

NEW PLEASURES

Chapter Nine



By
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Credits and License

Codes: MF, oral, hand

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Preface

This story is the fifteenth instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe: Rhea dumps her boyfriend, Abi has a dilemma and Andy has a crisis of conscience about having sex with Sarah.

“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 IX

“What are you doing here?” I asked.

“Mum said I could come for the meal. And she said I could stay the night,” she said excitedly and I looked at my mother who was smiling knowingly.

“I spoke to Angela last night,” she added by way of an explanation. “And I promised her that Sarah would be home by midday.” My eyes must have twinkled for a moment and she added. “Tomorrow.”

“Oi ... get a room you two” Rhea shouted from the sofa as Sarah and I squeezed each others' hands.

“You behave,” I shot back at Rhea who pouted.

“You first ... although that means she probably won't be staying the night then.”

“Rhea!” Mum warned. “Remember, that little chat we had.” Rhea groaned in annoyance and Mum continued, towering over my scowling baby sister who was twirling her long hair in her fingers. “Although if you don't want your new underwear and for me to impose a curfew again I will.”

“Ah, I did wonder why Rhea was dressed and being helpful,” I muttered and Rhea smiled.

“I'll be really helpful and I'll even go and find that little red nightdress,” Rhea started and Mum waved her finger threateningly in my little sister's direction.

Sarah waved goodbye to her mother, and then we ran upstairs excitedly to my bedroom. She put her case down by the side of the bed and then theatrically threw herself backwards onto my mattress, her mouth wide open and wavy hair cascading as she fell. “Freedom!”

“Mum didn't tell me you were coming,” I added as way of an explanation, ignoring her dramatic entrance. “I asked her and she said 'no.’”

Sarah looked up from the bed and smiled. “Whatever she said, my Mum asked if I wanted to go and if I did, did I want to stay the night and I was blown away. Your mum must know some sort of weird hypnosis or something.”

I smiled and thought back to my chat with her a few days previous. “Or maybe we just underestimated them” I said slowly.

“What?” Sarah asked as I worked through some things in my mind.

“Oh, nothing,” I replied dismissively and replayed the conversation in my mind, wondering how much of that chat was for Mum's benefit, and how much was for Sarah's parents.

“I don't care. I'm free now.”

“For eighteen hours.”

“Better than nothing.”

“Look, Sarah, I'm sorry about Friday,” I told her bluntly and she nodded.

"It's OK. I think we were all pretty fucked up that day."

"Apart from Zoe."

"Yeah, but she never is. Goody fucking two-shoes, who rang me last night to talk to me about me running away. How did she know?" I sheepishly looked away and Sarah sat up to swat me playfully over the top of the head. "I knew you'd have something to do with it."

"Well, she came to see me as she was worried about me and it sort of came out. She was worried after the party."

Sarah grinned. "Yeah, our party. Disaster that was. Kev was a bit of a cock to you and I let him and that didn't help. Donna was a bitch. Ray did nothing about her. You reacted to everyone's goading. Kev helped himself to spirits and got pissed. As did Ray and Donna, I didn't stop them. Kev and I had sex all over the place on Saturday. As did Ray and Donna. Parents not amused and it was just like when I was arrested."

"You were arrested?" I asked her immediately, shocked at her confession. I had never even considered it, and I didn't know anyone who had been arrested before, at least not at sixteen.

Sarah giggled. "Oh yeah, I didn't tell you. I was fourteen. Mum and Dad went loopy."

"I bet they did" I replied instinctively; I was stunned. "What did you do?"

Sarah bit her lip and looked straight at me. "I used to, sort of hang-out with a guy I knew from primary school, Ian. He and his mate got hold of a few bottles of vodka and he turned up at my house with it and Mum and Dad were working. So we went off to the park, and got a bit smashed."

"And you were caught?"

"Ian and his mate were caught smashing a window on the park and someone called the police, and they sort of tied three drunk teenagers with three bottles of vodka with the report of theft from an off-license and the damage to the toilets."

"Ahhh. Yes that might be a bit of a give-away," I replied still in shock.

Sarah flicked her long hair back and tucked it behind her ears. "I spent the night in the cells, absolutely petrified, and Mum and Dad were so upset at me when they came to get me the following morning. The cops found copious amounts of weed on Ian as well so they got very interested. I was interviewed with Mum with a hangover. It was just awful. I was given a lecture by the sergeant but I've not got a criminal record or anything but was grounded for months."

"I bet you were."

"But Mum still brings it up whenever we have a row. I swear she thinks I'm about to do drugs or run off to the circus or something. I hate it, I was fourteen and I fucked up, but she brought it up when she came home. I mean things were sort of OK until Mum found several used condoms in the bin in the lounge and bathroom. Then Dad noticed his spirits were missing and all hell broke loose. I thought Dad was going to hit Kev but Kev said it was all you and Mum starts with the 'you're going to get a criminal record' routine and just started crying buckets."

“Kevin said I drank the alcohol?” I asked, returning to an earlier part in Sarah's admission.

Sarah shrugged. “Oh yeah, I wasn't in the room at the time. I only found out later and told Mum but I think she had already rang your mum by then.”

I bit my lip. “Bit cowardly of him.” I muttered and Sarah said nothing. She didn't need to; her silence spoke volumes.

Sarah and I got dressed and ready together in my room. I had seen her naked before, so any sort of moves to protect our modesty or decency would be fake and almost unwarranted although I did my best not to stare and hid the unneeded compliment my anatomy paid to her. Sarah spent 45 minutes with a towel wrapped around her applying her make-up and, although I didn't say anything, I thought she looked prettier without it. She had a natural beauty and youthful exuberance that her cosmetics hid and toned down.

While we got dressed I updated Sarah on the antics of Rhea, that caused her much amusement, and the photo of Abi that drew sympathy in an equal measure. It was when I spoke about Jez that Sarah ears perked up as Jodie had moaned on coach to her on the last game of the football season that he had no interest in her. “Perhaps we should set them up,” she suggested and I groaned.

“What is it about women that think they have to play matchmaker?” I asked and she shrugged.

