Autumn's Love Story

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This story starts at the end of 10th grade. I was in a new school for the 5th time in 4 years. I was never one of those quiet new kids that sits in the corner and never makes any friends. I was loud and had an opinion that you were very likely to hear. I made friends and had guys that liked me (they always go for fresh meat) but I never really dated and didn't have a best friend.

I started in about mid-April. Having to start at a new school is bad. Having to start in April is shit. I remember that since school was almost done, they felt that I didn't deserve electives. That pissed my mom off to no end. I ended up with math, science, and anything I wanted. I chose theater as an elective because I was always good at lying, so it seemed easy.

"Ok Ms. Green, here is your first class." I have heard those words so many times before. Her false enthusiasm was blinding as I took a step forward into the class. Now, being the new girl walking into her first class is quite embarrassing. When the entire class is dead silent and every single head turns toward you, the awkwardness is deafening.

The teacher sat me towards the back in the middle of a group of guys.

"Dang girl you have got a serious ass on you,"

I was quite curvy my entire life and was used to guy's comments. Some kid that sat next to me decided to open his mouth.

"You could bounce quarters off that ass,"

"How would you like it if I bounced my fist off your face," I said as I took my seat. A bunch of kids snickered around me.

"Oh, she's got a mouth on her," He said as he leaned forward. "I like that."

"I'm sure you do but I would hate to intrude on your little bromance with Fall Out Boy over there," I said with a glance in the direction to the kid in front of him. With that comment he turned back to his

seat. I set my back pack down and pulled out my notebook.

“Nice job.” I glanced over to kid next to me. He seemed really quiet, so I wasn’t quite sure if he had said it.

“Thanks,” I said with a smile. He looked up at me with a really big smiled. He had dark brown, shaggy hairthat fell just above his eyebrows. His smile spread from one side of his face to the other. From what could see with him sitting down, he wasn’t unattractive. He looked taller thanI (which wasn’t hard because I stood at an outstanding 5’ 3”). He was probably 5’ 7” with a fairly well-built body. He had some muscles that just added to his very charming looks.

“I’ve never seen someone stand up to them with such,” he looked me up and down, “spunk.” I let out a little laugh.

“Why thank you. I think that is the most polite way anyone has ever told me I have a big mouth,” His eyes got really big and he looked panicked.

“Oh no no I didn’t mean it like that, I was just…”

“Hey, I was just joking. I already know I have a big mouth.” His face calmed down quite a bit.

“I don’t think that you have a big mouth.”

“Well you would be the first,”

Since I thought this entire year was joke, from 3rd period to 6th all I did was T.A. classes. So for most of my day, all I did was grade papers and listen to teachers try and calm down the class. My last class of the day was theater. It was held in the school auditorium, which could probably pass as an opera house. I stepped into the room and put my backpack down. The teacher told me that since everyone was in the middle of rehearsing scripts, I could just wait until a partner freed up. Most of the class was spread out everywhere, so I decided I was going to explore. I wandered around upstairs for a little bit until I found the staircase that led downstairs. I found a nice little corner in a dressing room underneath the stage. I sat down and began to read.

“Well you don’t strike me as the type to sit in a corner.” I glanced up and saw the shy kid from my math class standing in the doorway.

“Well me and my big mouth needed some quiet.”

“Like I said before, I don’t think you have a big mouth,” he said as he stepped forward. He sat down in front of me. “I just think you like to express your opinion.”

“Why thank you. I don’t think I formally introduced myself. I’m Autumn,” I said as I stuck out my hand.

“I’m Jason,” he took my hand and shook it.

Class ended shortly after that. I walked out to my mom’s car. We had moved into a nice middle-class home that was fairly new. Being an only child it was easy for my parents to pick us up and move. My dad was a Marine and my mom was the lovely housewife. We moved around a lot and I was used to it.

“So how was school?” My mom asked.

“Perfectly normal.”

“Did you make any new friends?”

“Are you seriously pulling the 'did you make friends?' It’s the first day.”

“Well with your big…. personality I thought you might.”

“Well me and my personality had a totally fine day.” I said as I got out of the car and walked up the front porch. I sat in my room doing practically nothing for the rest of the night. I thought back to Jason and how sweet and shy he was. Even though I told my mom I didn’t make a friend, I think I did.

I stepped into first period the next morning just as the late bell rang. My teacher was completely oblivious so I just went to my seat. Jason was sitting with his head down writing something. I sat down and pulled my notebook out. Several minutes later I hear the buffoon from yesterday move in his seat. I looked up to see him staring at me. Before I can say anything he opens his mouth.

“You know what?”

“What?” I asked with faked enthusiasm.

“Even after yesterday you still have a pretty rockin bod.”

“Thank you?” I said more confused.

“I’m going to date you.”

“Wait a second here. Don’t I get a say in it?”

“Well you could say yes.”

“No I don’t think so.”

“What do you have a type or something?”

“Yeah and it’s not douche bag,” With that I turned back to my stuff. I couldn’t help but notice that Jason smirked.

