**Allie and the Old Man**

by Little Bree

**Chapter 1**

*Fifteen year old Allie, is having a horrible time at her uncle's seaside cabin with her family when she encounters a naked and apparently senile old man. Who would know if she had a litttle fun with the ancient gizzer? But appearances and first impressions can be decieving, as she finds out to her chagrin...*

The "bay" at Cooper’s Point looked more like a dirty puddle. It was full of rust-brown water that sat festering and stagnant along a littered beach with more rocks than sand. The bugs loved it, and the boys were happy enough to swim in it, but Allie was (shockingly) the only girl in sight.

If it had been up to her, she wouldn’t have stayed either. If it were up her, though, she wouldn't be in stupid Maine with her stupid family being stupid.

"It’s a hundred degrees out, Allie-gator,” her father said. “You should get in and cool off!”

The fifteen year old scrunched up her nose. “I am NOT getting in that swamp,” she said. “I’d rather swim in a toilet.”

Her father rolled his eyes. “Suit yourself,” he said. “Your brothers and me are gonna be all refreshed while you’re out here sweating like a pig."

He stubbed his toe on a discarded old bottle as he trotted back into the water. Allie smirked. It served him right.

He was at least a little right though. She was sweating so hard, she couldn't keep the sun-block on, and her slim hopes of getting a tan were dwindling. Fair-skinned blonde girls like Allie needed sun-block like fish needed water. Without it, sunburn was inevitable. Of course, if they'd just let her go back to Uncle Neil's cabin, she wouldn't have to choose between shitty water and skin cancer. The cabin was old and primitive, but at least it a roof and a fan.

It would have been so much better if her cousins Sarah and Morgan were there, like they were supposed to be before they canceled. Other girls were an absolute necessity on a horrible trip like this. Especially after everything that happened with Jason.

Allie cursed herself for letting him slip back into her thoughts. Ignore him, she scolded herself. But she couldn't. What was he doing now? Did he have another girlfriend already? Was he telling her the same stupid lies? It was strange how she could hate him and miss him all at the same time. If only she could go back two weeks, to before she knew what a jerk he was, to the night after the dance when she finally said yes and let him go all the way with her. It had been so... not perfect, but happy.

Before she broke down sobbing, Allie was startled by hands taking hold of her arms and ankles. "What the fuc..." she started, but before she could finish, she was submerged in the murky brown water. "..k!" she finally managed as she popped her head back up. Her idiot brothers were laughing hysterically, and even her dad was smirking like a big jerk.

Allie hurried back to shore, but the water clung to her skin and bathing suit like a gross brown film even after she stepped out of it.

"Fuck you guys," she snapped again as she found her sunglasses floating to the surface of the water.

"Watch your language, young lady," chided her dad. He'd come ashore and fetched her a towel. She resisted the urge to tell him to go fuck himself.

"There's showers around the bend there," he said and pointed. "Don't be such a princess. You won't melt."

"I might," she said stubbornly. "You don't know what's in that water."

He rolled his eyes. "Just come shout when you're cleaned up and we'll go home, okay?"

Allie didn't respond, but she took the towel and started around the bend to the shower huts. Actually, "around the bend" turned out to be a pretty long walk in flip-flops. She had to walk the length of three football fields and cross a road. Thankfully, when she finally found them, they were actual shower buildings, one for men and one for women. They were falling down and cobwebby, but they weren't the outdoor nozzles and outhouses she was expecting. There were even individual shower stalls with curtains, and when she turned the water on, it came out warm and transparent!

Behind the mildewed curtain, she stepped out of her bikini and let the water pour over her naked skin. Sure enough, it stung when it ran against the sunburn on her back. Hopefully it wasn't too bad. She ignored the pain and scrubbed away the brown lake gunk.

Almost by accident, she turned and the hard stream fell at just the right angle between her legs. It made her jump, but then, of course, she did it again. She leaned back against the wall with her legs ever-so-slightly parted and let it pummel her. Suddenly the world didn't seem so bad!

Allie didn't masturbate a lot. Hardly at all, really, and not nearly as often as she knew her brothers did. For the two months she and Jason were together, she never needed to; it felt like he always had his hands inside her panties! He was good at it, too. 'Probably because he was practicing with so many other girls behind my back,' she thought bitterly. Still, on those too- rare occasions when he'd had the privacy to strip her clothes entirely and touch her all over, the way he looked at her was so intense, so awe struck, that she just knew she was his favorite girl in the world.

Once again, she tried to force him out of her thoughts and failed. She blamed the shower. Showers reminded her of him. Afterwards, that night when they made love, they took a shower together. The whole idea of it felt so naughty and hot. Just standing there under the water with him, soaking wet and naked was thrilling. Everyone told her beforehand that boys lose interest after they cum, so she didn't expect him to fondle her breasts like he did, or to so eagerly finger her pussy.

She was absolutely shocked when he lifted her whole body up against the tile wall and shoved his raging hard cock into her a second time! It wasn't like the first time either, there were no longing stares or tender caresses. He didn't stroke her hair or whisper how much he loved her. All of that gentleness gave way to frenzied, animalistic pounding! He squeezed her ass and on every thrust he drove himself in so deep that she actually felt his balls against her pussy lips.

"Your pussy is so tight!" he'd grunted, not "you're beautiful" or "I love you, but "your pussy is so tight." Somehow that made it hotter. Then he came inside of her with such explosive fanfare that it made her scream out loud. She was collapsed and panting in his arms for a seeming eternity before it even dawned on her to freak out about the absent condom.

As the memory played out in her mind again, Allie leaned against the shower wall and fingered herself furiously. She was so close, she could feel the orgasm welling up inside of her. It was just beyond the horizon, and she was too worked up to be bothered biting her lip; she moaned out loud like a whore! In her mind, she could feel that big cock swelling in the depths of her all-but-virgin womb. She stared up and could picture him towering over her, she always loved how little and petite she felt beside him, but never so much as that night in the shower when he was holding her two feet off the ground and plowing her.

Allie cursed as her hand unconsciously slowed. It felt so close, the orgasm, but she knew it was all a big tease. She hadn't been able to get there by herself since that night, no matter how hard she tried or how close she got. It was just no use.

Soon enough, her elation had faded into frustration, and she was standing alone in the now-cooling water. It wasn't fair. Boys could cum whenever they wanted, even while they were sound asleep, but she couldn't ever seem to manage!

She shut off the water and sighed. At least she was clean, and the water had managed to cool her off. If only she could spend the summer dripping wet, she'd be happy. Then she remembered the gross brown water.

Just then, there was a low grunt from the other side of the curtain. "Ugh!"

"Hello?" she shouted. She tried not to sound too freaked out. Maybe she imagined it? She probably imagined it. But then she heard it again.

Maybe an animal slipped into the shower hut? Or her stupid brothers were playing games again.

"You better not steal my towel, assholes!" she shouted. Once more there was no answer, just another low grunt.

Allie prayed that she was imagining things, like the monsters that lived under her bed when she was little. Terrified and quivering, she barely mustered the courage to peek around the flimsy curtain.

It wasn't her imagination.

"Eeeeek!" she screamed. There was an old man out there. A \*very\* old man. A very old, very naked man. A very old, very naked man with a massive erection in his very old hands, just sitting there.

"Get out of here!" she shouted as she hid behind the curtain. "Go away!"

The man didn't say anything, but she didn't hear the door open either. "I mean it!" she called out. She didn't know what else to say.

When she peeked her head around again, though, he hadn't budged. He was staring straight ahead at the shower stall where Allie was cowering and feverishly stroking his dick. He didn't even flinch or break rhythm when Allie popped her head out to see if he'd left.

"I'll call the police," she shouted. That was a bluff. Her phone was back on the beach with her dad and brothers, but the old man didn't know that. He might have guessed that she didn't have a phone in the shower though, and he probably could see that he was standing between her and her towel. Either way, he still didn't move.

The man looked like he was at least 70, maybe even 80. He was frail and sickly, with wrinkly skin and liver spots. He might have been tall, but the way he stood hunched over, he was close to Allie's own 5-foot-nothing. Except for the fact that he had her trapped naked in an isolated shower stall while he brazenly beat himself off, there was nothing all that intimidating about him. If she had to fight him, Allie guessed she'd probably win.

"Look away," she demanded. "I need to get my towel!"

Once again, he didn't react. Allie wondered if he was deaf. Or maybe senile. Or both. Normal people, even perverts, would've shown some sort of reaction.

Fed up and frustrated with the whole awkward predicament, Allie stepped from behind the curtain with an arm crossed over her breasts, and cupped the other between her legs. This, not surprisingly, finally coaxed a reaction out of the old man. He rolled his eyes up and down the length of her naked body and a broad dopey smiled curled across his lips. He did not, however, step aside or stop jerking off.

"You have to move," she pleaded.

He cocked his head to the side and looked bewildered, like a puppy would if you told it to dance.

Allie shook her head. The old man was suddenly a lot less terrifying. If he intended to rape her, he would have already, she knew. She was standing so close she could smell his breath, but he hadn't even tried to touch her. It was beyond obvious that he had no idea what was happening. Well, except that he obviously liked that she was naked. He probably had Alzheimer's or some crazy dementia. It was sad, really.

"Let me get my towel," she said again, sweetly this time. When even that failed to move him, she abandoned her modesty and took her hands off of her body to gently guide him to the side.

He moved, but the sight of Allie totally uncovered clearly excited him. His eyes were wide and every tooth was visible when he smiled. She slid gingerly past him to where her towel hung, and though he followed every step with lusty eyes, he didn't try to grab her. When she finally wrapped herself up in the towel, he let go a pained groan in objection.

"Show's over!" she teased.

The old man looked crestfallen, and he groaned again, more emphatically this time.

Allie giggled. He was a gross old man, but something about his innocent, simple minded eagerness was kind of cute. Cute, in the most bizarre way possible anyway.

"No," she said. "You already saw too much. You're not even supposed to be in here!"

