

NEW PLEASURES

Chapter Six



By
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Credits and License

Codes: MF, teen, oral, first, rim, cheat

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Preface

This story is the tenth instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe: Andy has a night of passion before a passionate picnic with young Sarah while Rhea gets herself grounded.

“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 VI

Friday nights were always busy at the club and as such I had to spend longer lugging the carpet cleaner around the floor. Once again, it needed several trips to empty the filthy and jet black water, and if I had not cleaned it myself just a few days previous would have thought that it had not been cleaned for months. Just how did the carpet get so dirty?

Ikenna was his usual cheery self, having a conversation in his deep voice with whoever was closest. As someone who is not much of a football fan, the World Cup in France was passing me by but Ikenna had some money on Croatia to go far and for France to win and, by all accounts, his bets were doing very well.

Ikenna helped me move the tables, as before, and in return I helped him replace the two giant bottles of vodka that needed changing. I was in time to greet Mum at lunchtime, followed by Estelle and then Susie, the barmaid.

I had not noticed her before, she had always faded into the background, but she came in dressed in motorcycle leathers not acknowledging anyone's presence and disappeared to the staff changing room. She certainly suited leathers with her short black hair and imposing presence and looked every inch a stereotypical female biker.

"I've left my bike in the yard," she yelled as she re-emerged dressed in T-Shirts and shorts. "Shopping in town for a few hours."

Ikenna acknowledged and greeted her, and she crossed the floor to talk to him. "Gotta see this" she told him excitedly and lifted her T-Shirt up to her breasts to show a tattoo of a musical score on top of a dagger plunging into her waistband of her shorts and down towards her sex. "It goes right down," she announced proudly. "Aaron reckons it's one of the best he's ever done."

"Now that I do want to see. You've not seen Susie's tats, have ya?" Ikenna asked, slapping a hand on my shoulder. "Keep her sweet and she'll show 'em you."

Susie flashed me a smile and pulled her shirt down. I could see colourful drawings all over her arms and even at the base of her throat and she smirked at me.

"I've got them everywhere, baby." I was lost for words but Susie didn't notice and left.

"She's a character" Ikenna told me smiling and I set about polishing the bar. I couldn't disagree and briefly wondered if I would be any more attractive to the opposite sex if I had a tattoo. Abi might approve but Mum most certainly wouldn't.

Rhea was in the flat with a couple of friends when I reached the top of the stairs, sprawled out leafing through some magazines on the sofa as I entered the lounge.

"Your girlfriend called," Rhea told me.

"Which one?" I asked and Rhea's friends giggled.

Rhea pretended to think for a moment and then stuttered. "Not the one that isn't cheating on her boyfriend even though she begged to sleep with you the other night."

"Not Sarah, so Abi?" I asked

Rhea nodded and smirked. "Aren't you going to phone her?" she asked as I walked past the phone.

"Maybe. But not with you listening in," I replied and Rhea pouted.

I waited an hour before phoning Abi; I did not want Rhea to pick up the phone in the lounge and listen in on the phone call which I suspected she often did, and snuck into Mum's bedroom to dial her. She answered it almost immediately and sounded excited when we spoke.

I felt as though I wanted to see her again, but did not want to presume anything. I wanted to try the "69" position certainly, and wanted to go down on her again – I had thought about little else in the previous 48 hours – but I had to remember she was my friend, not my girlfriend. Our relationship had to be built around the mutual enjoyment of each others' company not sex.

I suggested we go bowling or shopping on Sunday after I had cleaned the club and Abi murmured in quiet agreement. "Or we could just meet up for some more sex," she suggested matter-of-factly and I nearly dropped the phone.

"Abi!" I said in shock for her lack of self-control and I mulled it over.

"Angela is away for the weekend so I will be on my own and I need company. And I have so much to teach you. I like the idea of having a student."

I chuckled at her. "Why don't you just stay the night tonight? We can do whatever and mozy into town, and I clean the club in the evening. There will no-one there and I will have to open up anyway. Save you walking or driving home in the dark."

Abi pondered this, and we agreed if Mum didn't mind, then it was OK.

It was not, suprisingly, Mum who offered any sort of opposition to it when I suggested it. I did offer to walk home with Abi at 2am and come back the following day but she nodded in agreement when I suggested that Abi stay the night as Angela was away and I would open up around three in the afternoon to clean. The club would be closed on Sunday night so it did not matter when I did it.

Rhea, on the other hand, got worked up when she heard. First of all, it was unfair as her boyfriend was not allowed to stay over. Then, it was unfair as our vocal sex would keep her awake all night. I suggested that she not put her ear to the door and remain in her bedroom and this caused even more protest until Mum put an end to it

"Just make sure you make up the spare bed in the spare room. In Rhea's presence," Mum warned me in whispered tones as we retreated from my fuming sister and I smiled.

If Sarah could only see my mum and I now, she'd be green with envy.

* * * * *

Rhea had sulked for most of the afternoon, but she cheered up a bit when she saw that I had made the bed up in the guest bedroom. Clearly Rhea's injustice about Abi staying the night related solely to whether I shared my bed or not.

Mum was unerringly relaxed about Abi, and to a lesser extent Sarah, and I was concerned that there was something I wasn't being told, by Mum and Abi. Rhea snapped me out of

my thoughts by presenting me with a pink slip after Mum left to go to work.

"Andy, please can you sign this?" she asked passing me a detention notice from her school. I looked up at her with a raised eyebrow. "It says parent or guardian and tonight you are responsible for me so you are my guardian!" Rhea responded, using her incredible powers of interpretation.

