

NEW PLEASURES

Chapter Ten



By
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Credits and License

Codes: MF, oral, hand

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Preface

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

“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 X

Mum came down to look at the invite with a wry smile. "Why not dear?" She read the front of the card and nodded as Abi shook her head. "I think it is up to Abi," Mum replied, putting a hand on my lover.

"I was going to go with her, make sure she is OK."

Mum waved her finger at me. "I'm not sure about that, Andy. You are hardly good at staying calm in ... well in situations like these, are you?"

"But this is Abi's family. Abi, please, for me?"

Abi wiped her eyes. "Andy, could you go and check on dinner," Mum told me firmly. "Don't let it boil dry."

I sighed. "But ..."

"Go," she snapped, and then smiled. "I'll talk to Abi, but it is her decision and you respect that, right?"

"Right," I muttered and trooped off up the stairs towards the interconnecting door and a bubbling pan of rice.

* * * * *

"Hello stranger," whispered a seductive, silky voice in my ear as its owner gently caressed my neck. I looked up from the park bench to get caught in Sarah's wavy hair that she brushed back to kiss me properly, albeit from an upside-down position.

"Hello," I greeted her, smiling as we parted tongues. "You know we should stop meeting like this," I joked and got up. Sarah looped her arm in mine and we walked towards the cinema.

Sarah was in Aylesbury with her parents and had been given permission to meet me, so as we were half-an-hour early for the film, Sarah and myself ambled into the White Lion and went up to the bar. "One lemonade and what do you want?" She asked me.

I looked around the pub but did not see the barman who had banned me a few weeks previous. "Lemonade for me too," I said and put a five pound note on the wooden bar. Sarah scoffed at me as she had her purse out but with a gentle raise of the eyebrows, she reluctantly put it away with a "I'm buying the popcorn then" in response, which from my perspective, was still totally negotiable.

It was a nice day so we sat down outside by the canal and Sarah smiled at me looking around the crowded terrace and beer garden. "So where were you when you rowed with Donna?"

I pointed out a set of tables in the corner and Sarah grinned at me, playfully looking towards me out of the corner of her eye. "What?" I asked and she laughed.

"I have never known anyone to be barred from a pub at our age," she said. "You must be a proper bad boy," she teased.

"That is true. But then I don't know anyone who has been arrested at the age of fourteen. You must be a proper bad girl," I returned and Sarah smirked. "What time do you have to be back?"

"Bad girls don't have curfews," she joked.

"And bad boys won't keep to them anyhow."

"Mum said she will meet me at the station at six," Sarah eventually admitted and we began chatting about our exams. There was a playfulness as we teased each other and drank our cold drinks and Sarah and I held hands across the table. We probably looked like lovers or partners, even though we were not, but there was a warmth and a connection that was plain for everyone to see.

"YOU!" I heard a shouted voice from behind me. "You are banned from here." I closed my eyes and Sarah chortled at me. I turned to see the barman a few feet away and closing in on me.

"Are you serious?" I asked incredulously. I was not causing a problem, so why would he want to evict me now, especially as I had already drunk two-thirds of my lemonade?

"Get up," he barked and then turned to Sarah. "And you too, Missy." He went over to her and tugged at her shoulders.

"Get your hands off of her," I yelled and the remaining patrons of the beer garden turned to watch. He glared at me as Sarah stood up but did not remove his hands from her shoulder, tugging her as she scrambled to her feet. "I said, get off of her."

I could feel my shoulders tightening and fists clenching. He sneered at me as I breathed out aggressively and I picked up the nearest item to hand, the empty ashtray and held it in my fist. I made a jerking movement instinctively and he let go of Sarah to duck. Even Sarah flinched but the ceramic pot never left my hand and I threw it back on the table with the loud thud. "Now leave her alone," I shouted at him, my eyes not leaving his face.

"Get out of my pub. You're barred. Both of you. You're trouble," he barked and I glared at him.

"Trouble? We've come in for a quiet drink. We've caused no trouble. You've caused trouble by kicking off and manhandling my girl-" I stopped mid-sentence. I was about to refer to Sarah as my girlfriend and her eyes looked at me, willing me to continue. "My friend," I finished, still shouting at the barman and Sarah sighed.

"Come on Andy, let's go," Sarah implored, her face etched with concern.

"No. I want to finish my drink," I told her but she gave a gentle tug of my sleeve.

"Do as the young lady says and don't come back," the barman warned as I turned and I spun back around to face him.

"Or what? What will you do?" I shouted, my face inches from his.

"Andy," Sarah begged me and I let out a huge sigh and we walked out of the pub, with me kicking the Specials board in anger across the flowers and it crashing with a splintering sound against the wall behind.

“Stupid, fucking, twatty cunt,” I muttered angrily as I did it and Sarah gave me a kiss on the cheek as soon as we reached the road.

“Calm down,” she soothed with a grin. “I’ve not seen you so angry since you shouted at me for turning up in the rain. You’re a madman when you get angry. Just calm down.” She put her arms on my shoulders and rubbed my upper arms before kissing me again. She looked into my eyes and smiled. “You know, I’m banned from the pub too now.”

