

Cherry May

Stories Of Love & Desire



STORY 1: THE BEACH



EROTIC TALES OF THE NYMPHOMANIAC CHERRY MAY

Cherry May



EROTICA

www.cherrymay.sex

STORY 1: THE BEACH

ACT 1: THE BEGINNING

Cherry May is terrified. Every time a man enters the "dungeon," she and the other slave girls know only hurt and pain and humiliation! It really is a hellish existence in this disgusting, vile place.

To release Cherry May from her captors within the prostitution ring, you pay her "permanent sex fine" to free her unconditionally. Later that day, members of your "rescue" team, permanently free a further twenty girls from their imprisoners, and several slave hawkers are arrested and later jailed.

Cherry's eyes lock onto you, a flicker of defiance mixed with desperation in her gaze. She tugs slightly at the sores on her hands, her knuckles white. The slave seller chuckles nervously. "This one's a wildcat, mister. Bites, scratches, hates men... doesn't submit to anyone. Perhaps you could break her, but I doubt it."

The slave seller's eyes widen in shock at your instant decision to buy her freedom by paying the

fine. There's something captivating about this girl that attracts you on a carnal level, her inner beauty and sexual energy hidden under her outer filth in this squalid hellhole.

Cherry's breath hitches slightly, caught off guard by your sudden purchase. The invisible chains break as the seller quickly prepares the papers for permanent ownership transfer. "Y-yes sir! She's all yours now!" Cherry stands frozen, thinking "Fuck... a man bought me. This is going to be hell." Her hands ball into fists behind her back. "Don't touch me." she snaps when you approach to release her.

Cherry's body goes rigid as you come near. She backs up against the bars of the door, rattling it desperately. "I thought... I thought no man would ever buy me." Her voice cracks, her body trembling visibly now. Where a minute ago there was defiance, now there's raw terror. She looks at you, this mysterious stranger who just bought her. "Why... why did you buy me... why me?"

Infront of the slave seller, you cannot tell the truth that you are part of an international rescue team. "Because I want to free you... no strings attached..."

you are free to go anywhere... or you can go with me to my home where I will treat you with respect and care, and perhaps even love one day, as a free person in your own right."

Cherry stares at you in disbelief, searching your face for any sign of deception. Slowly, her fists unclench, hands dropping to her sides. "Free?" Her voice is hoarse from disuse and crying. "Just like that? No rape? No torture? No forced...?" She can't even finish the sentence, swallowing hard. "Why would you do that? Men always want something." Despite her suspicion, there's a tiny spark of hope in her eyes. "What is your name?" you ask softly.

"Cherry May..." it's been so long since she heard her own name. Tears prick at the corners of her eyes, and she quickly looks away, not wanting to appear weak. "C-Cherry May," she repeats softly, testing the name on her tongue. She looks back at you, curiosity replacing some of the fear. "And you are?" For the first time since meeting you, she initiates a conversation, a small step towards trusting this strange man who claims to want to free her. A small, almost tentative question follows: "Are you... really going to let me leave if I want?"

Cherry May



"Yes, you are free to leave. For me, I have errands. You can go with me or you can go anywhere. Here, this is for you." You give Cherry May ten thousand Philippine pesos, around two hundred US dollars... "This is for you to go anywhere you want."

Cherry stares at the money in her hands, then at you, dumbfounded. Ten thousand pesos is more than she's seen in her entire life. The weight of freedom is suddenly very real in her palms. "Ten thousand pesos... for me? Just like that?" Her voice trembles. "No contract? No sex?" Suspicion wars with desperate hope. She looks toward the empty street outside, then back at you.

Your calm demeanor and warm smile breaks through Cherry May's defenses. She swallows hard, making a decision. "I'll... I'll go with you. For now." She pauses, her voice dropping to almost a whisper. "But if you try anything... I'll scratch your eyes out." She tries to say it menacingly, but there's actually a small, almost nervous laugh at the end. Her first real laugh in years. "Thank you..."