“Don't you want to see your friends happy?”

“Jez is not my friend. And actually neither is Jodie for that matter. We could allow them to work it out for themselves and save everyone a lot of embarrassment and awkwardness and ...”

“I have an idea. Why not invite them 'round for a meal?” She replied, ignoring my reservations. “It'll be good. We could do it before results day or even earlier in August. Break the tension a bit, what dya reckon?”

“I reckon you were ignoring me, and don't want an easy life,” I told her as she fished in her bag for her fragrant and citrus-smelling perfume.

“We could invite Jez and Jodie, Zoe and Abi, and Rhea obviously and Ray and Donna,” she said thinking out loud. “Lots of people so it's not really obvious they are being set up. Jodie has had a bad time of it recently, she could do with a male friend who treats her with respect.”

I spluttered. “Jez. Treat any girl with respect. Honestly, woman. And anyway, from what I've seen people being 'set up' usually got 'upset' if their matched date did not display appropriate enthusiasm,” I told her, a little dismissively. “And anyway, Ray and Rhea with Donna and me. Did last week show you nothing, woman?”

“Well you two are going to have to sort yourselves out eventually,” Sarah muttered and I shrugged.

“I think if you invite Rhea and Donna, I reckon there will be a fight before the end of the starter and I'd put my money on Rhea. She's just brutal.”

Sarah pouted at me and then uttered “then you'll just have to keep your sister under control.”

“Yes, and what planet are you from today?” I asked her flippantly and she grinned. “I’ll manage to control Rhea if you can supply me with a tranquilliser gun.”

Oliver’s parents arrived while Sarah and I were still in my room and we were summoned down to meet them by Rhea bellowing from the bottom of the stairs. I had just put on my shirt when Rhea, annoyed by the lack of an immediate response, burst into my bedroom.

“Mum wants you downstairs. Now,” she called hanging from the door frame.

“Can’t you knock?” I moaned at her, and she flicked her long brown hair back, smiling radiantly at me. She was beautiful, but ever so slightly vicious as her greyish-blue eyes pierced into me.

“Of course, I can knock. I just don’t want to. But then you could stop sleeping with other people’s girls but you don’t want to,” she told me grinning mischievously.

Sarah spun ’round in her short evening dress, and grinned at Rhea. “Now where would the fun in that be, Rhea? I’d never get pregnant if we stopped doing that?”

Rhea poked her tongue out at Sarah and then disappeared. Oliver’s parents were nice, standard, nondescript middle-aged people. His dad, Charlie, was a bank manager with a retreating hairline and genuine smile. He towered over his diminutive wife, Sandra, who was a couple of inches shorter than Sarah, and probably didn’t even reach Rhea’s height. She was friendly and talkative, sat on the couch drinking a cup of tea, talking about the drive down and their impending holiday.

A few minutes later, Julie showed them upstairs so they could get ready and Mum disappeared to change. She seemed to be panicking somewhat, flustered by having so many visitors while Rhea seemed to be doing her best to get in everyone’s way.

Anabella arrived shortly before 7:45pm when everyone was downstairs ready except for Julie and Oliver. Rhea groaned when she was told to get them with the complaint that they are “probably screwing each other again” that drew a sharp rebuke from Mum.

The Italian restaurant that Mum had booked, Osteria Alessandro, was only a two-minute walk away. She knew the owners well and we often used them when we had take-away pizzas or went out for a meal. They had a small function room upstairs and they had set up a large round table with nine places in the softly lit room.

Mum directed us to seats, understandably choosing to put Oliver’s parents on the opposite side of the table to Rhea. I sat between Sandra and Sarah, who sat next to Annabella. Mum ensured that she had her two daughters either side of her, for different reasons, and we ordered drinks. Mum ordered four bottles of wine and the waiter poured both Sarah and myself a large glass of white wine as well as Rhea (which I thought was somewhat dangerous given the mood she was in.)

I ordered some mussels for starter, but could not convince Sarah to try them, who opted for the boring choice of tomato and basil soup. She seemed intrigued by idea of splitting open the shell but thought that they looked too repulsive to eat to even taste one. Given that a split mussel did not look completely different from her genitals and she was fairly keen for me to put my lips around them I did not think she should be quite so dismissive of their looks, but could hardly have voiced this thought in public!

“How long have you been dating?” Sandra asked Sarah and I as the waiter cleared the

plates and refilled our wine glasses.

"We ... we aren't dating" Sarah added quickly and bit her lip.

Rhea, hearing this conversation from the other side of the table added, in her loudest voice. "They're just screwing each other, although she has a boyfriend and he is also screwing a stripper who has big ..." Rhea completed her comment with some semi-spherical hand movements near her chest and was dragged away from the table by a furious Mum.

Sarah and I went bright red at her comment although the rest of the table were laughing at Rhea's candid outburst as well as our obvious discomfort. "We aren't ... that's not true ... I'm not going out with a," I stammered and Julie smirked at me.

"I go away to University for a year and this is what happens," Julie teased. "There's no moral fibre in the young."

Oliver grinned. "Love, you're not exactly a paragon of virtue. On holiday you did like to spend time on that nudist beach."

"I had no choice," she replied through gritted teeth. "I left my swimming costumes at home."

I laughed loudly. "It was Rhea actually. She hid them that night you were going."

Julie's eyes widened and sparkled. "She did what?"

"You know Rhea," I added. "She is always up to something."

Julie looked and shook her head. "I'll kill her."

I shrugged. "Doesn't Oliver need to thank her first?" asked little Annabella from beside Sarah.

Rhea returned to the table a few moments later, looking subdued, and gave a muffled, half-hearted apology. Julie immediately asked Rhea about her missing bikinis and Rhea waved her hands at me.

"Nice one, bro. Tell them all my indiscretions"

"No Rhea, if we described all your indiscretions we'd still be here next week," I replied quickly and Rhea flopped into the chair. Mum shot me a look and I buried myself behind a glass of wine.

