Sleepover - The Next Day

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Hungover I wake to find the house empty, or is it? Someone is here.

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I woke to an empty bed, an empty bed! Heather and Simon were no where around and worse, my head was a lead weight. Naked, I got up and went to the bathroom. Crossing the hall I could hear people talking upstairs.
Must be them.
I closed the door, went about my business and then attempted to brush my teeth with some toothpaste and my finger, not effective but better than nothing. Oh fuck, my head thudded like a drum. I was really drunk last night. Half out of it I opened the door only to run into someone.
“Oh shit! Sorry!” I freaked! It wasn’t Heather or Simon, it was some old guy! Then I hear through the door, “Umm, who are you?”
Oh god! Oh god! This has to be their Dad or something!
“I’m a friend of Heather’s…” I covered my naked body even though he couldn’t see me through the door.
Silence.
“I slept over last night, hope that was cool?” I leaned in a little closer, was he still out there? What did he think? Naked girls just break into his house and run around using his basement bathroom?
But no answer.
Nothing.
Fuck! He must be gone.
I opened the door and peeked out. The coast was clear so I scampered across the hall and into Heather’s bedroom. The bed was still a mess, sheets thrown onto the floor from our adventures before we all passed out. But where were Heather and Simon? Nothing was making sense and here I was hung over and naked!
I threw the sheets around, ripping through the room looking for my clothes. Did I take them off in the other room? There is a whole other upstairs to this big ass house, did we even go up there? No, I must have taken them off in the other room. Right outside. Where their Dad could be standing.
Just my luck.

I peeked out of bedroom door that opened into the play room or whatever rich people call a whole other room in the basement of their house. Sitting across the arm of a chair, my skirt, gold baby! I'm outta here! So I made my break for it.
I hooked my skirt around my waist and searched for my bra. No bra. Fuck the bra, I had other bras, I would just come back later and get the bra. It's not like you are going to confuse Heather's bra with mine, not unless she has a younger sister I don't know about Heather's tits and my tits, no comparison, lemons to watermelons. I did need my shirt.
My shirt, nope, no shirt in sight.
"Sorry, I don't mean to catch you again but are you going to continue to roam around our house naked or do you plan to put on clothes?" Said their father sarcastically, what a fucker.
"Umm, sorry. Really. It's just that well, to be honest I was pretty smashed last night."
"Smashed?"
"Yeah, drunk."
"Ahhh, ok." He was stalling. The old bastard was stalling so he could sit there across the room and watch me naked, looking for my shirt. Wait! Not only that be he had been watching me the whole time!
"I'm just looking for my shirt and then I'm gonna get outta here and you'll never see me again, promise!"
"Well that would be a shame, beautiful girl like you, I hope we see you again. Here, let me help you look. What does it look like?" But honestly he was much more interested in looking at my tiny breasts.
"Umm, ok, sure, thanks." I reply. Fucking pervert, then he stands up and guess what is tucked between him and the pillow on the couch? My shirt. I made a dash for the shirt, pulled it on and then turned without looking at him and headed for the door out to the drive.
"So you live near by?" He called after me.
I paused. I hadn't really thought about what I would do once I was out of the house, only that I HAD to get out of the house. Where were Heather and Simon? God, this totally sucked!
"Where are we anyway?" I asked.
"Where do you live?"
"I live in Pine Valley ."
"Well, unless you have a car somewhere out there that I didn't see, you are going to have a long walk ahead. You are on the other side of town from Pine Valley ."
Defeated and confused, I turned to face their Dad. He smiled sympathetically and now I got a first good look at him. His face was sweet, the kind of face you wanted to have smiling at you. I could see where Heather and Simon had gotten their stunning good looks even if they did come from different mothers.
"Let me give you a ride home."
"Do you know where Heather and Simon are?"
"There is no telling. I think Simon had soccer practice this morning, hopefully he wasn't out drinking with you guys last night?"