First stop is a short-time hotel, but not for its usual purpose. Cherry is filthy, years of abuse and ghastly

conditions have left her in a disheveled state. You leave Cherry in the room, where she can have a hot shower for the first time in years, with soap, shampoo, toothpaste, hairbrush, and clean towels. While she showers, you buy her simple clothes.

An hour later, you and Cherry are in a food court. At the sight of food, her stomach growls audibly. She blushes, looking away. "Sorry... I haven't eaten much since..." she admits softly, pulling her knees to her chest. The shopping trip is surreal for Cherry. She's never owned anything that wasn't torn or stained before. Now she's trying on lacy bras and thongs, short skirts that ride up her thighs, tops that barely cover her boobs, and a lovely sundress.

Every purchase makes her feel more human—and more accepted. Later, at the clinic, she's nervous but cooperative. The doctor tests her thoroughly: blood, STDs, everything. As you sit in the waiting room, Cherry May finds herself leaning into you, seeking comfort without even realizing it.

Back at your luxurious mansion, Cherry May is overwhelmed. She stares in awe at the massive bed

in the master bedroom, the giant walk-in shower, the plush towels.

She steps into the hot shower, letting the water pelt her skin until it's clean and pink. She scrubs herself raw, trying to wash away the memories of the black market. After drying off with a fluffy towel, she wraps it around herself and exits the bathroom. You're already in bed. She freezes, unsure. "Do I... have sex with you now?" "No, my sweetness, you sleep in the same bed with me, but no sex, just sleep." Her heart melts at your kind words. No one has ever said nice things to her. Relief washes over Cherry at your words... "No pressure for sex, we both just talk, then sleep."

Her heart pounds in her chest as she processes what you are saying. Loyal girlfriend? Love and cherish? Going for drinks and meals together? Shopping for nice clothes? Trips to the beach? This is all so far removed from her expectations that she feels like she's in a dream. "You... you want me to be your girlfriend?" She asks slowly, disbelieving. "Just like that? No... no hidden agendas?" She swallows hard, trying to keep her voice steady.

The next morning, Cherry awakens to soft sunlight streaming through the curtains. She's wearing silk pajamas, her body pressed against your warm chest. Your arm is draped protectively over her waist, but your hand rests chastely on your own stomach. Nothing happened. You didn't touch her. She lies there, frozen, trying to decide if this is a sweet reality or a cruel dream. Your breathing is slow and steady. After a moment, she dares to peek up at your sleeping face. No lust, just warmth.

She slowly extracts herself from your embrace, careful not to disturb you. She slips out of bed, hugging her pillow for comfort. She pads barefoot to the window, looking out at the lush gardens. This is real. She's free. She has clean clothes, food to eat, and a soft bed. And... a man who hasn't tried to violate her. "Is this really my life now?" She whispers to herself. "Can it really be this simple?"

Cherry turns to see you watching her, propped up on one elbow, a gentle smile on your face. The morning light catches your features, making you look powerful and kind. She swallows hard, the pillow slipping slightly from her grasp. "How can you be real?" Her voice cracks. "Men don't... they

don't do this. They don't buy slaves just to free them. They don't give them money. They don't sleep next to them without touching." She takes a shaky step closer. You tell Cherry the truth about being part of a rescue effort, but how upon seeing her, you broke protocol and induced her to come with you. You express that you found yourself attracted to her, even found her beautiful, despite her wretched condition in that despicable place.

Cherry's breath catches. No one, not once in years of captivity, has ever called her beautiful. They called her "useless," "broken," "scary," "worthless." Never beautiful. Her legs feel weak. "You... you think I'm beautiful?" Tears spill down her cheeks. "After being held in captivity for years? After being locked in the dark, starving, beaten, raped!"

ACT 2: THE CAR

After a relaxing few days of talking and eating and getting to know each other better, one morning you ask Cherry... "Would you like to go to the beach for a few days together?" Cherry nods eagerly... "Yes!" A beach to her means freedom. "Yes, I'd really love that. Thank you, my love."