"I think it needs Mum's signature."

"OK. Well just sign it as Grace Hardy then." I turned to look at her with raised eyebrows again and she shrugged. "Oh come on Andy. I know you can forge Mum's signature. It just doesn't look right when I do it, I can't write in fountain pen. I can do everyone's signature, I was writing Becky sick notes last week from her parents but I just can't write in fountain pens no matter how hard I try." She hesitated and pursed her lips. "They've had enough letters and signed forms to know Mum's signature so I can't just scribble it, and I know you've done it before."

I sighed and looked at the pink slip in front of me. "Mr Richards. Your favourite," I muttered to her and she shrugged. "Rhea and an accomplice were caught trying to abscond from school at lunchtime on Tuesday. A letter will be sent home by the Headmistress."

"A letter, Rhea?"

"Yeah, this one" she replied, pulling out a sheet of paper from her folder. "I think they wanted to talk to Mum so I also need a letter saying it has been dealt with and she doesn't want to discuss it further."

I laughed at her. "You need to speak to Mum and tell her, Rhea. It won't be that bad if you are honest."

She spluttered. "After the last time, I don't think so." Rhea snarled and I thought back to the incident, only a few weeks previous that had been traced back to her, when she had replaced the wallpaper on every workstation in the computer suite to one that displayed a naked woman with overly large breasts. The headmistress had, understandably, taken a dim view of this, especially as it was during her school's OFSTED inspection and Rhea had received two weeks of detentions and been grounded by Mum.

"Stop being caught then!" I told her and she crossed her arms.

"Are you going to help me, or not?" she demanded and I shrugged my shoulders. Rhea looked cross as I explained what would happen when Mum found out anyway and reluctantly, Rhea eventually begrudgingly agreed with me that she was not avoiding punishment, merely storing it up.

I went to bed at midnight with Rhea storming off a couple of hours previous. She had barely spoken to me all evening – she didn't like it when I was right and she was wrong.

I was woken up by the sound of the toilet flushing and looked at my clock. It was 2:55am and there was no Abi in my bedroom. I shook my eyes awake, jumped out of bed and looked out my door down the corridor. There was no movement outside, but I could hear voices downstairs and slung my dressing gown over my shoulders and walked down the corridor and stairs.

Abi and Mum were sat on the couch with a glass of wine each while the bottle, or empty bottle, stood on the coffee table. Mum had her back to me and as I walked into the room,

blinking to adjust my eyes to the light she looked round and put a dog-eared piece of paper back into an envelope.

“Aren't you coming to bed?” I asked Abi and Mum turned to look at me.

“Andy!” She grinned. “Did you mean to show us everything?”

I looked down and went bright red. I had put my dressing gown over my shoulders, but not fastened it, so my cock, balls and everything were clearly on display. “Sorry,” I muttered and tied it shut.

Abi laughed as I did and beamed at me. “Yeah, I'll be up soon. We're just having a chat.”

“OK,” I said wearily and blinked again. “You do know it's three in the morning.”

“It's my fault, I wanted to show her something,” Mum told me and I glanced at the discoloured envelope on the table.

“What?” I asked and Mum traced my eye line and picked it up. It was emblazoned with the word 'Grace' on the front but she shook her head to dismiss my question and not feeling fully awake wandered back upstairs.

I was awoken by my door being pushed open and a figure snuggling up beside me.

“Andy ... are you awake?” she asked quietly and I groaned as her cool body wrapped itself around my snug, warm torso. “Wake up. I've been dancing all night. I need you!”

I screwed up my eyes for a moment and looked across at the alarm clock. “It's 3.30am”

“Yeah, so. Your mum wanted to talk.”

I rubbed my eyes and stared into the darkness. “For an hour and a half?”

“Something like that. It helped, your mum is brilliant, but I am so ready for some fun. I've had one of those nights,” she replied and kissed me on the back of the neck. “Please tell me you're in the mood.”

Abi's hands slid over my body and she felt my stiffening cock. “Tell me why are you so horny?” I asked her and she broke from kissing my neck.

“I've done so many private dances and lap dances today. I got felt up in a VIP room by one of the other dancers. They wanted a lezzy show, but Alice got a bit too excited.”

As I turned to face her, she kissed me and then got up and swung her right leg over my head to present her crack to my face. I put my hands onto her thighs and guided her down gently onto me. My rod stiffened instantly and my eyes, adjusting to the tiny amount of light were pressed up against her globes.

Her fragrant scent filled my nostrils as I rocked my head back and inhaled her intoxicating smell of feminine arousal. My lips parted and touched hers, a few beads of her juices lingering on my tongue before rolling into my mouth.

She rocked slightly as she settled down and I brought my hands up. She was leaning forward slightly, and I slid my hands over her abundant, firm breasts, with my fingers resting on her nipples. She groaned and ground her hips down a bit further.

I extended my tongue and ran it across her slit, starting at her clitoris and extending back to her hole. The slickness of her runway, and the delightful, powerful taste only served to heighten my arousal. I wanted Abi to lean forward and wrap her lips around my shaft, but I liked the feeling of Abi being on top of me. I felt dominated, and safe and as she tried to lean forward, my hands held her back and brought her more upright, gently rubbing her nipples as I did so.

I licked her outer labia as I tried to avoid her clitoris. I knew from her house when I went for it she would climax and wanted to prolong her and my enjoyment. She moaned softly as I darted around her pearl, and into her hole with my tongue. She squealed when I flicked her perineum and then began to breathe quicker and quicker.