Sarah quietly asked me if Rhea had really been suspended from primary school as Zoe had mentioned it when they had spoken on the 'phone and I dutifully detailed Rhea's confession in the Bowling Alley a few days previous. Sandra roared with laughter as I described what she did with Simon in the pond and even Sarah could not suppress a giggle. Fearing a rebuke from Mum if she realised that I was exposing her younger daughter to being little more than a mischievous terrorist to her elder daughter's future mother-in-law, I changed the subject when she looked over at the hushed voices between myself, Sarah and Sandra.

The rest of the meal was nice and pleasant, especially with Rhea not goading or teasing anybody. Rhea had a glassy-eyed expression at the end of the meal, as did Sarah, that I

put down to the two or three glasses of wine that they had consumed. I stopped after two as I could feel the overly-candid, excitable feeling I had with Abi returning and didn't want to say or do something that could get me into trouble; especially with Sarah staying the night.

We walked back in good spirits although Mum made sure the stumbling and talkative Rhea was in close proximity to her. When we got home, it was gone 10:30pm and Mum tried to send Rhea and Annabella to bed.

"Why do I have to go and they can stay up?" she asked pointing at me and I looked at Sarah.

"I was going to go to bed soon anyway," Sarah told me and I shrugged.

"Come on then," I said grabbing her hand and looked over at Rhea.

"Oh great. I get to listen to them shagging all night," she moaned and Mum waved her finger at her. "What?" she asked. "It was 'Fuck me harder' echoing around the place last time, it was dis-

"Rhea!"

"What? I get kept awake by the sounds of those two slapping flesh against flesh and lustful groans and moans and..."

"RHEA! GET UPSTAIRS" yelled Mum from the corner of the room and Rhea sulked off, glaring at me.

"Not fair!"

I gave Sarah fifteen minutes to clean herself of make-up and get changed before I went up. I had a nice chat with Julie in the Lounge while Mum sorted out Rhea and Oliver spoke to his parents in the dining room.

Julie wanted to know about Abi (including the incident Rhea had alluded to) and Sarah but I would only give her vague details, much to her mild irritation. It was nice to talk to her as she had spent most of her last year in Aylesbury at her boyfriend's house and all of the previous ten months at University, so I hadn't spent too much time with her, but Mum returned after fifteen minutes, looking exhausted.

"That girl will be the death of me," she moaned as she came into the lounge and went over to the drinks' cabinet.

"Whisky? Gin? What ya having?" she asked Julie and the Addison family who were coming back into the lounge. I said my goodbyes, wished the Addisons a good holiday and ran upstairs to get ready for bed.

Sarah was tucked into my bed grinning at me as I pushed open the bedroom door. I had already had a wash, cleaned my teeth and gone to the toilet, and just needed to get undressed and jump into my double bed.

"Just as well I was in bed, you didn't even knock," she said jokingly. "I could have been getting undressed or anything."

I laughed at her. "I think I saw everything earlier."

"I didn't know you were looking," she replied, her head cocked to one side.

"It's hard not to; sexy girl in my bedroom getting undressed," I joked and she laughed at me. I unbuttoned my shirt and threw it into the corner of the room behind my door and into a wicker basket. Sarah's eyes narrowed as I unbuckled my belt and coiled it on my desk.

"Well?" she asked as I stood in the centre of the room and then unbuttoned the waistband and kicked off my trousers.

"You've seen it all before, anyway," I told her and she smiled.

"I know, but I want to see it again," she answered and I flicked the light off and jumped into bed, to howls of grumbling. She flicked on my reading light but it was too late, I was under the covers.

I felt her hands immediately encircle my waist and although I could not see much in the darkness, there was a little moon shining in through my window to see a flailing figure in front of me. Her wavy hair tickled my chest as her hands pulled my boxer shorts down to my ankles and I carefully kicked them onto the floor.

Sarah's lips kissed the top of my inflating member and I gave an involuntary sigh. She returned to her pillow and put her hand on my chest.

"Well if I'm naked, shouldn't you be too?" I asked and she giggled.

"I already am. I packed some pyjamas but I wasn't going to wear them. They were for Mum to see only."

"Devious."

"I know but you mustn't complain." I rubbed my hands up and down her flanks. Her skin was soft to the touch and velvety smooth. I smelt her flowery, lemony perfume and she smiled as she looked up at me. She looked like she had removed all of her make-up and she was so much prettier, but it was something I could never tell her. She looked seductive and playful again. She was my Sarah.

She pressed her warm, naked body against me and closed her eyes. She pouted and we kissed, our lips touching for the first time in bed. She purred and opened her eyes gazing into mine. We kissed again, this time with tongues and more passionately. She rubbed her hands over my body and let it rest over my crotch.

"Am I going to have some fun tonight, or what?" she whispered and I pulled her tight.

"Only if I can taste your sweetness," I told her and she smirked.

"I was hoping you'd say that," she grinned and I slid over her kissing her neck and nibbling on her earlobe. She purred with every soft touch my mouth made with her skin and rubbed her nipples against my skin. I took her right nipple in my lips and rolled my tongue over it and she sighed as I did.

I felt her hips move against mine as my fingers traced their way down her body and over her hairless, smooth mons. She squealed as they nestled at the top of her slit and my lips sucked on her erect nipple.

"Oh Andy," she murmured as my fingers slid down her moistness. She was not dripping,

but there was ample lubrication for my fingers to slide up and down her crevice, carefully skating around her clitoris. She spread her legs further to give me better access and I couldn't help but smile inside. I liked the way Sarah was eager to receive my fingers and tongue.

I alternated breasts and began to orally massage her left tit. My tongue meandered around her nipple and areola, often flicking her erect bumps with my tongue, causing her to body to quake when I did. She mewed, and purred as my fingers cascaded down her crack and when she began to sigh I touched her clitoris.

Her body convulsed with my touch, and she mewed nasally as she exhaled. She was crying out with every touch I made, taking short, ragged breaths. My lips sealed themselves against her nipple and sucked gently with my tongue rubbing against the tip of her nodule. My fingers oscillated over her clit, and her body rocked and bucked underneath me. She looked into my eyes peering up from her chest, and then she threw her head back against the pillow.