I let out a nervous laugh, but I was still annoyed, and we ambled across to the cinema that was unreasonably crowded. The film we wanted to watch, ‘There is something about Mary,’ was playing on two screens and we bought a ticket for the earlier screening as our trip to the pub being cut short meant that we could go and watch it in Screen 1 instead of waiting for Screen 2.

Sarah was quiet but insisted on buying the popcorn, and we got a big bag to share between us. Sarah smirked as we sat down at the back of the auditorium and she whispered in my ear that this film, as a comedy, better cheer me up and I should relax.

We took a few handfuls of the popcorn and the adverts for the local businesses started. We had the obligatory old man standing in front of his carpet shop as the pictures of his business zoomed in and the crackles on the speakers as the poor-quality audio on his marketing material showed when there was an almighty bang from right behind us and the screen went black.

Sarah had jumped so much she had spilt most of the popcorn and the emergency lighting came on immediately. I looked behind to see a wisp of smoke coming from the projection unit.

I turned to Sarah. “Are you OK?” I asked.

“Fine,” she replied. “What the hell was that?”

“Something up there,” I muttered and the patrons of the crowded cinema were all looking at the wall behind me.

About ten seconds later, a flustered cinema employee came in and looked up. “Please can you go back to the foyer,” he yelled and grudgingly we got up. Sarah glared at me as I muttered something under my breath and smiled.

“You need to learn to calm down,” she whispered in my ear and I shook my head. “Don’t take life so seriously.”

“Well it’s...”

“It’s not a problem,” she told me and kissed me on the cheek. “We’ll watch it in the next screen or come back another day. I am sure we can find something to do for a couple of hours,” she told me. “Aggression is such a turn-off Andy. You make me scared when you do.”

I grumbled and we got up, walking down the stairs to the foyer, which was now packed with annoyed cinema-goers. The harassed cinema employee was busy directing the staff on the reception as we queued up for refunds. By the time Sarah and I reached the front of the queue, twenty minutes had passed, as my patience was wearing thin. The last two tickets for the later viewing had just been given to the couple in front of us and they refused to refund the popcorn as more than half of it was missing.

“Get me the manager,” I told the poor girl and she looked around her.

“He is not here,” she told me and I shrugged.

“Well go find him. And quickly.”

Sarah looked up at me. “Haven't you calmed down yet? It's only popcorn.”

“No. Stupid bloody prats,” I moaned and a suited gentleman arrived behind the diminutive, skinny Sales Assistant.

“I'm sorry Sir,” he said pulling me to one side so the Sales Assistant could continue to process refunds, “but as you've eaten more than half we couldn't give a refund. That is...”

“We spilt it when the projection unit exploded,” I shouted at him. “Go and check on our seats. It's bloody everywhere.” I gestured with my hands at him and he recoiled at my aggression. I was frustrated and annoyed: Sarah was restricted in what she could do given the level of parental discipline being enforced and they spoilt our afternoon and wanted us to pay for the privilege. They were being unfair.

“I'm sorry, but we've started to clean that auditorium now. If you had said so five minutes ago...”

“Andy, please,” Sarah pleaded but I ignored her.

“We've been queueing for twenty-fucking minutes. If you hadn't have let us wait for twenty minutes while you are fucking about then maybe, just fucking maybe, you could have seen.”

He shifted against a closed till having backed off from me and shook his head. “I'm sorry it's company policy.”

I raised my hands up in annoyance and he immediately ducked, thinking I was about to strike him. I heard a noise and saw Sarah running towards the exit.

“I haven't finished with you,” I warned him and went running after her. She had had a good ten second head-start, and played football so she was not easy to catch, but she was not looking behind her and slowed, leaving me able to catch up.

“Sarah,” I panted, and looked at the crying girl who was leaning against a small wall outside a church. “I know they wouldn't give us a refund but ...”

“It's not them, it's you,” she screeched and I put my hand on her shoulder. She shook it off and her eyes puffy, she turned to face me. “How many times did I have to tell you to calm down? It's not worth it.”

“OK I'm sorry,” I snapped exasperatedly and she shook her head. “But ...”

“No. No you're not,” she yelled at me. “You're just a bully, you no better than the rest of them.”

“What?” I asked and reached out but she pushed my outstretched arm away.

“Leave me alone, Andy,” she said coldly and walked away leaving me standing there. “Just leave me alone.”

“Sarah?” I called but she shook her head and was gone.

* * * * *

“You’re in a bad mood,” Rhea said as I stormed into the room and I glared at her.

“Not today, Rhea.”

Rhea grinned, not noticing the look on my face. “Ahhh, has someone...”

“Shut up Rhea,” I snapped.

“So which of your girls isn’t sucking your...”

“I SAID SHUT THE FUCK UP,” I shouted and Rhea looked over at Mum coming into the lounge.

