

NEW PLEASURES

Chapter Seven



By
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Credits and License

Codes: exhib, m-solo, f-solo, MF

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Preface

This story is the eleventh instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe: Rhea helps Abi to overcome a shock, Sarah’s dinner party is less than successful and Rhea has to take direct action against parental discipline.

“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 VII

I was in the club first thing on Tuesday and cleaned it while it was empty, leaving as Mum turned up. It was a cold, wet day and didn't fancy walking 'round the town centre and contented myself with my PlayStation and reading. Mum asked me to cook some "tea" – egg, chips and beans – and the day was punctuated by Abi who appeared on Tuesday evening through the interconnecting door before the club opened and got my attention by kissing me.

Rhea turned away in disgust as a lingerie-clad Abi whispered in my ear and asked me if she could stay later. I readily agreed and she retreated back through the door, and locked it behind her.

"You're a dirty man-slut, bro," Rhea said from the other side of the couch. I raised an eyebrow at her and she shrugged. "You'll get herpes, you mark my words."

"Yeah, cheers Rhea," I muttered and she smiled.

"And then pass it onto Sarah."

I coughed and stretched my legs. "Although you don't believe me, I have not had sex with Sarah. And I won't while she has a boyfriend." Rhea scoffed and sniffed at me.

"Yah right," she said with a flourish. "I don't believe you."

"D'ya want a game of racing?" I asked and Rhea readily agreed, on the condition that she won. This was a little hard for her so she resorted to cheating by knocking the controller out of my hands as we played, followed by kicking me off the sofa and then pulling the controller out of the games console.

We were still awake at 10pm when Mum appeared through the interconnecting door and locked it behind her. As I crossed the finishing line, behind Rhea, I glanced over and Mum looked tired and ragged, with her cheeks ablaze and a weary, glassy expression in her eyes.

"Are you OK, Mum?" Rhea asked the moment she saw her and Mum nodded.

"Just not feeling too good. Going to bed," she murmured. "Ikenna is locking up. Don't stay up too late."

"OK. Good night Mum," Rhea and I shouted and Rhea turned to me.

"She looks proper fucked," she murmured. "I wonder if I can get away with bring Nat back tomorrow evening."

"No Rhea. I don't think you can."

"Bet I can," Rhea replied.

* * * * *

I was asleep when a warm, moist pair of lips surrounded my engorged cock and slid slowly down my member. The horny owner of the lips then began to suck and tease and I felt warm hands glide over my thighs and pubic hair.

“Hello Abi,” I murmured quietly and sleepily and she peered up at me in the moonlight. She let go of my erect penis, swung her legs over my body and then presenting her loins to my face began to glide her tongue over my sensitive glans.

I ran my tongue along her slippery slit and she groaned. My hands caressed her flanks and then I cupped her breasts, all the time enjoying her wonderful touch on my member.

Abi pushed her body into my face and rocked back and forth as my tongue encircled her clit. She groaned and mewed as I gently sucked on it and she doubled her speed going down on my cock. Her sounds got more nasal, and higher-pitched and using my hands I guided her to sit up. I liked it when she was sitting bolt upright, there was a more subservient feel to it, but also I liked giving Abi pleasure without directly receiving it in return. It felt almost like the “correct” way of doing foreplay but I had no idea why!

She bucked her hips as I gleefully devoured her clitoris. She put her hands on my stomach and began to tweak my nipples, just as I was doing to her. Her groans got louder and higher, as I quickened my pace, savouring her juices as I devoured her tenderest of areas.

She squealed, louder than any other noise she had made and her body tensed. I felt her pelvic muscles quiver and she held her breath, exhaling slowly. She flopped forward and her hair fell against my loins as she panted furiously recovering from her climax.

I leaned forward and touched her anus with my tongue and her buttocks clenched.

She rolled off of me and then pulled me towards her, kissing me on the neck and then the mouth. Abi grabbed hold of my globes and pulled me towards her. I looked into her eyes and slid my cock up her slit. She looked at me, her eyes imploring me in the moonlight to put my cock inside her.

I didn't disappoint her and as I gazed into her glassy eyes, I thrust my hips forward to slide into her slick entrance. She groaned as I buried it to the hilt and I began pumping away at her well lubricated hole. She groaned and mewed as I thrust into her, and dug her claws into my rear. I found this incredibly arousing and kissed her as I drove my member in and out of her hole.

I could feel the tightness, excited feeling in my testicles and clenched my buttocks as I quickened my pace. She dug her fingers in harder as I pushed my cock in as far as it would go, flesh slapping onto flesh.

She squealed as I could hold out no longer and flooded the insides of her with my seed. We kissed, panting through our noses and she wrapped her arms around me, holding me tightly.

“Thank you,” she whispered and I smirked: it's tough when you get woken up by a blowjob and thanked for the privilege, right?

* * * * *

Abi and I woke up at around 9am and she kissed me, her hands gravitating towards my uncovered cock and then back up my body.

“I want you to do something for me,” she whispered. “I want to see you play with yourself.”

“Pardon?”

"I want to see you wank," she told me and I opened my eyes to stare at her.

"Why?"

"Because it's sexy," she said and placed my left hand on my groin. "And I only ever see it when the punters get pissed and go too far. I want to see you do it."

"And what about you?" I asked and she kissed me on the lips.

"I can take care of myself," she replied and I opened my right hand out and grasped my nearly erect cock. "I'll do the same," she whispered. I began sliding it up and down and she watched in fascination as my cock became erect and I slid my fist up and down my shaft. Occasionally I would stop pumping and just rub my thumb over my glans, glistening with pre-cum.

Abi's fingers delved between her thighs and she had a smug, satisfied look on her face as her index finger glided over her delicate folds. I went to kiss her and she shook her head, blowing me a kiss instead. I stroked and pumped my cock, increasing in pace until I was ready to release my cum. Abi had groaned slightly as she played with herself and I closed my eyes.

I felt the cum surge up my cock and I spurted out, mostly landing on my chest. I glanced over at Abi and she smiled.

"I never tire of seeing a guy bring himself to orgasm," she said and I grinned at her, ever so slightly self-conscious now that the horniness had passed.

"What about you?" I asked as she brought her hands away and she sniffed.

"It's gone nine, come on," she said with a wicked smirk. "You watch me another time." I groaned, feeling that I had been slightly manipulated. I got cleaned up and went downstairs to eat some breakfast. Mum was still in bed and Abi had been in to see if she was OK, but she had a high temperature and was feeling dizzy and flustered, so Abi had given her some Paracetamol with a glass of water and promised she would make sure Rhea and I were fine.