He just kept staring, stubbornly hoping that she'd show him more. Allie couldn't help but kind of sort of enjoy the attention. Sure, he was crazy old, and way too senile to function, but he was clearly, unabashedly adoring her. Right after getting dumped, was it so wrong to like that? Besides, it was hard to be angry at someone so clearly simple minded.

"Come on," she pleaded. "We should get you back to your family, or... nurse? Someone?"

Instead of answering, he just resumed stroking his dick.

Allie had never seen an old man's cock before, but she assumed it would be shriveled and small. It totally wasn't. It was sort of wrinkly, but it was straight and really, really big. Bigger than Jason's and bigger than most of the ones she'd seen in pictures. She wondered if he was taking Viagra or something to keep it hard too, 'cause it was impressively stiff.

"Ugh," he grunted again. She took that for old-man-speak for "show me your tits."

Maybe she should, she thought. Why not? The poor guy'd been jerking off a while now, he had to be getting close. She didn't have to touch him, just stand there and let him look. It'd just be a nice thing to do for a sad old man. Plus no one would ever know.

Feeling bold, she unwrapped the towel and hung it back on the wall. "Okay," she said, as she swiveled her hips showily, "have a look!"

Having never exposed herself to a man like this, Allie had no idea what to do with her arms. She started with them at her hips, like Superman, but it felt silly, so she ended up sort of twirling them behind her back.

The old man laughed and smiled with unbridled glee, then continued his earnest stroking.

With her clothes off, Allie definitely looked her age, maybe even younger. She was short and fair skinned, with her mound shaved hairless and smooth the way Jason liked it. If not for the undeniably girlish curve of her hips and her big, perky c-cup tits, she'd almost pass for 12. The old man didn't seem to mind!

Even while she was doing it, standing there, completely naked and exposing herself to him, she knew it was wrong. Nice girls weren't supposed to even think about this sort of thing. It was sordid. It was disgusting. It was... totally making her hot!

Long past the frustration of her earlier failure to climax, Allie boldly began to finger her pussy while the old man watched. She liked him watching, she decided. She even lifted her leg up onto the nearby bench to give him a better view. It would look like such a depraved scene if someone walked in on them, but she didn't even care. Her vagina was wet and aching, and she was building towards climax faster than she'd ever thought possible!

"Oh, yeah," she moaned. "You like my body, don't you, Mister?"

She was shocked when he eagerly nodded yes. So he did understand! "I bet you wish you could fuck me, don't you?"

He smiled and nodded more.

Allie moved closer to him and wiggled her chest and hips like she imagined a stripper would. It was a bad idea, but she didn't care. She was too turned on to think straight.

"Do you like my tits?" she cooed.

He stared straight at them, inches from his face, and nodded yes.

She grinned. With the hand that wasn't eagerly exploring her twat, she lifted his free hand and guided it to her breast. "Does it feel nice?" she asked.

He grinned and squeezed, clearly thrilled.

Allie's nipples stood erect at the first coarse feel of his palm... and just like that the first waves of orgasm were washing over her. Her muscles clenched and her heart raced. "Oh, my God!" she squealed. He kneaded her tit more vigorously, and soon enough she was breathlessly cumming!

After blissfully indulging the climax, and finally catching her breath, Allie was shocked to see the old man's dick, which he'd been beating relentlessly since before she'd even come out of the shower, still throbbing and erect. Even more surprising, unlike the rare other times she'd orgasmed, her own body was aching for more!

Reluctantly, Allie moved away from the man just long enough to fetch a mop from the corner and wedge it through the door handle. It wasn't a perfect lock, but it was better than nothing and she was too anxious to make it any better. She even consider the absurdity of the scene, locking \*herself\* in a shower hut with a horny old man! She all-but-sprinted back to her senile old playmate, and without even thinking about what was doing, wrapped her hand around his cock.

It felt enormous in her small hand, way bigger than Jason's, and it was as hard a concrete rod. She stroked it hard and wondered how something that huge must feel like inside of you. It would just be so... filling? The thought of it was overwhelming and naughty, but she knew she shouldn't. She wouldn't. She COULDN'T. It was too ridiculous, but it still excited her.

The man moaned his approval of her handjob. Then he surprised her by clumsily pawing at her pussy in return. It felt so good to be touched that the thought of fucking him almost stopped seeming so ridiculous!

"Oh, God!" she moaned, genuinely giddy and out of breath. "You're so big and hard. And I love the way you touch me!"

He groaned back happily. Allie could hardly believe he still hadn't cum!

"Do you want me to suck it?" she asked. It was almost as naughty a thought as fucking him. Maybe more, her pussy couldn't gag on that wrinkled rod, after all. But she was craving it, dying to feel the weight of that massive dick in her mouth, and to taste it when he finally shot his load.

Of course he shook his head yes, and he grinned his biggest grin yet. Allie slid onto the floor, pressing her still wet body against his as she went, licking and mashing her fleshy tits down the length of his body.

At eye level, his cock looked even more massive. It was intimidatingly huge, and she worried she'd suffocate trying to take it all in. In her sex- crazed state though, even that didn't hold her back. While greedily flicking her clit with one hand, she started licking the man's balls one at a time, letting the fleshy sack hang in her mouth. It was a trick Jason always loved, and the old man seemingly did too.

When she finally wrapped her lips around the bulbous head of his dick, he moaned long and loud. When she deftly lowered her face toward his abdomen, trailing her soft tongue along the underside of his shaft as she sucked, he made a noise like he might faint.

In her mouth, that cock felt even bigger. If she tried to get it inside her cunt, it would surely split her in half! Still... it was a happy thought, bouncing on top of that old withered rod. It would look so slutty and obscene! Not that this didn't look slutty and obscene. She was kneeling in front of a disgusting old man in a lake shower. It was one step removed from a highway restroom or something.

She felt his cock twitch once, then twice. Her fingers moved faster around her swelling clit. Not yet, she thought. Just a little longer! She pursed her lips tight around his steely rod and slurped it like a popsicle.

Then the massive dick seemed to swell even bigger, and tasted the salty spunk flooding her mouth. It made her gag, and the man slipped out just in time to blow the bigger half his load over her pretty face.

With the sticky spunk running down her cheeks, Allie kept fingering herself, but knew the moment was already passed. It was a little greedy anyway, she thought, the first one was fantastic enough!

At last she sat back and wiped the cum out of her eyes. The old man shuffled to the other side of the hut, where he'd left his trunks and a towel. With a clearer head, Allie was suddenly overwhelmed by the shame of what she'd just done. She'd like, raped an old man. Sort of. He didn't seem to mind. Sure, it was gross, but no one got hurt by it... right?

"Thanks for the suck, kid," the man said as he stared down at her, still sitting naked on the floor.

Allie was shocked. "You can talk? But..."

"But you thought I was retarded?" he laughed. "You're not the first little bitch to fall for that."

Allie couldn't believe it. The asshole had lied! "But... but you..." She was at a loss for words.

He fastened his shorts and shot her a glance that seemed to mock her naïveté. "Just be glad you finished me off before I stuck it in your cunt, darling. A girl your size wouldn't walk for a week after that."

Allie couldn't even speak. There were outraged tears welling in her eyes. "But... who are you?" she asked as he started to leave.

He looked back and smirked. "I'm the 'senile' old man that made your teenage twat cum," he said. Then he walked out without another word.

Allie was sullen and embarrassed as she rinsed herself off a second time. Of course she felt taken advantage of and dirty, how could she not? But part of her secretly wished he'd stayed long enough to fuck her. It might have been worth not walking for a week!

When she finally found her way back over to the beach, she saw the man spread out on a blanket maybe a hundred yards behind her dad. There was a woman with him, maybe 30-35 years old, who she guessed was his daughter. There were two little boys, too, pretty obviously hers.

Great, Allie thought, she really did just blow somebody's grandpa.

"You look relaxed, Allie-gater," said her dad, smiling dumbly. "Those must have been some showers."

If only he knew!

**Chapter 2**

*Not wanting to go down to the bay with her family, Allie feigns ill and stays behind at the cabin, to sunbathe in her new skimpy bikini and read a good book. To her dismay, she has unexpected company...*

When Allie's dad tried to drag her back down the beach the next day, she wouldn't budge. The thought of going back made her skin crawl. She told him she didn't feel well, and when he pressed, she just said it was "girl stuff." That always did the trick.

With her dad, Uncle Neil and her stupid brothers away, she finally had the cabin to herself. After a quick shower in the gross outdoor stall, she changed into her bikini, the super skimpy yellow one she wouldn't dare wear to the beach, and settled with her book onto the big lounge chair on the porch. Solitude at last!

The cabin was perched high on a hill an hour's walk from the shore, so the view from the wraparound porch extended for miles. As much as Allie hated the cabin and the entire stupid state of Maine, right then it felt perfect. The warm summer sun felt good on her skin, and the sound of the distant waves nearly lulled her to sleep. For a few minutes, she closed her eyes and almost forgot about everything that happened the day before.

Almost.

It was impossible to forget that sort of thing for long. She'd tossed and turned all night thinking about it. It was still so hard to even admit it to herself: she'd jerked off and blown an disgusting old man in a dirty beach shower. And she'd cum, too, while she let him put his filthy pervert hands all over her! What kind of girl does things like that?! A slut, obviously, but not even a run-of-the-mill slut; she was a super gross pathetic slut! Girls like her belonged in some sort of institution.

"Well, I didn't expect to see your pretty little ass again."

Allie shot up in the lounge chair. She knew the voice before she opened her eyes. It was the old man from the shower, standing right there on Uncle Neil's porch.

"You!" she shouted. "What the hell are you doing here?! Did you follow me?" She desperately wanted to cover her overexposed flesh, but without a towel in sight, she had to make do crossing her arms across her chest.

The old man laughed. "Relax," he said. "I'm as surprised as you are. Neil never told me he had such a sexy little tart coming to visit."

"You know Uncle Neil?" she asked, terrified at the thought of it. "Of course," he said. "We're neighbors. I own the cabin next door." The other cabin was two hundred yards over, mostly hidden in the trees, but undeniably there.

"Neil's not home," she said, curtly. "And I think you should leave."

