

Repentance



By
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Credits and License

Codes: MF exhib oral prost

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Preface

This story is the third instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe (the last before the first core book, New Pleasures) and shows Rhea continuing to address the shocking behaviour of her partner as they struggle to pay the debts Simon has accumulated, with Rhea resorting to an extreme money making scheme. Andy has a date with a beautiful young florist, and plots to help his friends with paying for their IVF treatment. Meanwhile, Simon's brother is released from prison.

This story is set in Summer 2008, and follows on from Betrayal.

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. For a fuller explanation please see my website under “Site and Story Credits.”

All stories should work well on their own but I believe there is more to be gained from the unfolding characters and plot lines to read it them order.

I shall try and keep to a regular posting schedule and **will upload all stories to StoriesOnline.net, asstr.org and my website**. Completed stories will also be uploaded to Amazon Kindle, Smashwords and FirstyFish, where their internal policies permit but some instalments may be absent where the content is not compliant with their rules.

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

Kind regards,

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Chapter I

“You want me to do what?” Simon asked with a furrowed brow and Rhea folded her arms defensively across her bosom.

“A tattoo. Remind you of who your girlfriend is, as you seem to have problems remembering,” Rhea replied coldly and the three people in the crowded tattoo studio turned to look at an embarrassed Simon.

“I know love, but a tattoo?” Simon whispered in a low voice. “Is it really necessary?”

“Yes. I only want you to have a small one, just my name. Show me that you are still committed to us.”

A few more people turned to listen to the hushed conversation between Rhea and Simon. “A small one?” Simon repeated, still shocked at the suggestion from his partner, and Rhea gave a wicked smile.

“Yeah, as it's a tiny one it can go on your cock, what do you think?” Rhea sneered acidly and there were muffled smirks behind her from people listening in on their conversation. “So, you know so the next time you get it out for a prostitute or some fifteen year-old floozy it will be a reminder.”

Simon hesitated.

The middle-aged busty receptionist leaned across the small table at Simon. “Look love, you want the slot or not. I got bookings coming out of my wazoo here,” she asked and he nodded.

“Yeah, of course. Anything Rhea says.” He looked at his girlfriend, hoping to receive a smile but Rhea barely registered any emotion and coldly said she would meet him in the car when he was done.

* * * * *

“Hiya mate,” Andy shouted as Ezra walked across his garden. The blonde-haired Zoe emerged from behind Rhea and Andy smiled warmly at his two friends who greeted the topless man sprawled out in a deckchair soaking up the last few rays from the Summer sun.

“So you two off where again?” Andy asked and Rhea sighed. She had been through this already twice today; why was Andy not listening to her?

“We are going to the Elgiva to watch a play,” Rhea said in a condescending voice. “The Vagina Monologues. We will be back by eleven.”

“So if you are driving Zoe, Ezra and I can have a few beers, right. The local has a beer festival on and ...”

“You touch a beer Ezra and you will be walking to work every day for a month,” Zoe warned and Ezra scowled. “You know it damages your fertility. I've told you often enough.”

Andy scowled at his female friend. “Oh come on Zoe, just a couple? We ain't shared a beer for ages,” he lied and rubbed his nose.

"No," she replied firmly and glared at her husband angrily. "I mean it, you go to the pub and there will be so much trouble when we get home."

"OK I know," Ezra told her defensively. "I haven't said anything."

"You better," she said threateningly at the man taking a seat on a spare lounge. Andy waited for the two girls to leave (and then return five minutes later as Rhea had forgotten her keys) and then retrieved two bottles of pale ale from the fridge.

"Cheers," Ezra said grinning, stretching out on the garden lounge. They clinked their bottles together and Andy sat down.

"So how is the whole getting Zoe pregnant going?"

Ezra snorted. "Don't ask. I mean she is just obsessed. Originally we had to keep to the schedule the clinic gave us but this has gone out of the window with a new program of sex five times a day. Minimum."

"Five times a day?"

"Yeah minimum. Every day. I mean it before breakfast. Sometimes after breakfast. Sometimes during lunch-break. When we get home. After dinner. When we go to bed. I mean, she even woke up at 4am last night and thought she should give it a go then and woke me up. And it's even worse on Saturdays and Sundays. I'm knackered, mate. She says she is trying this regime for a month but I just can't wait until the end."

Andy chortled. "Surely it is every guys dream?"

Ezra scoffed and took a swig of his beer. "It's not funny. It's a chuffin' nightmare, my cock was so so sore last week. And I'm certain this is reducing my fertility but Zoe met a girl at the fertility clinic who has just got knocked up and she tried the whole 'let's have sex and give your husband no peace' for a few weeks so wifey's got this whim that it is worth trying. And I have been banned from having red meat, alcohol, takeaways, you name it. It's just fruit, vegetables and a handful of nuts every day."

Andy chuckled and Ezra continued his rant, barely pausing for breath.

"I had that test done and they said forty percent of my sperm were swimming the wrong way. I mean, it's in a glass test tube, how the fuck can they be swimming the wrong way?" Ezra ranted and took a big swig of his beer.

"Perhaps that forty percent were right and it was the sixty percent that was wrong?"

Ezra smiled and shrugged. "Well what is the right way and what is the wrong way? It's a sodding test tube for fucks sake, nobody gave them an A-to-fucking-Z."

"Yeah, well, you were always shit at navigation, weren't you?"

Ezra gave Andy a brief grin, and continued. "We keep being told that we are not a priority case for IVF yet so Zoe sees her being knocked up by us screwing continually as her only chance. And Rhea being pregnant doesn't help." Andy screwed up his face at Ezra and he looked apologetically in return. "I know, I know. But whenever she sees Rhea her sense of loss is even greater. She is miserable every time she has a period and is just desperate."

Andy sighed. "Well, you know the money is there if you can convince Zoe to take it."

Ezra took a swig of his beer and replied exasperatedly. "Oh I've tried. I've tried everything. She really wants it, but she thinks it would be wrong. And as Rhea won't take it she thinks she can't. I mean, she doesn't like the way you made your money, you know that."

Andy stared at the bushes that lined his expansive garden and hummed. "So if I can convince Rhea to take my cash, Zoe will?"

Ezra thought for a moment and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I don't know. You know Zoe, when she has made up her mind, she is stubborn. And to be honest the way you broached it with her to begin with made her cross, so she has made up her mind and that is that. We are saving up for IVF. And in the meantime I must be doing all I can to get her pregnant."

"I hate to see you two like this," Andy replied forlornly. "I mean, you are my two best friends and you need it. I have millions sat in investments all over the world, I could write you a cheque now and probably wouldn't even notice."

Ezra grinned. "I know, I know. But she just says it is you flaunting your money, which you kind of do."

"I don't," Andy replied immediately, scandalised at the suggestion. "I just want to do what is right by my friends. How about if I could manage to give you the money without her knowing it came from me. Would that work?"

Ezra gave Andy a cunning grin. "If I suddenly arrive with five grand she would know, Andy. She already suspects I might be colluding with you."

"OK. If I could give it to her, would you be OK with it? I mean there must be a way."

"If she found out, she'd kill you."

"Well, I was rather hoping not to be caught."

"She will kill you and then kiss you. She is very emotional at the moment. Very up and down. To be honest, I am glad to see the back of her for the evening. She got very emotional when we went up to see Lydia and John, you remember Lydia?"

Andy grinned, he certainly did remember the gorgeous red-head from University and his thoughts were drawn to a particular night of wanton debauchery. Ezra grinned at the smirk. "Ahh yes, that. Well her husband was in a bit of a bad way in the hospital."

Andy hummed and they sat back in the garden and looked out over the sunset. It had been awhile since Ezra and Andy had chatted, and the first time since Rhea had moved in; they had not had the peace or the time.

It was eleven when Rhea and Zoe returned. Zoe looked at the six empty beer bottles and was about to shout at her husband when Andy lied and said they were all his.

Zoe and Rhea then turned their ire onto Andy and gave Ezra enough time to get to the bathroom and rinse his mouth out.

"You will die of liver cancer," Zoe told her friend firmly and Andy shrugged his shoulders.

"Yeah well. It's not as though I have a wife or kids to worry about, is it? And Rhea gets everything when I die anyhow. The nice house, the nice car, the shares, the cash ..."

Rhea sucked in through her teeth and spoke to her brother sharply. "Yeah, well, maybe I don't want everything when you die. It won't bring my big brother back, will it? I just want you to look after yourself, the way you go through bottles of whiskey or beer, it's scary."

Andy scoffed. "Well it's my life, isn't it?" Rhea scowled angrily and turned to Zoe and Ezra.

"Why are all the men in my life immature and irresponsible arseholes?"

Ezra shot Andy a sympathetic glance as they left, and climbed into the passenger seat: there was no way Rhea was going to pass up an opportunity to shout at her brother!

Chapter II

The bacon and chicken sizzled in the pan and Simon added a generous amount of cream before stirring it.

“Did you put the Tarragon in?” Rhea asked from the kitchen table as she was flicking through some paperwork. “For some reason, Andy has some in the cupboard, although I am sure he only bought it to see if he could smoke it.”

“Yes,” Simon replied, nonchalantly in an annoyed tone. Rhea put down the forms from Izzy's school, silently got up and flicked her partner over the head.

“Don't use that tone of voice with me, you hear?” Rhea told him, somewhat aggressively and Simon sighed.

“Well I can cook you know,” Simon told her, irritated by her constant interruption since he started preparing dinner an hour ago. “I did used to do dinner sometimes.”

Rhea chuckled. “Excellent. If you are so fucking perfect, you can do the cooking all week then.”

Simon groaned, but it was all part of the punishment Rhea would inflict.

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Almost two weeks had passed since Rhea and Simon moved in and already Andy was beginning to get frustrated with them. This was not anger, just annoyances and it boiled over one Wednesday morning after Andy had driven Izzy to her school ten miles away.

