

# Broken Promises



By  
John D

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**Codes:** exhib, mf, flirt, f-solo

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## Preface

This story is the second instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe and shows a particular date that key character, Sarah Bailey, has with her boyfriend, Kevin Hall. This is not the only time Chris Webb or Kevin Hall will make appearances in the universe.

This story is set in June 1998 in London, England.

The “Growing Pains” universe is a set of stories that centres around the life of Andy Williams and all those who got to know him as he grows up. While everything may not be totally clear, it will be the time the Universe is all released.

Please provide feedback to me, either by e-mail or website review, whether you enjoyed it or not!

Kind regards,

John D

**Email:** [johndstories@gmail.com](mailto:johndstories@gmail.com)

**Web link:** <http://www.johndstories.co.uk>

**Twitter:** @johndstories and #johndstories

## Chapter I

"Mum, I am sixteen you know," the teenage girl wailed. She pushed back her dirty blonde hair that was tumbling down her face and gave her mother a frown.

"I know you are sixteen but you have an exam tomorrow. It's your GCSEs babe, they are very important."

Sarah sighed and grunted to herself. "It's English Lit. I have no problem with that. And I haven't seen Kev for two weeks," she whined.

Angela Bailey grimaced. "I got you tickets for this afternoon, there is no reason why you can't do some revision this morning and meet him at two thirty outside the stadium."

Sarah puffed and crossed her arms. "I want to see him. I have done all my revision and I have already arranged to meet him."

"And to be honest young lady, after what Mrs Crosse said yesterday I don't want you going at all. Be grateful that I'll let you go for the afternoon."

Sarah uncrossed her arms and then waved them around theatrically. "What the hell was all that about? You saw me leave dressed in jeans and a blouse. And you saw me come home wearing that. I wasn't wearing some miniskirt, looking like a hooker."

"Well that's what she said she saw. She was waiting to get the bus to bingo and said that's what you were wearing when she went past. Is there anything you want to tell me?"

"No," Sarah replied sharply. "It was probably Paul's girlfriend, you've seen how she dresses. You know how confused the old woman gets."

Her mother eyed the young girl suspiciously. "Are you having sex?"

Sarah gave a panicked expression and looked around the hallway of their upmarket suburban house. "No, Mum. This is not something I want to talk about. Now I am going to miss my train."

Angela put her hand on her daughter's shoulder as she went towards the door. "Not so fast, young lady."

"Oh what is it now?" Sarah asked exasperated and Angela shot her daughter a dangerous look.

"What are you going to be doing in London?"

"I dunno yet. Meeting Kev. My boyfriend. The love of my life," Sarah responded dramatically and Angela rolled her eyes.

"You are sixteen. You do not know what love is," she muttered in response and the Sarah's blue eyes sparkled angrily. She pulled herself up to her 5ft 8in in height and puffed her chest out.

"I do know what love is," she barked furiously and Angela groaned. Sarah had had this chat with her best friend, Donna, who had told her that Kevin clearly did not love her as he did not treat her with respect which had caused a bit of an argument, but Sarah knew that

being in her boyfriend's company made her feel warm and content. She had not managed to feel like that with anyone else, doing anything else.

"I will give you a lift to the station," Angela told her and got her keys. "But I want you home for six. And not a minute later, you understand?"

Sarah groaned. "Oh Mum, purr-lease."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarah sat down in the deserted carriage and waited for the doors to close. The Sunday service trains from Aylesbury to London (via her town of Wendover) were rarely busy and she was lucky in that there was only a smattering of other passengers.

She had resented her mother following her onto the station, but the twenty pounds in cash she had given her as "spending money" was gratefully received and Sarah put her bag down on the seat next to her.

She needed to get changed. She could not meet her boyfriend in just jeans and T-Shirt – he would certainly dump her if she wasn't sexy and alluring. Sarah scanned the carriage and saw that there was just one guy at the end of the train listening to his music.

The train jerked into life and Sarah was jerked forwards. She waited for it to pick up speed and she ferreted around in her rucksack. She liked this bag, as the lining was coming away at the bottom and with a bit of cleverness, it was possible to hide items underneath the bag, so it was not immediately apparent that there was anything there.

Sarah kicked her heels off. Her mother did not object to her choice of footwear, but then they were not big heels and were mostly hidden by her jeans anyway.

She slid her hand in and took out a plaid black and white tartan skirt. It was short, but it was supposed to be. Sarah took one more look on the train and slid her jeans down her firm, teenage thighs. The harsh fabric on the chair rubbed against the back of her legs and she struggled with the denim trousers. It congregated by her ankles and she struggled to kick off the stubborn garment.

