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# Preface

This story is the first instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe and shows Rhea Williams struggling to address her partner's infidelity and financial mismanagement

This story is set in May 2008.

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 as more back story is revealed.

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

The five year old stood at the very top of the climbing frame and folded her arms defiantly. “No,” she shouted with a steely determination.

“Come on. It is going to rain,” the young mother repeated but the girl sneered at her mother standing akimbo ten feet below.

“Mummy, not coming down,” the young girl shouted stubbornly. “Not been here long enough.”

Rhea scowled at her errant offspring. “Izzy. You will come down now,” she shouted firmly but the girl shook her head resolutely.

“You can't make me,” the girl teased and Rhea Williams sighed. It was not the first time her daughter had been disobedient and naughty and her hot-headed stubborn nature, that sometimes bordered on malevolence, mirrored her own personality with worrying accuracy. She looked at her watch: it was half-past four and her partner, Izzy's father, would be home shortly; she needed to start cooking dinner.

Rhea looked around the deserted adventure playground and rationalised. Her daughter was out of reach, she was too high up, but eventually she would get bored, surely?

“If you don't come down now, we won't come back,” Rhea threatened and Izzy snarled.

“We come here 'cause I drive you crazy,” the young girl responded, repeating a well-worn accusation often thrown at her by the exasperated mother.

The 5ft 6in Rhea tried bribery, offering the infant “a trip to the newsagents to get a chocolate bar” which was firmly rejected.

“Try harder, Mummy,” the five year old teased and moved to the highest part of the climbing frame. “Can't get me.” Rhea tried blackmail, coercion, threats, bribery again and then pure anger, but eventually she gave up and had to climb onto the metal frame in the pouring rain to retrieve her

corybantic daughter and drag her onto solid ground. Izzy got a smack on the back of her legs for her wilful disobedience, but this did not seem to bother her in the slightest as she gleefully jumped from puddle to puddle on the way home.

Rhea thought heavily as she escorted her daughter through the pouring rain. She desperately wished Simon, her long-term partner, would manage to spend a bit more time at home; Izzy was always better behaved when he was around. She knew his job was very demanding, but she did have a lot of work to do herself – housework, childcare and a 30-hour a week job - and she wondered if he knew how much she did?

\* \* \* \* \*

The sounds of flesh slapping together echoed around the small office, but Simon didn't care. The eighteen year-old sales assistant squealed as his thick cock rammed into her tight, slick opening. She briefly opened her eyes on his desk but, the ceiling light directly above he was too bright and she closed them again.

Alison groaned loudly as her deputy manager rubbed her clitoris with his thumb. Her legs began to quiver and her fingers dug into the side of the wooden desk.

Simon groaned as he exhaled sharply, the internal muscles of the young girl was clamping down on his cock wonderfully. He was nearing his climax, he began pumping into the girl faster and faster, the table shaking the last few documents onto the floor.

Alison cried out in ecstasy, her body convulsing as the waves of immoral pleasure swept through her. Simon grabbed hold of her hips and pivoted into her faster than before. Her muscles gripped his cock and he moaned as he pumped his seed into the condom.

They stayed for a brief moment, savouring the aftershocks and then slowly disentangled themselves. “We made a mess of your office,” Alison said surveying the wreckage with her wild hair and smudged make-up.

“S'ok,” the Deputy Manager said with a grin. “It'll clean up.”

Alison smoothed out the white blouse of her uniform and picked up her skirt from the floor. Simon grinned as she looked for her knickers and he picked them up off the pot plant in the corner of the room.

“A keepsake?” Simon asked and Alison blushed. Rumours of Simon's womanising had swept around the office, but she never expected the handsome Deputy Manager to be interested in her. She was blown away when he asked her on a date two months previous and still could not believe that he was with her, although their snatched rendezvous were always sexual.

Of course, he still lived with his long-term partner, but she didn't make him happy; he had told her on one of their dates and he was planning to leave her. Alison had let him know that she wanted him to move in with her and he had let her believe that one day she would be Mrs Matheson and have children, and all would be well. “So honey,” Alison asked as she smoothed out the navy skirt. “When are you going to move in with me?”

Simon flinched and sucked in his lips. “I don't know babe, it's not great right at the moment, but soon. Real soon.”

“But you do love me, don't you?”

Simon gave a grin and nodded. “Yeah, of course I do.” It was almost too easy.

Alison skipped out of the office and he leant up against the wall of his small office in the flagship Watford store of his northern Supermarket chain. His office was a mess, and he better tidy it up. It wouldn't do much for his job if the elderly Store Manager came in to see him with the room in this state. Grudgingly, he started retrieving documents, pens, staplers and knickers that had been scattered around his desk.

He could do nothing about the faint smell of human arousal and sweat in this room; he could hardly leave the window open overnight, but did his best with some peach air freshener that masked it significantly.

Simon looked at the clock and swore: he was going to be late home and Rhea would kill him. Scampering out of his office, he ran through the warehouse, grabbing a cheap bottle of wine on the way through and made

it to his car in the manager's car park, ensuring he dumped the used condom, wrapped in tissue paper, in the outside bin.

He would not have wanted to explain that to Rhea if she had found that!

## Chapter II

“You're late,” Rhea shouted from the kitchen. Simon ignored her and went into the small lounge and greeted his daughter who was watching television.

“Hey trouble,” Simon said as he bounded into the room and picked up his daughter. He threw Izzy into the air and caught her before spinning her 'round in circles. Izzy giggled uncontrollably.

Rhea appeared with a couple of letters addressed to them both, and kissed him on the cheek. “Hi hun. These came for you.”

Simon took them and forced a smile. Rhea noticed the hesitancy and scowled slightly. “Any problems?”

Simon shook his head quickly. “Oh no. But you know banks. Every twenty seconds, here's a statement. Anyway, how was your day?”

Rhea glowered at her dogmatic daughter who had wrapped her tiny arms around her father's waist. “Fine until this one started in the park.”

“Oh, Izzy,” Simon said to their daughter, who feigned ignorance at the suggestion she had been badly-behaved, and Simon passed a bottle of wine to his partner who kissed him in appreciation.

“It's not chilled but it will do. We got Lasagne for tea, and I'm dishing in two minutes, go wash your hands and get changed,” Rhea told them and Simon took Izzy, and the letters, upstairs.

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Simon leant over the couch and Rhea wrapped her arms around her soaking wet partner after he came out of the bathroom. He had been having showers when he returned from work recently and complained vociferously about his office being too hot in the Summer weather, but she preferred his manly smell to that of the teenage shower gel he often bought. He was 24 not 14, but his choice of bathroom products belied this fact.

Simon kissed his partner in their lounge as he came out of the bathroom. She massaged his tongue with hers and slid her hands down his flanks, cupping his rear through the towel, squeezing the worn cotton.

“I love you,” she whispered in his ear and slid off the sofa onto her knees. She pushed the towel, wrapped around his waist, open and gave her lover's cock a few strokes with her fist, gripped tightly around his inflating member.

Simon groaned. Rhea could always make him feel special, and her firm grip of his dick sent shockwaves through his loins. Rhea slid her hands around Simon's thighs and grabbed hold of his buttocks. She squeezed them and then brought her lover closer to her, and slipped his cock in her mouth.

Rhea lovingly slurped on Simon's cock, bobbing up and down the shaft. She had taught herself how to deep throat using the Internet and practising on her dildo a couple of years ago and surprised him with it on their “anniversary,” but the act of doing so always drove him wild.

Rhea pushed her tongue out as far it would go, opened her mouth and slid Simon's member up to the hilt. Her tongue brushed up against Simon's balls and she started massaging his cock with her throat muscles. His pubic hair tickled her nose; he must get the cut, she thought.

Simon grunted, and mewed while panting. While Rhea's mouth bounced up and down on Simon's manhood, her fingers inched along his buttocks and reached his rosebud. She was told by a former girlfriend of her brother's that men loved having their ass and perineum massaged during a blowjob, and she had tried this with her boyfriend with relish.

Simon felt the insides of his loins ignite. His girlfriend always gave him the most unbelievable pleasure, and had done for years. He groaned, and grunted, mewed and moaned. Spluttering for air, he panted as his prostate steadied his genitals for a release.

“Babe,” he muttered. “Oh god, Rhea. I love you so much.”

Rhea smiled and pushed down on his rosebud at the same time the tip of her tongue wagged the head of Simon's cock.

Simon erupted and waves of semen spewed out of him and into the willing mouth of Rhea. Rhea swallowed Simon's cum and then milked the last few drops by squeezing his penis down his shaft with her mouth. She never liked the taste of semen, but Simon liked her to swallow, and making Simon happy made her happy.

Simon smiled at his lover and she looked up. "Your turn," he muttered and lifted Rhea onto the sofa. Rhea slid down her tatty tracksuit bottoms and he beamed at her shaven crotch. Rhea kept herself shaved as Simon loved her without pubic hair, with the young mother shaving herself a couple of times a week.

Simon plunged his tongue between her legs. Rhea sighed. How often did she have to tell him that jumping straight onto her clitoris was not pleasant? Rhea took her fingers and placed them on her nipples herself to massage them and raised her pelvis to guide his probing tongue away from her button and where it would be more pleasurable.

Simon's tongue grazed along her crack and began to probe the entrance to her hole. Rhea sighed appreciatively; it was better, especially as she was caressing her own nipples with her thumbs and forefingers. Simon's hands were resting on the inside of her thighs, but he did not fondle her with them. She felt mildly frustrated, his fingers could be stroking or touching any of her erogenous zones but instead she was left to play with herself while he tried to tongue her to a climax.

Rhea closed her eyes, and fantasised. She dreamt of a cowering man underneath her whip, eagerly pleasuring her with his tongue, for fear of being beaten. Of him submitting himself to her desires, to her wishes, whims and wants. Of being in complete control over him. She saw his face, a mixture of fear and lust and she felt her body fill with warmth.

Simon's mouth had slid up her slit and her clitoris wasn't too sensitive any more. She steadied herself, ready for the full-on assault her boyfriend did on her pearl. He didn't used to, he used to be gentle and an expert lover but the previous twelve months or so, he had changed, and no longer understood how to make love to her to drive her wild. The sex wasn't bad, but it wasn't as it used to be, and Rhea certainly missed it.

Simon's tongue pushed forcefully onto her sensitive button and Rhea

squawked. His fierce, heavy flicks of it, were too much and too rough. She grunted and screwed her face up, she tried to like it, but it was too much and she couldn't take any more.

Rhea faked her orgasm, throwing herself back onto the couch dramatically and squealing in simulated delight.

“Oh baby,” she cried and beckoned her lover to leave her clit alone. “Come here,”

Simon scooted up her body and jumped onto the couch throwing his arms around her and kissing her. Rhea returned embrace and sighed as Simon's erect cock touched her slippery hole.

“Go on,” she whispered and Simon thrustured forwards roughly, impaling Rhea onto his spear.