Rhea had taken that opportunity to speak to Andy about his excessive drinking, and the lifestyle he chose to lead. From Rhea's perspective, she did not think it was healthy and would have been nagging him about this earlier had she known, but sharing the same house meant that she had to live with it and this was something she was not prepared to do.

Simon was showering, preparing for a job interview when Rhea stormed into the kitchen holding a pornographic DVD. “Is this yours?” Rhea asked, her eyes sparkling with disgust.

“Probably. Where was it?”

“Under Izzy's bed.”

“Well I didn't put it there.”

“Well where did you put 'em?”

Andy hummed. “Most of them went up into the loft and there was just a few in my wardrobe.”

“Just a few?”

“Yeah, my favourite few dozen.”

Rhea rolled her eyes and took a deep breath. “Don't you think it's about time you found yourself a real girlfriend?”

Andy flicked the switch on the kettle and shrugged his shoulders. "Yeah, tried that. Quite a few times, remember? Just found the bitches cheat and lie and ... stuff."

Rhea sighed and threw the DVD in the bin. "Well whatever you need to sort your life out do it, but please don't leave that disgusting filth in my daughter's bedroom."

Andy sucked in a deep breath. "I didn't. But you can't blame me if she comes across it," he shouted waving his arms aggressively. "I am not the bloody parent, she is not my responsibility or maybe you have forgotten that?" Andy spat at his sister and then immediately regretted it. She didn't deserve it.

Rhea went to respond but tears welled up in her eyes and she ran out of the room into the garden. She needed her own space but she had no escape at Andy's house, she literally had nowhere to hide.

Rhea had contend with a walk on the Common and came back to find Andy waiting to take her to lunch, she initially resisted, the argument still making her feel a little bruised but relented when he demanded.

Andy apologised of sorts over their pub lunch and Rhea made him promise to hide all of his pornographic DVDs before travelling back to the house while she did some baking.

"Rhea! Rhea!" An excited voice called for his girlfriend and she came out of the kitchen.

"What's up?" A panicked Rhea asked and her boyfriend emerged.

"I got it. I got the job."

"The deputy manager position?"

"Yep. It's a pay cut but I start as soon as my background checks come through."

Rhea reached up and put her arms around her partner, and then without warning she kissed him on the lips. Simon kissed her back and for a few moments there was a loving embrace between them. "And I think I'll let you move into the shed," Rhea told him charitably.

Simon hesitated and then nervously asked. "Could I please at least move into the garage. It's got very cold outside these last few days at night."

Rhea stared at him and shook her head. "I don't think so, babe. The shed'll do nicely."

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Rhea's punishments for Simon also included a complete ban on alcohol. She rationalised if he could afford money for beer, then it would be better spent reducing their debts.

This caused a couple of arguments, but Rhea was as persuasively violent as she was resolute about it and Simon had to accept he would be tee-total for the foreseeable future. The ban on alcohol also extended to Rhea, who had not touched a drop of wine or vodka since shortly after she had moved in with Andy, so Simon eventually accepted the restrictions.

To her credit, Rhea was doing her best to maintain a healthy relationship. She almost insisted that she spend plenty of "quality time" with her cheating boyfriend, which involved

everything from a walk on the nearby Common to playing board games or watching a film.

The first few occasions were tense and difficult, Simon was certain Rhea was going to dump him when they alone and away from the house but soon after he realised that this was purely an attempt to salvage their relationship and began to look forward to them and enjoy himself.

Andy did his best to avoid them while they were doing this but wandered in while they were playing Ludo. Simon was wearing just a singlet and Andy saw the tattoo for the first time. "Hey, that looks pretty cool," Andy told him and he gave a grin.

"Bigger than I told him to get," Rhea grumbled, "but it is good." The Gothic Script text, of "Rhea" was at the top of his arm in black ink.

"Well I told the girl what I had done, and she said she would have been happy to write whatever as Rhea said as she was a saint for taking me back."

Rhea smirked. "I ain't ever been called a saint before."

Andy staggered slightly, he was on his fourth beer, and sat down on a chair.

"I was hoping to catch you two. Have you thought about my offer," he asked and Simon and Rhea exchanged glances.

"Andy, please," Rhea told him but he ignored her.

"It's fine. I've got more than enough, just think about it. I want to help Zoe as well. I just wish my friends would be less stubborn."

Rhea snorted and Simon looked at his girlfriend. "Honestly mate, we'll be fine."

"Look, I am looking for work, Simon has work and we have sold stuff we don't need."

"Sold stuff?"

Simon looked at Rhea and then Andy. "It was my idea. I went through and sold my record collection, laptop, and stuff. Raised almost fifteen hundred pounds."

Rhea raised an eyebrow and looked at Andy. "Which we have sent most of it off to the Chiltern."

"But, Simon. Your records?"

"Aren't as important as Rhea and Izzy," he finished for me and Rhea raised an eyebrow at him.

"See, we are fine. It's cool that we are staying here but we don't need anything else from you so stop offering." Andy sighed and Rhea glared at her brother. "And that goes for Zoe as well. Stop it, we are not your charity cases."

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Simon pulled up in a small Transit van and called to Rhea. "It's full," he shouted. "Got everything."

Andy came wandering out with Izzy and Rhea appeared from behind them. "Excellent,"

she said and opened the back door.

“What's that monstrosity doing on my front drive?” Andy asked and Izzy tugged at his coat, requesting that he explain what a “monster-ority” was.

“Remember Billy from the Supermarket. Well he does the markets but he's getting married so he said I could have his van to do the market at Bov-ie as he'll be on honeymoon.”

Andy nodded, and told Izzy to go and sit in his car. His drive was big enough that he could reverse out of it without hitting the rusting van, but he would have to be careful as he swung his car back.

Simon had been quite boastful of his money making scheme: he had gone to a wholesaler and loaded the van full of short-dated snacks. It was ideal, he was paying a few pence for a packet that he intended to knock out for eight to tens times that amount. He knew he would have to pay to get into the site, and that would eat into his profits substantially but he reckoned he could easily clear a hundred pounds.

Rhea had asked Andy to look after Izzy for the Saturday and Andy had planned to take her to the park, but a sudden downpour changed his mind and they rode off to Aylesbury to go bowling.

He felt a twinge of nostalgia walking into the bowling alley again; it hadn't changed in over ten years and we were given lane two which brought back some memories.

“Andy!” Izzy shouted to draw him out of his daydream. “Can I please have a lemonade.”

“Does your mummy let you have a lemonade?” Andy asked, sure she normally gave her daughter squash instead of fizzy drinks but Izzy shook her head.

“No. I am allowed lemonade when we go bowling because I need the energy to push the ball,” the girl lied. “And it goes whizzing down and splatters the skittles like this.” Izzy made the motion of squashing an insect in her palms and Andy smiled before ordering two lemonades.

He did his best not to win, or win too comfortably but his competent throwing technique meant he always hit something, which Izzy did not always do.

He guided Izzy on how to throw the ball, and then had to choke back a tear as it brought back more memories.

Why was that bowling alley so painful? It was years since he had been, and surely he was over her by now? Izzy took advantage of Andy's distracted state to persuade her uncle to permit a second lemonade as well as an ice cream.

* * * * *

Rhea and Simon arrived back at the house at gone five o'clock and Andy had taken the liberty of ordering some pizza to be delivered. Rhea was tired, wet and just stripped off in the doorway the moment she got home and walked into the lounge naked. Simon was sorting out the van and promised he would be in the house in a few minutes.

“Izzy, pop up and get me a towel please,” Rhea asked her daughter and sat down on the sofa that was vacated. Cartoons blared in the background and she closed her eyes.

"Tired?" Andy asked and she nodded. She was not worried about her brother seeing her without any clothes on; he had done so many times over the years they were growing up, and she just absorbed the heat coming out of the house.

Izzy shouted for Rhea and she groaned.

"I'll go," Andy said and went to get up but Rhea put her hand out and struggled to her feet. The doorbell went as she got to the doorway, and Rhea cursed.

"Why can't the useless fucker remember his key?" She muttered and opened the door: to an eighteen year old pizza delivery man.

"Fuck," she cursed and hid behind the door. He stared at her wide-eyed and then passed her three boxes of food that had been ordered. Andy had got up when he heard Rhea swear and smirked.

"Hello," he said jovially and passed him four banknotes. The pizza delivery guy had not quite shaken himself to the present and then took the money being tendered. "Keep the change."

"Cheers. Wow."

Andy went to close the door but the guy asked. "Did Lee put you up to this?"

Andy stared at him confounded and the guy bit his lip and a smile appeared over his face. "He did, didn't he. I'll see him later, awesome eighteenth birthday present," he called and walked back to his moped.

"These are so naughty, Andy. So unhealthy," Rhea thundered but Andy just shrugged his shoulders and smiled at his naked sister.

"Naughty? So flashing a teenage boy isn't naughty then. You've made quite an impression on him," Andy teased and she laughed.

Chapter III

Zoe opened the patio door and stepped into Andy's garden. "Rhea said you were out here," Zoe muttered and Andy sat up. He was only wearing boxer shorts, but Zoe had seen him in far less so he wasn't overly concerned at a false attempt at modesty.

"Oh I see the tents gone. Simon in spare bedroom now then."

Andy grinned. "The shed."

Zoe laughed. "Well it serves him right. How is he?"

"He is fine. Rhea has had him doing all the cooking, washing, menial jobs and the like. Oh, and a tattoo."

"A tattoo?" Zoe replied shocked and Andy smiled. She picked up a stone from the lawn and threw it onto the rockery as she meandered over to him and sat down opposite.

"Yeah. It was Rhea's idea. To remind him who his girlfriend is. So he has a tattoo of her name on his arm." Zoe raised an eyebrow and Andy smirked. "So are you having Ezra inked on you? How about 'Ezra forever'?"

"No thank you. I don't like tattoos, one bit."

Andy smiled. "Neither does Simon, but he did something he didn't want to do. For someone he loves." Andy bit his lip and looked out over the garden. He watched a bird swoop onto the flowerbed and remove a worm.

"It's a nice garden in Summer, isn't it?" Zoe asked and Andy gave a wry grin.

