

NEW PLEASURES

CHAPTER FIVE



By
JOHN D

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Credits and License

Codes: MF, teen, f-solo, toys, oral, first

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Preface

This story is the ninth instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe: Andy has his answer from Abi, 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.

“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 V

“What's wrong?” I asked and took a step towards her.

“I'm fine,” she replied through her tears and looked at me shaking her head. “Why me?”

“Because I really like you. And well you are, you're everything I want in a girlfriend.”

Abi scoffed at me, “I'm really not who you think I am. I am not everything you want, trust me. I have a lot of baggage and I will end up hurting you, and I don't want that.”

My heart was beating furiously and I searched around her lounge for inspiration. How could I express my feelings in a way that didn't sound pathetic and over-emotional? I sighed and pointed her towards the mirror on the wall. “Paula used to get me to do this and I can't explain this any other way. Look into it, what do you see?” She shrugged and I went behind her. “Who do you see?”

“I don't know, Andy. I see me,” she muttered and I saw her eyes well up again.

“You see your flaws. You see the things you hate about yourself. The things you would rather no-one else saw or knew.” Abi nodded meekly but didn't say anything. “I look in the mirror and see this beautiful girl. Confident. Smart. Understanding. Impossibly flirtatious and sexy. Incredible company and just complete perfection.”

“I'm not perfect, Andy. I'm anything but and if you think I am you will be disappointed,” she said tearfully.

“Sorry, I forgot modest.”

Abi turned round, her eyes full of tears. “I'm being serious.”

“So am I.” I wiped her tears from her cheeks. “I know you're not and I don't want you to be.”

Abi gave me a hug and held me tightly for a few moments. “I have many dark secrets in my life that you won't like so don't think of me like that. I want to be friends with you but I can't be your girlfriend.”

I felt my heart sink. “So you have issues, you have a dark past. It doesn't matter. I like you just the way you are.” I gulped and took a deep breath. “I've not known anyone like you. I just enjoy being in your company and I mean it when I say I really hope you stick around Aylesbury for more than a few months.”

She smiled and bit her lip.

“I like being around you too, but if you knew ...”

“If I knew what?”

Abi shook her head. “Coming here and meeting you, and Grace. Seeing Angela again. It's done me the world of good. I didn't think it would but I can't explain it. So I do want to stick around, but I have some things in my past and I need to sort them out.”

“That's fine, but that doesn't mean we can't go out, surely?”

Abi burst in tears and shook her head. "I'm sorry. I just can't be in a relationship with anyone right now. I just can't."

I felt emptier than I had ever done in my whole life: what was wrong with me? I was keen to get away from Abi in some respects but Abi was fairly upset after I asked her out, so I stayed for longer than I probably should have done. She was suddenly very tense and apprehensive around me whereas before she was carefree and happy. She kissed me as I left and told me she wished things could be different but she couldn't get involved in a committed relationship right now. I almost resented her a little for it, but always knew that she was out of my league. I hoped and aspired for something I clearly could not have.

I phoned Sarah when I got home. She sounded happier than I was feeling and said she wished she could be with me but I was glad her parents had grounded her, as I simply couldn't face her bubbly demeanour. I loved her for it, but I needed someone to talk to who knew me. I needed a Paula or a Ray but Paula was in Bournemouth and Ray came with Donna.

I needed a friend; what I got was Rhea.

"Turned you down, has she?" she taunted when she returned for lunch.

"Hmmm, yes. She said she didn't want a relationship" I found myself saying. I had been brooding on the sofa for two hours and not even turned the television on. Rhea's baiting nature disappeared immediately.

"Oh I'm sorry bro, did she really?"

I exhaled deeply. "Yeah, it's not to be."

"Do you want to talk about it?" she asked concerned.

"No, not really." I said getting up from the couch. "I just want to get away from it."

"You know, Becky likes you. I'd set you up on a date. She's got big knockers and everything."

I smiled at her. "You're OK Rhea. Thanks, but I want Abi."

"Or Sarah?"

"Yeah. Or Sarah" I found myself admitting, dreamily, but both of them were well out of my league.

* * * * *

Mum sensed that something was wrong but didn't ask and Rhea didn't tell, at least not while I was present. I spent most of the day idling around, and doing nothing much. I sent my film off to Bonusprint for developing and put a load of my clothes into the washing machine but I spent too long worrying about Abi.

What was Abi's dark secret? I pondered too much about this. Was she running from the Police? Unlikely. The mafia? Possibly, or was that me spending too much time watching the Godfather? Was she secretly pregnant? Probably not as to my mind she was too slim to be knocked up. Was she here as she was in trouble with one of my cousins? But most of all, why was I so sure that Abi was the person who could make me happy, and what

would happen if Sarah was single again? There was a definite spark between myself and my classmate.

I knew none of the answers but it did not stop speculating about Abi. It dawned on me that maybe, just maybe, I had fallen for my image of Abi, a construction of what I thought she would be and should be. Perhaps, I was enchanted by a mirage that did not exist; possessed by Ruritanian fantasy that was no more real than the fairies at the end of the garden. Or was it possible that it was her flaws that attracted me, as much as her strengths, and that I wanted her not despite of her past but because of it? Perhaps I was attracted to her because she was complicated and worldly and not shallow and sheltered like so many of the girls I met in this affluent corner of the country.

At dinner Julie spoke excitedly about her holiday to the beaches of the Mediterranean and my silence was not noticed in between Rhea's wind ups and Julie's enthusiasm. Julie had purchased another two bikinis and Rhea's eyes lit up in excitement. I just hoped for Julie's sake that they were going to be well hidden or else Julie would be displaying her worldly charms to everyone! Mum disappeared to work at 7pm but promised to be back early as she was taking Julie and Oliver to the airport early the following morning.

I was in bed staring at the ceiling by 8pm; it was easier than talking. I had never been rejected before and I felt disheartened and miserable; I just wanted to be left alone as I had no idea what to do.