She ground her pelvis down onto my tongue as it flicked her perineum. I buried myself up to her crack as my tongue teased her clit and slid down her slit. I felt her juices running onto my face and then slid my tongue inside her hole. Her buttocks clenched as my tongue slid around her opening and quivered.

I felt her hands run down my body as I rolled her nipples gently between my thumb and forefinger: it was one of the few things I did with Paula who very much enjoyed it. Her crack was dripping and I started sucking her clit, stroking it with my tongue. I heard her squeal and then felt her muscles clench as slumped forward slightly. I did not stop massaging her clit with my mouth and she cried out, and again before I slid my tongue down her slippery crack.

It came to rest at her rosebud, and I flicked it gently. It was the one part of her that wasn't slick with our combined juices but my mouth was awash with our wetness that my probing and licking over her tight anus was soon causing it to be nice and slick; it was something I had read in one of Mark's books and Abi tensed instantly.

"Andy," she called out quietly, but I feigned deafness and kept massaging her breasts.

I oscillated my tongue over her bud and then pushed it forward. She squealed and ground her butt into my face. I felt her hands move and touch my chin: she was playing with her clit! I probed her anus as far as I could and I felt her body tense up.

She squealed and her body shook; her legs quivered and her torso fell forward. I heard her muffled shriek and she slumped forward. Her breathing was ragged when she swung her leg off of me, her eyes glazed and face ablaze with satisfaction.

"I was going to give you a blowjob," she whispered, "but I need you inside me." She looked at me with puppy dog eyes. "Please."

She half pulled me on top of her and I positioned my cock over her pussy. Here it was, the moment I had been dreaming about for years – losing my virginity. I thought I'd be nervous or anxious, but I wasn't. I knew what to do, of sorts, and allowed Abi to guide my erect member into her dripping hole.

Her warm, slick canal snugly gripped my shaft as I slowly slid it up so our pubic hair touched. I felt unbelievable sensations all down my glistening cock as I pushed it as far as it would go, leaving it for a few seconds savouring the intense pressure Abi was applying to my sensitive organ.

I slowly withdrew it a few inches and Abi groaned, the look of lust in her eyes as my cock impaled her. I gently thrust forward and she mewled in pleasure; it was so intense and

felt so incredible. All of my loins felt alive and there was an unbelievable, wonderful sensation at the top of my balls.

Abi slipped her hand over her clitoris while I slowly rocked my body in and out of hers. She squealed and shrieked a little more.

The air was full of the smells and noises of sex. I had closed my eyes as I instinctively began to pump into Abi faster and faster. I was panting furiously, the electric waves of ecstasy shooting from my loins. I could feel the intense pressure building. My testicles were contracting, and my legs began to shake.

I felt Abi tense her vaginal muscles around my shaft and as I plunged forward waves and waves of semen were pumped into her. My body shook as my climax reverberated around my body and I sighed loudly.

We waited for a few moments and then kissed, embracing wildly. She ran her hands over my back and gripped my buttocks as she broke our snog and kissed my throat.

It was intense. Far better than any handjob Paula gave me, or wank I gave myself. Better than the blow job a few days ago; I felt a connection to Abi that I knew was not there. It was an incredible feeling, an indescribable warmth and satisfaction and I couldn't stop smiling. Abi grinned at me. "Good?"

I nodded. "Amazing," I muttered and pursed my lips. It meant that I was no longer a virgin!

Abi and cleaned up with the tissues I kept in my drawer for when I was feeling particularly horny. Abi found the symmetry slightly amusing, but she was soon cuddled up with me. "Thank you," she said, resting her head on my shoulder. "I needed that."

My mind was awl with what had just happened. I had lost my virginity ... to Abi! I felt closer to her than ever before, but also slightly resentful. Why couldn't we date?

"I've not come like that for some time," she said. "I used to love my arse being probed gently but no-one has bothered. Mind you I used to like Simon sucking my breasts as well and no-one has done that for awhile or ..." Abi whittered. I hummed and she looked across at me. "Are you OK?" she asked and I nodded and held her tight.

"Oh shhhh-. It was your first time, wasn't it?" I nodded again, the power of speech temporarily not with me. "I'm so sorry, Andy. I'm so selfish ... if I had thought, I'd have made it special."

"It was special," I muttered. "It was amazing. I've never felt anything like it. And I am glad it was with you."

Abi pressed herself into me a bit further and we kissed but she was tense and I felt guilty. What had I done wrong?

* * * * *

Abi and I had a shower each before going downstairs. The musty, unmistakable sound of dried sex was in my room and I opened the window to clear it. We heard a few shouts and I suspected that Rhea was being admonished for her transgressions earlier in the week.

Abi had brought a dressing gown from home, and with just dressing gowns on, we went down to the kitchen to make breakfast; I kept thinking about the night previous and barely

stopped smiling. It was an incredible feeling and I felt on top of the world. I felt as though I could achieve anything.

Rhea was eating her breakfast as Abi and I came into the kitchen. She was at the opposite end of the table to Mum and was scowling. "Morning, cheery," I called out at her as I sauntered past and poured some cereal.

"I am not speaking to you," she said coldly as I sat down at the end of the table and I shrugged at Mum and Abi.

"Why are you not speaking to me?" I asked her, although I thought I already knew and she took a mouthful of her breakfast cereal.

