

Lover's Guilt

By

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"Here, I got you." Crouched, I reach my open palm over the ledge and Ellie jumps up and grips my forearm as I catch hers. We both give a slight grunt of effort as I help her up. "Alright, come on." I turn and begin to walk, seeking a way down to my brother's settlement.

Ellie pants lightly. "Hey, wait."

I turn back to her and she sighs and turns around a second as if looking for the words or the strength to utter them.

"Back in Boston. Back when I was bitten." She shakes her head. "I wasn't alone. My best friend was there. And she got bit too. We didn't know what to do." She looks away a moment, her expression forlorn. "So...she says, 'Let's just wait it out. Ya know, we can be all poetic and just lose our minds together.'" She pauses for a beat. "I'm still waiting for my turn."

"Ellie—"

"Her name was Riley and she was the first to die." She shakes her head again, plainly blaming herself. "And then it was Tess." A chill rips down my spine as I hear Tess scream, and see a flash of her bullet-riddled corpse. "And then Sam." A terrible memory races through my mind, of Henry shooting Sam atop Ellie, him sobbing, blaming and threatening me, and then shooting himself, unable to deal with his grief.

I push down all my pain to help Ellie deal with hers. "None of that is on you."

"No," she shakes her head, "you don't understand."

"I struggled for a long time with survivin'." Unconsciously I touch my broken watch, thinking of Sarah's death. "And you..." I release Sarah's last birthday gift and my thought of her. "No matter what, you keep finding something to fight for. Now, I know that's not what you want to hear right now, but it's—"

"Swear to me." Ellie stares into my eyes as if she's trying to peer into my soul. "Swear to me that everything that you said about the Fireflies is true."

In her twelve years, I never lied to Sarah, when she asked me about Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, or even her mother. But here I am now, preparing to lie to the only person I really care about. It's killing me inside, but if I tell her the truth, she may hate me, and then I'd have nothing left to live for. "I swear."

She gazes at me a moment, trying to read my face, glances downward with a hint of disappointment in her eyes, and then nods, pretending to accept my lie as truth, though I know her acceptance is another lie. "Okay."

The snap of a twig breaking underfoot spins me to my right. The click of a revolver hammer being cocked has me moving in front of Ellie as I draw my pistol from my hip.

A burly, rough looking man, wearing a black bandanna, steps out from the brush with his revolver aimed at my head. "If ya don't wanna lose more than ya supplies, ya better lower ya weapon."

I'm squeezing the trigger as two more men appear from the forest, shotguns in hand. I ease off and slowly lower my pistol as another six bandits materialize from the wood, one armed with an assault rifle, the others with shotguns and pistols. I holster mine and raise my palms.

Ellie whispers from behind me. "Whatta we gonna do, Joel?"

"Hush, I got this." I raise my voice. "Look, fellas, were just passing through. Our food and ammo are yours. We don't want any trouble."

Black Bandanna smiles a twisted grin. "There won't be no trouble on our part, as long as ya hand over all ya food and ammo like ya say, as well as the pretty little girl."

My stomach drops and my heart leaps into my throat. We're backed up against a ledge with nowhere to flee. I've got to talk my way out of this. "Look, like I said, the food and ammo

are yours for the taking. But the girl...she's *bitten*. You don't want her anywhere near you. And we just want to spend her last hours together in peace."

The bandit leader spits at his feet. "Ya ears not working? Bitten or not, we're taking that piece of ass for ourselves. Me and the boys here haven't had any for a long while, so we'll just have to make due with what time she has left. Real easy now, take off ya holster and pack and toss them here." He gestures to the ground before him with his revolver. "You too, miss cutie pie."

Ellie shouts over my shoulder. "Fuck you asshole!"

I hiss, "*Ellie*, shut up!"

Black Bandanna gropes his crotch with his free hand. "Damn, the little bitch got a fucking mouth on her. We like that, don't we boys?"

The other eight bandits all grunt and holler in excited agreement and perspiration sweeps across my brow and pools in the small of my back.

My hands still in the air, I shake my head. "That's not like her. It's the infection. She's gonna turn anytime now. I'm telling you."

Black Bandanna makes a speed it up motion with his weapon. "Well then, ya better *hurry* up with that holster and pack. If I have to say it again, it's gonna be my revolver doing the talking. Ya hear me?"

Fuckfuckfuck! "Loud and clear." I'm gonna have to hit him with my pack, grab Ellie, leap off the ledge, and do my best to take the brunt of the impact. It's the only hope I got of saving her. I reach to unhook my holster, turning my right foot outward, preparing to spin around quick.

A crash of branches breaking behind the bandits followed by the moaning of Runners turns everyone's attention away from us. This is our chance to make a run for it!

Thinking the same idea as me, Ellie reaches into my pack and hands me a smoke bomb. As I grip it in my palm, I whisper. "A nail bomb too."

