**Eaten Alive**

by Donna M.

“Can I go swimming?” the girl asked, standing by the open gate.

Hi, my name is Alexis Johnson. People call me Alex. We were having a raucous pool party at Jake’s house, since his parents were away for the weekend. I say raucous, but up to the time Lisa came by the beer and booze hadn’t knocked anyone out yet and we girls still had our tops on. I spotted her first and knew right away that these boys would eat her alive.

She was very cute though slightly pudgy in the tummy area. She wore a bikini that my mom wouldn’t have allowed me to wear when I was that age. Some of the guys dismissed her, not bothering to answer probably because of how you she was, though two of the guys did zero in. I managed to get to her first.

“Honey, it’s not a good idea. You’re kind of young to be here with these guys, drinking and all.”

“I like boys. I want to go swimming with them.”

I was trying to urge her out the gate, but Paul and Rick got to us before I could. “I heard that,” Paul said, “and I like girls, so you’ve come to the right place.” He reached his hand to her for a handshake and said, “My name’s Paul, and this is Rick. What’s your name?”

“I’m Lisa,” she said, taking Paul’s hand. Oh yes, she liked boys; her body language even with these two dweebs conveyed excitement. I wondered if she was already sexually active at her young age.

Rick took her hand next, and said, “Come on in and swim with us. Do you like beer?”

I spoke up, “Come on guys. She’s too young to be here. We’re all going to get into trouble.”

Paul said, “No we won’t. C’mon Lisa, let’s get you a beer.”

I heard Rick say in a whisper, “Holy shit, I bet she’s a virgin.”

I remained on the periphery of the party, talking to a girlfriend of mine, Jasmine, and my on-again, off-again boyfriend, Zack, while keeping one eye on the too-innocent Lisa. She drank her first beer much too quickly, and she was already tipsy before the second cup was handed to her.

“Who’s the kid?” Zack asked, grinning.

“Her name’s Lisa. I think she lives next door or something.”

By this time, some bikini tops were already off, and couples were making out. “She shouldn’t be here,” Zack said—an understatement for sure.

Rick and Paul were joined by a couple of other guys in hustling Lisa into the pool. I was worried about her so I watched the whole thing intently. There was a lot of fondling going on, and Lisa appeared aroused by all the attention. Her top was eventually pulled off, and she tried to cover herself with her hands.

The boys seemed intrigued by her small breasts. Their hands overwhelmed hers so eventually they were pawing at her little nipples, and with her natural inhibitions relaxed by the beers, she succumbed. Could I blame her? I thought about how I was at her age; intrigued by cute, older boys and my imprecise fantasizing about them. I fantasized about girls but that’s beside the point. Here she was in pubescent splendor, with all its hormonal implications, surrounded by older boys focused on her and her alone.

I couldn’t see what was going on below the waterline, though their body language suggested some of the boys had dropped their swim shorts and were having Lisa touch them. I looked around the pool and saw that what was going on had become a spectator sport.

Jake, the host of our party, dove into the pool and swam to the group. Like Moses and the Red Sea, the other boys parted for their bigger and stronger classmate and let him come face-to-face with the girl.

The alpha dog had taken over. Jake made body contact with Lisa and they were talking about something. I saw her nod vigorously a few times.

Zack was back next to me with two cups of beer. Handing one to me, he said, “Man, it looks like Jake’s gonna pop another cherry.”

I elbowed him. “You fucking guys are all alike!”

“Yeah!” he said, laughing.

I wouldn’t tell Zack that one of the cherries Jake popped was mine. I was drunk at the time and not proud of it, but them is the facts.

Jake had Lisa by the hand and they were wading to a ladder. As they climbed from the pool, I couldn’t help studying the contrast between the well-built, tanned, older teen boy and the petite, younger girl. Jake quickly got her another beer. I knew how that scheme worked all too well.

During this time just about all the girls except me had gone topless, and a few couples disappeared into the house. Zack teased me about my top. I swatted his hand away but he managed to snag the tie string anyway and pulled it off. Zack was all over me, but when I didn’t respond, he shrugged his shoulders and began talking up another of his old girlfriends, Marie. Her top came off next.

By this time, Lisa was drunk and Jake was ready to make his move. I had no way of knowing if the girl knew what would happen next. I certainly did.