"Yeah. Very private. Ideal for nude sunbathing, if you fancy it?"

"Ezra will love that won't he?"

"I am sure he will," Andy joked and they sat down on the bench with their drinks.

"I came round to ask you a small favour."

"Sure, it's no problem. I just wish you hadn't been so stubborn," Andy replied immediately grinning. "I'll go get my chequebook."

Zoe took a deep breath and screwed up her face into a frown. "No, Andy not that. Will you let that drop? No I want to ask you if you will come with me to the prison when John is released. He is out next week and I don't want to go on my own and Ezra can't take that day as holiday."

Andy smiled, the memories of Zoe and Simon's brother made him smile: he was a natural comedian and didn't take life too seriously. "Yeah, of course."

Zoe let out a relieved sigh. "I wanted to speak to him before Mum sees him. She has barely spoken to him in three years and is still very angry with him. He could do with having this spelt out to him before he puts his foot in it."

"Yeah, sure," Andy said dismissively. "It ain't a problem. But about the other thing ..."

“Andy! We have been through this.”

“Well Ezra is happy to take it. It is your birthdays coming up. Let me right you a nice cheque that will make your dreams come true,” Andy pleaded and Zoe shook her head.

“No Andy. You have lots of money and that's great for you but you can't buy me happiness. Hell, you can't even make yourself happy.”

Andy exhaled deeply and Zoe put her arm around her friend. “Ezra and I will do this. And it will mean more to us that we did it ourselves. I promise, you will be a godfather before you are thirty. Assuming you don't kill yourself beforehand.”

“I'm not gonna kill myself,” Andy snapped.

* * * * *

“But I don't want to,” Izzy replied defiantly at the dinner table. “Why can't I still go to school with Ellie and Jacob?”

“Because it is a long way away darling,” Rhea soothed and Izzy folded her arms up.

“But I don't to go to it. It's a small, crappy school,” she started and was reprimanded by her father for her choice of language. Certainly the village school down the road was a lot smaller than her old school, but Simon and Rhea were impressed with it, even though Izzy certainly wasn't.

“We have no other choice,” he soothed. “They have a place for you and it is just down the road.”

Izzy scowled and pushed dinner away. “Don't want it,” she spat at her father and crossed her arms. “So Daddy spends all the money so I cannot go to school,” she asked and Simon looked at Rhea for help.

“No,” Rhea replied firmly. “Because we are living with Uncle Andy you need to go a nearer school.”

“But I want to go to school with Ellie and Jacob,” Izzy shouted and tears welled up in her eyes. “And its your fault.” Izzy pointed at her father and hit him on the arm.

Andy was closest and he put his arm around his niece. “Hey,” he muttered. “It's your birthday coming up. Why not invite them to your party?”

“I don't want a party,” she squealed. “I want to go to my school.”

Rhea and Simon looked at each other and then at their distressed daughter.

“What about a magician,” Andy suggested. “Or a bouncy castle? Or a clown? Or a ...”

“Circus? I want lions and tigers and monkeys that would eat people,” Izzy finished her hands waving to mimic the ferocious behaviour of the animals.

Andy grinned. “Lions and tigers might be hard, but we could certainly get in some birds of prey from a local falconry centre. Or maybe a visit to Whipsnade?”

Rhea glanced at her brother. “I am not sure taking kids to the safari park is a good idea.”

"Well whatever Izzy decides, right? You let your uncle Andy know and I'll organise it."

Rhea shot her brother a look of annoyance but was secretly quite relieved that they navigated the change of primary school without too much trouble. Just.

* * * * *

"Mr Williams. Long time no see," the solicitor airily greeted the smart gentleman sauntering into her private office. He shut the door and raised his eyebrows.

"Jessica, I thought it was. Sorry, didn't recognise you out of suspenders."

The solicitor pouted and smiled. Her long blonde hair framed her cute face and her smart suit on her curvy body made her look incredibly sexy. Andy appreciated her body, just as he had done all those years ago when she was just his then best friend's sister. "Education doesn't pay for itself. I don't need to be stripping any more."

"I can see. Mrs Jennifer Murray, I didn't get an invite," Andy teased and they shook hands.

"I didn't invite any of my ex-es, especially one night stands. So what can I do for you," the sexy solicitor asked, steering the admiring Andy onto the reason for his visit.

"I need to give some money to someone without them knowing it came from me. Legally. Like a fake lottery or something."

Jenny stared at the nervous man in front of her and gave him a doubtful look. "There will always be a paper-trail and I can't be involved in money laundering."

"It's not money laundering, they just won't accept the money."

"Well maybe, that's not such a bad idea. If they don't want it ..."

Andy sighed. "Right, I have two friends that got married. You might remember Zoe but got together with Ezra, a Uni mate of mine. Now they want to have kids, and they are struggling to conceive and are on the list for IVF. But it could take years and five grand will solve everything for them. But Zoe, being the obstinate bitch that she is, refuses to accept my cash that will pay for them to have kids."

Jenny listened and smiled. "Well what about Ezra?"

"He is fine with it but convincing Zoe to is a problem."

"And you have five grand?"

"I have millions," Andy replied instantly and stretched.

"So this is you not getting your own way. Why am I surprised that this a problem for a Williams child?" She smiled at Andy who just shrugged.

"Zoe doesn't like how I made my money, she said it was immoral. And I think I could have broached it better."

Jessica Murray sneered and pursed her lips. "I don't want to know how you made your money, as long as it's legal. So what do you want me to do?"

"I need a way of getting twenty grand, maybe twenty five to Ezra and Zoe without Zoe

knowing I was the source. Or had anything to do with it 'cause if she comes into a sum of money she's going to put my bollocks in the blender.”

“And I remember that you were very fond of your bollocks.”

Andy smirked. “And your underwear.”

“Quite.”

“So how do I do it?”

Jenny smiled and shrugged her shoulders. “What you are asking for is to fabricate some legal documentation, really. I can't do that.” Andy's face fell but Jenny smiled. “But I do have a way you might be able to do it, but it'll cost you lunch though.”

Andy nodded. “Certainly,” he said generously and smirked tapping the table. “But first I have a question, a very personal question.”

“Black ones,” she told him. “Silk.”

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Rhea looked at the array of bills on the dining room table and looked over at Simon. After they had paid for van fuel, market pitch, cost of the goods and their lunch, the market trip had increased their liquidity by forty pounds, which wasn't as much as either of them had hoped or felt they deserved.

“It's a mess,” she said calmly and he nodded. They had contacted all of their debtors and tried to arrange payment plans but they were demanding all sorts of agreements and it was taking a lot longer than they thought necessary. “Of course, I could go on the game,” Rhea said airily and Simon's eyes widened.

“No Rhea,” he said quickly but Rhea shook her head. “I mean, couple of hundred quid for lying on your back. How hard can it be?”

Simon buried his head in his hands and shook it. He was clearly shocked by Rhea's proposal and would not want his girlfriend to become a whore because of him. It would be disastrous, the thought of someone else having sex with Rhea.

“But you're pregnant,” he told her and she gave a grin.

“I know, niche market. Charge more.”

“Rhea, please. You don't have to do this.”

“So you'll be a rent boy then?” Rhea asked sarcastically and Simon gave a sigh. “Right, well we know a couple of women who used to do it, I'll speak to them. A couple of Andy's old flames used to, I wonder if he still has their numbers?”

Simon pleaded with Rhea, but she was adamant, she would ask Andy for their contact details to talk to them and then they could make a decision. Simon's rapid dismissal of her money-making scheme irked her; after all, these were debts that he had run up.

“I will see about being a rent boy then,” Simon told her and she laughed. “I'm serious. I can't allow you to prostitute yourself if I don't do the same.”

“No Simon. It was you having sex that caused this problem in the first place.”

“If you are going on the game, then so will I,” Simon replied firmly and Rhea snorted. She had only said it to get a reaction from him but the more she thought of it, the better it sounded; if she worked a few punters a week then maybe should could have their debts cleared in under a year.

The idea definitely had legs. She briefly thought of Simon being buggered and then dismissed it. It might drive home the reality of their debts but Simon was not gay and he wouldn't be able to cope with it, whereas Rhea thought that Miss Rhea Katerina Williams was made of a far sterner stuff.

Chapter IV

Zoe wanted Andy to come with her, and with trepidation he arrived at the prison ten miles outside Aylesbury. Zoe and Simon's youngest brother, John, was set to be released and Zoe wanted to meet him and take him to dinner.

John Matheson, horrendously immature during his formative years, had run an elaborate fraud in his late-teens that netted him over £300,000 by falsely submitting invoices to his employer, the Council from a fictitious company and managing to fabricate their approval. It was a scheme so clever that it took the Council two years to spot it and another six months to unravel the complex tissue of lies and deceit John had built in.

John was arrested at Gatwick Airport, days after Zoe returned through the same terminal from her honeymoon, attempting to flee to South America and while he maintained his innocence throughout, he was found guilty and sentenced to over five years in custody. He served half of it, and had almost all of his assets seized to repay the money he stole.

Zoe fidgeted in the car park and strummed her fingers. "He said he would be out," she muttered and Andy shrugged. Zoe had barely been to see him, the sight of him in prison depressed her and although she was not close to him in the same way she was to Simon, she still felt a sense of loss when he was sentenced.

"Mum isn't looking forward to seeing him again. She said Dad went up and he was excited about getting out," Zoe whittered while biting her nails in the car. "But she is still angry with him."

Andy hummed and stared out at the grey building. He hoped he would never have to come back, it looked soulless and depressing. "How is the whole pregnancy thing?"

Zoe sighed and sucked in air through her lips. "Not good. I am still not pregnant, but we have to keep trying."

"Ezra said you had a demanding schedule."

Zoe hummed and rubbed her nose. "Yeah, well. He shouldn't be complaining, to be honest."

"Look Zoe. I know what this is doing to you. And I know I broached the subject badly before, but let me pay for your IVF. Just let me fund one set of cycles for you," Andy suggested, his voice soft and calm.

