

"You look great tonight," she yelled over the loud beat of the music, a grin subtle on her pink lips. Sherry was sober, an unorthodox concept for her. She was always at least tipsy.

"Thanks, you too." He laughed nervously. This wasn't his scene.

She was pretty, he was...mediocre. Thomas was never confident in his looks. Sherry always told him was handsome. Self-esteem was an unknown word to him.

Sherry looked at him for a moment, slowly moving closer. Her hips swayed from side to side, and it felt like it was in time with the music. It made Thomas' body heat in places he wished it didn't, especially in such a crowded place.

A hand wove around his neck, pulling him against her. Her breasts pressed against his chest; he couldn't quite think of anywhere appropriate to let his hands rest on her body.

"You're so cute," she whispered in his ear.

It sent goosebumps down his neck. Thomas couldn't tell if her minty breath against his face was a nice feeling or a bad one. He stayed silent.

Sherry moved her hips against Thomas. They were...touching. Touching in places Thomas hadn't experienced yet. Even through the fabric separating them, he could feel her sexual fervor.

She looked at him with a twinkle in her eye, like she was up to something. Just as Thomas was wondering what it could be, Sherry pulled him by the arm away from the crowd.

Thomas didn't have the boldness to reject her.

Upstairs. Destination: the bedroom.

"Why do you look like a deer caught in the headlights, Thomas?" Sherry sat on the edge of the bed, tapping the spot next to her. Thomas sat there.

"Sorry, it's been a hectic week," he lied right through his teeth. His heart was beating so fast in his chest, he was sure he would die of a heart attack. Though, at that moment, a heart attack would beat being in this situation any day.

She nodded her head in understanding. "Have you had sex, yet?"

Thomas whipped his head towards Sherry with wide eyes. Sherry was looking at the wall in front of them, a small smile plastered on her petite lips.

"No..no I haven't," he stammered. He turned his head straight, as well, still shocked he was asked such a personal question out of nowhere.

Sherry hummed in response, finally turning her head towards Thomas. She scooted closer. Too close for his comfort.

Closer.

Closer.

Closer.

She rested her hand on Thomas' upper thigh. He couldn't focus, couldn't remember what they were talking about. He tried to focus on something else.

Wow, that was a really nice bookshelf. A bookshelf without books, ironic.

"Sherry, what are you doing?" He found the courage to speak, but only in a small whisper.

A hum reverberated from her throat. Her hand slowly moved from his thigh to the hem of his shirt. Slim hands found their way onto his chest.

"Sherry. Sherry, I don't like this." He pleaded. To no avail.

"It'll feel good soon, don't worry, Thomas, dear." She pushed him against the bed. Who knew such a petite girl had so much strength.

Swinging her leg over him, getting on top, she slipped both hands under his shirt.

Thomas reflexed, grasping her slim wrist in a hastened pace. I can't, I can't, I can't, Thomas thought. He wasn't prepared. Wasn't ready. He didn't want to hurt her. Didn't want to push her. Maybe she was joking. That had to be it. Just a joke. Haha.

Yet, she continued, kissing his neck, up to his ear.

It felt unnatural.

"Sherry, stop," he whispered, unable to catch his voice. As if she was deaf, Sherry lowered herself.

Thomas seemed to have blacked out. Seemed to have psyched himself into pretending what was happening to him wasn't real. That it couldn't be real. Of course, it was a dream. Just a bad dream. Sherry wouldn't do this to him. He'd wake up soon.

Next thing he knew, he was naked. Both of them were. He just lied there, he tried not feel anything. Tried not feel sick when their skin touched; when she forced him into her. He was so disgusted with himself that he was allowing this to happen. He cried. Sherry soothed him.

"I don't want this, Sherry. I don't," he pleaded once more.

"It's okay. You do want it. I know you do."

Thomas felt dirty. He felt gross, ugly, used. He didn't want to be here. But it happened. It was done.

When it was over, Thomas cried again.