Rhea gasped. She was well lubricated, but his fairly thick cock being jabbed into her wildly sent sparks of pain and discomfort from her. Simon didn't see or notice Rhea's grimace and he began pounding his cock into her.

Rhea felt better immediately. Simon's 6.5-inch cock, exploring her womanhood, always sent electric shocks of sensual delight all over her body. She panted and mewed as Simon grunted and groaned.

Rhea was tighter than most of the other woman, and he always loved screwing his long-term partner, Simon was jackhammering into her like a man possessed. Sure, he felt guilty for the other women, but they were just sex, Rhea was love.

Rhea wrapped her legs around the waist and hips of her vigorous lover and she groaned. Rhea kissed Simon on the side of the neck and he threw his head back.

“Oh Rhea,” he murmured and stopped thrusting as Rhea was on the edge of her orgasm, pumping his seed into her. “That was wonderful love,” he whispered as he got off of her and then kissed her. “Thank you.”

Rhea smiled in return, glad he enjoyed it. She just wished she had done so

as well.

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The blonde Zoe cut a slice of the home-made sponge cake and passed it to Rhea on a plate with her coffee. “So have you seen your brother recently?” she asked and Rhea shook her head.

“No, not for awhile. We went to the zoo before Easter and then he met this girl so he's been quite busy,” Rhea replied with a disapproving sneer and turned her head in the direction of the excited shouts from the garden. “Is Ezra OK?”

Zoe grinned and peered through the French doors into the garden, watching her husband desperately trying to dodge the intentions of Rhea's hyperactive daughter. “Yeah, he'll be fine. Do him good to do some exercise. He spends most of the time at a computer of some kind. Anyway, I hope that he will need the practice soon.”

Rhea fidgeted and told Simon to go outside and help Ezra cope with their mischievous offspring. He groaned in annoyance as he put his cake and drink on the small table moaning that he never got time to sit down in peace.

Rhea's elder brother, Andy, was close friends with both Zoe and Ezra, and Rhea's partner Simon was Zoe's younger brother, so although the children from the families of Williams and Matheson had grown up together sharing many secrets, Rhea sensed Zoe would not discuss her sex life in front of her own brother. “How's that going?” Rhea asked as Simon sauntered out of the room and Zoe stared at her drink.

Zoe waited for Simon to go out of earshot. “You know the doctor put us on a regime, well that didn't work so they have tested Ezra and I've had an ultrasound but we found out last week that's all OK so we have to keep trying and go onto a waiting list for IVF, but it could be years unless we stump up five grand. And then it's less than a one in four chance of working.”

Rhea looked on solemnly and Zoe sniffed. The subject of her childlessness always made her depressed and she would be 27 in a couple of months

time. She wanted to start a family and most of her friends and family had children, but she was being to feel that it was looking more and more like a impossible pipedream for her. "I'm sorry, Zoe."

"And your bloody brother didn't help. All he wanted to do was write me and Ezra a cheque to cover it," Zoe snapped and then looked apologetic for her outburst.

Rhea groaned. "Yeah, he is like that now. Just because he made his fortune, he likes chucking it around. At least he means well."

Zoe agreed, and then continued. "Well Ezra was about to accept it and said what we didn't spend on IVF he could get a Harley with. I was furious with them both. He came that close to sleeping on the sofa."

Rhea chuckled. "I can imagine. They don't get it, do they?"

Zoe breathed sharply. "No, but I do need you to go and see him. He listens to you and he is just falling apart."

Rhea snorted and managed to propel some crumbs from the cake onto the chair. "You are joking aren't you? He never listens to me. Anyway what is he been up to this time?"

"He is drinking. Way, way too much," Zoe replied and she swept her hair back. "Even for him." Rhea groaned, this was a familiar problem with her brother when he was unhappy.

"How much?" Rhea asked and Zoe bit her lip. "He had four big whisky bottles that were empty on the side and so many tins and bottles," she said apologetically. "And his house was a mess. Some very unsavoury DVDs lying around and pizza boxes stacked up high."

Rhea put her head in her hands and wiped her eyes. "He's going to kill himself. He'll drink himself to an early grave."

"Well I tried to talk to him but he doesn't care," Zoe replied dejectedly. "I told him that and he just told me that it was the best thing that could happen. I just hate seeing him like that; I just don't know what to do."

“It's the money, isn't it?” Rhea asked rhetorically. “Because he has pots of cash in the bank, he doesn't work so he has nothing to worry about.”

Zoe sighed and shrugged her shoulders. “Maybe. He had passed out in his lounge when I last saw him.”

“What about Ezra? He listens to him,” Rhea suggested. “I mean I know you two go way back but Ezra and Andy were quite tight at Uni.” Zoe called her stocky husband in from the garden and with Izzy attached to his legs, he struggled into the lounge, dragging the excited toddler in with him.

“Hey, any chance you could have a chat with Andy about his drinking?” Zoe asked and Ezra spluttered in annoyance.

“You asked me this before. Why me?”

”Because we know he will listen to you,” Rhea answered. “You're his best friend from Uni.”

“You're his sister,” Ezra replied pointing towards the brown-haired girl, “and you are his best friend from College. You two have known him for longer than I have.” Zoe groaned and pleaded with her husband. “Anyway, nothing wrong with a few drinks.”

“But it's not a few drinks,” Zoe wailed.

“Are you seriously expecting me to tell one of my friends he is a virtual alcoholic?”

Rhea nodded. “I would have chosen self-pitying twat who destroying himself, but alcoholic is as good as any description I suppose.”

“Maybe the brutal approach is better then,” Ezra suggested and Rhea sighed.

“Ezra!” Zoe shouted. “He is your friend and he needs you.”

Ezra grumbled and screwed up his face. “OK. OK. I'll arrange to meet him in the pub after work on Tuesday.”

Zoe and Rhea both groaned together.

“Why, what's wrong with that?”

\* \* \* \* \*

The seated Heather squealed with delight as Simon's tongue flicked across her clitoris. She was always horny recently and a few kisses meant she was ready for any touches Simon was willing to give her.

Simon enjoyed a certain reputation amongst those women at the supermarket who engaged in vulgar, explicit chatter during their lunch breaks. Many thought it was opprobrious conduct to be openly engaging in sexual relations with a manager, but the few that didn't eagerly lapped up the tales.

Theresa, a nineteen year old, part-time shelf-stacker was the first but eleven girls had come and gone since that day almost thirteen months previous, and his reputation of having a decent-sized cock, and knowing how to use it, was eagerly retold by every one of them.

Of course, Simon did not just rely on his enviable notoriety to convince his sexual partners to join him, he often targeted needy, susceptible, desperate or vulnerable women to receive his affections. Heather was one such case.

She was recently divorced, and who had gained quite a few pounds since splitting with her husband, Heather Adams (was Parker) had confidence issues. She tried to hide it, of course, the constant derision of the male staff around her and the deliberate attempts to appear happy disguised a thoroughly miserable woman underneath.

Heather was amazed when Simon took an interest in her. She knew about the rumours, and that he normally approached young, pretty girls who fell over themselves to get to him, and she knew he would not want a relationship, just sex, but this suited her fine. She had out-of-control hormones that needed satisfying.

Heather's squeals got louder and louder as Simon's tongue assaulted her clitoris with unceremonious prods and forceful licks. His hands slid into her sopping pussy and wiggled up towards her G-Spot. Heather cried, squealed and then with her body convulsing and quivering, she yelled.

“Oh fuck yes.”

Simon slowed down his tickling of her G-Spot, in case anyone heard, but Heather was enjoying herself too much. She bucked her hips and bounced up and down on his fingers that sawed into her, her eyes dripping with lust. He saw her rolls of fat wiggle around her thighs and belly, and closed his eyes; he didn't want to see that!

She gave a dirty smile at her illicit lover, her bottomless body, drenched in sweat and bodily fluids and her brunette hair was frizzy and unkempt.

Heather stood up as Simon moved away and she took off her size 20 shirt. “Unclip me,” she told her deputy manager and Simon reached around her large frame to unclasp her bra.

“How big are they?” Simon asked and Heather smiled.

“You like big titties do you?”

Simon's mind stuttered for a moment. He found little about Heather sexy, and certainly preferred the thinner woman; Heather was large, but it would destroy the charade he wanted her to have if he told her that. He didn't want her to walk out of his office before he had fucked her. “I love massive tits, and yours are very sexy,” he lied.

“38G,” she replied and Simon forced a smile. He reached up, pushed her against the cool wall and slid his hands underneath her breasts, lifting them away from her body and supporting her two massive mounds in his hands. She purred serenely as he groped her nipples, and pulled and twisted her humongous orbs.

Heather reached down and slid her fingers into the waistband of Simon's trousers. She felt his cock and then started massaging it through his underpants. “Get those fucking things off,” she said and Simon stopped playing with Heather's tits so he could unbuckle his suit trousers and slide them, along with his boxer shorts down to his ankles and kicked off his shoes.

Simon waved his cock in front of her and she licked her lips appreciatively. The rumours were right, Simon was well-endowed. Of course, she had had

bigger, much bigger, but it was hard to find men who were attracted to her now and she was going to enjoy this. She wouldn't admit it, but she had not had sex for six months and the horniness was making her desperate. Very, very desperate.

She pushed Simon across the office a few steps until he fell into his chair and she slid to the floor onto her knees. She didn't even wait for approval; and just gobbled his rigid cock into her waiting mouth.

It has been awhile since she had given a blow-job and she swirled her tongue around his cock in her warm, wet mouth. She sucked in her cheeks and bobbed her head up and down his shaft. Simon groaned. While nobody gave blow-jobs like Rhea, Heather was pretty good.

Heather felt Simon tense up, he was desperately trying not to come too quickly but Heather increased her pace. She sucked on his penis frantically and her tongue darted and slid across Simon's head. Occasionally, she would probe underneath his foreskin and he would pant in unexpected explosions of erotic excitement.

“I'm ...” Simon breathed. “I'm ... I'm going to.”

Heather ignored his warning through a breathless pant and continued her oral assault on his cock passionately. With a grunt and a wave of pleasure, Simon released jets of semen into her willing mouth. Heather was shocked at first, she had had his warning but had forgotten what the sensation of a spewing cock felt and tasted like.

Heather managed to swallow Simon's deposit and milked his rod to get the last bit of semen. Simon laid back in his chair, his hands gripping the leather cushion and his aroused body spent. Heather gently uncoupled herself from Simon's cock and kissed it, before sitting on her haunches and smiling.

“My turn,” she murmured as Simon beamed lustfully back at her. She took Simon's hand and pulled him on top of her 5ft 4in frame. His rapidly deflating cock, twitched and she gently stroked it, arresting its decline. Simon moaned and she positioned it at the entrance of her shaved labia.