Zoe brought her hands up from the Nova's steering wheel to her face and shook her head. "No Andy. I know you mean well but Ezra and I both earn decent money. We are not your charity case."

Andy sighed and stared at a battered blue Vauxhall Cavalier pulling in and a downtrodden woman getting out and slamming the door. "If I could get Rhea to accept my money, would you?"

Zoe shook her head slowly, her eyes fixed on the stationery speedometer. "No Andy. Now please. Drop it," Zoe said firmly and Andy threw his hands up in surrender. "Not today."

"Do you know what it does to me to see the people I care most about in world struggling for money and refusing to accept my help, you, Ezra, Rhea. You know Simon got a tattoo

to please someone he loved, Zoe. He made a sacrifice to make Rhea happy?"

Zoe took a deep breath and glared at Andy in the car. "Don't you dare compare me to that," she thundered. "This is totally different."

Andy rocked his head for a moment and stared at the gate in the corner of car park. "How about if I give up alcohol for a month. You want me to cut down, so if I stay tee-total for the month, will you let me help you?"

Zoe sighed and smiled at her friend. "Andy there is no way you could stay off the booze for a week, let alone for the month. Now drop it!"

"But ..."

"Drop it!"

Andy grunted and wiped his chin looking out over the prison car park, why was Zoe so stubborn?

* * * * *

"Two dozen roses," Andy said to the female cashier in the florist. She had a charming smile and he leaned over to talk to her while she arranged the roses at the table adjacent to the counter. "That's a very pretty necklace."

The girl grinned and blushed. "Thank you."

"Present from a boyfriend?"

"Ex," she replied. "He cheated on me."

"I'm sorry to hear that. I know what it feels like and it's not nice, is it?"

The girl bit her lip and nodded. "No."

"When my girl did it to me, I went off the rails a bit. Drugs, alcohol, one-night stands. You name it."

The girl smiled and touched Andy on the hand. "How long did it last?"

"It was nine years ago and probably a week or two," Andy admitted and Rhea snorted behind him.

"It's alright," Rhea added. "He's is going from one bender to another until I kicked him into gear. Big brother moping round making everyone miserable."

"I thought you were looking at plants for my dumping ground," Andy told her sharply.

"It's a rockery. Or it will be," Rhea replied indignantly.

"Those Armeria's are good for a rockery," the girl told Rhea and pointed to a small tray of little pink flowers, each around a small cushion of green leaves.

Rhea walked over and Andy turned his attention back to the girl: she can't have been more than twenty, and had well defined, smooth curves. She looked at Andy checking out her ass as she turned with the flowers and gave him a grin.

“Are you finished?” Rhea asked and Andy nodded, paying for the roses and leaving with a smile. “Could you be any more lecherous?” Rhea asked as they walked down the road.

“I’m sure I can try,” Andy replied flippantly

* * * * *

“Oh they are wonderful,” Zoe exclaimed as Simon, Rhea, Andy and John entered their front room, with Rhea presenting a bouquet of flowers. Andy carried two large bottles of wine, that drew a disapproving glance towards Ezra and John threw himself onto the sofa.

John was dressed in a faded blue tracksuit, while the other guests were wearing suits or evening dresses. “Well you said come in a suit,” John argued. “I did.”

“It’s a tracksuit,” Simon told him with a sneer in his voice.

“Hey. I had all my clothing nicked when they nicked me. I don’t have two hundred pound suits lying about,” John replied aggressively and Rhea stepped in and told them both to calm down.

“Well he is getting on my tits,” Simon retaliated and Rhea shot him a dirty look, and he withered instantly.

“Do as the little woman says,” John taunted and Rhea shot round and gave John a warning finger, telling him to “shut the fuck up.”

John and Simon squabbled or avoided each other for most of the evening, and Zoe separated them in the end. Andy mused that John had changed with his spell inside, becoming more aggressive and colder in the intervening years.

John had been to see his parents and was staying in his old bedroom, but his mother was not overly pleased to see him, embarrassed about the sentence her son had received, and had taken the first hour of him being in her house to lay down the “ground rules.”

He was therefore delighted that Zoe had organised a “coming out meal.” Simon suggested that this meant his little brother was admitting to the world he was gay which drew a sharp rebuke from Rhea and a volley of swearing from the butt of his joke.

“Very quick denial, John. Prison showers and all that,” Ezra teased and received a sharp kick from his wife the moment he said it.

“Oh very good,” John responded aggressively. “So every prisoner is a homo now.”

Ezra opened his mouth to speak but was cut short by the look Zoe gave him.

There was a few minutes awkward silence until Rhea taunted Andy about the girl from the florist with “I think she likes you” and referred to her as “jail bait.”

Simon had not had alcohol for several weeks, and John had not had any for over three years, so the wine and beer that Andy had bought for the occasion had a drastic effect on the two brothers. Rhea noticed it and removed the alcohol from the table after the main course. This would normally have annoyed Andy but as he was driving, he couldn’t really complain.

Zoe served a strawberry cheesecake that was devoured rapidly by the six guests and they

retired to the lounge. Andy offered to do the washing up but both Zoe and Ezra dismissed the offer of help immediately and they sat on the two sofas and carpet, chatting.

“You're just as unemployed as me so don't go getting on your high horse. We ain't so different,” John replied to Simon who had suggested that this brother would have to take whatever work he could find.

“I am not. I have a job lined up. Just waiting for CRB. You know, to show that I am not a criminal and will go nicking things.”

Rhea took a sharp intake of breath but John leapt to his feet. “What are you saying?”

“I'm saying that I can be trusted. Trusted not to defraud my employer. You can't.”

Rhea glared at Simon who barely noticed with his glazed eyes, the alcohol was having a powerful effect on him.

“Whoa!” Zoe shouted and looked at both of her brothers. “I haven't got you here so you can have a fight.”

“Well tell that fucking cunt to shut his mouth,” John spat angrily and Simon curled his fingers into a fist.

“Why don't you try and shut it for me?” Simon replied. “Just cause I have done something with me life.”

“Oh yeah. I heard you lost that house of yours and had to beg to live with Andy. You have a child, so do I. I have three. You don't own a home. Neither do I. You don't have a job. Neither do I. You ain't got nothing that I ain't got. Apart from a knocked up bitch.”

Rhea's eyes fizzed and she went to get up but Andy and Ezra both put hands on her shoulder. Simon did leap up and swung for his brother who pulled back and launched a punch of his own.

“No!” Zoe and Rhea screamed in unison and pushing Rhea into the chair, both Andy and Ezra got up. Ezra pulled John back, but the host was quicker than Andy and Simon had a second with John being restrained and Andy nowhere near him to launch a free punch.

His fist connected with John's cheek and he let out a violent yell, falling to the ground. Andy bundled Simon towards his chair, his own nose bleeding and Rhea was dragging him out of the room before either of them could touch each other again.

Rhea was furious and Simon was about to have to plead for Rhea to permit him to stay in the shed.

* * * * *

“You have got to be joking,” Andy shouted across the table at his sister. She was shocked for a moment and then shook her head.

“It's my body I can do what I want with it,” Rhea replied angrily and waved her outstretched finger at her furious brother. “So will you give me the numbers or not?”

“No,” Andy replied aggressively.

“Wrong answer, try again.”

“I am not helping you sell your body.”

“It's up to me, now give me those fucking numbers.”

“I can't. I don't have them.”

“What do you mean, you don't have them.”

“Well I am hardly known for keeping in contact with my ex-girlfriends am I? And even if I had their numbers, they wouldn't want to speak to me. Both of them won't speak to me any more.”

Rhea snorted and looked at Andy, still annoyed with him. “Well maybe if you were less of an arse they might not be ex-es,” Rhea told him and Andy shrugged.

“Either way, I can't give you their numbers as they won't talk to me, so I can't help you. So maybe you can drop this stupid, stupid idea.”

“No. Other people we know, know them. I will get them. I will speak to Zoe. And Mum. They will have them.”

“Not when I tell them what you want them for.”

“Fuck off, Andy,” Rhea screeched. “Back off. This is between me and Simon.”

“And Simon is happy about this?”

Rhea hesitated. “He has no choice.”

Andy took a deep breath. “You nearly split up because he had sex with someone else, and you want to make the same mistake,” he yelled across the table. “Just think before you fuck things up.”

* * * * *

“Simon Matheson, welcome to Fossetts and Sons.” Simon surveyed the large food court in the department store ten miles from where he was staying and smiled. It was very conservative; he would never have tolerated such a dour colour scheme at his last place of employment but it seemed to suit the shop.

His manager was a stern middle-aged woman who had interviewed him. She was impressed when he detailed how efficiently he ran the Watford store at his previous employer and this was what clinched it. She was having an affair with the son of the owner, and the more work this new upstart would take on, the better for her. He seemed good enough to be a manager, but nowhere near as experienced enough to be a threat; he was ideal.

In fact, Simon would happily have taken on the entire managerial case load if he was given it. Losing his job made him realise how much he needed well-paid employment and screwing his employees was not the way to build respect.

He was going to be a new man; turn over a new leaf, and even though the cute girl on till three give him a warm, inviting smile, he would not be trying to seduce her. He had Rhea

back and he intended to keep her.

* * * * *

Rhea was furious with her partner for his behaviour at Zoe's when John was released and had threatened to kick him out of the shed and back into the tent. He avoided this by suggesting that they invite John over for a barbecue at the weekend to apologise and make amends.

John arrived with Zoe and Ezra at Andy's house at midday and Simon had lit the massive barbecue and had cooked an array of processed meat that had been devoured by all those present in no time at all.

They chatted amicably in the garden and the harshness from John wasn't present. He apologised to Rhea for the comments he had made about her, and she took it in good grace.