School passed by slowly. At lunch a bunch of girls invited me to sit with them. They were typical High School girls with all their gossip about who’s dating whom and what chick bought some terrible knock-off. I sat there and tried to soak up anything I could so that maybe, by some force of God, if I stayed there any longer than just the end of this year I might know some good dirt.

Theater was quickly becoming my favorite class. Basically, everyone was busy with their scenes, so I just went back to find my corner of the basement.

“Can I just say you are my new favorite person,” Jason was leaning on the wall directly in front of me.

“Why? Because of that stupid jock?”

“Yes, because you were not the one who was tormented daily by him.”

“Oh don’t tell me that, cuz tomorrow, I might just have to break his nose.”

“Naw. He would probably just enjoy getting touched by you,” With that he took a couple of steps forward and sat cross legged in front of me.

“Ugh that stupid pig would, wouldn’t he?”

“Yes he would. So, I know you probably have been asked this question a million times, but where did you move here from?”

With that, I completely explained everything to him, from my parents moving me around all the time, to just my life in general. We sat there for the entire class period and all he did was just listen. Not just

the zone out not talking, but completely listening to every word I had to say.

After class ended we walked outside to the front parking lot. My mom was off gallivanting with some friends, so I was going to walk home. Jason was saying goodbye to some friends so I just continued walking, thinking he was just going to get a ride home.

“Hey, Autumn!” Jason yelled catching up to me “Where you going?”

“Walking home.”

“Well do you need a friend?” We walked together to my cul-de-sac, because as it turned out, he lived in the cul-de-sac across the street.

“Yay. Now I get to go sit alone at my house till my mom gets home tonight,” I said before we split up.

“Do you want to come to my house? No one's there either, but we won’t have to be home alone.”

I smiled at him and said “Lead the way.”

His house was slightly larger than mine. His room was upstairs, next to his older brother’s room. His parent’s room was on the main floor. We went up to his room. It was quite neat for a teenage boy’s room.

“Wow very… clean.”

“Haha yeah. Well, I’m not in here much.”

“Where are you usually?”

“Outside. I don’t like to be cooped up.”

“Words to live by”

I sat down on his floor and he joined me. It was Friday, so his brother would be out all night, and his parents were going out with some friends and wouldn’t be back till late. I called my mom and told her where I was, and she told me to have fun and be home by midnight. Our conversation continued from one topic to the next like we were old friends. I never had anyone to talk to, so talking like this was new to me.

“I feel like a couple of old ladies, talking after being friends for 50 years,” I said laying on my back staring at the ceiling.

“I hope you’re not suggesting I dye my hair blue and start blurting out racial slurs,” He said rolling over to the edge of his bed and looking at me.

“No, I’m just saying that I’ve never had a best friend, so this is nice to talk to someone.”

“Well I’m glad,” He rolled off his bed and sat next to me. I sat up shoulder to shoulder with him.

“I don’t have a best friend either,” He turned and looked at me “I’ve never had a friend that’s a girl either, so if I do something really weird or awkward around you, that’s why.”

“Oh I think you're doing fine,” I said bumping his shoulder with mine.

“Thanks,” He looked down into his lap.

“What? What’s wrong? Did I do something weird and awkward?”

“No, I was just thinking how much of a dork I probably sound like, because since I’ve never really had a friend that’s a girl, I’ve never had a girlfriend.” He looked over at me and kinda glanced at my lips. I leaned forward and gave him a small gentle kiss. After a few seconds I pulled back and looked at him. He smiled at me.

“Was that your first kiss?”

He looked down to the ground and weakly said, "yeah."

“Well that was a really shitty first kiss.”

He looked up at me as I leaned in. This kiss was a little more forceful and definitely more heated. He turned more towards me and put his hand behind my head. I shifted over and sat in his lap with my arms wrapped around his neck. He wrapped his arms around my waist and started kissing down my neck. He nibbled and kissed all over my neck and moved back up to my mouth. He stopped and looked at me as if to make sure I was ok.

To reassure him, I reached down and pulled my top off so that I was just in my tank top, and went back to kissing him.

He wrapped his arms around my waist and lifted me up. He turned around and laid me down on the bed. He pulled his shirt over his head. He had a slightly defined six-pack and muscularly arms. He leaned down and kissed my jaw. He moved up to my ear and started nibbling and kissing it.

I reached up and pulled him towards me. I was rubbing up and down his back.

He was moving his hands down my stomach. He grabbed the bottom of my tank top andpulled it up to just under my breasts. He began kissing around my belly button.

I started writhing and trying to encourage him more, but he was just teasing me and he wanted to keep it that way. He reached down to my pants and began to unbutton them.

Just then, we heard the downstairs door slam shut and someone start up the staircase.

I amsuch a tease ;)

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Hey, Guys, this is basically the true story of my love life. I changed everyone's name but kept mine the same. It is the basis of a long story line, that if you guys like, I will continue. Leave me comments if you enjoy.