Sarah liked her skin-tight jeans, but they always posed a problem when removing them if required in a hurry. She never went to football practice wearing them as putting them on after having a shower was problematic. Her mother chastised her strongly after she walked home at night wearing them one night, saying they could invite unwanted attention, although Sarah did point out that if she couldn't get them off, then a rapist had no chance. This theory was not appreciated by either of her parents.

Sarah panicked with her trousers stuck and tugged sharply. Finally, the jeans came free and the teenager put the tartan skirt over her feet and stood up to pull the skirt up to her waist. The skirt was at least eight inches above her knee and suggested plenty, revealing lots of unblemished flesh.

Sarah delved into her beg and pulled out a pair of sheer white hold-up stockings. She rolled them over her feet and pulled them up gently so they came over her knees and finished a couple of inches below the hem of the skirt.

Sarah then looked around the carriage again. She pulled off her T-Shirt and unclipped her bra. She wanted to wear her very tight pink top that showed her well-developed bust nicely; and she didn't want to wear a bra, Kevin liked it when she wasn't wearing any

underwear.

"Tickets please," she heard behind her and squawked in shock. The aged gentleman cursed when he saw Sarah's bust staring at him and rubbed his eyes to check if he was imagining the topless teenager.

"Oh shit," cried Sarah and covered her bosom with her hands.

"This isn't a changing room," the ticket-collector reminded her and Sarah nodded, frantically finding her pink top and slipping it over her head. Her face was flushed and bright red. Sarah delved into her purse and passed the collector her ticket to check.

"Sorry," she said as he passed it back, but he sighed.

"Listen love, you'd do well not to go to London dressed like that. You don't look old enough."

Sarah nodded in politeness and then retrieved her book as he left her. She had never been watched getting changed before, although usually she had time to do it in the local park before making it to the station. Her mother caused her to flash on the train although she could hardly complain to her.

\* \* \* \* \*

The clock struck eleven and Sarah was waiting underneath it. Her boyfriend had three trains to catch to reach her on Marylebone station's windy concourse whereas she only had one, but they had definitely agreed eleven.

She was feeling a little self-conscious. Four times, a suited gentleman in his fifties had stared at her, or walked past and he was making no effort to catch a train, buy tickets or do anything but mentally undress her.

He sauntered over to her. He had a pot-belly and piggy eyes and clearly had had enough of performing apodyopsis, wanting more. "You turning tricks?" He asked in a regional accent and Sarah screwed up her face.

"Am I what?"

"You turning tricks, love? I mean, I ain't seen you in these parts before and I love to try new pussy."

Sarah twigged what he said and puffed. "I am waiting for my boyfriend," she squealed and he held up his hands. "And I am sixteen."

He stared at her breasts, the outline clearly visible through her tight top and glanced at her open midriff and then at her short skirt. "I'll give you thirty for a blowie," he offered. "In toilets like."

Sarah gasped. "Fuckin' no," she snapped.

"Sorry, love," he muttered. "Ya just look like one." Sarah sighed at the cheek of it and stared angrily at the man. How dare he suggest she was a prostitute, she thought. She didn't look anything like a prostitute in her short tartan skirt, stockings, tight top and heels.

## Chapter II

“You are gorgeous,” Kevin said, complimenting his girlfriend the moment he saw her. She flung her arms open and embraced him wildly. Their mouths met and tongues caressed each other. Kevin slid his arms up his girlfriend's thighs and her skirt rose up as he touched the fold in the skin.

The gentleman watched from the other side of the station. What he wouldn't give for a piece of that. Sixteen or not, the perfectly firm, rounded ass of Sarah set his pulse racing. She was hot and looked like she should be in the red-light district. Sarah detached herself from her boyfriend and grinned. “You look good yourself,” she told him and he smiled.

Kevin was shorter than Sarah with a round face and a slightly pudgy body. His brown eyes were framed by glasses, with a thin silver rim, and his brown hair was long, covering his ears and almost meeting his eyebrows. Sarah looked him and down, his jeans and T-Shirt, the casual, normal look her parents thought she was wearing.

