simon’s cock. I was rewarded with a throat full of his jism.

“Fucking hell, that was good;” Simon said when Emma lifted up a bit. “I’ve been wanting to do that for months.”

I rolled off Simon and lay in the grass on my back, leaving Simon’s cock still out of his trousers. Emma giggled then rolled off him and lay on her back on the other side of him and we lay there for ages before Simon said,

“Were you really sick last night Emma?”

“I was late last night but I was better by this morning.”

“So you ……”

Emma rolled back on top of him and they kissed.

I took that as my cue to leave and I got up and left without saying a word.

I had another story to tell Ben that evening.