This annoyed me a little bit, given that I was sixteen and didn't need Abi to watch over me, but Mum seemed happier that Abi was present and both Abi and I were barely dressed as we walked around the flat. I liked seeing her in one of my very old T-Shirts that barely covered her waist, let alone anything further south while my dressing gown only covered anything when it was fastened.

I heard Rhea come downstairs but she made a bee-line for the television and shouted out a "good morning" instead of coming to greet us in person. Abi wanted to take a walk together down the canal and I was keen to do something with her that did not involve putting one part of my anatomy in hers. I was conscious that our "non-dating friendship" had been purely sexual and Abi meant more to me than just sex. I needed to show it.

I was keen not to tell her this though as I did not want to hurt her feelings. I think she thought that we had the makings of a good, strong companionship and did not want to dent her shallow confidence by suggesting that I wanted to change course slightly. It would be far better to simply steer her towards some non-sexual activities when the opportunity arose.

That was not to say that I was tiring of the sex; quite the opposite! I was feeling unduly

horny and loved exploring my sexual side with Abi but I also wanted to make sure that if the sex wasn't there, we would still have a solid foundation of a great friendship.

The doorbell rang and I called out to Rhea. "It's probably for you." I heard her grumble and then the sound of a small herd of elephants running down the stairs to the front door. She had a day off school as it was "teacher training day" and was certain that one of her friends, who would also be at a loose end, had called to see her.

Jez appeared thirty seconds later looking very red and surprised. Rhea was standing next to him wearing just a T-Shirt that stopped at her waist, exposing herself to everyone.

"It's not for me, bro. Although I think he was pleased to see me," she muttered with a wry smile.

Jez greeted me and opened his backpack, his hands trembling and took out a pornographic magazine called "UK Babes" that he passed across the table. "What's this?" I asked and he shook his eyes for a moment.

"Turn to page 24," he told me and I flicked through a dozen pages until I reached 24 and opened it out. Staring back at me, taking up a third of the page was naked girl with large breasts, long brown hair and a lightly trimmed bush. She was standing against a tree, and was smiling. It was Abi. A younger version of, but Abi nevertheless.

"Oh my God!" Abi shrieked and I squeezed her leg.

"Dude, you're screwing a porn star," Jez announced loudly. "That's totally fookin' mental and well cool." I looked across at Abi and saw a tear in her eye so I closed the magazine from the Readers Wives section and looked at the date on the publication – April 1998 – just a few months ago. "And you know when I said she is the sexiest thing outside my dad's secret porn stash, I didn't think she'd be in it, but boy she's so hot."

I felt Abi tense so I put my arm around her. "Yeah, she is, she is very hot. She is also the most fantastic company and one of the smartest people I know," I said more for Abi's benefit than Jez's.

"You know, when you wank one out because clearly you haven't got a girlfriend to look after you, do you need to have one of these magazines or can you do it without?" Rhea asked, a grin extending from ear to ear and Jez recoiled in shock at her direct questioning. He turned and looked at the floor, glancing at Rhea's pubic hair causing her to raise her eyebrows. "You're not going to get much of an answer from my cunt, now are you? I know I have lips down there but you want these ones?" Rhea put a finger underneath Jez's chin and lifted his gaze up to her eyes.

"Rhea!" I mumbled and she ignored me. Jez looked up at her expectant face and shook his head.

"It's well, only a bit of fun. We like looking at dem chicks.," he muttered.

"Would you be able to talk to me, a bit easier if I took my T-Shirt off and stuck a staple through my belly-button?" she asked and Jez murmured. "It's a bit sad and hopeless if you ask me. Teenage boys desperate to see the odd bit of flesh. It's just so cheap and sordid."

"Well, he's the one who is a fookin' pussy magnet screwing all the girls. And I want to know how he pulled ... her."

I laughed as he spoke but it was Rhea who responded. "Bollocks! Andy, a pussy magnet? You are joking aren't you? It's only Sarah and Abi who he is screwing. You make it sound like he has a harem of girls lined up."

Jez's eyes lit up as Rhea spoke and he glanced over at me. "You screwing Sarah as well? Fook man."

I groaned in annoyance and went to protest but Rhea got in before me. "How would you feel if you knew that Abi did not know or gave her consent to that photograph appearing in that magazine? That she had been exploited. Used." Rhea looked at the shocked face of Abi and stared at her. "I'm right?" Abi nodded.

"Ahh well ..."

"You don't fucking care do you? As long as you can get your little cock out and have a little play, you don't give a flying fuck whether the girls in that magazine wanted to be in or not." Rhea replied for him. "I tell you. You ain't never goin' to get any pussy like that, is he Abi? I don't find it sexy at all, much prefer my men to want to get in the flesh not on the paper. It's all a bit sad." Abi gave a brief smile at Rhea. "Now, I am leaving this sexual inadequate and I'm going to have a shower. Abi, could you scrub my back and do your massage thing," Rhea said clearly to provoke a reaction from Jez. His eyes widened the moment Abi got up, as her long legs and arse were clearly on display below the hem of my old T-Shirt as she strode towards Rhea.

"Of course. I'd love too. And Andy, don't be too long," Abi seductively told me and Jez, and we watched as my bottomless sister and bottomless lover walked out of the room, their hips swinging from side to side.

Jez wiped his face and turned back to me. "Dude, you need to get me a date with your sister. She is totally hot."

"She is totally fourteen," I told him and he stood and stared at the archway where they went.

"Fook me. You teasin' me, right? She's seventeen at least. She is so fookin' awesome."

I grinned as he spoke and looked up at the ceiling. "She is, isn't she? But then Abi is awesome too and she really is the most incredible girl in every way."

"What about the chicks from the club. You know 'em right? Can you set me up on a date with one of them girls?" He implored and I rolled my eyes.

"No offence but sixteen year-old College students are hardly choice dates when they have the pick of any guy in the town. Anyway, I thought you were going out with Jodie," I asked and he shook his head.

"No!" Jez replied quickly. "I'm not. She dain't like me in that way."

I gave a Gallic shrug of the shoulders and looked at him staring at the front cover of the magazine on the table. "Oh well."

"Look I came to say we are all having a kick-around in the park if you fancy it later." I promised him I might join him after I've spent some time with Abi and he smirked. I escorted him to the door, half-naked and returned to the lounge to see Abi and Rhea at the bottom of the stairs, grinning like Cheshire cats.