“Babe, I've got us a local hotel,” Kevin promised and Sarah groaned inwardly. She knew that sex was important to Kevin and that their rendezvouses meant a lot to him, but she wished that they would do something after the sex. This time, they would do. Her mother had bought them tickets to see an exhibition match at Wembley that afternoon and she was looking forward to going.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I want to fuck you so much,” Kevin whispered as they scampered up the hotel steps. Kevin had spent most of the last ten minutes as they meandered through the back streets towards Paddington, groping, caressing and admiring the young Sarah Bailey and in return Sarah had felt the lump in his trousers knowing full well that he would be pounding that into her soft body moments after getting into the room.

Sarah also got two wolf-whistles and a “pip” on a car horn as the white van drove past. She beamed at this, even waving and blowing a kiss to the plumber as he drove past, but Kevin was not impressed at her flirtatiousness. He didn't have to be; Sarah knew in fifteen minutes she would be his.

The Dover Road Hotel was a tired two-star establishment, in need of renovation but providing its' guests with reasonable accommodation for a reasonable price. It offered Kevin a double bed for six hours for thirty pounds, a bargain in Central London and as the two lovers skipped into lobby, the young receptionist grinned.

She had taken the call from a flustered Kevin the night before and agreed on the rate. This was the price for the night, and he was prepared to check out at 4pm, so the hotel was making money for selling a room that would normally be empty, but she knew what they would be up to and the anxiousness in the young man's voice when he rang was almost amusing. She did not need to be Sherlock Holmes to guess who he was the moment she clapped eyes on him, his desperate face and his scandalously attired companion.

“Mr Hall?” The lady enquired and he nodded, panting for breath.

“Yeah.”

She punched a couple of details on the system and he put three notes on the desk, which

was taken immediately. She passed him a key to Room 33 on the third floor and told him to be out by four o'clock which he readily agreed to.

The lift doors had barely closed when Kevin pushed himself up against the defenceless Sarah who cooed at him. He lifted the hem of her skirt up and kissed her. While their tongues met, he roughly prodded her knickers and then slid his fingers inside them. She was damp, he could tell.

He rubbed his finger sharply across the sensitive areas and Sarah jumped in shock. She was not ready for a full-on assault of her clitoris and he was being too rough, but she didn't know how to tell him that he needed to be gentle without hurting his feelings.

The door to the room had barely closed when Kevin had thrown Sarah onto the bed. She fell backwards and Kevin reached into her skirt and pulled her knickers frantically and tigerishly towards him. As he yanked them, they got stuck underneath her and she squealed in pain as they dug into her flesh.

Sarah reached back and liberated the underwear that he threw onto the floor. She looked at him with desire in her eyes and he kicked off his sneakers, and then his jeans.

"Still shaved then?"

"I like it bare," Sarah admitted. "As do you."

Kevin chuckled and her bottomless boyfriend moved forwards her legs. Sarah could not see his cock, but she knew it would be erect. It was, and he positioned it over her opening. She was excited certainly but not completely aroused and as she felt it touch her hole she breathed out.

"Gentle, babe," she mouthed but Kevin didn't listen and pushed forwards sharply.

Sarah squealed. "Gently. You're so big," she lied and Kevin smiled.

"You are lucky to have such a sex god for a boyfriend, aren't you?" Kevin asked vainly as he propelled his cock deep into her. She had not questioned his non-usage of condoms but expected him to pull out when ejaculating. She didn't want to be a mother no more than he wanted to be a father.

Kevin played with her breasts through her shirt and then gripped her wrists, pushing them tightly onto the bed above her head.

Kevin grunted and groaned. Sarah massaged his member with her internal muscles but Sarah was not ready for penetration. It was uncomfortable, but she could not tell him. He would be devastated, he loved to think that he was amazing in bed and she loved him too much to tell him otherwise, so she forced herself to moan and cry out.

Kevin always demanded she came to orgasm, and so after a minute of painful thrusting, Sarah squealed and squeaked her way to a fake orgasm. Kevin smiled and she emitted noises and did her best to wrap her feet around her boyfriend.

"You love it, don't you," Kevin cried and Sarah nodded. She really wished she could orgasm with him like she could with her fingers or her vibrator, but just couldn't get the same pleasure from him. Sarah had spent many long nights worrying why that was and what was she doing wrong. She needed to know what was wrong with her, why another person could not make her feel "special."

With one more thrust he withdrew his dick that spurted his thick semen onto her shaved pubic area.

Sarah shut her eyes and laid back. Kevin retrieved some toilet tissue and came back into the room wiping his cock. "Can I have some please?" Sarah asked but he grinned and pointed towards the en-suite.

"Get your own," he replied uncharitably.

