

NEW PLEASURES

Chapter Four



By
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Codes: noseex m-solo flirt

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Preface

This story is the eighth instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe: Sixteen year old Andy has a tearful Sarah staying the night with him, while Rhea gets to tease everyone and Abi is asked out.

“New Pleasures” is set from June to October 1998.

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

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

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

Please provide feedback to me, either by e-mail, Twitter or website review, whether you enjoyed it or not; I like to be told and it is the only payment I ask for.

Kind regards, John D

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Chapter IV

Mum watched Sarah and I embrace in the dining room and then briefly nodded. "She came up to Troy and asked for you," she explained referring to one of her bouncers. "Is everything OK?"

Sarah turned and nodded to her, the wet dirty blonde hair stuck to her anxious pale face. "You need to get dry," I told her and fetched a dry bath towel from the airer and passed it to her. She took off her bright red summer coat and revealed her clothes from the hike, a white top that was, due to the weather, completely see-through and her soaked denim skirt that was glued to her skin. She dried her hair and I tried not to look at her figure-hugging clothes as she wrapped the navy towel around her shoulders.

"I've got to shoot but I'll be back by nine for a little chat," Mum said ominously to us.

"What's up?" I asked her the moment Mum had left the room. Rhea looked on, but didn't say anything and just gleefully watched from the lounge, listening in on what Sarah had to say.

"I've left home," she admitted, and I guided her to a chair at the dining table where she burst into tears again.

"You're not knocked up are you?" Rhea asked excitedly bounding into the room. "Annabella missed a period and thought she was pregnant. Her mum went ape but it turned out she wasn't."

"Rhea!" I spoke firmly, glaring at her, but my little sister didn't understand we needed some peace.

"Of course, if it's a girl, would you name it after me. Rhea is a great name, although I'm not so taken with Kateřina. Rhea Sarah Bailey, what dya reckon?"

"Rhea, please! Go and phone your boyfriend or something."

The terrorist sneered. "So your parents have chucked you out when they found out you've been at it to get knocked up. Was it an orgy, or just with 'im. Mum is going to go so crazy when she finds out," Rhea teased enthusiastically, her face lighting up like Blackpool promenade.

Sarah raised a wry smile through the tears and I turned to my sister. "Sarah is not going to be a mother. Well not yet, anyway, why don't you go away and phone Nathan, Rhea. Or do some homework. Or just be anywhere but here."

Rhea ignored me and swung on the archway to the dining room, her facial expression alive with mischief, "or of course it could be drugs. Have you been smoking or snorting them. Or maybe she's split up with her boyfriend you say she has and has come for a kiss, cuddle and screw?"

"Rhea!" I barked at her. "In the kindest possible way, please, just, fuck off!"

Rhea looked hurt for a moment, and got her book from the table. "OK. Oh, and he fancies you rotten by the way," she called out to Sarah who smiled weakly.

I waited until Rhea had left, and turned to Sarah. I took her hand in mine from across the

table and looked across at her red, puffy eyes. "So, what happened?"

"Mum knows about the hotels in London. She found a receipt or something in my room from the hotel when she did the washing today."

"Aaaa," I replied stoically. "That's probably not good."

"She started shouting at me, saying I had been deceitful and was acting like a slut and ..." her voice tailed off as she burst into tears again and I squeezed her hand. "...she said she didn't want a daughter like that and so I ran out of the house into the pouring rain."

"Didn't she follow you?"

"She went to, but I shouted at her in the drive that I hated her and wasn't staying at home with her and ran off down the path behind the back of the park and she didn't see me."

She looked at me waiting for a response but I did not know what to say. "So what are you going to do?" I asked and she shrugged.

"I don't know. I tried Zoe's house but she wasn't in and Ingrid is away. Donna's mum would say no and I can't remember Kev's address. You were the only person whose address I could remember and could trust, I'm so sorry ..." she wailed and burst into tears.

"Do you need to stay the night?" I found myself saying, not fully digesting why she chosen to come here, and she looked up through the tears.

"Can I? Will your mum mind?" she asked, wiping her face.

"I'll ask. I think she will be OK with it for one night."

Sarah nodded and thanked me squeezing my hand as she did. She looked so vulnerable and defenceless huddled up in the towel, her drenched clothes and exhausted look made her look more like an unwanted vagrant than a loved daughter. "Does your mum know you are here?" I asked and she shook her head. "Does she think you are at Donna's?"

Sarah looked up meekly from the towel. "She doesn't know where I am, and I don't want to tell her."

"You do need to ring her," I said calmly, looking at her tearful face. I had never had to deal with a girl this emotional and upset before and felt helpless. I didn't know what to do for the best and felt my insides churn as I looked at her.

"No!"

"No Sarah, please. You need to ring them," I implored of her and she shook her head. "For me?"

"I'm not ringing her. I'm not speaking to her. I hate her." she shouted through her tears, her arms gesturing wildly and emotionally.

"I'll ring her then," I told her and she glared at me.

"You do that, but I'm not speaking to the bitch. I never want to see her again," she told me, tears once again pouring down her face. "She said some really nasty things to me."

I picked up the receiver in the lounge and could hear talking initially. I had to persuade

Rhea to stop her phone call from the upstairs extension and I dialled Sarah's phone number while she glared at me from the dining room.

The phone had barely rung when it was answered by a stressed voice at the end. "Evening, Mrs Bailey. It's Andy, Sarah's friend," I replied to her diminutive greeting. I was not quite sure how to tell her that her daughter had arrived soaked and shivering at a lap-dancing venue and was currently cuddled up in my dining room crying and referring to her as a 'bitch.'

