**Neptune Beach**

by Little Bree

*Fourteen year old best friends Emily and Nikki liked when the older boys looked their way. Then things got out of hand...*

You’ve seen TV shows and movies about childhood vacations by some lake in the Catskills. Every one of them looks the same. There’s a wacky dad, crazy adventures and sweet fleeting romances that make old people all weepy and nostalgic. The people who write them want you to watch and think “gosh, that looks so relaxing and pleasant”?

Those are all bullshit.

Cabins in the Catskills smell like wet dog, and they’re full of gross bugs. There’s no TV, no movies and no boys who aren’t like 50 years old. There’s a lake, if you like swimming in brown water, and there’s a beach with no sun and even more bugs.

My best friend Nikki and me got dragged up to that cabin every summer since we were 7 years old because our parents thought it was like the awesomest most relaxing thing ever. We rented the same two cabins right next to each along the edge of the big brown lake for two loooong boring weeks. My uncle and his kids and the family of one of our other neighbors rented the other two cabins in the cluster, so we were always with the same bunch of people out by the lake. Every single year.

This year we begged and pleaded for them to just leave us home. Our friend Erin had even talked her parents into letting us stay at their house the whole time so they wouldn’t worry. We were 14 years old, for God’s sake, we were way too old to spend two weeks playing Marco Polo with the kids in the lake! But they hadn’t budged and we ended up there just like every year.

“You girls aren’t gonna swim?” asked Nikki’s dad, Mr. Cooper, as he walked out on the dock. The beach didn’t get any actual sun, so Nikki and me were laying in our bikinis out on the long dock, where there was sort of sun but not really.

“Don’t feel like it,” Nikki said without flinching or lowering her sunglasses.

“Yeah,” I agreed, trying my best to sound miserable.

“Come on now, girls,” he said as he exhaled. Mrs. Cooper made him walk out on the lake to smoke, so he only came out there for his cigarettes. “You can’t be miserable the whole trip! There’s lots of stuff to do.”

“Like what?” I asked.

“Well,” he thought for a minute. He was going to say ‘swim’ because that was, literally, the only thing there was to do. He just already said that so he needed to think of something else. “You could fish,” he said.

“Ick,” said Nikki.

“Or, um,” Mr. Cooper was sweating. He’d insisted, when we protested at home, that we would d have fun up here, and we were calling his bluff. “You could take the boat out. You girls are old enough to handle her on your own I think.”

We both perked up at this. “The boat” was just an old canoe, but they’d never let us use it by ourselves before. It wasn’t a car, but it was freedom. Sort of.

“Really?” Nikki asked, skeptical.

“Sure,” he said, “I don’t see why not.”

We eagerly accepted the offer. I actually expected my parents and Mrs. Cooper to veto the idea, but Mr. Cooper was locked in and we weren’t going to let him forget it. Our moms buckled easy, once we promised to keep our life jackets on, and my dad was won over by Mr. Cooper’s rationalizing, when he thought we were out of earshot, that a little time on the lake “might work the bitch out of ‘em.” I didn’t appreciate being called a bitch, but I wasn’t going to make a fuss about it then.

Lake Papageorge is as big as it is brown, but it didn’t take us long to get paddled out of sight of the beach and to ditch our clothes. Like any self-respecting teenage girls, we’d packed two bikinis—the ones our parents knew about and the ones they’d never let us wear. We’d covertly slipped into the skimpy ones beneath our tshirts, shorts and lifejackets before we’d shoved off. If there was any chance of meeting boys or getting a decent tan, the other ones just wouldn’t do.

We’d only just stripped down when a motorboat full of older guys slowed down to hoot and holler at us. “Show us your tits!” they called, and we both giggled. I thought Nikki might actually do it, but she chickened out and they zipped away. I didn’t think they’d want to see my little boobs, but Nikki had amazing big breasts for 14 and guys were always salivating over them. She had nice tan Italian skin like her mom, and a really cute body, but the only thing guys ever noticed were her big boobs. In that little black bikini, they looked particularly good, and I was super jealous.

“Wow,” she said. “They were cute. I can’t believe they stopped to look at us!”

I laughed at her. “Oh my God, of course they did. Guys have like Nikki-boob radar!”

Nikki blushed but she didn’t deny it.

We drifted a little further. Our cabins were on a private inlet that dipped in for about a mile, but the bigger lake was a lot more crowded. It was a Saturday, so there were lots of motorboatersout for the weekend with all kinds of people in them. We saw a couple of other canoes, but mostly they were all lots bigger. There were lots of guys!