I decided this was a rhetorical question.
“Heather I don’t know about, doesn’t seem like her to have someone over and then just take off and leave them. Maybe she went with Simon to practice?”
God! That would really suck of her! She seemed so cool last night but then to just take off and leave me alone in the house and knowing that their Dad was going to be coming home? Man, that’s just fucked up.
“Ok, I’ll take a ride.”
I stank like stale beer. Did the guys pour beer on us while we were making out? Ugh. Being naked would be preferable to this. I’m sure that would make Heather’s dad happy.
“So is Heather’s Mom still alive?” I asked, trying to make conversation on the 30 minute ride across town.
“Oh yeah, she’s still alive.” He answered but I detected a hint of something there, dissatisfaction maybe?
“Oh cool. I didn’t know.” I replied. Not really all that interested but just trying to come up with something to say.
“Yeah, but can I tell you something?” He asked, acting as if suddenly we were old friends even though I just met the guy.
“Sure.” I answered, I often had the effect of being a ‘pour your heart out’ kinda person.
“Heather’s mother has really changed over the past few years. You know how Heather is now?” I shook my head, only guessing he meant funny, sexy, beautiful, bodacious, and… God I wanted her…anyway.
“Well her mother used to be the same way but now, well now she has found religion and she is rarely ever home. She goes off to these bible study groups and she teaches classes…” He trailed off and I could see a look of loss in his sweet face.
“Yeah, well that sounds good I guess.” I replied confused. Where was he going with this?
“Yeah, good for a lot of things but…”
Holy crap, the dude was trying to get into talking about sex. I can just tell it. He is going to try to tell me that sex with his wife is horrible because he just saw me naked and he wants to get into my pants. Holy shit! This is so lame.
“But not good for the sex life huh?” I asked, already knowing the answer. After all guys like this one, dime a dozen.
Relief washed across his face and he looked over at me, well parts of me. Self consciously I looked down and noticed that what little breasts I had were perfectly visible through the shirt, it had shrunk. Yes, they must have poured beer on us last night. Fuck, this was an expensive shirt!
“Yes. Exactly, it’s been horrible! I mean your generation doesn’t have to worry about this kinda thing now.” He looked over at me with pleading eyes, as if I knew what he was talking about. The only thing I knew, he obviously thought I was a slut.
“…well you aren’t like we were. You guys can walk around naked and you get on webcams and show stuff and the ‘girls gone wild’ videos.”

“’Girls gone wild’ videos?” I laughed.
“Yeah, you know, flashing and girls having sex with girls.”
“Like that stuff huh?” I asked, knowing the answer.
“Well, it’s nothing like girls did when I was a teenager. I mean even the clothes you guys wear now.”
With this he looked at my clearly defined breasts through my shrunken $60 shirt!
“Did you know I haven’t had a blow job ever?”
I totally didn’t answer that one.
“My wife says she doesn’t believe it’s proper to have one.”
What a lame bastard, was he serious with this story?
“She won’t give me one. I’ve always wanted to know what a blow job feels like but she won’t give me one.”
Then his cell rang. Thank GOD!
“Hey sweetie. Yeah, she is with me…
…What?
…Oh sorry, I thought you went to practice with Simon…
Well don’t get angry with me.
I’m giving her a ride home…
Because she was stuck at the house…
Ok, here she is.” And he hands the phone to me.
“Hello” I answered.
“God! Paula! I’m so fucking sorry dude! Why didn’t you wait for me?”
“You guys left me, I didn’t know what was up.”
Ignoring any blame on her part Heather replied, “Hey, check it, after you get home and get all cleaned up come over and meet us at ‘Honolulu Jacks’ later tonight.”
“ Honolulu Jacks?”
“Yeah, it’s this fast food Hawaiian place my friend works at. A bunch of us are going for dinner and then back to our place. You’ll love it.”
Then she hung up.
I handed the cell back over to her horny Dad and realized that I had no idea what her phone number was, address, how to get back, anything.
“She wants me to come back over and meet her for some fakey Hawaiian?”
“ Honolulu Jacks”
“Yeah. But I don’t know her number or anything. Can you give it to me?”
He laughed and then said, “Yeah, Heather, I love her to death but she is a bit of a space cadet sometimes. When we get to your place I’ll give it to you.”
Why did we have to wait until we got to my place?
The drive was empty, my mother was obviously gone again for the weekend, week, month. He parked the BMW in the drive and I bolted for the door. The entire car ride had been about sex and thinking about fucking Heather’s Dad wasn’t something I thought would be cool, but here I was

thinking about it. Here he was following me to the door, standing really, really close behind me. I could fell the heat between our bodies. I could feel it happening. I was totally turned on by her Dad!

“There’s some paper and a pen by the door if you wanna write down your address and Heather’s cell. I’m gonna go change.”
“Sure.” He replied.
I went into my room and closed the door. Fuck! There was no lock on my door because of my fucking Mom! A few years back I went into these panic attacks, smashing shit, freaking out. No big deal right? She she goes all Mominator on me and removes the lock. I think it was one of the suggestions of the therapists. She was really just freaking cause she wanted to make sure that I wasn’t fucking any more of her boyfriends. Hello?! That wasn’t my fault!
“Um, excuse me!”
I must have leapt three feet in the air!
“I’m changing! God!”
“Oh, sorry. I just thought that you…”
“What?”
“I just wanted to…well I was going to…I was hoping to talk to you more.”
Talk? Really?
“Really Paula, I’m not going to do anything. It’s just that I’m not lying to you about my wife. She and I don’t even sleep in the same beds anymore. We never have sex and if we do she has to pray while we do it.”
At this I had to laugh. I also began to undress. I know, I know, I may as well have been saying, ‘Ok, let’s fuck.’ But I stank and he has already seen me naked. Plus he was cute and I do love the attention.
“I know, it’s crazy.” He watched sheepishly. Something about him seemed harmless, maybe even pitiful. I enjoyed his eyes on my body.
“So what, I guess you just spend a lot of time wankin’ in the bathroom huh?”
“Yeah, something like that.”
“You and most married guys from what I can tell.”
“What do you mean.”
I turned to him holding a towel over myself and opened the door to the bathroom. He scanned my body and I could tell he was burning holes through the towel.
“Listen, I hate to break it to you but I dance and your story…not the first time I’ve heard it.”
“You are a stripper?”
“Yeah.”
“Wow, I’ve never been to one of those places.”
“Well I work most weekends and a couple of days a week…god this is weird.”
Badly in need of a shower and probably completely out of my fucking mind I let him follow me into the bathroom. I hung the towel over the rack on the wall and pulled the curtain open bending to start the