Jake was trying to get her to take her bottoms off. In a “you-show-me-yours-and-I’ll-show-you-mine” sort of game, Jake tugged on the waistband of his shorts so Lisa could look inside. I overheard a few words, “shaved” being one of them. Like a character in a cartoon, Lisa put her hand to her mouth and giggled. He then slid a couple of fingers inside her waistband and pulled. When he looked inside they both laughed. Of course, she must be bald, I surmised.

Jake got on his knees in front of her and slowly teased her bottoms down. When they were at her ankles, he kissed her bare mons. Whether he tongued her or not, I couldn’t tell. He stood and dropped his shorts. She appeared spellbound by the sight of Jake’s cock, already semi-erect. He must have looked huge to the young girl. He picked the giggling, naked girl up over his shoulder and began carrying her into the house. Along the way he gathered a posse of five or six other guys, including his best friend Ryan.

Could I stop them from gang-banging her? I had to try.

I began walking toward the house in earnest, but several drunken boys stopped me along the way and pawed at my tits. I managed to parry their groping but not before I pondered my own risks. The level of intoxication at this party meant I was in danger too, since I didn’t have a boyfriend to “protect” me.

I wandered through the house looking for Jake and Lisa. It didn’t shock me in the least that couples were fucking in every corner. This was like an orgy, and it sickened me. It was like a porn soundtrack was playing; grunts, groans, cries and moans, punctuated by the occasional scream echoed throughout the place.

Passing by one bedroom, I overheard the girl say, “Not there!” before bellowing “Oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh!” I guessed she wasn’t an anal virgin anymore.

That’s when I ran into Jake. He walked out of a bedroom naked and drunk, his dick still semi-stiff, dripping cum, and with flecks of blood on its shaft. “Hey, Alex,” he said a little too loudly. “You want to party?”

“Not like you want,” I answered. I tried to step by him and into the room he exited, figuring Lisa was inside. He blocked my way and took me in a bear hug.

“You’re too uptight. You need a good fucking.”

“I probably do, but that leaves you out.”

“See, that’s what I mean. Stuck up like that. You need to have a few holes loosened up.”

I couldn’t break away from his grasp. I felt his dick rise, brushing against me as it did. He reached down and literally ripped my bottoms off, tearing them at the side and crotch and tossing them aside. It hurt, but not as much as I knew was coming my way. He was a big, strong guy. I kicked and fought as he dragged me into the bedroom. I had no idea whose bedroom it was, but it had two beds, with one already occupied.

Four boys held Lisa down on her stomach as one of them, Tyler, pounded into her. Certainly, Jake had taken her first, the vestiges of her hymen staining his now hard again cock. How many had done her between Jake and Tyler? Her crying sounded like a lost kitten. I felt so sorry for her, but now I had my own worries as Jake pushed me down onto the unoccupied bed and laid on top of me.

“Don’t hurt me,” I whispered.

“You’ll love it, like the first time, bitch. It won’t hurt a bit,” he said, then laughed as he forced my legs apart and got between them.

“What if she gets pregnant?” After all, I didn’t know which side of the pubescent boundary she was on.

He paused a moment before saying, “You mean the little tease?” Another laugh. “She loved every minute of it until this bad boy tore her little cherry to shreds,” he said, his cock in hand, pressing at my vulva. I knew he’d evade my question; something he chose not to think about. No foreplay, no preparation, he simply slammed his rod home. It was okay, I was used to it. While Jake banged away, I looked over at the other bed and made eye contact with Lisa. Her eyes spoke that she was beyond pain and humiliation, even as another boy filled her vagina with his putrid seed.

I shut out Jake’s groaning thrusts and concentrated on sending whatever message of hope through my eyes to Lisa’s, if such a psychic power was possible beyond sci-fi movies. Jake came, and then quickly got off me. He left the room as one of the other boys, Rick this time, bellowed he was cumming while taking one last gratuitous slap at Lisa’s already sore ass.

I shouted to the boys around Lisa, “That’s enough! Leave her alone!” These wimps weren’t man enough to challenge me, so they slinked out of the bedroom one after the other. I hated them all. I also knew their names.

Moving over to the other bed, I lay beside Lisa and tried to console her. She was shattered. She thought it would be cool to play with older boys, never in her wildest imagination thinking it would turn out like this.

“They…they…” she murmured.

“Ssssh. They hurt you is what they did, but now we need to make sure they don’t hurt you even further…and get away with it.”

I put my tattered bikini bottoms back on as best I could. I tore a section of the soiled sheet they fucked Lisa on, and used it like a makeshift diaper on her. It’s called preserving evidence. I walked her gingerly through the house. My expression must have scared away those who may have thought to intercept us in our near nakedness.