"It's not a great time, Andy," she told me quickly.

"I know. Sarah's here," I responded before she put the phone down.

"Oh thank God," she muttered quickly. "Is she OK then?"

I looked at Sarah and replied that she was fine. I gestured Sarah over but she stubbornly refused to come to the phone. Angela heard the exchange between us, and sighed deeply.

"I'm not going home," Sarah shouted at me with a firm degree of finality and I returned the receiver to my ear.

"Did you hear that?" I asked and Angela replied that she had.

"Is your mum or dad there?" she asked, eventually.

"Err ... no ... Mum's had to go back to work."

The voice went quiet for a moment, and then asked, "So is Sarah staying with you tonight or do we need to come and get her?"

"If she needs to stay the night, it's not a problem," I found myself saying.

"And she wants to?" Angela asked. I peered over at Sarah and gestured her to come over but she refused. In the end, I shouted across our lounge the rhetorical question of whether she was staying here or going home, to which she screamed she wasn't going home "to that bitch."

"Well, we'll give her breakfast and come back to Wendover tomorrow." I stared at Sarah questioningly who looked away. "We'll ring before we set off. Or at least one of us will. Promise."

There was silence for a few moments before she continued. "Could I get your address please?" she asked. "I want to know where Sarah is."

"Sure, it's Castle Street in Aylesbury."

"Don't tell her where I am!" Sarah interrupted. "She'll come for me."

I ignored Sarah and continued, "It's Castle Street, number 22."

Sarah got up. "Right, well I can't stay here now" she whined and walked around the couch.

"Sarah!" I called out. "Sit down"

"SHE KNOWS WHERE I AM" Sarah shouted dramatically waving her arms around and turning towards the door.

“SIT DOWN” I yelled at her, pointing at the sofa. Sarah stared at me for a few moments in shock and then threw herself onto the leather couch melodramatically. I glared at her, annoyed at her petulant attitude and childish behaviour. I did like her, and she was good company but she was also being very immature and my patience had finally snapped; I did say I had a temper on me! I took a few deep breaths. “Sorry,” I said, continuing my conversation on the telephone. “It’s a little red door.”

“Right, thanks. I am sorry about this.”

“Honestly, don’t worry. Do you want to speak to Sarah?” I asked and Sarah shook her head.

“Do you think there is any point?” Sarah’s mother asked somewhat flippantly and I hummed.

“Probably not.” I admitted and finished the call with giving Sarah’s mother our phone number and said goodbye.

“What is wrong with you?” I spat at Sarah, my frustration with her not diminished. I didn’t mind her turning up out of the blue but her melodramatic attitude and unyielding anger towards her parents had made a bad situation considerably worse.

Sarah shrugged. “You weren’t there.”

“OK. I know. You fall out with your parents. It happens. I’ve done it. You decide to get away from them for awhile. OK. That’s fine. But to refuse to let them know you are safe? When were you going to tell them? Tomorrow? Tuesday? How long were you going to let them worry about you? Think you might have been raped? Or murdered? Or injured? How long were the Police going to be searching for you?” I asked and Sarah sat motionless as I shouted at her, my hands gesturing aggressively at her. I took a deep breath and turned away from her, counting to ten in my mind. In hindsight, shouting at a crying woman was probably not the best thing to have done but I felt frustrated.

“I’m sorry” she muttered in shock and then burst into tears. I turned back and looked at her. She seemed so vulnerable, tears streaming down her cheeks and her hands shaking. “Please, don’t hate me!” she wailed.

“I don’t hate you. Far from it. I’m just a little exasperated with you!” I said, sitting down next to her and putting my arm around the crying girl. “Go on. Go get cleaned up. Bathroom is halfway down the corridor at the top of the stairs.”

Mum reappeared a couple of minutes later, looking worried. “What’s up with Sarah?” she asked. “It’s nothing serious is it?”

I briefly conveyed Sarah’s story and then described my conversation with her mother.

“Well I’m glad you phoned her parents,” Mum said calmly. “So where is Sarah sleeping then?”

“Well I told her mum she could stay here.”

Mum’s eyes widened as I spoke and she tilted her head to one side. “And when exactly did you ask me?”

I fidgeted and told a white lie. “Yeah sorry, I was put on the spot a bit.”

Mum exhaled and sighed. "I don't mind her staying Andy, but I would have liked to have been asked before you made promises."

"Sorry"

"So where is she sleeping in the flat?"

"I was hoping if Julie doesn't come home tonight I could put her in Julie's room."

"Julie and Oliver are downstairs, having a drink. I have just been talking to them." Mum interrupted our chat by turning to and engaging with Sarah who had arrived at the foot of the stairs. "You OK?" she asked and Sarah nodded.

"I fell out with my parents when I was young as well, and ran away. It's all part of growing up," Mum soothed and Sarah smiled meekly. She looked scared and worried, her arms cocooning herself tightly in the large towel and her eyes just peeking out over the top of the navy cotton. "Things will work themselves out in the end when you've calmed down and talked it through."

"Well failing that, I'll set a bed up on the couch although the spare duvet is on Abi's bed. I know the sofa is not very comfortable but it's only for one night," I said to Mum as she returned her attention back to me.

"Can I not sleep in your room, with you?" Sarah asked and I looked at Mum.

"It's OK Sarah, I'll sleep on the sofa, let you take my room," I told her.