* * * * *

The flat was empty when I got up and showered. Rhea was in bed, and Julie and Mum were en route to Heathrow. I got myself some breakfast and idled down to the Club, but Mr Asuni was not in and the back door was firmly locked. I sat on the bottom of the fire escape and opened my book to read.

Ikenna Asuni arrived a few minutes later in his black BMW and greeted me with his usual deep voice.

"You're keen," he chuckled as he unlocked the back door and unset the alarm.

Ikenna showed me briefly around the Club and it was a lot like I had imagined. My mum had detailed what areas of the club I should be allowed access to, and which bits I was not – namely the stage, upstairs VIP areas and the changing rooms. The club had no sunlight (our flat was on top of the club) but Ikenna flicked a switch behind the bar, and a few seconds later the entire area was bathed in an artificial bright glow.

To begin with, I cleaned all the smaller round tables around the stage and wiped down all the chairs removing crumbs onto the floor and removing spilt drinks and chewing gum from the furniture. I repeated this on the dozen or so booths that surrounded the tables that were stickier and dirtier.

Ikenna helped me move the small tables on around the stage to one side then showed me how to use the industrial hoover and carpet cleaner. He was busy sorting out the bars that were on a raised platform and after I vacuumed and cleaned the carpet around the stage, I did the same by the bars and then in the reception area.

Every few minutes I had to change the water in the carpet cleaner and Ikenna laughed when I suggested that this had never been done before. The water was black and full of dirt. As Ikenna explained, the carpet was cleaned three times a week and other things

such as lights, skirting-boards, dado rails, walls and doors were cleaned weekly on different days. I knew I would earn my money but I did not mind; I was just grateful to be given the chance.

I was very careful to make sure I did a good job and not miss anything but was also keen to ensure that I progressed at a decent speed. I did not want to be seen as either sloppy or slow.

By 11am my mother arrived and greeted Ikenna but said nothing to me. She watched me for awhile polish the tables and then moved into the Office with Ikenna, who emerged twenty minutes later and showed me where the mop and bucket was and told me to do the same to the bar areas.

The other cleaner, Mrs Pollitt arrived shortly afterwards but already knew who I was and what I was doing. She seemed nice enough, chatting briefly after introducing herself as Estelle. I helped carry the vacuum cleaner and carpet cleaner up the stairs that lead around the stage to the upper floor and the VIP rooms as I did not think it was right to let a middle-aged women carry such equipment on her own when I was able to do so for her.

I saw Mum disappear for an hour; she said she was having lunch with Alicia and I just nodded as she left, returning just as it reached 2pm and I had finished. Ikenna and Mum checked what I had done looking meticulously at the tables and then the carpet. Apart from a small spill underneath one of the tills, an area of the bar I had intentionally avoided, they found no fault and even joked that if I stayed they would need to get new tables as I would "polish the varnish off."

Mum thanked me for my hard work and I left. I was glad of the four hours I had spent in the club as it had taken my mind of Abi completely but I was back to worrying about her again and I was not sure what would stop me.

It was Ray; he had come to the flat and left a message with Rhea that Donna, her cousin and himself were planning to watch Deep Impact at 4.30pm in the cinema's cheap viewing and that my presence was demanded at the pub opposite from 3.30pm onwards after he had finished working at his mothers' bakery.

The pub opposite, the White Lion, was a popular haunt for cinema goers but by the time 3.30pm had come around my mood had deteriorated dramatically. Rhea's ceasefire had well and truly ended and by 3pm I was shouting at her across the lounge. Rhea rarely cried or got too upset, but by the time I left she had barricaded herself in her room to avoid me and I felt more angry and vicious than ever. I was sure I would pay for it later, but didn't care: Rhea was not the only one who was allowed to get angry.

Ray saw me at the bar, without his companions and cheerfully greeted me. He had known me for long enough to know when I was not in a happy mood, but my lack of reciprocation towards his lively welcome did not seem to register with him. He chatted cheerfully and enthusiastically about Donna, a smile barely leaving his face as he spoke. I know now that it was selfish and petty, but I almost resented his happiness given that the person I wanted was so unavailable; I didn't want him to be so cheery.

The pub was not busy but the serving girl at the bar was not only slow but also managed to ignore us three times and serve newer customers before us. "Oi," I shouted aggressively to get her attention when were ignored for a fourth time. "Are we bloody invisible or are you just blind?" She looked around nervously and I continued. "Ten minutes we've been here waiting for you!"

“Mate,” Ray said calmly.

“Is there a problem here?” a tall middle-aged guy in a black shirt asked behind us. He had been collecting the empty glasses and stacking them in the corner of the bar without paying attention to anyone else before.

“Actually there is. We've been here for ten minutes and totally ignored while she fannies about ...”

“Andy, calm down, it's fine,” Ray interjected, putting a hand on my shoulder that I instantly shook off.

“You better calm down or you won't be getting served as I'll be throwing you out,” the barman said menacingly in a deep, firm voice. He pointed to a sign on the wall that read “Rules of the Inn”. “We have rules in here for how to behave and if you can't then you can leave.”

I was about to respond when Ray sent me outside to sit on the one of the outdoor tables and chairs while he got the drinks.

“What was all that about?” he asked as soon as he returned to the table with two lemonades and a packet of peanuts. I did not explain to Ray about Abi or Rhea's baiting, and he did not ask any further when I brushed off his question. He started talking about Donna and I tuned out of the conversation, nodding occasionally and staring out at the wildlife over the canal.

By 4pm there was no sign of Donna, or her cousin and 4.20pm I was getting more than a little frustrated. The cheaper priced tickets only existed for the afternoon viewings, due to the decreased number of people visiting the cinema, and if we weren't at the box office within five minutes we wouldn't get in.

4.25pm came and went and so did 4.30pm. At ten to five, Donna appeared with tall light haired girl who she introduced as her cousin Astrid, by which time I could feel I was on a short fuse. I felt exasperated and wound up. I could feel my shoulders being pressed towards the ground and a tenseness in the back of my neck.