He smirked. "Should I?" He stepped closer. "But you're all dressed up in that slutty little number for me. Don't you want the company?"

"I don't want anything to do with you," she snapped. "Leave me alone!"

Undeterred, he took a seat at the foot of her chair, forcing her to pull her feet up to keep from touching him.

"What's your name, anyway, sweetheart? I'm Paul."

"Allie," she said. "Not that it's any of your business."

"Allie," he said, "I'm 73 years old. I've known all sort of girls in my life. No two women are exactly alike, I'm sure of that, but I ain't never met a girl who'd do the things you did and not want more."

"Well, you have now," she said peevishly. "I think you're disgusting and I wouldn't touch you with a 10 foot pole!"

He chuckled. "I'm sure," he said. "I bet you haven't stopped thinking about me since it happened. You probably dreamt about it and woke up touching yourself."

Allie refused to respond. She just sat fuming as her face flushed red. It was too much to hope that he didn't notice.

"Yeah," he continued, "I bet if I slipped my hand up inside that tiny little bikini... just like this..." he put his hand on her thigh and slowly moved it upward, until his fingers slipped beneath the fabric of her bikini bottom and probed against her pussy lips.

His touch seemed to paralyze her in place. "Stop!" she protested, her voice barely a whisper.

He ignored her and pushed his fingers into the wet recesses of her teenage vagina. "I knew it," he said, "soaking wet!"

Allie blushed. How could her body be reacting like... like she was enjoying this?!

Without waiting for permission, Paul slid the bikini bottom down Allie's smooth, skinny legs and tossed it aside. For a moment then, he paused to stare at her naked, smooth waxed cunt.

His cock was already tenting out in his shorts. Allie couldn't ignore it. She wondered if he'd just whip it out and shove himself inside of her. He'd said yesterday that he would have if she hadn't made him cum. Would he even wait this time?

Instead, as she sat unmoving and prone, he shoved his hand back between her legs. He pushed a finger into her, then twisted his wrist around so that his thumb pressed against her clit. It wasn't the first time a guy had fingered her, it wasn't even the first time this particular old man had fingered her, but the sensation was different. She knew she should hate it, he was practically raping her with his hands, but every touch excited her more. It just felt too good!

"Oh, yeah," he grunted with lecherous grin. "You like that, don't you, slut?"

If she'd tried to speak, he'd have heard how breathless she was. She might even moan out loud. So she stared up at the sky and tried to ignore him.

He didn't let up. His pace quickened, and he shoved a second finger into her twat. Allie, driven by some manner of slut reflex, couldn't help but part her legs wider as he expertly toyed with her body. Surely now he noticed her heavy breathing, but she steeled herself to keep from making a peep.

"Come on," he taunted. "Moan like a little whore for me. I can feel it. We both know you're loving this!"

She bit her bottom lip and winced. She didn't want to give him the satisfaction, but she was undeniably putty in his hands. Every subtle movement gave her another thrill. It was intoxicating!

With his free hand, Paul jerked her head forward so that she had to look at him. His face was plastered with a big dopey grin, a grin that made it all too clear he knew he was winning.

"Come on, girl," he mocked. "Cum for me!"

"Fuck... you..." she managed breathlessly. Her heart was pounding and her limbs were quivering like Jell-O.

"You will soon enough," he sneered.

At last, that was what broke her resolve. First she let go a whimper, then a yelp, and before long she was shamelessly moaning out loud.

Paul quickened his pace. She was already seeing stars when, out of nowhere she felt a finger slip into... well, her other hole. What was he doing? But before she could ask or protest, she felt her loins convulsing and she was cumming, cumming hard.

"Yes!" she screamed. "Oh, my God yes!!!" She didn't even think about who might hear. It was humiliating, writhing around and screaming like that, but she couldn't help herself.

"That's a bitch," he taunted. "Cum for me!"

"Oh, my God," she whimpered. "I AM!"

Her hips bucked and she ground herself against Paul's eager hand. Mere moments since she'd begged him to stop, she was craving more.

"Oh, my," he laughed. "You really are a huge slut!"

Breathless and ashamed, she couldn't even deny it. When his fingers finally slipped out of her sopping wet hole, she felt empty in more ways than one.

For a moment, they both sat in silence. Allie closed her eyes again, and as the blinding lust subsided, wished herself away. Paul seemed too happy right there, staring brazenly at the mostly naked teenager.

Allie broke the silence first. "You should go," she said. "Someone might see."

He shrugged. "So what? I'm sort of proud."

Allie rolled her eyes. "Pig," she said. "You'll get in trouble. I'll tell them what you did."

He seemed unfazed. "Go for it," he said. "At my age, I'll get probation. At worst. You'll have to admit you blew an old man. Twice."

"You're an asshole," she cursed. "And I only blew you once, anyway."

"That's right," he said. "You owe me still!"

Before she knew what was happening, Paul grabbed her hair at the base of her ponytail, and jerked her flailing onto the wooden deck. She screamed as it felt like he was ripping her hair from her scalp all at once.

In the whirr of pain and falling, she didn't see Paul lower his shorts, but cowering there at his feet, still reeling from the attack, she found herself staring at the end of his big throbbing dick.

"Suck it," he ordered, bobbing his cock head against her lips.

"No way," she snapped. "Never again!"

"We'll see about that," he snarled.

He shoved her hard, and she fell flat on her back. Then, with surprising quickness, he straddled her chest, so that his cock rested on her face. "Last chance to play nice," he said.

She could feel his wrinkled ball sack on her chin, and his old-man smells, a mix of sweat and mothballs, seemingly amplified by the proximity of his crotch to her nose, was overwhelming. Had she really put that disgusting thing in her mouth? Ewww.

Allie couldn't believe how easily he'd pinned her down, or how effortlessly he kept her in place despite her struggles. She snapped defiantly at him, "Go to hell!" But, she couldn't shake him off.

Then, just like that, her mouth was full. He didn't bother with too-cool insults or angry threats. He just lifted his hips and plunged his mammoth cock deep into her throat.

The sheer volume of man meat in her mouth would've been terrifying enough, Paul's dick was huge! But, he wasn't content to just make her suck it. He'd positioned her, so that he could rise up on his hands and knees to thrust himself in and out of her mouth, just like he would a pussy. He was literally fucking her face, missionary style, and forcing himself deeper into her throat with every powerful thrust.

She wanted to scream, to cry for help, but she couldn't. The only sound that escaped from her tightly plugged mouth was muffled wailing as he relentlessly pounded away.

"Do you like that, bitch?" he taunted. "Do you like that old man cock? Don't you wish you'd just sucked it now?"

'Of course' is what she would have said, if her mouth wasn't plugged full of his cock. Instead she kept moaning helplessly as he raped her face.

With his body positioned over her mouth and chest, Allie's naked lower half was exposed to the world. She thought about someone who might be watching this unfold; they could see every inch of her! She scolded herself for thinking of that at all, then scolded herself again for being turned on by the thought of it!

Even as she struggled to breathe, the thought of being so nonchalantly manhandled and exposed like this was incredibly hot. Her pussy was sopping wet, and she hoped through her protesting-whimpers that he'd finally finish with her mouth and just fuck her like she needed to be fucked!

Without stopping to consider what she was doing, Allie let her hand stray down to her pussy. It didn't matter that she was being abused by a gross old man, it was turning her on and her body was aching for relief. As he continued to ride her mouth, she matched his rhythm with her fingers against her clit.

His pace quickened. His rod was so big in her mouth, that she felt every quiver, and it was quivering hard. He was going to cum! Her fingers moved faster between her legs as she raced to catch up. Even battered and out of breath she was on the edge of the day's second orgasm!

When he abruptly jerked himself out of her mouth, Allie's heart actually sank. She wasn't ready for him to stop! But as he hovered over her jerking his erection in her face, she knew what was coming; he wanted to do it in her face again! It was such a filthy, whorish thing to want, but the realization that it was coming brought her over the top. She writhed with bucking hips and quivering limbs on the deck floor as she came. Once again she had to bite her lip to keep from screaming out in ecstasy.

Then he unloaded, in her face, in her mouth on her bikini top, between her breasts, in her hair. It was everywhere! Allie thought again about the person who might be watching this, and couldn't help but smile.

Paul, so powerful and dominant a moment ago, looked winded now. He stood very still as the last drops left his body, and Allie wondered if he'd had a heart attack.

Finally though, he collapsed back onto the lounge chair and smiled. "You look so much prettier all covered in cum like that," he said. "Thanks for the suck."

Allie couldn't even look at him. What the hell was wrong with her? She felt possessed. What he did to her was vile and cruel, but she'd not only let him, she orgasmed while he did it! How could she let herself be manipulated like that?!

"Say 'you're welcome', kid. Don't you have any manners?"

She scowled. "You're not welcome," she shot back. "You practically raped me." It was hard to say if she was madder at him or herself, but she was mad.

Paul laughed again, the same condescending laugh as before. "Right," he said. "If you didn't want it, you would've bitten my cock off, honey. And you wouldn't have cum like that. Don't think I didn't notice. You enjoyed it as much as I did."

Allie sat fuming red with her teeth gritted. She didn't respond. Before she could collect herself to tell him off properly, they both heard a car pulling into the driveway on the opposite side of the cabin.

"Guess you better get some fucking clothes on, eh?" he said.

Before he even spoke though, Allie was half way up the stairs to the attic loft that served as her room for the trip. She would've killed for a shower, there was cum all over her still, but there was no way to get to the outdoor shower without passing her family. She settled for wiping herself mostly clean with a towel and slipping into a concealing, but way-too-hot sweat suit. She'd shower later.

After several minutes checking her hair for semen splatter with a makeup mirror, she reluctantly ventured downstairs. Her brothers were collapsed on the couches with Gameboys, exhausted it looked like, while her uncle and dad were on the porch with Paul. She'd hoped he'd have left by now.

If her father hadn't called her out to say hello, she would've stayed on the couches.

"And this is my daughter, Allie," he said. "She's 15, not feeling great today."