“What did he say about you Abi?” Rhea asked rhetorically. “You are the 'most incredible girl as well in every way.' I think he's smitten, you know?”

“And even called his little sister 'awesome.’” Abi added and I gave a small grin.

“Are you OK Abi?” I asked her and she nodded.

“Just a bit of a shock to see it really. I didn't know or expect my past to catch up with me quite so easily.”

Rhea put her arm around Abi's flanks and looked up at her. “If it makes you feel any better, you do look very sexy and to be honest, I am a little tempted me-self. If bro'll share you that is. It's such a classy picture though. I'm well jealous and as for everyone else, fuck 'em, right?” I saw a smile flicker across Abi's face as Rhea spoke and for once felt glad she was in the room. She dealt with Jez perfectly and her warmth and silliness was just what Abi needed. “And you can do me a favour. While that testosterone-filled ape cleans the club, we can go shopping. I need some new underwear and know the ideal person to help me choose.”

“Is that wise?” I asked and Rhea shook her head.

“Come on Abi, let's get dressed and hit the shops. Retail therapy is just what you need.”

I was left alone for the day as Abi and Rhea left the flat excitedly ten minutes after Jez left and, after explaining to Mum where I was, I collected the keys to let myself into the club to do my job. I had finished by one and there was still no sign of Mum or Ikenna so I locked up and wandered back up the fire escape.

I knew there was some ham in the fridge and went to get myself a sandwich when I saw Mum huddled up with a blanket on a chair in the dining room. She had a hot drink and looked pale and weak as I came in.

“You don't look well,” I told her as I placed the keys on the table in front of her.

She groaned. “I'm fine. And Andy please don't leave those sorts of magazines around.” I looked across at the copy of UK Babes on top of the newspaper and went to protest but she continued, “I hate to see them in this house but you are sixteen now so I won't stop you having them but keep them in your room. I don't want Rhea seeing them”

“It's not mine, I was given it,” I replied and she looked up,.

“So it is yours”

“No, turn to page 24,” I told her and she sneered. “There's something interesting in it.”

“I'm not interested.” I picked up the magazine and turned to the “Readers Wives” page and put it down in front of her. “Andy, I don't want ... oh fucking hell Andy, that's Abi. Have you seen this?”

I rolled my eyes. “Of course I've seen it. I was given it, because it contains Abi.”

“Has Abi seen it?”

“Yes, she was here when Jez, well when he came to give it. But she didn't know about it before it was printed a couple of months ago.”

“Poor Abi. She really has been through the mill.” Mum looked at the picture and I closed the magazine. “Did she know before?”

I shook my head and sniffed. “Proper shock to her, very down about it at one point.”

“She does look very beautiful though, doesn't she?”

I froze for a moment and took the magazine and put it on top of the cupboards out of sight. “Yeah. I said as much as to Jez, although he was more interested in Rhea. Called her 'awesome.’”

Mum took a deep breath and gave a hacking cough, before wiping her eyes. “Did he?”

“Yeah. He's a poor deluded soul. Or just desperate, maybe, I don't know.”

* * * * *

Rhea and Abi returned an hour later, having been to Milton Keynes and with four bags of shopping. Abi smiled warmly as she entered the room and Rhea came bounding in.

“You better have spent your money not Abi's,” Mum warned and Rhea puffed.

“Yes, I only spent my allowance from Dad,” she blustered.

“So what have you bought?” Mum asked and Rhea gave a withered look.

“You look much better,” Rhea told her with a smile.

“Rhea,” Mum croaked. “What have you bought? I'll only see it when I do the washing, anyway.”

“Do you want to still go for that walk?” I asked Abi who had a couple of bags of her own.

“Yeah, but you need to put this bag in your room and not open it, you promise?” I grinned as I took the bag, folding it over at the top before putting it upstairs in my wardrobe before we left with Rhea still fidgeting about showing Mum all of her purchases.

Abi and I had a nice walk along the canal towards a little village called Broughton, and although the pub wasn't on the canal, we had a nice drink in the snug before walking back. For the first time since she had rejected me and we started our friendship with benefits, we had just enjoyed each others' company. She was quiet at times as she thought and contemplated what Jez had exposed but did not really want to talk about it.

She was adamant she was not prepared to discuss Rhea's purchases that day so we eventually settled on a discussion about music. She was hardly an avid rock music fan but we could agree on some our tastes and just wandered chatting amicably.

“I want you to stay the night,” Mum asked Abi the moment we returned. “If you want to that is. I mean, Angela's away, right?”

Abi nodded and looked at Rhea and me, expecting us to be the architect of the request but I looked blankly at her and Rhea was sulking on the couch. “Sure,” Abi said surprised and looked at Rhea. “You OK?”

“She's confiscated my red lingerie set. The one I got free.”

Abi chuckled. "Well I did warn you."

"It was my favourite," Rhea murmured disconsolately.

"How did you get it free?" I asked Abi and she looked at Rhea and then Mum.

"When I chose two sets and Rhea selected one from this little shop, Rhea opened negotiations and got some money off, and a free set."

Rhea puffed out her chest and folded her arms. "Actually, I got a third off the prices and a free set for Abi and a free set for me from their sale shelf. Small shop, business was slow. It was worth it to them to get money in the till and clear some stock."

I blinked and looked at Mum. "Get her to do your negotiation with suppliers," I teased and Rhea's eyes lit up. "Might get you a better deal!"

"If I negotiate a better deal then I can have my lingerie back, right?"

"No. You can have it when you are older," Mum told her and Rhea sat back and thought for a moment.

"Well I'm already four hours older than when I bought it, so that counts, and I can have it back?"

"Rhea," Mum said her finger pointing towards my sister, "don't be facetious."

"Well how much older? I am fifteen in two months time."

"It's see-through with a split crotch. You are too young for it."

"Can I have it when I get to fifteen?" Rhea asked and Mum rolled her eyes.

"No."

"Why?"

"Because it is not appropriate. You can have it when I think you are ready."

"I'm ready now," Rhea implored but Mum shook her head. "I know where you hide things anyway," Rhea told her crossing her arms.

"You take it back and I will throw it in the bin," Mum threatened but Rhea scowled.

"This is not fair," she complained. "It's mine. I bought it."

"You are not old enough," Mum thundered. "And that is my last word on the subject."

"Right, then I'll take direct action," Rhea said, her eyes fizzing with mischief and took off her T-Shirt to expose her bra that she unclipped to release her breasts and then slid her denim skirt down her legs with her knickers to display her pubic hair and pussy.

