

NEW PLEASURES

Chapter Eight



By
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Codes: MF, exhib, creampie

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Preface

This story is the thirteenth instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe: 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.

“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 VIII

“Church,” I replied seriously.

Rhea laughed. “No where are you going?” she asked persistently, not hiding any of her teenage body.

“Church.”

“No, you're not. The last time you were in church was my Christening and you pissed all over one of the gravestones. Mum and Dad were very embarrassed, they keep reminding you.”

I smiled. “Given that I was two you can't really blame me. I am off to Church.”

“You're not. Who are you going to see. Is it Abi? Or Sarah? Or ...”

“God?” I suggested with raised eyebrows.

“Andy ... tell me. I bet it's ...”

I cut her off. “Why don't you get dressed and I'll take you” I said with a glint in my eye that went unnoticed.

“You're not going to Church Andy. You going to see one of your birds,” she said, her eyes gleaming.

“Abi is asleep as she was working and Sarah is grounded. I am going to Church, but as you don't believe me, come along. I will take you if you want,” I promised her. “Just get dressed smartly. But be quick. I got to leave in five minutes.”

Rhea stopped and pondered this for a moment and then raced upstairs. I scrawled Mum a note and left it by the kettle before Rhea emerged in jeans and T-Shirt.

Rhea was insistent we were not going to Church and that this was a secret rendezvous with Sarah or Abi or even an unknown girlfriend. I smirked at her creativity but led her across Aylesbury, past our old primary school to the Church of St Barnabas. “Why so glum?” I asked her when she peered up at the place of worship.

“It's a Church,” she moaned. “You've actually brought me to Church.”

“I think you'll find,” I said smirking at her, “that this is exactly where I said we were going”

“But Andy. It's a Church.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Why?” she asked.

“Well you can repent for all your sins. And that'll keep you busy for the rest of the year!”

Rhea threw a moue at me but followed me inside the building to the sounds of organ music and I took two hymn books from the lady distributing them. Rhea snatched one of the books from me with all the ill grace she could muster and we sat at the back.

“Why are we at Church?” Rhea asked as we seated. I scanned the church hall for Zoe and saw her at the front but she did not see me and the service began with that question unanswered. I didn't actually know.

There were many reasons I could give: I was certainly still missing the close confidante I had in Paula, and with Ray seemingly distracted with Donna, there was only one other person I trusted who could fill that void, and that was Zoe. Of course, with Zoe being close to Sarah, it certainly helped matters: I needed a friend who both Sarah and I liked, especially what with the problems with Donna. Mostly though, Zoe and I had always been good friends in school and I just wanted to see her. What with the breakup of Ray and Rosie I had somewhat neglected her and wanted to make some sort of amends.

Rhea was clearly bored and spent most of the service kicking the hassocks hanging on the back of the pew in front of us. When it came to the hymns she adopted an unsuitable game of trying to sing it in an unusual voice that drew a few disapproving glances from the elderly woman directly in front. She even managed to sneak some inappropriate words into her recital of some of the hymns but no-one apart from me noticed and a jab in the ribs stopped her. I didn't fancy being thrown out of church in the same way I was thrown out of the White Lion. I was sure Rhea was destined to Hell, only I wasn't completely sure if that was as a torment for her, or a further punishment for Satan!

At the end of the service, Rhea wanted to leave immediately but I told her to mingle with the congregation for awhile outside and this irritated her further. She was only placated when I promised that I would take her to a café for lunch.

I waved at Zoe when I saw her and she came over. Rhea made a snide comment when she saw my friend but I ignored her. “I thought you didn't come to Church,” Zoe said the moment greetings and introductions had been completed.

“He doesn't. He is here on the prowl,” Rhea added before I could speak. I shrugged.

“I don't normally but you told me to come once to try it. Remember?”

“And you brought along your sister,” Zoe replied, beaming.

“Yeah, she wanted to come.”

“I did not!” Rhea replied indignantly. “You tricked me.”

Zoe and I laughed. “I did not trick you. I told you I was coming to church and I came to the church. You wanted to come with me as you thought I was going to meet a young lady.”

Rhea grinned. “And you did. You've come to meet her. Have you two come to confess for something naughty you did?”

I gave Zoe an apologetic look and she smiled. “It's OK. I remember your sister,” she told me. “Everyone does.”

Rhea pouted at me and tugged on my sleeves. “Right. Now you've met her can we get something to eat now, I'm hungry.”

I looked at Zoe. “You fancy something to eat? Remember, café? You promised!” I teased.

Zoe shifted awkwardly. “I'll go ask Mum. She is doing Sunday school in a minute so I should be able to go.”

Rhea's eyes bored into me the moment Zoe had left. "I knew there was a girl involved. You are a dirty, filthy rodent Andy Williams. Ever since Paula's left it's been one after the other. I'm surprised you don't just get a bloody conveyor belt to bring 'em up to your room."

I sighed. "Will you ..."

"You could have them strapped down, legs parted, all ready for you by the time they get up there."

"It's Zoe. She is Sarah's friend and my old schoolmate from Grove House. Met her for the first time in weeks on Friday. She is deeply devout, conservative and would deeply disapprove of Abi and the club so keep quiet. I used to see her loads but not so much recently," I told Rhea, answering all of her questions at once. "And she is not interested in me, and I am not in her."

"Oh good. Can we go bowling and get something to eat in there" she asked.

"You're grounded," I reminded her.

"Yeah, but if I am not occupied, I might say something ... regrettable. By accident, of course. Abi might just slip out." Rhea replied and I groaned. "But if we go bowling ..."

"Why do you have to make my life so difficult?" I asked Rhea with a scowl and she smiled leaning into me.

"Because I am your little sister. It's my job."

Zoe returned a few moments later with a tall wiry boy with brown hair and deep blue eyes, wearing a blue checked shirt and lightweight white trousers. He scowled when he saw me, standing next my little sister and I wondered what I had done.

"Mum said yes, but my brother has to come too. You remember Simon, don't you?"

I nodded and went to introduce Rhea but he spoke. "Rhea Williams?" he replied sharply.

"Oh you two know each other?" I asked and Simon nodded.

"I wanna go back with Mum. I am not spending an hour in her company," he said firmly and Zoe scowled at him. "She's evil."

"Whoa," I told him and looked at Rhea. "She's not that bad."

"Well Mum said you are to come so you are coming," Zoe told him sharply and he puffed. "She wants to do Sunday School in peace. You'd football in the hall last time and ..."

"You know I hate her, you know what I think of her. Why do I have to come along? Just so you can spend time with your boyfriend I have to put up with her? I'm not doing it Zoe."

Zoe wagged a finger at her brother and spoke firmly. "She used to be your friend, remember?" I tried to place him – I certainly knew Simon but he had grown up quite a bit since I had last seen him – but had no idea what my sister had done to upset him so much.

"Well I don't really want to be with you either," Rhea spat back and after much disagreement and scowling, Zoe and I walked out of the Church grounds with two frowning

siblings behind us.