Three Runners charge out of the brush in a rage and my smoke bomb bursts in the center of the bandits taking aim, shrouding them all in a billowing darkness. Blinded men scream as they're attacked, pistols and shotguns blasting.

Grasping Ellie's hand, we begin to run, pausing a moment to toss the nail bomb into the diminishing cloud, the explosion and shouts of pain echoing behind us as we flee into the forest, moving towards houses in the distance.

We're breathing hard, kicking dirt in our wake, when shots ring out behind us. We duck behind a pine as shattering limbs shower us with splinters and bits of bark.

Reaching back, I pull a length of rusted metal pipe, with two sharpened scissor blades secured to the end, off my pack, windup and wait.

A bandit clutching a shotgun darts past us, nails half-buried in his bloody shoulder. I leap forward, gnashing my teeth, and swing with everything I got. The blades puncture his skull, tearing from my pipe as I yank it back.

A Stalker rushes me from the left. I twist and strike it across the jaw. Chunks of fungal growths fling off its hideous face as it falls to the ground.

Ellie screams, "*Die you fucker!*" She's on a bandit's back, one arm locked around his throat, repeatedly jabbing him in the chest with her switchblade as he thrashes and shouts.

The Stalker clamors back to its feet, sappy pine needles sticking all over it, and it charges at me croaking. I hammer it across the temple, sending it twirling around, kick it in the back, smacking it into a pine, and bash its cranium between my pipe and the tree trunk with a wet

crunch, its deformed head exploding into a mist of blood, clumps of fungus, globs of brains, and shards of skull fragments.

Discarding the pipe, now broken, I turn back to Ellie as she pulls her knife from the fallen bandit's eye. "Come on. We gotta go." There's no telling how many more infected are in the area or how many more bandits survived the nail bomb.

Ellie snatches up the one-eyed bandit's dropped pistol and I grab the fallen shotgun. As we dash off, Ellie ejects the clip of her pistol, counts the rounds, and reinserts it, while I check the chamber of the shotgun to be sure it's loaded, and then I cram it barrel first into my open pack.

We race through the forest, weaving between pines until gunfire cracks and a bullet zips passed my ear. Clutching Ellie by the shoulders, I shove her against a tree, squeezing her between me and the trunk, as hot lead eats up the surrounding branches, spraying us with slivers of wood.

During a pause in the shooting, I peep between the broken limbs and scan for the glint of the dying sunlight reflecting off belt buckles. I spot a bandit reloading his pistol to the left and another to the right.

I whisper, "A bandit at ten and two. I'll take—"

A guttural snoring growl and slow pounding footfalls alert me to the presence of a Bloater, coming from behind us.

I hiss, "Oh *shit! Shit!*"

Ellie's eyes narrow in resolve, trying to hide her fear. "I'll keep the bandits busy while you handle the Bloater."

With no other choice, I nod, spin around and drop to one knee. I pull my shotgun as Ellie returns fire on the bandits, her pistol thundering behind me. Then I unsling my pack and rummage for a Molotov Cocktail.

The monstrous infected crests a nearby hilltop, and lets out an elephant-like snarl of fury before marching down toward us. It'll be on top of us in a few seconds!

I drop the shotgun to dig in my pants pocket for my Zippo, as my hand closes around a glass bottle that I've filled with alcohol. I pull it out, and with thumb and forefinger, I spin off the cap. Then pull an old rag from my pack, stuff it in the top, and flip it over once to saturate the cloth wick, as I rip the lighter from my pocket and smack it across my bicep, clicking it open.

Ellie cries over the bestial roar of the Bloater. "One of them is circling around!"

The Bloater rips a sack of mycotoxin from its swollen gut, and reaches back its arm, preparing to hurl the pouch of poison at us, as I thumb the Zippo's flint-wheel once, twice, a third time, and finally, it ignites.

I light the alcohol soaked rag and fling the fire bomb. It arcs through the air, trailing smoke and fire, and smashes against the thick fungal plates of the Bloater's massive chest, dousing it with orange flames. Flailing its arms, it drops the sack and continues to descend upon us with a horrible, enraged bellow.

Scooping up the shotgun, I press the stock to my shoulder as I take aim. Bullets scream across my field of vision, one of the bandits getting the angle on me, as I squeeze the trigger, blasting the Bloater in the face. The infuriated behemoth continues to barrel down on us and I fire again. Then roll over, spilling the contents of my pack, and the infected collapses beside me in a burning heap of sizzling flesh, flames searing away its bubbling and popping tissues into cinders and noxious smelling smoke that wrenches my stomach.

Hot blood splashes over me as bullets meant for me hit the Bloater's burning carcass.

Spotting the bandit, Ellie turns and fires, shooting him in the neck. He drops his pistol and grabs at his gushing throat as he crumbles.

Dirt and pine needles spit in my face as rounds bite into the earth before me, and I pull my pistol and fire blindly in the direction of the gunshots.

Ellie fires before I've even spotted the bandit, and shouts in triumph. "I got him!"