“Andy-” she squealed in a high pitch voice and then her body tightened. I felt little shivers course through her body and I quickened my pace on her clitoris with my fingers and she held her breath. Sarah shrieked as her climax hit her, squealing and breathing rapidly. Still breathing quickly, she body relaxed and she sunk into the bed.

I moved my fingers away from her clit, heading advice Abi (and before that Paula); after orgasming from clitoral stimulation, it was just too sensitive to touch. Putting two fingers together, I lined them up at Sarah's entrance and slid them in gently. I looked up to sense a reaction or approval but Sarah closed her eyes, and breathed in deeply, open mouthed.

“Oh, fuck,” she squealed a little loudly and I slammed my fingers into her. She shrieked and moaned as my index and middle finger careered into her and my thumb glanced against her clit. My tongue and lips were swirling around her erect nipple while I softly rolled the other breast in my left hand.

She squealed in delight with every breath she exhaled, grunting incoherently as my fingers shot wave after wave of immoral pleasure through her loins. She bucked against my fingers and I sped up my rhythm, my digits experiencing no resistance as I sawed into her. Her body convulsed again and I felt her fingers dig into my back as she gripped onto me. Her ecstatic orgasm cascading over her, clearly stronger than the first, caused her to cry out loudly.

She pushed her pelvis up towards my fingers and I wiggled them inside her, rubbing her clit with my thumb. Sarah threw her head back and clamped her hands over her mouth to stop her from yelling out. Her muted mewing and quivering pussy vibrated against my fingers told me all I needed to know.

She reached towards my cock but I slid down the bed. I wanted to enjoy her first. Abi was great sex, but there was something different about Sarah when she orgasmed; it felt different. She also had a sweeter scent and I just had to taste it again!

I grabbed my pillows and slid them under her arse. She smiled as I did it and I licked my lips. Sarah rubbed her thighs as I sized her up. There wasn't a hair on her, and her glistening, dripping, gushing pussy was all I wanted to taste. I slowly lay down on the bed, my feet resting on my chair and I nibbled on the inside of her thighs.

“Andy, don't tease me,” she begged. “Just do it. Please.”

I looked up over her mons into her eyes, full of desire, and slid my tongue over her pearl. It was poking out from its hood and looked so desirable to me. I clamped my lips on it and sucked gently. Sarah groaned and mewed in content pleasure. Her hands settled on her breasts and she began to touch her nipples.

I took my slick fingers and pushed against her hole. It welcomed them and Sarah groaned as they slid in and then curled upwards to find her G-Spot.

“Oh that's good. That's, that's, that's, who the fuck taught you that,” she panted and my fingers pressed and twitched over her vaginal wall. I lapped up her juices that coated my face. Her sweet, aromatic juices were heavenly and my tongue sucked and flicked her engorged clitoris.

Her squeals got higher and higher pitched as my touches took her closer and closer to orgasm. She shrieked and grunted every time she breathed out, and then panted.

I felt her body shake and she gripped herself. She moaned louder and louder, shouting and squealing into the air as my fingers doubled their intensity and lips gripped her sensitive clitoris. Her pussy tightened around my fingers and her buttocks clenched. As she relaxed, I stopped vibrating my fingers but did not withdraw them.

Panting furiously, she drew her hair back out of her face and looked at me. “Oh Andy,” she muttered between breaths, her face ablaze with a beaming smile. I looked into her eyes, and slowly began to saw my fingers into her.

Her eyes widened and she groaned again, as my fingers drove into her. She gripped the bed as I fingered her to another orgasm. My cock was rock hard but I loved seeing her climax. She was so passionate when she did, her eyes filled up with lust and pleasure and I felt my stomach lurch. This was wrong, but it felt so fantastic.

I gripped the back of Sarah's thighs and pushed them forwards to expose her rosebud to my face. She sighed in expectation thinking I would slide my tongue up her slit but she tensed her buttocks as it probed her ass.

“Andy?” She called out but I slid my tongue up to her sphincter. She sighed and groaned as my tongue lapped at her rosebud, as she relaxed her muscles. I clamped my lips on her cheeks and let tongue run up and down her crack and over her anus.

She squealed, and using my right forearm to keep her leg up touched her clitoris with my thumb. She squealed and grunted as my mouth swirled against her bud. Her legs quivered and shook as I encircled her clitoris. She shrieked and yelled as her fourth orgasm swept over her and I looked up as her buttocks clenched. She was looking at me and reaching up touched my flanks, pulling me towards her.

She kissed me passionately, like no-one had ever kissed me before. She was lustful and hungry, desperate for more as she tongue explored my mouth and rubbed up against mine. She cried as she did and I felt her hand on my cock guiding it. Putting in a moist, warm, slippery place.

I gently pushed it all the way into her, darts of extreme ecstasy shooting out from my cock. She groaned, and exhaled deeply and breaking our kiss. She looked into my eyes, and blinked slowly.

“Go on,” she whispered and I plunged it in again, rocking back and forth against her. I felt

her body twitch under mine. It felt unbelievably good, my cock massaged by her youthful and tight muscles that gripped and stimulated my shaft. Her slick, soaking hole caressed my cock as I plunged in for a third time and I felt back of my testicles tighten. Sarah tensed her muscles as we kissed. I could see lust and desire in her eyes. It felt amazing.

It felt wrong.

I felt my stomach lurch again. At this moment, all I could think of was our happiness and enjoyment but I knew deep-down that she would not enjoy this tomorrow. I had to stop it. I just had to, but as I slowly thrust my member inside her my resolve started to crumble. She was doing wonderful things to my cock as it careered down her hole. I couldn't stop it.

I had to.

"Faster," she murmured, unaware of the torment that was going on inside my mind. My little head was having an argument with my big head. In the end, my conscience had to win.

I withdrew, sending shocks to both of us and shook my head.

"I'm sorry Sarah. We can't."

She blinked, registering what I had said and kissed me, holding me tightly. As we broke, my cock still painfully erect, she smiled. She rolled over and pinned me to the bed, and then slid down my body until she reached my cock. Without stopping she had gobbled every last inch and frantically bobbed up and down on it.