"Abi, please tell my brother, that I am not speaking to him as I am now grounded until the end of term because of him." Mum spluttered a laugh and went to respond but Rhea continued. "And you know Abi must be a very light sleeper. Her bed hardly looked slept in. It's almost as though it hadn't been. Funny that?"

Abi held my hand under the table and we looked at each other guiltily.

"Abi doesn't weigh very much, does she?" I replied to Rhea who shot me another look. "It's not paranoia when everyone really is out to get you, right?"

"Stop winding your little sister up," Abi said and squeezed my thigh.

"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!"

"At no point was Abi's mouth anywhere near my ..." I started but hesitated over the most appropriate word.

"...loins?" Abi finished for me.

"Exactly."

Rhea stared at me and shook her head. "You're lying Andy. YOU'RE FUCKING LYING. That slut had her lips ..." Mum shot up from the table and interrupted Rhea, who threw her spoon into the empty bowl and stormed off.

"I'm sorry, Abi. I'll deal with her. I'm not having that language in my house"

"Shall we get dressed?" Abi suggested and we were outside our flat door five minutes later, just as Mum and Rhea started up again.

* * * * *

I was quiet in town, pondering over the activities of the previous twelve hours. I felt more confident and holding Abi's hand, it felt as though we blended in like a normal couple, instead of a strange, abnormal pairing I felt when I first took Abi around Aylesbury. She

was incredibly sexy and outstandingly beautiful, and would look like I was “punching above my weight” certainly, but the week previous it felt like a dream. Now it just felt like I was on cloud-nine.

The intensity of the sex had blown me away and I could think of little else. Abi, eventually got annoyed and then worried by my distant state and asked me as we sat down in the park with a drink each.

“Have I ruined it?” Abi asked as I looked out over the pond.

I realised what I looked like and held her hand. “No. Quite the reverse. It's quite a bit for me to take in,” I admitted. “It was very ... passionate. Intense.” Abi breathed out and snuggled up to me on the grass. “I meant what I said. I am glad it was with you.”

“But Andy ...”

“I know,” I cut her off. “I still think you are wonderful and you have been incredible to me.”

Abi snorted. “I don't know where I would be without Grace and you.” I looked down at her and she shrugged. “I hope you never know why but these few days have been so important for me and I've needed my friends.”

We kissed briefly and saw a familiar face glide up the path in the distance towards us, on his skateboard.

“Quick ... Jez ... scarper” Abi laughed but the irritating classmate didn't spot us and we melted back into the town, still holding hands. Once again, Abi pushed me up against the wall as we came in through the front door and showed me that she had no knickers on but pushing my hands up her legs.

“Who needs knickers?” She asked and poked her tongue out at me as I chased her up the stairs.

* * * * *

Rhea apologised, of sorts, to Abi but I neither expected nor received one. She was in a furious mood all afternoon and after Abi left in her car, I was glad I was able to clean the club. It felt being there on my own but Mum joined me after an hour and I took a ten minute break with an ice-cold lemonade.

“You need to be more careful and discreet if you want Abi to stay the night again,” she warned. “You left your bedroom door ajar. I shut it when I went to bed.”

I froze for a moment and buried myself in my lemonade. “OK. I'll be more careful, in future.”

“I don't want a repeat of Rhea's outbursts again. She will think it is unfair if Abi stays and her boyfriend can't.”

“But she's ...”

“I know. But don't make my life harder than it needs to be” she asked and I nodded.

“Abi seemed to have a good chat with you last night.” I said, changing the subject; I had no desire to talk about sex with my mother.

"I. I ... er ... I had a friend, long time ago, that went through something similar. Sandy," she said slowly.

I screwed my face up. "You've not mentioned her before."

Mum wiped a tear away and spoke. "No. She died twenty years ago. Today." Mum wiped her mouth and then her eyes. "She would have been forty tomorrow. I still think about her." I was silent as she spoke; Mum was clearly reminiscing about a painful past memory but I did not know what to say. "You would really have liked her, she is a lot like Abi."

I hummed, and we drank our drinks in near silence and Mum thanked me for looking after our visitor as she was "vulnerable." So Abi gives me the most incredible night I have ever had, and Abi and Mum thank me.

It's a tough life, right?

* * * * *

It had been a few days since I had seen Sarah and was determined to try and see her on Monday, given that it was my day off from working at the club. I rang her up Sunday evening after Abi had left and although Sarah was in, her parents were out for the evening at a show, so she was unsure if she could go anywhere given that she was still technically grounded.

She sounded down when I spoke and her usual energy and enthusiasm wasn't there. I felt sorry for her and we chatted briefly but Rhea came back into the lounge and started listening in so we hastily arranged to meet at her house with a picnic and hope that her parents would let her go to Wendover Woods with me. Given their issue with Sarah was that of trust, I did not hold out too much expectation that they would relent, but we could hope.

I guiltily arrived in St James Way at 10am with the picnic bag. I had been to the supermarket and bought bread rolls, ham, crisps, drinks and a selection of nibbles but had not been back to the flat to prepare anything, as I was eager to get to Wendover.

I could not say exactly why I liked spending time with Sarah so much. She was, in some ways, very complicated but was exceedingly good company and I did fancy her something rotten. I loved her confident nature, but could not help but like the fact she could be a little bit vulnerable. She ticked all my boxes, just as Abi did.

Her mum answered the door and clearly was not expecting any visitors for Sarah. I groaned inside when she greeted me and asked what I was doing there having expected Sarah to talk to her parents before I arrived. Why did she have to make her life so difficult for herself?