I pant, "Good job, Ellie." And hurry to sweep my scattered supplies back into my pack, zip it up, and sling it onto my back.

We sprint up the hill the Bloater had descended, and when we reach the apex, I glance back to see Black Bandanna, a nail protruding from his right eye, blood dribbling down his cheek, carrying the assault rifle over his shoulder. Our gazes lock for a moment, his vengeful vicious intent burning in his remaining eye, before I turn away.

The forest thins to disclose a grouping of a half-dozen mountain homes, each in various states of ruin. "We've got to get inside, Ellie. The bandit leader isn't far behind."

She wheezes, "Okay. Which one?"

I point to the third house, as the first would be the most obvious place to hide, and the third looks to be in the best condition. "The blue one."

We trek through the overgrown yards and quietly climb the front porch. Checking the door, I find it locked. So I move to the nearest window, pull out the screen, and palms pressed to the dirty glass, I slide it open with a faint squeak.

I climb through to a dust covered kitchen, and close my eyes, listening intently as Ellie slips inside behind me. I hear the echolocation screeching clicks of three Clickers, spread throughout the house. One on the first floor, two on the second. There isn't any time to check another house.

Ellie closes the window as Black Bandanna shouts from nearby. "I'm coming for ya fucks!"

Crouching down, I creep forward into the living-room, where I find the first Clicker. It shambles and stumbles about, writhing its head and shoulders spastically. I pull a shiv from my pants pocket as I slink up behind it, inhale a steadying breath, and then throw my arm around its throat, yanking back its head, and stab the shiv into its jugular, blood spraying everywhere.

Bullets pepper the house in a staccato outburst of gunfire, shattering windows and punching holes in the walls.

The two remaining Clickers rush down the stairs in a berserker rage, and I flip the couch over in front of me. "Ellie, get upstairs!"

She vaults over the banister and scurries up the stairs as I pull out my shorty and drop low. Rounds pour into the house, whizzing over me, bursting dishware and ricocheting off metal appliances. I blast the closest charging Clicker in the face, blowing its fungal dominated head off its shoulders. Then do the same to the other, before throwing myself flat on the floor.

A rifle shot booms from upstairs, and the barrage of gunfire dies. Ellie cheers, "Headshot!"

I rise with a sigh of relief, dust myself off, and walk into the kitchen, where I wipe the table clean, before dishing out the last of our rabbit stew.

Ellie comes in, drops her pack next to mine, and takes off her red plaid jacket, uncovering her faded tropical sunset red T-shirt over a black long-sleeve thermal, and tosses it over a chair. "I took care of the bed, so we're set for sleep."

"Good." We sit together. "We'll make for the settlement in the morning."

We devour our cold food in silence, though it's obvious Ellie's holding something back, until she sensually sucks her spoon clean while staring at me with a provocative expression. "I know you watched me bathe yesterday, Joel. I liked it."

Absolutely stunned, I drop my spoon and it clatters across the floor.

"I noticed you peeking as I stripped. I turned my back before pulling down my undies, to give you a little show. I wish I had the fancy kind for you, like in old magazines. How many times did you watch me over the last year that I didn't notice?"

Every time. "I was only watching to protect you. You know it's dangerous to let you out of my sight."

"That may be true, but you also had your hands in your pants. Don't deny it. I know your favorite part was when I turned around and bent over, because when I glanced over my shoulder, your eyelids were fluttering."

The sight of her cute little bubble exposed, makes me cum so hard, I'm disgusted with myself. Although I've always watched her bathe, it was only in the last few months that I've given into the temptation to pleasure myself as I watched her strip, wash, and masturbate. I lie, for the second time today, and it tears at my heart as I do. "It was *one* moment of weakness. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have, but as a man, I have needs, which haven't been met in a long time."

"Tess isn't here to satisfy them, but I am." The mention of Tess is a harrowing rent at my heart. We were never in love because I didn't have the courage to allow that to happen, but we did take solace in each other's arms. For several years we couldn't go a night without fucking. It was our only relief from the constant strife and struggle. "Did you like the way I touched myself? I was thinking of you. I always think of you when I touch myself that way."

Of course, I do, but I'm not gonna admit to it. And the fact that she was thinking of me, makes it all the more erotic, and despicable of me. "Well, you shouldn't. I'm old enough to be your *grandfather*. Wasn't there any boys in Boston you liked? If you *have* to do that to yourself, think of them instead."

"I was never interested in boys. Still aren't. There was Riley, but she was gone before we had much time to explore that kind of relationship. I'm interested in *you*."

"Ellie, you're like a daughter to me." No matter how hard I fought not to let that happen. "We can never have that kind of relationship. Forget it."

She brushes her hair behind her left ear. "I can't, and I'm not Sarah, even if you wish I were."

