Paula and Ian - Cherry

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With few friends, alone at home and school becoming a battle ground, Ian is my life raft

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Tina was abso-fuckin-lutely just chipper after her deflowering. Her and Mark were like sickening examples of love and joy. I had been moved to the side car of Tina's life. It sucked.
"Why so glum, chum?" Ian said coming up to my table.
"You are such a fucking dork." I said.
"Dork? Man, you must be out of it if that's the best come back you have." Ian said.
He sat down and slipped a CD across the table at me.
"What's this?" I asked.
"It's a CD full of old-school Goth music. Try it, you'll like it."
"Who's on it?"
"You know, The Sisters, Bauhaus, Siouxsie, Fields, Ministry, all the big names the yuppies will never know."
"I'm depressed Ian, how is listing to whiners whine about being more depressed than me going to make me feel better."
"Ahh, that is the reason I hand you the classics my negative minded friend. It's only after Goth became popular that everyone started singing about death and vampires and shit like that. You need to let…"
"Rozz Williams hung himself." I said giving that time to sink in before saying, "It's still depressing and I don't wear black and paint spider webs on my face and pout for a living."
I had gone too far. I was pissed and lashing out. Ian was trying to be a friend and I was being an ass.
"Sorry dude, here…" I held out my hand for the CD. Ian happily handed the CD over and seemed satisfied that he had spread the church of Goth.
"Ian…" I asked, "Ian, do you ever feel like maybe you somehow did something like really karmically fucked up and your life is so whacked that you are like totally confused if you are paying for it or what?"
"Like every day my beautiful Ophelia, every day." Ian said.
"I'm in love with Tina." I said and waited for Ian's reaction. I expected shock, dismay, laughter,

disbelief or something other than his calm reply.
“And?” Ian asked.
“What? I mean I’m like really in love with Tina.” I said.
“Yeah, and?” Ian asked again.
“Okaaay…”
“What?” Ian asked, “Did you expect that to be a shock? Well allow me to be the first to enlighten you, oh delusional one, everyone knows.”
“What? What do you mean everyone?” I asked.
“I mean it’s like common knowledge. You and Tina are like well known subject matter. But…” Ian looked pained. I wasn’t sure I wanted to know what he had to say next.
“What?” I asked.
“You won’t like it chica.” He said.
“Ian, just say it or I’ll kick your ass.”
“Ok, ok. No reason to get violent. It’s just that the rumor abounds that it’s more you than Tina. They say that you are the lesbo and Tina is just like…well you know.”
“No, I don’t know.”
“Tina is just like being nice to you.” Ian said.

What Ian said weighed heavy on my mind. I had plans to meet Tina at the lake a couple of days later. I waited for her and expected her to show up alone. Instead she came with all her friends. The afternoon became an exercise in showing face while being completely ignored. Too cool for you fool, was the attitude and it seemed like the more I tried to get Tina’s attention the more I looked exactly that, a fool.

I went back to watching out my window for Meredith but that was a no show and no calls back from her or Nick. I couldn’t believe it. Nick had told me he loved me.

I found myself in a different school. Oh, nothing had changed but how I saw people looking at me. Paraniod? Yes. The only one out of Tina’s friends that gave me any attention at all was Mark. I had my suspicions why.
Mark’s friend Phil paid attention to me as well, but not the attention I wanted. Phil made it his personal mission to open the world up to my sexual preference. Phil’s favorite game? Out the Dyke in the hall.
“Listen dyke…” Phil said.
“Hey Phil, it’s cool. Paula is my friend.” Mark said.
“Whatever dude, she’s a fucking carpet muncher. You are wasting your time.” Phil said.
I tried to be brave and stand up in the face of such a repressed homo like Phil but I couldn’t help myself. I cried.
“BooHoo, oh I made the lesbo cry! Oh Tina, would you munch my carpet?” Phil mocked.
“Why certainly Paula! Let’s go make dyke love at the lake. Oh wait! I’m not a fucking dyke whore!”