"I don't want to turf you out of your bed, and I don't mind sharing," Sarah pleaded. "I've had to share before on camps and stuff. I don't mind." Mum went to speak and Sarah licked her lips. "And I'd rather not be alone. Please, Andy."

Mum looked at me intently and I shrugged. "I don't mind if you don't, we'll get a nightdress off Rhea as I don't think you've packed pyjamas and I'll wear shorts tonight. If Mum is comfortable with it ..."

Mum hummed and sent Sarah upstairs so she could talk. She turned to me when we were alone. "I'm not," she said and sighed deeply. "Do you think it's a good idea?"

"Sarah has a boyfriend so nothing will happen."

"Andy, that's not entirely what I meant. Do you think it's a good idea?"

"Well it's not ideal I know, but Paula stayed for a few nights in my room when those pipes leaked."

"Yes, but you were dating, she was more mature and you slept on the floor?" I shot her a sheepish look and her eyes widened. "Huh! Should've guessed you didn't," she murmured and smiled.

"Well ... hmmm ... OK. Do you trust me not to do something I will regret? I didn't with Paula."

"Andy, it's not your behaviour I am concerned about. It's always been what you say, not what you do that gets you into trouble. It's Sarah that I am worried about. I mean, what would her parents say if you asked?"

“They probably wouldn't be overly happy about it to be honest, but it's only for one night.”

“And how long have you known her?”

“A few years, she was in my Maths class in Years 8 and 9.” Mum looked at me and I shrugged. “Well only since Friday really.”

Mum's eyebrows rose for a moment, and she put her hand on my shoulder. “Well, it's up to you.”

“Me?”

“Yeah, when I was not much older than you I was living away from home and making choices on how to live my life. You keep telling me you're old enough to make your own decisions so it's about time you did. She is your friend but just make sure that whatever happens, you both can and do face up to all the consequences.” she warned and I nodded. “I mean it, all the consequences.”

“I will,” I promised.

“No Andy, both of you.”

Unfortunately, I knew exactly what she meant.

* * * * *

Rhea was happy to lend Sarah a nightdress but only after she continued with her baiting.

“I'm not sure I have anything that will fit an expectant mother” she teased, flicking through her wardrobe.

“For the last time Sarah is not pregnant, Rhea.”

“Does Mum know?” she asked ignoring me. “Is it a boy or a girl? Oh, will you have a shotgun wedding? Can I be a bridesmaid?”

Sarah laughed and even I couldn't stop smiling.

“Honestly, Rhea, Sarah is not pregnant, why do you think she is?”

Rhea passed Sarah a red silk nightdress and looked at me. “Well, why did Sarah appear in tears unexpectedly and she has only known you – according to you – for only three days! Why come to you? It has got to be 'bun in the oven' time. Stands to reason. Even Annabella thinks so, I've asked her, and she knows.”

I buried my face in my hands and groaned. “Rhea, two things. One, even if Sarah conceived on Friday, when we met, then there is no biological way for her to know she is pregnant inside forty eight hours. OK?” Rhea scowled. “Secondly, Sarah and I have not had sex, or even kissed, so there is no way for me have got Sarah pregnant. Now, if you still believe that I may have got her pregnant, I am more than happy to ask Mum to have that little birds-and-bees chat with you so you can understand the little mysteries of how the human body works and where those little baby things come from,” I said patronising her and her scowl turned into a frown.

Rhea pouted at me. “OK you made your point,” she grumbled as we left her room. “You

still fancy her though. You'd kiss her if you could. I've seen the way you look whenever her name is mentioned, you go all weak and gooey-eyed."

Sarah smiled at me as Rhea spoke. "Good night Rhea!" I called and we left.

"And don't keep me awake having sex all night," she shouted as I shut her door. "I DON'T WANT TO HEAR BANGING HEADBOARDS!"

"I'll kill her. One day I'll bloody kill her," I mumbled to Sarah, who was grinning.

"Do you really go gooey-eyed at my name?"

"What do you think Sarah?"

"Oh," she muttered, her voice tinged with a little bit of disappointment that made me feel guilty for dismissing her question so brutally. Why did Rhea have to make my life so incredibly difficult?

I made Sarah ring her parents at 9.30pm to wish them good night. It had only been an hour since I rang but we needed to put Sarah's clothes out to dry for tomorrow and she was looking ragged and tired. Sarah resisted phoning her parents but I told her that I would sleep on the sofa if she didn't, so she quickly relented and bordered on civility when she rang, which was a definite improvement on our earlier conversation when she said she hated her mother. Having said that, her chat was short and very impersonal.

Sarah changed into Rhea's garment in my room but it was very short on her; it ended a couple of inches below her mons. It was bright red silk (or at least a silky material) with black lace trim at the top and straps. It had a split down the side that went up her waist to the bottom of her flanks. "You look absolutely incredible," I said as I came in from the bathroom having done my teeth and hiding my rapidly inflating member under the duvet.

"Thanks, but I don't think my parents would approve," she admitted and took a spare, unopened disposable toothbrush from me. I briefly tried to reduce the size of my erection by thinking of non-erotic thoughts but it was just too difficult: Sarah was sexy! She returned a couple of minutes later, slightly flushed. "Your sister!" she exclaimed. "She is ..."

I was lying in the bed facing the door as she closed it. "A nightmare, tell me about it!" I finished for her.

"She wants to know if I have dumped my boyfriend yet, or do I plan to do that after we've had sex? And she was walking back to her room naked, except for a pair of socks."