I wince but Ellie doesn't look away as she normally would at my expression of anguish. For years all I thought about, all I wished for, was the chance to go back and sacrifice myself for Sarah. I berated myself. If only I had turned in the opposite direction, or realized what was coming a moment sooner. I contemplated suicide, only resisting it because I'd lost all faith in a God and an afterlife where I could be rejoined with her. "Of course, I wish I could have Sarah back. But I'd never trade your life for hers. *Never*. Understand?"

"I do, Joel." She rises from her chair, steps close, and rests a hand on my shoulder. "And that's one of the reasons why I care so deeply for you."

"Oh, baby girl." I stand and embrace her, holding her head to my chest. "You're mixed up inside. I understand that. This is a tough world and all we got is one another. But what you're thinking about, it's just wrong, no matter how much we care about each other."

She looks up at me with imploring eyes. "If we both want it, how can it be wrong?"

I rub my thumb over the scar that bisects her right eyebrow. "It just is."

"That's not an answer." She furrows her brow in annoyance. "You're gonna have to do better than that."

"You're a child. I'm an adult. Nothing else needs to be said on the matter."

Palms to my chest, she pushes herself away in a fit of agitation. "I'm not a child, Joel!"

"In comparison to me, you are. I'm more than twice your age."

"Why does that matter?"

"Because we're on different maturity levels. If I did anything with you, it'd be considered taking advantage of your innocence."

"What innocence? If I didn't lose that when I killed my first non-infected, I lost it when I... David with his machete. And I know I'm more mature than girls my age from before the outbreak."

"I'll give you that one. You're more mature than teenage girls from before, but that doesn't mean it's right for us to be intimate together."

Her hands land stout on her hips. "And I still haven't heard a convincing reason."

"I don't need to convince you, Ellie. What I say, goes. And I say you're too young. End of conversation."

She jabs an angry finger in my face. "*Fuck that, Joel.*" She waves her hands about in frustration. "After everything we've been through together. All the close calls. All the violence. All the times we saved each other's lives. All the quiet moments together appreciating the beauty of nature. After all that, you don't get to tell me what *you* say goes. You need to give me a good *reason!*"

"Tommy and Maria won't approve, and the people of their settlement won't either. And we haven't anywhere else to go."

She huffs. "Then don't tell them. I won't. It'll be our secret until I'm old enough that they *do* approve."

"It's not gonna happen, Ellie. I'm telling you again, just forget it!"

She inhales a furious breath through her little button nose, before letting it out in a stormy bout of outrage. "I'm just supposed to *forget* about it?! Just *forget* how I feel about you?! Just *forget* how I know you feel about me?! Just *forget* that you chose my life over a possible cure, that could have saved the entire world?! Yeah, I know you lied about the Fireflies! I'm not *stupid*, Joel, and I know you well enough to know when you're being dishonest! Who are *you* to have taken that choice from me?!"

"*Marlene* took it from you! And I wasn't gonna let you *die* without having at least been given the choice! If *Marlene* had allowed you to make the decision on your own, I wouldn't have interfered, but the fact is, she didn't!" I sigh with a heavy heart. "I admit my choice was selfish, but do you honestly believe after all the horrors of humanity that you've witnessed, that your life is worth sacrificing for them? Do you believe a vaccine can cure the rotten souls of the last of us? And the conditions of the present world are no excuse for their actions. The atrocities of humankind before the outbreak were far worse. I could give you example after example that would sicken you."

Her green eyes well with tears that trickle down her freckled cheeks as she asks. "Weren't there any good people?"

I thumb away her warm tears. "Lots, but most of them chose to be ignorant, or to live in denial, rather than take any action."

She snuffles and wipes her nose on her sleeve. "Don't you think if we had a cure, we could rebuild the old world while remembering the lessons taught to us by this one, so we could make it better?"

"The old world is extinct. And there is nothing you, me, or anyone else can do about it."

Her fair cheeks flush again, preluding another cry. "What about everyone who *died* to help me get to the Fireflies?"

I grip her by the shoulders, giving them a reassuring squeeze. "You don't need to feel guilty for living rather than dying. *I* made the choice for you to live. That burden is mine now, and I'll happily carry it."

"Ever since I was bitten and didn't turn, my only purpose, my only reason to fight, was that I was carrying the hope of a possible cure. Now that that hope is gone, my purpose, my reason, is *you*." Her mournful expression morphs into devout determination. "And I'm not gonna settle for a friendly father figure. I want *all* of you because you're all I've got, and I know I'm all you got. So forget about what was considered right or wrong in that extinct world, and give into what we *both* want and need. *Kiss* me, Joel. *Kiss* me without restraint. *Kiss* me with everything you've been holding back. *Kiss* me with everything you feel for me. *Kiss* me! *Kiss* me! *Kiss* me! *Kiss*—"

With a surge of intense need, I cradle the back of Ellie's head, throw my other arm around her waist to pull her close and press my lips firmly to hers. For a moment, I feel as though I'm kissing Sarah but I push that thought away, and trace the insides of Ellie's soft lips with my tongue as she coos into my mouth and clutches hold of me. Her tongue touches the tip of mine, and then we're coiling them around each other in a frenzied delirium of overwhelming passion. My hand gripping Ellie's hip unconsciously glides down and cups a cheek, and Ellie groans and gropes at my chest until she's popping off the buttons of my flannel as she rips it open.