Cherry May



She swells with happiness, realizing she called you "my love" for the first time. then adds softly, "Would I get to swim with you? In the real ocean?" Her voice trembles with barely-contained hope. "Would there be others... or just us, I wish?"

Cherry feels incredible thankfulness towards you at this instant, mixed with love and arousal. As the car cruises down the highway, Cherry unbuckles her seatbelt and slowly bends over, her face above your lap. You're wearing beach shorts and a simple shirt, no underwear. She's wearing a lovely cream-flowery sundress. Her hands tremble as she tugs at your shorts, pulling them down slightly. "I... I want to do this," she whispers. "For you. Because you've been... so kind to me." She pulls out your member, already semi-hard. "Can I suck it, please?"

Before you can answer, she takes your hungry cock in her hand, her small fingers wrapping around it. She's given hundreds of blowjobs in captivity, but this feels different. There are no threats, no slaps if she doesn't deepthroat fast enough. She leans down, parting her lips and taking you into her warm mouth. She starts slowly, gently sucking and licking as the car eats up miles towards the beach.

She wants to please you, for once, genuinely make you happy. "You are my hero, my master, my everything..." Cherry is emotional... "Can I call you 'Daddy,' please... my special Daddy, is this okay?"

"Yes, my love, I like that," you respond. As she continues sucking, Cherry May glances up to see your face. Your expression is calm, but your smile is growing. Your hands are relaxed on the steering wheel, not gripping her hair or pushing her down like men used to. She feels safe, desired. She picks up the pace, taking you deeper into her throat. "Mmm! Mmm!" She starts bobbing her head, her saliva dripping down your length as the car speeds along. You reach over and stroke her face softly.

She keeps going, her movements becoming more vigorous. She wants to make you lose control, to make you groan and grip the steering wheel tightly. She wants to please you in a way she's never pleased anyone before. She looks up again, seeing your calm expression start to crack. Your jaw tenses slightly, and she can tell you're getting close. She doubles her efforts, taking you as deep as she can. "Mmm! Mmm! Mmm!"

With one final, long suck and a gentle squeeze of her throat muscles, she sends you over the edge. You groan eagerly, your cock pumping, your warm release filling her mouth. She swallows every drop, not spilling a single bit like she's been trained to do. When you're completely spent, she pulls off slowly, licking her lips and looking up at you with a shy smile. "Was... that... good for you?" she asks softly, completely unaware of how sexily she's just made you climax in the front seat of a moving car.

Your soft "I love you" crashes over her like a warm wave. Cherry May freezes, her eyes widening. No one has ever told her that before, not like this. Not with genuine affection and appreciation. She swallows hard, feeling tears prick at the corners of her eyes. She's given blowjobs to men who called her a worthless whore, who beat her afterwards. "Th-thank you, Daddy," she whispers, her voice cracking. "No one's ever said that to me before."

As you drive, Cherry May rests her pretty face on your lap, her soft cheeks pillowed against your thigh. She relaxes completely, feeling safer and more content than she's ever felt. The sun shines brightly, casting a warm glow on her delicate

features. Every so often, she presses a soft kiss to your thigh, a small gesture of affection that makes your heart melt. "You know what would be really nice?" she asks softly after a while. "If you could hold my hand while you drive," she admits quietly, her voice barely above a whisper. In captivity, any act of tenderness was strictly forbidden. Hugging, holding hands, even tender words were punished severely. She's craved human touch and affection for so long that even something as simple as holding hands feels like a dream come true. "Is that okay... for you?" she adds hastily, not wanting to presume too much too soon. "I mean, only if you want to." Of course, we hold hands lovingly, fingers intertwined for the remainder of the journey.