Both of them gave little grunts as Simon began to pump his cock into the

voluptuous girl. She wanted to kiss him but he stayed supported by his arms, being outstretched and his lips remaining out of her reach. She screwed up her face as he threw his body into hers, the sounds of their flesh slapping echoing around the room.

Heather moaned nasally. She has almost forgotten what a real cock felt like, and Simon's cock was over six-and-a-half inches. She wanted to wrap her legs around him but was unable to due to her bulk, but she pulled him towards her and gripped his buttocks.

Simon had only just come, but he closed his eyes. He thought of Amelia with her beautiful curves and teenage naivety. He thought of Alison and her boundless enthusiasm. He thought of Juliet who wanted to be a model (and had the body for it.) He thought of everyone but the washed-up, bitter woman he was pounding for mindless satisfaction.

Heather groaned and felt several waves of pleasure cascade over her. She knew she would orgasm the moment she saw his cock; it was big enough to satisfy her but in truth she was desperate enough that any cock would have made her happy.

Simon's thoughts came to Rhea, and the games they would play. The occasional kinkiness and with a few final loveless thrusts filled his lover with his seed.

They lay for a few moments and then Simon got up, helping the eighteen-stone woman to her feet. She gave a weak smile and he passed her some tissues. She teased him about the other girls, and Simon went bright red.

“I heard a few rumours,” the 42-year-old divorcee muttered as she adjusted her warehousing uniform. It was late and she wouldn't be missed for twenty minutes but did not want to draw suspicion to her illicit liaison with the young deputy manager.

“Like what?” Simon asked trying to keep the panic from his voice.

“Amelia. The teenager who works on Sundays,” Heather replied.

“Yeah, what about her?”

“I heard a certain duty manager gave her a good performance management session,” the buxom lady teased.

“There was a frank exchange, plenty of good feedback and we both left satisfied with the outcome,” Simon replied calmly and Heather laughed. “She is sixteen.”

“So you are screwing her then?”

Simon stammered. Although Amelia was sixteen now, she wasn't sixteen when they first had sex and he wasn't overly keen to draw attention to this. She was vulnerable at the time and needed a shoulder to cry on but what she got was something far more sinister.

“Oh come on. You can't keep secrets in this place. Only Alison refuses to believe it because she thinks you are about to leave your wife and shack up with her instead.”

Simon groaned. He would have to let her down gently without her wanting to run off to the Store Manager and report their sexual liaisons. He would have to see her.

## Chapter III

Simon looked up from the couch to see a black pair of fishnet stockings and matching suspenders. He passed over a small bundle of notes and the almost naked prostitute counted them before smiling at him. She left the room briefly and then held out her hand to him sat on the leather couch in her room.

“I'll make all your dreams come true,” the 27-year-old whore promised. He had already instructed Holly exactly what he wanted, and paid for the services he desired.

When he rang the agency from his desk phone the previous day they had recommended Holly instead of one of his usual girls as someone who would be suitable to meet his needs and the tall brunette beauty was certainly doing that. Sure, she cost a little more than Louisa or Georgina, but she had the body of a model and was wearing just fishnet stockings, suspenders and heels.

Her breasts were not big, but round and well-proportioned, and matched her frame wonderfully. Her flat stomach was punctuated with a single belly button stud that was directly at his eye line.

The girl led him into a small bright red bedroom filled with explicit pictures of her. Most of the room was taken up with a large double bed, and on the wall, four shelves housed lubricants, sex toys and lotions.

“As I said,” the girl whispered alluringly into his ear. “I can make all your dreams come true.”

Simon smiled, at her. This wasn't quite true, he had a dream, a desire that he had been unable to tell his wife and had only explored with a single sex worker and he had to keep that especially secret, but Holly would certainly drive him wild.

Holly spun the young manager around, and kissed him lightly on the lips unbuttoning his white shirt. Simon went to unbuckle his trousers but she knocked his hand away and kissed him again.

“Easy, tiger,” she whispered and Simon closed his grinning. Holly's deft, gentle touch slid the white shirt off of the young man and she ran her hands over his smooth, hairless body. Simon purred and she kissed him on the throat and then sucked on his nipple.

Simon felt a surge of arousal inside of him as Holly sucked on his left then his right nipple. Kneeling down in front of him, she unbuckled his belt and then slid the suit trousers down his legs to his feet and Simon stepped out of them. Holly took his socks off, and smiled up at the deputy managers expectant eyes.

Holly did not dislike her career choice, and certainly enjoyed working ten hours a week for fifteen hundred pounds, even if she had to give a third of that to the agency, but she never really enjoyed giving blowjobs if the client did not take up the option of a shower before their visit. Often the cocks presented to her were sweaty or smelly, but there was no such odour coming from Simon.

Simon had worked from home in the morning preparing the monthly performance reports and had had a shower twenty minutes previous before getting into the car and was loathed to have another one so quickly. He didn't need one and was desperate to get into the sex.

Holly kissed the outside of Simon's boxer shorts and slid her hand up and down his torso. Simon groaned expectantly as she caressed his crotch through the thin cotton garment.

Holly grinned. She loved teasing horny men, especially horny young men like Simon who oozed nervous lust. She gave Simon a sly look and then slid the white boxer shorts down to his feet. Simon's erect cock swayed as she freed it and she shook her flowing brown hair back.

Holly ran her hands down Simon's cock and watched the pre-cum ooze out and drip down onto her firm, round bosom below. She stopped for a moment to admire the thick cock on her temporary lover and then put her lips around the tip of the cock.

Holly put her tongue out and wrapped it around the head, probing underneath his foreskin and then gently suckling. Simon neighed and mewed as Holly's experienced oral skills pleased his rod and his body

tingled with arousal.

Holly put her hand on the shaft and gently stroked it while her mouth bobbed up and down his head. She moved her right hand underneath his testicles and began probing and massaging his perineum.

Simon tensed and then relaxed. It had been a long time since a girl had touched him there, and he liked it, purring with satisfaction as the shapely hooker took two fingers and put pressure on him in a “come here” motion.

Simon groaned.

Holly stopped stroking his cock with her hand and impaled on her mouth on his member, running her tongue over the shaft. She reached down and picked up a little bottle of lubricant she kept stashed by the bed and squirted a bit onto her fingers. She then swapped hands and began putting pressure on Simon's bud.

Simon grunted and closed his eyes. He could feel the pressure behind his testicles growing and expanding. He felt a heat, an arousal bursting to get out of him. Holly felt his cock twitch and with a gentle thrust buried a finger into his ass, touching the wall of his rectum and wiggling her finger.

Simon exploded with a tortured, muted cry and waves and waves of semen pumped out of him and into Holly's waiting mouth.

Holly sucked his cock and guided the last remnants of semen onto her tongue and looked up at the spent Simon.

“You like?” Holly asked and Simon smiled back, panting.

“Incredible, Holly.”

“I like the look of your huge cock,” Holly teased and Simon closed his eyes. Holly guided Simon to the bed. She left for a moment to wash her hands and returned to cuddle her customer, who was still basking in the aftershocks of the mind-blowing orgasm she had caused.

“Wow, that was amazing,” Simon told her and Holly grinned.

“It's my job to make you think that,” Holly replied and started nuzzling

Simon's neck. Although Simon had not asked for a “girlfriend experience,” Holly kissed him on the lips, and Simon returned the kiss, massaging the sumptuous lips of the escort. He pulled her onto him and wrapped his arms and legs around her.

Holly panicked for a brief moment. She always liked to be in control and although she was on top, Simon had pinned her from underneath. They kissed for a moment and then Simon rolled her onto her back.

The escort was rarely treated to oral sex but Simon kissed her on the neck, then her nipples and then her inner thighs. Holly genuinely moaned in appreciation as Simon showered her in light, lambent kisses. Her wanton lust was unmistakable and she made envious glances at Simon's ossified cock hanging underneath him.

Simon buried his head into her crotch and started working his tongue along her clitoris and labia, tasting her sweetness with pleasure. Holly groaned and grunted, Simon's enthusiastic attention on her womanhood building lustful excitement in her loins.

Holly often had to exaggerate and fake her concupiscent emissions but Simon was touching her expertly. He slid a finger up to her hole and gently pressed. Holly always demanded anything going insider her was encased in a rubber condom but just bucked her hips as Simon carefully guided two fingers onto her G-Spot and the thumb was rubbing against her anus.

Holly breathed in deeply and cried loudly. She had not orgasmed with a client for two weeks. Not since a gentleman she christened Mr Rampant Rabbit, due to his love of sex toys, had used a full pack of Duracells a fortnight ago had she actually climaxed in front of a customer.

But she had no defence. Simon sucked on her clitoris while he stroked her G-Spot and rubbed her bud. No woman could resist, and with a deafening squeal, her body shuddered and quivered, and flooded her insides with a libidinous glow.

Simon smiled as she shook underneath him. He kept gently stroking her as she rode aftershock after aftershock, and then slowly withdrew his fingers from her.

Holly looked at him with lust in her eyes. "I want you. And you want to fuck me, don't you."

Simon smiled and she reached into a small bowl by the side of the bed and unwrapped a condom, putting the tight rubber sheath over Simon's pecker. He lined it up at her entrance. Normally, she would have used a bit of lubricant but she was soaking wet already.

Simon was guided into her hole by Holly, who pressed down on his cock with her muscles. Holly did plenty of exercises to keep her internal muscles firm and strong, a talent that every guy appreciated when they inserted their members into the young whore.

Simon's deep penetration caused more squeals from Holly. Simon was fairly thick and was stimulating all of her opening. His thrusts were long and powerful and his pelvis rubbing up against her engorged clitoris. She dug her fingernails into Simon's back and breathed deeply.

She kept up with Simon's increasing rhythm, her eyes closed and gasping for air, squealing and squawking with delirium.

"Oh fuck, oh yes, oh god," she squealed at the top of her voice and Simon felt her contractions tease his cock into submission. He tried to hold back as long as he could, his testicles desperate for a release, but with a few grunts, Simon filled his condom.

Simon returned from the shower room naked and Holly was sat on the bed, her dressing gown covering her shoulders and done up at the front. Simon felt a little awkward, he always did when he was about to leave a prostitute's house and started getting dressed.

"Water?" Holly asked and Simon replied that he would like some, and was passed a large glass with chilled water out of the mini fridge. Holly let her dressing gown come undone, to reveal to her lover that she was naked, except for the stockings underneath.

Their eyes met and he averted them immediately, looking around the bright red boudoir. He was embarrassed, almost ashamed of himself.

"Agency said you normally see Georgina or Louisa," Holly told him and

he nodded. "Yeah, nice girls. Louisa has gone back to Exeter and Georgina got taken up to the Caribbean on holiday."

"Nice," Simon uttered in response and Holly grinned.

"Lucky cow more like. She is always getting those sorts of gigs but I don't mind. I like the guys that I get. Some of them can really make a girl feel special." Holly gestured towards Simon who blushed. It wasn't true, and while Holly had found the sexual transaction very pleasant, he wasn't the best lover she had ever had, although stroking a guy's ego meant that he often tipped well or came back, or both.