As her palms are skimming over my rigid abs I break away, and grasping her by the arms, I push her back a step. "We can't do this. *We can't!*"

Once she has caught her breath, she stuns me again. "I wanna see your cock, Joel. Show it to me."

"*What?! No. No way, Ellie.*"

"Come on, Joel. I never seen one in real life. Let me see it, *please*."

"No fucking way. I'm not gonna deny that I enjoyed...what just happened, but I can't allow it to happen again."

She stomps a foot and throws her hands out at her sides in anger. "Are you *afraid*, Joel?! Afraid to have some actual fucking enjoyment in your life? Afraid to let me in?" She sighs and drops her tone. "Are you afraid you'll lose me like your daughter? Everyone dies eventually, Joel. Why not savor the time we have together now for all it's worth?"

"Shit, Ellie." I stroke my beard and clench my fist in defeat. "When did you become so insightful?"

She just grins at me. "Show me your cock, Joel."

I sigh and close my eyes a moment, baffled by my complete loss of morality. "Haven't you seen it already?"

She shakes her head. "*No.*"

I raise a skeptic eyebrow. "Even when I was injured?"

"Even half-*dead*, you made me turn around before you'd take a piss."

"I think showing you my dick is moving a little too fast. Let's just stick with the kissing for now."

"It's just a cock, Joel. Why you making it a big deal? Are you ashamed because it's *small*?"

I know she's trying to manipulate me, but I can't help but defend my masculinity. "No, *small* is not one of the words anyone has ever used to describe it."

Her hands are on her hips again, as if to say I'm being completely unreasonable. "Well, then prove it, Joel."

"You want proof? *Fine*. Here it is." I unbuckle my belt, unbutton and unzip my jeans, and then yank both my pants and undershorts down to my knees. "Is that proof enough for you, Ellie?"

"Oh my god, Joel! It's *huge*! Is it supposed to be that big? That can't be normal! It can't be! The naked guys in Bill's porno mag weren't that big!"

"Calm down, Ellie. It's not even hard. It gets bigger."

"*Bigger?! I don't believe you. I wanna see it hard!*"

"Well, I'm not gonna jerk it in front of you."

"Then let me. I wanna see. Come on!"

I grab my pants and begin to pull them up. "No, you wanted to see it, now you've seen it, and I'm putting it away."

Ellie begs, "Please, Joel, *please*." And grips my shaft in the palm of one small hand, and I can't bring myself to swat her away, or to argue with her, or even to speak at all. All I can do is softly groan as she begins to stroke it gently with a look of wonder.

Within seconds I'm fully erect, and Ellie's face is a beaming beacon of childlike excitement. "Ooo, I wanna kiss it! I wanna lick it! I wanna taste it! I wanna put it in my mouth!"

I swallow hard, and stammer, "Uh, no, no, that's not, um, not a good idea."

She drops into a squat and begins to trail silken kisses up and down the length of my throbbing shaft, and for the blink of an eye, I see Sarah's smiling face kissing my manhood.

I release my pants and gingerly cup Ellie's chipmunk cheeks, as she repeatedly licks the underside of my prick with the flat of her tongue. I know I should put a stop to this, but I can't seem to muster the strength to do so.

Ellie rubs the fat head of my dick on her puckered wet lips as if she were applying lipstick, and I groan, "*Ooh*, baby girl."

She grins up at me in reply, then opens her mouth wide and closes her lips around the head of my prick. She swipes her warm tongue back and forth across the ultra-sensitive tip, and a blissful tremor runs through me, and I have to lean back against the table.

Curling the slender fingers of one small hand around my shaft, she begins to gently pump my cock as she sucks and licks the head. The soft suckling noises uttering from her lips vanquishes all my remaining thoughts of resistance.

I slip a hand into the front of Ellie's thermal to caress her bosom, and I'm immediately reminded of just how young she is by her total lack of breasts. She doesn't wear a bra because she doesn't need one. I'm a dirty old man allowing this sweet little girl to nurse on my dick.

I swallow my shame and tease her tiny nipples stiff, but defy the impulse to pull off her T-shirt and thermal. I don't need any more reminders of her adolescence.

Still softly stroking my shaft, she looks up at me with a demure expression, pleading for approval. "Do you like the way I suck it, Joel? Does it feel good?"

“Fuck, Ellie, if there’s a hell, I’m going there. But I won’t be able to say it wasn’t worth it.”

She giggles with a bright smile at my praise and then continues suckling the head of my cock.

As I gently groan due to her heavenly molestation, I massage her neck and shoulders, giving them something to do so they don’t wander down into the back of her pants and fondle her bottom.