Allie smiled politely and shook Paul's hand. She felt herself blushing, but hoped Neil and Dad didn't notice. Paul clearly did, and he smirked.

"Pleased to meet you, Allie," Paul said. "I hope we'll get to see lots of you while you're up here."

She stared angry daggers back at him, but he pretended not to notice. "Paul's invited us over to grill some lobster's tonight," her dad said. "I told him you'd be thrilled to have dinner in air conditioning for a change!"

The three men laughed like that was funny, and Allie laughed for show. "Sounds fun," she said weakly. What else could she do?

"Great!" said Paul. "See you all at seven then."

Then he looked at Allie, not too overtly and smiled. "I'm a great cook," he said, "so come hungry and you'll be sure to get stuffed."

Allie's stomach sank. That was exactly what she was worried about!

**Chapter 3**

*To Allie's consternation. everyone has been invited to Paul's for a lobster bake, an invitation that causes her great apprehension...*

Paul was on his front deck grilling when they arrived. Dressed in a silly oversized apron and cargo shorts pulled up too high, he couldn't have looked more grandfatherly and sweet.

'Fraud!' thought Allie.

She saw the discreet grin he shot in her direction as he checked out her outfit, a much too revealing strapless sundress that'd she worn on the plane, and it was anything but sweet! She hadn't wanted to wear the stupid dress, but her dad had insisted she put on "real clothes" and she hadn't packed anything else.

"Come on in, folks," he hollered warmly. "I was just getting started up. There's beer and soda in the cooler there, just help yourselves."

"Everything smells good," said Neil as he helped himself to a beer. "What're you cooking up there?"

Paul beamed like a proud papa. "Well, sir, I've got some pristine fresh Maine Lobsters, pulled 'em out of the traps myself this morning. Then I got some shrimp kabobs here. Oh, and I almost plain forgot, I've got a big long sausage to feed to Miss Allie!"

He wasn't being subtle, but her dad and Neil didn't notice.

"That's a lot of sausage for Allie," her dad said. "She eats like a bird most of the time."

Paul laughed. "Well, you never know. I'm always surprised how much sausage skinny little girls like her can handle!"

Allie wanted to groan out loud. Did he have to be so gross?

Eager to avoid any more conversation, Allie sank back and followed her brothers into the air conditioning. The boys had already staked out the couches where they sat silently pounding away at their video games. That was fine. Allie didn't want to talk either.

Instead, she peaked around Paul's cabin. The place was huge! Nice, too. It almost seemed wrong to call it a cabin. Her Uncle Neil's piece-of-shit wooden box was a cabin; this place was nice by house-standards. It stretched up three stories that Allie could see, with a big open atrium in the center. The windows were big and bright, and they had a bar and pool table on the main floor. If Davy Crocket built a mansion, this is what it would look like.

"Not bad, eh?"

Allie turned to find a pretty woman, maybe 30 or 35, coming down the stair case to her right. She recognized her as the woman from the beach, Paul's daughter.

"Yeah," said Allie, trying not to sound so awkward. "It's gorgeous."

"Dad built it himself. I think it was just a tiny shotgun shack when he started, but he just keeps adding on." The woman shook her head, baffled by her father's commitment. "I'm Karen, by the way. Paul's daughter. You must be Allie?"

"Um, yes. That's me." She reminded herself to be less awkward.

"Dad's told me all about you," said Karen.

Allie froze. "He has?"

"Well, not a lot," she said. "Just that you don't like lobster."

Allie exhaled. Of course. She hadn't really expected him to tell his freakin' daughter about the other stuff. No reason to panic.

"I'm just allergic," Allie explained. "To the lobster."

"Which just means more for the rest of us," boomed Paul as he wandered in behind them. He was only passing by en route to the 'fridge, he didn't even stop walking, but the sound of his voice made her jump.

Karen smiled. "Sun's starting to set," she said. "Shall we join the grown ups?"

Allie smiled and followed her outside. There wasn't much sense trying to make excuses, she'd have to be near him eventually, and it was nice to finally have another girl around, even if it was Paul's daughter.

On the porch, Paul introduced Karen around. For Allie the conversation was rather mundane and boring, but she did pick up that Karen's ex had picked up their boys earlier in the day for a two week canoe and camping trip somewhere in the hinterlands. Then it turned out that Karen and Allie's dad were both high school history teachers with the same annoying fetish for the Italian Renaissance. Once that was out there, the two of them started going back and forth about things the others had never heard of, and they may as well have been on a whole different porch.

"A match made in nerd heaven," Neil whispered to Allie, and she actually laughed. She hated that dad was hitting it off with Paul's daughter, of all people, but it was nice to see him talking to women at all. He hadn't gotten out much since mom died five years earlier.

"So, are you having fun up here, Allie?" Paul asked. He was trying to sound like an old man making disinterested small talk, which was shrewd. Allie'd seem rude if she didn't go along with it.

"Um, sure," she muttered.

"She's been a bit under the weather, haven't you, Al?" said Neil, interjecting. "She won't come down to the beach with us!"

"Probably smart," Paul said as he shifted lobster tails around the grill. "The beach down there is going to hell. Too many juvenile delinquents and loose women running around. I don't even feel safe using those showers anymore."

"Yeah," said Neil, confused. Old people always thought things were deteriorating, so he didn't get into it.

Paul wasn't giving up. "So are you an athlete back home, Allie?"

"No, not me," she said.

"Really? But you're so athletic looking. You should try baseball. I bet you could really handle a bat."

"Girls play softball," said Neil.

Paul laughed. "You're right. That never made sense to me, though. Why do girls need a softer ball? I bet Allie here could handle a hard one just fine!"

That was almost too absurd to get past Neil, and Allie cringed, but her uncle was unfazed. "This one's a bit of a bookworm," he said. "Straight A's in honors classes. Right, kiddo?"

Allie breathed a sigh. Thank God her uncle was so obtuse! "Not quite," she said. Some of them were Bs is what she meant, and she would've explained that if she wasn't refusing to say more than she had to.

"An academic!" said Paul. "Then you're probably excited about the meteor shower tonight? I can't wait myself." He started pulling lobsters off the grill and laying them on the serving tray.

"There's a meteor shower tonight?" asked Neil. Allie knew he didn't actually care.

"Surely your niece told you," said Paul, acting shocked. "It's a once in a lifetime occurrence. Massive rock formations. Isn't that right, Allie? "

Allie couldn't figure his angle, and didn't know how to respond. "Um, yeah," she managed. Truthfully she hadn't heard anything about meteors tonight either, and probably wouldn't have cared if she had. Being good at school didn't automatically make her a science geek, but old people always thought it did.

"Well," said Paul, "we need to get you away from these philistines for a thing like that, my dear. How would you like to use my telescope later on? I've got it up on an observation deck. You won't beat the view!"

Allie cursed herself. The old bastard had left a trap and she'd walked right into it. "Oh, I couldn't impose," she said.

"Nonsense," said Paul. "I insist! It'll be good to have a fellow astronomy-buff to catch the show with."

"Thanks for the offer," Neil said. "I'm sure she'd love to."

"Excellent!" he boomed, as he walked away with the dinner tray to the inside table.

"But I don't want to use his stupid telescope," Allie snapped out of Paul's earshot.

"Be nice," Neil said. "He's a lonely old man who needs the company. He won't bite."

Allie wasn't so sure about that, but she couldn't exactly explain that to Neil. Before she could even contemplate a real excuse, he'd brushed her off and walked inside.

Paul probably didn't care about the stars. He might not even have a stupid telescope. She shivered as she looked out over the distant water. Whatever he was plotting, she knew it wouldn't be good. She wanted to run far, far away. It took every bit of willpower she had to even follow the others back inside.

They'd all taken seats around the big oak table before she came inside. The boys were clustered at one end with Neil playing chaperone. Dad and Karen, still locked in droning horrible conversation, were perched in the middle, leaving only the empty seat on the end... next to Paul. Allie almost threw up.

"Saved you a seat, fellow astronomer!" he beamed. At the other end, Neil chuckled quietly.

"Thanks," she said, but she hoped Paul got that she totally did not mean it.

The thick sausage was already waiting on her plate. Looking at it made her gag. She wondered if he'd done something to it, too, like rubbing it on his balls or, you know, cumming on it. He would do that sort of thing, she was sure of it!

"So is mine the biggest you've ever had?" he asked softly. "My sausage, I mean."

"Size isn't everything," she said sourly. "It looks old and rotten. I don't think I want to eat it."

Somehow that didn't even faze her dad, who kept babbling on to Karen about Pope Leo something or other.

"We'll see," said Paul. "You seem hungry, and nothing satisfies a girl like you than a big, thick sausage."

"I've always thought about being a vegetarian," she said. For emphasis she shoved a thick leaf of spinach in her mouth and glared at him. "Mmmm," she said. "Delicious. Maybe I'll never eat meat again!"

Paul chuckled at the show. "Be careful," he said. "If you don't eat your meat, your meat might decide to eat you. Or," he leaned in close to whisper, "maybe your meat'll decide it's time to stop playing games and finally just fuck your stupid cunt." He pulled away smiling big, as Allie's eyes shot open wide and terrified.

Before she'd even taken a breath, Paul was on his feet. "I'd like to propose a toast," he said. The others turned to look, glasses raised as he continued. "To good friends, good food, and a wonderful evening ahead!"

The other adults raised a chorus of cheers, as Allie felt a knot tightening in her stomach. Paul meant it, she realized. He was going to fuck her... to rape her. She knew she should say something, to find a way to not get trapped on the porch with him and his telescope.

Of course, she thought, they probably wouldn't do anything if she did say something. And she wasn't totally sure he'd really do it. She told herself to relax and not overreact. Paul was just a pervy old man, he wasn't an actual rapist. This was just his weird way of fli....

Under the table, he squeezed her thigh. It wasn't a quick squeeze either; he let hand rest there, way up past the hem of her dress. The others kept talking, totally oblivious. Without hesitating he slid up further, slipping swiftly beneath her panties and brushing against her shaved pussy lips.