"I'm surprised he recognised you with your clothes on," I teased Rhea after two minutes of her sulking and Zoe looked at me in surprise. "Rhea is going naked at home to protest at parental discipline being enforced," I said, choosing my words carefully.

"Rhea having discipline? First time for everything." Simon muttered and Zoe and I looked back at the angry teenagers deliberately walking as far apart from each other as they could.

"Shut up," Rhea snapped. "Or I'll give you something to fuckin' whine about." Rhea rolled her hands into fist and held it out threateningly.

Zoe and I talked quite happily about Rhea's protest and then our exams on the way into town, but neither Rhea or Simon spoke a word to each other than Rhea demanding an apology for a previous incident between them. When this was not forthcoming, she kicked a stone that hit Simon on the shin, although she claimed that it was accidental. I could tell from her expression that I shouldn't believe her.

Zoe was happy to go the café in the bowling alley and then play a game, and as the bowling alley was situated not far from the Church so we didn't have too far to walk.

"Before we go in, what is with you two?" I asked Simon and Rhea, and Simon shrugged.

"Ask her" Simon replied quickly and I looked at Rhea.

"You know when I got suspended from Grove House ..."

"You mean, when you ran amok with items from that joke shop we found on holiday?"

Rhea smirked. "Well that little cunt grassed me up."

Simon shrugged. "I got asked who did it. They guessed it was you anyway. And there was no need to try and drown me."

"It was an accident," Rhea answered loftily with rolled eyes. "I told you before it was an accident. I just tripped and accidentally pushed you."

"You had me in a head-lock before throwing me in to the pond," exclaimed Simon. "And then held my head under the water." Zoe and I looked at each other apologetically.

"Is this really worth fighting over?" I asked Rhea and she nodded.

"I want an apology from him." Simon spluttered and I laughed.

"The moment you apologise to me for trying to kill me," he told her and Rhea screwed up her face.

"Rhea, please. Don't spoil a nice afternoon with pettiness. Let's go have something to eat and let bygones be bygones," I begged of Rhea but she shook her head.

"Not until he says sorry. I will be civil and forget the incident when he says sorry."

I groaned in desperation and admitting defeat we went inside. The café inside the bowling alley did decent hot food at a reasonable price and we sat down to order. Rhea and I ordered burgers while Simon got a hot dog and Zoe ordered a salad.

“Rhea, what exactly did you do to get suspended?” Zoe asked and Rhea went from kicking her chair to smirking with nostalgic memories.

“Oh, this was a Rhea classic,” I told Zoe and Rhea slapped me on the arm.

“My story,” she warned gleefully with an outstretched finger. “When we were on holiday we went to Filey, and we found a joke shop. I bought a few items that I used one day in my last week of school. First off, was the dog poo aerosol. It comes out and looks like proper dog shit so I put a few of those 'round the school before morning break and the teachers and dinner ladies were looking for a stray dog all day. I even excused myself to go to the toilet and put a nice turd in the teachers staff room.”

Zoe laughed and even Simon smirked.

“I also put the Krap-Alot sugar in the sugar bowl but I am not sure if anyone used it.” She hummed and smiled in reminiscence. “Then I swapped Mr Samuel's pen for an electric shock pen, you know, the dirty fucker from Year 6. God, I hated him and we all heard his screams during afternoon register.” She smiled at this and Zoe looked at me with a shocked expression on her face. “Then there was Annie's chewing gum to turn her mouth blue. I threw stink-bombs into the playground at afternoon break.”

“Weren't you seen?” Zoe asked and Rhea shook her head.

“I didn't want to get caught. I chucked 'em from the other side of the school, over the school building and down into the playground. By the time they had run 'round to see who did it I was back through the fire door I had propped open and was hiding in the girls' bogs”

Zoe giggled.

“Finally, I got some smoke-bombs and threw them into the boys' toilets only I was seen doing it.” Rhea stared at Simon who looked sheepish for a moment. “And was grassed up by a filthy, stinking, nasty tell-tale”

“Yeah, but ... Rhea ... you must have expected to have been caught?” I told her and she shook her head.

“Everything was planned to the letter. I wanted the end of the school year to go with a bang.”

“It did go with a bang. Mum exploded,” I replied and Zoe sniggered.

“Yeah. But I would have got away with it, if I hadn't have been grassed up.”

“It was still two years ago. Don't you think it's time to let it go?” I asked and Simon nodded.

“No. I got suspended. Mum still brings it up now whenever I am in trouble. I should have had Tuesday and Wednesday to enjoy myself but was suspended for Tuesday and Mum took all my joke stuff away and I was grounded for the entire of the Summer Holidays.” Rhea looked defiant, but her mood had certainly lightened now that she got to be the centre of attention. She continued recalling her transgressions at primary school, some which I had not heard before until our food arrived. The burger was nice, but I gave Zoe some of my chips as her salad did not come with any and Rhea shot me a mischievous look.

By the time we had finished, and I had paid for the food, we wandered over to the bowling

alley to set up a game. Zoe tried to give me some money, but I was feeling unusually generous and told her not to. She half-relented and bought us all a lemonade to drink while we were bowling.

Rhea hit a strike on her first ball that arced perfectly down the lane to smash into the ten pins and smirked at us, stroking back her long brown hair that had become displaced as she threw her ball.

“She used to be on the Bowling team, until she got thrown off of it for cheating,” I explained to Zoe and Simon as she sauntered back to the row of seats.

“That wasn't my fault!” Rhea claimed as she sat down on the spare chair next to Simon.

“Rhea, you and I both know that's an outright lie.”

Rhea smirked a little. “Yeah but, that Bruce was a smarmy, patronising bastard. He deserved it for the things he said about me.”

I turned to Zoe, smiling. “She sprayed baby oil or olive oil or something at the head of the alley of the opposing team. This guy turns to bowl, loses his footing and cascades down the runway”

Zoe laughed as I gestured with my hands.

“He deserved it. And I heard his fingers apparently healed quite nicely after a couple of months or so,” Rhea added.

I felt a little guilty when I got a spare and Zoe managed only four. Simon managed even less, hitting the gutter both times.

“Have you bowled before?” I asked Zoe and she nodded. “But it was awhile ago. Quite awhile ago.”

“Mum doesn't like it so we don't go as a family,” Simon added. “Occasionally as friends but we prefer the cinema.”

“I'll show you. On your next go,” I promised Zoe as Rhea hit another strike. I managed nine and then stood behind Zoe and did exactly what I did with Sarah, guiding her arm and positioning her body. She bowled eight and then one.

“Go on, show Simon,” I told Rhea who shook her head.

“Not until he apologises,” she said resolutely. “He owes me an apology.”

“I'm not saying sorry. Not after she tried to drown me.” Simon replied and I buried my hands.

“Rhea. It's two years ago. Come on,” but Rhea shook her head and Simon bowled a measly two.

I shot Rhea a dirty look and she shrugged her shoulders before hitting six pins, which Zoe and I both followed up with strikes.