Slipping her free hand into her pants, Elle’s eyes roll back and she begins to make a moaning purring that drowns out the soft sucking noises of her lips. And she instantly jerks me rougher, her wet palm smacking the base of my dick, sucks me harder, her cheeks concave, and bobs her head faster, really getting into it now.

I have a hard time refusing the swelling urge to grip her by her ponytail and forcefully fuck her throat like Tess used to enjoy. Tess liked it really rough. “Deeper, Ellie, take it deeper.” She pauses to whine. “I can’t. It’s too big. I’m gonna choke.”

I rub my cock across her cheek. “Didn’t you say you wanted all of me?”

“I did. I do, Joel. But I don’t know how. I don’t think that’s even *possible*.” And her eyes flare.

“Trust me, it is.” Tess managed it just fine. “Just relax your throat and take it a little deeper with each bob. Don’t try to take it all at once.” And I bop her little button nose with my prick.

“Okay, I’ll try. But no promises. Your dick is scary big, Joel.” Laying my balls on her chin, she looks at my shaft cross-eyed. “It’s bigger than my fucking head.”

She takes me into her mouth again, bobs a few times, then slams my dick into the back her throat and gags. She tries it twice more, gagging with each effort. “*Fuck*, it’s too big!”

I thumb away the tears running down her cheeks. “It’s okay, Ellie.”

“I’m gonna make you cum, one way or another, I *swear*.” And then she sucks and sucks and sucks, but not much more than the head, as she pumps my shaft while fingering herself until she reaches climax with my dick in her moaning mouth.

Gasping to catch her breath, she asks, “Are you almost...?”

I shake my head with a grin. “Not even close.”

She stretches her mouth open and closed. “My jaw’s tired. Is it okay if—”

“Of course, you can take a break.” I pull her to her feet and peck her lips. “It’s your first time, so I don’t expect you to be a pro.”

She tugs my cock with both her fisted hands as I kiss her deeply, and discover my own hands groping eagerly at her little rump.

After several gratifying minutes of intense kissing and heavy fondling, Ellie pulls away, spins around, and looks back over her shoulder. “I know you like my butt, *weirdo*.” She unbuttons and unzips her pants, then pulls them down to her knees, and points her pantie clad bottom at me with a giggle. “You can play with it if you want.”

I fall to my knees as though the brilliant light of an angel has blinded me. I stroke my palms up and down her soft slender thighs. I dot sucking kisses along the creases where her cheeks meet her legs. Gripping the waistband of her white cotton panties, I ever so slowly roll them halfway down her thighs, unveiling her perfect little bubble, so cute and unblemished. I lick every inch of her cheeks, starting on the outside and working toward the crack, one side and then the other. Palming her cheeks, I spread them apart, revealing her tight pink star. I drag my tongue up her crack, around her rosebud, up to the top, then down again, around the opposite side of her

bud, to the very bottom. I squeeze her cheeks and blow a soft breath over her tiny pucker. Finally, I press my face between her cheeks and swirl my tongue into her taut asshole, before jabbing it deep inside with a ravenous groan of lustful hunger.

Ellie lets out a gasping moan. "Ooh my god, Joel!"

My cock throbs as I knead her cheeks so fierce, while breathing heavily the delicious musk of her ass, and lapping and laving her bud with my manic tongue, losing myself in the luscious rapture of her sweet little bum, wishing I was using my dick instead of my tongue.

I faintly hear Ellie cooing in elation. "Ooh, Joel, that feels *good*. Is it normal for me to like this?"

Some time later, when I surface from my ass-crazed madness, I spring to my feet, give each of her cheeks a stinging slap that causes her to shout and clench. Then I swing her around, push her backward onto the table, split her legs, and bury my face in her moist pussy in a gluttonous revelry of rhapsody, hoping to drown out my overpowering desire to fuck her virgin asshole.

Ellie moans, "Ooh, yes! Ooh, Joel! Ooh, your tongue feels so good!"

I suck and lash her sensitive button, and hot juices seep from her slit that I find more delicious than any woman's I've tasted before. Her whimpering and mewling in reaction to my oral stimulation is more arousing than any woman's I've heard before. I drink from her with an insatiable thirst and discover I've never relished this act to such an astounding degree before.

The heels of Ellie's sneakers scrape up and down my back as her legs go wild, and her bunged panties rub the back of my head, messing my hair, as she cries out, "Ooh fuck, Joel! Ooh, fuck! Fuck! Fuuuck!"

Her quaking thighs clinch around my head and her fingers pull at my hair as she squirts into my thirsty mouth and down my beard.

When her clenched fists and pinched legs go slack, releasing me, I wipe my face with my flannel, then pull her up to kiss her panting mouth with incredible zeal. As I suck her tongue like a famished wolf, I roll my hips, grinding my erection against her dripping fissure.

Ellie pulls away and pleads. "Put it inside me, Joel! I want it! I want it *inside* me! Please! Joel!"

The only reply I can muster is to cradle the back of her head and kiss her deeply while grazing my stiff cock between the petals of her delicate flower.