“Fathers side” Ray mouthed to me in explanation as the short half-caste black haired girl stood next to the exact opposite of her cousin.

“Sorry we're late,” Donna said as she sat down with a Coke. Astrid climbed in next to me also with a drink and a packet of crisps.

“It's my fault,” Astrid simpered her face full of Cheese and Onion crisps. “I just couldn't decide what to wear. I was going to wear a little black skirt but it just made my bum look massive and ...”

I could feel my frustration boiling over as I brushed off a crumb of crisp that Astrid has spat over me. “You don't think it's got anything to do with the crisps then?” I asked with a faux calmness and she stopped.

“What?” asked Donna.

“You thinking a particular garment makes you have a fat arse is at all related to you having a fat arse because you stuff your face with crisps?”

Donna stared at me, open mouthed. "That's so rude."

"Oh, and turning up an hour and twenty minutes so we miss the film, isn't rude then?"

"Andy, look, if you don't want to ..." Ray started but I ignored him and looked at Donna.

"...and then turn up and blame it all on some ill-fitting garment made by children in god knows what sort of sweat shop for a dollar a day or something when the truth is because you stuff your face with crisps and..."

"ANDY!" Ray shouted, cutting off my rant.

"Sarah said you were so nice. She is so wrong," Donna screamed at me hysterically and I shrugged.

"Well I like Sarah, she doesn't turn up late and behave like a spoilt bitch ..."

I didn't finish as Donna launched her Coke towards me and hit me squarely in the face.

I stood up shaking my T-Shirt and she stared at me. "You know what, fuck you. Fuck the film. Fuck..." I shouted, waving my arm at her and stepped over the bench. Ray leapt up from his seat and I clenched my fists. I could feel the anger inside my welling up, the frustration from Abi coursing through my veins and anxious to have an outlet.

"I warned you," cried the barman taking strides towards me but I ignored him.

"Go on," I told Ray, staring at his confused gaze. Donna tugged at his shirt to sit back down and glared at me.

I felt an arm on my shoulder and turned to see the barman pulling me. "Get out. That is not the language I want in my pub. You're barred." I shook my shoulder and he pushed me towards the gate in the corner of the beer garden.

"And fuck you too" I shouted at him, my eyes glaring at them and left, kicking the pub specials board into the flowerbed as I went.

* * * * *

Rhea and Mum both looked suspiciously at me when I came in, Coke in my hair, T-Shirt and arms. It had dried on the way home, was very sticky and uncomfortable and I just wanted a shower. They said nothing, but I knew I would be quizzed later.

I felt bad for the way I had reacted to everything. I had been completely unreasonable and knew it. Part of me knew I was doing so at the time, but also part of me didn't care. Donna and Astrid had been unfair also, but what had Ray done? Or Rhea?

To her credit, Mum didn't ask any questions over tea and Rhea was still bruised from our shouting match earlier in the day, to even try and talk to me, so we ate in near silence, which suited me.

Sarah rang not long after Mum had gone to work and asked to speak to me. Rhea hesitated before passing the phone to me and then left me alone unprompted, although I suspect she was just at the top of the stairs listening in.

Donna had phoned Sarah immediately she returned home and relayed my antics from the

pub, with Ray's account of the previous altercation, and she immediately asked if I was OK and what had happened but I was not in a talkative mood and she sensed that. I told her I was fine, had been unreasonable (as had Donna) and regretted what I said. It was nice hearing Sarah's voice again, she sounded so reassuring and calm, and I wished she was with me but knew that it was better she wasn't and made my excuses after a short time; I just needed to be alone.

* * * * *

I opened up the club with Mum at 9.30am the following morning. As well as vacuuming the carpets, wiping down the chairs and tables and cleaning the bar, I also had to wipe down the intricate dado rail that ran the length of the club. This had accumulated a large amount of dirt and grime over the previous seven days and the cleaning cloth I was using was filthy by the time I had finished.

Mum was happy that I had cleaned the areas I was responsible for to an adequate standard and thanked me. "Andy," she called as I jumped down the steps into the main area to leave. "Are you planning to see Abi today?" I froze and then shook my head. What did she know about Abi and I? Why was she asking? "Abi was very upset last night and she wants to speak to you."

"She knows where I am, or has she suddenly forgotten?" I responded quickly and coldly. I didn't mean it, but felt if Abi wanted to talk to me then she should do it to me rather than through my mother. That was the behaviour of a twelve year old.

"She needs to speak to you when you are ready. She has gone through a tough time recently and we are all very worried about her. Please go talk to her." I groaned. "For me?" she implored. "Abi needs us. She needs you. It's tough for her."

I huffed at her. "OK. I will see her."

Mum smiled. "It's just you liked her enough to ask her out. It seems a bit silly that you don't want to see her now she's a bit upset. All she wants to do is be friendly."

"OK," I blurted. "I get it."

"Cause you've looked after her so well," she continued. "And I think it would a be nice gesture to go and see her, she'll be at home this afternoon."

"Right," I snapped and grabbed my wallet and keys from the side. Mum grinned and I couldn't help feeling that I had been manipulated.

* * * * *

As much as it pained me to admit Mum was completely right. I very much did like Abi and I was being a "sore loser" in the dating game. She made me laugh and feel good about myself; she was certainly sexy and flirtatious. Why was I being cold to a lovely and sexy female stripper who just wanted to spend time with me?

I had rehearsed me asking Abi out in my mind and I had just expected her to say yes and flock into my arms if I had the courage to do it. My brain might have told me that I was a hundred to one shot, but my heart told that I was destined to go out with her. I thought she had been flirty so she would get my attention and that she wanted to date me.

I, of course, was wrong, but if I wasn't going to get a date out of it, would a friendship with

Abi be such an awful consolation prize?

I barely had to knock when Angela answered the door.