"Sarah!" she barked and a half-dressed girl emerged from the stairs.

"Hi Andy" she called from the bannister rail and Angela beckoned me in.

"Sarah, what's going on? I said you were grounded," her mum asked and Sarah looked sheepish for a moment.

"It's just a picnic. I'm bored of being inside the house all day," she muttered aggressively.

"That's what grounded means. Until we can trust you...."

"But you ain't ever going to trust me...."

"Whose fault is that?"

Sarah looked at me and I stared back, eyebrows raised. "OK mine. But please. It's just to the Woods."

Her mum shook her head and told her to get dressed causing Sarah to storm back upstairs and slam her bedroom door with the immortal teenage line - "it's so unfair!"

"I'll need to have words with her," Angela muttered and invited me into the lounge. "Do you want a drink?" she offered as I sat on the chair. The television was blaring away in the corner and she turned it off with the remote control.

"I'm OK thanks. I've got some water in the bag," I replied and she sat opposite me moving her open folder to the table.

"I didn't thank you properly for looking after her the other night," she said and I nodded.

"It's no problem. Even Sarah admitted that she should have rung although she wouldn't admit it at the time. She was a little bit...."

"Emotional?" her mum finished for me and I agreed, reluctantly.

"I should probably apologise for shouting at her that night, but she was about to storm out of the flat to go god knows where in the pouring rain."

Angela grinned at me. "I heard. But then I heard Sarah was shouting as well." We talked for a few minutes about my exams and she seemed genuinely interested, probably as Sarah had told her very little about them.

The lounge door creaked open and Sarah's head emerged, quickly followed by the rest of her body dressed in a light pink plaid skirt and pink crop top.

"Now what do you two think you are doing today?"

"It's just a picnic. We are going to take a walk up to Wendover Woods." Sarah replied aggressively.

"I don't like being presented with a fait accompli, Sarah. Inviting Andy over before asking us. You do know what being grounded means, don't you?"

Sarah looked over from the doorway at me and I gave her another raised eyebrow. "Yes. You weren't here to ask when he rang. I am sixteen you know" she wailed. "I'm not going to an all night rave or taking drugs or anything. It's just spending time with friends"

"The friend you've known for a few days," her mum countered and I sank in my seat. "I am not happy about go gallivanting into the woods with some guy you've only just met. Especially after what you've been up to for the last year when we've not been watching you."

Sarah looked at her mum in disgust and disappointment and I could sense she was about to start an argument.

"Mrs Bailey," I tentatively asked. "would Sarah and me be allowed to have our picnic in the

garden?" Angela stared at Sarah for a few moments who had thrown her hands up in exasperation at my suggestion.

"I think that is a good compromise," her mum told Sarah who shot me an evil look.

"We best make up the picnic then," I suggested warmly but her expression didn't change.

* * * * *

"You know you can be very unappealing when you are unreasonable," I told her as we walked out of her back door. It was not a huge garden and certainly well under an acre of land, but it was possible to be almost out of sight of the house and still be within her parent's premises. There was a number of flowerbeds and trees dotted around their land, but in the end, we settled for a large Willow tree halfway down the garden. I reasoned that the branches overhanging the lawn gave us complete privacy and we welcome the shade from day as it got hotter.

"I didn't know I was supposed to be trying to be appealing," she said coldly.

"You don't need to try," I replied a little too quickly and candidly. She smirked at me, her faux anger gone and held my hand. "And you know you are trying."

Sarah looked across up at me, still holding the three games she had brought out, as I put the picnic bag down on the grass at the base of the tree. "I am not," she said indignantly as we lay down on the hard lawn next to each other.

"Oh come on," I scoffed staring up at the branches. "Look at yourself. Very short sexy tartan skirt with nice long slit up the side, skin tight crop-top showing off loads of skin. The only thing you could have done to make it more alluring is to add some stockings," I teased.

Sarah blushed. "Well, I've got to ..."

"What? Cheat or just flirt?"

Sarah bit her lip at my chortling. "I don't want to cheat on Kev so stop saying that."

I raised an eyebrow at her and she looked at me seriously. "Sorry, but every time I see you, you are flirty and very sexy."

"It's not my fault if you want you to jump on me. You should stop being so horny," she said smiling mischievously.

"OK. Three questions. One, have you worn that outfit to see your boyfriend in London?" Sarah blushed and nodded her head. "Two, what happened when you did?"

"I can't tell you that." I laughed at her blushing and she buried her face in her hands. "OK. He couldn't keep his hands off of me as we got to the hotel. He fingered me in the lift, and we only just made it to the room. Satisfied now?"

"I'm sure you were. And three, have you worn that outfit since? To London I mean?"

She shook her head. "I've not been, but I daren't, although he keeps mentioning it."

"OK, I rest my case. You're flirting and it is unfair."

Sarah bit her lip again. "On whom? I am not supposed to do anything about it, any more than you are."

I smiled at her. "I know you're not although I didn't jump on you when you stayed the night," I reminded her and she weighed this up for a moment.

"You admitted you wanted to."

"You made me very horny. I was desperate for, well," I trailed off and Sarah giggled.

"Then why didn't you let me do ..."

"Because it was wrong and even though I was itching for it, it was better to wait."

"Until I had left."

"Yeah" I muttered and her eyes widened.

"You didn't?"

"Didn't what?"

"Have a wank after I left"

I went red and bit my lip.

"You had a wank when you went for a shower didn't you?"