Simon's ball hit the gutter and he, dejectedly, walked to the Ball Return for his second ball.

“OK, Rhea, I'm sorry I grassed you up,” he grumbled and Rhea looked up.

"I suppose I better show you then," she replied and jumped down from her seat.

"Shouldn't you say something too, Rhea?" I asked and she shook her head. I glared at her for a moment and then she muttered something to Simon. She repeated what I had done with Zoe. I noticed that she was a little touchy-feely, happy to guide him repeatedly with her hands.

She watched him bowl eight and returned his smile.

Thereafter, Rhea became a lot happier and lot more enjoyable to be with. She won at the bowling by an absolute canter, which helped her mood and she conversed a lot more with Simon. They had elected to do similar subjects at GCSE and there was a strong likelihood they would be in the same classes, for some of those subjects at least, when they returned to school in September. As we walked back, Simon and Rhea were a few paces behind talking about some Maths project due in that week, at the end of term, and that neither of them had completed while Zoe and I made idle chit-chat.

It wasn't sexually-charged or flirtatious like my chats with Sarah, but Zoe was good company and it made a change having some sort of female companionship that didn't lead to sex of some kind. I enjoyed the sex, and I wanted it. But I also wanted female friends who I could be with where there wasn't that complication or tension.

We reached the Church and we parted. There wasn't the hug, kiss, or awkward goodbye just a standard parting of two friends, like Ray and I would do. Rhea and Simon, on the other hand, did hug and Rhea was still smiling when she got home.

Mum however, was not.

"I've just had Sarah's mum on the phone," she said the moment I got through the door. "What were you doing on Friday night?"

I scrunched up my face in surprise. "We had a meal ... ummm ... six of us. Then Zoe said she needed to be home by ten, so we left at eight thirty, got something to eat from the kebab-house. I walked her home and you saw me."

"No Andy, I was working," she said dismissively.

"The bloke who had a heart-attack. I was there when the ambulance arrived." Mum thought back for a moment and then nodded.

"Yeah sorry, that was Friday. That was what, ten fifteen?"

"Given that Sarah lives twenty minutes from the station and Zoe lives near our old school, eight fifteen - eight thirty would be about right?"

"Did you drink any alcohol?"

"No" I replied quickly and then thought. "Actually, Sarah put a dash of Baileys in everyone's coffee"

Mum looked exasperated. "Did you touch the vodka, whiskey or wine?"

I shook my head. "No."

Mum stared at me. "Truthfully?"

"No. I didn't have any," I said quite resolutely and waved my hands in an animated fashion. "Sarah's mum wasn't there anyway so why is she saying that I did? When Zoe and I left we were sober. Why don't you ask her if you don't believe me."

Mum wiped her face and looked at me exasperated. "I do believe you, just Sarah's Mum came back today, to find four drunken teenagers in her house, all of her alcohol drunk and the place an absolute tip so she wants to know what went on, and your name got mentioned."

"Well I haven't been there all weekend. I was here and then I've been to church today," I replied a little annoyed.

Rhea, who had been silent the entire time spoke. "That is true. We have been to church. The smarmy basket tricked me."

Mum looked at me inquisitively for a moment and turned to look at Rhea who had just finished undressing. "Are you still doing that?"

"Of course. I fight for my principles," she said resolutely and she then turned back to me as Rhea ran upstairs, her clothes in her hands, and sighed.

"It's this Sarah again," she said strongly. "I said she was trouble. You stay away from her."

My heart sank. There was no way I wanted to stop seeing Sarah and blurted out, "It'll be her boyfriend that drank them all. He was there and he opened the whisky as we were leaving"

Mum shook her head and extended her finger. "She is bad news Andy. Mark my words."

I groaned and she peered up at me with raised eyebrows. She strode back to the phone, dialling a number on a piece of paper. Sarah's mum clearly answered as Mum spoke firmly that although I had been there during Friday, I was home by 10:15 and did not partake in drinking of her spirits. Mum also said that I had told her that Sarah's boyfriend was solely responsible for raiding the bar cabinet (which is not quite what I said) and that I had left as they started doing this. This seemed to shorten the conversation and Mum signed off pleasantly enough.

I got the keys from Mum and cleaned the club before returning at 6pm for our Sunday meal. Mum didn't speak much over dinner and I was left with my thoughts of Sarah, although the unclothed Rhea more than made up for my silence by telling Mum that I had dragged her down to Church to repent for her sins.

This caused a wry smile from Mum, who seemed not to have minded Rhea going gallivanting off to church when she was grounded. Our peace was shattered by the front door closing and steps running up the stairs.

"Look at this Mum ... I'm engaged!" Julie screamed when she reached the dining room, proudly displaying her diamond ring for all to see.

However, despite my elder sister's excitement, I am ashamed to say I didn't actually care too much. I was too worried about Sarah.

* * * * *

That evening, Mum seemed to forget all about Sarah, Rhea and me, and concentrated

solely on Julie and Oliver. Mum rang Oliver's parents and invited them down for the night so we could "go out for a meal" and as they were due to fly out from Heathrow Airport that Saturday, it made sense for them to travel from Derby on Friday to Aylesbury, stay in the guest bedroom overnight and go out for a meal, before going on holiday.

Rhea, dressed in just an open dressing gown (it was a cooler evening and I think Mum had turned down the thermostat), inevitably asked if Annabella could come as well and Mum turned to me.

"Is there anyone you want to take?" I painfully looked at her and she shook her head. "No Andy. Not Sarah"

"Then no," I replied coldly. "But she really isn't as bad as you think she is."

Julie asked inquisitively but neither Mum nor I would tell her, and shortly afterwards I went to my bedroom to brood.

Why did Kevin need to ruin my friendship with Sarah? It was so unfair that Mum wouldn't listen. I hated him more than ever.

* * * * *

Mum and I hardly spoke all morning. I was annoyed with her and I think she detected this and did not want to cause a scene. I wasn't rude or curt but there was an underlying hardness to my voice and an aggression that normally wasn't there.

The post came as I was making my sandwich. The film I had sent off from the trip to the woods had arrived and I gleefully opened the packet and filed the duplicated prints upstairs. When I got a film developed I often asked for two copies, it cost a couple of quid more, but the subject of the photographs often liked to have a copy.

This gave me a reason to go to Wendover and with Mum not around to object I walked out of the house with my sandwich and down to Aylesbury station.

I thought about little else on the train – all of a sudden two very charming, beautiful girls had wandered into my life – and they were both making my life unreasonably complex. That said, I wouldn't have changed either of them for the world.

Sarah was a weird case, she seemed to attract problems to her – just liked Rhea – but was as flirtatious and bouncy as any girl I knew. I felt sorry for her as I knew she had told Kevin to put the alcohol down, but she had clearly failed to get him to listen. "I'm sorry Andy, she is grounded," Angela said when she answered the door to me. "She shouldn't have invited you over."

"She hasn't. Can I see her for five minutes?" I asked. "Julie has got engaged."