Phil’s friend said.
“That doesn’t matter, come here and let me make beautiful lesbo love to you.”
“Oh…mmm..mmm…mmmm” and the two pretended to make out. Even between my tears I had to let out a little snicker. Mark tried not to laugh. I felt my spirits lighten a little at the smiles but then Phil turned around and pushed me hard! I was lifted up and thrown across the floor! It took a moment for me to catch my breath before the jocks and their bitches made their way past. Mark stopped to help me up but I pulled my hand away from him and grabbed my stuff.
Phil and his friend were acting like they were fucking each other and continuing to say “Bump my hole”
“Oh no, munch me. I look like a little boy.”
‘Fuck it!’ my brain said. It was stupid. I was small and no where near as strong as Phil or his friends but I threw myself on him as hard as I could. It was like hitting a brick wall. I swung wildly, fists flying. Phil grabbed me by my shirt and jerked me around and threw me into the lockers. I wasn’t sure if he was holding back or if it was just that I was small but it felt like I had been swung around on a rip cord. Phil and his friend laughed. I didn’t understand what was so funny until I saw my front. Phil had nearly ripped my shirt off. The front of my shirt hung open stretched and ruined.
“You are a dick.” Mark said to Phil.
“Fuck you fag!” Phil said.
“Whatever.” Mark said. He came over to me but I jumped up and ran down the hall. No one followed. I turned past the art room and vaguely I heard Ian’s voice behind me calling. I ignored him and burst through the doors and out onto the street.
I was unable to get my bike off its chain because I was crying and holding my shirt up. I heard Ian getting closer so I turned and stormed down the street without my bike. I didn’t care that my books were still in the hallway or that I could get in trouble with the school. Fuck them. Fuck all of them.
“Paula!”
“Fuck off Ian!”
“No way! Hey!”
I turned on Ian and came at him with fists raised. It was an empty gesture. He knew I was harmless. Ian backed up with his hands out. My shirt fell off my shoulder and threatened to fall off completely. Enjoy the show Ian, I thought.
“Paula chill. Seriously. Hey, at least let me give you a ride home.”
“God, would you? Fuck, that would be awesome.”
“What happened?”
“Jocks and bitches, just jocks and bitches.” I said.
“Right.” Ian said. Between us geeks that was all that needed to be said. Thank God.
Ian’s car was an old Volvo, obviously his parent’s old car. During the ride I kept slinging one half of my shirt up over a shoulder. Then the other side would fall. Sling that up. Other side fell. Pretty soon Ian and I were laughing and it became a game, see how long the shirt would stay.
“Ok, I gotta admit that this is the first time I’ve ever seen this much boob action in this car.” Ian said.

“Boob action?”
“Ok, any action really.”
“Calm down, I’m not giving any action.”
“Really? Shame.” Ian said and killed the conversation for the rest of the ride.

“Come on in.” I said to Ian when I got out of his car.
“You want me to come in?” Ian said.
“Yes.” I said.
Ian followed me into the living room. He was nervous. I wasn’t really interested in Ian but my house had been empty for almost two weeks and I was anything if not desperate for company.
“Chill, my mom is gone.”
“She’s at work?”
“No, I mean she is gone. Gone Daddy gone.”
“Really?”
“Really.”
“So…”
“Come on.” I said and walked down the short hallway to my bedroom. I cut Ian off because I hate pity. I despise it. I could hear it in his voice and I didn’t want it. What I wanted was to forget that my life sucked, not wallow in it.
I pulled off my ruined shirt and almost threw it on the bed then thought better of it and tossed it in the trash. Ian stood in the doorway, obviously uncomfortable.
“That really sucks. I just bought that.” I said.
“Nice room.”
“Shut up.”
“No seriously. It’s cute.” Ian said.
His eyes danced up and down from bra to face and back again over and over. Poor guy was trying hard not to appear like he was looking. I found his honest shyness and reservations about seeing me half naked adorable. Plus Ian was practically a girl and that made him all the more interesting to me. I wasn’t shy and Ian was about to find that out.
“It’s all shit from when I was little.” I said and unhooked my bra. I dropped it and stood topless in front of Ian. Ian didn’t notice at first. His attention on posters and a few CDs I had collected over the years. When he did turn back and saw me topless his eyes nearly shot out of his head!
“Oh fuck!” He said.
“Oh please, like you haven’t seen tits before.” I said.
“I..uh, I haven’t actually. I mean, I have but...”
“Ha! Virgin?” I asked. I was teasing Ian. It was so cute to watch him squirming and so shy. I was enjoying the torture.
“Of course not.” He lied. I knew he was lying. Ian was a classic example of an only child and a virgin.
“Ian, are you gay?” I asked.

“No! What!? Why did you ask that?”
“Because if you are gay then I’ll just get dressed but if you aren’t gay then I want to fuck you.” I said.
“WHAT! I…Paula!” Ian said. If knees could actually knock, Ian’s would have been banging like a woodpecker. I walked over to Ian and wrapped my arms around him. Ian’s lips were stiff. He hardly accepted my kiss at all. I pushed myself into his body and his cock wasn’t even hard. I wiggled on him and ran my hand up and down his crotch. He finally responded with a small swell.
“Ian, do you want me?” I asked.
“Yeah, of course but…”
“Then let me suck your cock. I really need it. Please?”
I dropped down and unzipped Ian’s pants. He wore red underwear. I pulled them down and released his half hard cock. He was clean, smooth, and unshaven. I took the head of his semi-limp cock in my mouth and sucked. I pulled at it and let it spring from my lips with a smack.
“Paula, really…” Ian tried to push me away but weakly. I took his cock back in my mouth and it sprang to life now, growing and warming to my tongues attention. He moaned softly as I sucked him. I wanted to feel him inside me. I wanted to feel anything.
“Paula, really, I gotta go.” Ian said.
“Please don’t Ian.” I whispered.
“But Paula, I really like you.”
“I really like you too.” I said.
“So then we shouldn’t do this.”
“Why?”
“Because…because you don’t really care about me.”
Ian was a lot of things but stupid wasn’t one of them. I didn’t care about Ian like that, I was just trying to feel something. Anything.
“Will you just lay down with me? I really don’t want to be alone.”
Ian looked uncomfortable but he crawled into bed and I curled around him. He put his arm around me and I kissed his neck and cried myself to sleep. It was the best I had slept in weeks.