Sarah groaned and slid her top off. She didn't want to get Kevin's juices on it, and as she wiped the mess from her body in the tiny bathroom, Kevin came up behind her and kissed the back of her neck, and then started fondling her tits.

"You ummm ... you think these will develop any more?" Kevin asked and Sarah mewed in contented pleasure as he nibbled the back of her neck. Why couldn't he have done that before he started thrusting his cock into her?

"Do you want them to?" Sarah asked and he gave a muffled reply.

"Uh-huh."

"Why, they are fairly big. Won't it just be too much?"

Kevin guided the naked Sarah back towards the bedroom. "I know a girl with big tits at school and they look awesome. What size are yours?"

"36C," Sarah replied and Kevin shrugged.

"You see, most sexy women are D or E cups. C isn't bad I suppose but is on the smaller side."

Sarah rubbed her eyes and started at her boyfriend. She was well-endowed compared to all of her friends, so why was Kevin saying she wasn't? "I mean I have an above-average cock size. Massive. But me bird has small tits," he said in a playful voice and Sarah bit her lip. She didn't like her boyfriend criticising her and wanted him to like her as she was.

"How do you know you have a massive cock?" Sarah asked and Kevin screwed his piggy face.

"Cos I've seen other guys in the shower," he replied and waved his withered manhood at her.

"Not very big at the moment," Sarah teased and Kevin scowled.

"Well that's your job. Kiss it, and it will get bigger."

Sarah smiled and sunk to her knees. She took the shrivelled manhood in her hands and ran her lips over the end. It twitched and Sarah grinned. He was always receptive to her touch, and she sucked it gently until it was fully erect.

Despite what Kevin claimed, he did not possess a large cock, either in girth or in length and Sarah could take it in her mouth without too much problem. She had practised on her vibrator so she could deep throat but had never been able to counter the "gag reflex" and instead wrapped her fist around the base and slid that up and down as well.

Kevin put his hands on the back of her head and began thrusting his cock against her. Sarah was glad she had put her hand at the base of his member, or else he would be going in too far.

Sarah sucked on the head and ran her tongue underneath his head. Kevin sighed and groaned. He muttered something and began thrusting harder and harder.

He could not resist and without warning, he flooded Sarah's mouth with his seed.

She sucked all of the cum out of him and he twitched his hips a couple of times but Sarah looked up at his smiling. He saw her swallow and he grinned back.

"That's cool. You suck cock like that and it doesn't matter that you are flat-chested," Kevin teased and Sarah stood up. She went to give Kevin a kiss and he flinched and moved away. "You've just swallowed my jism love. I'm not kissing you. That's just gross."

## Chapter III

“Go on, love,” Kevin pleaded and Sarah shook her head. “It’ll be fun. It’ll make me happy.”

Sarah scowled at him. “But other people might get to see me naked,” she argued and Kevin smiled.

“I know. It’ll be a laugh.”

Sarah took a deep breath and opened the hotel door. Kevin had asked her to go to the lifts naked, travel down a floor, run up the stairs and then back to the room. This was her “dare” that had been issued as part of Kevin’s game of Truth or Dare.

Sarah’s heart was beating furiously. She was sure that anyone in an adjacent room would hear the floor creaking or her bare feet on the soft carpet. She heard a noise in one of the bedrooms, and her stomach leapt.

It was too warm in the airless corridor for Sarah to be cold and she was glad that there was the lift carriage was already waiting on the third floor of the hotel. She had no waiting, and with her fingers trembling, pressed the second floor option. She lift doors slid closed and she breathed a huge sigh of relief when they opened on the floor below and there was no-one present.

Sarah tore down the length of the second floor corridor and reached the fire doors at the end. As she dived into the stairwell she heard a door unlock and her heart skipped a beat. She was out of sight, but scrambled up the set of stairs, and peered out onto the third floor.

She saw a couple waiting by the lift, and although they were not facing her, and were forty metres away, they would see her if they turned their heads. Sarah swore and waited. They departed thirty seconds later and Sarah walked nonchalantly towards their room, number 33, situated half way down the corridor.

Kevin had his head peered round the door, and Sarah wiggled her hips as she walked towards him. And then she froze.

Walking directly towards her, open-mouthed and shocked was a young man with short blonde hair and a big rucksack. He had just got out of the lift and had a key in his hand.

“Hi,” he said nervously as a bright-red Sarah passed him in the corridor. He was a few years older than her, and had a kind, warm face with soft eyes and chiselled features.

Sarah took a deep breath. “Hiya,” she replied in a nervous tone of her bubbly voice.