I laughed. "Julie's boyfriend will get an eyeful tomorrow then. Rhea doesn't know he is staying, and see, you are not the only one who has problems with their family." I quipped and she nodded as she climbed into bed. I had turned the main light off and just left on my reading light so Sarah's modesty was a little more preserved as she climbed into my bed but as she raised her leg to climb in, I caught a glimpse of a glistening, glabrous pussy between her firm thighs. It was enough to send a rush of blood back to my groin.

We snuggled up to each other and she rested her head on my shoulder. I felt her warm, silky smooth body glide up against me and I instantly felt a warmth shoot through my loins and a warm glow inside. Paula and I had often snuggled up against each other and I suddenly realised how much I missed it. I smelt her still-damp hair and put my arm around her.

"Thanks for putting up with me," she said, her voice soft and genuine. "I know I can be a pain sometimes. I just wish my parents were more like your mum." I stayed silent for a few moments and let her continue. "My mum would go bananas if she could see us now. Your mum just doesn't care."

I closed my eyes and breathed deeply. "She does care, and didn't just let me do what I want. She said we could share a bed if we could and do face up to all the consequences of our actions. It's very different from not caring." Sarah hummed in response so I continued. "Are you going to tell Kevin about tonight?" I asked and she shifted uncomfortably. "Your parents?"

"Of course not, don't be stupid!"

"Why?"

"Well they wouldn't understand."

"So you are happy to keep secrets from them. That's a consequence. What happens if Kevin finds out?"

"He won't, I'm not going to tell him and you won't, will you?"

"Of course not, but suppose he does?"

"We'll fight probably ..."

"Be upset because you kept a secret?"

"Maybe."

"Maybe?"

"Yeah OK, he'll be upset."

"You split up?"

Sarah shifted again, and peered up at me. "Maybe. I don't know. I hope not."

"So there is a consequence. As for your parents ..."

"OK I get it," she said burying her silky body into mine. "It's about ensuring I take responsibility for my actions. Mum's always banging on about it."

"Mum has always let my sisters and I learn from our own mistakes. If you tell a child not to touch the oven because it is hot and it will hurt, if they ignore you and do it, well, they won't do it again, will they?"

Sarah smiled. "Probably not"

"Quite. She stops me doing things I want to do that are dangerous or wrong or go against her red lines but other than I have a bit of freedom although Julie has much, much more. If I break her trust or do something I really shouldn't then there are consequences. And punishments for our mistakes are a lot less harsh if we take responsibility for our actions and admit them."

"So am I a mistake then?"

"Of course not," I told her and squeezed her. "Perhaps if I slept how I usually sleep then that would be a mistake."

"Usually sleep?"

"I normally don't wear anything in bed. It's more comfortable as a rule."

Sarah hummed and then asked. "When Paula stayed, did you wear anything?"

"That's for me and Paula to know only."

"You didn't did you?"

"That's private. Why are you so obsessed with Paula and I?"

"Because I find it interesting. I've always been interested in other people's relationships."

"There is such a thing as privacy you know," I told her and she grinned.

"I know. But you didn't did you?"

I sighed and looked into her eyes. "No, we didn't."

"Then how did you not have sex?"

"You don't have to have sex just because you are naked and sleep in the same bed."

She remained quiet for a moment and then asked, "are you going to tell Mum we slept together?"

"Slept in the same bed," I corrected her and she looked up, her eyes imploring me to promise to keep her secret. "I doubt your mum will want to speak to me," I answered, dismissing her question.

"You are joking, aren't you? She'll whip out her interrogation tools the moment we get near the house. She'll want to know why I ran off to you."

"Will you stop demonising your parents?"

She shook her head. "You don't have to live with them. Anyway, I don't want to face them on my own. I want you with me."

I was a little stunned. "Me?"

"I need someone. Please, and you spoke to her earlier."

"Of course it's up to you to tell or not tell them," I heard myself saying. "But I won't lie to them if they ask me." Sarah grumbled and adjusted herself so she was lying on her side facing me. She moved her left hand over my bare chest and over my crotch. "What are you doing?" I asked and she placed a kiss on my lips causing my penis to swell. "Sarah, you have a boyfriend" I whispered and she purred.

"Little Andy doesn't seem to care too much," she claimed and I groaned. She slipped her fingers into the waistband of my black shorts and gripped my rock hard cock, the first time a girl had touched it for months.

"Of course not, I have a very sexy girl in bed wearing something that wouldn't be allowed in the club downstairs."

"Not the first thing I've worn today that has caused a reaction though, was it?"

"You noticed then?"

"Of course I noticed. I wanted you to look."

"Why?"

"Ssshhhhh". She kissed me deeply on the lips, her tongue caressing mine as she did. She slid her hand down my cock and I felt a wave of energy sweep through my groin and tingle.

"Ahh, Sarah!" I sighed. "You're wonderful!"

She did it again and I felt my testicles tighten. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine that Sarah wasn't cheating but in the back of my mind I knew she was and stopped her. I felt guilty.

"I can't be responsible for you cheating on your boyfriend. We are borderline as it is."

Sarah sighed and looked up at me. "You're not responsible, I am. I want to do this, and in wanting it I've already cheated, but I don't care. I want to play with you and I want you to play with me. Stop thinking about it and just enjoy it."

"But ..."

Sarah put a finger over my lips but I shook my head.

"No Sarah," I told her breathlessly. "I want you to and I want to touch you all over, you know that, but I think it would be wrong. I'd be taking advantage of you and that's a consequence I can't face."

"But Andy," she whined and I kissed her on the cheek.