I watched in awe as her mouth impaled itself on my member. I could feel a mounting pressure behind my balls and called out to Sarah but she just looked up. Her mouth sucked my cock, her tongue kneading my glans. She knew how to give oral sex and I was reaping the benefits. I gripped the edge of the bed and groaned. The pressure was getting too strong. My buttocks clenched and fingers tightened over the mattress.

"Oh Sarah," I called out, "Oh---"

I felt wave after wave of semen squeeze down my loins and spurt into Sarah's willing mouth who eagerly devoured every last drop. She milked my cock for any last offerings and then scooted back up the bed.

I went to kiss her and she flinched but then raised her eyebrows. "Oh I forgot," she murmured and I gave her the deepest, most loving kiss I had ever given to anyone.

We held each other for minutes, saying nothing just enjoying the silence, the warmth of our bodies against each other and sharing many, many kisses.

Sarah broke the silence by looking up at me. "You make my body do wonderful things," she said and I grinned.

"You make my body do wonderful things too," I told her and she smirked.

We kissed again and I retrieved the pillows from the end of the bed and snuggled up.

"Good night, sexy," I told her and she wriggled up against me.

"Good night Andy," she replied and pushed her ass back against my groin. "You know if

we keep doing this, I will fall in love with you”

I froze for a moment. Did she say what I thought she said? I had felt a real connection to Sarah but her using the I-word when she was already going out with Kevin. That can't be right, can it?

But she only said what I was feeling. And with Abi as well, it complicated so many things. Just who did I want the relationship with? And who was I falling in love with?

* * * * *

Sarah and I wandered down half-naked at 10am. We had slept in and I had woken Sarah up by rubbing her tits with my fingers and then fingering her clitoris until she came. My cock nestled against her ass, and she came for a second time from my fingers oscillating over her clit, she reached back and stroked my cock.

We turned and faced each other, and kissed. She slid her hands elegantly over my phallus and my index finger probed her entrance. She came for a third time as I squirted my cum over her hands and body. She grinned as it glistened against her skin, the sticky, pearlescent juice of my loins drying on her body. We kissed again and she reached for the tissues to clean herself.

Oliver's parents had left, and Julie and Oliver had gone to London to see them off but Mum and Rhea were in the lounge when we materialised.

Rhea shot me a guilty look but I tried hard not to return it. We had tried to be discreet but Sarah was not silent when she orgasmed and Rhea may well have heard something.

“Ahh, the lovers join us,” Rhea teased and Mum looked round. Sarah was only wearing a long T-Shirt, as was I, but when we walked, the motion of the thighs lifted it up to expose us. I didn't care too much, I was holding Sarah's hand and was on top of the world. “Is Sarah pregnant now?”

I ignored Rhea and kissed Sarah on the cheek. “Morning, you two. Don't forget I told Angela you wouldn't be late home,” Mum warned us and I got us some breakfast. We ate in silence but Sarah kept looking up at me and smiling. I returned her smile and squeezed her hand.

We had a shower each and were at Aylesbury station by eleven. We had barely conversed about the previous night, we didn't want Mum or Rhea to hear, but I knew we needed to. We were both quiet on the train too, both lost in our thoughts.

I could see the look on Sarah's face as the countryside whizzed by and simply held her hand.

“Say something?” She said as we stepped onto the pavement in Wendover. “What are you thinking?” I shrugged as she held me hand and she spoke. “I meant it, you know. I will fall in love with you. Does that scare you?”

I breathed deeply and squeezed her hand. “Yes and no. I don't want anyone to get hurt, but I feel a bit confused. You and Abi. My friendships with both of you seems to have rocketed out of nowhere and it's a bit scary.”

Sarah smiled at me. “I'm confused too. I thought I had a good, solid relationship with Kev until recently. Donna sowed the seeds of discontent; showed me where it was wrong and

you've watered and fertilised them. I love Kev, I know I do, but I love what we have.”

“And it worries you?”

“Terrifies me,” Sarah admitted. “But last night, I wanted it, and I know you did. I know it's mad and wrong but I wanted you because treat me with respect. Kev rang me Thursday evening to say that unless we can find a way of meeting we will need to split up and it was up to me to arrange something as it was my parents that had the problem with him and it was my fault.”

“I'm sorry Sarah,” I uttered and she shrugged.

“Don't be, nothing you can do. So understand that I wanted to do what we did. I enjoyed it, and to hell if Kev finds out. I don't want him to but I'm not too worried if he does anymore. He can't dictate my friendships.”

She pulled me close and we kissed deeply.

The walk back to her parents' house was easier after that. She explained that she was not sure about Kevin's attitude and needed to sort it out with him. He was her first boyfriend and she did still have deep feelings for him, but she reasoned that they were different people from two years ago. She wasn't sure if he wanted to do something to salvage their relationship.

I promised her that I would do whatever she wanted and would be there for her if she needed it and she nodded and squeezed my hands. “You know, Abi predicted you and Kevin would split up,” I mused. “But I told her she was wrong.”

Sarah stared at me for a moment. “You spoke about me to Abi?” she asked and I shrugged.

“Course,” I told her. “She's my confidant. Well one of them. She said that I should ask you out and I told her I wouldn't 'cause the time isn't right. She said you'd be single by September and I disagreed so she made it into a wager”

“You had some stupid bet on my relationship failing?” Sarah asked with an annoyed tone.

“Well ... sort of. I have to be a slave to Abi for the entire day if you and Kevin split up before the end of next month.” Sarah's facial expression turned from icy to laughter instantly.

“You think that I would manage to hold onto my relationship?”

I took a deep breath. “I don't think you are the sort of person who would give up easily, so I reasoned that you would make every attempt at making it work because you are such a wonderful person,” I replied hoping that flattery would soften her mood so she wouldn't be too annoyed at me.

She sniggered. “You can stop grovelling now. I'm still a little annoyed that you would make my love for someone into a stupid punt.”

I shrugged. “We just did. She might have forgotten though. Anyway, I was thinking about you and Kevin. I might have a solution.”