“Are you OK?” He asked and Sarah noticed a bulge in his shorts. Sarah smiled.

“I’m fine. It’s a dare,” she answered truthfully and disappeared into her room. Kevin was waiting behind the door and she threw her arms around him.

“He likes you,” Kevin told her, and she flicked her hair out of her face.

“Your turn,” Sarah said and pushed him onto the bed.

“No. I’m not in the mood for that game anymore.” He kissed her and put his arms around

his girlfriend.

“What are you in the mood for?”

“You”

Sarah grinned. Since they had arrived, Kevin had come three times and fingered her twice. She had also run around the hotel naked, being spanked and kissed his anus as “dares” while Kevin had been decidedly unadventurous with his “truths.”

Sarah didn't mind. It kept her boyfriend happy, and they would be doing her choice of activity later anyway.

Sarah crawled over Kevin and hovered over his face, hoping that he might try and give her oral sex. Donna had suggested that she try it as her last boyfriend was good at it, but Kevin had refused to do so, saying that his dick not his mouth is for her pussy.

Kevin slid out from underneath her and jumped on the bed, putting his hands on her hips. She knew that he was about to plunge his manhood into her unceremoniously and she was right.

Without barely pausing, she felt him ram his cock as far as he could and she grunted. It was uncomfortable again. Why couldn't her body just be normal?

\* \* \* \* \*

A nearby clock struck two and Sarah lifted herself up from the bed, Kevin's semen dripping on her thighs. She planned to get changed into her old clothes before leaving the hotel and walked to the bathroom to clean herself up. She wanted a shower but didn't bring any shampoo. She could have one when she got home.

Sarah sat down on the toilet to pee, shutting the door to give herself some privacy. Kevin opened the door and came into the bathroom while Sarah was mid-stream. She kissed his deflated member and said a theatrical “thank you.” Kevin beamed, he liked his ego being stroked.

Kevin pulled Sarah up from the toilet after she had finished, and smiled at her.

“We better leave in fifteen minutes or we'll be late,” Sarah told him and Kevin sneered.

“Oh what?” Kevin asked as he retrieved his underpants from the floor and Sarah rinsed her hands.

“The match at Wembley,” Sarah replied and took out her everyday clothes from the bag.

Kevin groaned. “You mean you were serious?”

Sarah stared at him and sighed. She knew he did dislike football but then this was the first time she was taking him to a football match and had told him weeks before.

“Yes, I was serious,” Sarah replied with a serious finality to her voice. “I have two tickets so we can spend the afternoon together.”

Kevin sneered at her. “You know I don't do football,” he told her sharply. “It's a game only played by thugs.”

Sarah pulled herself up to her full height, still naked. "I play football. I am not a thug."

Kevin ignored her comment. "It's all those plebs at that state school, they are bad influences. I ain't going to no football match. If you want to spend the afternoon with me, let's get a bite to eat from the café opposite and then get back in that bed."

Sarah pushed his wandering hands away from her. She wanted to go to Wembley, and she wanted to do it with him. He had readily agreed on the phone only a few days ago, so why the change in heart? "No Kev, I am going. And what's more I am going to be wearing these."

Sarah pushed her everyday clothes into her rucksack and pulled her skirt over her bare pussy.

"Aren't you going to wear any underwear?" Kevin asked and Sarah's eyes flashed.

"No. Of course all the people in the row in front will see and they will like, right? Of course, if I am not with a boyfriend, those lecherous thugs might get ideas."

Kevin pulled the last of his clothes on and started putting his sneakers on. "Why are you spoiling today, Sarah? It's been a nice day and you want to spoil it by being silly."

Sarah stared at him in exasperation. "I am not spoiling today. I want my boyfriend to spend time with me doing one of my interests after he has had hours of non-stop sex," Sarah snapped.

"Yeah, but it's football. Why not doing something we both like but you have to try and drag me to football," he moaned and the topless girl put her head in her hands.

"I want to see the match, and thought you might want to keep me company. Because I love you and you love me."

Kevin stood up and went over to Sarah. "Oh right. So just because I don't want to go to a dumb football match, I don't love you. That's just stupid, Sarah."

Sarah looked at her boyfriend confused but he stared at her resolutely. "I do love you, I never said you didn't love me, babe. I just want to spend time with you."

"If you loved me, you wouldn't try to bully me into going to do something I don't want to do. Or flaunt yourself dressed like that. You don't love me Sarah, I know you don't. I do everything for you and you do nothing for me."

