

Emily's Sleepover

She raised a fist, knocked on the door three times.

Connor's house was small, a single floor with only two bedrooms - one for him and his brother, one for their parents. An old, beat up truck sat in the driveway, along with a chained bicycle. From somewhere inside the house, Emily could hear the barking of a small dog - sounding the alert to its owners that an intruder had arrived.

A few seconds passed, Emily waiting nervously, before the door swung inwards. Standing there, looking more than a little flustered, was Connor.

Tall, lank, lightly tanned, he was the picturesque geeky boy. Complete with glasses, short messy hair, and white-collar shirt.

"Hey," Connor smiled, gesturing into his house. "Come in, come in. I was just finishing up- Shorty! Zip it!"

As soon as the white terrier saw Emily, it stopped barking and started jumping on the spot, tail wagging furiously. Emily dropped down to her knees, grinning, and the little white furball sprinted over towards her.

Connor shook his head, arms crossed, as Emily showered Shorty with attention and affection.

"I just need to finish this, gimme a few minutes," Connor was saying, sitting in front of his computer.

They were in Connor's shared bedroom, Connor at his desk with eyes glued to the screen, Emily sitting on the lower bunk of the bunk-bed with Shorty on her lap.

The room was small; cramped with the bunk-bed, computer desk, drawers, TV stand complete with games console. There was barely enough room to move about. The room's other occupant, Connor's older brother, was no-where to be seen.

Connor himself was busy typing away, seemingly oblivious to the fact that Emily was in the room with him. On his bed. With buttons undone. Ready.

He tapped away at his keyboard, writing line after line of computer jargon.

What was it that people said? Boys date girls that are similar to their mother and girls date boys who are similar to their fathers. Something like that.

Connor was a computer geek, through and through. Emily didn't pretend to know anything about what he was doing right now, but she imagined it was strikingly close to what her Dad did for a day job. Coding and programming and all that jazz.

Minutes passed in silence, save for the sound of keyboard keys being pressed.

"How much longer?" Emily whined.

If she'd wanted to sit down and do nothing, she'd have stayed home.

"Oh," Connor said, sounding surprised. As if he'd forgotten Emily was even there. "Uh, a few more minutes."

"Ugh," Emily complained, flopping backwards. She writhed on Connor's bed, partly out of annoyance and partly out of desire for attention. Shorty hopped off her lap and bolted out of the room. She whined, flopped about randomly.

And all the while, Connor ignored her.

Fine, Emily thought to herself, *if you want to play it that way then that's what we'll do*.

It wasn't the first time Connor had ignored Emily while he pursued his hobby - or played video games. When he wanted in her panties, he was all attention and admiration. But the moment you gave him a distraction, especially computer coding or a playing video games, his mind and attention was locked in place.

He'd be stuck at his computer until he was done, or until Emily could successfully draw him away from it.

But how?

Boys liked big breasts. And Emily's were more than big. Too big, if anything. She'd told her mother about her desire to get a breast reduction and been convinced out of it. She wasn't sure she agreed with all of her mother's arguments about being comfortable in your own skin and learning to love yourself, but she was at least willing to try.

Oddly, she felt less bothered by her breasts in the last few days, if only a little. They were still bothersome and uncomfortable, but she was beginning to realise a few of the upsides of having them.

Men liked large breasts and, in a way, having them made her special. Besides, who cared what other people thought about them?

Watching Connor typing away, ignoring her, was no fun. She wanted to be *appreciated*. And, in a wicked, naughty part of her mind, she started hatching a devious plan.

"I need to use the bathroom," Emily said, hopping to her feet and heading to the bedroom door.

Behind her, Connor gave a non-committal, "kay."

She headed to the house's bathroom, closed the door behind her, and started unbuttoning her top. Some women were nimble and practised enough to be able to remove their bras from underneath a shirt. Emily was not. She set her plaid shirt down onto the sink and unhooked her bra, feeling the weight of her breasts swing free as she pulled the bra away from her body.

It wasn't particularly stylish or sexy, just a plain old black bra. Boring and uninteresting. She didn't own any sexy underwear.

She put it down momentarily to slip her shirt back on, picked it up, headed back to Connor's room. As she approached, she hid the bra behind her back.

Emily entered the room, making sure to shut the door behind her and, bra hidden from Connor's view, walked behind his chair.

Again, he ignored her.

Without saying a word, Emily raised the bra over her head, hanging it in front of Connor's eyes.

He stopped typing.

Emily let go, dropping the bra onto Connor's lap.

"I," Connor said, voice flustered, "Uh. Just need to..."

Emily leaned over, whispered the first thing that popped into her head.

"Fuck me daddy."

It came out breathy, almost desperate.

They'd been dating for over a year. Having sex for a good portion of that time. At first it was shy and awkward and uncomfortable, pleasant but not great. Then, as they'd gotten used to each other's bodies, learned how to make the other feel good, the sex had gone from mediocre to amazing.

Until a month or two ago.

For the last few weeks, it had turned from sexy fun-times into routine vanilla penetration. It had gotten boring. Bland.

So, Emily thought to herself, *lets spice things up a little*.

She hopped onto Connor's bunk, rolling onto her side, letting a mess of hair fall partly over her face. She crossed her ankles, bit her lower lip, started right at Connor - who was now giving her his full, open-mouthed attention.

And slowly, button by button, starting undoing her plaid shirt.