"I am not usually getting cocks that big," she exaggerated and Simon bit his lip and downed the last of this drink. "Or oral that good."

"I'm sure you've got some tales to tell," Simon suggested and Holly gave a wide grin.

"Oh yes. I had a client who insisted on drinking my pee. It was weird, but we never got out of the shower room. I had an old guy who couldn't get it up for his wife so came to see me to see if I could cure his problems."

"Could you?"

"Well yes and no. He was frustrated that he couldn't give his wife an orgasm so I taught him how to go down on her. She liked that. Even she came back and thanked me."

Simon laughed and pulled his shirt on.

"Here, let me," Holly said and buttoned up the white shirt and smoothed over the collar.

"Thank you," Simon replied and gave her a kiss.

"You're welcome. You know where I am if you have any more urges," she said grinning and Simon nodded, pulled out two notes and put them on the top of her stocking.

"A performance related bonus," he teased and Holly smiled. It was not often she was tipped forty pounds for an hour's work. But it was forty

pounds, Simon could ill-afford.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rhea sat down on the toilet and unwrapped the pregnancy testing kit. She looked at the long thin device. She had done this many times before when she was pregnant with Izzy, only hoped that this time the outcome would be different.

She couldn't have another child, money was tight enough as it was, Simon always said so.

She released her stream of urine and held the device dipping it into the liquid pouring from her crack. She shut her eyes and put the tester on the little cupboard.

She mustn't be pregnant. She can't be. Simon and her had had a lot of sex recently. Unprotected sex as well, but it wasn't her time of the month to be fertile. She was sure. She can't be pregnant then. It was simple.

And as the little strip turned pink she swore to herself. She wasn't pregnant. The test was wrong. She simply couldn't be pregnant.

## Chapter IV

“Hey bud, Mr Jones wants a word,” the customer services representative at the front of the store said as Simon sauntered in. He was not late, but normally wanted to arrive around the same time as the store manager.

Rhea was especially horny that morning and refused to allow him to get dressed until she was completely satisfied, which meant he had not had time for breakfast and was still fifteen minutes late. Simon wondered what had got into her, she was not normally like that?

Simon's attention snapped to the present. “Mr Jones?” He asked “I wonder if it is anything to do with that pay rise.”

The manager's door was closed, but Simon knocked and then opened it as he was barked in. The tall, thick-set gentleman with big bushy eyebrows watched the young father as he closed the door and sat down.

“Next Tuesday,” he said. “All the store managers and deputy managers have been called up to Liverpool for a meeting. Some Head Office management thing. Whatever you have, cancel it, and make sure you book a hotel and travel. Sandy will book them for you.”

“Sure. Anything, umm, on the grapevine?” Simon asked and he sneered.

“Grapevine? Don't be ridiculous. You will do well to learn that tittle-tattle rarely does anyone any good. I've seen the report for trading in the last month and I see sales on our alcohol were good.”

Simon smiled, he felt more confident talking about store performance than impromptu meetings in Merseyside. “Our loss-leaders on beer and wine attracted a 22 percent increase in footfall and takings were up by over thirty percent. It's impressive. Plus staff absence was down significantly from April as well.”

Mr Jones grinned. “I see. You know these are the best numbers out of any store outside the North-west?”

Simon glowed with pride. Although he was the deputy manager, he did run

the store, in between his illicit liaisons and the impressive performance was down significantly to his hard work. He deserved a pay rise. A decent pay increase could mean an extra trip to Holly each month, and boy could he see do oral.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Strip!” A female voice uttered. Simon frantically unbuttoned his shirt and slid his trousers, shoes, socks and underpants into the locker. Mistress Katrina looked him over.

Simon glanced up at her. She had impossibly straight, glistening black hair that framed her harsh face which was punctuated with red lipstick. She scowled at him staring at her short black leather croptop and matching skirt, both of which fastened up the front. She wore leather sleeves on her forearms and wielded a thick cane.

“You pathetic weasel,” she called. “Don’t look at me with those filthy eyes. You’ve been here many times, you know the rules.”

The Mistress Katrina dropped the cane and dragged Simon up by his ear. She grabbed a nearby paddle hanging on the wall of her dungeon, pulled the young father up by his ears and threw him against a spanking horse.

“I am not here for you to ogle me, you sick fuck. You understand?” she shouted and waited for an answer.

“Yes mistress,” Simon automatically replied. Mistress Katrina pulled the paddle back and it made a satisfying smack on his right cheek. She stopped to rub the red globe and smacked the left cheek with the paddle.

The sounds of the leather paddle on Simon’s bare flesh echoed around the dungeon and Katrina cackled at Simon’s cries. “You’re a nasty little scumbag,” she taunted and reached down to his balls hanging against the bondage furniture.

As expected Simon was erected and aroused. “You enjoying your punishment?” Katrina asked a rhetorical question and Simon squawked as another blow rained on his unprotected behind.

“No mistress.”

Katrina called him a liar and massaged his balls and his perineum. She held a finger onto his rosebud and threatened to fuck him like a “virgin on prom night.” Simon glanced at a strap-on dildo harness hanging on the dungeon wall and yelped.

Katrina spanked him again on the behind and again and again until his rear was a cherry red. She smirked at her handiwork and then made Simon kissed the paddle and thank it for the pleasure it had given her.

Katrina pranced around the dungeon. She whipped the helpless Simon, she restrained him. She poured hot wax over his chest, she masturbated him and stopped just before he came and she electrocuted him.

All the time, Simon thanked her and took more abuse. His rock-hard cock gleefully accepted then punishment she gave me.

Katrina loved to humiliate him, and halfway through their two-hour session, they were joined by Mistress Jane and her slave, Wendy. Jane and Katrina tormented the two clients together, and had Wendy pee over Simon before Simon returned the compliment.

It was degrading. And Simon loved it.

He showered and got changed and Katrina came up to him. He got a slap for not thanking her quickly enough and a promise that the next time he came she would rape his ass with her nine-inch strap-on.

Simon gulped. He enjoyed his sessions with Katrina but they were costing him over seven hundred pounds and he just couldn't afford it. But he couldn't stop going. Not now, he liked being submissive too much.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rhea knocked on her brother's front door sharply and turned around. He was definitely inside, his car was in the drive. There was no sign of any of his neighbours in the leafy village and Rhea hammered again.

A slurred shout of annoyance came from inside and, struggling with his feet Andy unlocked the front door and opened it.

Rhea squealed in shock.

Andy, completely naked was holding a whisky bottle in one hand and a vodka bottle in the other. He staggered and leant against the wall, trying to focus and make out who was at his front door. "Oh, it's you," he muttered as he saw his sister.

"What the bloody hell is going on, Andy? It's not even midday."

Andy closed his eyes and went to take a swig of his whisky but Rhea snatched them both off of him. He made a distressed groan and she pushed him towards the lounge, sitting the naked man in a chair. The room was stuffy and she gasped.

"What the hell is happening, Andy?"

"Gimme back me vodka," Andy asked and Rhea snorted. She looked around the room and turned off the hardcore pornography that was playing on continuous loop through the DVD player and opened a window.

"You're pathetic. So Amy and you split up?" Rhea asked and Andy grunted in reply. She went to throw him a pair of discarded shorts on the floor but noticed the ominous white stain on the front the moment she picked them up and squealed, throwing them back onto the carpet. "You are disgusting."

Rhea passed Andy a towel on the back of the sofa and he wrapped it around his waist, covering himself up. "Yeah, Amy and I have split, OK. So what. Just what are you doing here?"

Rhea sighed and her voice softened. "I am here, because Zoe is scared. We all are. You can't go on a bender for weeks because a two-month relationship ended."

"I loved her," wailed Andy and Rhea grunted.

"No you didn't," she replied firmly and dismissively. "You knew her for two months."

“That means nothing. She was fantastic.”

“Andy, you weren't in love with her, because every time you fall in love with someone, I end up hating them. Think about it. Abi, Sarah, Paula, Jamsine, Sophia. I liked Amy, ergo, you did not love her.”

“I never loved Sophia. She was ... dull.”

“Sophia was dull, but at the time you loved her. You said so yourself. But whether you loved Amy or not, you can't try and kill yourself because she dumped you.”

“I'm not trying to kill myself. I am just ...”

“Wallowing in self-pity and Soccer Slut Volume 5. Was the first four versions of this so good they had to bring out a fifth edition or hadn't they explored the storyline enough?”

Andy grunted and Rhea sat opposite him. “Seriously Andy. You need to sort yourself out.”

“I'm fine,” he said firmly and Rhea looked at him.

“You've put on weight. You've got handles bigger than most HGVs.”

Andy looked at her and she raised her eyebrows. “Come on, have a shower, get dressed and lets go for a stroll on the Common. You can tell me all about it,” she soothed and as Andy left the room, set about cleaning his house.

\* \* \* \* \*

The faceless suited Director got to the front of the assembled throng of managers and gave a nervous grin.

“Now, a little get together to explain the Corporate Strategy in the next twelve months,” she said in a monotone voice. “Now as you know, this year has been especially challenging for the Einfs brand, and we have been hit by a series of exceptional one-off costs, such as our new stores in Cumbria and Staffordshire, and also those fines from the regulators and reorganisation of the company.”

She pressed a button and the PowerPoint presentation skipped a slide. “Now, our challenge from the board was to define the outlook for the business, see where the competitors in the Supermarket industry are going and to ensure that our approach synergises with the expected delivery model to produce optimum strategic outlook for the company.”

Simon scowled at the suited woman. He didn't quite understand the last sentence, and by the blank faces in the room neither did many of the other attendees, but he knew he needed to listen. He just found her voice dull and monotonous; it was sending him to sleep. His mind wandered and he thought back to his office liaisons with Alison, Heather and Amelia, as well as his paid liaisons with Holly, Louisa, Georgina and of course, Mistress Katrina.

He could see her whip in the inane clip-art that surrounded the slides of the corporate presentation and licked his lips. The yellow drips of the abstract art represented the golden urine of his humiliation and smiled at the pool of scarlet at the bottom of the screen. He desperately wanted more sessions with the Mistress Katrina. In the last six months, she had unlocked an erotic need he had suspected, but never known, existed. Of course, dating Rhea meant that he was attracted to strong, powerful women, but he had never been dominated before in that way. It was incredible, but expensive and he could not afford her.

“So of course this means we need to reappraise our growth strategy which has been extraordinarily rapid in the last two years. To this end, we have decided to close twelve of our fifty-seven stores.” Simon was awoken from his thoughts immediately and focused in on the slide that followed.

It was there. Watford was on the slide, his branch was in the twelve. Between Reading and York on the list. His branch, their flagship branch, near London was on their hit-list. He gasped, unable to process what those around him were mumbling. “Of course, you will see it is the branches that are furthest from our North-west home and heritage that are to close. The higher cost of distribution ...”