Sarah burst into tears and stared up at the angry face of her boyfriend. "I do. I do," she wailed and he snorted.

Kevin looked at his girlfriend and then opened the door and strode out of the room.

"Wait," yelled Sarah and burst into the corridor. "Please Kevin."

Kevin pushed his girlfriend away as she tried to loop her arms around him and stepped into the lift. "Go to your precious football match Sarah. See if I care."

Sarah burst into tears as the doors closed and traipsed back towards her room.

The young man came out of a room opposite and Sarah froze. The door she needed to

her room was twenty feet away and she was topless. Apart from the skirt, she was naked but he turned and he recoiled in shock.

“Another dare?” He asked and saw Sarah had puffy, red eyes. “Are you OK?” he asked.

“I’m fine,” she lied through the tears and walked past.

“I know you’re not. Look it’s none of my business, but if you want a chat over a coffee,” he suggested and Sarah turned to face him.

“Are my tits big or small?” Sarah asked and he stared at the topless teenager.

“Pardon?”

“My tits. Big or small?”

“Wow. Well. Um, they’re reasonably big. They’re nice.” His cheeks flashed scarlet and he averted his eyes. “They’re a nice size, I mean.”

Sarah smiled through the tears and looked back. “And if your girlfriend took you to a hotel for three hours of sex and then asked you to join her watching a football match that you didn’t really want to, would you go to keep her company?”

The gentleman stared at Sarah. “Yeah, definitely.”

“Cheers.” Sarah smiled at the gentleman and walked through into her room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarah put the key on the counter and the receptionist gave her a knowing and disapproving look.

“Stay OK, madam?” she asked and the red-eyed Sarah gave a weak smile.

“Fine thanks,” Sarah replied. The receptionist took the key and pressed a button on her computer. A printer whirred away under the desk and she passed the receipt to the teenager who threw it into her rucksack.

“You know if you want to book regularly, bring your clients here every day, we could certainly give you a preferential rate.”

Sarah groaned. “That won’t be necessary,” she replied tersely.

“I’m glad you enjoyed your stay,” the receptionist chirped. “Have a nice day.”

Sarah grunted and stepped out into the powerful London sunshine.

## Chapter IV

Sarah gazed up at the Twin Towers. She had only ever been to one football match here before, and this was three years ago. She still felt a guilty emptiness that Kevin had stormed off angrily as she tried to insist he come along with her, but nothing could distract from the fact she was at Wembley. The home of football.

Sarah stared up at them again. They were magnificent and two flags flew on top of the iconic landmarks. While she was staring at the towers, she wasn't looking where she was going, and as she idly gazed, she felt something in front of her and then a tumbling sensation. Sarah was about to hit the concrete.

The teenager frantically scrambled for a rail or handle but there was nothing and as she hit the ground with a thud, looked to see what had caused to fall. Half-a-dozen concerned faces looked over her, asking if she was not hurt and Sarah pulled herself to her feet, straightening her skirt.

"I'm fine, really," she said reassuring those around her and grateful that her rucksack contained clothes as they helped to break her fall. The rapidly assembled throng of concerned people melted into the crowd and Sarah was left looking at the guy she ran into.

"Sorry," Sarah said, her eyes looking up the towers. "I wasn't looking where I was going."

The guy smiled. He was wearing a red and white striped shirt and was lean with very short hair and a nervous smile. He looked down at Sarah from his 6ft 1in height through dark blue eyes and blinked. "S'ok. I was admiring 'em too. I never seen them before."

"Sarah," the teenage girl said, introducing herself to the tall gentleman and he smiled. He had seen right up her skirt when she fell, and saw she wasn't wearing any knickers.

"Chris. You alone?"

Sarah gulped and nodded. "I wanted my boyfriend to come, but he refused. You?"

"Same. Only with a fiancée."

Sarah grinned and asked him where he was sitting. He was due to be right behind the goals, but Sarah offered him Kevin's ticket which was near the half-way line and a far better view.

Chris hesitated but Sarah was insistent. Normally Chris would happily have accepted, but it was not everyday that a knickerless beautiful girl, with large breasts, asks him to join her. He wondered what his fiancée, Claire, would say if she knew.

Sarah and Chris walked inside and sat down. They had an excellent view, as Sarah's parents had treated her to reasonably expensive seats. Chris treated them both to a beer as he had ID to get served, which Sarah gratefully drunk in the hot afternoon.