“I don’t want to hear that language in my home,” she told me and I pushed past her and went upstairs. I regretted the exchange immediately but threw myself on the bed – why was I losing my temper so easily?

I stared up at the ceiling and wondered. There was no reason for me to be so angry with everyone and I just half-knew I was overreacting but there was an inane frustration inside of me that I just couldn’t shake off. Mum came up ten minutes later and asked me what the matter was but when I wouldn’t discuss it, I got a lecture about my behaviour. I sighed in resignation at this and made a mental note to apologise to Rhea, although she did bring it on herself.

Rhea was sat on the sofa when I came downstairs with Simon and she excused herself to go into the kitchen. I went to the phone and hovered over it for a few seconds thinking about what I was going to say to Sarah. How was I going to apologise to her and know she would accept it? I didn’t know. I didn’t even know if she was home.

My throat was dry with anticipation and Rhea came back with three tall glasses of red fizzy pop. “Yeah, cheers Rhea,” I grunted and she raised her eyebrows at me before returning to her friend on the couch, saying nothing to me.

I took a couple of long gulps of the drink and closed my eyes thinking about how I would apologise. I didn’t want to lose her as a friend, I enjoyed her company too much and knew I could have dealt with it better but was she overreacting? But something felt wrong, during my deliberations, my throat felt tight. My mouth was dry and on fire.

It was agony, pure and simple excruciating pain. The back of my throat and mouth were burning. Not just burning, but on fire. A raging inferno. My stomach heaved and I grunted and looked at the drink in my hand.

Rhea was smirking, leaning over the back of the couch. “A whole bottle of Tabasco. You do not speak to me ...”

“FUCKING HELL, RHEA,” I screamed and ran towards the kitchen pulling the nearest vessel – a pint glass – and filling it with water that I drank immediately. I repeated again and again and again.

Panting, I laid over the kitchen sink as I tried to exhale the fiery pain from my lungs.

“As I said,” I heard a voice from behind me. “You do not speak to me like that. Next time you shout at me, you will be sorry.”

I spun my head around, still panting over the sink “You've poisoned me. You fucking spiteful bitch,” I moaned and walked off to find a bathroom. I felt sick. “I'll fucking get you for this.”

It was rather fortunate I did vomit but the few sips I took burnt considerably coming back up – even after they had been diluted with water. I did not fancy the inevitable diarrhoea I would have had if I had not puked up the poisonous drink my sister had given me. Rhea was not remorseful in the slightest and the violent shouting match we had was interrupted by Mum who was far from impressed with Rhea's attempts at vigilantism. Simon was sent home, and Mum chastised Rhea for her “assault” on her unloved brother.

I tried to ring Sarah that evening but she told her mum that she did not want to speak to me and that she would not be coming to the phone, no matter how much I pleaded. I did not demean myself to stoop to begging and accepted that it was Sarah's choice but wished that sometimes she could be less dogmatic and more cooperative.

I had lost every chance I had at Sarah. I stared up at my ceiling and felt sick again, only this time it was not the Tabasco.

* * * * *

I slept little that night and went from despair to anger (with myself) back to despair and then to determination. I liked Sarah, I liked her a lot and my friendship with her might have been quite new but it was worth fighting for. I was still highly perplexed why I was getting so angry and what was different with my life than how it was a few months previous? Was it Paula? Was she the one that kept me sane? I didn't know, but I wanted Sarah as a friend, or maybe even as a girlfriend, and her not talking to me was not good for either.

I got up at 7am, showered and was at the Supermarket for 8am buying the biggest box of chocolates they had and a “Sorry” card with a little teddy bear on the front. I had a look at the flowers, but knew that the florist next door to the club would be open and they did better bouquets anyway.

I ambled back towards Castle Street and walked into the florist – I was their first customer of the day – and the gentleman behind the desk was busy wrapping some flowers in cellophane.

We exchanged greetings and I asked for a “big bunch” of flowers. I knew what I wanted but it had been a good few months since I worked in the shop and I had forgotten what to call them. Paula did most of that side of the business anyway, I just did as she instructed.

He smiled and looked at me. I felt the need to introduce myself as their neighbour and as a former employee and then set about describing what I wanted if not naming it. He made up a bouquet of white tulips and red Gerberas with a single dark red rose and a smattering of seasonal flowers. It looked wonderful and I exchanged it for two twenty pound notes.

The journey to Wendover was crowded as it was rush hour and I had to warn a fellow commuter when they leant against the flowers in my hand, but I took a deep breath and did not shout or lose my temper. I signed the card at Wendover station and agonised for awhile over what to write. In the end, I said what I wanted to say; “Dear Sarah, I am so sorry for my behaviour yesterday. I know I was wrong and please forgive me. I miss you

already. Lots of love, Andy.”

I began the short, torturous walk to Sarah's house. It was a nice day and didn't take long but it felt like ages.

I worried myself, what would Sarah say or do? What should I say? I began to plan a little speech in my head but kept rethinking and rewording it. I knew I had to apologise, she asked me to calm down and I lost it. I overreacted, plain and simple.