"No, as much as I want you to, your life is complicated enough. Let's not add to it."

Sarah turned her back to me, and grunted. I apologised, sure that I had done the right thing. I wanted her to touch me (which guy wouldn't?), but I also wanted a close friendship with her and it would be a bad start if I had taken advantage of her vulnerable state.

"Have you thought about what you are going to say to your parents tomorrow?" I asked her, changing the subject and she ignored me. "Well obviously you need to genuinely apologise to begin with," I started and she turned in the bed.

"I'm not apologising for anything," she replied fiercely.

"Sarah, please. You have to say sorry for your behaviour tonight."

"I don't want to apologise."

"You're not supposed to want to apologise. You have to apologise. You said you want the sort of relationship I have with my Mum, well, that's not going to come while you are running off and not telling them, is it?"

"You're getting annoyed with me again, aren't you?" she asked and I hummed.

"A little. You are being a bit demanding again and I don't think you are seeing it from their point of view. Your mum has probably been upset tonight asking where they went wrong because they are not happy with you and you are not happy with them."

Sarah fidgeted slightly and put her head on my shoulder again. "So what happens now?"

"I suggest we do what I promised my mum we'd do and go to sleep. We have a big day tomorrow getting you out of all the mess you've got yourself into, eh, Miss Bailey"

Sarah grinned and replied. "Miss Bailey, I like that"

"Yeah, so do I"

"Well whatever you say, goodnight, Mister Williams."

"Good night sexy." She gave a titter and I snuggled up with the duvet.

* * * * *

I had a dead arm when I woke up due to how Sarah had positioned herself during the night. I shook it for a moment with my right arm until it had some feeling in it and slipped out of bed. Sarah was still asleep and holding onto most of the duvet, so grabbing my Oasis T-Shirt from the back of my chair to be more appropriately attired, I wandered downstairs.

"How's your pregnant girlfriend," Rhea asked as I entered the dining room and Mum looked up at me.

"Sarah, she's fine," I replied.

"Oh my god, you've got a girl pregnant? Mum, why didn't you tell me!" Julie squealed from the kitchen. "Don't tell me you were cheating on Paula before she left."

"No. I haven't got a girlfriend, pregnant or otherwise. It's Rhea's imagination," I said sharply glaring at my little sister. Rhea shrugged her shoulders and muttered something.

"He did say last night when in bed, 'Sarah, you're wonderful' though," Rhea added, her eyes sparkling.

I sighed and replied at her wind-up, "I did not. She has a boyfriend."

"And he goes all puppy eyed whenever he sees her."

"You've spent the night with her and she has a boyfriend. Nice work!" Julie teased and I grinned. "Are you sure she isn't knocked up?"

"No she definitely isn't knocked up."

"Oh ..." Julie said disappointed. "... I would have enjoyed being an auntie."

"Well I don't want to be a grandmother. Not just yet anyway, so you three better remember that." Mum told us pointing at each of us in turn and then returned to her newspaper.

Julie looked over to her boyfriend, Oliver, who was sat on the couch. "Unlucky bud, Mum

says no to having kids. We better stop doing that trying thing.”

He snorted into his drink and Rhea sniggered. She opened her mouth but Mum glared at her.

“Hiya!” I called when I saw Sarah appear. She was still wearing the very short red nightdress but didn't seem to realise or care that it was scandalous.

Oliver did notice the moment Sarah appeared. “Hey, Julie, will that fit you?” he asked and Mum looked up.

“Rhea, did you give that to Sarah?” Mum asked and Rhea looked sheepish. “That's too short even for you. I thought you'd thrown it.”

“I thought it was a little short”, Sarah added and tugged it down as far as she could, but this revealed her bosom at the top.

“I wasn't going to give them one of my good ones for them to have sweaty sex in it!” Rhea wailed. “And anyway he didn't seem to mind,” Rhea replied pointing at me. I glared at her incredulously. “He was looking right at her pus-”

“Yes thank you Rhea,” Mum cut across her.

“Just for your information, Rhea” I started. “I didn't have sweaty sex in it. It wouldn't suit me”

“Red's not your colour, is it?” Julie joked and Rhea frowned at me. Mum interrupted our banter by sending Rhea, whose nightdress was scarcely any less explicit than Sarah's, to get changed and I put my navy dressing gown that was drying on the airer in the dining room around Sarah to belatedly preserve her modesty somewhat.

Sarah thanked me and I poured two bowls of muesli and two glasses of Orange Juice that we both eagerly devoured in almost silence. Mum kept looking up at us but I knew Sarah was deep in thought and I didn't want to interrupt her musings with pointless conversation.

When Sarah finished her breakfast I sent her upstairs to get dressed. “You have first call on the hot water,” I told her and she smiled at me warmly as she got up and thanked me.

“So, what are you doing today?” Mum asked as I cleared up the bowls.

“I thought I would take Sarah bowling, have a spot of lunch in Aylesbury before going to Wendover. I don't think heading back first thing would be a great idea.” Mum nodded and smirked.

“You mean you want some time with her before she is grounded for weeks?” Mum suggested and I fidgeted.

“No, it's just that going back ...” I replied unconvincingly and Mum interrupted me by laughing. “What?”

“You. You are so transparent but you've dealt with this business with Sarah well. I'm proud of you.”

I blushed. “Err ... thanks Mum,” I replied, blushing, and rinsed the dirty cutlery.

“Andy,” she called as I left the dining room. “I know you want to help Abi move tomorrow, but if you can start on Wednesday I'll give you a go on the cleaning job for a few days.”