The exhibition match was open and entertaining. The two teenagers disagreed over a few offsides and moves made, but Sarah enjoyed herself and got to know her partner well at the half-time break.

He lived in Amersham, a town on the same railway line as Wendover, but was born in

Sunderland, three hundred miles away. Unsurprisingly, he supported the local team but moved when his parents divorced, and his Dad came to live near London.

Chris was nineteen and would be twenty at the end of the year. He was training to be a photographer and Sarah's eyes lit up. He saw her glint, and smiled, adding that he "would love to photo her as she would be one of the most photogenic girls he had every captured."

Sarah was hungry after the game; she did not have much lunch and Chris suggested that they get something to eat together. Sarah readily agreed, and after much haggling they agreed on a little restaurant in Wendover. Although, it would mean Chris would have to double-back on himself, he didn't mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarah laughed and started reeling them off. "OK. United, Town, City, County, Vale, Wednesday, Argyle, Hotspur, Rangers, Athletic, Palace, Albion, Argyle, Alexandria, Wanderers, Forest."

Chris giggled. "That's sixteen. There is one more."

Sarah looked away from him towards a map of Italy on the wall. She had been trying to name the seventeen endings for English football league teams but was struggling. "Harriers?"

"Non-league," Chris replied instantly. This had been a game on an episode of the popular comedy programme, The Detectives, but no-one he knew had managed to get all seventeen without a bit of help.

"Bugger."

"You want a clue?"

"No," Sarah replied instantly and stared at the useless map. "Arsenal?"

"That's not an ending. It's their name."

Sarah postured for a moment and then crossed her arms. Her deliberations were interrupted by the waitress bringing their giant pizza to share and Sarah took a piece.

"Impressed," Chris told her as he took a bite, and Sarah squealed, throwing her arms in the air, one of which was holding a slice of her meal.

"Preston North End," she shrieked. Chris nodded and wiped his arm where Sarah had flicked tomato sauce from her pizza. "Yeah sorry."

He smiled. "Nice one." The waitress returned with more drinks for them and Sarah shot her new companion a knowing look as he watched the waitress's ass as she wiggled away from the table.

"She's cute," Sarah eventually said and Chris grinned.

"You're cute yourself."

"Are you saying that as you looked up my skirt?" Sarah asked playfully and took a piece of

pepperoni in her mouth before savagely biting down on it.

Chris stammered. "Well, can you blame me?"

Sarah gave her cutest smile and coyly glanced at Chris. "No I don't suppose I can."

Chris and Sarah were flirtatious and they teased each other, first about football, then about their partners and finally about each other. Sarah got a few second glances from the male patrons in the room when she got up to use the toilet and Chris was happy to goad her, until Sarah reached under the table and stroked his member through the thin cotton.

Chris went bright red, shuffled anxiously in his seat and hissed at her, as Sarah tickled him. She stuck out her tongue and returned to her ice cream dessert.

Before long, the time had come for them to part. "Sarah, please, let me just see you home," Chris begged and Sarah shook her head.

"It's fine," she promised. "I only live five minutes walk away. She had written her phone number of a napkin and given it to him but was insistent he wanted to know that she got home safe, especially dressed like that.

Sarah pooh-poohed him and kissed him briefly on the lips. "I thought you had a boyfriend," he replied and she grinned.

"I do. But then again, I thought you had a girlfriend."

"Fiancée."

"Exactly."

Chris waved Sarah off and she smiled. She sort of wanted him to ring, she liked him and he certainly liked her, but she knew that he was strictly off-limits, Kevin and Claire saw to that, but there was an unmistakable chemistry between them.

She adored his playful and easy-going nature, and the fact that he wanted to walk her home made her feel safe. She liked him, but as she meandered back towards her house, her mind wandered. She needed to talk to Donna about Kevin but Chris had complicated matters, as suddenly she desired someone other than her boyfriend.

## Chapter V

It was gone 8.30pm when Sarah arrived home. She had stopped off in the park to change but her mother was furious as she entered the house.

“Sarah,” Angela shouted the moment Sarah crossed the threshold. She stood with her rucksack in the hallway awaiting for her mother to appear.

“I told you to home by six. It's now nearly nine. Where have you been?”

Sarah rolled her eyes and groaned. “I'm sixteen. I don't need to be home by six.”

“You have an exam tomorrow.”

“I'm hardly likely to forget that, am I?”

“Don't talk to me like that. And you walked home alone at this time of night. I don't like it.”

“Oh for fucks sake, Mum. I am sixteen. I can ...”