Was he really molesting her with her father and Karen sitting right there, inches away? She tried to cross her legs, but his hand was already burrowed too tightly and she couldn't force it away without causing a scene. So she gritted her teeth and glared at him.

He pushed a finger into her vagina, just like he had earlier on Neil's deck. Allie blushed remembering how he'd mocked her then for being so wet; she was just as moist now, and he'd barely touched her. It was like her pussy was craving it!

"Stop," she whispered. "Not now."

"Just a taste," he whispered back. He recoiled his hand to seemingly tickle her lips, and every so gingerly ran a thumb over her clit.

Allie's pulse quickened and her breathing got faster. "Please," she begged. "You can't do this here!"

He grinned and continued to finger her teenage cunt. "Eat your sausage," he said. "Take a big bite."

This was all just some sick game to him, she thought furiously. She could have screamed, or grabbed his wrist. There was no way the others could defend him if they caught him with his hand up her skirt. They'd call the cops and she'd be free of him!

But she didn't. She didn't say a word as the gross old man continued to play with her teenage pussy. Emboldened, he slipped a second finger into her too-tight sheath.

As much as she hated herself for thinking it, it was undeniable: she kind of liked being fingered like that. It wasn't physical; what he was doing felt good, but the angle was awkward, and there was no way he'd ever make her cum like this. There was just something about the brazen way he did it, without stopping to even consider the consequences or the fact that she was a fraction of his age. She wasn't letting him touch her, he was just doing it.

"Oh, my God!" shouted Karen, and for a split second Allie thought their perversions had been spotted. Paul quickly pulled his hand away.

Thankfully no one had actually seen anything. Karen had simply managed to knock a bottle of red wine off the table and all over Allie's dad. The poor guy was covered, but they were both laughing hysterically. Obviously, that wasn't the first bottle they'd opened!

"I'm soooo sorry," slurred Karen. "I'm such a klutz sometimes!"

"It's really okay," said Allie's dad. "Red's my color!"

Both of them laughed. Neil rolled his eyes. Allie was just grateful for the distraction.

"That's probably our cue to leave anyway," said Neil. "These guys down here are getting kind of restless."

Allie smiled. Saved by a wine spill! Paul hadn't thought of everything.

"Already?" said Paul. "But the meteor shower isn't for another two hours."

Neil sighed. "We would," he said. "But, you know, the little guys just don't have that sort of patience."

"I'm sorry," said Allie's dad, looking exclusively at Karen. "I'll have to tell you about the Digon Museum next time. If there is, I mean, if you'll still be up here."

"Of course I will be," Karen smiled. Allie almost swooned, despite the awkward circumstances. The pair of them were so cute.

"Wait," said Paul at last. "It's dark out, and getting chilly. You can't use that outdoor hose of yours to get the wine off. At least stay to use our shower and let us run a load of wash. You can borrow a shirt of mine if you'd like then."

Allie's dad paused to ponder, but Allie knew he wanted to stay. "I suppose," he turned to Neil, "could you take the kids home maybe?"

Neil grinned knowingly at his brother's earnest performance. "I suppose they won't be too much trouble. You do have to get clean."

Allie's dad smiled. "Thanks, man. I owe you."

"Don't mention it," said Neil.

"All set to go, Al?" Allie nodded spiritedly, almost tasting her freedom.

"Well, wait," said Paul. "I hate for Allie to miss the shower. It's not past her bedtime. Let her stay a while. I don't mind."

"I don't know," her dad said. At this point, Allie knew he was pushing to get her away as eagerly as she was trying to escape. His and Karen's rapidly blooming romance would fare better without his cranky daughter hanging around.

"Well," interrupted Karen, "maybe it'd be nice." She looked at Allie's dad and nearly winked. "I mean, I don't really get that asteroid stuff, and dad really loves having a star watching partner. If Allie wants to see, maybe they could keep each other company up there."

Allie groaned inwardly. Karen wasn't subtle.

"Okay," said Allie's dad. "I guess she can stay then. That makes a lot of sense, actually." He grinned like such a dope.

Paul winked at Allie when no one else was looking. The old bastard had won. Did he really have to gloat?

After Neil and the boys packed off for home, Paul refused help with the dishes ("I'll get it later, now's time for socializing!") and corralled the remaining foursome to the porch for a "night cap" of hot apple cider. The old man was spritely as he handed out the mugs. "Spiked with Cuban rum for the adults," he said, smiling, "and virgin for the virgin and the guy with a heart condition!"

The "virgin" comment was both a swipe at Allie, and a test of the other two's limits. When they didn't react, Paul had to know the coast was clear.

Allie curled onto a long patio chair with her legs pulled up beneath her. Maine got cold at night, even in the summer, and the sun dress was too small and loose to keep her warm.

"I'm really looking forward to having you... ah, watch the meteor shower with me tonight," he said. He found a seat on the chair beside her and grinned as he looked out over the horizon.

Allie didn't respond.

Karen and her dad were sharing the cast iron love seat on the other side of her, laughing and smiling drunkenly as they talked. They were touching a lot. Not making out, but touching arms and occasionally hands. It was nauseating and sweet at the same time.

"The science of it is amazing," Paul went on, talking to no one, but clearly to Allie. "Those thick, hard rocks are flying through the infinite expanse of space. They could literally fly anywhere, but tonight their thrusting through our tight, narrow little hole of the universe. It's the sort of experience you'll probably remember for the rest of your life, Allie. Hell, for the next several days, you might be so overwhelmed by it that you can't walk straight or sit down on a toilet!"

His eyes moved behind her, and he smiled. Following his gaze, Allie turned to see her dad and Karen sneaking a sloppy kiss. She pretended not to notice.

"I guess Allie and I ought to be getting upstairs to set up," Paul said. "Those rocks should be overhead within the hour. Are you sure you two don't want to join us, dear?"

Karen smiled sheepishly, as she and Allie's dad suppressed giggles. "We'll pass," she said. "But you guys enjoy it!"

Paul's grin couldn't have been bigger as he eyed Allie up and down. Those two were too wrapped up in themselves to notice what was happening.

Allie knew she shouldn't follow him inside or up the stairs. She should've taken off running; damn the appearances. This was way past the point of face saving for what happened in the shower, or on the porch. The gross old man had announced his intent to rape her, and she was, for some inexplicable reason, following him dumbly to his lair. She knew better than this! Even as she was doing it, her brain was screaming for her not to, but she kept walking.

Paul's house was huge. The whole thing felt like a log cabin, with wooden walls and paneling, but it was roomy, and extended up three stories. There was even one of those track things that old people use to get up stairs in a chair, but Paul didn't seem to need that.

The "observation deck" was actually on the roof, accessible by a pull down ladder from the third floor. As she climbed out behind him into the open air, Allie was a little shocked to see that he actually had a telescope up there.

"Wow," she said. "I thought you were faking the astronomy stuff."

"What? Oh," he chuckled. "I was. Who cares about stars? It's fucking cloudy anyway."

There were benches built all around the wooden railing. Paul nonchalantly took a seat, then turned to stare at her. She felt like prey, like a trembling gazelle being stared down by a hungry wolf. She imagined him drooling. Instinctively, she crossed her arms across her chest. "I'm not on the pill," she mumbled abruptly.

"I don't care," he said. He continued to stare.

It was even colder there, above the tree tops. The dress was worthless. "How big are your tits?" he asked.

She stood frozen. He was so calm. How did he know she wouldn't turn and run away?

"32C," she said softly, then immediately regretted it. Why was she playing his game?

He smiled. "I love a small girl with big fat breasts. They look so nice in that dress, too."

"Are you going to rape me?" she asked, shyly. There was no sense ignoring it.

He smiled. "I think you know the answer to that."

What the fuck did that mean? Was he just trying to make her feel stupid for asking?

There was a long silence. Paul stared at her body, trailing his eyes up and down from her toes to her chest.

"Take your clothes off," he said. His tone was casual, like he'd asked her to pass the ketchup.

She stiffened. but didn't move. Did he really expect her to just let him do it?

"We both know how this is going to end, Allie. Take your clothes off and let me see your body."

She was indignant. "You can't possibly expect me to just undress and let you do whatever you want to me."

"You did before," he said condescendingly.

Then he stood up in front of her, and cupped his hand up her skirt, between her thighs. "And," he smiled, "we both know you're dripping wet thinking about it."

Allie was mortified. It was humiliating enough the way she responded to his abuse, but she hated even more how easily he seemed to know and manipulate her.

"It's biology, asshole," she said. "I don't even like you."

"Right," he said. He pulled his hand away from her pussy and sat back down. "Now take your clothes off."

Angry and insulted, Allie still couldn't help but miss his hand on her cunt. Was she really such a pathetic slut?

"Remember earlier today?" he said. "If you want it rough, you'll get it rough. So be a good slut and take off the fucking clothes."

With his eyes still fixed on her and the cool breeze gaining speed, she reached behind and unzipped her dress. The loose fabric fell straight to the floor, the way sundresses do, and Allie was left standing there in her bra and panties. Paul had already seen her naked, more than once, but she still cringed at being so exposed.

Paul grinned smugly from his seat. Then he leaned forward to tug her panties down, along her silky smooth thigh, past her quivering knees, until he dropped them to her feet with the dress.

"You really have a magnificent cunt," he said as he stroked her lips and smooth waxed mound. He played with her for a breathless moment then leaned back. "Now show me those big tits," he said.

Allie felt like a zombie going through the motions as he commanded. As she unclasped and tossed the bra aside, she was naked from head to toe.

Paul grinned again, that same twisted grin. "Have you ever been fucked, Allie?"

She nodded yes.

"Fucked hard?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered. Did what she and Jason did even come close to what Paul would consider hard? It hardly compared to the things he did to her mouth on the porch that afternoon.

He stood again and unbuttoned his shirt. He stood so close, she could feel the heat radiating from his wrinkled skin. All of this, the whole sick twisted scene, felt suddenly very real.

"Please don't make me do this," she said meekly.