I ran and hugged my mother who was beaming at me. “Thanks!”

“Don't let me down, it's hard work.”

“I won't.”

* * * * *

“You alright?” I asked Sarah. I had expected my bedroom to be empty but instead she was sat on the end of my bed staring at the floor and playing with her hands. My dressing gown was around the back of my chair and her nightdress was barely concealing anything, with her shaved pussy and hairless mons clearly on display as I came into the room.

She looked around at me as I pushed open the door and stared into her eyes. She looked thoughtful and contemplative, the weight of the world on her shoulders. “What you thinking?” I asked her and she shrugged.

“I've been a bit of a selfish and demanding bitch, haven't I?” she mused and I sat down next to her, partly to bring her genitals out of my eye line and thoughts, and mostly so I could put my arm around her if I needed to. I hummed and she looked across at me. “Thank you for last night,” she said her eyes full of tears.

“But I did nothing,” I told her and she smiled.

“I know. That's what I meant. I can't believe that you turned down uncomplicated fumbblings.”

“It didn't feel right,” I admitted. “Part of me wishes we had, you are very gorgeous and well, I'm not going to get it offered too many times, but I know it would have been wrong and we would be regretting it.”

She smiled and leaned into me. “It's good that we didn't. It was wrong of me to try to tempt you”

I grinned at her. “Was that an admission of you being wrong?” I asked and she shrugged. “Now go on or we won't get to go bowling. Get in the shower.”

“That picture,” she said pointing a poster on the wall behind the door as she got up.

“It's a very popular picture,” I replied defensively and she smirked at me.

“It's a photo of a tennis girl scratching her butt!”

“True,” I flustered, “but it's a photographic classic.”

Sarah walked up to it and looked up at the picture shaking her head. As she peered up, her nightdress rode up.

“Err, Sarah, just scratch your arse and you'll recreate the photo,” I joked and she giggled.

“Will you take my picture?”

“Do you want me to?”

“Yeah,” she replied, with a playful edge to her voice. I pulled out my camera from its bag on the desk and framed the picture perfectly.

“Smile!” I called out and she laughed. The camera clicked and I wound the film on one.

“Right, now go shower,” I told her and breathed deeply when she left the room. I had the chance to play with that bundle of playfulness and I turned it down. I may have done the right thing, but “little Andy” didn’t think so. I needed ten minutes to release all that pent up sexual frustration.

I didn’t dare do it in my bedroom as I didn’t know how long Sarah would be. In fact, I shouldn’t have worried as Sarah spent twenty minutes in the shower but when she finished I almost ran into the bathroom and locked the door.

I leant back against the cold tiles of the bathroom and closed my eyes. I could see Sarah in that fantastic nightie in front of my eyelids and gripped my hand around my erect member. I began to frantically slip it up and down the shaft. I felt nowhere near as good as when Sarah had done it earlier, but it didn’t matter. I needed a release, a rush of sexual ecstasy that Sarah had so carefully tempted me with.

I involuntary wiggled my hips as my right hand shot back and forth up the shaft over the glans. I felt my climax in no time, the pressure in my testicles rising and I instinctively held back, holding on to the sink as my hand pumped my cock as fast as it could.

I exhaled deeply and quickly, before holding onto my breath as my cum squirted out the end of my cock and onto the side of the bath and floor. Instantly, I felt sated and satisfied.

I needed, no, really needed, that release and it was all Sarah’s fault.

* * * * *

Sarah phoned her parents at 10am and told them she would have lunch in Aylesbury and then be home. I didn’t need to coerce her to phone and she sounded reasonably positive during her brief conversation. We said goodbye to my family, and Abi, and walked into the bright sunshine.

Sarah grabbed onto my hand the moment we hit the street and beamed up at me. “I mean it, thank you, you’ve been a real friend.”

“You’re welcome” I replied instinctively and thought back to the previous night.

The consequences of that night – none really. Sarah was happy and had not cheated (just!) and we were closer than before. I felt she had arrived in the evening as an acquaintance but was going to leave as a friend.

“What you thinking?” Sarah asked and I hummed.

“I’m just relieved we didn’t do anything we shouldn’t have,” I replied candidly.

She gave a hollow laugh. “I’m not sure how I should take that.”

“Well don’t think about, just think how I’ll beat you at bowling.”

“Pah”

"I am sorry about Rhea. She can be quite, a, umm, well a handful really."

Sarah snorted at me. "It's OK but I don't think she likes me."

"She is mean and torments everyone but she means nothing by it. If she really didn't like you, we'd know. She is a terrorist when she gets going."

Sarah hummed at me and smirked. "So you won't have to warn off any future boyfriends of hers then?"

"You're jokin', right? She is more likely to do that with my girlfriends!"

"Talking of girlfriends, you are right by the way, Paula is beautiful."

I stopped and looked at her. "How did you know?"

"I saw a photo of her on your desk. I'm guessing it's her and it is a nice picture. She was smiling and looking very radiant."

"Oh yeah," I said, having forgotten that the photo was in my room and started walking again. "We took that when we went to Wendover Woods last Summer. Really nice day it was."

"I can tell. Plenty of bare flesh," Sarah said suggestively and I grinned.

"Yeah, well. It was a very, very hot day and we walked there and got the bus back. It's around ten miles all told."

"I did think that skirt didn't go well with hiking boots," Sarah admitted.

"Walkers don't care what they look like," I told her and smiled as we crossed the road towards the bowling alley.