"RHEA!"

"No. I have no intention of wearing it everyday or to school but you don't trust me so I am going naked in the flat until you do. This is a protest."

“Sort of like a hunger strike only with clothes?” I teased and Abi suppressed a giggle at the serious face of Rhea.

“Rhea, put your clothes on now,” Mum warned but Rhea shook her head. “We have visitors to this flat and when they come I don't want any embarrassment.”

“Not until you return MY clothing that I bought with MY money. Either I am allowed to select all of my clothes or none of them.”

“Shall we go upstairs?” I asked Abi as I could sense Rhea and Mum about to start shouting.

“Good idea,” Abi whispered and we slipped out of the room just as my unwell mother squared up to my angry sister.

* * * * *

Rhea didn't get dressed, or get her underwear returned and ate her dinner naked. Mum was unimpressed and although she went to work after tea was still feeling ill. Abi kissed me before she left and Rhea made “ehhh” sound as she did.

It was weird playing on the PlayStation with my little sister naked but she didn't seem bothered at all by it and I have never found her sexually attractive anyhow; her rampant mischief making and violence ensured that my attitude towards her was not one of attraction but more of mutual respect with a sprinkling of trepidation and a dash of fear.

This was not to say I didn't love her, of course I did, I just always knew I had to watch my back as she was often up to something during the day and probably dreaming of being up to something at night. It was a reputation that was well-founded and of her own making.

I went to bed before Rhea with my little sister commenting that I was “getting my rest in” that I chose to ignore. How prancing around naked entitled her to pass judgement on my morals I do not know but in her own little world Rhea was always right and everyone else was either wrong or agreed with her.

Abi sidled up to me at 2am and kissed me on the cheeks. I was not totally awake and felt a body manoeuvre itself over me before the familiar sounds and feelings of Abi's mouth gently encircling my cock.

This woke me up nicely and I opened my eyes to see Abi's crack perched above my face. I let Abi know I was fully compos mentis by sticking my tongue out and running it down her slit. She shuddered when I first touched her but she positioned her pelvis so her genitals were nicely presented to me so I could give her the pleasure she wanted.

It was pitch black in my room and I ran my hands up and down Abi's thighs and gently touched her button that was protruding from its' hood with my fingers. I felt Abi shudder again as my touch hit her sensitive spot and rolled it in my fingers. She stopped spiking her mouth over my cock but I felt her warm breath on my glans.

I heard her moan and cry as my fingers darted over her clitoris and tongue lapped at her hole. She squealed and rocked back on her pelvis. A hand appeared to move my fingers away.

“Too much,” she murmured at me and I set about flicking her hole with my tongue. Her sweetness lingered on my lips and I could feel her wetness drip down my face.

After a few minutes I returned to her button with my lips and sucked gently. Abi was perched up and sitting nearly bolt upright and I ran my lips along her slit and probed her hole and then flicked her clitoris.

I felt a hand grip my engorged member and she began pumping it, rubbing her fingers over the glans. I could feel the familiar build up of pressure in my testicles and groaned, but Abi was already orgasming and I clamped my lips over her button and sucked. She bucked and rocked as I did and then leant back.

She resumed her grip on my cock and began stroking it quicker than before. I sighed and flicked her rosebud while my thumb explored her slit while my finger danced over her mons. She groaned and I continued.

The ecstasy my body wanted was building and my testicles tighten and a spot inside my perineum tingle. My legs shook gently and with a suppressed moan, spurted my seed onto Abi's fingers.

I was breathing heavily when Abi told me not to stop and resumed my tongue worship of Abi's anus and rubbing of her slit that caused her to groan again. She climaxed and smiled as she climbed off of me.

She gestured for me to climb on top of her and she guided my recently spent member into her. I gave a warm sigh as she gripped my erect member with her muscles and I began to slowly rock in and out.

Abi groaned and hugged me tightly. I enjoyed the slow passionate sex we had and there was a warmness, a beautiful glow as I thrust gently in and out of her. I could feel the inevitable pressure rising and as I pumped in harder and harder, the intimate, slow sex was replaced by rough, lustful intercourse.

Abi sighed, panted and threw her head back; her breathing was ragged and her heart racing. As I reached my point of no return I came inside her and she groaned as my cum spurted against her walls.

We stayed there for a minute showering each other with soft kisses and then we got cleaned up, or more accurately, Abi cleaned us both up smiling profusely.

"I take it we do not care about the photo then?" I asked her as we settled down in my bed.

Abi curled into me and looked up. "I did, but I spoke to your mum tonight and it has put it in perspective a bit. It is a nice picture and Rhea said I should take it as a complement that they printed it."

"Rhea said that?" I asked, not thinking my little sister would miss the opportunity to cause mischief.

"Oh yeah. She said I should take some more classy pictures and send them in. She says if there is ogling to be done then I should get paid for it."

"Yeah that sounds like Rhea."

"And she said she could sort it all out for a twenty percent cut." I swore and Abi giggled. "It's OK, I'm not going to, but as much as I don't like it being there, I can live with it. There are worse things in life," she said with a grin and settled into my bed, putting her arm around me. "And much, much better things."

* * * * *

Abi passed me a can of deodorant when she got up and looked at her puzzled. "There are subtler ways of telling someone they need a shower, you know."

Abi chuckled as she wiped herself free of my semen that I had squirted onto her chest as part of Abi's waking up routine. "No. It's just I don't like your current one."

I looked at her and sighed. "I do."

"Andy, it makes you smell like a teenager."

I paused for a moment and grinned. "Well I am a teenager."

"Yes, I know that. But you shouldn't smell like a teenager. It's ... well off-putting. So I am taking your Lynx and replacing it with something a bit classier."

"Do I have a choice?"

"Do you like getting the benefits bit of our friendship?"

"Well yeah," I replied a bit shyly.

"Then no. You have no choice," she told me with a smile and cocked her head. "But you like me really, right?" I pursed my lips and raised my eyebrows, teasing her as I hummed in thought; she knew I didn't need to answer that!

Abi went home at 10am on Thursday and although I was a bit disappointed she left so early, I cleaned the club and then saw Ray without Donna in the afternoon, who was refusing to be in my company after the White Lion incident. It was good to see him and we had a kick about in the park before grabbing a drink in the café and I could tell he was a little annoyed with me for what happened. I did apologise but I knew unless Donna would accept my apology it would put him in a difficult position.