“Oh, hi Andy” she called. She smiled when she saw me and had her jacket and shoes on.

“I didn't realise you didn't have heating,” I joked nodding towards her clothing and she smirked.

“I presume you're here to see Abi?” she asked and I nodded. “Well tell her I'm going to see my nephew and then gone to the shops, and ... umm ... be easy on her.”

“I have been,” I muttered defensively.

Angela gave me a wry look. “She's not had a good couple of days, keeps getting very weepy and I am a bit scared about her. We all are. Just treat her gently.” I felt a little chastised but knocked gently on Abi's door and heard a “come in” in response.

I tentatively opened the door to see Abi sat up in bed, topless and reading a book. Her hair cascaded over the side of her face and covered her ample and beautiful breasts perfectly.

“Andy,” she shrieked and bounded out of bed to hug me. I was tongue-tied as she threw her arms around me, her naked body pressed against mine. “I'm so glad you came.”

“Mum made me.” She looked up at me, her eyes welling up. “But I wanted to. I didn't know if you wanted to see me.”

Abi squeezed me tightly. “Of course I do, I just wanted to give you some space, after ... what happened.” There was silence for a moment as I hugged her tightly. “I didn't want to upset you. I s'pose I should have handled it a bit better.”

I pursed my lips. “I'm ... I'm fine.” She looked up and we parted from our embrace. “Abi, I don't think you're wearing any knickers.”

She laughed and shrugged. “I don't care.”

I felt my dick begin to stiffen but thanks to pants and shorts I don't think Abi noticed.

“I'm having a duvet day,” she rationalised and I nodded.

Abi climbed back into her bed and I sat on top of her duvet. It was too warm to be in bed and clothed and I did not think it to be appropriate to try and jump into bed naked with her.

“Are you sure you're OK?” she asked breaking the silence.

“Yeah. A little disappointed, but I understand. I really do like you, you know that and if I can be friends with you. Spend some time with you. Well that's not all bad, is it?” I told her, looking at my hands and not her exposed bosom.

Abi listened and shrugged. “I do want a friendship with you and I wish it could be different but I have just come out of a really, really bad relationship and I can't be in another one just now. I mean, I do like you and I knew you liked the look of me. I saw it in your eyes the moment you walked into your flat.”

I smirked nervously. “Tell me about it. The first time in front of anyone I've been lost for words. I can't explain it”

"No. And I teased you. I know I shouldn't have but I've always liked teasing and flirting but I just didn't feel comfortable doing it again until we went to town. I've not felt so relaxed for months but I didn't expect you to ask to date me. I suppose I was the girl you mentioned in the car outside Sarah's."

"Yes, you are. Although I didn't think I'd have the courage to ask."

"I didn't think you'd be stupid enough to want me."

"Abi, stop being so hard on yourself. You really are a ... nice girl."

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 are wonderful."

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

"Why not? Why do you think you're not?" I asked her, a little assertively, and she pointed towards the big bruise on top of my shin. "So you lost your temper. I got barred from a pub yesterday because I was in a foul mood." She looked at me with raised eyebrows and I added. "You don't want to know, but Ray and Donna aren't speaking to me anymore and I did kick the pub specials board into the flower bed. Things got to me."

Abi took a deep breath and looked away from me. "I didn't want to tell you this. At all. But Grace thinks it might be a good idea to tell you. She thinks you might understand, but I don't want to but ..."

"Tell me what?"

Abi took a deep breath and bit her lip, wiping her eyes. "Something," she gulped and sighed. "Promise me you won't think any worse of me."

I promised, my heart thumping in my chest; she paused for a moment and her hands started shaking. I tried to hold them but she took them off me and stared down at them.

"You know I was born in Scotland and I had a good life there. I started working for a solicitor called Margaret Partridge when I failed to get into drama school and things were going well for me. Then one month, she died and my boyfriend cheated on me and left. I met Angela at Margaret's funeral. She was dating Margaret's son at the time and she invited me down to Birmingham after we had spent a fortnight together."

I looked at her and she shrugged. "It was a complicated estate and Eddie – Margaret's son – had his hands full. In Birmingham, Angela introduced me to lap-dancing clubs as an easy way to make money and I enjoyed it. It's fun and well, reasonably safe. She liked it as she could work it 'round her degree."

"There's nothing to be ashamed about that," I started but she put her hand on mine.

"Please ... let me finish. Well I met this guy, Gavin. He was nice enough at first but things got a bit nasty after I moved in. I knew he was cheating on me, but I felt trapped. Angela moved back to Watford after Eddie found out about her lap-dancing last Summer and I started doing shifts at a massage parlour for a bit of extra cash."

“A massage parlour. Where you do massages?”

Abi spluttered. “Where I get fucked for money.” Abi burst into tears and I scooted up to put my arm around her.

“That's well ... a bit unusual ... but not totally ...”

She buried her face in her hands and started sobbing, my arm still around her body. What was I supposed to do? I felt just as helpless with Abi as I had done with Sarah. I waited until she had finished and asked her. “What's wrong? It's fine?”

“You don't get it! I was a prostitute. A whore. That's why my family don't talk to me anymore, they found out.”

I blinked; was I missing something? Half of the girls at the club had had sex for money at least once (Mum told me once when she was a little bit tipsy) and the cheap hotel nearby had a special couple of rooms for the girls who took “punters” home after a session at the club. If I had been asked, had Abi ever prostituted herself, I would have replied that it was very possible.

It obviously meant a lot to Abi. She didn't want to have told me, and while it would have been more of a problem to me if we were dating and she was “on the game,” the fact that it was in her past, was just that: it was in her past. “It doesn't matter,” I eventually said. “Loads of girls have done it, haven't they?”

“It does matter. Gavin forced me and took all the money I earned. Every blow job earned him more whisky. Every fuck more casino time. And when I wasn't fucking for cash I was being his skivvy or getting beaten. Not enough money and he'd start with the punches.”