I did beat her at bowling. We played two games and although her technique had improved she was still no match for my more experienced play. Sarah was good company and the reflective, complicated and stroppy teenager of the last fourteen hours was replaced with the energetic, confident and playful Sarah that I knew and adored.

I was happy to buy us lunch in a small café near the station and we took the train back to Wendover just after midday.

She was quiet on the train and I didn't want to disturb her thoughts so stared out of the window for the ten minute journey.

"Well say something," she said as we disembarked.

"What do you want me to say?" I asked and she shrugged her shoulders.

"I dunno. What do I say to Mum and Dad?"

I breathed deeply. "That's up to you. What do think you should say?"

"I shouldn't have run off but they should stop thinking I am a child."

"Hmmm."

“Well what would you say? Help me, please.”

“Apologise and admit you were wrong to run off without telling them but you were safe and home now, and you won't do it again in future. Say everyone can learn from it, including you, and hope you can put it behind you.”

“OK. Yeah” Sarah begrudgingly admitted.

“Then tell her the truth. You have been in a sexual relationship and would have told her earlier but didn't feel able to but you have been taking precautions. I assume you have been taking precautions.”

Sarah bit her lip. “Well sort of.”

“Sort of?” I asked and she shrugged.

“Well yes and no. When Kev can get condoms yes, otherwise we are just a bit careful”

“A bit careful! Aren't you on the pill?”

“Well no.”

“Why not?” I asked incredulously and then wished I hadn't. Sarah's private life was not really any of my business but she didn't seem to mind and ignored my intrusion.

“I can hardly go ask the doctor, can I?”

“Hmmm, well yes, you can. Julie did a few years ago. Mum found them in her room. She was quite OK about it as she was taking responsibility and doing the right thing. She just made an appointment with her doctor and she prescribed them.”

“And they don't tell your parents?”

“They aren't allowed, certainly not when you are sixteen anyway.”

Sarah was quiet for a moment.

“I can't just go on my own,” she thought out loud.

“Well take your Mum. Ask her to go with you. You know the whole mother-daughter bonding thing that's supposed to happen. Or maybe Donna?”

Sarah punched me playfully and went back to the original conversation. “So what about my behaviour? She doesn't like that.”

“Explain you are naturally flirtatious and you don't normally overstep the mark. We'll ignore last night though”

“Are you going to keep reminding me of that?” Sarah asked, her face grinning.

“Hmmm ... maybe!”

“Should I remind you that you turned down a free blow job from a, and I quote, gorgeous young lady”

“You didn't say blow job, you said uncomplicated fumbblings,” I muttered and she grinned,

squeezing my hand.

“You might have got lucky,” she said airily and I hummed.

“Going back to your behaviour, maybe suggest a bit of give and take. And whatever happens don't lose your temper, or get overly emotional. You were worse than anyone else I know last night.”

Sarah grinned at me. “I'm not all that bad, surely”

“No you're not, but just as you are having to deal with this for the first time, your parents haven't had an emotionally charged and headstrong daughter to deal with either before. This is new to them as well.”

“They had Paul, and he was no trouble as they keep telling me.”

“Yeah, the clue was in the word 'daughter.’”

“Smart arse.”

“What was it you said, 'irrational bitch.’”

“Demanding.”

“Oh yeah, a demanding, irrational bitch.”

We turned into St James Way and looked straight ahead at her house.

“Wish me luck,” she asked dramatically as we reached her driveway. “Please don't go anywhere”

“I'll wait on the bench,” I told her, pointing at the wooden garden bench on her front lawn. It was hidden from the front of the house and driveway by a short hedge and faced out over the entrance to the drive. “I've bought my book, so I'll wait until you or your parents tell me to go. If you need me, I'll be here.”

Sarah wrapped her arms around me and then wiped her eyes. “Thank you.”

I watched as she went up to her front door to face the wrath of her parents and then sat down on the bench to finish 1984.

* * * * *

I heard very little shouting coming from the house which I took as a very good sign. I was expecting doors slamming and raised voices but the only sounds I could really hear were those of the birds and of the wind rustling through the trees. I finished my book and looked over at Sarah's house but could see no life. I thought about knocking on the door, but I didn't know what I would say or what use I would be.

I didn't know why I was even waiting for her. I thought I just needed to know she was fine, but the truth was probably different and I didn't want to admit it. I was there because, and only because, Sarah asked me to be and I probably wouldn't have done it for anyone else. Well almost anyone else, the playful and mysterious Abi having taken a backseat in my emotions for twelve hours was re-entering my thoughts.

I was stirred from my lustful deliberations by a door closing and Angela walking over me.

"Afternoon," I called out nervously and she greeted me.

"Have you been there since Sarah has got back?" she asked and I nodded.

"She wanted me to be around in case of ... well she ..."

"I know. Can you thank your parents for keeping her safe, and making sure she phoned. Will and I were really quite worried last night until I spoke to you."

"Will do" I murmured. "Is she OK now?" I asked and her mother nodded.

"She'll be fine. We are all a bit bruised by it all but she's fine."

"I'll be getting back then. I have to help Abi pack as she is moving tomorrow."

"Thanks again, Andy."

"Could you ask Sarah, if she fancies it, I'd love to meet up with her go bowling or have a picnic at the weekend?"

Her mum looked at me, apologetically. "Sorry Andy. She's grounded."

"Oh OK", I replied. "I guessed she might be. Can I ring her?"

"Yes, you ring her. I think she'll like that."

* * * * *

Abi had very little to pack and required very little help. She was still mostly living out of suitcases but did wash the few clothes she had worn.