Connor's eyes moved from one button to the next, mesmerized. A warmth filled her, a heat and excitement that threatened to erase all thoughts and turn her into a mindless animal. Wanting to be fucked. Needing it.

She held the feeling back, delighting in Connor's gaze. Having him watch her, want her, was exciting Emily just as much as the idea of hot, steamy sex. More, even.

The last button holding her breasts tightly together came undone, jiggling them free. She was careful to keep her nipples hidden behind the cloth, teasing. Continued unbuttoning, all the way down her stomach to her pelvis. Let out a gasp as she undid the very last one.

Connor's eyes were fixated on her breasts. She moved slightly to one side, letting them sway softly. Connor watching her, gazing at her chest, made her feel oddly special. She wanted to flaunt them, to tease him more. She spoke, her voice breathless, sultry.

"Well," Connor's wide eyes snapped up at the word, from her breasts to her face. "What are you waiting for, daddy? Come have me."

The words hung in the air a moment, the temperature of the room increasing with every panted breath.

And then Connor sprung. Half-leaping from his chair onto his bed, moving directly for Emily. He climbed on top of her in an instant, pinning her to the bed. He reached down roughly, grabbing both sides of the shit, spread them as far apart as he could. If there had been any buttons still done, they would have been torn off by the force Connor used.

Emily's breasts sprung free, bouncing heavily.

He dived face-first, possessed, for them. The left he grasped tightly, squeezed painfully. The right he attacked with his mouth, engulfing the hard pink nipple, kissing and sucking and biting.

Emily gasped, moaned. Connor's grip, though painful, was pleasurable in its own rough, unrestrained way. She could feel his teeth on her nipple, leaving little marks that would remain for days. She could feel his desire for her, so muted over the last few weeks, burning red-hot.

Unthinking, her hands wandered down to the hem of his jeans, clumsily undoing the buttons.

Connor's right hand followed Emily's, tugging at her trousers in the same way that she did his. Removing them, stripping them off her body with an animal's lust.

His cock was in her hand, hard and warm. She wanted to play with it, pleasure it. She wanted it in her mouth. She'd never liked giving head before, but she wanted to now. Her mind was empty but for desire and heat. She felt light-headed, feral.

And then her trousers were off. Flung across the room. And Connor's hand was inside her panties, a finger inside her.

Emily let out a moan, a single word.

"Daddy."

Connor sped up his finger for an instant, stopped, pulled it out. She felt her panties peel away from her drenched pussy as Connor moved them aside. She looked down just in time to see his cock, complete with bright blue condom.

When did he-

The thought was cut off. Connor penetrated her.

Instincts took over, Emily's legs wrapped themselves around Connor's hips on their own, pulling him closer, deeper inside her.

He started thrusting, fast and hard right from the start. One hand bracing over Emily's shoulder, the other holding her hip in place as he hammered away. His eyes were fixated on her chest, her wildly bouncing breasts.

She tucked her arms under her breasts in a futile attempt to prevent them from moving so much. All she managed was to squeeze them outwards, emphasizing their size.

Connor sped up, and Emily lost herself in the pleasurable, orgasmic oblivion.

"Daddy," she moaned freely. "More. Yes."

Above her, Connor was gasping her name, breathing heavily, eyes wide and unfocussed. He was close. Emily could feel it.

She sped up her own pace, thrusting her hips into Connor's, impaling herself on his cock. She let out one last cry and let herself orgasm, feeling Connor tense above her.

There was more thrusting, slower and heavier, as the orgasm continued, exploding and blazing and slowly dying down.

Connor collapsed on top of her, breathless.

She was panting, basking in the afterglow of her orgasm. He was still inside her, his cock pressing on her sweet-spot. It was electrifying. A tiny, sparking pain paired with immense pleasure.

As Connor withdrew from her, removed the condom, Emily felt the wash of weariness and fatigue come. She closed her eyes, relaxed, let out a satisfied sigh. She'd needed that. She hadn't known exactly how much until then, but it was a lot.

She didn't sleep. Connor was snoozing softly beside her, not a care in the world. But Emily couldn't. Or didn't want to. She wasn't quite sure.

Things with Connor weren't going so well.

Sure, they'd just had some pretty nice sex. But recently, it felt like they were growing apart. He was more interested in his hobbies and friends, only giving her the time of day when he wanted something from her. Namely sex.

Exams hadn't been the only thing stressing her out lately.

It was a godsend that her Dad was helping her out the way he was. She'd have to find some way to thank him properly.

Emily shifted her head slightly, looking at Connor's sleeping face. She'd been drawn to him because of his cute awkwardness. He wasn't like most of the guys that asked her out, the ones who were obviously interested in only one thing from her. But, in the end, Connor had turned out to be more similar to those guys than she'd wanted to believe.

They wouldn't last much longer. Sometime soon, Emily would end things with him. When and how, she hadn't thought about.

When she found a replacement, most likely. Someone to take care of her physical needs. That was the only reason she was still with Connor, she realised.

Emily let out a sigh.

A session with Dad would be good about now.

She could always think more clearly after a trance. After the dizziness and dreaminess wore off, at least. And not having to think at all, not worrying or stressing about a thing in the world, sounded amazing right now.

She'd ask him when she got home tomorrow. Though, the last thing she wanted to do was to bother him by asking him to put her under too much.

Hopefully, he wouldn't mind.