Paul lowered his pants and shorts wordlessly, and stood naked beside her. His cock was standing stiff and erect. He slid a hand to the small of her back, then whirled her around against the rail and kissed her deep on the lips. Under other circumstances, it would have seemed like a tender romantic, gesture, but not now.

Soon enough he broke the kiss and slid around behind her. His cock was poking into her back and his hands wrapped around to squeeze her breasts and massage her wet pussy. He shoved her forward onto the railing, forcing her to bend at the waist and raise her ass upward. It was an ideal position for him to mount her, Allie knew. She couldn't believe she'd let things go so far.

He leaned in close to whisper in her ear. "Can you hear that?"

From the window below, the undeniable sounds of heavy moaning and a creaking mattress wafted into the air. A woman, Karen, cried out "Oh, my God!" and Allie's own father grunted along.

"Your dad is fucking my little girl down there," said Paul. "Think he'll mind if I return the favor?" He moved his hips so his cockhead pressed against Allie's moist pussy lips.

Things had gone too far already. She couldn't let this happen. His dick was too big for her tiny pussy, he couldn't possibly put it inside her. She couldn't possibly let him!

"Please," she begged, "you can't!"

"Can't I?" he snarled. His cool demeanor was breaking down. He sounded angry.

With jarring abruptness, Paul spun her around and spilled her onto the floor of the deck. Allie landed with a thud on her ass, suddenly terrified that he'd attack her the way he had earlier. He was vicious then, and there was nothing to stop him from hurting her even worse now.

Paul was standing over her, cock in hand, stroking himself as he gazed down at his squirming prize.

"Spread your legs!" he demanded.

Allie parted her knees, resolved to her fate.

"Wider," he snarled.

She spread her legs wide in the air, so far apart it almost hurt.

"Beg for it," he said. "Beg me to fuck you."

"F... fuck me," Allie moaned weakly. Was that what he wanted?

"Louder, cunt."

"Fuck me!" she said, more emphatically. "Fuck me hard!"

She was writhing on the deck floor, spread legged and begging a gross old man to fuck her teenage pussy. Could she get any lower? It was beyond depraved, but... somehow... it was still turning her on! All she could think about was that massive, baseball bat of an old-man cock finally slipping into her tight wet hole, and she wished he'd just finally plunge in and take her! Desperate for relief, her hand trailed down between her legs and she began earnestly toying with her pussy.

Above her, Paul looked more like a towering conqueror than a broken down old man. He was still stroking his big, rigid cock, which looked from Allie's angle like it was as long as his forearm.

"Say it like you mean it!" he taunted.

"I do mean it!" Allie whaled. "I want it. I want it soooo bad!" It wasn't even a lie.

From down below, Karen's voice rose up: "OH, MY GOD!" she screamed, "I"M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING! Don't Stop! Oh, God, don't ever stop!"

It was gross to hear her dad screwing some woman, but Allie didn't care. She was jealous! What the hell was Paul waiting for?

"Close your eyes," he said.

Allie shut them tight and girded herself. It was time, it had to be. Her body trembled with anticipation. Paul was finally going to fuck her!

Then she felt it splatter on her face, and over her chest. Shocked, she opened her eyes. Paul wasn't fucking her. He was just coating her again with his spunk!

"What?" She wasn't even sure what to say. "But... I thought..."

Paul let the last strings of jizz fall on top of the naked teenager, the same dopey grin from earlier spread across his face.

"You stupid slut," he laughed. "What sort of gross piece of shit slut begs an old man like me to rape her? Don't you have any fucking sense?" He continued to laugh and turned to pick up his clothes.

Allie lay motionless on the deck, her chest heaving to the rhythm of her heavy breathing. His cum was everywhere. Had he really just rejected her while she lay on his floor literally begging for it? How the fuck did that happen?

It was all too unreal. She didn't know how to react!

Paul was already dressed again. "Put your clothes back on," he said over his shoulder as he began his way back down the ladder. "And wipe the cum out of your hair, you dumb cunt."

Then he was gone. Allie lay for a long while, naked and staring up at the sky. A cool misty rain was starting to fall, maybe it started a long time ago and she just hadn't noticed.

Up above, she couldn't even see the fucking stars.

**Chapter 4**

*To help out her dad and his growing romance with Paul's daughter, yet fearing the worse, Allie reluctantly agrees to 'babysit' the dirty old man while the love birds are away...*

It was raining. Again. For three days, it hadn't stopped raining. Neil said it was Maine's wettest August ever.

At first, Allie was thrilled. Bad weather meant no forced trips to the beach, and no awkward encounters with the perverted old man next door. She had all the time she could want to lay in bed and avoid the world.

Long quiet days, though, meant way too much time to think. Her summer had gotten progressively more humiliating, and she really didn't need endless time to reflect.

But that's what she did. For three days, she hid inside and relived all of it. The shower, the horrible thing on the deck, the awkward dinner and the humiliating spectacle under the stars that followed.

It wasn't the things he'd done to her, some of that was actually kind of fun, it was the way he'd done it. First he'd beaten and practically raped her on the porch. Then he'd played with her, mentally and physically, until he'd broken her down into a pathetic, pitiful slut and made her beg him to fuck her. And then, in some twisted act of mean spirited, mind-fucky assholeness, after he'd pushed her to the point of actually begging him to take her, he just came in her face and called her names.

How could she not hate him for that?

Of course, while she was busy hating him, she was also obsessively fixated on the things he'd done to her body and the things she wished he'd done. Was she really so pathetic that she still wanted the sick creep to have sex with her? The thought of it made her want to vomit.

She stretched out on the creaky pull-out mattress and seriously wondered if anyone would care if she didn't get up at all.

She heard her dad's voice downstairs, talking to someone, (probably Neil since the boys wouldn't be up yet). He'd hardly been home in days, just making occasional pop-throughs to be sure his offspring hadn't starved while he spent every waking moment with Karen. Allie was honestly happy to see him so happy. He and Karen had progressed from hello to the honeymoon way, way too fast, but her dad hadn't had a girlfriend in years, so he was entitled to make up for lost time. And Karen seemed awesome, except for her sleaze bag father.

Too awake now to sleep, Allie lumbered down the steps to say hello. The rain wasn't letting up, and there'd be time to go back to bed later.

"Look who's up!" her dad shouted as she wandered into the kitchen. For 9AM, he was entirely too giddy. He probably had sex again.

"Look who's home!" she sassed back. "Did someone forget about his curfew?" She poured herself a cup of coffee, only partly to see if he'd scold her for stunting her growth. He didn't.

"I'm sorry," he said earnestly. "I don't mean to neglect you guys. It's just..."

"It's okay, Dad," she said. She took a slow sip of the coffee and smiled. "You need this. Really!" She hoped she wasn't too drowsy to sound genuine. "Besides," she said, "Neil only offered to sell Jeremy to those meth heads. They never finished the deal."

Neil laughed, too. "Those creeps tried to low ball me."

The three of them made small talk and sipped their breakfast for a while then. There was an almost eerie sense of happy-calm in the cabin that Allie, after the tumultuous days that preceded it, kind of dug.

"So," Neil finally asked. "What do you and the lovely Miss Karen have planned for today? Or are you slumming with us little people for a change?"

Allie's dad took a deep breath. "That sort of depends," he said. He paused a beat and Allie got nervous; pauses always mean trouble. "Karen and I talked about driving down to Bangor to see the Stormont Museum. She's never been, and, it's really unbelievable. I really want to take her down. But, you know, that's sort of an overnight trip."

Neil shrugged. "It's cool, brother. I can watch the kids again. Didn't expect you to be spending the night anyway."

Her dad smiled gratefully. "Thanks," he said. "But Karen's dad's actually the bigger problem. He had this heart episode thing a few months back. Not a heart attack, but something like it I guess. She worries about leaving him alone, which is why she's up here staying with him."

Neil laughed. "Paul's a tough old guy. She shouldn't worry so much."

"I know," he said. "But Karen worries, and she's the one I have to convince."

He turned ominously towards Allie, and she felt her stomach knotting up before he even spoke. "We were sort of hoping you'd be willing to keep him company, Allie Cat. He really seems to like you, and it'd be a huge, huge favor for me. Think you might be able to help me out?"

Allie was, of course, mortified. That perverted old man had almost raped her (even if she'd technically almost raped him first, but that wasn't the point) and left her a disgusting cum covered mess on his porch. And now her dad was suggesting she spend a night, alone, in his cabin? It was absurd!

Of course, her dad didn't know about any of that. He thought Paul was a harmless old man who liked watching stars. Explaining the reality of it would be very, very awkward for everyone involved.

Still, there was no way she could do it. She knew that. It was easily the worst idea anyone ever had.

"Allie?" he asked. "You okay?"

She hadn't said anything, she realized, for way too long. Awkward. She'd have to answer eventually. And what she'd say was no. It had to be. But the sad, pleading puppy dog look her dad gave her made it... damn it... way too hard to disappoint him.

"You owe me," she said sourly. "Like expensive toys owe me. Computers and cars. Possibly jewels."

He was already gleeful and grinning. "We'll talk," he said. "But, thank you. This really means a lot."

"I know," she said. And she did. Which is the only reason she hadn't told him right then and there what a horrible person Paul really was.

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Allie spent the rest of the morning and afternoon talking herself into it. She told herself it wouldn't be so horrible. He'd already done his worst, and she'd survived. If anything, this was a good thing; with no one there to hide behind, she could demand answers for the things he'd done. It'd clear things up and let her move on with her life. There was only a very small chance he’d rape and murder her, and if he didn’t, they could just move on. Piece of cake!

Hours later, though she was standing frozen in the rain outside Paul's cabin, getting drenched and dreaming up excuses.

She was determined to keep herself covered, so she'd borrowed a sweatshirt from her dad that was way too big; it hung almost to her knees on the bottom, and the sleeves were way longer than her arms. It managed to cover her from her knees to her neck behind a shapeless grey blob, but, she now realized, it was also very, very absorbent. Soaked with rain water, it felt like it weighed more than she did.

If she didn’t go inside, eventually, the stupid sweatshirt would crush her. It would be the dumbest possible way to die. But for now, she was willing to risk it.