I woke up curled into a ball and facing away from Ian. I was naked. I turned and Ian was still fully clothed.
“What time is it?” I asked.
“It’s late. You’ve slept most of the afternoon.”
“Thanks for staying. Why am I naked?” I asked.
“Because you took your clothes off.”
“I took them off?”
“Yeah.”
“You didn’t?” I asked.
“No.” Ian said.
“Weird. Will you stay tonight?” I asked.

“I…I don’t think I can.” Ian said.
“Parents?” I asked.
“Well, no. I just…”
“Ian, I just need someone to stay. Please? I really don’t care what happens. I just want someone here tonight. Please be my friend and sleep with me tonight?”
“Paula, I…”
“Ian, come on, please?”
Ian reached into his bag and pulled out his cell. He shot off a text message. I knelt behind him and rubbed my hands across his shoulders. He was skinny. His long hair was very soft. I kissed him lightly on the neck and he turned to face me. Our lips touched and heat exchanged. Unlike before, his tongue entered my mouth. I reached down and pulled his shirt up. We broke our kiss long enough to pull his shirt over his head and throw it to the floor.
I put my hands to the side of his face and we fell back into my bed. Ian pushed some stuffed animals out of the way so that he could lay over me. I opened my legs and he lowered his hips between my thighs. I wrapped a naked leg over his and pulled him down so that I could feel his swollen cock as he pushed into my warm pussy. Ian moaned softly.
“Paula.”
“Ian, shhhh…just let it happen.” I said.
“But I don’t have anything.” Ian said.
“It’s ok, I’m on the pill.” I said.
“But...” Ian stopped and looked at me, his face betrayed his worry. He was worried about catching something from me.
“Then don’t put it in me but just take your jeans off and keep going.” I said.
Ian unsnapped and pulled off his jeans. He crawled out of them and I could see his thin cock pressing against the red underwear. We didn’t speak. Ian covered me again and with the jeans gone I could feel his cock pushing firmly against my little clit. We dry humped like this for just a few minutes before I came.
“Wow, did you really cum?” He said.
I laughed and shyly replied, “Yes. Is that bad?”
“No, it’s just that I’ve never really…well I…you know I haven’t done this before.”
“Oh, then I guess you are already getting good at it. You could go the next step and take your underwear off.” I said.
Ian looked down. Our eyes both connected with my naked little crotch and his swollen cock pressing up to the top of his red undies. Ian closed his eyes and decided he didn’t care about the risk. This made me happy. His underwear came off and his sleek cock pointed up flat against his belly.
“It’s ok, just fuck me.” I said.
“What if I cum?” Ian asked.
“Then cum.” I said.
“Where?” Ian asked.

“Ian, I want you to cum inside me.” I said and reached down for his smooth cock. I grasp it and pointed it down so I could slide the head between my tender moist little lips. I moved it up and down to get the head wet and then it was in. Ian’s face was priceless. He pushed forward a little and his cock entered.
“Oh god.” Ian said.
“Fuck me. Cum in me Ian.” I said.
Ian pushed all the way forward. His cock sank down into my moist little cunt and it was over. Ian was a virgin no more. I felt good taking his cherry.
“I…oh god.” Ian said.
I could tell he wasn’t going to last long. He thrust several times and I felt the first jerk of his cock and a warm jet of cum shoot inside me. I grabbed him and rocked hard. By the second or third big thrust and spurt of hot juice inside me I came. I moaned and rocked my hips into Ian’s thin cock. I was barely able to finish my orgasm before he collapsed on top of me and kissed my neck.
“Did you really cum?” Ian asked.
“Yes.” I said.
“Oh god, that was wonderful. I…”
“Shhhh…just shhhh. We have a lot of night left.” I said. The last thing I wanted was to hear him say he loved me. I could feel it coming. Ian was a virgin. I just took his cherry. He wasn’t in love with me and even if he was, I was in love with Tina. I just didn’t want to be alone. May as well welcome Ian to the real world of sex huh?

Ian and I had sex three more times that night. He left around 11pm. I don’t think he could handle the idea of sleeping over out my house. Despite filling me with his cum he couldn’t grasp the concept of actually being ok with spending a night at my house. I let him leave without protest. I was used to sleeping in an empty house. The only problem was that we were out of food. I was drinking water and eating the last of the cans of soup. I didn’t have a penny. If my mom was going to stay gone all month then I was going to have to bum some money and get a job.

I thought of Meredith. I would go talk to her.