Rhea was busy teasing Julie as she darted around the house. She had only been back from University for two weeks, and in the house less than 24 hours but had still managed to lose half-a-dozen critical and important items for her holiday.

"What's she still looking for?" I asked Rhea as Julie shouted at the dining room in frustration and stormed upstairs.

"These," replied my little sister, and she held out two pieces of swimwear from underneath her top. "They are her bottoms to both of her bikinis"

"Has anyone ever told you that you are going straight to Hell?" I asked, laughing at her. Rhea stuffed the garments back up her top as Julie came storming down the stairs again.

"All the time," she grinned. "But then again so will big brothers who sleep with other boy's girlfriends, eh?"

"I didn't, Rhea. And as disappointed as that sounds, there is nothing you can wind me up about it."

Rhea's eyes flashed. "Oh I wouldn't say that. They'll be something."

"There is nothing Rhea. I don't even go gooey-eyed over Sarah," I told her. "I was very careful last night and Sarah and I did nothing we should not have done."

"I don't believe you, bro. And you do go gooey-eyed over Sarah. And Abi."

Abi and I had an enjoyable evening together. With Rhea and Julie around it was not as sexually charged as our previous time together but we played cards, watched a film and generally enjoyed each others' company. I wondered what she would say when I asked her out, if I had the courage. I just hoped she would say yes.

* * * * *

Abi had very little to pack and expected no help. She had loaded her car except for her big suitcase by the time I had got up, although she had the good sense to not refuse my assistance when I went to carry it downstairs.

Abi was excited about moving into her own flat. Mum was there to wave us off, even though we were only going around the corner and had bought her (or acquired from her club) a bottle of champagne to celebrate. Abi's new flat was converted from a house and occupied the lower floor of a period terrace. I looked up the road as she pulled in next to her property and imagined parking could be a problem if many of the residents owned cars but because it was a Tuesday everyone was at work and the road was almost empty.

I hauled Abi's suitcase in first as Abi unlocked the front door. She had obtained the keys from Angela the night before and they had already agreed on the bedrooms. Angela, as she had found and chosen the property, and then arranged all the paperwork for the flat would have the bigger room but both of them came with double beds and were of a decent size.

The entire flat was in need of some redecoration and Abi's room was covered with 1960s flowery green wallpaper and navy curtains. "I know what you're thinking," Abi said as I put the suitcase down in front of her cupboard in the corner. "It's no palace, but it's a home."

"I think it's cool," I lied but I was sure Abi saw through it. We emptied the rest of her car in less than ten minutes and then Abi offered me a guided tour.

To say it took even less time than offering it is unkind but the flat was small. The living room contained a brown leather sofa that seated two people, a fireplace that didn't work, a hi-fi and a small television underneath the two massive sash windows that looked out over the street.

The bathroom was covered in light brown marble effect tiles and contained a white bath, a shower over the bath, a white sink and a white toilet (that was practically touching the bath). It looked smart, but it was tiny. The kitchen was long and narrow. I could foresee plenty of touching if two people needed to cook at the same time, given that there was no room to move past each other. The worktops were a decent size and the cooker looked fairly recent but it still needed some maintenance doing on it.

There was a shared communal garden outside and Abi's flat had its own wrought iron table and chairs but Abi searched my face for approval and it was, if nothing else, warm and homely. I nodded, it was a small flat, but its' diminutive size probably came at a diminutive cost, and Abi seemed genuinely happy with her new residence. She sought some sort of approval, and got it.

"Abi, there is something I need to ask you?" I said as she returned back from the garden. I felt butterflies in my stomach and my hands sweaty. "I couldn't ask earlier because it wasn't right. Please will you go out with me? I've never felt happier being with anyone before" I gushed, staring at the floor barely pausing for breath.

I watched her intently, hoping her magical smile would come back. What would she say or do? Tears welled up her eyes and she began to wipe them away.

She was crying. What had I said? I thought she'd be happy.

Note from the author

The "Growing Pains" universe is a set of stories that centres around the life of Andy Williams and all those who got to know him as he grows up. While everything may not be totally clear, it will be the time the Universe is all released. For a fuller explanation please see my website under "Site and Story Credits."

I shall try and keep to a regular posting schedule and will upload to StoriesOnline.net, Feedbooks, asstr.org and my website. Completed stories will also be uploaded to Amazon Kindle, Smashwords and FirstyFish, where their internal policies permit.

The next two stories to be released are:

New Pleasures Chapter V

Andy starts work at the Club and then loses his temper with Donna's cousin. Grace is manipulative and Abi treats Andy to an experience he will never forget.

Excerpt: Abi gave a hollow smile and shook her head. "I'm not. You only want me because I am a stripper!"

I scowled. "No. I want you because I think we would make a good couple and I just love spending time with you. And because you a wonderful."

Abi blushed and shook her head. "I'm not," she said with a derisive grunt.

To be released on, or before: 29th June 2012

New Pleasures Chapter VI

Andy has a night of passion before a passionate picnic with young Sarah while Rhea gets herself grounded.

Excerpt: "Stop winding your little sister up," Abi said and squeezed my thigh under the table.

"Just giving her a taste of her own medicine."

"And did you give Abi a taste of your medicine?" Rhea spat back, her scowling replaced with anger.

"Rhea!" shouted Mum and Rhea looked.

"I heard them last night when I went to get some water. She was sucking him off all night." Abi and I shot each other a reproachful look that Mum saw. "It was disgusting!"

To be released on, or before: 5th July 2012