Out by the pool I grabbed a beach towel and wrapped it around Lisa. I then gathered up my things, including my bikini top, and hollered to Zack, who was nearby, making out with a different girl, to find Lisa’s bikini. Zack gave me a dirty look but when he saw I wasn’t kidding, he complied.

Putting on a few clothes, I pulled my cell and called Amanda. “Hey, you’ve got the car, so I need a big favor. Me and a friend need a ride to the hospital…right now.” I knew my friend Amanda wouldn’t say no. When I mentioned hospital, Lisa freaked, but I convinced her that she was hurt and needed medical attention. I didn’t tell her what would come next.

Sweetheart Amanda showed up promptly and took us to the local hospital ER. When I said that we were raped, the wheels were in motion and there was no going back. Lisa was petrified, especially about her mom finding out. I told her, “Don’t worry about that. You didn’t do anything wrong. The boys are the bad people, not you,” as I hugged her.

We were put in separate examining rooms, where the cops made sure all the necessary evidence was collected. I didn’t mind the cold intrusion but I was sure Lisa was freaking out by now. I told the cop and the ER doctor that I wanted to be with her. I gave a full statement to the cop in my room and then they let me go to Lisa. I helped Lisa tell her story to another lady cop, finishing up just as her mom showed up. I knew my parents would be there shortly.

The lady cop and the chief ER doc both told me how brave and smart I was to get Lisa to the hospital like I did. I didn’t feel brave, just vindictive.

They had the evidence. I made sure they would give her one of those morning after pills, just in case.

From there on out, Amanda kept me up to date with all the news. Jake and his minions were all arrested for statutory rape. Jake’s problems with having an underage drinking party at his house were the least of his worries. I stayed away from most school friends during this time. Some thought me a rat, though most were okay with thinking of me as a victim. I wasn’t happy with either. What I did do was develop a friendship with the younger girl. Lisa needed a friend to help her heal and prepare her for the ordeal ahead. She was having a hard time reconciling her natural attraction to the older boys with what they did to her. I helped her move on.

Remember I related to you at the beginning of this narrative that I fantasized about girls. We’ll, that was only truthful to a point. I didn’t only like looking at them. For example, Amanda and I were lovers before we were best friends. From the moment I saw the young girl tentatively enter Jake’s backyard wearing that cute bikini, I wanted her. Lisa’s declaration that she “liked boys” didn’t faze me. I knew she’d be educated soon, and it wasn’t as if I hadn’t warned her.

I spent a lot of time with her during all the publicity about the rape. I was a pariah for making the charges, since the boys were very popular in town, but I didn’t care. They were going to get everything they deserved. I talked Lisa into spending time over my house, waiting for the moment I could love her.

One day in my bedroom, sitting on my bed, she told me “I’m never going to have sex again. It’s a bad thing.”

I hugged her, “Oh sweetheart, don’t say that. For one thing, you didn’t have sex, you were raped by boys that knew better. Another thing is that sex isn’t just having sweaty boys grunting and slobbering all over you.”

“What else if not with boys?”

Ah, the magic question.

I wanted to say the right thing and not scare her. “Girls know how to love each other much better than stupid boys know how to love us.”

“Two girls can have sex?” she said, skeptically.

“I’ll tell you a secret. I’ve had sex with girls, and it’s the best!”

“But how?”

Ah, another magic question.

“I’d love to show you, sweetheart, but it wouldn’t be right…so soon after…”

“But I want you to teach me. Will you?” she said with the sweetest, most imploring look on her pretty face.

“Kissing is the most important part,” I said, and then I took her into my arms and kissed her. She was tentative, which I expected, but after a while she warmed to our pressed together lips enough that I slipped my tongue between hers. She didn’t know what was going on but she responded anyway. I was so damned horny for her. I wanted so much to part her thighs and taste her. Like osmosis, my hunger travelled from my lips to hers. I felt it in how she was now hugging me differently. She was breathless by the time our lips moved apart.

“That’s how one girl makes love to another, with her tongue,” I said, fairly breathless myself.

“Can you…like…show me more?”

“Are you sure, sweetheart? I don’t want to make you do something you’re not one hundred percent sure of.”

“I’m sure,” Lisa said. “You are so pretty, and the only one that helped me…that day.”

“You’re the pretty one. I thought you were pretty the moment I saw you.”

She looked at me with wonder, “You did? You think I’m pretty?”

“No, actually, I think you’re beautiful.”