After a while, we stopped even noticing guys who slowed down to look at us or whistle. Some of them offered us beer and lots more wanted us to come on their boats. It was sexy, but we didn’t ‘cause we saw a police boat float by and didn’t want to get in trouble.

“Where you girls heading?”asked one guy, as he and his friends drifted up beside us. They were college boys or in their early 20s, shirtless and very hot.

“Don’t know,” I said. “What about you?”

“Aww, was hopin’ a couple of fine little honeys like you was heading for Neptune beach.”

“Quit the cradle robbing, Danny,” said his friend, a little annoyed.

He smiled at me. At me! “Aw come on, Robbie,” he said, his big brown eyes still fixed on mine. “You ain’t no baby, are you blondie?”

I’m sure I blushed. “Nope,” I said sheepishly, “Not a baby.”

He laughed. “See, Robbie? She ain’t no baby.” Then he winked, “Up beyond those trees on the left. Don’t be shy. Bring that little friend of yours back there, too.”

“Okay,” I said, feel tingly and shy.

“I’m Danny, by the way.”

It took me a minute to think of my line. “I’m Emily,” I finally managed.

“Pleased to meet you,” he shouted as he and his friends drifted away towards those trees.

Nikki laughed at me. “You’re drooling,” she said.

“Am not,” I said.

“I’m not a baby, Danny” she teased in a little baby voice.

“You’re just mad he was looking at me and not you,” I snapped.

“They all look at you, too, you know.”

Apparently Nikki was oblivious to these things. “Wanna check out their beach?” I asked.

“They’re probably just going over there to get drunk and stuff,” she said. “I don’t know.”

“Come on,” I said, “they were cute.”

“Yeah, but they were like 21 or something. They don’t want to hang out with us.”

“He told us to come,” I said.

“Yeah, but, he probably couldn’t tell how old you were from far away.”

“It was only a few feet.”

Nikki rolled her eyes. She knew how stubborn I could be, and she knew I was going to win if she kept arguing. “Just a little while, ok?”

“Of course,” I said.

We paddled off towards the trees, around the bend where Danny and his boat had disappeared. It took us a good 45 minutes in our canoe, but eventually we pulled around into an inlet a lot like the one our cabins were on. It wasn’t as big as ours, maybe a quarter mile, but there weren’t any cabins on it that we could see, just trees. At the far end we could see boats all pulled onto the beach or anchored, so we paddled that way.

There weren’t people on the beach that we could see, but we definitely heard voices coming from further inland.

“Why are they all up there?” Nikki asked.

“I don’t know…want to go look?’

“Not really,” she teased.

We pulled our canoe onto the beach and put our flip flops on and grabbed our beach towels for the walk up the wood-plank path towards the voices. It was a lot longer walk than we expected, and the noise kept getting louder. “Wow,” said Nikki as we came to the edge of the woods onto what looked like a bigger sandier beach on the opposite side. “Sounds like a lot of people!”

We pushed through a little further and found ourselves on actual sand, not the rocks on most of the lake beaches. It was a big expanse of real beach, full of real people.

“Oh my god,” said Nikki, “Everyone is like totally naked!”

Well, not everyone. Not even close really, but there were a few. Some of the girls were topless, and others were running around completely naked. But they weren’t ALL naked.

We darted back into the woods before someone saw us.

"We have to go!” Nikki exclaimed, though she was staring back out at the beach.

“We don’t have to,” I said.

“Kids our age aren’t supposed to be at places like this,” she said.

“Why not?” I asked, “We went skinny dipping that time at Rhonda’s house.”

“That was a slumber party. This is like…public!”

I rolled my eyes, trying my best to so-very-mature. “We don’t have to take our clothes off. Hardly anybody else is. Let’s just hang out.”

I bit my lip. I knew she was right, and we probably shouldn’t be hanging around out there—it was the sort of party our parents would flip if they knew we were at. But I was just too excited not to hang around a little while. I loved the way Danny had looked at me before, and all those guys who whistled at us in our little bikinis. I wanted more of it.

“Come on,” I pleaded again “just a little bit. If they tell us to leave we will.”

Nikki hesitated. “You promise?”

“Yes!” I said.

"Ok, just a little bit.” Nikki relented. She was smiling now too, so I knew I wasn’t the only one who was excited.