I knocked on the door to Sarah's house and her mum answered, her hair all over the place. She was getting ready to go to work and smiled when she saw me and beckoned me into the hallway with her hairbrush. I hesitated for a moment, but came in as she shouted up the stairs to Sarah.

“Tell him to go away. I don't want to speak to him,” the stubborn teenager shouted from the upper floor of the house and still in her bedroom.

Angela sized me up. “If you go up, you promise not to row?” She asked and I shrugged.

“I don't want to upset her again. I did enough of that yesterday,” I said quietly and wiped the tear away from my eyes. “Please can you give her these and tell her that I want to see her when she wants to see me.”

Angela returned me a weak smile and I left the house. I ambled down the drive and got to the end of the road, wiping my eyes again and looking back down the road. I wondered if I would ever feel the need to see it again, and I felt sick to the pit of my stomach. Why did I mess things up with Sarah?

I leant against the sign for a moment, and retied my shoelace, and then set off back to the station in resignation that I had probably lost one of the most exciting friendships I had had for years.

“Andy” I heard a voice from behind me, and saw Sarah barefooted and running in her dressing gown tearing down the road. She got to me in no time, and noticed the smile on my face immediately. I was expecting a hug; I got a slap across my right cheek with all the force she could muster.

“Owwww,” I cried out as my face stung from her hand.

“That is for being such an unreasonable prick yesterday,” she told me and smiled. She turned and gave me a lingering kiss on the other cheek.

“And that?” I asked and she looked at me still smiling.

“That is for realising it,” she replied. “Have you had breakfast?”

I shook my head and she held out her arm. “Am I forgiven then?”

She turned to look at me as I went to hold her hand. “This once yes, do it again then no. I mean it Andy, you really frighten me. I keep wondering what would happen when you lose your temper with me. Will you hit me?”

I looked at her aghast. “I would never hit you,” I said horrified, and she raised her eyebrows. “Come on Sarah, I would never, ever hit you.”

"Maybe, but I was scared. I shouldn't be scared of my friends. Especially not of you." She watched my facial expression and straightened my jacket. "Come on, let's go have some breakfast and we can talk."

I followed her back into the house and her mum gave us a smile. She bade Sarah goodbye and I followed my friend into the kitchen where she poured two bowls of cereal and made two cups of tea.

"We have to talk is not normally the start of something good," I joked but Sarah only smiled weakly.

She waved her spoon at me as she sat down and looked at me. "Why are you so argumentative and aggressive at times, and so calm at others?"

I shrugged and looked at my corn flakes in the bowl I had just been given. "I dunno. I think it's a bit of a family trait. Rhea is awful for it."

Sarah nodded and narrowed her eyes. "She might be, but normally you are rational and calm but then you just lose it and I am terrified."

"Well I will try and hold onto my temper," I promised.

"You betta Master Williams. You are really calm when it comes to other people but the moment you have a problem then you go skitz."

"Well I never said I was perfect," I grumbled and looked at Sarah staring at me.

"No, I didn't either. Snoring I can cope with, threatening to hit a barman and then a cinema manager in the space of thirty minutes, I can't."

"I know ... I know, I went too far. I'm sorry."

Sarah flashed a smile and shovelled another mouthful of cereal into her mouth. "I know, now eat your corn flakes."

Sarah cleared the bowls away after we finished and put them in the sink before grabbing my hand as she left the room. "What are you doing?" I asked and she led me up the stairs.

She put her finger over my mouth and pushed me up against the landing wall, kissing me on the lips. "We have the house to ourselves all day."

"I have to get back and do the club," I warned her and she sighed.

"Really? Well I have a job for you, before you go."

Sarah walked into the bathroom and got a towel, a blue can and filled a bowl up with warm water. She guided me to her room opposite and put the towel on the single bed.

Sarah's room was long and thin, but still a good seven foot across and easily double that in length. The last couple of feet, the roof sloped so that it was only three foot high at the end, but Sarah's bed was underneath and a small window was in the corner of the short wall. She had a massive window alongside her bed, framed by dark yellow curtains, for half the length of the room that looked out over her expansive garden.

She had a couple of pictures on her built-in wardrobe doors and another couple of the

white walls of football stars. I looked at them, and Sarah smiled.

"Zidane, Beckham, Shearer and Richard Johnson," Sarah explained spinning around.

"Richard who?"

"Richard Johnson. Watford midfielder. Awesome set of legs. I gaze at him every morning when I wake up. Just like you do with that tennis girl."

I shifted awkwardly and Sarah disrobed. "Sarah?" I asked and she laid back on the towel.

"Shave me," she said and I looked at her hairless crotch.

"Pardon?" I asked and she sat up smiling.

"I haven't shaved for a couple of days. I am thinking of getting it waxed as I am fed up of shaving every other day, but waxing hurts. I have a bit of stubble and it just needs shaving. Go on."