Sarah gave me raised eyebrows. “Well, would your parents be OK for you going down to

London if Zoe and I went with you?"

"Is this so you don't lose your bet, or are you feeling guilty?"

I hummed. "Neither, I am thinking of my friend in all this. It would be a shame if she couldn't see her boyfriend." Sarah squeezed my hand and asked me to explain. "Well, I am free on Mondays, so I was thinking of meeting Zoe at the train station and you joining us at Wendover and then going into London. Go shopping, or to the zoo or to a museum, or see the sights, have a picnic in Hyde Park, do a bit more and then go home. I will have Zoe or whoever so you and Kevin can have a little privacy and together-time, but you can't run off to a cheap hotel so everyone will be happy. Especially your mum."

"And you?"

"Me?" She looked up at me. "OK, well me as well. But ... you sounded so down whenever you talked about your trips to see him. It is quite sad really. Anyway, what do you think?"

Sarah nodded and hummed. "I think Mum will go for it" she said in the end. "In a week or two. I'll pitch the idea to Zoe, see what she says."

"Let me know what she ... well ... they say" I told her and she nodded.

"Oh and what exactly did you tell Zoe? I saw her last Wednesday and she was concerned about me and said you were too," I asked her and Sarah gave a tortured look.

"What I say to my friends is private. And she shouldn't be telling you."

"I had to tell her about Abi as Rhea had told them about Abi and I the other night."

"Ahhh, the 'fuck me harder' screaming. Thank god I'm not noisy when I climax, eh?"

"No," I muttered and we embraced as she reached the end of her drive. "Thank you," I told her. "It was a great night."

Sarah pursed her lips together. "It was, wasn't it?" I watched her prance down her drive, turn the corner and disappear into her house with a slightly heavy heart: I wondered when I would get to see her again, what with her being grounded by her parents.

I had a chance to ponder what had happened as I walked back to the little station at Wendover, hurrying to dodge the ominous looking rain clouds forming overhead. Sarah was, in a way, becoming more attainable for me than Abi and her lack of willingness about staying completely faithful to her boyfriend was certainly giving me some sort of hope. However, there was more to it than that; Sarah exuded a happiness and confidence that radiated into me when we were together. Even our arguing was little more than playful banter and I rarely stopped smiling around her.

I thought back to how far our friendship had come since the fateful day of the bowling. Sarah was not a quiet girl at school but I hadn't known her well and she was fairly shy at alley that day. However, the moment I travelled back and she came out of her shell she became a different person and was much more outgoing and flirtatious – a personality trait that she had exhibited with me ever since. Was I, however, much different? Did Abi's "tuition" instil a confidence in me that was missing before that was allowing me to flirt with Sarah?

All I knew was that being with Sarah and Abi made me happy, although I was still feeling

very guilty about the previous night. How could I make it go away? I hated Kev and everything he did, but I didn't want to encourage Sarah to cheat.

The guilt had not completely left me by the time I got back to the club. I might not have liked Kevin at all, but sleeping with his girlfriend was wrong. I knew that and half-decided not to do anything with Sarah but also reasoned that it was Sarah's decision as well. I was single, it was Sarah who had to rationalise her behaviour but she wasn't too good at that, and what responsibility did I have to ensure she made the "right" choice? What was the "right" choice?

I had four hours to myself as I cleaned the club and the two emotions fought with each other in the same way they had done since Sarah came to spend the night with me. I was confused, and was still feeling perplexed about it when I stumbled into the flat, feeling a little sorry for myself. "Hello, trouble" said a familiar Scottish voice from the couch.

"How ya doing?" I asked and hugged Abi, reasoning that I should deal with the guilt of being with the taken Sarah by jumping straight into the unattached Abi's arms.

"I'm OK. Working tonight though" she muttered and I smiled.

"Does that mean you will be wanting a warm bed for the night?" I asked and she smirked.

"What so you can 'fuck her harder'?" asked Rhea who was naked again, and I grimaced.

"When are you going to let that go?" I asked her with flushed cheeks and she shook her head.

"I will be in therapy for the rest of my life. I will need years of counselling, brain enemas and some weird electro-shock treatment that as yet has not been discovered. I ain't ever going to let it go," she told me in a deadpan voice with a suppressed smile.

"I think she's missing her boyfriend," I said to Abi and she nodded.

"Nathan. Pah! You must be joking."

"He split up with her," I guessed telling Abi and Rhea's eyes widened.

"He did not split up with me." She spluttered through gritted teeth. "Tiny Cock said he'd dump me if I didn't have sex with him."

Abi's demeanour changed rapidly to one of concern. "Rhea, please tell me you didn't," she pleaded and Rhea nodded, a smile creeping across her face.

"Of course I didn't. He thought he was going to though, thought he backed me into a corner. And to be fair, his cock did get quite a bit bigger once I got going. Swollen you might say, and also lot blacker and bluer than before. A bit of a shock for him really." I laughed but Abi still looked worried. Rhea noticed this and continued. "Don't worry Abi. I wasn't going to be told what to do by anyone and he certainly isn't going to be able to take it when I say 'No.' And anyway, I'm told he is now able to sit down again. Mind you, he was still walking funny today. That Lizzie Harper has a lot to answer for, sleeping with half of Year 9. Now all the boys think they should be getting it on with their girls and, well, they don't have an entitlement."

I put my arm around Abi but she was still tense. "Does Mum know?" I asked.

Rhea shook her head. "You must be flaming joking! She knows Nathan and I are no longer an item but I wasn't going to tell her what my boyfriend tried to do. She'd stop me from going out."

I nodded. "You should. Let her know that you can sometimes use your uncontrollable ... Rhea-ness to good use."

Rhea shook her head. "I don't think she would approve of the violence."

"Maybe not. I thought you had sorted out the whole protest thing with Mum."

Rhea shook her head. "No. She still won't let me have the set back now as she says I wasn't demure enough for the meal and says that she doesn't care about me being naked in the flat any more. Bloody ridiculous."

"But you were dressed for the meal?" I asked and Rhea smiled.