Angela showed me into her familiar conservatory and called Sarah. Sarah had been crying, her eyes were red and she looked dowdy and dishevelled.

"What's up?" I asked the moment Sarah had closed the door.

"It's mum and Kevin and Donna and everyone," she cried and I put my arms around her, holding her closely for a few moments.

"Do you want to talk about it?" I asked her and she shook her head.

“Not here.”

I fished out the photos from my bag and passed them to her. “I've sorted them out. These are yours.”

Sarah opened them and had to wipe her eyes. “This was so long ago.” I nodded and smiled.

“Not that long ago. But you've ... er ... had some problems since”

I told her about Julie's engagement but she seemed a little preoccupied, and before long Angela asked me to go home.

Angela apologised for ringing Mum but I told her not to worry and left her house to ponder. I found it somewhat interesting that Sarah was upset about Kevin, but then rationalised that this did not mean that I was suddenly in with a chance of dating the complex girl. I just wanted everything to be easy and uncomplicated in my life, which was an impossibility with Rhea, Abi and Sarah all going out of their way to do the exact opposite.

* * * * *

Mum was not surprised and had guessed where I was when I returned home. She annoyingly repeated her warning that Sarah was “trouble” and that I would do well to avoid her. This definitely riled me, as Mum did not know her or know what was going on, and I replied to her aggressively.

“You know, about eighteen months ago, you and I used to argue a lot? When Julian was here. Everything I did was wrong?” I told her a little too firmly. “What I went through then, is what Sarah is going through now. Only it's not because of a step-dad she dislikes, it's because of a manipulative boyfriend” Mum, who was cooking as I spoke, passed me some bread to butter. “No, Andy, no-one can be that manipulative. What about taking responsibility for your own actions?”

“He is an absolute prick” I blurted out and Mum shot me a disapproving look. “Sorry. Well whenever Sarah and him meet he forces her into rough sex. Her parents found out about the hotels and that's what the fight was about that night. I met him on Friday and he was controlling and patronising and so up-himself even blaming Sarah for them not being able to meet. Sarah even told him to put the whisky back as we were leaving and he ignored her. It's him not Sarah”

“It takes two to tango,” she replied uttering one of her favourite sayings and looked up at me.

“I know. She knows that as well and she definitely regrets what's happening. But it's not physical pressure it's emotional and mental pressure. He has gone bananas at Sarah for them not being able to meet any more and says it is Sarah's fault and she is feeling a bit guilty because of it. If I could have got away with thumping him I would have done. What he is doing to Sarah is nasty.”

I felt the heat of Mum's glare the back of my neck as I buttered the last piece of bread.

“Only it is Sarah who is getting everyone else into trouble, isn't it?”

“She is going through a tough time at the moment. She can't talk to her boyfriend about it and doesn't think her parents will understand. Her best friend is totally preoccupied with

her own relationship at the moment. The only people she has is Zoe and me, and Zoe probably wouldn't understand. So I know I might get my fingers burned but, if she needs me I want to be there for her."

"Is she worth it?" she asked me and I nodded.

"Definitely. She is my friend. Just like Abi is," I replied, my voice unwavering and eyes fixed on her. "And Ray. And Paula. They all have their foibles and their flaws. But they are my friends, just as they put up with my character flaws. She is my friend. You always told me to stick by my friends. So I will do."

"You've known her for a couple of weeks, that's all Andy."

"I know. But I spent so much time with Paula when she was here that I barely had time for anyone else. I didn't realise that at the time but we were always together and I get on well with Sarah and we shared a bed so I very much see her as my friend."

Mum grinned and looked across. "I also told you to stay away from trouble," she responded. "Paula was no problem. Sarah is a nightmare."

"Then, I'll not be in the company of Rhea. To the best of my knowledge, Sarah has never been suspended from school. She is not bad news or trouble, she is just ... well ... Sarah."

Mum laughed. "You know, that makes no sense, but I think I know what you mean. I still think you'll be well advised to think about what you are getting into."

"Well she is grounded, so she probably couldn't come anyway" I replied a bit sullenly.

"It is probably for the best, anyhow"

I hummed; I didn't vocally disagree with her, but Mum was wrong.

* * * * *

I was awoken on Monday night (or Tuesday morning) by a warm body cuddling up to me.

"Hello Abi," I told her in my dreamy state and felt her soft hands glide over me.

"Hello, sexy" she replied in a pronounced and enticing Scottish accent that she put on deliberately for me. "Ah didnae fancy goin' back tae me cold flat aloon when there with a nice warm bed for me here."

"Let me guess, you are horny?"

"Knackered and horny. But mostly tired. Horny can wait 'til th' mornin'"

I snuggled up to her and held her tightly, and we drifted off to sleep together.

We woke in the morning still curled up. Abi and I were both naked and covered with the duvet when there was a knock at the door. Mum peered in when called and smiled when she saw us both.

"I'm taking Rhea to school and then going shopping in Watford. Don't spend all day in bed," she warned and shut the door. About five minutes later, Abi woke up and went to the toilet and returned to bed.

“Your Mum is away all day. Think of the fun we could have,” she said mischievously.

“I already was,” I muttered and Abi smirked at me. “Well you said you were horny.”

“I always am at the moment,” she replied and slid her hands down my body. “I don't know what's got into me but I can't stop thinking about it. I am turning into a right nympho.”

“I don't mind,” I muttered and she smiled at me.

We kissed and she grabbed hold of my member. “I need a hard, rough, dirty, loveless, slutty, filthy fuck before breakfast. Doggy-style,” she muttered as we broke. I was fully erect and she slid her fingers down my shaft. I groaned. I loved it whenever she went near my crotch but I liked the idea of some rough, passionate sex.

Abi turned in the bed and I scooted behind her. I had read about doggy-style sex before and I was a little nervous, but mostly just horny. I positioned my cock at her crotch and she laughed.

“Not that hole” she cried and I positioned me at the mouth of her pussy. She was moist already and my cock slid in without any resistance. We both groaned as I did and my body slapped against hers.

She buried her head into the pillows and I pushed my organ deep into her. She squealed and rocked back as I thrust forward.

Abi purred as I pushed. It felt so much more intense than from when we had sex before. Abi squeezed her muscles as I poked her dripping slit and it sent different sensations through me.

I no longer thought I was having sex with Abi. It was a nondescript pussy I was fucking and I looked down my rod spearing the folds of skin. Abi groaned and cried as I thrust little Andy into her. She was playing with her clit and crying into the pillow.

“Harder” she cried. “Harder. Fuck me harder”

I grabbed hold of her waist and rammed her body against mine, causing her to yell out. I was grateful that Rhea and Mum were not in the flat as they would have heard Abi, screeching and yelling into the feather pillows.

“Oh God,” she yelled and I felt her pussy muscles quiver and legs begin to tense. I pounded her relentlessly as she orgasmed and felt the familiar heat in my perineum. I was building to a climax myself and grabbed hold of her waist again, thrusting into her with renewed passion.