"I heard what my brother was doing," John said to Rhea while Simon was putting Izzy in bed. They had stayed past teatime and had a few drinks in the garden while he heard what had happened in everyone's life while he had been away. He was particularly interested in Andy's money-making over the previous few years and was rather taken by his success – the house, the car and the clothes – that he had. Andy felt a little bit uncomfortable talking about his money and Zoe smiled at his obvious discomfort; she was unhappy about him constantly flaunting his wealth at her and trying to fix her problems that she liked him being not at ease when his money was being discussed. It was petty she knew, but she took enjoyment out of it nonetheless. Zoe and Ezra were squabbling in the kitchen so John took advantage of the momentary peace to talk to the pregnant girl. "And you forgiven him as well."

Rhea snorted. "There is a long way to go before he can say he has been forgiven."

"I betchya you've stop shagging him?" John asked and Rhea nodded tersely.

"I don't think that is any of your business though."

John grinned. "It's the first thing chicks do whenever they get pissed, which is fucking stupid as they get fuck all as well and get effin' 'orny. How long's it been Rhea?"

Rhea snarled at her partners leering brother. "I told you. It's none of your business. Now Zoe asked me to be tolerant but if you don't shut the fuck up I will shut it up for you."

"Yo. Chill sister. Just sayin' that I ain't had much lately either and if you're feeling a bit 'orny, I can help."

Rhea's fists tensed. "I don't think so, John. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get away from you before I rip your throat out." Rhea got up and went to leave the room but John grabbed hold of her wrist.

"Oh don't play the little angel with me love. There are two types of bird, those that cheat and those that want to," John replied nastily and Rhea shook her fist out of his hand. She wanted to strike it, to break nose on his sneering face.

She didn't get chance to, as Simon burst into the room and stared straight at his brother. "You trying to hit on Rhea?"

Rhea stepped forward and put her hand on his shoulder, telling him that she was fine, but her partner stared at the man in front of him and gently shook his head.

“Go on Si. Do as the little lady says. Wouldn't want you to get hurt.”

Simon took a step towards him but Rhea pushed his shoulder back. “No,” she barked and Simon withered in her gaze. Without warning, she swung 'round and with as much force as she could muster, she smashed her right fist into his jaw and smiled.

“Get out of our house, you disgusting lowlife. To think I, pregnant with your niece or nephew, would even think of sleeping with you, it's nasty. You are repugnant,” she shouted. “And Simon, move your things to the spare bedroom. For tonight.”

Zoe, Ezra and Andy rushed in to see blood pouring out of John's face and Rhea angrily shouting at him. It did not take Sherlock Holmes to work out what had happened and Zoe rushed to Rhea.

“What's going on?” Zoe asked and John pointed at Rhea.

“She hit me, he mumbled through his hands.”

Rhea's fists clenched. “He was trying to get me to sleep with him. Not the first time he has tried but just as pointless now as then.” Zoe stared at Rhea and grabbed hold of his arm. “Now I told you to fuck off out of here.”

“But where am I going to go?” He asked and Rhea smirked.

“Home. It's eight miles in that direction. Hurry up and you might just make it before it gets dark.”

Zoe stared at her younger brother with the ruptured nose and sighed. “I suppose we better take you to A&E,” she begrudgingly told him. “Stupid, stupid twat.”

* * * * *

Simon took a deep breath and disrobed. He was not unfit, but he did not have the muscles in prominent places to be truly comfortable with his body. He arched his back and looked out at the assembled throng of clothed artists, assembling their easels and sitting down. He had done this years ago while at University but was still nervous.

The butterflies in his stomach were still there when the female art teacher called him over. She had reminded him of Rhea in so many ways, she was a similar height and build to his partner and she spoke with the same conviction.

She told him to put his shoulder up against a wooden board and extend his leg out, like he was pushing something immovably heavy. His cock was on the “class-side” of the position, the teacher had selected this pose, and her hands darted over his body as she adjusted his posture.

She brushed up against his cock, as she brought his thigh back slightly and Simon instinctively tightened his buttocks.

She chuckled at him and jumped down from the stage. “OK, hold that position, and off we go.”

Simon closed his eyes. It was boring, it always was, and he let his mind wander. He day dreamt of Rhea and of his cock being gently brushed. He day dreamt of the position he found himself in, being naked to earn a few pounds to help pay off a large debt. He day dreamt of Rhea controlling his life. He day dreamt he was getting an erection.

There were a few sniggers around the room and he glanced down. He was rock hard, his cock constituting an additional appendage, at a forty-five degree angle and prominent against the white background. He instantly thought of his situation and how humiliating it was.

This only served to make him more aroused. He frantically thought of anything to try and make him less aroused, but couldn't do it. The fact that he was naked in a room of clothed women with an erection he shouldn't have was a total humiliation he craved. He felt a disgrace.

Simon kept his eyes closed; if he opened them and watched the students staring at him, he would be more embarrassed. He opened them occasionally to see the girl on the end staring at his crotch and he made eye contact with her briefly glancing away.

His frantic erotic thoughts were silenced somewhat after fifteen minutes when his calf started to hurt, and after 45 minutes it was sheer agony. The pose he had to adopt was far from comfortable and after thirty minutes even his sordid mind could not find the muscular pain arousing, much to his relief.

The teacher helped Simon down from the stage, his muscles had locked up and he took the liberty of looking at the drawings of him. A girl in the corner had drawn his erect penis, making it twice as big as it was and he blushed. She grinned at him and he moved onto the next student; he mustn't even flirt.

The teacher passed him an envelope as he got dressed again. The students had left the classroom and she was tidying up.

"You did well. It's a hard pose to keep for a long period of time," she told him as he pulled his rugby shirt over his head.

"It was a bit painful," he muttered and straightened out his leg. "But OK."

"Is it OK if I keep your details on file? This is the last life drawing class for this term, but next term we have some more," she asked and Simon readily agreed. He might have only made twenty-five pounds, but twenty-five pounds for standing around and doing nothing was good money indeed.

Chapter V

Andy had dropped off a small tray of chocolates at the florists with his phone number on and had received a call twenty minutes later as we was walking back to his car. He had seen the girl working in the shop and had discreetly slipped the present through the ground-level letterbox in the door without being seen.

“Who is this?” the caller asked and Andy chuckled, he recognised the voice immediately.

“Andy,” he replied evasively.

“Who? Have you left some chocolates at the florists in Market Street?”

“Yes. They are for a beautiful girl working there a couple of days ago. She had shimmering hair, a wonderful smile, a captivating body and a quite exquisite necklace.”

There was silence for a moment. “So, how can we help?”

“Well I was sort of hoping to take that young lady for a meal tomorrow evening, if she was prepared to come,” Andy said and there was a further silence and a titter.

“Yeah, that girl would love to come. What time?”

“Six outside the shop?” Andy asked and the girl agreed.

For the first time in months, Andy had a date.

* * * * *

“So what do you want, again?” Mr Grimes, the manager of the small shopping pavilion asked. Twelve shops lined Hilltop Walk, that connected the main shopping centre with the main multi-storey car park and bus terminal. “Your solicitor, well our solicitor outlined it, but I am a bit perplexed to be honest.”

“A fake promotion. I need a guy, who I will provide, to take her details when I am with her, and then I need to have a letter written four weeks later, say, that just says to that the person had won an amount of money, here is the cheque and enjoy it.”

“What's in it for me?”

Andy smiled. “I need twenty-five grand to go out. I will put twenty-six in your account.”

“Twenty-seven.”

“Twenty-six plus a monkey as a bonus when they go for it.”

The man sniffed. “I think twenty-seven is more appropriate.”

Andy puffed out his chest. “OK, Twenty-seven. But through Jenny.” He looked at the man's expression and shrugged. “Mrs Murray.”

“Right,” he muttered and held out his hand. “Pleasure doing business with you.”

* * * * *

“Nice shot. How's John?” Andy asked and Ezra smirked.

“Oh he's OK. He has got a flat now so he has moved. Quite a way away, over Bletchley way. Zoe came home and found him screwing the girl from across the road, you know the one with big titties that you asked out.”

“I did not ask her out,” Andy replied indignantly. “But yeah, I know who you mean.”

“Well Zoe was furious with him and he moved out to his flat a few hours later.”

“And you'll be seeing him when?”

“Oh I don't know. He is the black sheep of the family and no-one really wants to talk to him. I, sort of, feel a bit sorry for him. I mean, he saw Rhea the other day and apologised to her, but he just doesn't get what being outside those walls means. He is used to prison life.”

Andy laughed and Ezra passed the sole pool cue they were playing with.

“Not the only black sheep 'round here though, is he?”

Ezra grinned as Andy did the perfect shot and slid his red ball into the corner pocket. “You seem to be a bit of an outcast yourself,” Ezra replied and Andy ignored him to sink his final ball.

“You were as well as I remember. Running off to Bolton after causing how much damage?” Ezra winced. “So how much was it again?” Andy enquired as he lined up the black, number eight, ball.

Ezra squirmed and downed the last of his pint. If Zoe had seen him he would be in trouble but his wife worked in an another part of the town and never came to this pub so he was probably safe. Until he got home and she demanded an explanation as to why he didn't answer his phone earlier in the day when she tried to arrange a lunchtime rendezvous for them.

* * * * *

“And your name is?”

Simon, dressed in a smart shirt and chinos gave a nervous smile, his face was bright red, partly due to the heat of the studio lights, and partly due to fear. There was a faint smell of paint in the room, probably caused by the rapid redecoration the “studio” had undergone to be ready for the television talent show auditions.

“Simon.”

“And you're from?” asked a middle-aged gentleman with impeccable hair and flawless white false teeth.

“Aylesbury.”

A washed-out pop star cackled at the end of the table. “I sold out a gig there once,” she said, clearly hoping that they might include it in the cut to show how widely listened to she once was. Simon didn't know what to say and just grinned at the woman.

“And you are going to sing for us?”

“Nothing compares to you, by Sinead O'Connor.”

The third member of the panel, a record producer, chortled. “Normally sung by our female contestants,” he sniped.

“Well it was originally released by Prince under The Family,” Simon responded instantly without thinking and the man snarled. Simon, might not be able to sing, but he knew a lot about music; it was his passion.

“Yes, I know that,” the producer snapped back. “Sing.”

