The Paper Demon Chapter One

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I awaken in the dark with arms and legs wrapped around my body.

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Damn it's hot out here. I hate summer. I would of course live where it never rains or snows. Sun everyday, day in day out. You know it's really hot when you step outside and it's so bad it pisses you off.

A car drives by, windows down with their music blaring. Thanks jerk-wad for sharing. Damn, what am I doing out here? Clearing my head... I really hate that bitch.

Another car drives by, a little too close.

A house with a messy yard to the left and the door wide open, a couple arguing inside, loud enough for the whole neighborhood to hear. I feel like going up there and asking them if they want everybody to hear them. I would never do anything like that. I'm too much of a pussy.

"Shut the fucking door," I think to myself.

Bitch.

I can't believe we were best friends growing up. Hell, our parents were too. We were so close, everybody just assumed we would get married when we grew up. Now she hates me worse than I hate her. She left for the summer, to stay at her cousin's house, a couple of years ago and when she came back she was different. I don't know what happened but I could tell as soon as she got back that she wasn't the same, Autumn. She seemed distant at first then just not interested in anything I had to say. I thought she was going through a phase but it just went downhill from there, until she quit talking to me all together.

I found out later that the few friends I had were only associated with me because of her. They all dropped me when she quit talking to me. I ended up being dubbed one of the weird kids, with no friends and she became one of the most popular in the school. It doesn't hurt that her parents are

well-off and she developed early, with long, thick, dark, hair, beautiful skin, an hourglass figure and big breasts. She dresses for show too. Hell, her voice is even sexy.

In 1981 about the time we turned sixteen she started hanging out with a new crowd at high school and pretended I didn't exist. Now, she's went from ignoring me to downright hating me. She makes fun of me, along with her friends and even tried to get one dude to beat me up.

I tried everything to get my best friend back but she just didn't exist anymore. She was replaced by this demon.

A bird almost shits on me, splattering the asphalt next to my foot.

If I had some change I would stop by the store and get a Cherry Coke but I don't so, think I'll head home and draw.

No friends. Unlike Autumn, I never met anybody I felt like hanging out with for any extended amount of time. She made plenty. She's like at the top of the popular kid food chain. Such a bitch.

Had a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Lying in the bed, doodling in my art pad, while watching an old Star Trek re-run on TV. It comes on every night after the news. It's about the only thing I watch religiously, other than the Saturday morning cartoons. It's a little after 10:30pm. The window is open, a somewhat cool breeze blowing in.

Been working on a new character in my art pad. Having a hard time with it but I find it intriguing and can't seem to move on to anything else. It's a female demon. Haven’t made up my mind if she's a succubus yet or not, but probably. I feel like I'm connecting with her more each time I draw her.

I wake up around 2am on the verge of an orgasm. I try to control it, make it stop by thinking of something else. I can't stop it. Damn, I fell to sleep in my clothes again and I can't get my belt unclasped fast enough. Just as I'm unzipping my jeans the first spurt of cum shoots into my underwear. Before I can get them off, another eruption soaks me further. I finally get my cum-drenched underwear down far enough, so I don't squirt in them again... oh shit, where am I going to shoot this? The next stream comes out, landing on the mattress and blankets. It feels so good I start pumping with my right hand, not caring anymore where it lands. I squirt four more times before it subsides. Damn, that felt good. I try to remember what I was dreaming with no luck. Another wet dream. I've had a lot of them lately.

Reality suddenly hits me. It's dark but I'm lying on top of the covers, with my pants pulled down to my knees, cum all over the place with the door to my room wide open. I'm lucky my mom hasn't walked

in.

I get up, take my clothes off and wipe up with my shirt. Putting some shorts on, I close the door, turn the light on and clean the bed as best I can for now. I take my drenched underwear and put them in a bag hiding them under the bed to deal with in the morning when no one is looking. Once I get everything as clean possible, I notice the room smells like sperm. The window is open, hopefully it will air out by morning.

My art pad fell to the floor while I was cleaning the bed. Picking it up I flip to my last drawing. Shit, there's a big stream of cum going across the page. I remember starting the picture but didn't realize I did so much to it.

The demon girl is really detailed and moody... and HOT! She almost looks like she's alive and will blink any moment. It's more expressionistic than photo-realistic but very compelling. I can't believe I don't remember finishing it. I wish I hadn't shot fucking cum all over it. This is one I could be proud of but now I'll have to keep it to myself. Not like I have anybody to show anyway. Maybe I'll do another one tomorrow. I leave the pad open and put it under the bed so it will dry and the pages wont stick together.

The next morning, I get up earlier than usual so I'll have time to dispose of my underwear before I head out to school. Of course my mom keeps hovering around me. Any other morning she'll leave me alone. Finally, with only a few minutes to spare, she starts cleaning the house. I run to the back yard with the bag of underwear, throw them in the trash can and set it on fire hoping my mother doesn't look out the window. The fire takes a little longer than expected, making me later than usual for school.