Every thrust sent waves of delirium through my cock and this incredible feeling was coursing through my veins and overwhelming my senses; it was such an intensely powerful position.

“Abi ...” I murmured as I held onto her hips, my cock buried into her. I spurted several spurts of my juices into her and rocked back gently as I did. Abi's muscles pulsed nicely on my solid member and milked it as I withdrew.

Abi slumped against the pillow and I slid my hand down her leaking slit, rubbing my creamy deposit up to her clit and back again. Abi cried out as one finger slid inside her and the other finger skidded up and down her crack.

“Does it feel dirty and slutty to be coming with my stuff inside you?” I asked her as I began to encircle her clit.

“Fuck yes” she cried as my fingers darted over her button and her body quivered.

“You like it?”

“God yes!”

“What are you?” I asked my finger pressing gently on her clit.

“I am a....I am a....” she started and I removed my finger and slid it down her slit.

“Say it”

“I am a slut. A nympho. A whore....”

I put my hands either side of Abi's hips and brought her up. My cock was erect again and I positioned it over her dripping pussy and thrust it inside her. She squealed and groaned as I did it.

It felt almost as good as before, only a lot more slippery. I grinned as I rocked backwards and forwards at Abi's lustful cries. She urged me to thrust harder and deeper and, just as before, I put my hands on her hips and used them to pivot deep inside her.

This caused waves of mewling and panting from Abi who erupted into her third or fourth orgasm just before my slightly desensitised cock spewed a second wave of jism deep inside her.

I withdrew after a few seconds and wiped my cum-covered cock on a tissue. Abi was still buried in the pillows, with her leaking pussy thrust into the air for all to see.

“You OK?” I asked and Abi pushed herself up to get a couple of tissues.

“Yeah,” she said, a smile on her face.

“I really, really needed that,” she admitted.

We didn't bother having a shower, the sweaty smell of sex on us both as we ate breakfast. We kissed, and fed each other before returning to my bedroom. There was a big wet patch on the sheet and Abi smiled.

“We better wash that before your mum comes home,” she said and I grinned.

“When I've finished you can,” I told her and pushed her back on the bed.

“You know, I'm not convinced you are the same sixteen year old who got tongue-tied when a dishevelled prostitute smiled at him,” she teased and I smirked.

“Well, I'm not convinced you are the same eighteen year old who was too shy and scared to talk to said sixteen year old”

“Eighteen?” she asked. “I wish”

“I know” I replied and kissed her on the lips. “But you have the energy of an eighteen year old!”

She pulled me over on the bed and then climbed on top of me, her knees either side of my waist, and her nipples rubbing up against my chest. She kissed me again and began rocking her pelvis up and down my inflating shaft.

She sat up and swung her legs around my face nearly smacking me in the chops and then sat back presenting her crotch to me. "Will you."

"You know I love going down on you," I told her and she flexed her pelvis inches from my face.

"I know. And you'll be able to taste yourself," she said gleefully. "One day, I am going to get you to go down on me after you have shot your load."

I hummed. The odd residue of my semen I could stomach but I was not sure if I would fancy licking my deposits and swallowing, even if they came from Abi's twat. My day-dreaming was interrupted by Abi lowering her beautiful globes onto my face. Her succulent, red slit oozed juices and was enticing my tongue towards it. She murmured as it touched her outer labia and began to swirl around.

She groaned as it flicked across her button and then slid back down to her hole. I had conscientiously avoided this part but Abi was insistent and rocked herself so that her entrance was over my tongue. I tentatively, probed and felt my dick get harder. I could taste semen on Abi: my semen, and it was suddenly an arousing prospect.

Suddenly, the inhibitions I felt before no longer existed and I devoured Abi. Abi groaned and I felt a familiar slide of her hand down my shaft. I tensed my muscles and felt her tongue slip down my cock. It probed underneath my head and along the corona and under the glans.

My tingle underneath my balls grew to a warm throb and Abi used her hands to push my legs apart. She began to fondle my balls as I attacked her slit with renewed vigour, flicking her clit intensely.

Abi's tongue darted around my cock and she gently applied suction to the tip. I felt her hands cupping my balls and then dart along my perineum. I felt her apply pressure to the skin behind my testicles, and the warmth turned into a raging inferno.

I groaned and my muscles flexed in my leg flexed as she expertly sucked my cock and used her hands to play with my balls and perineum.

I put my hands on her thighs and pulled her pelvis into my face, sliding up and down her slippery slope. She rocked her hips as I probed with my tongue and began to flick my head with her mouth organ.

I felt Abi's fingers darting over my perineum and touched my anus. I clenched it instinctively but combined with Abi's oral technique, this pushed me over the edge and I felt my body tense up.

Waves and waves of electric energy cascaded through me and my thighs quivered and toes sparkled.

I began pumping my release into Abi who gleefully took and swallowed every last bit. I felt drained and complete, but still flicked and sucked on Abi's clitoris. She slumped forward a bit and let her hair trail over my cock as she squealed and shrieked to orgasm.

When she was done, she moved her pelvis where my tongue could not reach and then cuddled next to me, kissing me intently and passionately.

“Are you trying to turn me gay?” I asked her in all seriousness when we stopped kissing, and she burst out laughing.

“What are you on about?” she asked through the laughter.

“It's just you want me to swallow my semen when I go down on you and you were playing with my arse”

Abi smiled. “I know. But that doesn't make you gay.” She looked at my puzzled expression for a moment. “In case you hadn't noticed but I am a woman. Tits. Pussy. You know.”

I flinched and felt silly, but she knew what I meant. “Yes, I know, it's just....”

“You enjoyed it, right? Well I know you did.”

I nodded. “Yeah it was ... incredible”

She smiled. “All men like it. Some of them ... well a lot of them actually get concerned about being gay because of it. It's a bit silly actually”. I flinched again. “So no, I'm not trying to turn you gay. I just am trying to make you have amazing orgasms.”

“It's just ... its' not ...” I started shyly and Abi hugged me.

“You can be so cute when you get shy and embarrassed,” she teased. “But I love you for it!”

I stared down at her. “You love me?” I asked and she bit her lip.

“Well, not in the way you might have wanted me to,” she replied and kissed me on the cheek. “I am a long way from being able to be in a relationship with anyone, but I love sex. Well proper sex. I need it, but I don't want it with just anyone, there has to be a connection. And you are uncomplicated and caring. You are just what I need. Safe.”

“I'm safe?”

Abi smiled. “Yes. I am loving our casual sex and friendship.”

Abi and I cuddled for awhile until I fingered her to another couple of orgasms and then I went down on her and then we had warm, soft, loving intercourse before we got up and had a shower.

I had to clean the club and Abi, not wanting to be left out, came downstairs to keep me company. But I could not shake off the feeling that Abi touching my perineum should not feel that good.

* * * * *

I returned to the flat at around quarter-to-five. Abi was not working and had returned home in her car and I wandered up the stairs. I was not sure if Rhea and Mum would be home but they were and a naked Rhea, shamelessly sprawled out on the sofa, shot me a dirty look as I came in.

