The Sleepover (Part 1)

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I've always loved Spencer, but never thought anything could come of it...

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I suppose I should introduce myself. Hi, I'm Payton. I'm about 5'3", skinny yet curvy, and I have long dark curly hair. I'm a Capricorn, I like French fries with gravy, and I am in love with my best friend.

I'm not sure when it happened… it wasn't love at first sight. Spencer and I, were best friends ever since 3rd grade when he forgot his lunch, and I gave him half of my tuna sandwich. He lived about 3 blocks away from me, and every day after school he'd come over and we'd play basketball until it got dark.

He stopped other boys from picking on me because of my glasses, and I stopped other girls from picking on him because he was poor. As we grew older, my breasts grew bigger, and he grew taller. I got contacts, he got abs. I discovered hair mousse, he discovered hair gel. We were both attractive, and everyone told us we should date. We simply laughed. I honestly never saw him as anything more than a friend for a really long time. I loved him like a brother. Just somewhere along the line, it became something more.

One important detail I should mention is that Spencer had a hard life. His mother, an alcoholic, didn't know who his father was. More often than not, after dinner I'd hear a knock on my door. It was always Spencer, scared to sleep at home with his drunken mother. He'd come up to my bedroom and crawl into my bed with me, and we'd talk all night. My parents loved Spencer, and always let him sleep over. As we got older, I don't think they ever gave it a second thought. Spencer was like a son to them, they never thought anything sexual would happen between us.

Neither did I.

It was senior year. Spencer and I were both 18. I wanted to own a flower shop, he wanted to get out of town.

I had had a few boyfriends at that point, nothing too serious. I wasn't really into dating. I had fooled around with a couple guys before, but I was still a virgin. Spencer was the farthest thing from a virgin.

I was sitting in my bed that Thursday night, on my laptop, typing up an English paper.

“Hey Pay!” I heard a voice say. I looked up and saw Spencer standing at my door. Hardly an unusual sight.

“Oh hey,” I said, saving my work and closing my laptop. “Bad night?”

“You don’t wanna know,” Spencer said as he dropped his bag on my floor. “Just a few more months and I’m done with my mother.”

“Hey, you’ve made it 18 years! You can make it.”

Spencer grinned, “I know… It’s like the last lap of a race. I can see the finish line!”

“Well, I’m happy for you. Just don’t forget me when you leave.”

“I could never forget you,” Spencer said with a look of sudden seriousness. “You’ve done so much for me… I mean, this is my second home. I don’t know what I’d do if I couldn’t come here to escape.”

“Spencer. It’s nothing. What are friends for?” I smiled. “Now if you’re done being sentimental, I for one am exhausted and would love to go to bed.”

“Yes, your majesty,” Spencer said as me bowed to me.

“Funny…” I laughed as I got up to change.

After 10 years with Spencer, there was no such thing as modesty. I stripped off my shirt and shorts and walked over to my dresser to find an oversized shirt to slip on. I looked up in the mirror and saw Spencer staring at my ass, jaw hanging slack. I quickly looked away, and I couldn't help but blush.

After finding one, I turned around. Spencer was climbing into my bed, wearing only boxers as usual. I silently cursed to myself, as the sight of his shirtless always made me wet. I climbed in to the left of him. I rolled over on my back and looked at the ceiling.

“I’m going to miss you,” I said sadly.

“I’ll miss you too… I can’t imagine not seeing your pretty face every day.”

“Pretty face? That’s funny…”

“What? I’m being serious!”

I was puzzled, “You’ve never called me pretty, ever, Spence.”

“What? I’m sure I have…”

“You haven’t. Anything you say regarding my appearance is always insulting.”

“Aww, you know I’m just kidding, Pay.”

“No… not all the time.”

Spencer rolled over towards me. “Look at me,” he said.

I rolled to my side and looked at him. His big blue eyes stared at my brown ones, almost covered up by his shaggy black hair. Even in the dark you could see his freckles.

“You’re beautiful, Payton. Anyone who says otherwise is lying through their teeth.”

I beamed, “That means so much, coming from you…”

We laid there for awhile, just looking at each other, smiling. I started to feel a butterfly feeling in my stomach, and even more wetness between my legs.

I reached a hand up to brush the hair away from his eyes, and he grabbed it in midair and held it.

“Goodnight, Pay,” he said with a smile, squeezing my hand before letting go and turning his back to me.

I smiled and closed my eyes.

When I woke up in the morning, I realized three things. One, Spencer was pressed up against my back. Two, his right hand was rubbing my breast. And three, I could feel an extremely hard cock against my ass.

“Spencer…” I mumbled, half asleep. “What are you doing…?”

“I want you, Pay… I always have,” he whispered in my ear. “Let me do this…”

I was suddenly very awake.

At some point in the night, he had managed to pull my shirt off, and I was laying there in a bright blue bra and matching thong. He unhooked my bra behind me and started rubbing and pulling at my nipples. I moaned and pushed myself closer to him, feeling his erection get even stiffer.

“I’ve always loved you, Payton. Every girl I’ve been inside, I wished more than anything it was you,” he said to me as he slid his other hand down my thong and started to massage my clit.

“Mmmm… Spencer… That’s so fucking good.”

There was a knock on my door. We immediately flew to opposite sides of the bed. My mother poked her head in.

“Wake up, kids! Time for school!” and she closed the door.

Spencer groaned and punched his pillow.

“Tonight,” he said, before getting up, grabbing his bag and heading to the bathroom.

I had a feeling it was going to be a long day.

Let me know if you liked it, and if you want a part 2 :)