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!” She reached over to kiss him.

Ray shrieked and pushed Rhea away. “Oh God. Andy, I'll see ya,” he cried and almost fell down the stairs in his desire to get away.

The moment he left, Rhea cackled and burst into laughter. “You know, Mum really is getting desperate.”

“What?”

“Oh come on, I know she told you to bring Ray back. She's already sent Troy and Hugo from the club up to the flat ten minutes ago. Just to try and embarrass me into getting dressed. I'm not going to give in that easily and I am a bit annoyed that she thinks I am that weak.”

I laughed at her. “No. Mum didn't ask me to bring Ray back. You've just scared the shit out of Ray for absolutely nothing,” I told her grinning. “Just think, all your efforts were completely wasted.”

Rhea thought for a moment. “What a ridiculous thing to say,” she replied looking serious and speaking with authority. “How can scaring the shit out of Ray ever be never effort wasted. Don't be so bloody ridiculous!”

“Why do you make my life so difficult? I've got to explain this to him now.”

Rhea smirked and threw herself down on the couch. “Cos I'm born to be wild”

“Just promise me one thing. Please don't do that routine to Jez. You might get more than you bargained for,” I warned her and she grinned. Her faux bonhomie was going to get her into serious trouble with the wrong person.

* * * * *

“I hear you have been trying to embarrass Rhea into giving up her naturism,” I asked Mum as she prepared dinner.

Mum chuckled. “Yes, didn't work though. She barely registered anything with Troy so I tried Hugo who is eighteen but she leaps onto the poor boy for a kiss, and starts tormenting him. I've never seen him so embarrassed.” I laughed and explained what Rhea had done to Ray. “I need to do something with her. She'll turn me grey, but I want to know how my fourteen year-old daughter can make two of my employees of a strip club embarrassed and bewildered by being nude. I mean every day they see far more erotic and explicit things at the club but two minutes with Rhea and they can't handle it.”

I grinned. “Do you think that maybe this is something that you both aren't going to win?”

Mum shook her head. “If she wants to be naked in the flat, it's her home and I'm not going to stop her. And as long as nakedness doesn't equal inappropriate behaviour it's up to her. Think of all the washing I'll save on. But she isn't getting her underwear back until she behaves like a proper adult.”

Sarah rang on Thursday evening. I had put off ringing her as I wanted to give her space but did think about what happened. She asked me to come over the following day for a meal. Her parents were spending the day in London, watching a show in the West End and then staying the weekend, so Sarah was using her 48 hours of “freedom” to invite myself, Ray, Donna, Zoe and Kevin over for a meal that she was going to cook.

Obviously, I could not stay the night, and would have to catch the train back from Wendover, but this was not an issue and knew that I would meet Kevin for the first time. I wondered how guilty I would feel.

* * * * *

Sarah greeted me warmly at Wendover station mid-afternoon and already had two bags of shopping.

“Mum left me some money for food,” she explained and refused to take any payment from me. “Kev will come in on the other platform in ten minutes”

“Do you want me to wait here with the shopping while you go meet him?” I asked and she kissed me on the cheek.

“And Andy, please not a word to Kev about Monday,” she pleaded with puppy-dog eyes. “It would cause so many problems.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it” I promised with genuine sincerity. “Are you OK?”

Sarah nodded and smiled. “I enjoyed it. I mean, I really enjoyed it. But I know we shouldn’t. It felt ... right, at the time,” she said with a shrug.

“But not now?”

Sarah bit her lip. “It was great, and I really want to do it again but I know I probably shouldn’t.”

I raised an eyebrow at her and she dismissed it.

“Well I really enjoyed it too, but feel guilty about it. I still want to see you though, as a friend or whatever. But I will leave what happens up to you.”

Sarah smiled at me and nodded. “You just want another Abi,” she teased.

“Yeah, 'cause one's not complicated enough!” She laughed and I licked my lips. “Mean it, friendship's good,” I told her but wasn’t sure if I meant it.

“Thanks, Andy. And for the purposes of tonight, Abi is your girlfriend. Please?”

“Why?” I asked, clearly exasperated.

“It’ll make life easier” she promised.

“For whom, exactly?”

“Both of us, I promise”. She reached up and we kissed briefly on the lips. “I’ll make it worth your while. Another time,” she promised. “You know I want to.” I raised my eyebrows and she gave a playful giggle. “You know I can.”

I watched as she skipped away over the bridge to the other side of the station and awaited the "London train." Kevin was a small wiry, geeky boy with a rotund face who I took an instant dislike to. I guessed that this was because he was Sarah's boyfriend. A love rival: an imposter who did not care for her, but within ten seconds of him being in my company realised there was more to it than that.

"Andy," I said offering my hand to the short boy who had his arm around Sarah. "How you doing?"

He looked at it, nodded at me, and muttered "I'm fine" as dismissively as he could.

Sarah did not notice, or did not want to seem to notice and introduced "her boyfriend" to me, dressed in a black T-shirt underneath a black shirt with thin white stripes and smart dark jeans. He sneered when Sarah told him I had helped teach her to bowl and glared at me as if me spending time with his girlfriend was wrong. I resisted the urge to say anything, but thought that it was strange he was getting protective over the girl that he treated like shit.

We left the station, and Sarah and Kevin were several paces ahead, hand-in-hand. I realised that it would be a long night unless Ray and the others came quickly. How was I supposed to tolerate Kevin and not lose my temper with him? If I did lose my temper what would I tell the condescending prick: "Your girlfriend was sucking my cock earlier in the week and I feasted on her clit to orgasm while fingering her twat. Are you still 'fine' now?" I took a deep breath. I would need all my self-control not to pick a fight with him this evening.

The reasonable part of my brain left them to walk back a few paces ahead of me. I knew Sarah wouldn't get too many opportunities to be with Kevin and that I should give them the time to be together, but the unreasonable part of me didn't want to be the gooseberry.

We arrived at Sarah's house and Sarah gleefully showed her boyfriend around her house. I could hear them giggling and laughing when they came downstairs. I had unpacked the food in the kitchen and laid it out on the dining table when Sarah returned.

"What time are the others coming?" I asked and Sarah looked up from Kevin to reply.

"Hour maybe. I better start cooking," she muttered and picked up the big beef joint she had purchased.

"Want any help?" I asked, half-an-eye on Kevin who had sat down on the table and was leafing through some garish magazine with a naked woman on the front.