“Tired, are you?” she asked and I shrugged.

“Not especially, why?”

“We had to come back shortly after we left as Rhea left her school bag behind,” Mum said, eyeing my reaction.

“I heard noises. Lots of noises,” Rhea teased, her eyes sparkling.

“Well, they could have been anything,” I replied dismissively and walked past her, my cheeks ablaze.

“Yes, because 'fuck me harder' has so many meanings,” Rhea said flippantly. “So easy to get that confused with 'can you pass me the remote control please'. It's uncanny ...”

“Rhea!” Mum warned but she ignored her.

“Combine that with the sounds of rampant shagging, I'd say you were nailing the slut from...”

“RHEA!” Mum yelled, and my younger sister crossed her arms. “Leave us alone for five minutes”

Rhea left the room, dramatically, and Mum turned to me. “I told you to be more discreet” she warned and I looked at the floor.

“You said you were going out” I replied and she looked vexed.

“Well, just be grateful Rhea split up with her boyfriend last week or she'd be moaning rather than teasing,” Mum warned and I nodded.

“OK. We did try to be discreet,” I told her.

“I just hope you know what you are doing?”

I went bright red. “Well Abi didn't seem to complain,” I said with a smile but Mum didn't return it.

“No, I mean emotionally. With Abi. And with Sarah”

There is no with Abi and there is no with Sarah” I told her and she shot me a quizzical look.

“You sure about that?” she asked and I nodded.

“Both of them have made it quite clear they don't want or can't have a relationship with me at the moment.” I mused. “No matter, how badly I do.”

“Well, be careful” she told me and I nodded.

“I am being.”

“...and Andy, I've put your sheet in your room.”

“Thanks” I replied, a little sheepishly. Why was I getting embarrassed about sex?

* * * * *

I arranged to meet Zoe the following day. Or more to the point, Zoe rang me and asked if we could meet, she sounded anxious and concerned so I readily agreed. I scooted down to the club at 9am and was done by one and ran down to the park to see her on the bench overlooking the pond.

"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?"

"Zoe, we go way back, you and me."

"Of course. Ever since I moved to Aylesbury," she replied.

"What was that? Six, seven years ago?"

"Yeah. I remember going to a certain ten year old's birthday party and getting upset because the birthday boy wouldn't kiss me. You can talk to me."

"Well yeah, well what I was wanting to say is that whatever Rhea said you won't, you know, think any worse of me?"

Zoe sniggered. "I'm just a bit worried. You seemed really confused at the dinner party and I just wanted to make sure you are OK, Andy. I know how much Paula meant to you and I don't want you getting caught up in some rebound relationship."

I smiled and bit my lip. "Yeah I'm fine. I think it's sort of my fault you think I am confused. There is no-one home, let's go for a walk," I said and pulled her up. "I got something to tell you." She questioned me as we walked through the town and eventually we stood opposite the club. It was closed, but the signage was clearly visible and the silhouette of a naked dancer was on the dark blue front.

"It's a strip club. What's this got to do with anything?"

"This is my home. We live on the flat on top and Mum owns the club."

"Since when?" I took a deep breath and looked at her. "But that's totally immoral," Zoe spluttered and I grinned.

"I thought you'd say that. Come on, I'll explain everything about Sarah and me and Abi." She hesitated as I went to cross the road. "There is no naked women or no immoral sights, I promise."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Because," I hesitated. "Because, I was always told to be discreet. Mum didn't want

anyone to know. Why do you think you never came around to my house after school and Mum always used to take us to the park or cinema or wherever when you used to come 'home' with me?"

Zoe looked at me and then the club. "Does Simon know?"

"Yes, come on," I gestured calmly and Zoe followed me. Tentatively, I unlocked the door and she followed me up the stairs to the empty lounge and into the dining area where I got us both a glass of lemonade. "I'll tell you everything as it will make it easier than you hearing it in dribs and drabs from Rhea and Simon and Sarah and me. It will be far, far better and I want you to know. I can't talk about it with you if you are oblivious to what's going on," I told her and she sat down.

I explained about Paula, the nightclub, and me working in it, Abi staying and where she now lives and the fact she didn't want to go out with me, but we now had a "physical relationship." I told her about the picnic, the fight with Donna and Astrid and then Sarah running away from her parents in the rain and staying the night but omitted any of the details about the oral sex Sarah and I had had. That she did not need to know and I was not going to be indiscreet.

She finished her lemonade and looked at me. "I don't get why you would chase after a stripper though. I always thought you would want someone intelligent and smart. I mean, you always spent time with the clever kids in our class."

"Abi is very bright and sharp. Most of the girls are," I told her but she wasn't convinced. "So anyway, does all this make sense?"

She thought for a moment and put her hands next to mine on the table. "I think so. But I think I should be more worried about you than ever now."

"Why?"

"Because you are having sex with a prostitute considerably older than yourself."

"Abi is not a prostitute and she is only five years older. And I said physical relationship not sex."

Zoe squirmed. "Rhea said..."

I looked up at the ceiling. "OK, sex. But she is a dancer. A stripper. Not a prostitute, and she is my friend."

Zoe hesitated. "Sorry, I didn't, you know. And why didn't Sarah tell me about her running away?"

"She is probably embarrassed about it," I responded quickly and Zoe sniffed. "Honestly, please don't worry about me, or Sarah."

"I will do. You shouldn't be having sex at our age. I've told Sarah the same thing but she won't listen ..."

"... and neither will I," I said grinning and Zoe grimaced. "It's not dirty or shameful, you know. It's actually quite nice!"

Zoe scoffed. "You are too stubborn, you will get hurt."

"I'm doing my best not to hurt anyone, but if I do get upset, I have my friends to help me, right?"

Zoe chuckled at me looking at her and put her hand on mine. "Of course. I'll always be around if you need me. Same for Sarah. I suppose you could do with Paula at the moment?"

I hummed. "Not really. If Paula was here then that would mean she had never left, and that being the case I would be confused about what I felt, between Paula, Sarah and Abi!" Zoe smirked at me and I explained. "I mean Paula was the best friend I had. She knew me better than anyone else, and she always gave me good advice. I mean, Ray did as well occasionally but he is a bit useless at times. But Paula and me sort of fell into going out. I never asked her out, it just sort of happened and she was always a better friend than a girlfriend."

"And you haven't replaced her?"

"Give me time. She's only been gone for a few weeks. She's was a part of my life for years. Just like Ray, or you," I gestured and she looked down. "Does it explain stuff now?" I asked, a little flippantly and she nodded. "And you aren't worried anymore?"

"Thank you, but I still feel worried about you, more than ever now. I think Sarah is too," she said as I walked over to the door with her.

"Sarah, worried about me? You sure?"

Zoe nodded. "When I saw her yesterday she kept talking about you."

"Oh really?"

"No Andy. She has a boyfriend," Zoe thundered and crossed her arms. "You are not to go chasing after her. It's bad enough ..."