"You made me!" I responded and she giggled.

"Anyway you have Abi now. I know that. I have Kev"

"I don't have Abi. I have a friendship, nothing more. She no more wants to be in a relationship with me than your mum wants you to go to London dressed like that. But I am happy with what I have now. I think it is better than what I wanted."

Sarah laughed but shook her head. "Men! All the same. You have a friendship that gives you sex but no commitment. No wonder you are happy."

I grinned at her. She was right I suppose, I did have it good but I had not considered my relationship (or non-relationship) like that. "So you are free to flirt then?"

Sarah shook her head. "Kev would go ballistic if he could see me now."

"What the short, sexy skirt, skin-tight top and no knickers?" I asked.

Sarah nodded and then digested what I said. "How do you know about no knickers?" she asked.

"I didn't. Well not until a few seconds ago! But I guessed you wouldn't wear any. It's Abi's influence."

"I've got to get your attention somehow, I like flirting."

"You do, don't you. Why?"

Sarah shrugged her shoulders. "I like being wanted."

“And fancied?”

She went bright red again. “So do you ... you know?”

“What?” I watched her face blush.

She snarled at me. “Fancy me?”

I hesitated and picked at some grass on my hands. “I ... er ... I don't think I really need to answer that.”

She beamed but I felt a little awkward. I had been a little too candid with Sarah. She knew I, along with half of our year, liked her, but I had made a promise to myself I would not raise one finger on her while she was dating Kevin and I wasn't sure if it was a promise I wanted to keep. Or even could, if she came onto me, and I didn't need to make my life any harder by encouraging the little minx.

“Tell me. I want to know,” she persisted.

I hesitated again and looked into her eyes. “You are one of the most beautiful girls that I know, but also the most argumentative. If you don't count Rhea, of course.”

Sarah cocked her head. “Naturally.”

“I think your boyfriend is very, very lucky to have you and very, very silly to treat you like he does.”

Sarah looked down at the floor for a moment. “He does love me. I can see it in his eyes.”

“I ...” I started. I wanted to tell her that he clearly didn't love her. That if he made her feel cheap and used he wasn't much of a boyfriend. That he was not good enough and that I would treat her properly. I wanted to, but didn't. I simply couldn't do that to her and wasn't sure in the Kevin vs Andy stakes, whether she would choose Andy – particularly with our friendship so new. I also wasn't sure if I really wanted her yet; Abi was just as charming (although no less unavailable to me). “I am sure things will get better” I finished.

Sarah snorted. “Mum and Dad have refused me permission to go to London on my own so if Kev wants to see me, he has to come to Wendover or Aylesbury in future. He went mental at me. Proper shouting as if it's my fault.”

“But isn't it partly his fault as well?”

“Of course it is, but his parents won't let him outside of London so Aylesbury and Wendover is too far so at the moment, we aren't going to be seeing too much of each other.”

“And I presume your mum isn't too happy with him ...”

“No. She isn't. She is still well annoyed with both of us and doesn't want me to see him anymore.”

My heart leapt for a moment but I tried not to evaluate the ramifications for any potential relationship with Sarah if she was banned from meeting Kevin. The vacant look on my face disguised what I was truly thinking and I knew Sarah would be upset. “Not unfairly annoyed with you though?” I suggested and she nodded.

“Since I was fifteen I have been going down to London to get fucked in a cheap hotel telling my mum afterwards we went to this museum or this park, and we hadn't. And when my mum asked me if I was having sex a few months ago, I told her no. I can understand why she is a little annoyed, but I just want to get on with my life. I mean, what would your mum say if she found out about Abi?” she said changing the subject and I took the hint.

I thought through the last few days for a moment and then said. “She sort of encouraged me.”

“No way,” she cried out. “You're lying Master Williams.”

“Actually, she did encourage me. To spend time with her, not to get laid, obviously, although she didn't mind about Saturday night and that was encouragement. Apart from Rhea kicking off.”

Sarah shot me a look and I shrugged. “Rhea heard ... us! Mum wasn't too amused about that but other than that.”

Sarah laughed and looked thoughtful. “I wish my mum was like that!”

“You've spent all the time moaning about that way you are treated when you are with your boyfriend and then want a parent to encourage you to get treated like that more often?”

“I want a parent who will let me make my own choices,” she replied sullenly.

“I was told to go see Abi actually. It was out of choice but I was pressured into it.”

Sarah pouted. “Ahhhh ... it's such a hard life. Getting a blow job with no strings attached or nothing required in return. Must be tough on poor Andy,” she patronised.

“Who said there was nothing in ... um ...” I started indignantly but instantly wished I hadn't. “Well ummm, shall we start on some games?”

Sarah stared at me. “Not so fast...”

“What?” I interrupted.

“Come on. What didn't you tell me?” Sarah persisted as she looked at me expectantly.

“Sarah. I'm not going to kiss and tell.” Sarah turned away in disgust so I tickled her sides and she rolled back. “Do you want to play one of the games you brought out?” I asked and she sat up.

“Yeah, OK, Chess, Scrabble or Cards.”

“Chess”, I said and she duly set up the chess set while I found two cans of lemonade in the picnic bag.

“I'll warn you know, your mum will probably want to come and see you a couple of times today to make sure you're OK. Be nice to her when she does.”

Sarah shook her head. “Why can't she just trust me?”

“Because in her eyes you violated that trust and she wants it restoring. Think of it as a little exam. You're good at those,” I replied a little patronisingly and Sarah screwed up her face.