We tried to act confident as we strode out onto the sand, but we were definitely out of place and you could probably tell we were nervous. Everyone was older than us, but the guys weren’t shy about leering as we passed. It was sort of wild, because there were other girls there who were older and really pretty, and totally topless, but guys still looked at us.

Two Hispanic guys came up on each side of us and starting talking. “You girls are looking good,” said one. He was in his 20s, muscley and tanned all over. “Come here a lot?”

“It’s our first time,” I said.

“Should’ve known,” he said, “love the tan lines!”

I blushed. The bikini was so much smaller than the one I normally wore at home that you could make out all of the tan lines all over my pale skin.

“You gotta great body,” he said, sort of whispering to me. His friends—two of them—were chatting up Nikki, and even though they were way over a foot taller than her they didn’t even pretend like they were looking at her face.

“Thanks,” I said shyly, unsure what the appropriate response was.

“Most blonde girls have like dark hair down below, you know? I really like girls that are blonde all over. You blonde all over?”

Now I really didn’t know what to say! It was getting sort of embarrassing, but if I was letting on her obviously couldn’t tell.

We wandered as an apparent five-some close to the edge of the water and sat down when we couldn’t really walk further and spread our towels out. We lay down and our entourage circled around.

“You got a boyfriend?” My boy, who called himself Julio, asked.

I should’ve said yes, but I wasn’t thinking quite right. “Nope,” I said.

“I gotta girlfriend,” he said, “but she’s not as pretty as you.” He lay down beside me and propped his head up one arm. “You wanna be my new girlfriend?”

I had absolutely no idea what to say to that, and I was even more speechless when he brazenly put his hand on my hip. Next to me Nikki half shouted protest as the two boys each got a handful of breast and started squeezing. “Whoa…” she said, but one of them just started kissing her and they both kept groping.

I turned to help but Julio laid on top of me and stuffed his tongue in my mouth while he forced his hand between my legs, tugging feverishly at the thin pink bottom. I panicked. This couldn’t be happening in front of all of these other people, could it?

Julio was way bigger than me. No matter how hard I struggled, I couldn’t even manage to make enough fuss to make it clear that I wanted him off. God knows what they were doing to Nikki, because I couldn’t even turn my head to see.

"Hey, Holmes, that’s my girl,” someone shouted.

I didn’t even know they were talking to us until Julio lifted his head to shout back.

“Get lost, man,” said Julio. “These chicks are taken.”

“I know,” said the voice, “They’re taken by me. You got a problem with that?”

I couldn’t see what was happening because Julio had me pinned, but very suddenly he lifted off and stood up. His friends did likewise, and just like that they ran away from us.

Danny, the guy we met on the boat, was standing over me smiling down, and he had four hulking friends standing behind him. “Emily! You made it!”

“Oh my God, thank you soooooo much,” said Nikki before I could even manage to speak. “I was so scared, you have no idea!” She was covering her breasts with her forearm and one hand, holding the tattered remnants of her bikini top in the other. Those guys had apparently ripped it in half.

“No problem,” said Danny. “Them boys should know better than to get fresh with my girls. You two wanna come party with us over here? We got the grill going.”

Nikki didn’t even need convincing this time, and we both answered “Yes!” in unison. Danny and the boys lead us around a bend to a wider beach that was less sunny but also less crowded. They had a barbeque grilling and were working on setting up a volley ball net.

I could see Nikki was still quivering a little, and I sort of understood. All Julio did was kiss me and feel me up, but his friends had already begun tearing her clothes off and there was no doubt what they had in mind. “You ok?” I asked.

“Yeah,” she said, softly. “Guess I am now. ‘Cept for the suit.”

I giggled at her. “Just go topless,” I suggested. “Other girls are.”

“You gotta do it with me,” she taunted.

I knew she was toying with me, and certain I wouldn’t do it. To be fair, I probably wouldn’t have any other time but I was still charged up with adrenaline from what just happened, and still turned on by the way guys were looking at us so openly. “Ok,” I said, grinning naughtily as I unsnapped the top and lifted it over my head without hesitating. I tossed it over a branch and made a point of not covering my boobs up. “Fair?” She just giggled and dropped her own hands.

We tossed our towels down in a sunny spot on “their” beach, but mostly hung around with Danny and the guys by the grill. They told us they were from New Jersey but came up here because Robby’s uncle had a big house on the lake and he let them use it to chill out.