Her mother hummed in anger and sent Sarah to her room, saying she was grounded “all week.” Sarah slammed then locked her door and then sat down behind it crying.

She needed to speak to Kevin. Why did he get so annoyed with her? What had she done wrong? Was she being unreasonable? She must be, or else Kev would not have reacted like that, and she felt guilty for it. And as for Chris, he was a guilty pleasure too far. She hoped Kev would never find out.

Sarah threw the rucksack onto the bed in frustration and emptied out its contents before sweeping them onto the floor in anger. The book hit the wall with a satisfying thud and she threw herself onto her bed.

Sarah looked up at the ceiling, wondering where she had gone wrong. She loved her boyfriend and he meant everything to her, but she wasn't sure if he was her friend any more. She needed more, and made a mental note to seek out Donna after the exam. Donna would help her.

Sarah undressed and threw her clothes onto the floor before stretching out on the bed again. She was still horny, Kevin had done little to satisfy her teenage desires and she reached into her bedside drawer and removed her red sex toy.

She had managed to purchase the sex toy during one of her previous visits to London with Kevin as he had rented a room directly opposite a sex store. He had scorned at her for wanting to go inside as they came out of the derelict hotel, but was happy to leave her in a seedy corner of the city when she said she wanted to browse inside and he wanted to get home to watch television.

The red vibrator was around six inches in length and was just over an inch wide. She had seen other toys much bigger than hers but she was immediately attracted to it because of its' shimmering red colour and was of a similar width to her boyfriend.

She flicked the sex toy onto its' lowest setting and began rubbing it over her body. She liked to feel it gliding over her smooth skin, and purred as touched her breasts or her neck. She longed for a muscular, tall man to reach over and take the toy from her and then do

this for her.

She imagined Chris. In his Sunderland replica shirt, and with his muscles underneath stroking her with her vibrating sex toy. She saw him with his chirpy smile and warm face, his subtle confidence and niceness and a shiver ran down her spine.

Sarah slid the vibrator over her inner thighs and then her mons. It touched her rosebud and skirted over her clitoris. Sarah could feel herself building with insatiable lust. She closed her eyes again and guided the imitation phallus to her soaking wet pussy.

Sarah moaned as the rubber sex toy stretched the entrance to her hole. It felt amazing, and her body eagerly accepted the rest of her vibrating toy. She wished she could replace it with a man, someone who would touch her passionately and listen to what she wanted.

She groaned as she rotated the red tube in her hole. It was touching every bit of her young womanhood and she moved her fingers to her clitoris, slowly rubbing it in circles.

Sarah grunted with every breath, her body tingling with arousal. Her fingers slid over her loins and she took a deep breath.

She turned the dial on the bottom of the toy and screwed up her eyes. The gentle vibration changed to a small earthquake and Sarah squealed. She pushed the vibrator down, hoping to get it to brush against her G-Spot but she wasn't able to, and instead started pushing the toy in and out of her while her hips bucked and grinded back and forth.

Sarah mewed loudly, she began thrusting the toy deeper and deeper into her as her fingers were darting over her little button as fast as she could take.

She felt her climax approaching. She quivered and bounced down on the obscene toy a few more times, her body drenched in sweat. It was driving her wild.

Sarah shrieked as she was rocked by the biggest orgasm she had had for months. Her fingers and toes curled into the bed, her sheet soaked and her loins tingling.

Sarah lay there for a few moments, her eyes closed and then pursed her lips and kissed the tip of her vibrator.

She just wished it was a man and not a fake toy. She would definitely ask Donna's advice, although Donna would say what Donna always said: she needed to dump Kevin, but Sarah still loved him. She just hoped that Chris wouldn't ring her and complicate matters.

\* \* \* \* \*

Andrew Webb was annoyed. His son had come home late the night before, dumped all of his stuff on the dining room table and gone to bed. Keys and wallet was fine, but there was a sweet wrapper there and a dirty tissue.

He picked up the items and threw them into a bag for the bin. The bin men would be coming in ten minutes, and while his lazy excuse for son was fast asleep in bed, he had to put out the rubbish bags before he left for his early shift.

Andrew Webb ran out with two bin bags, just as the refuse truck came around the corner. For Chris, he heard the vehicles in his sleep, and then disappear. He had another twenty minutes until he had to wake for work and enjoyed the last few moments of his sleep, dreaming of the salacious girl he met the night before, and without a care in the world.

Fiancée or no fiancée, he would definitely ring her later; her number was safe in his wallet on a tissue paper.