I looked into her eyes. “Abi ... I'm so ... I didn't know,” I stammered and picked up her hand.

“I know.”

“But, why didn't you leave?”

“I did but it took me months to build up the courage but something happened and I had to. That's why I am here in Aylesbury,” she answered.

I looked at her as was a touch evasive and then took a deep breath. “This doesn't change how I feel about you. You still make me happy. You still make me laugh. You're still awesome.”

“I'm still a prostitute. A stripper. I'm still hated my family and all around me, and I still hurt people trying to help.”

I gulped. “If that's what you are worried about then I don't care and don't mind. I still want to date you if you want a relationship with me.”

Abi shook her head. “I'm a long way from being able to have a relationship with anyone.” She wiped her eyes. “Sorry Andy. Really I am. You're a great guy but I'm not for you.”

“So what happens now?” I asked and she shrugged.

“I don't know. I didn't expect you'd to want to see me again after I told you.”

"For God's sake, Abi!" I exclaimed at her. "I don't know why you think I'd think so poorly of you?"

Tears started streaming down her face again. "It's not easy understanding people after being beaten for several months for being useless and lazy." she cried. "I don't understand you at all."

"OK," I said with raised eyebrows and took my shirt off.

"Andy, what are you doing?"

"May I?" I asked and held out the duvet.

"May you what?"

I felt a twang of uncertainty in her voice and uttered, "join you. Cuddle up to you in bed."

"Cuddle up to me?"

"Yes, I like you Abi. Why is that so difficult to understand?" She flinched as I spoke. "I might have been annoyed and frustrated but I still like you. Now, may I?"

She nodded and spoke. "Of course," she said and I slid underneath the duvet.

"You know, men in my bed never normally stay clothed for long. You're taking a risk!"

"I'd have expected nothing less," I told her smiling and she put her hands on the back of my waistband.

"You sure?" she asked through her misty eyes and I nodded.

"I told you. Your past ... well it's just makes you, you."

She slid them down, freeing my aroused cock and brushing against it. I kicked my clothes onto the floor and took off my socks.

I had only had a naked cuddle with Paula but with Abi it felt so much better. She pressed her warm body against me and I smiled. I couldn't resist rubbing my hands over her soft skin although every time I went near her breasts I felt a small shock of warmth hit the base of my testicles.

Abi turned and closed her eyes, giving me a deep kiss on the lips. I opened my lips and we embraced properly, our mouths intertwined and tongues massaging each others.

It wasn't my first deep kiss – and it didn't go on long enough to be a "snog" - but it just felt wonderful, almost heavenly. With Paula it was always a little bit forced – we did it because we thought we should rather than because we really wanted to. With Abi, it just felt right.

My dick became rock solid instantly and Abi felt it. We broke and she stared deeply into my eyes. Grabbing hold of my cock she began to glide her hands over it.

"Nice," she squealed as she gripped my erect cock. I had never really known whether my manhood was "big" or not, I did not know enough to know and was not vain enough to want to compare with my peers in the school showers. Judging by the books I had read and the odd porn-film I had seen, it was not huge, but seeing Abi's reaction made me wonder if the erotic literature and pornography I had been exposed to was really that

accurate, or whether Abi was faking a satisfied reaction to boost my ego.

“Are you sure?” I whispered and she sssshed me.

“Yeah, it's nice,” she whispered. “Just enjoy it.” She looked at me out of the corner of her eyes and grinned. “It's the best bit about having a whore for a friend,” she said with smile. “They love to make you smile.” She disappeared under the covers, pulling my thighs apart, before I could say much.

“You don't have ...” I started but my chivalrous resolve crumbled when I felt her warm breath over my cock. I sighed and then sensed amazing tingles all the way from my cock to the base of my testicles as her lips touched the top of my penis. I couldn't resist and had to lift the duvet up to watch. I have never had a girl put her mouth anywhere near my genitals before and I wanted to watch her as she my body feel things it had never experienced before.

I saw two blue eyes peer back at me as her mouth enveloped over my erect member. I sighed out in pleasure and then groaned as her warm, silky tongue glided over the sensitive head. I felt nothing like I had ever felt before, a feeling of such energy and excitement shooting through my loins. I pushed my body against the mattress and spread my legs further apart.

Abi's eyes met mine as she released my cock and stroked it a couple of times with her hand, spreading the slick wetness from her mouth all over my erect member. I groaned as her thumb glided over the top of the glans, with so much pressure building deep inside my crotch. I had never felt this before and I sunk back in the bed.

“Oh Abi,” I groaned and she smiled before returning her lips to the crown of my cock and impaling her mouth down my shaft. I cried out, louder than before, scarcely able to comprehend the unbelievable sensations Abi was creating in my loins.

She bobbed up and down my shaft, her hair falling forward as she moved to brush the inside of my thighs. I barely noticed that my waist and hips bucked in time with Abi's rhythm and revelled in her experienced suckling of my genitals.

I could feel the pressure building inside me, and clenched my buttocks. My legs started to shake as Abi swirled her tongue around my sensitive head. I groaned and sunk into the bed even further. I recognised the feeling from when I used to play with myself and grunted. “Abi,” I cried. “I'm gonna--”

Abi increased her rate of swirling with her tongue, and began to pump my shaft with her hand. I felt a pressure behind my testicles I could not control.

“Abi!” I shouted as I felt my body release. Electric shocks flew up my body and a wave of indescribable energy cascaded to my extremities. Abi was relentless, sucking at my cock as it spurted several waves of my semen into her. Into someone else, for the very first time.

She waited until my body could offer no more, and circled the base of my cock with her fingers and glided it upwards. She looked at me, her face beaming and swallowed my deposit.

She snuggled back to me and went to kiss me again as I bathed in the warmth of my first ever blow job. I felt apprehensive kissing her after she had swallowed my semen but she

pulled me closer. "If you want me to give you a blow job then at least kiss me afterwards," she gently admonished me.