I raised my eyebrows and knelt on the floor, next to the bed. I felt a rush of blood to my cock and took the blue can of shaving foam. "Well?" I asked

"Put a little bit on your hand and rub it over my pubic hair and down the sides," Sarah told me and I squirted some of the white foam onto my left hand before smearing it over her genitals. Sarah cooed at me as I did, her expression expectant.

"OK," I said and Sarah pulled out a razor and a small bowl of water from her bedside table, and passed it to me.

"Now glide it gently over my pubic area towards me."

I put the razor on the top of her slit and slid it upwards but barely pressed down on it and left most of the foam behind.

"Press harder," Sarah explained and I sighed.

"Well I don't want to cut you."

"You aren't going to cut anything unless it makes contact with my skin." Sarah took the razor off of me and did a stroke before returning me the razor and telling me to wash it in the bowl of warm water. I rinsed the razor and repeated Sarah's movements until her mons was bare. She leant back and slid her bottom forward, with her feet resting flat on the bed, instead of the floor.

"Now, take some more shaving foam and apply it down the sides." My erection, already straining at my shorts was now bursting to escape from all of its cotton housing. I looked at her slit in awe and Sarah chuckled.

"Well I've never seen you so close and just looked at it," I reasoned. "I'd love to photograph it, it's..."

"...full of stubble."

I laughed and spread some more of the foam over her labia, trying to ensure that as little of the foam touched her sensitive, but strangely moistening slit. "You have been this close," she reasoned.

“Yes, but I've never taken the time to look. Just taste.”

She giggled and instructed me to gently remove the hair and foam, and I pulled her skin taught. She held her breath as I slowly dragged the razor over her. I repeated this for the remainder of the foam and she pulled out some moisturiser and slapped a generous amount over her mons.

“See not that hard?” She told me, not realising the state my cock was in; the bed was helpfully obscuring her vision. I looked at her shaven genitals past the moisturised and glistening mons to the puffy red labia, happily exhibiting Sarah's charms to me. “I am going to have a shower, I need one, but when I return I need you to ensure that every hair has been removed?”

“I looked,” I told her and helped her to her feet.

“Oh no,” she replied with mock seriousness. “That's no good. There is only one way to be absolutely certain. I need your tongue.” My mind whirred with possibilities. Only twelve hours earlier I was scared that Sarah would never look at me again and now Sarah wanted me to explore her pussy with my tongue. I felt, and was, extremely lucky.

I exhaled sharply and Sarah kissed me before disappearing to the bathroom next door. I took the time to look around her room; she had an impressive array of salacious books proudly displayed on her bookshelf, next to an impossibly large amount of text books. There were two pictures on her desk of her playing football in a scarlet top and black shorts.

I recognised a couple of other girls in the team photo but I didn't think many of them went to our school. She returned five minutes later as I was flicking through an erotic story with her hair not wet, but her body glistening all over. She giggled as she saw what I had in my hand and licked her lips. “It's a good book,” she told me with a smirk and grinned at my guilty, expectant expression. She walked over and without hesitation pushed me back on the bed, throwing the tatty book onto the floor.

Sarah rubbed her crotch and legs with her towel as I scooted up the bed a bit more, and then without a single thought Sarah threw her legs over my head and placed her vaginal lips on mine.

She was not as fragrant or as aromatic as before, the shower had washed away her muskiness, but her engorged labia had a welcoming aura about it and I planted my tongue up her slit. She clenched her buttocks and I put my hands on her shoulders before guiding her into a more upright position.

I had done this with Abi the night I had lost my virginity and I felt more secure and more satisfied when I was completely underneath Abi. I felt the same with Sarah; I liked her in this position.

Sarah didn't object. My fingers darted over her erect nipples as I flicked and kneaded her slick labia with my lips and tongue. Sarah groaned. She leant forward to undo the fastening on my shorts but I moved her hands away. I didn't want to spoil it by climaxing too soon and I was very aroused.

Sarah moaned in annoyance and then sucked in a deep breath through her teeth as my tongue located her clitoris and glided around it. She sighed and bucked her hips, grinding my head into her mattress relentlessly.

“Oh Andy,” she squealed. “Oh fuck ...”

I sucked on her clitoris poking out of its hood and then glided my tongue down her gushing slit to her hole. I felt a wetness on my face as she pushed down. There was the faint taste of the familiar tanginess to her juices that I adored, her sweetness lingering on the nose like a fine wine, and I flicked her clitoris faster and faster. She squealed, her muscles contracted and she slumped forward.

I glided my tongue away from her clit and poked her hole a couple of times, before flicking her anus. She shuddered and froze.

“Andy ...” she called as the tip of my tongue quivered against her. She adjusted her body so it was out of my reach and I put my hands on her thighs.

“Let me,” I told her loins, and guided her body back to my waiting tongue. I flicked her anus and rolled my tongue into a cylindrical shape and began probing her arse. She was tense at first, but as my fingers rolled over the breasts and rubbed her nipples she relaxed her muscles and my tongue could do more than just glide over her bud.