Sarah smiled and asked me to peel some onions while she took a pan and brought it to a high heat and then seared the joint – "to keep the juices in." I made some beef stock while she added the meat, leeks, chopped onions, loads of herbs and tomatoes. I watched in wonder as she did this and asked her who taught her and she shrugged as she put the entire meal in a casserole dish in the oven.

"Grandma. Before she died," she said and then set me to work on cutting up and preparing spring onions, cherry tomatoes, rocket, iceberg lettuce, cucumber, red pepper, celery, cress, spinach and some weird green and red fruit.

"What's this?" I asked her and she laughed.

"Have you never seen one before?" she giggled and Kevin looked up.

“You ain't never seen a Papaya? Where you from?” he asked dismissively and I clenched my fist around the sharp knife in my hand. Sarah put a hand on mine and looked up at me. I passed her knife and she cut up the fruit, separating the sweet pink flesh it from the tough exterior, and the many black seeds.

Sarah tossed handfuls of prawns of various sizes into a heated pan and I watched in awe as the dark grey twirls became a vibrant pink the instant they hit the sizzling skillet.

Sarah instructed me chop the “potatoes” into wedges and passed me several light red orange vegetables. “They're sweet potatoes,” she said reading my mind and I chopped them into large wedges that Sarah put on a baking tray and added to the oven.

She then had me making the Marie Rose sauce, a mixture of mayonnaise, Worcester sauce, ketchup, lemon juice and double cream that Sarah then whisked to make a sauce. Kevin, by this time, had moved onto his second magazine but I felt his eyes on my back.

Sarah topped and tailed the carrots and put them in cold water, along with cauliflower and broccoli.

“Don't you want to cut them?” I asked and she shook her head.

“I'll cut them on the plate. They won't retain their flavour otherwise” she replied.

“Can you actually cook anything?” Kevin asked me and I wished Sarah had not moved the knife out of my reach, leaving me with just a mayonnaise-covered teaspoon.

“Not as well as Sarah, clearly” I replied looking at her and she went red.

“It's just that she has spent the last hour teaching you how to cook. So much for helping ...” Sarah's hand touched the small of my back and I breathed.

Kevin was saved from a brutal death with a small, blunt piece of condiment-covered cutlery when the doorbell rang. I leaped towards the door before Sarah could move. “I'll get it.”

I greeted Ray and Donna but the mixed-race girl barely acknowledged me as she came in. “Are you still annoyed with me?” I asked her and she barely murmured. Ray smiled and I led them into the kitchen where Kevin had taken the spare twenty seconds or so to pull Sarah onto his lap to kiss her and then released her when we returned.

“Dude, you said her cousin had a fat arse,” Ray replied to my surprised look as we entered. “She ain't ever going to not be annoyed with you.”

“Don't you think it is a little petty, Donna? A bit childish, maybe?”

Donna put her hands on her hips and glared at Ray. “I'm childish now? Is it possible to see me without being insulting?” she asked, a somewhat angry tinge to her voice.

“What did you say?” Kevin asked me, his face lit up.

“He said my cousin had a fat arse because of all the crisps she ate. To her face and then got us all barred from the pub because he swore at the barman and kicked his sign over the hedge,” Donna replied aggressively, her hands animated as she spoke. “She only came along because I told her you were single and a nice guy. She got dressed up to meet you.”

“Oooh, that’s smooth.” Kevin taunted me and I shrugged my shoulders. I could feel myself getting annoyed and felt the familiar tightness across the top of my shoulders I got whenever I got wound up.

“Well she’s hardly my type and she asked for it. She was over an hour late and then started whittering about her clothes not fitting while shovelling crisps into her gob.” I responded sharply jabbing my finger at her. “Now I have apologised to Ray and if it really, really, really makes you feel so better I can apologise again but you can either let it go or not. But your boyfriend is still my friend and your best friend is still my friend.”

Donna huffed. “You were rude. And you are being rude again. Just because you were rejected by some tart doesn’t give you the right to be a cock.”

I stared at Ray who looked apologetic. “Abi is not a tart. I was not rejected,” I shouted. “And while we are on the subject of rudeness, what the fuck gives you the right ...”

“Whoa!” Sarah intervened and put her hand on my shoulder. I shrugged it off, staring at Donna who was still glaring at me. “I’ve not invited you here to shout at each other. Or you can both go home” she warned, a sharpness in her voice.

There was a tenseness in the room. “So who is this tart then?” Kevin asked Donna who had sat down opposite him.

Sarah shot me a glare as I breathed in deeply and moved my hands apart. I wanted thump him. If Sarah hadn’t been there and if he wasn’t her beau, I probably would have done. He was saved from another violent death when the doorbell rang for the second time and as I was closest to the door I went to answer.

“Andy, long time no see” a blonde girl dressed in a blue top and gray cardigan asked and I greeted her warmly, despite my outburst only moments earlier.

“Yeah, hiya Zoe. You look well! How was the exams?”

Zoe was a good friend for me at Primary School and in the same “house” as myself as well as being Rosie’s best friend from church; I knew her well. I took her coat and hung it on the peg. It was easier for my six foot frame to reach than her 5ft 8 inches, especially with the shoe holder in the way.

“Fine,” she answered. “I’m not sure I did enough revision on a few of them but I think I did all right. Yourself?”

“Oh OK. And you always used to do too much revision, Zoe. You forget how long I’ve known you!” I joked.

Zoe gave me a smile and I guided her towards the door. “They are in the kitchen,” I told her and Zoe walked through the door to where Donna was describing Abi. I saw Sarah greet and kiss Zoe on the cheek while I stood by the front door and considered making a break for it. I wondered what Sarah would think and whether she would care? I thought for a moment whether I trusted myself not to explode like I did in the White Lion. And if I did, what would it do to Kevin and Sarah? Did I really care?

“You OK?” a familiar voice asked me, softly.

“Yeah, I’m ... I’m fine,” I told Sarah, blowing through my pursed lips.

“Don't let them get to you” she told me softly, and immediately I felt patronised. I was getting annoyed with her now and this was not good.

I breathed in and screwed up my eyes. “I'll try not to,” I murmured and walked past Sarah, and Zoe who was going upstairs, presumably to the toilet.

“So why is she a tart then, other than the no knickers, which is a pretty slutty thing to do?” Kevin was asking Donna.

“Why the fuck is everyone obsessed with my love life? What is it Donna, you jealous? Does Abi make you feel insecure?” I asked her the moment I walked in.

“What love life? This Abi bird rejected you, and I can see why.” Kevin responded and I raised an eyebrow at him.