"Sorry" I muttered and then kissed her passionately, tasting a subtle tang on her lips. Our tongues intertwined for a few moments and we broke. "Thank you," I said peering into her eyes. "That was, incredible."

She smiled and kissed me on the forehead. "You're welcome," she murmured and I felt her hands move across my stomach. "Anything for my friends."

I tugged Abi closer to me and she put her head on my arm. "I've never felt anything like that before."

Abi smirked. "I've never met a man yet who doesn't like a blow job or several."

"And what about you?" I asked feeling guilty. I had been lost in my own pleasure I hadn't even considered Abi's.

"I enjoy making you happy," she said. "But I will never say no to 69." I thought through the term for a moment. I had heard it before, but couldn't immediately place the practice and Abi laughed. "Sorry. I ... er ... forgot. It's where both partners give each other head at the same time. You see the six and the nine". Abi waved her hands in the air but I visualised the position easy enough and my cock went solid instantly.

"Well, if you never say no," I started but Abi shook her head. "Please let me reciprocate ..." I asked and she looked into my eyes. I didn't want to take without returning something to her and the thought of kissing her genitals was a nice one.

"Do you know how to?" she asked and I shrugged my shoulders.

"Teach me?" I asked pleadingly. "Come on, you'd be the best person to show me," I told her and I saw a mischievously glint in her eye. "Please."

"I've never taught anyone before" she admitted and threw back the covers, spreading her legs slightly. I noticed her pubic hair for the first time and how Abi had trimmed but not shaved her mons to leave a nicely manicured V-shape. How short the brown hairs were and how they ended perfectly at the top of her slit. I ran my hands through her carpet and admired her. I had never taken the time to notice.

"You are going to have to get a lot closer than that," she joked as she looked at the awe etched upon my face. I blew her a kiss and slid down the bed so that my ankles were on the floor. Abi jiggled down slightly so her head was no longer on the pillow but her genitals were presented to me wonderfully.

She brought her feet up, and her slit teased open slightly.

"You can touch me you know, I won't break. I'm not made of glass," she teased and I tentatively held my finger out along the side of her hairless labia. I could see a dampness inside and eagerly touched it. "I was a whore you know, I am used to be touched." I groaned at her, but she peered down. "You said you knew where the clitoris was...." she murmured and I glided my finger through her damp patch and towards her clitoral hood. She moved my finger up slightly to a little ridge and I peered at it. She cried out and gripped the bed as I circled it with my index finger, putting pressure on it.

"Oh God!" she screamed and then told me to slow down. "That gets very sensitive. That's

the one bit of me that IS made of glass". She panted for a few moments as I ran my fingers up and down her crack slowly as I had one read in a book that caused her to mew repeatedly. "Right, do that with your tongue."

I felt an adrenaline rush as I nervously extended my tongue and it touched Abi's slick opening. I ran it up to the top of her labia, and around her clitoral hood, and back down to her perineum.

She muttered and purred as I tasted her sweet juices. They were slightly musky, ever so pleasant and unlike anything that I had ever had in my mouth.

She quickened the pace of her breathing and looked down at me.

"Two things....gently slide two fingers into me" she said and I took the index and middle finger and probed them at her opening. Her body eagerly accepted them into the warm cavity and I inserted them deep inside her. "Now curve them towards my belly button and stroke my insides gently"

I rotated my fingers inside her and she groaned as I did, but then cried out as I stroked the inside of her vaginal wall.

"Ahh ... ahhh ... now ... flick ... my clit ... with your ... tongue," she blurted out between pants. I slid my tongue up her crack and began flicking her engorged clitoris with the tip of my tongue.

She groaned and hissed as my fingers darted away at her insides and my tongue caressed her little button. She ran her hands through my hair and then clenched the edge of bed tightly with her hands.

Her grunting got higher pitched, her breathing ragged and her hips bucked against my fingers. She closed her eyes, and tensed her thighs. She shrieked and shrilled. She called out my name in excitement and I quickened the pace of my fingers rubbing along the inside of her pussy.

She squealed and cried in ecstasy, her high-pitched shriek echoing off the walls. Her thighs clamped between my ears and I sucked on her clit.

I felt her muscles tense around my fingers and squeeze them. They quivered as Abi's cries reached fever pitch. She yelled out as her climax hit her, her legs shaking and pulsating as her euphoric sensations crashed over her body.

She mewed gently as I sawed my fingers out her opening and gently licked her slit. She was content. Happy and content, and that is all I ever wanted for her. She beckoned me up the bed and I wiped my chin that was dripping with her juices.

I looked into her eyes and we our tongues met. We kissed and she pulled the covers back over us.

"I ... can ... see you have potential," she smirked and I laughed.

"It was good. I enjoyed it," I admitted. "I think I will like 69 too" and Abi giggled.

"It's a long, long time since I've come like that," she admitted and then stared at the wall. "But it's a long time since anyone has tried to." A tear formed in her eye, and I wiped it, but only managed to spread her juices over her face.

She looked up at me. "You can tell me you know" I told her and she shook her head.

"We better get up," she muttered after a few moments. "I got work to go to and I need a shower."

"OK" I replied, a little disappointed, wanting to hold her for a bit longer. I kissed her again and slipped out of bed, getting dressed.

"Andy," she started. "I do mean it though. I can't have a relationship with you."

"I know," I said. "I am happy with friends, honestly."

"Friends with an additional benefit or two?" she asked seductively.

I smiled. "If the gorgeous Abigail Isobel Kennedy wishes to engage in nefarious sexual practices with me, I might feel powerless to resist of course."

Abi smiled but continued. "You do understand?"

I nodded. "Yeah. I thought I needed to be in a relationship with you. What I think I need is to be in your company." Abi looked relieved and wiped her cheek.

"So you will still ask Sarah out then?"

"Sarah has a boyfriend" I replied. "She spent the night in my bed the other day and we did nothing other than cuddle goodnight."