"Yes. Mum, Julie and I negotiated a ceasefire for 24 hours. Julie and Oliver had words though when he was checking me out so Julie begged me not to cause her embarrassment but I think Oliver was a tad disappointed."

"So you are back to protesting again?"

Rhea hummed. "Sort of, I sort of like being naked. It's...fun and free ..."

"...and embarrassing for our visitors."

"Yes, that as well. When are you bringing Ray 'round again?"

"I'm not, he is too scared to come to Aylesbury let alone to our flat," I joked and Rhea grinned.

"Pity. I am just starting to miss him."

I laughed. Abi loosened up and we helped Mum make dinner when she came home. It was a good atmosphere in the kitchen with Rhea happily preparing buns and grating cheese, Abi cutting up potatoes into chips, myself preparing salad vegetables and Mum making burgers from minced beef, onion and herbs.

Julie and her boyfriend joined us for dinner before Mum and Abi left for the evening to go to the club. I played with Oliver on the PlayStation until Julie and Rhea commandeered the television and then beat him at cards before going to bed at 10pm; I think he may have been distracted. I had a distinct impression, I might be woken up during the night.

Abi woke me up by getting into bed, but did not speak to me until I asked if she was alright. She nodded and turned to face me.

"I'm a little tired," she said. "The club was very busy. Some rugby club do and they all descended on the club. I've done private dances all night and am just danced off my feet."

I smiled in the dark and kissed her on her neck. "I'll see you the morning then," I promised, wrapping my hands around her.

I woke up at the crack of dawn and looked over at Abi. She was lying on her back, facing up at the ceiling, and taking up more than half of the bed. I slid down the bed, and gently

parted her legs. She didn't object and gladly opened herself. I gently nibbled the insides of her thigh until I had her groan gently and then slid my tongue up and down her moistening slit.

I saw a smile flicker across her face and flicked her clitoris, and again. It was just sticking out of its' little hood and was pleading with me to pleasure devour it. I glanced up at Abi and she sunk her buttocks into the bed. I flicked her clit again and then gently sucked it. Abi's breathing became stronger and quicker instantly. Her body rocking with my tongue as it probed and pleased her slit.

She grunted nasally and opened her eyes for the first time. She closed them again and let me probe and slide my tongue over her sensitive folds. She rustled her hands through my hair as she got excited and then pushed my face into her slit as she came close to climaxing. I devoured her loins as she came, her pelvic muscles tensing and Abi crying out. She looked up at me, and beckoned me up.

We kissed briefly. It was not as loving or as passionate as when I had kissed Sarah but she guided my cock into her pussy and I plunged forward causing Abi to gasp.

I was horny and lustful. I wanted to fuck Abi, and after devouring her crack, my testicles had pent up horniness it needed to unload. I was going to mercilessly slam into her, and I did. It was rough, loveless but lustful sex just as before and Abi's eyes widened with every powerful, enthusiastic thrust that buried my cock as far into her as it would go.

She could see and sense the pure lust in my eyes and I grunted with every powerful plunge into her. She squealed and grunted, and gripped my buttocks with her fingers. She squeezed them, digging her talons into my flesh, but the pain added to the feeling and I drove into her harder than before.

I felt her muscles around my cock quiver and compress, tightly gripping my rod as it plunged into her. I could resist no longer and with the force of the pressure in my loins too great, thrust inside her and allowed my testicles to empty.

I felt a wave of energy course through my body and reach my extremities and giggled as I caught my breath.

"What a wonderful way to be woken up," Abi said and kissed me.

"I know."

"I love rough sex in the morning. It shakes the sleep from you," she said grinning and we kissed before lying back in bed again, cuddling.

Abi was keen to talk to me about Sarah; she was adamant that Sarah clearly liked me and that I should let her know how much I liked her. I was reticent to do so, if she was so keen on Kevin then all I could do was ruin a good friendship which was something I was not prepared to do.

Abi interrogated me on my sex life with her, and smiled as I recounted the pleasure that we had brought each other. I think she felt a degree of responsibility for it, and given that she had taught me a lot of what I knew this was not an unfair conclusion.

It was weird doing a "kiss and tell," but Abi was keen to point out techniques and "things for us to try." I wasn't so certain that a repeat performance with Sarah was such a good idea, no matter how much I wanted it, but Abi gleefully adopted the role of a sex tutor and

lay looking into my eyes as we talked.

It was gone midday when Abi and I finally got around to getting out of bed. Mum had poked her head around my door in the morning to say that she was going shopping in Milton Keynes all day with Julie and Oliver, a few minutes after we had finished cleaning up from our sex, and we were advised not to be in bed too long.

We idled downstairs making idle chit-chat and I poured us some bowls of cereal. I was in my dressing gown, but Abi (not having brought any pyjamas) was just wearing one of my larger T-Shirts. I half-expected Rhea to be around but then realised she was probably with Mum anyhow. Rhea rarely passed up the opportunity to do any shopping, especially with someone else's Access card.

We were kissing when the door slammed shut and excited voices got louder and louder up the stairs.

“Oh hiya bro,” shouted Rhea as she came in.

“Where have you been?” I asked looking for Mum.

“Church” she replied and I laughed.

“No seriously, where have you been?”

She looked up from untying her shoes and looked at me through her long hair. “Church”

“Hiya,” said a gangly boy in the corner of the room, staring at Abi.

“Oh yeah. With Simon.”

I smiled. “So Nathan definitely history then?” I teased and Abi jolted me in the ribs.

“Simon is here to help me finish my Maths project,” she replied sincerely but I did not totally believe her. “You know, the project that is due in tomorrow and we've been working on all week.”

I hummed and Rhea's eyes flashed mischievously. “Abi on the other hand...” Rhea turned to Simon. “...this is the girl I was telling you about. No, not the one with the boyfriend, the other one. Committing sins of the flesh. It's disgraceful. You'll go straight to hell.”

“OK Rhea. You can drop the evangelical act now” I told my taunting sister and she cackled mischievously. Abi pulled me up from my chair so we could get dressed.

“By the way,” Abi asked, “does your new beau know what happened to the last one?”