"I'm not and I won't," I snapped. "I know that. Can I walk you home?"

Zoe nodded and I led her down the stairs.

* * * * *

I was at a loose end on Thursday. Mum had commandeered Abi to help her with some paperwork in the office as the part-time administrator, Jenny, had been in a car accident and was off work for a couple of months. I wondered if this was to separate Abi and myself but did reason that Mum had a business to run and the request was hardly unreasonable.

As it was a Thursday, my shift consisted of cleaning the dado rails, walls, bar area and tables, and I had no reason to go near Abi in the office until I had finished at one o'clock.

Mum was going out to get a sandwich from the local sandwich shop and as it was a nice day I said I would join her and eat mine in the park.

"I think I might have made Abi a bit embarrassed," she admitted, the moment we got outside into the bright sunshine.

"You didn't tell her about Rhea overhearing us?" I asked and she looked a little sheepish.

"I thought she'd see the funny side of it, but went all shy and started apologising profusely saying it was all her fault, promising to leave you alone if that's what I wanted and that she didn't want to upset anyone. Really worried me actually, with a couple of things she was saying."

I tutted and exhaled sharply. "Honestly mother. You're going to scare her away."

Mum laughed. "Isn't that my job?"

"I think Rhea will beat you to it. And I reckon she'll be more effective at it," I mused.

"Well, if it's any consolation, Abi knows I know what is going on now, and I told her that I don't have a problem with it as long as neither of you get hurt. And you are sensible."

"I am sixteen, should you have?"

Mum pondered this for a moment. "The age gap should possibly bother me, but I trust you and I trust Abi. She's a nice girl, just be careful."

"I know. We are careful" I groaned, opening the door to the shop open. "We are just spending some time and having a bit of fun. She doesn't want anything more and I'm fine with that, we are happy and she is one of the most fantastic of people I have ever met."

"I still worry about you" she confessed and we ordered our sandwiches. Mum ordered an additional three, I presumed for Abi and Ikenna as well as an unknown person and I got a BLT.

"What about Rhea, do you worry about her?"

Mum grinned at me. "All the time. She's a bloody nightmare."

We parted outside the shop and I went in the opposite direction, and met Sarah's mum at the top of our street. She greeted me nervously and I wondered if I had done something wrong. Was she trying to find where I lived? Had Sarah told her about the willow tree shenanigans and she was here to complain to my Mum. I was snapped out of my day-dreaming by her asking me a question. Fortunately a lorry had just gone by and I feigned deafness and asked her to repeat.

"Didn't you say you lived on Castle Street?" she asked and I nodded.

"Little red door next to the florists" I told her and she peered down the road. "It's not got as big a garden as your property. We've got a window box."

Angela smiled and I asked her how Sarah was. Angela shook her head and replied "so-so" which I didn't take to mean that she was happy. I screwed my face up a bit and I think she noticed, but we parted as she had a pre-arranged appointment and I walked in the direction of the park.

A number of my old schoolmates were playing football and I happily joined them. Greg and Stephen asked me about Abi and Rhea. Jez's news travelled fast while Wendy giggled when they teased me. It was good natured and enjoyable burning off energy and by the time 4:30 came most of my schoolmates had left as it was just Stephen and Wendy left. We stopped off to buy an ice-cream and chatted idly. I reflected that with most of my friends looking to do the arts at A-Level or not go to College, I would be left with few people in my classes who I recognised and were friends with.

I just had to make sure my burgeoning friendship with Sarah continued to blossom, with or without the approval of Mum.

* * * * *

I returned to the flat at the same time Mum did and we walked up the stairs together to the sound of voices.

“Rhea!” Mum shouted the moment she reached the top of the stairs. My little sister, naked of course because of her protest, was with Simon, and they had their homework spread out on the coffee table. “Why are you undressed?”

Rhea looked round, her body leaning against her companion who was sitting in the corner of the sofa. “You know why I am undressed. This is a formal protest against the extremely unjust and brutal methods of parenting that I ...”

“Yes, very good Rhea,” Mum interrupted and turned to Rhea's companion. “And you are?”

“He is Simon and he is helping me with my coursework,” Rhea replied.

“I'm sure Simon doesn't want to see you naked?” Mum told her and Rhea looked up at him, smirking.

“I'm sure he'll live,” she replied flippantly.

“I thought you two didn't like each other?” I asked and Simon shrugged.

“I don't hold grudges bro,” Rhea told me and I snorted.

“Yes, you do. You are awful for it. You've got a little black book, voodoo dolls and everything,” I replied jokingly and she screwed her face up.

“Well, we're cool,” Rhea said and gave the stunned Simon a kiss on the cheek.

“I'm not. This is not the sort of behaviour I want from you, young lady.” Mum told her firmly and Rhea shook her head. “It's completely unacceptable.”

“So inviting someone into the flat when I am naked is wrong?” Rhea asked and Mum nodded. “Then why did you bring Troy and Hugo here when I was on the couch?”

Mum's eyes widened and she sighed. “To try and shock you into getting dressed.”

“Well Simon is trying the same tactic then but it isn't working. But we'll keep on trying. One day it might,” she said sarcastically.

Mum gave a deep sigh. “Rhea, you are the only person naked. It's not acceptable”

Rhea smirked. “I think he should join me. Show some solidarity but he won't even remove a sock. See Mum says it's wrong me being naked and you not, so get some clothes off.” Mum sighed which caused Rhea's grin to deepen. “Come on.”

“Right, Rhea, go and put something on to make you decent,” Mum ordered and Rhea shook her head. “Either do that or Simon goes home.”

Rhea groaned and got up from the couch, meandering towards the stairs. “Sorry, Simon,” Mum said to the flustered boy on the couch. “She has no decorum”

He nodded and fidgeted. "She just went upstairs to go to the toilet and came down naked. Said she was being a naturist until she had got justice and continued with her Maths."

I grinned. "Any plan you had to exploit her embarrassment threshold is probably going to fail," I told Mum as she walked into the dining room. Mum nodded.

"I know. But I need to do something."

"You don't think she's taken your employees as role models a bit too far?" I asked flippantly and Mum grinned. "You know, all those attractive girls who used to come round to babysit us?"

"It's something I am now regretting," she jokingly admitted.

Rhea returned with her dressing gown on, but this was not done up and Simon still got a good view of all of her assets as she sat down. She had developed well and although would only reach fifteen the following month, could easily pass for someone of my age, or even older. She had well defined curves, and "B" cup breasts that, along with her supreme confidence and worldly charm, would make anyone assume she was far older and experienced than she actually was.

"Rhea, that's scarcely an improvement," Mum thundered from the other end of the room.

"Mum! Leave me alone, he's seen everything already. It's only you that cares."

"Rhea! Can we have a word?"

"Oh Mum! If you cared about boys seeing my naked, what do you think happened in the showers when I was in the rugby club?"

"You should have not been in the boys showers at the rugby club," Mum roared and Rhea gave a guilty smirk.