Simon took a deep breath and closed his eyes. He didn't know why, but it seemed as though he should. He listened to the introduction in his head and then prepared himself to sing.

“It's been seven hours and fifteen days,” Simon belted out as, tunelessly amending his pitch to compensate for his lack of singing ability. “Since you took your love away.”

Simon waved his hands around theatrically and extending them forward to gesture to the unseen and imaginatively present crowd in front of him.

The panel sniggered but Simon was so absorbed in his own performance he didn't see and it was at the end of the massacred chorus when he was stopped.

“So why are you here?” The producer asked, still not having forgiven Simon for correcting him earlier.

“I want a better life for my family,” Simon instinctively replied and he grinned.

“Well I want a better life for my eardrums so you definitely ain't going through.”

“It's a no from me, too. If you are the standard of music ability here today then we might as well go home now,” he was told and after a moment of faux niceness from the washed out popstar left Simon utterly dejected.

He might not have expected to win, but he hoped he might get through. He arrived and had to audition in front of a researcher, and then again in front of a senior researcher. He was told he was ideal and would be in front of three “faces” of the show and should really go for it, and he did, dreaming of a new start for Rhea and Izzy.

Rhea tried to be sympathetic but shook her head, grinning. “Well what did you expect, love? You cannot sing and more than I can knit.”

“Yeah, but it's a one million pound contract. It would make everything better.”

Rhea stared across the table at him and bit her lip. She spoke in a low, forlorn voice. “No Simon. The money won't make everything better. The money is just a small part of it. It's the breaking of my trust that's the problem.”

Simon looked at his dinner and got up. “I'm trying Rhea, I'm really trying,” he shouted at her and left the room forcefully.

“Yes you are, aren't you,” Rhea murmured to an empty room.

* * * * *

"Flowers, what a surprise," the girl told Andy as he came up to her a two minutes to six.

"Ah, yes, OK. Not good, right?"

"They are lovely. Just not from me."

"No. Well I could hardly buy them for you from you, could I?"

She laughed and put them inside the shop in a vase of water. "I can take them home tomorrow. Where are we going?"

Andy looked at the girl again. She was a lot shorter than him, quite a bit in fact, but she had a teasing, expectant grin on her face and he smiled in return. "What food do you like?"

She smiled. "English?"

"Well I was hoping not to go to a pub, but there is a good pub out my way," Andy told her and she laughed.

"Well that's a cunning ploy."

"Well, there is, I live in Cholesbury and we have three pubs in the village. One of them does good food."

She nodded and then agreed to get in Andy's car, something that Andy was not expecting. She cooed at his flash BMW and he put the radio on, and then reduced the volume.

It occurred to him that he didn't know his date's name and asked. She cackled and rubbed her hand over his on the gear change. "Rita," she replied as he steered a look at her.

"You know if you keep doing that, you might just distract me from the road," Andy warned and she moved her hand to his thigh with a wicked laugh.

The pub was quiet, it was midweek and the restaurant was almost empty. The brown, tanned wood shone out in the dark room and the faint stench of beer combined with that of the leather to create the unique smell that was his favourite eatery.

"It's a nice local," Rita admitted as they walked through into the seated area.

"What you having?" Andy asked and Rita bit her lip.

"Well you are driving me to Aylesbury so I can drive home, right? So we both better go easy on the drink."

Andy had not considered this and nodded. "I was only going to have one or two," he admitted and Rita surveyed the drinks behind the bar.

"Can I just have the house white. Small glass."

Andy ordered a large glass of the house white wine and a beer for himself and sat down to order.

The waitress returned with their drinks and they ordered their meals. Rita was very keen to know as much about her date as he was prepared to tell her. He missed out a number of

his sexual conquests, as well as the less-impressive parts of his life, as well as the bit about him being a millionaire. He had found a mixture of envy and stereotypical perception often clouded the judgement of other people when he had told them in the past and therefore normally avoided it.

She was particularly interested in his splitting ups and he laughed. "I get told that I am not very good at parting company. It never seems to go the way I intended it to."

"Ah well, it never does. I can tell you that."

Andy grinned and pressed the opportunity to get Rita to elaborate but she steered the conversation back to him and started probing ex-girlfriends. He got another drink, and another large glass of wine for Rita, and started answering her questions.

"Why are you interested in my past?" Andy asked and she smiled.

"Because it shows a lot about you, and I want to know."

"It's quite unusual," he muttered. He had always avoided the subject of ex-partners with his girlfriends, particularly on a first date, partly out of apprehension when he was younger and then embarrassment as he got older. Rita was determined and wouldn't let him move on until he had told her what she wanted to know; which was everything about all of his ex-lovers.

Afterwards, the date got easier. Andy was already having second thoughts about her, she seemed to be obsessed about who he was years ago, not who he was now, but they joked and then talked about flowers before he paid for the meal and they had a couple of games of pool.

Rita had changed into a short tartan skirt in the shop, an outfit that was bringing back a number of other memories for him, but Andy wasn't a bad player and was able to put the cue ball in places on the table where she would have to lean across and her skirt would ride up.

This was lecherous behaviour, but the three pints of beer Andy had consumed made him more excitable and he gleefully did this much to Rita's amusement.

They had a fourth set of drinks and after Andy had won the third game, they left the pub and started walking back to the house.

"Yo too drunk to drive me," Rita said and held out her hand for Andy to take. "But I think you knew that."

Andy gave her a sheepish look. "Yeah. I'll order you a taxi. But I was enjoying myself. I didn't want to stop."

Rita looked down at the country road and stepped around a pothole. "It's just, well. I haven't had any fun since he cheated and, if I am allowed to stay the night, I'd love to."

Andy sniggered and squeezed Rita's hand. "Yeah, of course. How could I refuse?"

She smiled and pushed open the side gate. They walked up the path, got to the front door, and she pulled him back and kissed him on the lips.

"Don't be gentle," she teased and popped open the first button on his shirt, and then the

second and third. Andy smiled and put his hands at the base of her top and pulled it upwards, to reveal a navy lacy bra.

Rita smiled and pushed his shirt back. "Shall we go upstairs then?" Rita asked and Andy unlocked his front door.

To come face-to-face with Zoe, Rhea, Ezra and Simon.

"Hiya," the topless millionaire said, and his half-naked companion did the same.

* * * * *

Rhea watched Andy go out in the early evening and slumped on the chair. She was bored. She had spent all day looking for jobs and her fruitless search was demoralising.

"Let's get Zoe and Ezra over," she mused and Simon nodded.

"When little one is in bed?" Simon asked and Izzy threw her fork down on the plate.

"No daddy. I want to see Uncle Ezzie," she said firmly and Simon grinned at her.

"They'll be here after your bed time," Simon told her and she screwed up her face.

That wasn't quite true. Zoe and Ezra had enough time to say good night to their fiercely independent niece before joining the couple on the couch.

Ezra had picked up a bottle of wine, but Zoe had ordered him not to drink any with the warning, "do you know what alcohol does to your sperm count?"

Ezra sighed and picked up four wine glasses and emptied the bottle in all of them. She shot him an angry look when he came in and she put the glass down on the side.

"Ezra. Do you want a baby?" Zoe asked furiously and Ezra gave her a dismissive grunt.

"Honestly love, one glass of wine won't make any difference."

"Yeah, and how do you know?"

"Because I do. What will make a difference is having sex every day five times a day. That lowers my sperm count, but you didn't care about that."

Zoe screwed up her eyes and and rubbed the bridge of her nose.

"Hey, Ezra. Maybe you should sit this one out," Rhea suggested calmly and Simon nodded, but the stocky man shook his head firmly and took a big sip.

"But it can't do any harm," Simon suggested and passed his glass to Rhea. "I'll be teetotal as well for the night."

Zoe looked at Ezra expectantly and he took another sip. "No. Rhea is pregnant and she can have a glass. You are wanting to conceive and you are having a glass. Why can't I?"

"Because we have been trying to have a child for years and you haven't got me pregnant," Zoe thundered. "So whatever we can do to raise your sperm count, the better."

"Yeah, and I've lost over a stone and a half. Maybe, just maybe, if your body didn't attack

my sperm as invaders you might just be knocked up by now.”

Zoe and Rhea both gasped and looked at each other.

“Well it's true. Her body kills my sperm. I give her tens of millions of sperm every time and her body systemically kills every single one of them. It's her bloody fault.”

Zoe burst into tears. “It's not my fault. I've tried everything,” she wailed and Ezra groaned at her.

“For god sake,” he muttered and Zoe shook her head and left the room.

“You heartless bastard,” Rhea roared. “How can you say such a thing?”

“Well it's true.”

Rhea slapped him on the face as she got up. “Stop behaving like my brother.”

Simon waited for Rhea to leave and looked across at Ezra. “They are a little bit emotional at the moment,” he muttered and Ezra sneered.

“Tell me about it. All I hear is bloody pregnancy and babies. It's getting on my nerves to be honest. I know she wants to be pregnant but she is just getting obsessed and I almost don't want a baby any more. I'm fed up with her. And if it is my fault she isn't pregnant then maybe she should find someone who can get her knocked up.”

Simon nodded at him and took a deep breath. He didn't know what to say to him, but Ezra fumed silently in the corner of the sofa staring at the carpet.

Rhea returned a few minutes later, a scowl across her face. “Are you going to apologise?” Rhea asked and Ezra returned the frown.

“No,” he replied dismissively and Rhea shook her head.

“You have really upset Zoe,” Rhea told him but he just shrugged.

“Good. She is obsessed and I'm fed up with it,” Ezra countered and Rhea pulled herself up to her full height. “I'm fed up with her.”

“She is desperate for a baby, Ezra. Your baby. She wants to carry your child. At least show her some support.”

Ezra grunted and Rhea snatched the glass of wine from him. “Just behave like a man and apologise.”

Ezra stared at Rhea; he had known her for almost as long as he had known Andy and they certainly locked horns in a battle of wills regularly but Rhea's resolute determination was unyielding and she raised an eyebrow.