Eventually, she breaks away, her chest still heaving, and cries, "Fuck me, Joel! Fuck me!"

I gaze down at my prick, which appears *monstrous* in contrast to her elfin cleft, just like *me* for considering the idea of fucking her. This is wrong! So fucking wrong! She's too fucking young! "I *can't*, Ellie, I'm sorry."

"Yes, you can! I know you want to! I've known since the winter. Probably before you even did. A bunch of times when I was snuggled close to you, trying to keep us from freezing, you ground your bulge into my crotch as you slept, and squeezed me so tight I could barely breathe. When I'd put my back to you, you'd just grind into my butt instead. You would moan louder and louder until you shivered. The, um, *weird* part, is that you'd go back and forth between mumbling my name and, um, Sarah's."

A flash of foggy images is dredged up from the deep recesses of my memory. "Ellie, I'm so sorry. I vaguely recall these dreams, or nightmares, where I was, um, making love to you, but you kept changing into Sarah."

"It's okay. You weren't exactly with it. And the friction actually felt really nice. Plus it warmed me up a little. But stop fucking *teasing* me, Joel, and *fuck* me!"

“Ellie, I confess there’s nothing more that I want at this moment, but in my heart, I know I shouldn’t.”

“That’s not your heart! It’s your big stupid brain! Stop clinging to the ideas of the old world! *Fuck me!*”

“You’re mature for your age, but that still doesn’t make you a woman. I’m a goddamn pervert to have done what I’ve already done here.”

“I bleed once a moon, Joel. I’m small and I don’t have any real boobs yet, but I’m still a fucking woman! *Fuck me!* I want it! You want it! *Please, Joel! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!*”

I kick back my hips and then lunge them forward in a savage thrust, burrowing my prick to the full depth of Ellie’s sheath, and her eyes bulge and her mouth stretches wide in a scream of pain and pleasure.

I pull back slow and give her virgin-taut teenage pussy another plunge, and her cleft clenches around my cock as her eyelids flutter and her every muscle shudders in ecstasy.

She hugs her arms and legs around me, panting her hot breath on the nape of my neck, still shaking all over and squirting feminine nectar onto my pulsating prick, which dribbles from my balls, as I gradually roll my hips, softly gouging her quivering cunt, while I groan her name over and over again.

Her brow glistens with perspiration due to the severity of her pleasure, and her lips tremble as she cries. “Ooh, *Joel!* Ooh, your big cock feels so *fucking good!* It’s so much *better* than my fingers ever felt! Does my pussy feel good? Does your dick feel good inside me?”

Cock embedded in her cleft, I climb onto the table as I reply. “*Ooh, baby girl.* My dick has never felt so good inside anyone.”

She clutches at my triceps and shoulders, clawing at my shirt, crying and moaning, as I thrust into her, firm but tender, again and again.

Her watery eyes wide with profound sensation, Ellie pants between my rhythmic plunges. “Joel...Joel, I...I think...I think I...I think I—”

“*Shhh, Ellie.* No more confessions.”

“But, *Joel!*” Tears trickle down her temples. “I think I—”

I kiss her soft but ardent, mirroring the spirit of our lovemaking, keeping her from touching my heart any more deeply than she already has.

A short time later, Ellie breaks our passionate kiss. “*Ooh, Joel!* Here comes another *aaaah!*”

I hold back my orgasm as she convulses below me, her cramping cunt so tight my cock couldn’t spew my seed even I wanted to.

When she finally stills, I moan into her ear. “I’m about there, but I shouldn’t release inside you.”

She reaches between us with one hand, clutches the base of my manhood, pulling me from her creamy depths, and pokes the head of my sopping dick at her rosebud. “Finish in my butt, Joel.”

I caress her cheek. “Ellie, are you sure?”

She chomps her bottom lip, her emotionally desperate expression revealing her fear. “Yes. Do it.”

Kissing her cheek, I whisper into her ear. “Thank you.” And then I delve into her ass with a snarling grunt of grueling exertion as she arches her spine and throws back her head, squealing

a shuddering gasp of excruciating agony. Her teeny asshole is so unbelievably tight that it feels like I'm tearing a new orifice into her body.

I halt with my prick half-burrowed in her spasming anus, my cock pulsating hard with my pounding heart.

Ellie cries out, "Ooh, *fuck*, Joel! It's so *fucking* big in my butt! *Ooh*, fuck! *Ooh*, fuck! *Fuck!*"

I stroke her soft hair. "I can take it out. Do you want me to take it out? I'm gonna take it out. It's okay."

She shakes her head. "No, I want all of you! I *need* all of you! Please, Joel! I want you to cum inside me! *Please!*"

I peck her lips and then give a slow shove, gradually cramming my entire member into her bottom, as she trembles and twitches and hyperventilates.

I kiss her quivering lips. "That's all of me. You've got all of me now."