Simon lost her speech, he was about to be made unemployed and everything else was unimportant. The director went on to praise the staff for their dedication and hard work but that the business model that opened

the stores to a great fanfare eighteen months ago was now outdated.

It was redundant. As he was about to be.

Simon left the room to throw up.

## Chapter V

Rhea sighed. This was the fourth letter from Chiltern Bank in the last three weeks. They didn't normally write to them so much and she put it by the kettle. She wanted to open it. She deliberated. It was addressed to both of them but Simon dealt with the financial stuff.

There was a knock at the door and Rhea strode towards it. If she didn't leave soon she would be late for work and bars didn't open themselves. "Miss Williams?" A tall suited gentleman with short hair and fashionable stubble asked and Rhea nodded, staring at him.

"Who are you?"

"Can I come in please?" The gentleman asked with an effortless smile. "It really is very important."

Rhea thought for a moment and then shook her head. "Who are you and what do you want?"

The smart gentleman took a deep breath; it was not unusual for his clients to be defensive but, in his industry he preferred for them to be subservient and compliant as well. He gave a false chuckle and his eyebrows rose. With a charming smile he produced a letter on headed notepaper. "I am Mr Chambers, I represent Terrence and Co, and I am collecting a substantial amount of arrears from the Chiltern for a mortgage ..."

Rhea gasped as she took the letter. "What?"

Mr Chambers normally liked it when the occupant was not aware of the arrears, and always imagined the row that would happen when the debtor arrived home and saw a spark of anger in Rhea as she scanned the document. She was a fighter, definitely and didn't fancy being in her partner's shoes when he returned home. "... for a mortgage on this property. This currently stands at over five thousand pounds in arrears and I am authorised to start removing goods to repay the debt."

Rhea's eyes sparkled dangerously. "You will do no such thing," she snapped and gave him the letter back. "There must be some mistake, we

pay the mortgage every month on time. Now kindly leave my property and don't come back.”

Rhea was clearly shaken, and he saw her think. He smiled as she wondered whether Simon had forgotten to pay the mortgage? How could they be five grand in debt on their joint mortgage? That was eleven months of mortgage repayments, and if they hadn't paid the money why didn't she know previously?

Mr Chambers eyed the young mother, she had gone pensive and was distracted. “There is no mistake. If you refuse to let me in, I am entitled to break in ...” he lied. He thought that it was clear that she would unlikely know that he was unable to do this, unless he had already gained access to the property previously and hoped that this would make Rhea more co-operative. It didn't.

“If you break into my home, I will break your legs,” she replied venomously and Mr Chambers recoiled. “Now get the fuck off my property before I start breaking fingers.”

Mr Chambers thought. If only he could get one foot over the front door, he could break in. Legally. Whenever he wanted. In his experience this always made the occupants of the property more co-operative. He sucked in a breath for a moment and took a step forward, intending to barge Rhea out of the way. She was at least six or seven inches shorter than him and her slight frame suggested weakness.

Rhea reacted quickly. In a lightning-quick move, she raised her foot and propelled it towards him. Towards his waist. And it connected firmly with his genitals. Rhea swelled up angrily and dropped the paper onto the floor, and as the bailiff took a step back, howling in agony Rhea's right fist smashed into his face.

“Now get the fuck off my property,” she shouted fiercely and with the gentleman bent lay prostrate on her path, blood streaming from his face. She slammed the door wildly and sank to the floor, her head in her hands.

The letters sat by the kettle and she stared at them. What would they say and was it important? She had noticed a stack of letters from financial companies coming for them every week but she never thought too much of

it. Her mind whirred with possibilities.

Was Simon paying the mortgage? He said he was, and he said it came direct from his bank account. Surely he would have told her if he was struggling, and not pay anything for eleven months; she didn't believe it. It was impossible, he was just too sensible. She chastised herself for having such undeserving thoughts of her partner. She had been dating him for ten years in two months and it was his sensibleness that had riled her so much when they first starting dating.

She got her coat and brushed her hair in the mirror. She glanced through the front door and the bailiff had left her path. She wondered for a moment and went back to the letters and opened them. She wished she hadn't.

The bank had “regrettably started eviction proceedings” for non-payment of the mortgage for twelve months. This could be avoided if they were to pay off the outstanding debt, plus a 10% handling fee within seven days otherwise the bank “would seize control of the property and market it for sale to recoup the loan amount plus any charges incurred.”

Rhea collapsed against the kitchen worktop open-mouthed before bursting into tears. This flat was her home, her daughter's home and was Simon and her first foot on the housing ladder. How can they be twelve months in arrears?

She felt sick and ran to the bathroom.

As she came out of their small bathroom, without hesitating she walked into her bedroom and pulled open Simon's drawers. He kept all the financial documents in his bottom drawer and there was loads of correspondence from a number of financial institutions.

Rhea sniffed back the tears and emptied the drawer on the bed. There were a number of letters from the mortgage provider about the arrears, and more about a sizeable debt on a credit card. Simon didn't have any credit cards, she thought. There were letters from two debt collection agencies chasing him for cash accrued, another from his current account holder asking him to repay his overdraft.

Then she found a stack of bank statements and she scanned them. Sure

enough, his wages were paid in and then were withdrawn in cash almost immediately. Just what was going on? How did he “max out” his ten thousand pounds credit card in just four months? And how did he spend a six thousand pound unsecured loan?

Rhea sat back on her haunches and wiped her eyes. Her boyfriend was in debt to over twenty thousand pounds, and most of this owed from joint accounts. She shook her head and tears flooded her face again. She had never been so much in debt before.

Rhea composed herself and reached for the phone. She dialled work to tell them that she was unwell and could not come in, and then rang Zoe. She might have been Simon's brother, but she had been a good, calm friend to Andy and her over the years; at that particular point in time, she needed someone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Zoe shrieked as the vibration of her phone rattled against the garden chair. Andy grinned. “Something from Ann Summers,” he teased and Zoe rolled her eyes.

“Hello?” Zoe asked nervously, not checking the Caller ID and a tearful Rhea greeted her.

“What's up?” Zoe asked, sensing that Rhea was upset.

“We are being evicted,” Rhea blurted out and burst into tears. “Si's not paid the mortgage for twelve months. And I have bailiffs at the door. All sorts.”

Zoe froze. “What?”

Rhea sobbed. “We've lost everything and I don't know why.”

“OK. I am coming over,” she said, putting the phone down and turned to Andy.

“You're sister is going to be evicted. I'll need you to take us.”

“Evicted? Why?”

“I don't know,” Zoe lied and Andy paused for a moment.

“OK. But you need to drive.”

“It's eleven o'clock. Please tell me you've not been drinking this morning.”

Andy groaned. “No, of course I haven't. I just had a bit of a heavy night last night.”

“And you are still drunk?”

“No. I think I am fine. But I don't want to take any chances.”

“I'm not insured,” she wailed and Andy rolled his eyes.

“Well don't have a crash then.” Zoe groaned and held up her hands in mock submission. “You have third-party on all other vehicles anyway on your own insurance.”

“It's a massive BMW. Ezra and I drive a Nova between us. It's a bit different.”

“It'll be fine. Just that the car will do more than sixty. And it has a bit less rust. What you need is to let Ezra get a bike, or let me get him a bike and then he can give you the car instead of dropping you off places.”

Zoe groaned, she had this argument with Ezra often enough, but IVF treatment wouldn't pay for itself and she was not about to allow her husband to squander some of their savings on a toy, especially one that would possibly kill him. “Don't start,” she replied ominously but Andy didn't take the hint.

“It is his birthday in a few months, can I get him one for then?” he asked and Zoe took a deep breath and put her hands on her head.

“No, Andy.”

“We saw one the other week on the 'net. It was second-hand, 5000 miles on the clock, two years old, 1600cc, sports windshield and everything. It's a Harley and he has always wanted one of those, and it isn't a massive amount of money, either. It was only just in five figures. Oh come on Zoe,”

Andy needled her. Zoe closed her eyes and sighed.

“He is not having one. We can barely afford to run one car and still pay the mortgage, and save for ... stuff. We are not paying another set of insurance, road tax, maintenance for a cockmobile. Now shut up about it, you hear?”

“What if I was to pay for a years insurance as well?” Andy asked and Zoe waited to slow at the junction and then smacked his right arm as hard as she could. Why couldn't men just listen?

\* \* \* \* \*

Andy scanned the documentation that Rhea had sorted in piles. Rhea had barely stopped crying since they had arrived, and Ezra was set to join them when he finished work.

“Sure, there is a lot of debt here. Even if you were to pay no interest, there is still years of repayments here.”

Rhea rubbed her eyes. “How bad?”

“I've counted thirty grand and that's just what's in these piles. There are a couple of entries that suggest other sources of loans or money that aren't explained here, and if that is the case it's over thirty-three.”

Rhea shrieked. “He better not have stolen money from work,” she said quickly and Zoe shook her head.

“Oh I don't think he would have done that.”

“Well I didn't think he would have done this but he has,” Rhea snapped tearfully and then apologised.

“Of course, this is no problem at all,” Andy told them dismissively. “I don't know what all the fuss is about?” Both girls stared at the bemused man who elaborated. “What? I can easily cover this. It's peanuts. I'll write you a cheque. I mean, if you two were struggling, why didn't you just ask?”

“The answer to all our problems is not always your money Andy,” Zoe barked and Andy suspired wearily.

A tearful Rhea shouted at her brother. “And my partner has been squandering so much money and been keeping secrets and I'm making a fuss. How can you spend thirty grand, Andy? Horses? Other women? Drugs? This is my life that has been turned upside down and you call it a fuss. How can you be so fucking callous?” Rhea screamed and ran out of the room.

Zoe sighed at him and Andy shrugged. “What? You might not like it but Rhea and Izzy are about to be evicted. What is the point of me having millions if my sister is being made homeless over a poxy thirty grand? It's just a trivial amount of cash.”

Zoe's eyes flashed dangerously. “Andy, please. Just ... don't.”

“Well you go talk some sense into her then. This isn't a problem.”

Zoe sighed. “Do you really think that?”

“Yes.”

“Just ... Get out.” Zoe snapped.

“What? It's nothing. And if she doesn't want to take it from me, Dad would help too.”

“Fucking, get out. Now,” Zoe yelled, her eyes flashing dangerously. “Go get some lunch. But if you stay here I will hurt you.”

“What did I do?”

Zoe raised her eyebrows and pointed to the door. “Out.”

“Why are all the men in my life absolute arseholes?” Rhea sobbed the moment her brother left and Zoe put her arm around the young mother to console her. “I mean I know he means well but he is a total cunt at times. Simon has been up to something and we are about to lose our property and he says it's nothing.”

Zoe nodded in agreement. “Perhaps you should let him or your Dad help if it means you don't get evicted.”