Sarah beat me at Chess three times and Angela did come and check up on us that morning. Sarah was pleasant to her mother when she did and by lunchtime we were both looking forward to our sandwiches. We nipped down to the house to use the toilet and then eagerly shared the picnic.

Sarah was very intent on fellating the mini sausages I had purchased seductively and even pulled my hand over as I picked up one to do so out of my hands.

“Naughty Sarah,” I gently admonished her and she looked up cheekily. Her crop top had risen up to the base of her breasts exposing her ribs, stomach, belly button and waist nicely. She was hot!

We lay on the grass afterwards and talked. There was a clear sexual tension between us and we held hands while we spoke. I learned a lot about her family that afternoon but she was more interested in the strip club I worked in wanting to know every little detail (not that I knew much)

She begged to be allowed in while I clean one day and I said I would ask although I knew what the answer would be if I bothered. If Sarah wanted to go, she would have to wait until she was eighteen but patience was not her virtue.

I could have predicted Angela reappearing. Fortunately, Sarah had her feet to the tree trunk and not the garden or her mother could probably have spotted that she wasn't wearing any underwear and exactly how short the skirt was.

“I'm going to go to Aylesbury to do some shopping soon. Are you two going to be OK on your own?” she asked.

Sarah spun around and sat up, smoothing out her clothes as she did. “We'll be fine. Can you get me some more orange juice please,” she asked and her mum nodded.

“Bet you she comes back in ten or fifteen minutes,” I whispered after she had gone.

“Why?”

“Because she has just told you, you're having a bit of freedom. She wants to see what you do, which she can't do if she isn't here. So she will potter around for ten minutes and then appear and ask or tell you something. You think she has gone but she hasn't. Perfect caught in the act routine.”

Sarah pondered for a moment. “When did you understand parents so well?”

“I don't. Well didn't. Paula was brilliant. She had her entire family wrapped around her little finger, and could predict them all with unerring accuracy. She studied people from a young age. She was obsessed with psychology and manipulating people. Social engineering, she called it.”

“And some of it rubbed off.”

“Plenty, but she was the expert. Anyway bet you anything you want.”

“You don't know my parents. She won't. She says she is going and she won't care. She'll just go.”

“Ok, I reckon Paula will beat your prejudice. Watcha bet?”

Sarah pondered for a moment. "Nakedness."

"Pardon?"

"I will strip for you if I lose. You can strip for me if I win."

"Sarah, aren't you forgetting something?"

"No, Andy. For once, I am not."

"Won't you ... you know ... regret it?"

"Maybe. If he finds out then yes but he has been a fucking cock these past few weeks so I don't care," she said forcefully.

"It's half one now. I bet by two, your mum will come back here."

"You are so on!"

I was fretting a little by the time five to two came, but with a couple of minutes to spare, Angela called Sarah from a few feet away to tell her she was going and would be "an hour or two". Sarah said goodbye and looked at me with a cheeky grin.

"Why do I wish I had brought my camera?" I asked her as she repositioned herself on the grass.

"Before I strip, what did Abi teach you?"

I blushed deeply and stuttered at her. She shrugged at me, her face smiling mischievously. "Well ... we just did a bit of oral. That's all"

"Did you go down on her?"

"Sarah, it's private. I don't kiss and tell."

"Andy," she said seductively. "you know all about Kev and I."

I sighed. "OK. I went down on her and we had sex on Saturday."

"I've never had anyone go down on me," Sarah admitted, her eyes sparkling with lust again. "It's only ever been rough penetration."

"It's a pity. I really liked it. It's ... well, really good"

"Is that what Abi said?" she said with a smile on her face.

"Abi was too busy screaming. I, mean, I enjoyed it."

"Kev always thought it was disgusting."

"He's mad," I responded instantly and Sarah smiled.

"So, would you go down on me?"

"Er....boyfriend?"

She shrugged. "Oral sex isn't really cheating, is it?"

"So this is the Bill Clinton defence. It's not in the bible so it's OK" I asked.

Sarah nodded. "Completely. No penetration. Just a bit of oral is fine, right?"

My cock was tenting my shorts and I wanted to play with Sarah, but was this more about her beating her parents than liking me? "Are you sure Sarah?"

She slid her top off to free her ample bosom. Pert, ample breasts that bounced free. I felt my cock tingle and fixed my eyes on her.

"Oh Sarah, you're beautiful" I muttered. She leant across and gave a long, lingering kiss. She put her hands at the top of her short skirt and I took them off her tartan garment.

"Leave it on," I told her. "You so hot with your tartan skirt on".

"You mean I look like a schoolgirl?" Sarah giggled.

"You look awesome" She peered up at me through her cascading hair and smiled. We kissed again and I slid my hands down her sides, occasionally cupping her breasts or rubbing my hands across them.

Her ample tits more than filled my hands as I massaged them and her nipples were rock solid. I kissed her neck and her ear lobes and she sighed and rubbed my back as I did. At first Sarah almost seemed hesitant to kiss me with her tongue but as my hands darted over her torso and my mouth gently kissed her neck she lost her inhibitions and we kissed passionately.

I was leaning over her and she snapped her hand in my shorts but I shook my head gently and kissed her again.

"I wanna," she started but I put my finger over her lips with a ssshing sound.

I ran my hands down to her skirt and took her left breast in my lips and flicked it gently, just as I would do with her clit. It was something Abi had mentioned and I peered up at Sarah intently as I did it to see her reaction. She closed her eyes and leant back on the grass.