She had no idea what the night would hold. Well, no, that wasn't true. She had a really good idea what the night would hold if Paul had his way; she'd be naked and at his mercy... all night. The only mystery was what twisted mind games he'd decide to play.

"Aren't you coming inside?" Paul was standing on his porch, with an umbrella, one story up from where Allie stood frozen. He was smirking, of course.

"Maybe," she shouted. In her head, it sounded defiant.

"It's drier inside," he said.

"Maybe I don't want to be dry," she answered.

"Don't worry," he said, and chuckled. "I'm sure we can keep you wet." Allie groaned. Had she really walked into that one?

She stopped responding and hated that he probably took that as a win in whatever mental contest he thought they were having.

"The sweatshirt," he called, "when it's wet like that, it really hugs your tits so nicely."

"Things like that," she shouted. "That's why I'm not coming in."

She watched him roll his eyes. "I'll be inside," he said. "Be careful on the steps when you do come up. They can get slippery."

Allie seethed. That smug asshole. She knew how to work steps.

She thought about turning around and going home, but she knew as well as he did that it wasn't a real option. It would mean having to tell her dad what happened, and there was no way she wanted to do that. Standing in the rain wasn't accomplishing anything, though, it was just making her wet. And not even the fun kind of wet.

She took a deep breath to steel her nerves, and reminded herself that the pervy old man wasn't in charge. She didn't have to let him control her. He owed her explanations and she'd make him give them.

So she went in.

Just like that, counting down from three and charging up the stairs. Her knees didn't even quiver until she was standing inside, dripping wet and standing face to face with a grinning, triumphant Paul.

But then, as quickly as it had come, the confidence subsided and left nothing but panic. This, she knew, was a very bad idea.

"About time," the old man said, nonchalantly. "I was starting to think I'd have to come fuck you out in the rain."

He was standing in the kitchen, pouring a glass of wine and looking over at her in the big open living room. They were a dozen feet apart, but Allie still felt too close, like he was hovering on top of her. She couldn't respond or move. She just stood there, dripping wet and seething.

Finally, she mustered up enough self respect to wipe the water out of her eyes and pull back her hair. "Don't make fun of me," she snapped sternly. "This isn't a fucking game.”

“Isn’t it?” he asked. “The performance in that shower? The writhing around on my deck like a whore? All of that was somehow very, very serious act of seduction then?” He took a long sip from his wine. “Forgive my ignorance, then, Allie, I thought for sure this had to be a twisted, slutty little game for you.”

She choked back curse words as her cheeks burned red.

"No,” she stammered meekly. “No! You…you practically raped me. Not even ‘practically.’ On the porch, that’s exactly what you did. You raped me!”

He walked closer, close enough that he could’ve reached out and touched her, but he didn’t. Instead he stood and stared, the same infuriating sneer on his face. “Did I?” he asked. “That’s funny. Your memory starts to go when you’re my age. But I distinctly recall that day. I went over to Neil’s place and made some dumb little tart cum so hard she screamed about it. Then she sucked me off like a good little whore, just like she’d done the day before. When she thought I was helpless and senile.”

He was grinning like the Cheshire cat. Allie couldn’t stand to look him in the eye.

“But, like I said, my memory isn’t what it used to be.”

Allie fought back angry tears and stared off at the wall behind him. How dare he try to compare what she did with the horrible things he’d done to her!

Paul let her stew silently, and found a seat on the long couch opposite the kitchen, angled so he could see her from all of ten feet away. The distance didn’t matter; wherever he was, however low he sat, they could both sense that he was towering over the little girl in front of him.

“But I have to know,” he said. “If it isn’t a game, and I really did ‘rape’ you, then what in the world are you doing here now?”

Allie started to stutter a defense, but she still couldn’t come up with one. “Go to hell,” she muttered.

“Soon enough,” he smirked. “Though I don’t think a girl like you will be too far behind when I get there.” He made a point to stretch out very casually, letting her know in no uncertain terms how lightly he was taking all of this.

Silent, Allie had nothing to say, so she stood there, trembling, humiliated and...

For a few moments, there was silence as Paul seemed to enjoy letting her stew in the awkwardness. Allie thought about just leaving. No one would blame her for escaping this monster, and even having to explain her own sordid role in the affair would be worth putting an end to further humiliations. But, she didn’t move. Something in the back of her mind kept her frozen in place in spite of her better judgment.

Seemingly bored with the one-sided standoff, Paul stood up and walked away into the hallway at the back of the big living room. He returned a moment later with a folded bath towel, which he tossed to Allie. “It’s going to be a long night,” he said, “you may as well get out of those soaking wet clothes.”

Allie scoffed. “In front of you?”

Paul shrugged. “Unless you prefer to shiver.”

She cringed. With the air conditioner blasting inside the cabin, the heavy, wet clothes were only getting more and more uncomfortable.

“But if I take my clothes off,” she said, “how do I know you won’t… you know.”

Paul smiled. “You don’t,” he said. “Funny thing, that. You’re young, healthy, in fantastic shape, but even the feeblest old man can overpower and mount you if he decides he wants to. Being a girl must be awful.”

Allie got chills at that, mostly because it was a terrifying thing to say, but she also couldn’t entirely ignore that the crude severity of it got her ever so slightly excited, too.

“But,” Paul continued, “I don’t think you’ll make me rape you. You’re still standing there because something in the back of your mind is so eager to be filled up by me, that you’re willing to risk every horrible thing I might do to you, everything I almost certainly will do to you, for a chance to get fucked by me. Admit it or not, I know what a slut like you wants.”

Another long silence followed. Allie still didn’t know what to say. Was he right? Is that what she wanted? The other night, on the balcony, she’d certainly begged for it. And before that, on Neil’s porch, sure he’d basically raped her face, but before that he’d made her cum like such a dirty slut. And even before that, in the shower, she was the one who started all of this.

Her heart was pounding and her knees were weak. She couldn’t explain the way he made her feel. How could she be so simultaneously eager and terrified?

When she finally forced herself to look up from the floor, Allie found Paul still staring through her, relentless and unfazed by the long silences. She was too on edge to think straight, almost nauseated and overwhelmed. But not him. For a feeble old man, he sure was sturdy.

Allie took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and reached around to unsnap her shorts and lower the zipper. She started to tug them down, and Paul smiled as the wet fabric clung to her smooth teenage thighs, forcing the little girl to gyrate and wiggle them loose until they finally slid below her shaking knees.

She tossed the little brown shorts aside, and it felt somehow like a triumph. Then, in spite of the anger and fear, or maybe because of them, she actually smiled.

The giant grey sweatshirt was next. It would have been so easy to just leave it on, it hung over her like a blanket, but she’d crossed a line in her mind, a point of no return. Escaping under a blanket was no longer an option. The wet shirt weighed a ton, soaked up with all of that rain, but she lifted it straight up over her head and let it fall by the shorts with a wet, soggy, thud.

The white tank-top beneath it had soaked straight through. It clung to her like a transparent, second skin. She knew Paul could see the bright red bra straight through it. The matching panties were no better, soaked as they were, and clinging tight to her pussy.

This should have been humiliating. It was humiliating. But as she peeled off that tight, soaking wet top, she couldn’t stop smiling. Not just a small, sliver of a smile, either; a big, giddy, flirting smile.

“You look so slutty in red,” Paul said.

He was still taunting, no doubt, but she liked it. “I feel so slutty in red,” she giggled.

Paul could see he’d won. He’d stared down the little girl’s inhibitions, and when she’d finally given up resisting those carnal urges, she found herself liberated, free and dying to finally be fucked. It’s what he expected, what he knew was coming from the moment he’d followed her into that shower, but the payoff was still exhilarating.

The old man looked at his watch. Allie wondered if this was all still an act, his trying to be so nonchalant. Who did he think he was fooling? The bulge in his pants was undeniable!

When he finally stepped close and embraced her, planting a soft kiss on her young lips while pawing at her tight teenage ass, Allie practically swooned. It was like she’d been waiting forever for that touch and hadn’t even realized it.

“Come on up-stairs,” he whispered. “I want to screw you in the shower.”

Allie grinned. How appropriate!

The old man guided the small teenager up the stairs, trailing behind with his hands constantly on her ass and thighs. Every touch made Allie beam.

Was this really happening? Was she really about to have sex with a guy older than her grandfather? It was easily the sluttiest thought that had ever crossed her mind, like the most sordid sort of porn movie, but it was rapidly becoming her reality. It was all happening way too fast, but she couldn’t stand the thought of stopping it! And, of course, if her life was turning into a real-world porn movie, Paul’s master bath was the perfect set for it.

"Holy shit,” said Allie breathlessly, as she took it in. The shower, which Paul practically tripped over himself to turn on, was one of those giant marble and glass ones, with like six heads pointing in from every direction. It sat in the center of a spacious, marble bathroom, with a separate Jacuzzi tub, skylights, soft lighting and fancy French looking art. It was the nicest bathroom she’d ever seen.

Not that Paul let her stop to take it all in or anything! While the water warmed, he pulled her in tight for another kiss, open mouthed with lots of tongue. Then his hands dove eagerly for her breasts.

“You have fantastic tits,” he said as he pawed through the wet bra. “Big handfuls full of flesh, but still perky as hell. Only a teenager has tits like those!” He unclasped and pulled away her bra, then just stared for a brief happy moment before the pawing resumed.

Allie felt dumb when that made her blush, but got over it quick when his pawing turned to squeezing. “Ouch!” she chided. “Not so hard!”

Instead of pulling back though, Paul tightened his grip on both tits, squeezing hard enough to illicit a yelp of genuine pain.

Allie jerked herself free and pulled her arms across her chest, but not before he’d reduced her to tears. Where had that sudden stroke of viciousness come from?

“Don’t cry, you little bitch,” Paul snarled. “You know better than to tell me no. Sluts don’t get to say no!”

“I’m… I’m sorry,” she mumbled. She heard the words coming out of her mouth, but could hardly believe she was saying them.