Rhea sighed and wiped her eyes. “Well Simon will be getting evicted no matter what happens.”

Zoe nodded. “I’d do the same.” They remained in silence for a few minutes and drank a cup of tea each that Zoe made. Andy returned with three fish and chip suppers.

“I have an idea,” Andy announced. Zoe and Rhea both grumbled but Andy ignored their reservations. “You won’t take my help with cash, why not come live with me. At least you won’t be homeless and I guess you probably want to get out of here.”

Zoe looked at Rhea who inhaled deeply. “I can’t, Andy.”

“Sure you can. I’ll even hide the DVDs you don’t like. It’ll do you good to get out of here, won’t it? If you won’t accept my dough then you aren’t going to have anywhere to live. I have a big house, plenty big enough and I can look after Izzy when you are working.”

Zoe put her arm back around Rhea. “Actually Rhea, I think it’s not a bad idea. Let the people who love you, help you through this. But I will clean it before you move in.”

Rhea sighed. “I don’t like it. I can get a rental property ...”

“Well until you get yourself on your feet. You are always moaning you never see me when I live five miles up the road.”

“For a week only, until I find a cheap rental property. I can’t live off my family for my entire life.”

Andy sighed and nodded. “As long as you need to.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Ezra loaded the last box into his Nova and got in the car. Andy had taken most of the important possessions of Rhea and Izzy in his large saloon car and had returned to collect Rhea and Izzy. Rhea had only taken the items that she and Izzy needed, and Zoe had to stop her from setting fire or damaging Simon’s property on several occasions.

“Zoe is at the house, she is making tea for everyone with what she can find in my freezer and fridge.”

Ezra smiled. “So that'll be alcoholic then?”

Andy groaned. “I have had enough of this with Zoe and Rhea. Don't you start. I told her to just get a takeaway but she thinks that's a bad idea. Something about empty calories and fertility.” Ezra groaned.

Rhea came out and looked at their small flat from the outside with her daughter who was sent to sit in Ezra's hatchback, which then disappeared down the road.

“I'm just going to do one last sweep of the place,” Rhea said to Andy and went inside. “I won't be a minute.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Oh hi Andy. What ya doing here?” Simon asked as he got out of their battered car. He was weary, having travelled back from Watford having told the staff that they were being made redundant, but had taken boxes of whisky, vodka and beer from the warehouse after everyone had left and the CCTV disconnected. He had his job for another week sorting out the remnants of the store, but after that would be unemployed. He knew he had to start job hunting immediately, but from the look on Andy's face that one of his secrets was out.

Which one? He hadn't told Rhea about the store closure when he arrived home from Liverpool the day before, but Rhea was working through some figures from work for the pub owners so he had time to sit on the couch and contemplate what to do. He worked out, he needed a job and one that paid twice as much as his previous one, preferable with a years' salary up front and golden hello of ten thousand pounds.

Either way, it was fast approaching the day when he would need to speak to her and hope that they could work their way out of the mess he had created.

## Chapter VI

Rhea had sent her brother to wait in the car and then bombarded her partner with a volley of ferocious tearful punches. Simon could barely defend himself and Rhea shouted abuse at her cowering boyfriend.

“What the fuck have you blown thirty grand on in twelve months? I'm homeless. My daughter, our daughter is homeless. We are bankrupt. What the fuck have you done, Si?”

Simon stared at her blankly and bit his lip. “I've been stupid,” he muttered and Rhea swelled furiously.

“We lose the house and all I get is 'I've been stupid.' I fucking know you've been stupid. How fucking stupid?”

“I can't explain it ...” Simon stammered, tears streaming down his face.

Rhea clenched her fists and then grabbed her boyfriend by the shoulders throwing him back on the sofa. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a hunting knife holding it above his throat. “Tell me.”

“Rhea, please put that down,” Simon frantically begged and Rhea snorted.

“Tell me,” she yelled firmly and the cold blade touched his skin. “Is it other women?”

Simon nodded and closed his eyes waiting for the white-hot pain Rhea was about to inflict but it didn't come.

“How many?”

Simon stammered again and Rhea gripped the knife firmly. Simon saw the fierce look in his lover's eyes and her flushed cheeks and was terrified. Rhea was not known for controlling her temper. “A few.”

“Who?”

“People from work. Hookers.”

“Hookers? You spent thirty grand on hookers?” Rhea screamed and moved the weapon above his face. Simon's eyes focused on the knife above him and then Rhea, who had tears running down her face and dripping off her chin.

“When was the last time?” Rhea screeched and Simon hesitated. “Fucking tell me,” she yelled slapping her boyfriend across the cheek as hard as she could.

“Yesterday.”

“Yesterday! How much of our money did you blow, Si?”

Simon hesitated again and Rhea raised her hand but Simon confessed before she could strike him. “Seven hundred.”

Rhea climbed off of him and looked at him shocked. “Seven hundred pounds. You had all the sex you could want at home. Why?”

Simon shrugged and wiped his eyes. “She whips me,” he murmured and Rhea howled. How could Simon do this to her? And Izzy? “But Rhea, please ...”

Rhea didn't wait for him to finish. She punched him, hard, in his solar plexus and tearfully ran out of the room to plunge the knife into the front wheel of their battered motor, and then jumped in to the waiting car of her brother.

“Go,” she shouted, her face soaked with her tears and the knife waving in front of her. A startled Andy put the car into gear and was about to pull out of the car parking space when Simon sprawled himself over the bonnet.

“Don't go Rhea. Don't go. Please. I'll change. Don't go,” he wailed.

“Drive,” Rhea said calmly. “Just kill the fucker.”

“Rhea?”

“Go,” she yelled, tears streaming down her face. “I never want to see him again.”

Andy revved the engine, and Simon went to the passenger window.

“Rhea,” he called but his partner ignored him and tearfully made the journey to Andy's house in silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

“You still holding onto me?” Izzy squealed as Andy pushed her on her bike across his back garden. He had removed her stabilisers and she was nervous about riding her bike without them as she was scared of falling off (the same logic was not applied to her climbing the large tree at the end of his drive.)

“Yes, I've got you,” Andy reassured his niece as she pedalled off away from him. His pocket vibrated and he retrieved his phone, just as Izzy cycled around the small cherry tree at the end of his garden and she saw that he was not supporting her.

“Look. I'm doing it by myself,” she yelled as she whizzed past her uncle.

“Hello Zoe,” Andy said into his phone and Rhea, watching her daughter play in the garden while worrying about her predicament, pricked up her ears. She had not spoken to Simon, and had put her phone on silent in the drawer, but this did not stop Simon ringing eighty times during the night and leaving twelve voicemail messages – none of which she had listened to. She had resisted the urge to phone her phone company and request a new number, her brain wanted to but her heart told her not to.

“Is Rhea there?” Zoe asked and Andy muttered that she was in the house. “How is she?”

“Coping. She keeps staring into space and crying. She was throwing up this morning.”

“Well that's natural Andy, she has just had a shock.”

Andy snorted. “Well anyway, she is utterly miserable but won't admit it.”

“Do you blame her? Simon told me everything last night. Even stuff he didn't tell Rhea. You know, Rhea is good to have got rid of him, he isn't the

same person who was my brother. I just don't understand him any more 'cause he's changed in the last year.”

“You mean, just like John?” Andy asked, referring to her youngest brother who was currently nearing the end of a prison sentence. Zoe went quiet for a moment and then agreed. The trial of her brother had hit her hard a couple of years ago but before she could reply, the phone shot out of Andy's hands and Rhea put it to her ear.

“Zoe?” Rhea asked and the phone went silent for a moment.

“Rhea. How are you?”

Rhea groaned and spoke in an abrupt tone. “I'll live. What's up?” Zoe paused again and when she didn't answer, Rhea continued. “I suppose I should ask how Simon is?”

“He's broken Rhea, utterly broken. But it is his own fault,” Zoe told her. “He is staying at our house for a couple of days.”

“I do need to see him and tell him something,” Rhea finally admitted. “And I want to tell him, not him hear it from other people.”

“Do you want to speak to him?”

“No. I want to kill him,” Rhea replied calmly and sighed. “I'll come 'round later if Andy will give me a lift.”

“I'll let him know.” Rhea passed the phone back to Andy and wandered back to the house, almost tripping over her wobbly daughter.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Stay in the car with Izzy,” Rhea demanded of Andy as she got out of his car. Rhea knocked sharply on Zoe's front door, who let her in and they embraced. “He is in the garden.”

“Cheers,” she murmured, her voice devoid of emotion. Rhea spun round to face Zoe. “Look, I might be a bitch with Si over the next few days and weeks but I promise I'll do what's right in the long-run. OK?”

“He deserves everything he gets. You'll get no complaints from me whatever you do,” Zoe replied and Rhea wiped her eyes.

“I, um, I have so many conflicting emotions, but in the end what Izzy needs has to come first.”

Zoe nodded, and wiped a tear from her eye. “OK,” she replied softly and Rhea walked through their small semi-detached house and onto the patio. Her partner was sat on the wall looking down the garden and she had to suppress an urge to kick him off of it. Ezra scratched himself on a garden chair and took a sip of his drink as Zoe walked past Rhea to sit next to him.

“Si,” Rhea called out, her voice still cold and passionless and he spun around.

“Rhea, I'm so, so ...”

“Shut up,” Rhea barked dismissively and he looked at the ground, his facing dropping.

“My daughter, well our daughter is outside in the car with Andy. Please go and say goodbye,” she told him and he stared at her.

“You can't stop me from seeing my own daughter.”

“Oh, I am going to make your life so difficult,” Rhea promised in a low voice, her fists clenched. “Maybe you screwing all those women was worth it. Worth losing a family for.”

Simon buried his face in his hands and wailed. “I'm sorry Rhea. Please don't do this to Izzy.”

Rhea breathed in deeply and clenched her fists. “Do this to Izzy? She is homeless thanks to you. You really are a selfish bastard, aren't you?”

“But ...”

“Shut up! I'm going to see the bank tomorrow and then my solicitor to relinquish my stake in the flat and ask for it to be sold. Andy reckons that we are in negative equity so we will still owe lots but I will be suing you. And the CSA will be on the line as well.”

Simon shrugged. “They are shutting the store so I have no income.”

“That's your problem not mine,” Rhea replied cruelly.

“Rhea please can we just do this ...” Simon bawled and burst into tears. “I don't want to lose you.”

Rhea puffed incredulously. “The moment you put your sick little games above me and your daughter you lost us. Oh, and one more thing, while you were out fucking our life up with your perversions, you also managed to get me pregnant.”

“Oh congratulations,” Ezra replied cheerfully. “Are we doing some sort celebration or ...” He trailed off as Zoe gave him an exasperated expression. “Oh shit, yeah, sorry. I think. Sort of ... I'll go and check on Andy.”

“Rhea, that's ... well surely we can try ...”

“Not in a million years Si. And no I don't want to be carrying your baby and no I don't want to bring a child into a broken home.”