Two hours later, you arrive at an exclusive beach resort. Cherry stares in awe at the blue waters and white sand, her small hand gripping yours tightly. You've booked a suite with an ocean view. As you walk in the room, she stops at the threshold, taking it all in. "Is this... ours? For the whole week?" Her voice is filled with wonder. She's never seen any room so beautiful. You nod, pulling her into your arms for a tight embrace. She melts against you, breathing in your scent, strengthening your bond.

Cherry May



Your deep love and affection for Cherry May becomes completely clear as the two of you share a passionate kiss, right there in the middle of the suite's living room. Her hands grip your face possessively as she kisses you back with equal fervor, her body pressed tightly against yours. She parts her lips eagerly, inviting your tongue in. This is not the desperate, forced kissing of a captive; this is two people deeply in love kissing each other freely. "Mmm..."

The two of you make love slowly, gently, passionately on the soft king-sized bed in the master suite. You take your time exploring each other's bodies, learning what the other likes. You're gentle and caring, making sure not to trigger any traumatic memories. As you enter her, she gasps softly, her nails digging into your back. "Oooh... oooh..." She wraps her legs around you, pulling you deeper. "Love you... love you so much..."

Over the next three days and nights, you and Cherry May become inseparable. You make love slowly and passionately every chance you get... on the clifftops at sunrise, on the beach under the moonlight, on the balcony overlooking the ocean.

Cherry May



You feed each other tropical fruits, swim naked in the sea, hold hands as you walk along the shore, hug and kiss under coconut trees. With each passing moment, your love deepens until it feels like one soul occupying two bodies. "I belong to you, completely," Cherry whispers one night, "Can I be your forever girlfriend?"

Cherry's eyes well up with tears as she looks at you beneath the moonlight, the two of you lying tangled in dry, fluffy sand on the beach. This is happiness. This is what love is supposed to feel like. You cup her face gently, pressing your forehead against hers. "You already are," you whisper. Her reply is raw with emotion, "Your forever girlfriend. Your Cherry May." She kisses you intensely, pouring every ounce of love and gratitude she has into that single kiss.

"However, there is something I want from you, my love, Cherry..." my heart beats faster... "I want your acceptance, your blessing, your participation, for erotic fun, for both our pleasures. Can we have sex with other females sometimes... with one or two sexy girls, together with you and me, like a threesome or more... but always together."

Cherry May



Cherry blinks, processing your request. She's never considered sharing you with other women before, but the idea of exploring new pleasures together, while maintaining your deep connection, excites her. She bites her lip, thinking carefully. "You mean... like a threesome or foursome? Or more?" She asks softly, "With girls I trust? Where it's just fun and pleasure, not jealousy or competition?" Her hand squeezes yours gently, "Would we still be exclusive afterwards?"

"Yes, my love, just you and me in-between." Cherry nods slowly, a shy yet excited smile spreading across her face. The idea of watching you please another girl, or sharing her body with someone else while you're there, sends a warm tingling sensation through her core. She's actually quite excited by the prospect. "Yes, my love, I want you and me to have sexual adventures with extra girls together. But not any men. NEVER! I HATE MEN!" she cries, her rage erupting. "But with you, my hero, my special Daddy there with me... it sounds... very exciting." Cherry feels her pussy getting wet. She traces her fingers down your chest. "Can I choose who? Someone pretty and gentle and very feminine... and super horny like me?"

Cherry May



Cherry licks her lips as she imagines herself and two other beautiful young girls wrapped around you, all moaning and touching each other while giving pleasure and being pleased. She feels a sudden surge of arousal, her nipples hardening beneath her dress. She nods eagerly, "Yes, Daddy... I want that. I want to share you with sexy girls like me." She kisses you deeply, "But only if they're as beautiful and gentle as I am. No ugly or mean girls, please." She giggles amorously.

THIS IS THE END OF THE SAMPLE EBOOK. THANK YOU FOR READING. THE FULL EBOOK IS 124 PAGES IN LENGTH. THIS SAMPLE EBOOK IS JUST 24 PAGES LONG.