“Really? You sure about that?” I asked him aggressively and staring at his patronising face. “You sure Abi turned me down?”

“You said ...” Donna started.

“No Donna. I said fuck all to you. But for your information, no we are not dating but we are very much friends. Now is there anything else you wish to know or are you going to drop it as, I don't know, just maybe, it's none of your fucking business who I am seeing.”

“There's no need to swear,” Ray started and I shot him a look.

“I don't see why Donna, or any other fucker, is remotely interested in my love life. It's my life. It's private.” I shouted at him, emphasising the swear word. Ray, of all people, knew when to steer clear of me and his attempts at an admonishment were unwise.

There was silence for a moment as I sat down and then Donna murmured. “So rude”

“And talking behind my back about me and Abi isn't?” I shot back at her.

Donna waved her arms and stared back at me. “Kevin asked who she was. Some cheap tart who gets paid to take her clothes off, walks around with no knickers ...”

I cut Donna off. “Right ... some cheap tart who your boyfriend spent an entire picnic staring up her skirt. Or had you forgotten that bit? But then looking at you that day I'm hardly surprised his eyes were wandering elsewhere.”

“STOP IT!” yelled a tearful voice from the end of the room as Ray got to his feet. If he wanted a fight then I would happily have given him one. “If you are going to be horrid to each other then you can all leave.”

Kevin, who had enjoyed watching Donna and I argue was at Sarah's side immediately with his arm around her, comforting her as she shouted through her tears. Donna glared at me and I fiddled with my fingers.

There was a tense silence for a few moments and Sarah regained her composure. “Andy, please apologise to Donna and Ray”

“What for?” I asked incredulously. Sarah stared at me until I uttered. “OK. Yeah sorry.”

“Donna?”

"No way. No." Sarah's eyes pleaded with Donna, who crossed her arms and shook her head. "I'm not doing it. He is rude and nasty. I don't know why you like him."

I rubbed my face and told Sarah to drop it, which she reluctantly did, but neither Donna nor Ray conversed with me as Sarah prepared the prawn cocktail and I had to rely on Zoe's presence to have someone to converse to.

Sarah had laid out her dining room exquisitely with a large white tablecloth and six individual place settings with our names on them. Kevin was at one end of the table and Sarah was at the other, nearest the kitchen and Sarah had placed me between Donna on one side and Kevin on the other.

We sat down in near silence and Donna moved her chair away from me as possible. "You know, we could make an effort, for Sarah" I told her once the host had left the room.

"I don't like you," she replied coldly and I shrugged.

"No offence but I don't particularly like you either and I am not going to get upset by you being a bitch. But Sarah will though, and she will also probably get upset by me reacting. It's your call." Kevin and Ray looked at Donna while she stared at me.

"Come on honey," Ray soothed at her and Donna scrawled up her face. "Think of it as Catch-22. You can't win this one, just lose."

"But I don't like him," she whined and I rolled my eyes at her immaturity.

"As I said, I don't like you either. But Sarah seems to like both of us, so it's up to you whether you want to spoil tonight or not."

"OK. Just don't be nasty again."

"Talking of being nasty, sorry about Rhea yesterday," I told Ray. "I didn't think she'd still be in protest."

Donna looked at Ray and then me. "What's this?"

"Rhea was naked when we returned to Andy's flat yesterday," Ray said tersely and Donna's eyes widened.

"There's something wrong with that family," Donna muttered and I glanced at my watch.

"So that's a whole thirty seconds you managed. Congratulations, Donna" I told her sarcastically. "We all knew you could do it."

"Well there is," Donna replied and I smirked.

"Right, when you meet Rhea, please her tell that 'cos I wanna watch the fallout."

Ray smirked at me and Donna looked at him. "What? Why's that funny?"

"Because you have never met Rhea. She'll tear you to shreds, won't she Ray?"

Ray spluttered in response, "Well I wouldn't er-"

"That's a yes then," I interrupted him.

“My brother is still a little scared of her two years after they left primary school. He said she was the only person he didn't want to be in a class with in Aylesbury Grammar,” Zoe admitted and I shrugged my shoulders.

“Sounds like a tart and a thug to me,” Kevin replied airily and I looked at him.

I took a deep breath and Kevin was spared as Sarah brought in the starter – prawn cocktail. Donna was good to her word and was civil. When Sarah went to get the main, I suggested to Kevin that he go and carve as he was the equivalent of the head of the household for the day, and liking this idea a lot, the vain twat left me alone for a good five minutes while he butchered the joint Sarah had lovingly prepared.

He did however give about two-thirds of the joint to himself and Sarah, and left myself with just scraps but I was not in the mood for another fight and said nothing. Sarah had prepared some chocolate brownies to go with a Clotted Cream ice cream she had bought in the town followed by freshly filtered coffee with a dash of cream liqueur.

Zoe and I volunteered to wash up and, grateful to be out of the company of Sarah, Ray, Donna and Kevin. I had no aversion to doing by myself but Zoe insisted she help and she certainly helped lighten my mood, once she realised that I wasn't going to bite her head off. She was the one person at the dining table that I wasn't annoyed with in the slightest and we chatted amicably about school and College.

Zoe was good at Maths as well and had high hopes of getting an A* and certainly wanted to do it at A Level as well as one of the sciences although whereas I leaned towards Physics, she preferred Biology.

“King Phillip came over for gay sex” I muttered and Zoe nearly dropped the plate she was drying.

“What?”

“It's the only thing I can remember about Biology. It's for Kingdom Phylum Class Order Family Genus Species. The rest of the subject is just boring.”

“Oh right,” she said. “I prefer Keep Pots Clean or Family Gets Sick. My parents wouldn't like your one.”

“There was also Kinky People Can Often Find Good Sex” I added and she shook her head.

“That's not much better,” she muttered and I changed the subject.

In the half-hour it took us to clean and dry all the dishes I had learned a lot more about her than I had previously done. She had always been a friend, but there was a remoteness to her home life that she never discussed with me before. I was scarcely much better, Zoe still did not know about Mum, the night club or Abi, but given her conservative upbringing and faith I was happy to keep it that way. Despite her staid lifestyle, she a pleasant, relaxed girl with two younger brothers.

We returned to the lounge to see Ray lose at chess to Kevin while Sarah and Donna watched.

“I'll give you a game,” I said as I entered the lounge, considerably more relaxed than before.

Kevin snorted. "Can you even play?" he asked and I counted to three in my head.