Simon looked at Rhea and then Zoe open-mouthed. “No Rhea. Please not an abortion. Please.”

Rhea sneered at her partner. “Are you going to see our daughter?” She hesitated as he shook his head, pleading with her to keep their baby, but she turned on her heels and left.

“Rhea. Rhea----,” he cried after her but she was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Hey babe,” the stocky Ezra cooed as his wife blew him a kiss from the bedroom door. Simon was sleeping on the sofa in their small terraced house and although she didn't want him to hear their sex, it was inevitable if they were to keep to the “schedule.”

The “schedule,” as originally devised by a fertility specialist at the Hospital, while delighting most men was leaving Ezra decidedly weary. He had been at a leaving dinner for a gentleman from work a few days ago,

had had more than a couple of beers to drink, walked home and climbed into bed, completely shattered, only to be woken by an irate Zoe demanding a deposit of semen.

She had aggressively reminded him, during their intercourse, that alcohol reduces sperm count and his choice of underwear (Y-fronts) was not acceptable, as this also reduced his fertility. Ezra found it increasingly difficult to “perform” as Zoe passionlessly shouted at him and they had emotionless sex. After he had managed to squirt waves of his baby-making juice inside her, she confiscated all of his underwear so he could be commando and told him he was to be teetotal until she was knocked up.

The lack of underwear caused a large amount of resentment, until Zoe agreed to be without knickers also while she enforced it with her husband, although he had nearly caught his cock in his flies earlier in the day and was becoming more and more unimpressed with the idea.

He had broached the idea of borrowing the money for IVF from Andy, that Zoe suspected would be followed by a plea to buy a bike. Zoe had reacted angrily to this, and Ezra suspected if Andy had been a bit more sympathetic to his friend's feelings when he had suggested it originally, she probably would have taken it.

He remembered the fateful day, as Zoe had hysterically told him that they would probably need treatment and may never have children, he drunkenly told the distraught woman “that this wasn't a problem at all” and “where did she want the fuckin' wonga?”

Zoe was still annoyed with her husband for bringing up this again, and under any normal circumstances would have withheld all sexual pleasantries from him as punishment for his rudeness and unreasonableness, but she wanted a child and to give them the best chance she needed to keep to the schedule. Therefore Ezra could do and say what he wanted, and still get sexual intercourse that night; anal sex, Ezra's favourite, had been “off the menu” for several months.

Zoe had changed into her negligee that Andy had given her. He had bought it, along with a thousand pounds worth of designer lingerie and sexy nightwear for Amy, for her birthday, but they had split up less than amicably before the big day and as Zoe and Amy were the same size he

had given it to her a few days previous.

Both Zoe and Ezra liked the silky garment, and it was Zoe's favourite. She felt most of the clothing Andy had given her was too explicit, although Ezra disagreed, but the black negligee was subtle and powerful. It hanged from Zoe's shoulders and traced her curves alluringly before finishing a few inches below her mons. The slit up both sides drew Ezra's attention as they flapped open as Zoe walked into the room.

Ezra turned off the football and allowed his sexy wife to pull his rugby shirt over his head. He beamed at her and she pushed him back on the bed, before sliding his tracksuit bottoms off of him.

Zoe looked appreciatively at his inflating thick seven-inch cock. She had only ever slept with Ezra and never had anything to compare it to, and although her friends often spoke about the equipment their partners had she had kept quiet. She never really knew how Ezra really did compare. All Zoe knew is that when Ezra was not drunk, he made her body do wonderful things with it!

Zoe rubbed her hands down his hairy chest and blew him a kiss seductively. Ezra's hands reached underneath the flimsy apparel to cup her smooth buttocks. She stared at him with her deep blue eyes and shook her head to free her shoulder-length blonde hair that had gathered over her face.

“Fuck me,” Zoe cooed at her husband and he smiled at her. They kissed and Ezra reached down to Zoe's crack. She was moist and he slid his fingers up and down her juicy slit.

Zoe purred and he gently probed the opening, slick with juices and stuck his middle finger up into her.

Zoe groaned as he oscillated her, and his thumb rubbed over her button. Squeals echoed around the room as Ezra touched her delicately.

“Oh baby. That's the wrong part of you,” Zoe breathed and Ezra smiled but didn't stop. He circled her button with his thumb and Zoe squawked and cried out.

She shuddered with an orgasm and looked lustfully at him. “Doggy,” she whispered.

Ezra didn't even get a chance to agree when she grabbed hold of the headboard and waited for her husband to slide his large cock into her. She squealed as he pushed it gently into her. She panted and Ezra gently thrust forwards with his member.

Ezra grabbed hold of her hips and began to pound her unguarded pussy relentlessly. She squealed and cried out as he rammed into her. Ezra liked rough sex with the doggy style position and using her hips he could force her down on his member aggressively.

Zoe liked the feeling of being wildly fucked and her head rubbed up against the pillow, she squealed and cried. “Oh god,” she yelled and screwed up her face.

Ezra was getting near his release. Zoe felt his cock twitch and she bucked herself back on his member as hard as she could. She wanted every last drop of sperm.

Zoe panted as Ezra unloaded the contents of his testicles into her womb. She panted and sighed. It was the third time today, but she never tired of Ezra doing that.

She felt complete. She felt wonderful. She felt pregnant. She wasn't, but she so wanted it to be true, they had been trying for over a year and wanted to be carrying a child more than anything in the world.

She stayed on the bed for a few moments, her legs up in the air and her back flat on the bed. It was supposed to assist contraception, but Ezra had unvoiced doubts. If nothing else, he got to see a bit more of his partner's lovely “pink bits” in all their explicit detail.

When she was finished, Zoe went to remove her negligee and put on some fleecy pyjamas.

“Babe, don't take it off. You look wonderful in it,” Ezra told her and Zoe grinned appreciatively.

“Thanks.” Zoe reached across and fiddled with her alarm clock. “I have set the alarm for six so we can have another go tomorrow morning. What time is your lunch break tomorrow?”

“Errr ... 1pm.”

“Excellent. We can drive out of town for a quickie and then when we get home before dinner and then ...”

“Babe, I'm only human,” Ezra teased and Zoe smiled.

“Look, if we want a baby we need to make sacrifices. We just gotta keep trying. Now go get your rest, you'll need it tomorrow.”

“Isn't Andy popping 'round tomorrow for tea?” Ezra asked and Zoe groaned. “He wants to give Rhea some space I think.”

“Well he knows we are trying for a baby. We'll send him to the supermarket or get him to watch telly while we have a quickie. Hell I've walked in on him having sex a few times, he'll understand.” Ezra snarled. “Come on, you've seen him have sex before when you were at Uni.”

Ezra coughed. “Yeah well ... that was different.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Izzy's asleep now,” Andy muttered at his teary-eyed sister. “She asked will Daddy be coming.”

Rhea snapped herself from her distracted daze and wiped her eyes. “Can I tell her no? I just can't believe he would do such a thing, you know, to us. I've known him since primary school and he has always been so conservative and calm.”

Andy sat down on the couch and put his arm around her. She put her head on his shoulder and burst into tears. “I mean, I tried. I really tried to give him everything he wanted. I tried to be a good partner to him, a good mother to Izzy but ...”

Andy soothed her and squeezed her side. “You've done nothing wrong,” he tried but Rhea shook her head.

“I must have done. He's split up our family. Why didn't I see the signs earlier? We are homeless; we have nowhere to go,” Rhea cried and burst into tears again.

“You do. Stay here, it's big enough,” Andy tried but Rhea was still blubbering uncontrollably.

“I can't. Izzy has school ten miles away. And we can't stay here for months.”

Andy took a deep breath. “Please Rhea, stay. You've nowhere else to go, in September Izzy can go to the village school and it's got a big garden for her to play in. It's ideal for you.”

Rhea sniffed. “I shouldn't be relying on my family to bail me out.”

“Well you aren't. Stay for awhile until you sort yourself out. I have so many spare bedrooms. We can even go shopping and get some paint to decorate your rooms how you want,” Andy promised. “You can even have it shocking pink if you want.”

Rhea forced a smile and gave her brother a hug. “And I suppose that way I can keep an eye on you.”

Andy groaned. “Tea?” He asked and Rhea nodded.

“Andy,” she called as he was about to leave the room. “If I wanted to give Si another chance, you wouldn't get angry with me, would you?”

Andy stared at his little sister biting her nails and shrugged. “Why? Why would you want him near you after what he has done?”

Tears welled up in Rhea's eyes and she covered her face. “Because every time I think I want to split up with him, and I know I should, I just get really worried. Izzy needs him, and I suppose I do too. I've split up with him before and spend months regretting it, I just don't want to do anything hasty. And the thought of him not being with me terrifies me and I want to keep our family together. I hate him and I want to hurt him. But I still want him. And Izzy misses him,” she reasoned and Andy looked at his sister in bewilderment. “What would you say if I gave him a second chance?”

“Sure, if it is really what you want. But you're mad. There are enough bedrooms.”

Rhea screwed up her face rubbed her eyes. “I don't know if I'd want him to stay with us, I just don't know. I don't know what I want.”

Andy moved back into the room and knelt down beside the sofa and hugged his emotional sister. “Whatever you want, will be fine,” he promised. “You do what you need to do.”

“In one way I want to kill him. I want to hurt him, like he has hurt me and I just never want to see him again,” she said. “And I've tried. I've tried to think of him as out of my life but I just can't. I want him here, but I never want to see him again. I can't live like that, and I just hate myself for wanting him. My brain tells me that I shouldn't want to see him alive, but I just can't not want him. So I don't know what to do.”

“It gets easier,” Andy muttered. “You'll get over him.”

Rhea smiled. “Trouble is, I don't really want to. I want things to be as they were.”

## Chapter VII

Zoe's battered car turned up an hour later at Andy's house and Rhea climbed in. Her eyes were still red, but there was a calmness about her demeanour and steely resoluteness that frightened Zoe. They drove in silence to Zoe's house.

"I'll be a minute," Rhea told her as Zoe unlocked the front door. Rhea walked into the lounge, leaving Zoe by the doorway, where her partner was sobbing on the couch.

"Oh Rhea," he started and she interrupted him with an outstretched finger.

"I don't want to split up the family but you seem to think that paying for sex was more important than me and Izzy."

Simon groaned and Rhea shouted at the stricken gentleman.

"I would like us to try and work through our problems. It will take months, years probably, and I may never be able to trust you again, but I would like to try. For Izzy."

Simon wailed and got up to hug Rhea who halted his progress with an outstretched knee in his genitals. He collapsed prostrate and Rhea stood over him. "You do not touch me," she shouted. Simon groaned in agony but Rhea was unrepentant. "Oh come on, two weeks ago you were paying hundreds of pounds for that"

Simon burst into sobs. "Tomorrow lunchtime you empty the flat of your possessions and come to Andy's house. He said you could live there for awhile. It's your second chance. If you are not there tomorrow I will know you don't want it."