“Good slut,” he said. Then he smiled big and grabbed her breast again, hard, and squeezed. It hurt, bad, but she forced herself to smile until he finished.

“I’m just nervous,” she explained, giggling shyly. Her breasts still stung.

“You’re also dumb, but you’ll learn.” He said it so matter of factly, like he was calling her blonde. “Lose the damned panties and get in the shower.”

Allie did as she was told, with a giddy bounce in her step. He was abusing and insulting her, but still all she wanted him to do was fuck her.

The hot water against her skin made her think again of the last time she’d been fucked in a shower, when Josh gave her that first orgasm, and the way she’d turned so uninhibited and slutty for Paul when she thought he was just a senile old man. The memories made her feel so perverse, so slutty, but they barely compared to what she was allowing to happen now. It sounded so torrid when she narrated it out in her head, 'I’m a 15 year old girl, standing naked in a shower, waiting to get fucked, fucked hard by a 73 year old man!'

Allie was so caught up in her own eager thoughts that she barely noticed Paul sliding up behind her. The feel of his massive, steely hard cock against the small of her back filled her with lust and terror.

“Is that for me?” she asked sweetly.

“Every inch,” he said. “And you’re going to take it, too.”

She turned to face him, catching the big dick in her hand and stroking it softly. “I know,” she said with a smile, “ 'cause sluts like me don’t get to say no.”

His cock twitched at that, and Allie was proud.

He raised her up against the tile wall, so they stared eye to eye. “I’m going to make sure it hurts, too,” he said. “Still going to take it?”

Allie could feel that massive cock, bobbing around between her thighs, moving close to her pussy lips. She shook her head ‘yes’ like an eager child.

“And I’m going to cum inside of you, whether you like it or not,” he said. “Still gonna take it?”

She bit her lower lip, the way she always did when she got excited. His cock was pressed up against her wet hole, a thrust of the hips away from filling her. “Yes,” she managed. “Oh, my God, yes!”

Paul smiled. “I own you, don’t I, bitch?”

Allie beamed. “I’m yours,” she cooed. “Do whatever you want to me!”

Paul simultaneously thrust forward and dropped the petite teen onto his cock, and in an instant, with one swift stroke, his massive cock was buried deep in Allie’s tight, teenage cunt.

“OH, MY GOD!” she screamed despite having the wind knocked out of her. Shoved up inside of her, it felt even more massive than she’d expected. It was like being impaled on a fence post. Without giving a moment for her cunt to adjust, he quickly lifted and then dropped her again and again and again. It crossed her eyes, but every hard, painful thrust felt so amazing.

“It’s so big,” she moaned as he pounded away at her tiny body. “Ooooh my God, I can hardly take it. Ohhhh.”

“Oh, yeah,” Paul grunted. “You’re so fucking tight!”

Of course she was tight, she thought. She was a small girl with a nearly-virgin pussy, and his dick was freaking huge! As long as her forearm and wider than her fist, it didn’t so much slip into her as storm its way in.

It would’ve hurt no matter how gentle Paul tried to be, though he didn’t actually try. Every time she winced, he bucked harder and faster, like making her cry was the only thing that’d make him cum. Allie wondered if it really was.

After a few minutes of brutal breathless pounding against the tiled wall, he swung her around onto the shower floor. She collapsed onto her hands and knees, her chest heaving and her knees still quivering. Immediately she missed the feel of that big hard cock inside of her, and longed for him to shove back in.

“Crawl, you little bitch,” he snarled. “Wiggle that tight little ass of yours in the air for me.”

Like an obedient little dog, a fucking bitch, Allie did as she was told, lowering her face to the wet floor and wiggling her tight, little 15 year old bottom in front of the old man. She giggled as she did it, too, like an empty headed slut. She couldn’t believe she was really doing this.

“Oh, yeah,” he smiled. With his bare flat hand he slapped her ass cheek, hard enough to make her squeal. “You look like such a sexy little whore like that. Tight little ass up on display, big tits hanging under you. Don’t you feel like a fucking little whore?”

How could she not? “I doooo,” she moaned. “I’m your whore.”

He wrapped his hands around her hips and she felt him position himself behind her, that big dick that she missed so terribly, bobbing at the mouth of her wet pussy lips.

“That’s right, bitch” he said. “You are my whore. And from now on, you’re going to do whatever twisted, perverse shit I say. Understood? Your fucking body is mine, little girl.”

And of course she grunted, “Uh huh,” like the empty headed whore she’d suddenly become. Anything to get that cock back inside of her!

He pushed back into her.

“Tell me how old you are, bitch,” he grunted.

“You… know,” she panted. His strokes were harder, faster, deeper every time. The positioning, too, with her face buried in the tile, and her ass raised up in the air, made it hard to catch her breath.

“Fucking tell me anyway, little girl!” he snarled.

“Fif…fifteen!” she managed. “I’m fifteen!”

"Fucking fifteen years old,” he smiled, pounding even harder still, once again intent on making her hurt. “Fucking fifteen years old with a wrinkly 73 year old cock buried in your wet little cunt!”

That almost did it for her, hearing it repeated back to her. Of course he remembered how old she was, he just wanted to be reminded while he defiled her that she was just a little girl!

She smiled and pushed her hips back into his furious thrusts. “Oh yeah, fuck my tight, fifteen year old pussy, you dirty, foul old man!”

His face was flush and his thrusts quickened even more, like water on the brink of boiling. “I’m… going… to cum in you, little slut!” he almost shouted.

For a moment, Allie reflexively panicked… guys aren’t supposed to cum inside of you, not unless you’re on the pill. But Paul wasn’t just a guy. He owned her, and she swore she wouldn’t say no to anything!

“Fuck!” he shouted out loud, and all of his muscles stiffened. “FUUUUUUCKKKK!” Inside her over stuffed twat, she could feel his dick jerking and throbbing. He was cumming inside of her!

“Yes!” she screamed, “YES!” The wet sensation between her legs was exhilarating. She wanted to drown in it.

From the height of his fucking, Paul slowly decelerated, with Allie grinding back against him the whole while. Before long, his limp dick slid out of her well lubed cunt, and she finally stood upright.

They both stood, beneath the running water, breathless and exhausted, gazing silently at each other and smiling. Allie hadn’t cum even, but it was still somehow the most sexually satisfying encounter of her whole, young life. She wanted it again, and again after that as often as he’d give it to her.

“Was I worth the wait?” she teased him.

He smiled back warmly, which was odd for a man who’d spent days tormenting her. “We’ll see,” he said. “The night is young.”

That was all it took to get Allie’s heart pumping again. She was his for the night now, at his disposal and mercy. There was no limit to the things that could happen, and she couldn’t wait!

Paul idly soaped up and rinsed himself, then stepped out of the shower. “There’s a towel on the shelf there,” he said. “That’s all the clothes you’re gonna need. Get cleaned up and rested now, ‘cause it’s going to be a long night for you.”

“Okay,” she said, and gave a playful salute. She thought it was cute, but he didn’t really smile. She must have exhausted him.

Then she was alone, still reeling from all that had finally happened. She knew that was, undeniably, about the sluttiest thing a girl could possibly do, but she’d loved every filthy second of it. And the thought of doing it again (all night long!) was almost too much to handle. She laughed out loud at how silly she’d been to resist all of this.

She spent a long several minutes letting the shower heads go to work on her sore body and daydreaming about things to come. She could hear Paul at work downstairs, the occasional clang of a pot or movement of furniture. He was a noisy cook alright!

It was a little jarring to finally shut off the water and step out into the cool bathroom, but Allie wrapped up tight in a big fluffy white towel.

She found a brush in the drawer, probably Karen’s, and lingered to comb her long hair while she studied her reflection in the impressively fog-free mirror. Her face was still her face, pretty but girlish, but she felt certain there was something different there now, maybe in the eyes, something mischievous and naughty, a little flicker or spark that said she was the sort of girl who’d let a 73 year old man fuck her like a whore. Whatever it was, she liked it!

Wrapped in the towel playfully, she stopped one last time to check her hair, then bounced happily down the stairs for whatever came next.

She found Paul on the deck, stark naked, poking at a pair of chicken breasts on the grill. The rain had stopped for the first time in days, and for at least a short while before dark, the sun was shining. It felt like too perfect a metaphor.

"Dinner won’t be long,” said Paul, his voice mellower than before. “There’s wine on the table. Relax a bit.”

Allie smiled dreamily and poured herself a glass. Her body was tingling from head to toe, an almost electric sort of glow that she’d never felt before. It was close to exhaustion, but not at all tired. Romance novelists probably had a word for it, but she didn’t know what it was.

She stood against the deck railing and gazed out at the scenery. The other times she’d been out here, she’d been too preoccupied to appreciate what a great view it was. Maine, after a long rain, with the soft pink rays stretching to the west and darkness slowly drifting in from the ocean, really was beautiful. There was a cool breeze blowing, just hard enough to barely ruffle her wet hair. It was like a postcard come to life.

“Not bad, eh?” said Paul. He slid up behind her, arms across her chest and that big, steely cock pressed against her back.

Allie giggled and sipped her wine. “Not bad at all,” she said.

Without a second thought for modesty or the shame, he loosened the young girl’s towel and let it drop to the floor. As if by instinct, she parted her legs and bent ever so slightly forward over the rail.

His cock, rigid and throbbing, slid deep into her already sopping pussy. She was still holding the wine glass, and only let go the softest of whimpers as his hips pounded into her backside. He didn’t say a word, he just fucked into her hard and deep, the staccato slapping contact of his groin against her buttocks ran out into the night.

Over the sounds of their copulation, Allie could just make out the soft sounds of waves crashing in the distance, as the dirty old man pounded away at her wet teenage cunt. She loved being filled by him. She loved the way he so clearly wanted her. She loved that he just took charge like he did. Mostly though, she loved the way it felt to be such a bad little girl for a change!

She thought right then of Jason. If only he could see her now, she thought. But as the old man’s pace quickened and she knew he was about to drop another load into her unprotected pussy, she was finally glad she had been dumped. Her new boyfriend was soooo much better!

THE END