She initiated the kiss this time. She was a fast learner. While we kissed, I took her hand and placed it on one of my breasts. I felt her body quiver so I knew she liked touching me. Just wait until she touches me without a shirt and a bra in between, I thought. My parents always respected my privacy, but nevertheless I locked my door before I took off my clothes. Lisa sat there and stared as my body was revealed. She had seen me naked while Jake was humping me, but this was different. I went to her naked. She explored my body, especially touching and squeezing my breasts. I lay back and let her.

“Your breasts are, like, so cool. I wish I had some.”

“Oh, yes, you’ve got some. You don’t think so?” I said as I lifted her shirt over her head. “These are beautiful.” I tongued a nipple before encircling her bud with my lips, sucking gently. Her moan was priceless. I moved to her other nipple. God, I was so wet! I looked up into her eyes and said, “See? I told you that you have breasts.”

“Can I…like…do that to yours?” she said nearly in a whisper. Her lips did things to me, as I knew they would. While she sucked on my left nipple, I took her hand and moved it to my pussy. “Feel how wet I am. I’m like that for you.”

She pulled away and said, “What do you mean?”

“I want to have sex with you so much I’m getting all juicy down there in anticipation.”

“Can I get juicy too?”

“Let’s see,” I said and took her pants and panties off. I was so in awe of her bald pussy, I wanted to lick it so much. She flinched when I put my mouth down there, probably because of the trauma those boys foisted upon her. “Relax, I promise it’ll feel real good.”

I kissed her bald pubic mound and her puffy pussy lips, before sliding the tip of my tongue between her folds. It took a little while for her to relax, but I kept at it until she began to moan and twitch. I worked at her immature clitoris, wondering if it was sensitive enough yet, even though I vaguely remember mine being sensitive when I was her age.

“It feels good, Alex, oh it feels GOOD!”

I pulled my mouth away and looked up between her quivering thighs to catch her eye. “Isn’t this sex better?”

Yes, OH YES,” she answered as I went back to work with my lips and tongue. I felt the change in the intensity of her trembling before I heard it in her moaning. She was getting closer to cumming. I worked her clit harder until she convulsed and her pussy exploded in sublime wetness. “Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh!” she cried.

I hoped my mom didn’t hear her.

We hugged each other on my bed as she thanked me for doing her. I took the opportunity to explain more of the permutations of lesbian love. She was so eager to make me feel good, but I told her it would come in time. We had plenty of time.

All during the boys’ court hearings (and trials for the older boys) Lisa and I would meet at my house or hers and make love before going to the courthouse to be witnesses against them. Though always suitably reluctant, Lisa was very brave in explaining to the court everything that happened that day at Jake’s house. Because of her age and immaturity, her testimony carried more weight than mine. I heard that Jake’s lawyer wanted to use the fact that Jake had deflowered me as a way to damage my credibility. He must have smartened up when he read my deposition regarding what Jake said to me about Lisa, just before he fucked me.

They all were found guilty. The judge was a tough one. The juveniles were sent to the modern day version of reform school, while those tried as adults got prison sentences. Lisa, though secretly despised by the boys’ families and close friends, was pretty much left alone to grow up after that. My role in the mess was quickly forgotten, except in school where I was avoided by all. I didn’t mind, I had Lisa.

I’m sure we were viewed as the odd pair, the high school girl hanging with the middle schooler. Her pussy licking skills improved to the point she could get me off in seconds, at least that’s how it seemed to me. As she grew pubic hair, I taught her how to shave and wax. We’d have these little ‘parties’ in my bathroom making each other bald—the better to be eaten, my dear. As her breasts grew I knew they’d surpass mine in no time.

Our parents probably thought the bond Lisa and I shared was due to the shared trauma of the rape. Someday they’ll figure out we’re lovers, but until then…

“That’s a scary looking vibrator,” she said one day when I showed her my new toy.

“You wanna try it?” Of course she did.

“Oh God…oh God…OH GOD…OH GOD…” —on and on she cried as the wave of orgasm crashed over her, drowning out the toy’s buzz.

“You want to watch me cum now?” I asked her coyly.

Buzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

There’s real love in those cute eyes of hers, as she watches me climb to climax.

“I’mmmmmmm cummmmmmminggggggggggggg!”

“I love you, Alex.”

“I love you too, Lisa,” I managed to say once I relaxed from the orgasm.

The young girl was mine, just like I knew she would be when I first saw her that day. I played my cards right, and now I’m the only one eating her alive.