"Of course I was. You'd think with all the bare flesh you see every day you wouldn't be quite so prudish," Rhea told her flippantly and I saw Mum clench her fists in frustration. I darted upstairs, not wanting to bear witness to what would be, a loud and vocal argument between them. They were both fiery characters and when they started shouting at each other it was uncompromising.

I was called down by Rhea twenty minutes later and saw Zoe in the dining room talking to Mum. She smiled at me as I got downstairs, but Rhea was scarcely any more decent. I noticed Zoe was trying to avert her eyes and it tickled me somewhat; why was she so afraid of the naked body? Wasn't Adam and Eve naked in her bible?

We exchanged pleasantries, and she moved onto her real purpose for her visit. "I got a pair of tickets to Rockfest. I was going to go with Sarah but she's been grounded. Do you want to go?"

I nodded. Why not? When is it?"

"Hang on," Rhea said overhearing our conversation. "You don't know what it is, where it is or when it is. How do you know you want to go?" Rhea smirked for a moment and then chuckled. "Unless of course, my big brother has an ulterior motive."

"It is a rock festival that includes plenty of Christian Rock music. It is in Cambridge and is

at the end of the month. I got given them from my cousin Jay. He bought them and then broke his leg so he can't go and I don't want to go on my own."

"Uggghhhh, Christian Rock. Shit, you must fancy her if you are going to that," Rhea teased and I gave Zoe an apologetic look.

"So what are we doing, staying overnight?"

Zoe bit her lip. "I wasn't going to. Mum said she'd take me and come back although we have to be out by nine."

"Why can't we take the train and stay over?" I asked and Rhea grinned.

"Just 'cause Sarah stayed the night in your bed. Honestly bro, you try it on with every girl! Although for an evening of Christian Rock that's worth what? About a hundred blow jobs surely."

I ignored her and turned back to Zoe. "I was thinking of a little B&B. They'll be loads in Cambridge. Single rooms or one twin room."

Zoe shrugged. "I'll ask Mum but I don't think she'll like me staying over, particularly sharing a bedroom."

"Ahh, you see, you don't tell her," Rhea helpfully added. "You say you have separate bedrooms and then just sleep in the double bed. Simple, really. It's not rocket science."

"Rhea. Isn't there some poor defenceless classmate you could be torturing?" I asked in exasperation and Rhea smirked at me. "Yeah, as Rhea said," I continued once Rhea had left us alone. "Don't tell her."

Zoe smiled and shifted awkwardly, "Well I'm not sure if I could afford it ..."

"How much do you want for the ticket?" I asked and Zoe shook her head.

"Oh no, Jay gave them to me."

"Well let me get the hotel room then," I suggested and Zoe tensed up.

"No. I couldn't."

"Oh come on. I've hardly seen you for weeks. It won't be much. We could take the train up, check in, get changed and then get something to eat, go out to the concert and then in the morning scout round Cambridge and idle back home. I'd love to spend an evening together and I'm earning now so it won't be a problem."

"Won't your Mum mind?" Zoe asked and I smiled.

"Of course not,"

"What makes you say that?" Mum asked from behind me and made me jump.

"Shit," I exclaimed in shock and Mum scowled. "Zoe and I going up to Cambridge in a couple of weeks to watch a concert and we're staying over."

Mum hummed. "Single rooms and I might think about it," she replied eyeing my response.

“Single rooms or a twin. Depends what is available at short notice,” I countered and Mum smirked.

“Well...”

“Zoe and I are just friends,” I pleaded and Mum laughed.

“Yes, well you say that about Sarah.”

“And Abi,” Rhea added, returning from the room. “But maybe he means it with Zoe.”

“Yes, thank you Rhea. I thought I asked for some peace,” I said abruptly and Rhea chuckled.

“Tickling Simon is no fun when he goes all red and gives in too easily. Begging me to stop is all very well and good but it has to be after a few minutes of some serious hardcore touching. Didn't you tickle him when he was younger, Zoe? He has zero tolerance.”

Zoe shook her head and Mum sent Rhea out of the room. “Well anyway,” I muttered returning to the original conversation. “It is just pop up to Cambridge, spend some time and come home the following day.”

Mum weighed this up. “I'll tell you what, if you can convince Zoe's mum to let you stay over, then I will let you stay over,” I smiled but Mum continued. “So long as you tell her the truth about where you are staying.”

Zoe and I groaned and I looked at Mum but she smiled at me. “But...”

“No secrets, Andy.”

* * * * *

I felt the familiar soft hand of Abi at 1am in the morning. “Hello gorgeous,” I said and Abi climbed into bed.

“It was a slow night so Grace sent me upstairs and a couple of the girls home at midnight.”

“But it's 1am?” I asked, focusing on my little alarm clock and she wrapped her arm around me.

“She wanted to talk first”

“About me and you?”

“Kind of. She told me all about Rhea today and really freaked me out. She knows about us having sex.”

“Well, yes, of course, she told me,” I replied and Abi looked up at me.

“You knew?”

“Yes, but she didn't have a problem with it.”

Abi snorted. “Well I thought she did and so we sat down in the office with a glass of wine and talked.”

“And?”

“She says that you and her and Rhea like me for being me and that she is not going to stop caring for me when all I am doing is having a sexual relationship with her son. And that you think the world of me and that you are a good judge of character and she trusts us both, but doesn't want to know about the details.”

I was grateful it was dark as it meant Abi could not see my blushes and so I hugged her. “I do think the world of you,” I admitted. “You know that. Now did you want anything?”

Abi sniffed. “Yeah, I want a cuddle,” she admitted and shuffled herself back so my arms were embracing her tightly, before she slowly drifted off to sleep.

* * * * *

By the time Friday had arrived I was looking forward to it less than ever. I was going to be stuck with Mum, my elder sister and her boyfriend, her boyfriend's parents and my little sister and her friend. I knew I would have no-one to talk to all evening except Rhea and although she wasn't bad company I wanted Sarah, Abi or Ray to be there with me. I wondered if I was too stubborn by insisting that I be allowed to ask Sarah. If her mum said no, then I couldn't be too annoyed, but as I wasn't even permitted to request her company. It was unfair.

“ANDY,” Mum yelled from the bottom of the stairs but I ignored her. I was in my room with my door closed and was feigning deafness. It was unfair and my mood certainly reflected this injustice. I heard steps on the stairs and Rhea burst into my room a few moments later.

“Can't you knock?” I said in annoyance.

A surprisingly well-clothed Rhea ignored this and smiled. “Mum wants you ... now!” Rhea barked. I groaned and put my book to one side which was not fast enough for Rhea. “Move it, move it. You slimy worm, come on, one-two, one-two, one-two. Move your sorry ass.”

“Rhea shut up,” I snapped and idly sauntered down the stairs.

“Sarah!” I called out from the other side of the room in surprise at the girl standing in the lounge. Angela stood in the doorway and Mum was beaming knowingly. Sarah had a little bag with her that she dropped as we hugged.

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 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.”

To be released on, or before: 22nd July 2012

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: 1st August 2012