"I know she spent the night in your bed. Your Mum moaned about it, but you like her."

"Maybe, but she has a boyfriend so it doesn't matter."

"I bet you anything you want she'll be single by September"

"You're on," I said with more conviction than I felt. "How much?"

"Money. I don't bet with money. A wager?"

Abi's eyes glistened playfully and I smirked at her. "What did you have in mind?"

"Well if I win, you can do all the cleaning and housework here for the week. The week before you go back to school I think. That's cooking, cleaning, washing, tidying. And you will be naked."

I grinned. "OK, you won't win. What do I get?"

"I'll be your slave for the day. You can do whatever you want from the moment you arrive to the moment you go home."

"Done" I muttered and then looked at the wall. "I do have one question though?"

"What, why you?"

I nodded. Abi looked at her hands and shrugged. "You know that my relationships with men, particularly recent ones, haven't been good. I either fucked or stripped or danced for their grunting enjoyment or was in a ... shit ... relationship that I had to run half way 'round the country to get away from. And then you turned up, bundle of hormones – I

subconsciously expected you to see my body and just lust after it like every other eighteen year old guy I've met. But you didn't."

"I'm sixteen" I told her and she nodded.

"I know that now, and that makes it worse. Or better. I thought you were eighteen until you had the row with your mum."

"And I though you liked dancing and stripping? Or at least didn't mind it."

"Oh I do. I love the thrill and the power and there are worst jobs. I mean, it is an aphrodisiac certainly and I sometimes get quite worked up doing it. I know I am just a sex object to the punters and I don't mind, but I don't like it, when I am being treated the same way at home. And that's it, totally. You were interested in being with me, but you were more interested in enjoying time in my company with me than ogling me. And it's made me feel good about myself again. I felt confident for the first time in months. If not years. But I never knew why you liked me if you didn't want to just get inside my knickers."

I coughed. "So why today?"

Abi shrugged. "Women have needs and urges too. I don't want to be celibate, it has to be someone I like and enjoy spending time with. And you were insistent earlier on being my friend, despite my chequered history. I was so worried I had really upset you."

I digested this for a moment and smiled. "I like being your friend, Abi" I muttered jokingly and she ruffled my short hair.

I smirked as she got of bed, displaying her nakedness freely. I eyed her womanly body, trimmed pubic hair, fantastic bosom and she snapped me out of it.

"Single track mind Andy."

"Well don't be so sexy then and I'll stop thinking about it". Not that either of those two things was going to happen any time soon.

* * * * *

"So you and Abi sorted now?" Mum asked as she dished up lasagne.

"Yeah, fine" I replied non-committally. "We're friends."

"... and you are both happy?"

I nodded. "Yeah. Very. It's what I wanted, and it's what she wanted."

She peered up at me and I nodded. "We chatted. She told me about her past, well some of it. I told her I didn't mind and that it didn't change how I felt about her, and then we agreed to be friends."

"Well as long as you are both happy."

"Yeah. I think we are. It's good"

Mum tensed up for a moment and asked, "And her past doesn't bother you?"

I shrugged my shoulder. "Why should it? We all have skeletons in our closet" I responded

airily. "I very much like Abi, and her past is all part of her. And I like her. All of her, if that makes sense."

Mum looked over at me as she put the empty lasagne dish in the sink to soak. "Yes I do," she said with a smirk. "But I told her you wouldn't care but she was terrified you wouldn't like her any more, think of her as dirty. You have made quite an impression on her," she said in a quiet voice. "She doesn't know anyone else in Aylesbury so she will need you."

Rhea could sense that I was in a better mood and began her teasing again but for once, she didn't irritate me at all and I even gave as good as I got. I think Mum was happy to leave for work that night, what with all the needling and goading, however good-natured that it was, that was going on between Rhea and I. This nearly culminated in Rhea being thrown through the kitchen window when she hid the remote control to the television and refused to give it back.

At 8pm I disappeared upstairs to use the phone in Mum's bedroom to phone Sarah. Although I didn't go into details, that would be too indiscreet – at least for a telephone conversation – she did realise that Abi and I now had a friendship that had a physical element to it. Sarah was happy for me but her being grounded had done little to improve her general mood although she was happy to tell me she had not fallen out with her parents again. That said, they had banned her from going to London for the foreseeable future and her boyfriend had, apparently, lost his temper when she told him. I wondered if my bet with Abi was really that safe?

"So was it Abi or Sarah you were screwing this afternoon?" Rhea asked when I returned downstairs.

"What?"

"Well you were either speaking to Sarah about Abi or Abi about Sarah. Given Abi is probably working, I reckon you went to Abi's, got your end away and then phoned Sarah."

I stared at her, shocked. "Rhea! It's very rude to listen in on other people's phone conversations. And you have a very active imagination."

Although, skills of detection would probably have described it better.

* * * * *

Mr Asuni was ready to let me in at 10am and I vacuumed the carpets, wiped the tables down, polished them, cleaned the bar, cleaned the doors and then hoovered and dusted the office. It was 2pm by the time I had finished, even though I had spent most of it daydreaming about Abi, and Mum looked around her, far cleaner nightclub.

"You've done better than I expected this week," she admitted and we slipped off to the empty Greasy Spoon around the corner for bacon rolls. "I thought you'd want to give it up after a couple of days."

I scoffed at her and she grinned. "My treat," Mum said as I got out my wallet.

"I'm earning now," I told her but she wouldn't accept any sort of payment.

"Abi seemed happier last night," Mum said as we sat down. I froze and looked away. "Whatever you said ... or did ... well she was smiling all night. Never seen someone make so much money."

I went red and looked at my hands. "Well ..."

Mum laughed and took a gulp of her hot tea. "I never thought a child of mine would be embarrassed about sex!"

I looked around and then stared back at her. "I'm not embarrassed. There is a time and place, mother. This isn't it."

She grinned. "Yes, alright. But I do notice when a teenage boy sulks for a day, spends the afternoon with a pretty girl and then is all smiles again. Not to mention what happens to the pretty girl."