She sighed and squealed. She pushed her body against my tongue and mewed. Her legs trembled and I kneaded her nipples quicker. She cried out and panted, more than Abi who had confessed she loved being “rimmed.”

I delved as deep as I could with my tongue and curled the tip to poke the inside of her anus and her body shook, quivering. She lifted her body off of me as she did and turned to look at me. Her face was flushed and she was beaming. “You are a dirty, kinky bastard. And I love you,” she told me panting. “Rinse your mouth out in the bathroom and come back.”

I was still clothed but adjusted myself before leaving the room and washed my mouth out in the running water. My mind was alive with expectations and when I returned Sarah was spread out on the bed with a red tube in her hand. She smiled guiltily.

“Put this in me,” she said and passed me the tube. I looked at it and went red. I had never held a sex toy before; I obviously knew what a vibrator was but holding one was almost unreal. Sarah looked at me impatiently. “You don't mind, do you?”

“No. It's fine,” I reassured her. “I've just not seen one before.”

The bright red object was about six inches in length and no more than an inch across. It was beautifully smooth and ever so slightly soft, like it was made of rubber-type material that shimmered in the sunlight.

Sarah smiled and closed her eyes as I positioned the rounded head of the sex toy and pushed gently. Her pussy greedily gobbled up the fake phallus and Sarah groaned open-mouthed as it slid in. She sighed as she exhaled and bit her lip.

“Now turn it on with the little knob on the bottom and go down on me again,” she whispered and I looked at the sight before me. The gorgeous Sarah Bailey, one of the sexiest and most beautiful girls at the school was spread out horny and aroused, with a vibrating dildo slid into her. I touched my cock through my shorts but Sarah groaned impatiently so I slid the rotating circular black knob anticlockwise and the toy burst into life.

Sarah squealed and I lowered my head so that my chin rested on the toy and my tongue could flick her clitoris. Sarah groaned and moaned as I did so. I felt the vibrations through

my chin and through her.

Sarah began to thrust her hips, she mewed as she exhaled, sometimes pushing her lips together so they were just nasal sounds. I tasted her juices stronger than ever. Sarah was reaching her climax, quicker than I had ever seen anyone do before.

Her fingers gripped the duvet and she howled in orgasm. I relentlessly kept sucking on her clitoris as she bucked and thrashed. Her muscles quivered against my tongue and I felt a tightness on the back of my testicles. What was happening to me?

I sat back on my haunches and looked at Sarah. I touched her vibrator and rotated the knob so it could go no further. The high-pitched squeal got louder and Sarah jerked in shock. I began to gently slide the vibrator in and out of her opening and she closed her eyes.

She tightened her grip on the duvet and rocked her pelvis in the same rhythm as the thrusts of the vibrating dildo.

“Oh fucking ...” she squealed. “Oh ... oh ... ohhhh,” she breathed as her sex toy brought her closer to another orgasm.

I rotated the vibrator as it slid in, sweeping the howling plastic from side to side and I felt her buttocks clench. She yelled a high-pitched aroused squeal as another orgasm swept her body. Her hands went to her crotch and she flicked her vibrator out.

She looked lustfully at me, and sat up. She put her arms around me and pulled me to her.

“Get on that bed. No fucking around,” she told me and unbuttoned my shorts to free my erect cock.

Without even seeking approval she enveloped my phallus with her warm mouth. I was already highly aroused, and wouldn't need much stimulation.

I didn't. The familiar pressure inside my perineum I had when I was ready to cum was there, and Sarah had lots of pre-cum to devour. She slid her tongue over my glans and by the time she had done her third circle of my head, I was gripping the mattress, ready to the squirt.

“Sarah,” I warned but she sucked in her cheeks and I began to pump my sticky semen into her grateful mouth. She swallowed it gleefully. I sighed in satisfaction.

We hugged and cuddled for awhile, our post-orgasmic glow clearly radiant. “I have never come like that,” Sarah told me as she looked at me. “I want that again and again.”

I smiled embarrassedly. “Well. You know where I am.”

“And I love kinky stuff. Kev won't so I never thought you would.”

“When will you learn that I am not Kev?” I asked, vexed at her inability to distinguish me from her useless boyfriend.

Sarah smiled and looked away. “Yes I know.”

“So am I completely forgiven?” I asked and Sarah nodded, her brown hair in a complete mess.

“You look after my crotch. You shave it, you kiss it and stick Eric in. Just look after me in the same way,” she pleaded with puppy dog eyes. “And then you’ll be my best friend!”

“Eric?” Sarah’s cheeks matched the colour of her vibrator and I twigged what she meant. “You call your vibrator, Eric?” I asked and she gave a guilty smile. I shrugged and smiled. “Each to their own, I suppose.”

Sarah kissed me and regretfully I had to leave; I had a job to do, but I left considerably happier: Sarah and I were friends again. She made me promise that I wouldn’t lose my temper like that again and she promised to ring me. I spent the rest of that Tuesday cleaning the club and wondering what happened. I had really enjoyed my little tryst with the delectable Sarah, but felt a sense of longing that I could not have her more than ever. I wondered what Kevin possessed that I didn’t that made her so uncertain of splitting up with him? A head start, I reasoned. And an ability to control his temper, maybe?