I don't see Autumn until leaving 3rd period Science, out in the hall way. I make the mistake making eye contact with her. She nudges the friends flanking her and does the pussy lick between the fingers at me then starts laughing.

Her friends join her and just as I think I'm free and clear, she calls my name, “Jon.”

She hasn't called me by my real name in years.

I turn.

“Fuck you queer!” She walks off laughing with her friends. “Did you see that look on his face. He really thought I gave a shit for a second. Priceless.” Her and her friends' laughter fades into the sounds of the other students making their way to class.

"She's such a cunt," I think to myself. That one really hurt. *"A lot more than she knows. She made me think of the younger her when she said my name like that. Fuck, I hate that bitch. She knows she got to me that time. "*

I think back to when we were 7 or 8 years old, sitting under the tree behind the church, one evening as the cicadas were singing their summer tune.

“We'll always be best friends right, Jon?”

“Yeah, I think so.”

Her parents pulled up to the side of the church, honking their horn.

“I gotta go,” she took off, running towards the car, her white dress bouncing with each step. Before she got half way, she turned and ran back to me, putting her hand on my face and kissing me on the cheek, before going back the car. I felt the heat rush to my face as I blushed. It was such a tender moment and one of my favorite memories of us.

I come back to reality when the bell rings, *"Shit, I'm late for history."*

I get home. My mom asks me how my day went and what I burned in the trash.

I tell her the first thing that comes to mind, “I was working on a drawing that I kept messing up on and erased part of it so many times that it rubbed a hole in the paper. I got so mad that I burned it.”

She bought it. “You must have really gotten angry with it to want to destroy it. Couldn't you have done the rest of the trash with it?”She asks jokingly.

I laugh it off and go to the kitchen to get something to snack on, then head to my room, closing the door.

I work on the demon girl. The longer I draw her, the more into it I get, until my pencil is flying across the page. I have no idea how much time has passed, when I finally look away from the art pad. The only thing on the television is white fuzz.

"Damn, it's after midnight."

As I'm changing into some shorts, I realize I'm hard as a rock. That demon really gets me excited. I better take care of this so I don't have another wet dream. Without thinking about it, I pick up the art pad and take it to the bathroom with me, locking the door. Setting it on the sink I stare at the demon girl, as I masturbate furiously over the toilet. I cum so hard that I can barely walk back to my bedroom, carrying my so-called new lover with me.

Looking at her one more time before I fall to sleep, I notice a string of cum from one corner of the page to the other.

"What the fuck? How the hell did I do that? I shot it in the toilet. There's no way." I guess I was slinging it more than I thought. *"Fuck, I ruined another one."* Just as before I slide it under the bed open to dry and go to bed.

I awaken in the dark with arms and legs wrapped around my body. Huge heaving breasts shoved into my chest with hard nipples stabbing me. A pelvis thrusting into mine hard and fast, making wet sloshing sounds around my dick. Her skin is covered in sweat and hot, her breath even hotter against my neck. The wind and rain bursting in from the open window ends the illusion.

I'm standing up in my bed totally nude, stroking my cock with both hands, cumming into my art pad. The only light in the room is from the lightning and street light outside.

I'm startled by a pounding at the door. It's my mother.

“Jon... JON!!! Are you okay?”

It takes me a minute to reply, “Yes, I'm fine, why?”

“I thought I heard screaming.”

“I'm okay. I was just having a nightmare.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“NO! No I'm fine. Just need to clear my mind. I'll be okay. Go back to bed.”

“Alright. If you need to talk, it's okay.”

“Thanks, mom. Good night.”

“I love you, Jon.”

“Love you too, mom.”

It grows quiet. She must have gone back to bed.

Turning the light on, I look down. My dick is still hard. It looks bigger than I've ever seen it. Maybe because I've never been this hard before. It must be my imagination but it looks a couple of inches longer. Weird.

The rain has subsided to a drizzle, the breeze blowing its scent through the window. I turn to see what I've done to my art pad. There's a new picture of the she-demon, covered in sperm.

"What the hell?"

I flip the page back to find another one I haven’t seen... and another and another... holy shit there's like ten new drawings in here I don't remember doing, each one covered in cum. I drew ten new drawings of her then ejaculated on every one of them? What the fuck? I'm losing my mind. I pull each new drawing out and set them under the bed to dry. I can't bear the thought of throwing them away.

I don't bother putting my shorts back on and lay back down in the bed, feeling a deep sleep hitting me. Before it takes me over, I remember the body that was wrapped around mine. I'm going crazy... so crazy... so hot... so smooth... felt so good...

...My lovely Aatheen...

To be continued…