They even had hard lemonade drinks that they gave us and nobody else because they said they were only for pretty girls. Guys had to drink beer. I never drank hard lemonade before, but after the first couple of sips it tasted like regular lemonade, and way better than beer.

Robby had a cell phone in the boat, and we used it to call our parents. We met some kids our age, we told them. They were having a camp fire and can we please stay out a little late? It took a lot of begging and reassurances that we had a headlight for our canoe, but they eventually agreed. It was super awkward to be talking to my dad while I was sitting topless on a beach full of older guys, but I got over it. Everything was finally working out fun!

It wasn’t long after we finally ate that they were ready for volleyball. “You guys in?” Someone asked. Both Nikki and me were sitting on logs by the grill and talking to Danny.

“Think I’ll pass, man,” said Danny.

“Me too!” I said, maybe a little too quickly. I wanted to keep talking to Danny. “But Nikki’s an awesome volleyball player.”

She shot a nasty look in my direction, but unhappily took the hint. “Yeah,” she said, “I’ll play.” I felt a little bad, but I wasn’t thinking super straight after two bottles of the lemonade. I just knew my stomach was full of butterflies every time I caught Danny sneaking a glance at my naked boobs and I wanted to be alone with him.

Danny sipped his beer and looked fondly in my direction. “I’m really glad you girls made it out here,” he said.

I smiled back at him. “Me too!”

He stood from his deck chair and sat down beside me on the log. “My buddies all like your little friend,” he said, as we both watched them picking teams. Nikki’s boobs would certainly liven up a volleyball game. “Me, though, I think you’re like the prettiest girl out here!”

He managed to make me blush, and I wasn’t sure what to say back. I just twirled my hair nervously and looked down at my feet as I tried not to giggle. He put his hand on mine and squeezed it tight. Then he leaned in and kissed me, very soft and sweet right on the lips.

“Sorry,” he said. “I’m not usually that forward. You’re just too beautiful to resist.”

It was like he was living to make me blush. “Don’t be sorry,” I whispered. “I liked it.”

He kissed me again, this time moving his hands around to the small of my back and the back of my neck so that he could pull me in closer. I felt his tongue in my mouth and I didn’t stop it. We kissed for a long while and then finally broke to breath. We both giggled now, just a little.

“It’s almost sunset,” he said. “If we sneak around those rocks we can see it reflecting off the water. You want to walk? It’d be romantic.”

My heart was fluttering and my knees were quivering. How could I possibly say no? It was just so perfect. “Of course,” I said, “I’d love to.”

He put a bottle of wine in a backpack and we were off. He held my hand sweetly and lead me along the bank of the lake just around the bend and back out again. We had to jump over some boulders, which was awkward without shoes, but Danny helped me and made sure I didn’t fall.

On the other side of the rocks, we were alone on the beach and could see out across the lake to where the sun was just starting to turn the sky pink. It wasn’t a perfect sunset, but it was a perfect moment.

“Just watch,” he said as he stood behind me and pointed out over the water. I felt him around me, so much taller and bigger and stronger. He had his hands on my shoulders, and we watched the sun, but all I wanted to do was turn around and kiss him again.

He wrapped his strong arms around me, and I kissed his forearm softly. I could feel his strong abs and pecks on my back, and I almost giggled as I felt the soft stiffness of his cock against my back. He stroked my arm softly, and traipsed his hand down my stomach, caressing me gingerly and every so often nibbling the back of my neck or my earlobe. It was so romantic!

Oh so casually, he moved his hand lower and beneath the waist band of my bikini to cup my pussy. I didn’t stop him, but I got a little nervous. Older guys just move a little faster, I reminded myself.

He kept his hand there as we watched the sun sinking lower. He dipped a finger into my vagina and sent chills up and down my spine (in a good way). He must have enjoyed it too, because I could feel him getting extra hard.

Before the sun finished setting, he’d turned me around and we were kissing again. It was so crazy! I couldn’t believe how much a hot, sweet older guy like him could like me like that. He rubbed my shoulders softly as he laid me down in the sand, and looked longingly into my eyes. He slid my bikini bottom down and off my legs. I couldn’t believe I was there completely naked on the beach with this gorgeous guy. My heart was leaping!

“Spread your legs,” he said.

He caught me off guard. “What?”

“Spread your legs,” he said again. “So I can fuck you.”

I was shocked. It was so frank and crude. “I don’t want to do that,” I said. “Let’s just kiss more, please?”