But Sarah was perfect, and I just had to have her.

* * * * *

Rhea shouted at me from the lounge and I poked my head around the kitchen to see what she wanted. I had had to break off my conversation with Mum – she was interested about Sarah but I recognised the gentle probing of an inquisitive mother with ulterior motives and was guarded about my responses. I had a sneaky suspicion that Mum had received a phone call but I did not know for sure.

“It’s your third girlfriend. Or fourth. Or maybe fifth, I dunno,” Rhea said holding out the phone.

“Third?” I asked and Rhea grinned, accepting my confusion as a confession regarding Sarah and Abi that was not intended.

“Hiya,” replied a voice from the handset. “It’s Zoe.”

I looked at Rhea who had busied herself with her Smash Hits magazine. “Yeah hiya Zoe, what’s up?”

“Mum said I can go,” she said excitedly and my mind whirred for a few moments.

“To Cambridge?” I asked and she replied affirmatively detailing everything she had told her parents and that they had told her that they “trusted her implicitly.”

“Mum,” I called when Zoe had finished. I waited for Mum to appear and then asked, “Zoe’s parents have OK’d Cambridge. Can I go book now?”

Mum raised an eyebrow and looked at me. “And they are happy?”

“Yep, Zoe told them and they said they trusted her implicitly. Am I trusted implicitly?” I asked flippantly and Mum grinned.

“You can go to Cambridge, Andy. And we will leave it there,” she said and I promised Zoe that I would book a hotel.

“I know you are going to see the Spice Girls,” Rhea told me as I went to leave the lounge and return to the kitchen.

"I am not going to see the Spice Girls," I replied and Rhea grinned.

"You are, bro. Everyone denies going to see the Spice Girls, so you definitely going to see 'em. Because you deny it."

"What sort of twisted logic is that?" I asked exasperatedly and Rhea smirked. "OK, we are going to see the Spice Girls then."

"Always knew it, bro. You-a sad, sad, sad boy."

* * * * *

I had had a restful couple of days from the hornier women in my life, and found that my libido, normally quite happy to go 48 hours without an orgasm was craving desperately for a release after a mere 24. I relented in the clubs toilets (I was supposed to be cleaning the establishment at the time) and reasoned that I was not the first horny gentleman to use the facilities in this manner.

I thought about Sarah as I leant against the cubicle wall and shut my eyes. Her gorgeous body, her playful smile, her wavy hair that she would flick back, her beautiful eyes that could melt even the iciest of hearts and her hairless pussy. I grunted as I released a steady stream of thick semen into the water below and felt a guilty shame immediately after I ejaculated and the horniness evaporated. I frantically flushed the evidence into the sewers, but wondered, why? I had never worried about wanking before.

Abi woke me up at just gone 2am on Friday morning. She had warned me she planned to join me, but I had not expected to be woken by the bright light of my bedroom.

Abi stood there, smiling at me as I struggled to adjust to the harshness of the light. She was wearing just a yellow skirt and her large 34C breasts brought a smile to my face.

"Sorry," she whispered. "But I need those two bags I gave you."

I pointed to the wardrobe and she slid it open gently, picking up the two bags on the bottom which she took out and put on the bed in front of me.

"You promise you haven't peeked?" She asked and I assured her that they had remained unopened. I had forgotten them to be honest but didn't want to confess this as she had obviously put some thought into their contents.

She took the biggest bag and emptied the contents on the bed. "These are for you," she told me and I looked at her in surprise. There were a couple of shirts, a couple of shorts, underwear, T-Shirts, a jumper and a couple of pairs of trousers. She pulled out a pair of black leather ankle boots from the other bag and passed them over.

"But why?" I asked and she grinned.

"Because you dress like a teenager," she warned and I looked at her, smirking.

"But I am a teenager," I reminded the topless stripper.

She sighed. "I thought you were a young man?"

I pushed my lips together and inhaled deeply. "Well I am ..."

“You work in an adult nightclub, you have two girls on the go and you dress like you are thirteen and shit scared of women.” I laughed and Abi put her head on her shoulder. “I’m not havin’ it!”

“Really?”

“Go on, try this on,” she told me and passed me some blue striped boxer shorts, a burgundy shirt with a faint check pattern, a smart jumper and a pair of black jeans. I grinned at her, and slid out of bed, putting on the garments.

Abi nodded her head appreciatively and I put the boots on. “A million times better,” Abi exaggerated and I took them off. Abi made me try on all the clothes, and they all fitted nicely. She confessed she had looked in my wardrobe prior to going and then made me promise she could remove some items in return, which I agreed to as long as I could veto her choices if they conflicted with my favourites.

I thanked her several times; she had easily spent in excess of two hundred pounds on me but Abi reckoned that the extra money she made by being horny knowing that she had my bed to come to easily paid for it. I wasn’t convinced but Abi refused to let me give her any money towards them saying they were a gift, which I was to accept graciously and without complaint.