“Just apologise and we can then watch the DVD,” she told him and he begrudgingly got up to find his wife, sobbing in the bathroom.

For Zoe, it was too much. Her and Ezra had decided to try and have children when they returned from honeymoon, and that was three years ago. For three years she had been tested, prodded, poked, done everything required to try and get pregnant. She had made sacrifices, and the only things Ezra had to do was to watch his weight, avoid alcohol and to

have sex with her, and he objected to this.

Ezra gently opened the door and his steely resolve disappeared. He sat down next to his wife, who was sat with her back to the bath, and held her hand.

“Sorry love, it's just frustration,” he muttered and she sniffed back.

“I know, but you don't understand what it's like,” she cried. Not since he was sixteen had Ezra a reason to feel this guilty before.

* * * * *

Rita looked down from the foot of the bed, and glanced at the naked Andy in the bed. He was lay completely still but fiddling with his phone on his bedside table. Rita glanced at the little table on the side and picked up some massage oil, rubbing a small portion in her hands.

She slid her oiled hands down his shoulders, his chest, his thighs and hips, bypassing the erect cock that poked out from his body. Rita was very tactile and began kneading Andy's thighs and legs, and then his pectoral muscles. As she leant across, her body touched the tip of his cock and he sighed.

He had said very little to Rita since she had entered his bedroom; she wasn't talkative and when he tried she sshed him. Instead Rita leant over her date and pushed her breasts into the face of Andy. He moaned as her hands darted over his oily body and sucked the nipples presented to him.

Rita began to groan as the tongue of her new lover darted wonderfully over her erect nipples. She swung her legs over and suspired noisily, Andy's erect cock was positioned over her clitoris and she gently flicked both of them by rocking back and forth sending shockwaves through their respective loins.

Andy tried to position his cock into her hole, but she laughed at him, and gave him back her nipple to pleasure. Rita liked teasing, it was all part of the game. She would have liked to have tied Andy up but it was a little forward on a first date; she didn't know how kinky he was!

Rita removed her nipple from Andy's mouth, and spun around so she could lick Andy's erect member, and she planted her shaved crack onto his face. He glanced up and felt a metal stud, she had had her clitoral hood pierced and Andy put his tongue up against it.

Rita squealed; she loved receiving cunnilingus with her piercing, it was so much stronger sensations and Andy was licking and flicking her clitoris, probing her hole and sliding up her perineum.

Andy groaned and closed his eyes, savouring the musky sweetness of his date. Rita sucked in her lips and slid up and down Andy's erect cock. He grunted and Rita reached over for the massage oil. While she impaled her mouth on Andy's dick, she slid her slippery fingers over his balls and then along his perineum.

Rita was over his anus and he clenched his buttocks in surprise. Rita knew he would; he didn't seem the adventurous type and she pushed her fingers down hard on his perineum, circling it.

Andy grunted and groaned, her mouth was sucking at his member and he panted, with

high-pitched nasal sounds. He was going to come. He shouted out a muffled warning into Rita's hairy mons but she just increased her pace. Andy felt himself pass the point of no return, his buttocks clenched and he tried to hold on to his orgasm, his muscles pulling his cock in as tight as it would go but he could hold out no more.

He grunted and filled Rita's mouth with cum.

Rita was groaning herself. Andy had moved from her hole back to her clitoris and was inhaling her musky taste while his tongue darted over the small button.

He felt her thighs press against his ears. He liked that; his ex-girlfriends often used to go on top while he ate them out and he got a big satisfaction from it. She bucked, squeezed her muscles, she grunted and threw herself onto his stomach.

She screamed, loudly, her voice echoing on the walls. "Oh my god," she screamed. "Oh fuck," lingered and her body shook. Andy didn't let go of her thighs and continued to run his tongue up and down her slit, her body pivoting on his hands.

She groaned and grunted again and again, screaming and shrieking extremely loudly as the sounds of their debauchery echoed on the walls.

After her third orgasm, Rita disengaged herself and jumped on Andy's inflated cock, letting it rest on her hole. Andy didn't have a condom on, and leant over to retrieve one, but Rita just impaled herself and asked Andy to tell her when he was about to ejaculate.

Andy didn't feel too comfortable and she rocked her hips back and forth over the uncovered cock in her. She squealed and mewed as she established a rapid rhythm and Andy moved his finger to her button as she leant back.

He could feel his climax coming, and he gave Rita warning. Rita continued to bounced up and down on Andy who yelled at her. She smiled and kept up her rhythm, moving her body up just as the semen traversed Andy's inner pipework.

He splattered his first wave against her clitoris that was suspended just above his cock. She sighed as the cum hit her and she grinned at him, before they got cleaned up.

* * * * *

"Oh hello," Rhea muttered as a naked Rita unlocked the bathroom. She shrieked and hid herself, emerging only when she was enclosed in a towel.

"Sorry, Andy thought you had gone out."

"My boyfriend took my daughter to school," Rhea said tersely. "You know he has an en-suite."

"He is using it and I was busting. Sorry."

Rhea smiled and looked at the girl fidgeting. "Aren't you the girl from the florists?"

"Yes, I remember you now. Did you sort out your rockery?"

Rhea laughed. "Yeah. I got some alpines. I take it your date went well then?"

Rita bit her lip. "Well sort of. He was good fun, but to be honest I don't think he has really

moved on from his past.”

Rhea smirked knowingly. “No. I keep telling him that.”

Rita shrugged her shoulders. “Well I don't think I have either. It's not easy but he isn't my type. He is too nice”

Rhea raised her eyebrows at her and smiled. “He isn't always nice. Sometimes he can be a bit of an arse.”

Rita smiled and closed her eyes for a moment. “He doesn't have an exciting past. Lots of exes but nothing racy or daring. He is someone to settle down with when I am 25, not date when I am 20!”

Rhea nodded and waited for Rita to leave the doorway. “Hey, before you go, can I have a little walk along the common with you. I wouldn't mind a chat.”

* * * * *

“Hi this is Rhea, Andy's sister, do you remember Andy?”

The recipient of Rhea's phone call replied that she did most definitely remember Andy and was concerned until Rhea admitted the reason for her call. “I want a chat with you about Andy and also a little problem that I have.”

Simon overheard the start of the call, and knew why she was ringing the “friend of Andy's” and this depressed him. Not only had he made his family homeless, bankrupted them, his actions was now forcing his wife to need to become a prostitute.

He made a resolution. If Rhea was going to prostitute herself, he would do so too, and he was not going to take no for an answer. He would just need someone to teach him how to perform sordid sex acts on another man, and he got the feeling Rhea wouldn't be prepared to be a teacher.

* * * * *

Zoe threw her arms around Andy and gave him a kiss. She took the bouquet of flowers nervously and grinned.

“You shouldn't have,” she gently admonished him. “But thanks.”

“It's only a dozen roses.”

“Red roses. Ezra will get suspicious.”

Andy chuckled. “Well I know you like red roses. I have known you for fifteen years. If I had wanted to hit on you, I must just have done it before now. And anyway, I wouldn't be able to keep to the schedule.”

Zoe puffed and Andy led her towards the shopping street containing a small café where they would have lunch.

“You got everything you need?”

“Think so, just another pair of waterproofs and I will be done.”

Zoe looked at the dozen big bags her friend was carrying and smirked. "And how long will you be away?"

"Four weeks. I'll be back on Izzy's birthday party with Izzy. Flight better not be delayed"

Zoe cocked her head to one side. "We'll miss you. But maybe you'll find some inner peace."

"I have inner peace," Andy retorted and Zoe shook her head.

"Rhea said she came home two days ago to find you drunk, naked and in the garden."

Andy went red. "Ah, well, sort of." He was glad that he was able to change the subject by pointing out a gentleman with a clipboard on the cobbled street next to a small display. "Hey Zoe. You could win twenty-five grand."

"Just a very short survey," the man purred and held out his clipboard.

"Oh I haven't got time," Zoe snapped but Andy pulled her back and answered for her.

"Well, it could be a Harley for Ezra," Andy told her and she rolled her eyes.

"I won't win. There is a million to one chance I will get anything other than junk mail."

"Oh I wouldn't say that," he told her. "Where's your sense of optimism." He turned to the gentleman. "Her name is Zoe Matheson and she lives at ..."

Zoe looked up at the sky. "You are intolerable," she barked and started cooperating.

* * * * *

Rhea, or Olivia as she was known for the liaison, knocked on the door of the hotel. She had found a website where she could advertise her services and had received a call from a flustered gentleman two hours later on her new Pay-as-you mobile phone.

She had agreed to meet him at the Aylesbury hotel he was staying in, and Simon had dropped her off outside. He knew what was happening and Rhea had explained to him that she was going to do this to try and collect as much cash as possible to pay a big lump sum off their debts to drag them down to a more manageable level, and although Simon had objected briefly, she said she thought it was the best way.

Simon was determined he would also try and sell his body. It was not fair if Rhea had to do it, and if he was doing it also then it would be over quicker as they would have two incomes coming in. Rhea had repeatedly dismissed his suggestion, but he knew once she had done the deed she could not really refuse it for him.

A Mr Grosvenor opened the door and smiled at the sight before him. Rhea had selected her very best raunchy clothes. He had not asked for a particular "look" so she had selected her very short black cocktail dress and black stockings, with matching lingerie and tall heels to wear.

Rhea made an instant judgement. Mr Grosvenor was around 55, balding, with a rotund belly and a glassy look in his face. She guessed he wasn't getting any at home, and needed something from someone. Rhea was that someone.

“Olivia?” The gentleman asked and Rhea smiled.

“Oh yes,” she replied seductively. She took his finger and kissed it, sliding it into her mouth with an explicit sucking sound. “I’m here to make all of your dreams come true.”

The punter opened the door wide, and Rhea walked in, not taking her eye off the guy.

“Your money is on the side,” he said clearly and passed her an envelope, which Rhea quickly flicked through and then put in her bag.