She squirms against me, claws at my back, and gnaws the collar of my shirt. "Holy shit, *Joel!* Holy shit! Oh my god! *Fuck!* *Fuuuck!*"

I palm the sides of her head, press my forehead and nose to hers, and stare into her crying eyes. "*Ellie*, breathe with me now. In and out *slow*. Come on."

She shudders, "But-but *Joel!*"

"Inhale through your nose, exhale through your mouth."

"It's so *big!* Too *big!*"

"Just breathe like I do." I breathe deep and slow, trying to coax her into doing the same.

Finally, she attempts to breathe with me. "Oh, *Joel!* It's—"

"Now unclench your cheeks. It'll help. I swear."

During five minutes of synchronized breathing, she gradually manages to unclench her little rump, and then she whispers, "Now I know what it felt like to fall on that rod."

I grin at her exaggeration. "I'm sure it's not quite that bad."

She almost smiles, but it turns into a wince. "Oh *yeah*, how about I jam my fist up your butt, and see how it compares?"

I snort. "I'm not that kinky." I peck her lips. "But thanks for the offer."

She laughs. "You think this is funny? Spearing a little girl in the butt with your *Frankenstein* dick?"

I grin and arch my brows. "Oh, right, so *now* you're an innocence little girl?"

She succeeds in actually smiling this time. "Yes, and you've clearly taken advantage of me."

I peck the corner of her smirking mouth. "Well, I've come this far. I might as well finish."

I pull back, all but the head, and she shivers and moans. "*Ooh*, Joel, *yes.*"

I pause for a breath, before forging into her again with a carnivorous groan, as she cries, "*Ooh, ooh, ooh.*"

I proceed at this snail's pace, halting briefly between each drive and retraction, as Ellie moans and clings to me. If I gave her viselike anus a few powerful thrusts I would climax, but I don't want to hurt her any more than I already have. So slow and easy I continue, kissing her softly while wallowing in the euphoria of her affection and the wondrous pleasure of her ass.

Eventually, she pants, "Joel, I think I'm gonna cum? Is that possible in the butt?"

"Yes, and it's usually more intense than any other way."

"Then I want you to cum with me."

“If you really want me to cum with you, I’m gonna have to pump you harder and faster than I have been. Is that okay?”

She nods her head and kisses my arduously. “Do it, Joel. Fuck me hard! Cum in my butt!”

I pull out her ponytail and fist her hair. Then discontinue all pauses, gradually increasing the rhythm and strength of my lunges as I stare into Ellie’s beautiful green eyes, so full of yearning and devotion, as we groan and moan into each other’s mouths.

Soon her moans become screaming cries, and my groans become feral grunts. My pelvis smacks against her louder and louder. The table is rocking so hard I fear the legs with bust before I finish.

We’re still gazing deep into one another’s heavy-laden eyes, Ellie shrieking in a paradox of pain and pleasure, me snarling and growling like a rabid dog as I jackhammer her little rump when her eyelids begin to flutter. Then both of us are convulsing in a seizure of thrilling satisfaction, more incredible than any orgasm I’ve experienced before, as I shoot hot streams of gooey spunk into her clenching ass.

I collapse atop her in a narcotic haze of exhaustion, my cock still plugging her anus, and she passes out.

Some time later, after catching my breath, Ellie mutters, “You’re crushing me.”

I peck her temple. “Don’t move.” Then climb off the table, piss into the sink, pour water from my canteen onto a piece of cloth and clean myself, then pull up and fasten my jeans.

Scooping Ellie off the table, I sit her over the edge of the sink. As she urinates, I wring out the cloth and re-wet it, then I gingerly clean Ellie’s nether regions, all red, swollen, and oozing both our fluids.

After slinging her over my shoulder, I pull up her panties and pants best I can, grab our packs with my free hand, and carry her up the stairs and into the master bedroom, where Ellie already prepared the bed, beating the blankets and pillows clean. I drop our packs next to it, pull back the covers, and gently lay Ellie down. I barricade the door, shoving a heavy bureau against it, check that all the windows are locked, and climb in beside her, after tucking my loaded revolver, safety on, under my pillow, and my pistol between the mattress and box-spring. I always sleep with my boots on, and Ellie with her sneakers on, in case we’re awakened and have to move fast. Nothing hinders a quick escape more than a lack of footwear.

Ellie intertwines her legs with mine, one slim thigh pressed comfortably against my groin, curls her arms around me, gripping the backs of my shoulders, and nuzzles her face into my bare chest with an affectionate purr. Half-asleep, she mumbles softly, “I love you, Joel.”

I haven’t felt this content and sated in more than twenty years. I haven’t felt this hopeful in just as many. I haven’t felt this *blessed* or this protective of someone since Sarah was born.

Realizing that Sarah’s last birthday gift, all thanks to Ellie, is no longer a reflection of my heart, I unclasp my broken watch and toss it into the corner. I won’t be needing it anymore.

I kiss the top of Ellie’s head, and whisper, “I love you too, baby girl.”