Simon looked up at Rhea smiling through the pain Rhea had caused but she didn't return it.

"Some ground rules," she said forcefully. "One, there will be no touching, kissing, fondling, groping, manhandling or sex until I decide. And when we do, whatever decade that may be, you will learn how to do it properly.

You used to know but you got lazy and just focus on yourself. It stops, I am not faking any more orgasms.” Simon went to protest but Rhea cut him off. “Two. All of our money is now controlled by me. You will pay all of your money a joint account and we will keep a cash book. Any spending not approved by us jointly and we split. Understand?”

“Yes,” Simon replied meekly.

“Three, any further visits to hookers or other women and I will chop off your soft bits. Four, no attempts to get money from Andy, or accepting it if he offers. Five, any rows we have are not be conducted in front of Izzy or Andy. Six, you do not keep secrets. If I think you are keeping secrets I will hurt you. You got all that?”

Simon nodded and muttered. “Thank you. I love you.”

“And seven. You do not keep telling me you love me. If you loved me you would not have ripped the heart out of our family. You would not have made your daughter, your fucking daughter homeless. She has to change schools, move away from her friends because of you. So no, you did not love me. When you mean it, you can say it. Do you understand?”

Simon nodded humbly and Rhea turned on her heels and left, two minutes after entering the room.

Zoe looked up at Rhea walking past and shrugged, “Are you sure?”

Rhea nodded and breathed out. “Yeah. I think so. But he needs to realise that this really is last chance saloon.”

“He doesn't deserve it.”

“I know. But then we need him although I don't know if it will work. We just have to try. But I am not going to be overly talkative with him at the moment.”

“Well Mum isn't talking to him either,” Zoe added and Rhea groaned. “Actually she says she never wants to see him again.”

“I better go see her then,” Rhea added and Zoe asked her if it was really a

good idea. The firm look in the young mother's eyes was definitive and Zoe drove to a family house ten miles away.

Rhea picked up her handbag and got out of the car, knocking forcefully on the white front door.

“Hiya Zoe, Rhea,” Andrew Matheson greeted the moment he saw them. “How are you Rhea?”

“Yeah, hiya Dad,” Zoe replied and Rhea wiped her eyes.

“Where's Emma?” Rhea asked, ignoring the question and Andrew pointed towards the kitchen.

“Baking cakes. Look Rhea, we know what Simon did and ...”

“I'm fine,” Rhea said quickly and strode down the entrance hall and flung open the kitchen door. Emma Matheson was beating the mixture in her bright yellow kitchen but put down the icing bag the moment she saw Rhea.

“Emma,” Rhea called out to the woman. “We need to talk.”

“Oh Rhea. I am so sorry. I never thought he would do something like that. I really didn't. If there is anything you or Izzy need, let us know and we'll try to help but I've told him he is not welcome here ...”

“No,” Rhea said calmly. “You do not get to disown him.”

Emma blinked for a moment and then gestured. “But he slept with fifteen year olds, prostitutes and colleagues. He frittered your money away and you're homeless.”

“I know what he did but he needs us,” Rhea replied, her voice still calm but assertive.

“The Good Lord would not ...”

Rhea banged her fist on the cupboard. “I fucking don't care what the Good Lord wants. It's what I want. You can't disown him. He is your son and your granddaughter's father. If Izzy and I can give him a second chance,

everyone else will. I mean it, he is still my partner and he is still a member of your family. Unless Izzy and I are to be unwelcome here as well.”

Emma recoiled from Rhea's words but shook her head. “I'm sorry Rhea I do not want him ...”

“You don't get to choose,” Rhea shouted firmly and withdrew the small hunting knife from her handbag. Emma's eyes flicked towards it immediately and she squealed.

“Put that down, Rhea.”

Rhea shook her head. “No. I didn't want to get it out, but you've made me.”

“Rhea. Stop this. I know it's been a shock,” she blubbered. “But he did nasty things and you need help to get through this”

“No. We need help, not just me. He stays as part of our family. Yes, he is in trouble. A whole fucking cesspit of trouble. But we will work through it, I know we will. If we come here then all three of us come or none of us, you understand? You've already lost one son to prison, do you want to lose your other one?”

Emma watched Rhea's right hand and the weapon in it and breathed in sharply. “I don't know, Rhea ...”

“Understand?” Rhea said angrily and Emma nodded, her eyes not leaving the vicious knife in Rhea's right hand. “Good. Now ring him and tell him to come to dinner around 5pm tomorrow.”

Emma hesitated and Rhea gestured with her hands sharply. “OK. OK. I'll do it.”

Emma picked up the phone and Rhea watched. “Oh, and tell him you love him,” Rhea added as the phone rang and Emma raised her eyebrows. “He needs to know. From everyone.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Iceland?” Rhea asked and Andy grinned.

“Yeah. Well I'm planning to take in Norway and Faroe Islands first, come back for a day to clean clothes and the like, and then two weeks in Iceland.”

Rhea hummed. “When?”

“August. Seven weeks on Saturday.”

“But Iceland. I mean, you can hardly get a tan on the beach, can you?”

Andy flicked through the brochure and passed her the page about the geothermally heated Nautholsvik Beach. Rhea swore at him and threw it back.

“Hey, you don't fancy taking Izzy, do you? I will hopefully be working and she'll be off school,” Rhea joked but Andy nodded his head.

“Sure. Why not? I've hardly spent any time with her recently.”

“I was only joking, you don't need to. Mum said she would have her for a week.”

“No. I think it is a good idea. Why don't you come too?” Andy asked and Rhea groaned.

“Work. And I need to work things through with Simon. I think we will need to have some vicious, blood-curdling, clear-the-air rows in the next few months and I would rather Izzy didn't hear all of them.”

“Take it easy, you are pregnant you know,” Andy warned her.

“Yes, I do know.”

“Are you keeping it then?” Andy asked and Rhea smirked.

“I can't have an abortion. I told Si I would because I knew it would upset him, but I couldn't go through with it. I just hope Si and I are still together when it is born. I mean, he missed the birth of Izzy.”

“Well that was your fault,” Andy replied. He waited for a response, but before she could answer, Simon pulled up in their battered car and Rhea

eyed him through the lounge window.

“Daddy's here,” Izzy shouted but Rhea sent her daughter upstairs to play in her room instead of greeting the wiry gentleman. This caused a degree of protest from the enthusiastic whirlwind but a few choice threats from the expectant mother sent the child scurrying to her bedroom.

Andy opened the door and Simon averted his gaze immediately. Although, Rhea had expressly forbade Andy to start any discussions about Simon's aberrations, her boyfriend was clearly not aware of this and was, understandably, extremely embarrassed by the consequences of his sizeable transgressions.

Rhea went out to meet him and he held his hands out to hug his partner but she shook her head at him and guided him towards the back garden.

Simon pushed open the wrought iron black gate and they walked along the side of the house, the conservatory and into the expansive garden.

“Your home,” Rhea said pointing at a two-man tent erected in the middle of the garden.

“You've got to be,” Simon started and Rhea's eyes glowed angrily.

“No, Simon. I am not joking. I do not want to split this family up because of Izzy and for some strange reason I can't fathom I still have feelings for you but at this moment I don't really want to see you or to hear from you. So you will live in the tent. And when I can trust you, you can move into the shed. And when I trust you a bit more, the garage, and then the spare bedroom and maybe, just possibly, after that I might let you move into sleeping in the same bed as me. But that is a long, long, long way off.”

Simon was scared and looked into the fiery eyes of his partner who smoothed her hair out.

“Now unpack your shit. What you can't fit or don't want in the tent can go in the garage and then we need to talk about how much we owe and what we do next.”

Simon nodded and looked back at the tent. “I am really sorry Rhea, for

everything,” he murmured and she snorted, her face softened immediately.

“Yeah I know you are. I'll go put the kettle on and make us some lunch,” she replied softly.

“I can't believe you've given me a second chance,” Simon admitted and Rhea smiled.

“No. Neither can I. But we have been dating for over ten years and have Izzy. I couldn't walk away from that without giving it another go,” she told him and left to go inside the house.

“I hope you know what you are doing?” Andy asked his baby sister as she entered the room. Rhea jumped in shock, swore at her brother and then answered his question with a scowl.

“I do. He's been a sick bastard but he is still Izzy's and bump's dad, and he isn't a bad person, no matter what everyone says.”

Andy rubbed his eyes. “I am not saying he is a bad person, I'm saying he has betrayed you. How can you ever trust him again?”

A smile flickered across Rhea's face. “Because I have known him since I was Izzy's age and been screwing him for half that time. I know him almost as well as I know you, and that's saying something.”

Andy went to protest but Rhea stopped him and told him that she wanted no further discussion on the subject. Andy snarled in annoyance, but helped Rhea make lunch.

“And anyway, next weekend I need you to have Izzy for a couple of hours. Si is going to a tattooist with me, he doesn't know it yet, but he will have my name inked somewhere onto him. I don't know where yet, but he clearly needs a constant reminder of who his girlfriend is.”

“Isn't that a bit drastic?”

Rhea shook her head. “I was thinking of getting it on his cock, what d'ya reckon?”

“I think you are completely and utterly crazy.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Hey mister,” the impatient sixteen year old asked the suited gentleman who was coming out of the flat. Amelia had her arms crossed and squinted at him in the harsh Summer sun impatiently. “Where's Simon?”

The young man, ran his hands through his styled hair and grinned through his glasses. “Mr Simon Matheson?”

“That's the one. He is supposed to be coming to live with me. He loves me,” she swooned naively and the man smirked.

“Err ... right. Well the bank have seized the property and he doesn't live here anymore.”

Amelia's face fell. “But ... he said he loves me. Where does he live?”

The man bit his lip. The girl was sexy and curvy, but her demeanour was swimming with innocence. He knew immediately what the crafty Mr Matheson had done although a quick glance at the clipboard in his hand saw a Miss Rhea Williams also on the mortgage, she was the woman who attacked him. “Perhaps you have another way of contacting him?”

Amelia shook her head. “I only knew him from work but that was closed with immediate effect. He has my number but I never had his.” She rubbed her eyes and the gentleman sat down with her on the steps. “I thought he loved me,” she wailed.

They spoke for ten minutes before the man got to his feet. “Come on,” he said. “I only live 'round the corner. Let's get some lunch from the chippie and a talk.”

Amelia smiled. She had worked out that Simon had used her in her vulnerable state just to get sex, and that she would not let that happen again. Thankfully some good had come of it, as she had met Liam who was infinitely nicer and more sympathetic. He would not take advantage of her, and he said he liked her and showered her with compliments.

As they got up to leave, “Liam” turned off his phone. He did not want to be disturbed from work, or from his girlfriend, when he was seducing a naïve,

impressionable, confused yet sexually-accessible teenager in another seized property he had been to earlier.

It would spoil everything.