He wrapped his hand in my hair and yanked it hard. “Open your fucking legs,” he snarled. The sensitive loving Danny had turned cold and angry. He forced his weight between my knees and literally pried my legs apart.

“Danny, don’t,” I pleaded. “Please!”

“Just relax and I won’t hurt you,” he said. I could feel his cock bobbing against my vulnerable naked pussy.

“You can’t, please! I’ve never done that before.” I started to sob.

“Good,” he said, as he pressed all his weight down on my chest and adjusted his position between my legs. “I haven’t had a cherry in months! Good thing I got there before Julio popped you, eh?”

"I said no, Danny! I’ll scream!”

"Scream all you want, bitch, I’m still gonna fuck you.” He was squeezing my arms so hard they hurt. I couldn’t believe he’d keep at it while I cried.

I felt the head of his cock poking into my pussy, but he couldn’t push all the way in because I was too dry. He shifted his weight again so that he could hold me in place with one arm, and began roughly kneading my pussy. The sand on his hands hurt, and he wasn’t being gentle anymore. His dry fingers ached inside me as he forced them in. I was shocked when I felt myself get wet—it didn’t feel good at all!

“About fucking time,” he muttered, like he was angry at me for not being ready to be raped.

“Don’t do this!” I plead again, my voice barely audible.

“Keep begging, slut,” he said. “I like that.” I felt his cock parting my lips, and the alien sensation of a strange appendage sliding into my vagina. It felt like he was forcing a bat up into me. My little pussy was stretching around it, and it hurt.

That first thrust was long and slow; he seemed to go impossibly deep inside of me. Then he slipped almost all the way back and thrust forward again, harder and faster so that he slammed hard against me. I screamed. I screamed so loud that someone must have heard, but no one came running. Danny just laughed and began to fuck me furiously.

I don’t know how long it went on for. It felt like hours, but was probably minutes. Every stroke hurt as he pounded, stretched and filled me with his unwelcome cock. He punctuated the cruel thrusting by yanking my hair or roughly pawing at my breasts. Worse than all that were the things he said. He called me names, “jailbait cunt”, “dumb little whore”, “cumbucket”, “stupid slut”, and every variation of “bitch”. He told me, through heavy breathing, how dumb I was to come out here, how he couldn’t believe how easy I was to trick. He told me I must have wanted to get raped.

I cried the whole time. I tried to block it all out, just drift away, but he kept forcing me back by making a point of hurting me more. Then he yanked my hair hard and pounded his hips forward all at once, and as he groaned out loud his whole body tensed. I could feel the warm sensation in my pussy, and I knew he’d cum in me. The terrible realization that he might be getting me pregnant right then hit me hard, and I wanted to die.

He collapsed down on top of me then, pinning me in place but not saying a word. I could still feel his cock inside of me, not moving but there, as it slowly grew soft. My whole body hurt, from the parts he’d torn open to the limbs that had struggled in vain to wrestle him off.

It was several more minutes before he finally rolled off of me, but he didn’t let go of my arm. He wasn’t going to let me run. “That was amazing,” he said with a big grin.

“Fuck you,” I snapped.

“You already did, bitch.” He yanked me towards him and kissed me on the lips. He tasted so gross to me now.

“Let me go,” I sobbed, “I want to go home.”

“Later,” he said.

He reached into the backpack, the one in which he’d so sweetly packed a bottle of wine for our romantic walk earlier, and pulled out a knife. My blood ran cold and every muscle tensed.

He let go of my arm, finally, but I was too terrified to run. “Are you going to kill me?” I asked, certain that he might.

He looked at me like the question was insulting. “That be a waste of good pussy, bitch.” With the knife still in hand, he stood up over. “Do you know how to suck dick?”

I shook my head no.

“Time to learn then, cunt,” he said, “and if you bite me, I’ll cut off your tits.”

I’d never sucked a boy’s penis before. It always sounded so gross. They peed out of there! But with Danny standing over me with that big knife, I knew I didn’t have a choice. “Get sucking!” he shouted when I paused too long, and I hurriedly wrapped my lips around his limp cock.

His dick was caked with cum, blood, sunscreen and sand, a gross mixture that made me gag as soon as I rested it on my tongue. It took all of my willpower to keep from vomiting, but I knew he’d be furious if I didn’t keep sucking.

“Look up at me when you suck,” he barked, and I did. He was stroking the knife, grinning down at me wickedly. Would he really kill me? I didn’t know. He might, I knew. He’d already raped me.