Simon looked perplexed and Rhea answered for him. “Everyone knows what happened to Nathan. It was all over the school. I made sure of that,” she added loftily.

“I bet you did, Rhea” I muttered and left the room.

Abi and I had a shower each, kissed a little more, and she gave me a deep, long, slow blowjob that had me on the edge of my orgasm until I finally released into her mouth that she gleefully swallowed.

It was nearly 2pm when we went downstairs and, true to her word, a clothed Rhea and Simon were on the couch doing Maths homework. Rhea was lay against Simon's

shoulder, her feet up on the sofa, but it was definitely mildly productive and they did have Rhea's project folder open on the coffee table.

"Please note the younger sister setting the good example to the feral brother," she murmured as I passed. I smirked at her.

"Please note the hard-working brother out to earn a living while the couch-potato sister languishes on the sofa" I replied and she sat up.

"Couch potato? I did rugby until last year"

"Yes, Rhea. But that's only because there wasn't a girls' team and you found out that you would have to roll around in the mud with 29 boys," I replied in a deadpan voice.

"Tring had a girl as well. As did Wendover."

"Yes and they stopped playing when they reached secondary school."

"No-one told me I couldn't."

"They were too scared of you" I muttered. "Have we sorted the naturism thing now then?"

Rhea's eyes flashed. "I'm not allowed. Mr No-Fun says if I take my clothes off he will go home."

I grinned and looked at Simon. "It was so embarrassing last time."

"What he means is, is that he got a stiffy and thought Mum saw it." Simon blushed but Rhea leaned over and kissed his cheek. "He goes very cute when he is embarrassed."

"Do you ever feel Simon, that if you ever go to Hell they'll never work out how to punish you?" I asked and Rhea chuckled to herself.

Abi prodded me towards the door. "Come on, you got some work to do" she reminded me and I grunted in resignation. "And leave poor Rhea alone."

Abi watched and talked to me while I cleaned the club. Saturday nights were always busy and there was split drinks and sticky tables everywhere. As expected, the water from the carpet cleaner was as dirty as Rhea's mind and it took several trips to empty before I had covered every square inch of carpet in the bar area.

Abi was in a good mood, and had even brought a couple of forms she needed to fill in for the Council as she had moved into a new property. She sat herself on the bar, with a glass of water and completed them while we talked.

I had finished doing the carpet, and lugged the big cleaner back to its home, and had started on the bar when I called out to her. "Abi," I asked to get her attention. "The next time we meet, could we do something as friends rather than lovers?"

Abi looked up at me from the form, her eyes narrowing slightly. "What do you mean?"

"Next time I see you," I said "I don't want us to have sex. I just want to spend some time where we don't, you know."

Abi brushed her long hair back and swept her hands through her face. "Well. Of course. I thought ..."

My stomach tightened at her confused face. "... I do enjoy it. I really do, but I also like spending time with you and I want a friendship as well as sex."

Abi stared at her paper and bit her lip, rubbing her hand on her chin. "Sure," she muttered and looked at her watch. "I think I better go," she said calmly and I jumped down to put my arm around her.

"No. I didn't want to upset you but ..."

"I'm fine, I'm fine," she said dismissively and I groaned.

"You're not," I replied pulling her closely. "You are so much more than a sexy goddess to me, I was going to suggest the bowling alley tomorrow? Or a film?"

Abi smiled and nodded. She began to fan out her papers and a small card fell out onto the floor that I picked it up. "Hey Abi. This is an invite to a birthday party."

"Yes, I know," she replied stoically, her body tensing and scowling at me.

"When is it?"

"I'm not going," she told me firmly and I shook my head.

"It's for your brothers' thirtieth. Why not?"

Abi puffed and glared at me, snatching the invite from my hand. "Don't you remember anything? My family ..."

"... know about the stripping and stuff, yes, but they don't hate you, they've invited you, look!"

"They do hate me; I'm not going."

"I'll go with you," I answered and she shook her head. "I've not been to Scotland for years."

"No. I am not going to Scotland. It's my choice."

Our argument was interrupted by Mum who called at us from the stairs to ask if I was finished, as dinner would be ready in twenty minutes.

"Mum, Abi has been invited to a birthday party. I think I should go with her, what do you think?" Abi groaned and put her hands on her hips.

"I am not going Andy," she thundered dangerously and grabbed her belongings. "I am not going at all."

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 X

Andy and Sarah row, Rhea is plays a nasty trick on her brother and Grace has a good chat with her son. Meanwhile, Abi refuses to relent to Andy's wishes and there is a familiar face amongst the new starters in the stripclub.

Excerpt: I set about finding a hotel in Cambridge but as Mum did not have a Cambridgeshire Hotel directory or a Yellow Pages for that region, I went to the local library after Abi had left for home and leafed through their copy in the reference section. I selected four hotels based on their star rating and the fact that the adverts looked good. Our trip was less than four days away and although we had been and bought our rail tickets, I had been decidedly lacklustre over arranging accommodation.

Rhea had helpfully highlighted the park on the Road Atlas we had in the flat for me, but this was no laughing matter and despite her glee that we might be spending it under the stars, it was a very real possibility.

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

New Pleasures Chapter XI

Andy and Sarah have an embarrassing confession to make, Abi treats her lover to a new experience while Zoe's trip to Rockfest ends with a bit more than she bargained for!

Excerpt: Sarah's mum was working from home, as she did most Mondays, and had two piles of papers in front of her. She looked up as we came in and loitered near the doorway.

"Mum," Sarah called and Angela looked up. "There's something we need to tell you."

Angela dropped her pen onto her lap and stared at her daughter for a moment, her eyes flickering with concern. "You better not be pregnant."

"No I am not pregnant," Sarah answered indignantly. "Why does everyone keep thinking I am pregnant?" she asked and I shrugged. "Am I really putting on weight?" I gave a nervous laugh and squeezed her hand in reassurance. Angela apologised. "Andy and I ... we ... we fooled around when I stayed at his house," Sarah blurted out, looking at the floor.

To be released on, or before: 3rd August 2012