She stared at him for a moment and he fidgeted. She sighed and thought back to her phone conversation. She had made notes and had gone through these in the car. Be seductive when answering the door was the first one, then money, then drink, that was it. She got up and wiggled her hips and ran her hands down his shoulders.

“You look tense, would you like a drink?” Rhea asked and he nodded silently. She bent over, the dress riding up in front of the gentleman and picked up a small bottle of lager, which she opened on the side. She took the drink and passed it to him.

He took a swig as Rhea unbuttoned his first button on his white shirt, and then his second, and then his third. He gulped and she opened all of the buttons and slid her hands alongside his inflated belly. He was hairy, but not sweaty. She had been warned about sweaty punters.

He grunted as she undid his belt and slid his trousers down. She noticed that he was not wearing shoes and he stepped out of the trousers so he was wearing just his white Y-fronts and grey socks.

Rhea tried not to smirk and instead kissed his neck and ran her hands all over his body. She squeezed his globes and he gave a satisfied murmur.

Rhea steered him towards the bed, and noticed that he only was only semi-hard, there was barely a bulge on the front of his underpants.

Rhea was disheartened: she had done everything she had been told to do, and dropped to her knees, plunging her face into his crotch. She kissed his thigh, looking up at him with puppy-dog eyes. He sighed and grunted in expectation. Rhea was teasing him, but she wanted to give him a good time. And he couldn't have a good time unless he got erect, but the more she teased him and played with him, he just would not get hard.

Rhea was getting worried: how could they have sex unless he got an erection? She closed her eyes and kissed the tip of his cock through the cotton.

“Oh stop teasing me,” the guy panted, and Rhea pushed him onto the bed. He sat up to begin with, his rolls of fat covering the waistband of the Y-fronts and Rhea pushed him back, sliding the cotton garment over his cock.

It sprang back and Rhea had to suppress a laugh. It was the tiniest cock she had ever seen. It was barely longer than a matchstick and only slightly wider than her little finger, and it was erect. Little wonder she couldn't see it.

“She kissed the top and sucked it. It felt like a babies dummy and she suddenly felt a little uncomfortable.

“Yeah, the wife prefers her lover now,” the gentleman mused as Rhea unhooked the

underwear over the man's ankles and threw them onto the pile of clothes in the corner of the room.

She began running her tongue over the glans of the guy's diminutive manhood. He let out a frantic sigh. Normally Rhea liked to put her fist at the base of the cock and help pump it, but she knew it would get lost if she did that and she would not be able to perform oral on him. There was no danger he would touch her gag reflex so she just sucked and impaled herself on his member.

The guy gave a grunt and a sigh, panting furiously he gripped the edge of the bed and Rhea's head. "I wanna fuck you," he squealed and Rhea thought for a moment. He wasn't in his twenties any more, so would struggle to get it up again after orgasming. She stood up and removed her silky dress, to reveal a pair of crotchless knickers.

His eyes widened the moment he saw her and she opened a condom he passed her, and slid it over the guys penis. She was worried it would slip off, but he had managed to get a suitable size latex sheath and it slid over snugly. She kissed it again and got up the bed.

Rhea smiled at the gentleman lay on the bed, and wiggled her hips down to impale herself on the erect cock. He sighed the moment it touched her, but Rhea knew she would be distinctly unsatisfied if this was a romantic liaison.

Instead she thought of it as a business transaction and closed her eyes. She had been instructed to "enjoy herself or be seen to enjoy yourself" by her guide and rocked back and forth on the guys cock. He sucked in as soon as she slowly did this and although it was a pleasant sensation, Rhea faked a loud, animal-like moan of sustained pleasure.

Rhea pivoted on her hips and thrust her hips forward, impaling his cock into her as far as it would go. The man groaned and sighed, gripping the bed as Rhea drove her body into his pelvis.

"That's good," he panted and Rhea moved his hands up to touch her tits. She disengaged herself from her bra and he slid his fingers over her nipples.

As a few darts of warmth shot through her body, she gave an exaggerated squeal and cried out. The man sucked in deeply and his cock twitched. She just caught it, and felt him filling his condom.

Of sorts.

Rhea got off the guy and looked, a small spattering of semen filled the tip of the rubber and he smiled at her.

"That was brilliant," he murmured and Rhea gave a false smile. She lay down alongside him and stoked him through the condom, and he grinned at her.

Ten minutes later, they shared a shower together. Rhea helping to soap him down, and was left in the warm water for a few moments while he went to get some towels.

He returned and they got dry together, before getting dressed. Rhea was conscious he had bought her time, not the sex act but he was happily chatting to her.

He was a manager of a small company attending a trade fair and this was the first time he had used a prostitute but he was not getting satisfied at home. She told him very little about her, but allowed him to speak, which he was happy to do.

After an hour, he fidgeted and she sensed he wanted her to leave, so she got up, kissed him goodbye, and checking that the envelope was in her bag left the room.

Simon saw Rhea cross the car park and got out of his car.

“How was it?” Simon asked and Rhea passed him the envelope.

“Awful, but two fifty isn't bad, right.” Simon took a deep breath and opened the envelope to find bits of newspaper in there.

“Where is the money?” Simon asked and passed her the cut up newspaper.

She sighed and took the envelope. “It was there, I counted it. It was,” Rhea said and then paused. “The thieving bastard. The towels. Right ...”

Rhea got out of the car and Simon joined her. They marched to Room 17 of the inn, and the door was ajar. A piece of paper was on the desk and Rhea picked it up as Simon looked around the room for the guy.

“Dear Olivia. You were awesome and I enjoyed myself. But you are also naïve. Thanks for the free fuck. See ya sucker”

Rhea groaned and threw the envelope onto the bed. “The fucking bastard,” she screamed and passed the letter to Simon.

“I'll kill him,” Simon muttered but Mr Grosvenor was long gone.

“Hey Rhea, please can you show me how to give a blow job.”

“Why?” Rhea asked and then it dawned on her,. “Oh no, Simon, you are not.”

“Why not?” Simon said sternly and Rhea crossed her arms.

“It's nice that you think you should do that, but I think we have just learnt that whoring us out is not the answer, so no OK.”

“But ...”

Rhea interrupted his argument and kissed him on the lips. “Simon, I said no. There are other ways, OK.”

“OK.”

“And I'm sorry,” Rhea said looking at him with wide eyes. “Truly I am.”

* * * * *

“You've done what?”

“I've added you and Simon to my car insurance,” Andy replied and threw the keys over to Rhea. “There is a full tank of petrol in it, so you can take me to the airport and pick me up in two weeks.”

Rhea smiled. “Can I come to Norway with you too,” Izzy asked and Andy picked up his niece.

"We are going to Iceland. We are going to the little town where elves live and swimming and everything. But I have a trip to Norway first. I'll be back in two weeks and then we'll go."

"Two weeks?"

"Fourteen more sleeps," Simon told her and she smiled. "Come on, lets go to the park."

Simon and Izzy left and Andy looked at his watch. "We better make a move," he said and Rhea smiled. "You going to be OK here on your own?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine. You'll be back in two weeks and by then we'll have had some time to work things through."

"That'll be good."

Andy didn't sense Rhea's happiness at this and she shrugged. "Well I am at that point where I need to decide whether I am going to trust him or we need to split up for good."

"Oh," Andy said in reply and Rhea gave a brief titter.

"Yeah. I don't want us to split up but when he isn't with me, I just wonder what he is up to. And I can't live my life like that all the time. I need closure from what happened."

"Maybe you need to speak to him."

"Yeah I will. But when Izzy isn't here. If Si needs to move out, I don't want Izzy seeing that."

Andy reached over and hugged his little sister. "Whatever happens, you stay here, right?"

"I'll be here. I've got nowhere else to go."

* * * * *

Rita glanced over at the path. She had been told to dress in leisurely, messing around clothes and was just wearing her running tracksuit with nothing else. It was going to rain soon, she could sense it but she sat on the bench and looked out over the water.

That girl from Andy's house, Rhea, who she had met a few weeks previous had told her to be here at midday, saying she had the ideal date for her. Someone who she knew very well for a number of years and had "recently come onto the market." He was well suited to her need for someone with a shady past and kinky tastes. He sounded ideal as she described him and all his indiscretions, which didn't put her off him in the slightest. She had even played with herself that morning as she fantasised what he might be like.

The first speck of rain hit the path and she looked up at the sky. She didn't want to be waiting here all day for someone who wasn't going to turn up, and she had been there ten minutes already, but she scanned the park. There was only one park bench that overlooked the duck pond and the park was deserted.

Rita pulled the pink tracksuit close to her and stretched her legs. She felt her nipples rubbing against the soft inside of the velour material and wished she could play with them now. She took a deep breath and pulled the tracksuit bottoms up to her waist; they had fallen slightly as she had jogged to the park.

A few drops of rain hit her hair and she sneered at the weather. Why did it always have to rain in England? She could hardly have a date in the pouring rain!

Rita braved the first few minutes of the rain but by quarter past belted across the park to a small bandstand several feet away. She panted as she got underneath it and groaned. The weather had turned decidedly nasty, and while she was waiting for the date that would never come, she was soaked. She wanted to strip off but she would be naked and this was a public park.

The rain bounced off the pavement and the sound of the water hitting the tin roof echoed around the small structure. She was trapped until it eased off. She sat and watched nature unleash a torrent of water down on the park and daydreamed. That was the problem with exciting men; they were unreliable.

She felt a pair of hands on her flanks and a breath on her neck. She tried to turn around but the hands wouldn't let her.

"I hear you are looking for someone who has had an exciting past, someone who can set your pulse racing. Someone who won't say no."

Rita nodded and tried to look round but she felt the breath on the back of her neck and the kiss of a pair of lips. She sighed and closed her eyes.

"Yeah I do," she muttered and hands darted forward and slid the zip of her tracksuit top down.

"And someone who will fuck you, make you squeal," he added and his hands onto her bare breasts, squeezing them gently.

"Hey, I don't even know your name?"

"John," he whispered into her ear. "John Matheson. And I am going to take you behind that tree and fuck your brains out."

Rita gulped and licked her lips. "OK."