It was a long while before he started to stiffen in my mouth. As his cock grew, he put his hands behind my head and moved it back and forth, trying to force himself into my throat. With my throat blocked, I started to gag and he pulled back, but he laughed at my discomfort.

“Little slut like you oughta know how to suck better,” he said. “How old are you anyway?”

He pulled my head off long enough to answer. “Fourteen,” I said.

“Fuuuck,” he said as he dipped back into my mouth, “just a little baby out here. No wonder you’re so tight.”

For a few more minutes he fucked my face silently, then, with his erection large and steely hard, he pulled back out and shoved me to the ground. “On your hands and knees,” he said.

Maybe I paused too long catching my breath, or maybe I just looked confused, but he got mad. “Crawl, bitch, now!”

I rolled onto my hands and knees like I was going to crawl, but he never said where. “My, my,” he said, “that’s a fine looking ass. Wiggle it for me.” I shook my butt to his apparent satisfaction.

He stood behind me and spit on my butt, then spit on his hand. Even after all that had happened, I thought that was gross, but not as gross as when he rammed two fingers into my ass hole. Not only was that gross, it hurt! I screamed out loud, despite my best efforts to not make him angry. For a long several moments, he pistoned his two fingers in and out of my saliva slicked anus, but the pain didn’t stop.

Finally he knelt down behind me and I girded myself to be raped again. “This is going to hurt a lot,” he said, less as a warning and more as a promise. I was shocked to feel him positioning his cock at the back of my ass, not my pussy. It never even occurred to me before then that guys would want a girl that way—it was something gay men did—but as I screamed in agony he shoved his cock into my tender asshole and sodomized me with the savage abandon of a man who thrives on little girls’ pain.

The pain was unreal. I only wish I could come up with the words to describe it properly. There just aren’t any. Even after having my virginity raped away, this was unbearable. I can’t even remember the things he said to me while he did it, because I couldn’t hear over my own screaming. It was a relief when he finally came and pulled out.

Finally without dick in me, I tried to collapse but he scolded me and made me stay in that prone position while he recovered. I expected him to fuck me again, and I was terrified.

“Let’s go back,” he finally said, almost nonchalantly. I was shocked, but didn’t wait to scramble to my feet.

Our walk back was mostly in silence, at least from my end. What could I say?

Danny, though, took the opportunity to tell me what happened to little girls who didn’t know when to shut up. “You saw how quick those little ‘spics ran off earlier, right?” He asked, “You don’t fuck with me. If you think you hurt now, you have no idea. I’ll make you and every one you know hurt like that, bitch. You don’t want that.”

I didn’t even care anymore. I wanted to be home, bored on the dock. I wanted a shower.

There was a camp fire burning on the beach as we wandered back. Danny’s friends leered at me with knowing smirks, and tossed their friend a beer. “Good times, Danny boy?” one of them asked, staring at me. I was naked and bleeding, with his cum leaking out of me. They all knew what happened, I knew. But they didn’t care.

“Great times,” Danny said, smirking. He smacked my ass. “Blondie here let me pop all three holes, didn’t you, slut?” They all laughed and I just stood there dying a little more.

“Where’s Nikki?” I mumbled. I couldn’t take much more.

“Who?” asked one of the guys.

"My friend,” I said. I was trying not to sob.

“Oh right, chick with the tits. Check back behind the guard’s locker back there. Think she was over there.”

The guys laughed, like I was the butt of some sick joke.

I ran back towards the lifeguard locker that was a hundred yards up the beach, and sure enough, there was Nikki pinned beneath a fat blonde boy who was pumping himself in and out of her. Two of his friends sat back watching, their limp dicks indicating they’d already had their turn. Her hair was sticky and matted, and they’d cum all over her—it was streaked across her skin, matted in her hair, and leaking out of her pussy and ass.

I stood frozen, watching, until the man shot his load and slid off of her. The boys were drunk to the point of stumbling, thankfully, and clearly too spent to have another turn with either of us.

I kneeled next to her and shook her should. “Emily?” she said weakly.

“Come on, Nikki, we gotta get out of here.”

“I think I drank too much,” she said.

We made do with the t-shirts that we left in the canoe. I had to do most of the paddling despite my aching body, because Nikki was barely conscious, and every stroke hurt. I was never so happy to see that shitty little cabin as I was that night.

Bottom of Form