water, fully aware he could now get a much better view of certain areas than ever before.
“So you think I’m lying?”
I looked at him. He didn’t seem to be lying, he didn’t seem to be anything but a really cute middle aged guy that was in the best situation of his life.
“No, I don’t think you are lying.” I lied as I stepped into the shower. I left the curtain open because I wanted to keep my eye on him or maybe keep his eyes on me. I thought about him just getting in the shower with me, fucking me right here. God, a part of me wanted him to!
I turned and looked and he had his cock out, stroking.
“God, don’t cum on the floor.” I said. Why was I being so cold? Why wasn’t the stupid bastard coming into the shower and fucking me?
“Where am I supposed to cum?”
“I don’t know, just not on the floor.” I have got to be insane.
“Please suck me.”
“What?”
“I just want to know what it feels like and sucking isn’t like cheating right?”
Oh man, so that’s it. He doesn’t want to cheat on his super Christian wife but he has no problem beating off to a teenage girl in her shower and asking her for a blowjob? I would have rather he just come in the shower and fucked me, that would have been hot…this…this was just lame.
“Wouldn’t you rather just come in the shower with me?”
“I…I…can’t”
But I could, so I stepped out of the shower and water dripping from my naked skin, I knelt down in front of him and took his cock into my hands. He must be a good guy, he wasn’t trimmed, shaved, or anything. I prefer a little cleaner cut look but maybe he wasn’t lying? Whatever the case his cock was already so hard I thought he was going to explode with just my hands moving up the sides of it. I decided to just go down on him all at once, no foreplay, go for the surprise attack!
“Oh god, I didn’t know it felt so good!”
Oh he hadn’t felt anything yet! I opened my mouth wider and his cock slipped down deeper. I heard him let out a bit of a surprised moan, well part moan, part something like a ‘whoop!’ I don’t think the poor guy was lying, I don’t think he had ever had a blow job in his life! I decided to give him the best, and I’m the best. I swallowed his cock and before I could even start to work my tongue magic on his balls and base, he shot his load! He tried to pull away.
“Oh dear Lord!” He cried out trying to escape. I held him in my throat and swallowed gush after gush of his warm BJ virgin cum.
“Oh, oh, oh”
For the first time since I was, well you don’t want to know how old, I almost gagged because of laughing. The poor guy. He also seemed to be having a hard time standing. I licked up the last of the cum from his cock, stroking him a little but I could see the look of shame and paranoid fear on his face. He backed up, nearly tripping as he pulled up his pants.
“Tell Heather I’ll see her soon and you can you lock the door on your way out?” I grinned. He really

was cute in a pathetic sort of way.
“Uhhh, yeah. Uhhh.”
“Don’t mess it up by talking. I believe you, we’ll talk again, just don’t go telling this to Heather.”
“God, of course not, I was scared YOU were going to tell her.”
“The door? Lock it?”
He turned and almost said something, then thought better of it.
“Oh! Make sure you leave me Heather’s info. I gotta meet them tonight.”
“Ummm, yeah. Bye.”
Back in the shower I masturbated furiously, using a vibrator and two fingers on my clit to make myself cum several times until I was exhausted and ready to go take a nap. Something about that whole encounter was just so wrong and dirty and yet I loved it. I mean really LOVED it! Not having a Dad, I think I really dug him coming over, looking at me. Yeah, it’s sick. I’m sick. But then that’s why my Mom locked me away for years.
Fucked up little Paula. Fucked up little Fetishdoll. Always crying for attention.
Wrapping my hair up in my towel I walked into the living room naked. I saw my neighbor looking at me across the street. He loves me. Then I saw it. Sitting on the little table by the door was a piece of pink paper from my pad with Heather’s info on it, Heather’s dad’s cell on it, and a fucking fifty dollar bill! “For tonight” it said, underlined. Yeah, thanks Dad, now I feel like a whore.
At least I didn’t have to work tonight. God, a whole night of rubbing against hardons wasn’t what I needed right now. I wanted to see Heather. I wanted to do more than just see Heather, I wanted Heather, badly.
Maybe Simon too.
Oh tonight should be interesting.
Honolulu Jacks huh?
I blew a kiss to my horny peeping neighbor and headed off to bed.