Was I really that transparent? "Can we change the subject?"

She shook her head. "No, I am being serious now. Be careful with Abi, for both of your sakes. I do worry about you."

"Yes Mum, I know" I said exasperatedly. "We are not going out, we are just friends. And we didn't have sex."

She gave me a knowingly look. "I never said you were going out or that you had sex."

I sneered and she tapped the table.

"I was sixteen once, you know. I know things about Abi which you don't, and shouldn't. All I am saying is that don't get too attached to her. She is a great girl, very strong and feisty and I know you like her. I can see it in your eyes, but you are my son and I worry about you." Mum paused and then continued in a lower, more sombre voice. "And Abi."

"But you told me too."

"I told you to patch up your differences and be friends. You both need each other. You are still pining for Paula and she is lonely. And you both like each other. But just don't get too attached. And don't get careless. I don't want baby Andy's just yet."

I groaned. "We've not had sex Mum. Now can we drop this? I am not going out with Abi."

"I'm just saying, be careful with Abi."

I sighed. "So if I was being with Sarah, would that be any better?" I asked, somewhat flippantly and she shook her head.

"She's nice enough but she'll get you into trouble"

"Trouble?" I spluttered. "Sarah's a Grade-A student. She's anything but trouble."

Mum took a sip of her drink and tilted her head onto her hands. "No? Can you imagine Paula running away ten miles from home in the pouring rain to hide from her parents and then turn up on the doorstep of someone she has only known for a few days?"

"No. Probably not." I admitted. "But she is good company and I do like her"

"I'm sure you do. She's a nice girl, but she is also immature and self-centred."

"Is there any girl I can see that doesn't come with a warning?" I replied and Mum shook her head.

“Of course not. That's the job of a mother, although your affections do appear to be easily bought.”

“My affections?” I asked her, perplexed.

“Well, Abi and Sarah, bit of flirting and you go all puppy-eyed,” she teased. “All Sarah had to do was flutter her eyelashes at you that night and you let her do whatever she wanted, treated her like a right little princess.”

“I did not,” I replied instantly but Mum was having her fun.

“Oh you did. Your affections are cheaply bought. You forget where I work and I see the flirting all the time to entice the punters. Abi barely needed to try and Sarah didn't.”

I was saved from having to respond to that comment by lunch arriving.

That afternoon was a team meeting. Mum called them every Friday afternoon at 3.30pm and they lasted for no more than an hour, but normally less than fifteen minutes. All employees were expected to attend, and they got paid for it. They also got their weeks wages and those pay-packets unclaimed went into the safe for collection when the employee was next in work.

I sat on one of the tables that Mum had dragged together. By 3.30pm, Abi and Angela were there with at least fifteen other dancers. I knew Troy, a large muscular white guy who worked as a bouncer but had not met Dwight, an even larger black gentleman. A couple of the bar staff and Ikenna together with myself, Mum and Estelle completed the staff.

I deliberately sat between Ikenna and Abi – the two members of staff that I knew and neither of them minded. Abi chatted to a couple of the girls – mostly about lingerie – and I didn't join in but did listen with half an ear. The chatter was almost scandalous and was not tempered because of my presence. Not that I expected or wanted it to be.

Mum opened the meeting, by passing around some photos taken from the Police of troublemakers who had been barred from other establishments in the local area and who the bouncers and the dancers were to look out for. My heart leapt, half-expecting the White Lion to have sent my details around but as neither Abi nor my Mum mentioned anything and I could not see my mugshot from the photos I suppose I got worried needlessly.

Ikenna chatted about the offers the club had on that week. It all seemed frightfully expensive to me, but then paying for overpriced drinks kept me in wages so I could not object. They introduced Abi as Isobel and myself and we were greeted by everyone saying “Hi” and then Mum passed round envelopes containing wages for work rendered to Thursday.

Mum said she was drawing up the rotas for August and September and wanted requests for working days in a fortnight's time and also reminded everyone that she was still frantically looking for more dancers.

That closed the meeting and we all scampered to our respective banks to pay in pay-packets although a few of the girls went to a local café for a drink and a bite to eat before starting work.

I smiled. Twenty pounds a day was seriously good wages for just four hours work, especially for a sixteen year old. However would I spend it all? Or more to the point, on

and with whom?

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 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: 1st July 2012

New Pleasures Chapter VII

Rhea helps Abi to overcome a shock while Andy's young lover takes his virginity from him. Sarah's dinner party is less than successful and Rhea has to take direct action against parental discipline.

Excerpt: We returned to the flat to find a naked Rhea home from school and spread out on the couch.

“Jesus Christ!” Ray blasphemed behind me.

“Yes this is Rhea's hunger strike, in protest of Mum confiscating her new obscene underwear set,” I told Ray. “I thought she would have given in by now, but ...”

“Oh brother, so little faith in his little sister. But I see you have brought me prey.”

“Yes, very good Rhea,” I muttered but she got up from the couch and sidled over to the embarrassed teenager beside me. I grabbed her arm to leave Ray alone but she pushed me away and ran her hands down his flanks.

“Hello sexy. Long time no see. You've abandoned me for all these months,” she said alluringly, her puppy-dog eyes staring up at him. He backed away, but Rhea followed him, and I had to suppress a giggle as the look on his face, a toxic mixture of alarm and fear. Rhea put her arms around him and pulled him onto her as he reached the edge of the room and was penned up against the wall. “Kiss me, big boy. You make me weak at the knees. She put her hands on the inside of his waistband and he yelped, his hands trying to displace Rhea's. “I've not stopped thinking about you, all those times you'd want to see me naked. I love you Ray.”

“Rhea, he has a girlfriend now,” I told her but she cackled alarmingly

“I know. Leave her Ray, come to me. I want you, over the dining table. Come make my dreams come true, Ray. Love me big boy,”

To be released on, or before: 8th July 2012