"Oh Andy....stop teasing me," she whispered and I moved onto her other breast. I moved my hands down to the hem of her skirt and lifted it up. She smiled as I did and I began to gently rub my finger up and down the outside of her slit and the inside of thighs.

She ruffled her hands through my hair and grinded her hips as my hands darted across her crotch. I took the hint that she wanted me to move further down her body and I slid down the grass so that I was lying on it and had my head firmly between her legs.

I caressed the inside of her thighs first, kissing and moving up to her crack and then back down. She leaned back, giving me as much access to her slit as I could need, but I was determined to make her wait. I delicately nibbled at her inner thigh, across her hairless mons and the outside of her lips. She groaned, grunted, bit her lip and sighed in aroused impatience as my mouth circumvented her sensitive area.

Sarah was definitely a different scent to Abi. She was sweeter and more fragrant. I added to her teasing by running my tongue up and down her slit before returning to her inner thighs. Sarah moaned loudly as I did and called me something quite unmentionable under her breath. By the time I had done this for the fourth time, she was definitely eager for my tongue to probe her inner folds so I parted her slit further than it already was and circled

her clit with my tongue.

Sarah breathed out quickly and deeply, moaning as she did it. Her buttocks clenched for a moment and her nails dug into the grass. I slid my tongue up and down and then flicked her pleasure button gently, causing her to squeal.

I smiled to myself and gently moved my right hand level with her pussy, pressing against it. Sarah gasped and exhaled as my fingers slid down her slick passageway and I began to tease her wall with a "come here" motion, just as Abi had instructed.

As my fingers and tongue gleefully touched and stimulated her buttons her panting and squealing became louder and more frenetic. I buried my face into crotch, soaking my chin with her succulent nectar. She squealed and panted, her noises getting higher pitched.

"Andy!" she shrieked and I felt her pussy contract around my fingers, quivering tightly. Her muscles in her legs tensed around my ears. Her body shook slightly and I gave her clitoris one last flick before sitting up on my knees.

Her eyes oozed desire and fulfilment, her face was aglow with a deep, subtle smile. She beckoned me over and we kissed as I wiped my face.

"Can you taste you?" I asked her and she tittered.

"That was ... incredible," she admitted and pulled me closer. "You can do that again!"

I sat back on the grass and the half-naked girl reached over to the waistband of my shorts.

"Sarah?" I asked and she ssed me.

"My turn" she replied and freed my painfully erect cock from its cotton housing. She stared at it for a moment and then flicked the top of it.

A few warm tingles shot from where she touched it throughout my loins. I felt a warm pressure on the base of my testicles and I sighed as she rolled her tongue along my head, and then probed along the rim.

Sarah did not need to do much. The act of going down on her was enough to get me super-aroused and the fact that we were breaking the rules of her parents and her relationship with Kevin made it a taboo, which was incredibly arousing in itself. Her gentle nibbling and bobbing took me to the edge in record time.

She sucked in her cheeks and glided down my shaft. I exhaled sharply and warned Sarah but she did nothing but roll her tongue across my head and impale herself further.

"Sarah!" I called out but she simply quickened her pace.

I could hold out no longer and my body convulsed and buttocks clenched. Several waves of semen were pumped up my cock and into her willing mouth.

Sarah coughed and then swallowed. The little minx wiped my cock clean with a tissue and I groaned again as little Andy felt the sensations and started getting hard again: the joys of being a teenager!

I moved to kiss Sarah but she dodged my attempt.

“What's up?” I asked and she rummaged around the bag.

“I've just swallowed your spunk. I'm getting a drink before you kiss me,” she replied quickly and I pulled her to me, kissing her on the lips. She was reluctant, at first, but we were soon kissing affectionately.

“If you give me head I shouldn't be squeamish about kissing you,” I reasoned. “Abi taught me that.”

Sarah smiled. “It's just that Kev....”

“I'm not Kev. I'm Andy, remember?” I told her and we kissed again.

Sarah and I dressed long before her mother returned, and we had just washed our plates from the picnic when she came into the kitchen with several bags of shopping. Sarah helped her mum put them away and then she said goodbye to me.

She was nervous since we had come back in the house and I instantly felt bad about her cheating on Kevin. She might not admit she had been unfaithful today, but I was sure she wouldn't tell her boyfriend about our tryst and this confirmed that she knew we had done wrong.

I kissed her on the cheek and held her, thanking her for a lovely day and hoped to see her soon. She agreed, somewhat in a daze and we parted.

It occurred to me that neither of my two meetings with Sarah or Abi over the weekend was supposed to lead to any sort of sex. They were friends, not girlfriends, but it seems no-one bothered to tell them.

And who was I to complain?

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 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

New Pleasures Chapter VIII

Andy goes to church to see Zoe, Abi is loud during their sex and Rhea finds herself up

against someone she has hated for two years, but all is not as it seems.

Excerpt: “How ya doing?” I asked and she grinned.

“I’m fine. I saw your sister yesterday,” Zoe told me as we sat down. “She was at our house doing some Maths homework with Simon.”

“Oh,” I muttered not sure where this conversation was going.

“She was rather ... explicit about you and umm ...”

“I know. It’s ...” I squirmed and Zoe looked solemnly at me.

“It’s none of my business?” My friend finished for me and smiled. “You’ve gone all red,” she teased. “Why didn’t you tell me you had a girlfriend? Who is she ‘cause it’s very sudden?”

To be released on, or before: 15th July 2012