"Why do you think I don't?" I asked and Kevin screwed up his piggy little face.

"Well, you ain't the sharpest knife in the drawer," he said dismissively and I counted to five.

"Ain't? What is this word you speak? The word is 'aren't' or do you intend to continue to butcher and massacre our fine English language," I teased, mimicking his privileged accent and sat down. "Best of three, or will I have to beat you in one?" I asked and he shrugged.

"Best of three, if you want. But if I can't beat some bottom of the class pleb at a state school I'm in serious trouble," he muttered. I counted to five silently. Just think, I thought: My cock. Sarah's mouth. My tongue. Her pussy. That's better I thought, "Cock, mouth, tongue, pussy. Cock, mouth, tongue, pussy. Cock, mouth, tongue, pussy."

Unlike when I played Abi and Sarah and was beaten, I considered every move before making it, surveying every move he made. I played out several moves ahead and within a few minutes had his King in an elaborate checkmate.

He silently set up the second game, and my initial victory gave me undue confidence and I made a simple mistake that let him take my queen and win the game.

The third game was tense. I studied every move, desperate to ensure that I did not make a mistake. I wanted to beat him. I needed to. Every piece he moved, I analysed meticulously. I must not lose. Before long, I had both of his bishops and put his king in check and then checkmate.

"You were lucky!" he responded to my smiles.

"No, just logic and intelligence, mate" I replied calmly, much to his annoyance.

It was gone eight when we had finished and Zoe made a move to get her coat.

"I need to be home by 10:30 and I need to get to the station and then wait for a train," she reasoned and I decided that it would probably not be a bad time for me to go. I had managed to get through the day without losing my temper too badly and that I should probably not push my luck.

"I'll walk you home," I said to Zoe and got up also.

Sarah saw us to the door as I got my shoes on and Kevin came out with two bottles of spirits.

"Hey, Sarah. Look what I found. Fancy a glass?"

"Kev, they are my dad's. He'll go mad if we touch 'em."

"I'm only having one. Well Ray wants one as well," he said and disappeared into the kitchen.

"Thanks Sarah," Zoe said and hugged her.

I looked and felt guilty. "Yeah thanks. It was a great meal. And ... well ... sorry"

She shrugged. "You were no worse than Donna" she replied and gave me a brief hug. "I'll

ring you Sunday” I smiled and watched as she gently closed the door.

“You really don't like Donna, do you?” she asked the moment we got outside Sarah's house.

“Not really. She holds a grudge about me being rude and then spends all day trying to offend me,” I answered in return and guided Zoe towards the main road. “I'd prefer to deal with her when Ray and Sarah aren't there.”

“Well, she's not that bad. She's just Donna really.”

Zoe was just as hungry as I was and en-route to the station we stopped off at a takeaway and bought two kebabs.

“I'm never allowed these,” she admitted as we both paid the couple of quid for our food. “How much garlic mayonnaise have you got?”

“A bit,” I admitted as she made a theatrical wave over her nose and we sauntered up the road to the station. We had twenty minutes to eat our grub on the platform and it was a clear warm night. The setting sun lit up the sky which was awash with blood-reds and shimmering oranges and I quite enjoyed the walk up the road.

I could tell Zoe was itching to ask something and just as I had done in Aylesbury with Sarah, it took till we were kicking our heels on the station platform bench for her to ask who Abi was.

I tried to explain without detailing that my Mum owned the strip club she worked in and she was my lover but I left her more confused and she dropped the subject, turning our attention to her church.

While I was not religious, this was safer subject matter for me and I spoke quite freely. She was keen for me to come along to her church one Sunday and even promised to go for a drink in the café afterwards if I came.

I liked Zoe. She was refreshing as spending time with everyone else was just a bit complicated. She was the opposite and was happy to talk about mundane matters. We parted at the end of her road, without a kiss, or a cuddle. It was just a normal goodbye and I watched her run to her house halfway down her street, leaving me to wander back with my thoughts.

The night had not been a disaster, but it could have gone far better. But it had done one very good thing for me: I no longer felt guilty about fooling around with Sarah. Fuck, I even wanted the arrogant prick to know about what Sarah and I had done. I wanted him to see us together, wanted him to see Sarah suck on my cock. I wanted Sarah to want me and for him to know it.

This “pleb” wanted Sarah. And on reflection, that probably wasn't good for Sarah. It wasn't good at all.

* * * * *

I saw the blue flashing lights outside the club the moment I turned into Castle Street and ran towards the entrance.

“Hey Troy” I called out to the bouncer, “What's happening?”

Troy smirked when he saw me and the small crowd around me listened in. "Alice was bumping and grinding into his face, and it was too much for the poor sod. His tickers gone"

"Shit!" I called out and he shook his head.

"He's alive but Alice is a bit shaken"

I saw Mum just inside and she came out with the paramedics and an elderly gentleman on a stretcher.

"Hi Andy. You home now?" she asked when she saw me.

"Just going up when I saw this." Mum smiled at me.

"Yes, and there is nothing for you to see here," she gently admonished me and I went upstairs to bed, wishing Sarah was with me and not Kevin. My mind dreaded to think what he was doing to her.

* * * * *

I spent Saturday in a bit of a daze. I never really quite woke up and took considerably longer to clean the club than I usually do, although Mum did say that it probably needed a bit more attention as they were busy the night before.

Rhea was still completely naked and up to her usual tricks by goading me when I returned. I was still on her hit-list for not being a master forger with loose morals and she took to hiding all of my shoes until I apologised and promised to help her next time.

I eventually located them all by tipping the unclothed Rhea upside down and threatened to throw her out of the fire escape or into a cold shower. She was probably certain I was joking on the first one, but not so the second and my shoes were duly returned.

In the evening, Mum took a dressed Rhea and I to a local pizza parlour. It had been awhile since we had gone out as a family and Mum wanted to celebrate the end of my exams, however belatedly!

I went to bed shortly after we got home and read. There was nothing else to do, and I thought about Zoe's offer for the following day. I wondered, what would I lose popping along to see her. I might just get to understand Sarah a little better, I thought. But I would go alone and set my alarm for 8:30 the following morning.

* * * * *

"Where are you trying to sneak off to?" My naked little sister asked surveying me dressed in my smart trousers and smart blue T-Shirt. "Is it some bird?"

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 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

New Pleasures Chapter IX

Rhea dumps her boyfriend, Abi has a dilemma and Andy has a crisis of conscience about having sex with Sarah.

Excerpt: “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.”

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