Abi then asked me to turn away which I did. “I have a few items here so I can stay the night without having to wear the same underwear,” Abi told me, “but also a couple of items for you to enjoy.”

Abi told me to turn around and I breathed out in shock. “You just look ... incredible”

Abi was wearing a black fishnet basque with a lacy trim that displayed her bosom nicely. At the bottom of the basque were four straps (two on the front, and two on the back) that connected to her black fishnet stockings. A very skimpy black G-String completed the outfit that as Abi moved, I could see was crotchless.

Abi smiled at me. “I am going to give you, what I used to give to one of my punters in Birmingham,” she told me alluringly. “He used to cum buckets and always came back.”

“But Abi,” I told her playfully. “You know I’ll always come back”

Abi looked at me out of the corner of her eye, her long straight hair framing her face. “I can’t take that chance.” She smirked as she looked at my naked body and got up from the bed, turning around and sinking to her knees, kissing the top of my erect cock and then pushing my legs further apart.

She nibbled at the inside of my thigh, her tongue lavishing my sensitive skin with subtle kisses and feint bites. I bit my lip as I watched her, my Scottish lover gleefully enjoying the reaction of my cock. She took one testicle in my mouth and sucked gently.

I felt a vivid sensation as Abi rolled her tongue gently over my sweaty bollock. She allowed it to slide out of her mouth, and started my other ball, staring at me out of the corner of her eye. I felt completely vulnerable as my most sensitive of parts was within Abi’s snappers but she treated them lovingly.

I sighed as the heat built up in my loins – an intense itching bursting to be set free and she licked my shaft, twirling her tongue over the top. I groaned at her lustful actions and saw her triumphant expression peering over my pubic hair.

I sniffed and leant back, affording her more room, and she used her hands to push my rear further back and then pushed me onto my back, my knees hanging on the corner of the bed. All the time, her head was gently bobbing up and down over my glans and her tongue explored my sensitive tip. I croaked, and felt a powerful tension mount in my testicles, but Abi must have sensed it, and detached her amazing mouth from my manhood and looked up at me. She swung her legs over my body and, facing away from me, hovered over my erect cock. She cackled, looking over her shoulder, as she lowered herself onto me.

It was a slightly different sensation as Abi impaled herself onto my cock, and gently rocked back and forth. I sighed and pushed my head back onto the mattress, closing my eyes. Abi leant forward slightly and I felt a wet hand push my legs apart further and then slide underneath my balls.

Abi began to pressure my perineum, and gently cupped my testicles, squeezing them slightly as she rocked back and forth over my cock. I desperately tried to meet her rhythm, tensing my buttocks to lift my pelvis into Abi as she rocked back. It was a weird sensation, very intense and powerful but one where I was barely had any control.

I could not see Abi's face, I could not touch any of her "interesting" bits – just her clothed flanks – and everything was up to Abi, but Abi was excellent at what she was doing.

I groaned and tensed up, squealing slightly as I flooded her insides with several waves of cum. I pushed my body into the springy mattress and felt my buttocks quiver as I ejaculated.

Abi giggled as I slowed my rhythm, pushing further into her, but just savouring the last tingling from her lustful movements. I sucked in some air and Abi slid forward so my cock came out of her, and she looked down.

"You've got cum all over me," she whined with a smile, looking behind her shoulder coyly at me and licked her lips.

I panted and raised my eyebrows. "Well get used to it," I said with a smirk. "Cause I will be coming back."

* * * * *

I had missed a couple of team meetings, firstly because of Sarah's meal and then because of the engagement party but I had just finished cleaning the club when various employees started arriving. Mum was not impressed that I had missed two meetings on the trot and told me that any other new employee, who had missed two of their first three team meetings but lived a one-minute walk away from the club, would have had a serious tongue-lashing for such aberration and I was strongly advised to amend my attendance record forthwith.

The thought of spending an hour with two dozen strippers was one that most sixteen year olds fantasised about, and I needed no encouragement to go, it was just circumstance and timed my cleaning of the club to finish at the beginning of the meeting.

Abi was the first to enter the club and treated me to a long kiss on the cheek that drew raised eyebrows from Ikenna and Angela, who were also arriving. Mum shot us a warning glance and I gave an apologetic look in return. Within a few minutes the room started to fill up with a few people looking lost or a little apprehensive but Mum welcomed them warmly and guided them towards some seats.

I knew Mum had been particularly busy with interviews and auditions in the last few weeks and guessed that the increased attendance represented her increased workforce. At a guess there must have been double the amount of dancers crammed around the six tables that Mum had positioned as I cleaned the bar, and there were loads of new faces. Abi (or "Isobel") and I sat in discussion as they filed in, as I told her about my aborted trip to the cinema with Sarah, including being evicted from the pub.

Mum called the meeting to order and started with the introductions. As there were some new faces, she went and introduced everybody. I noticed some of the dancers had some very weird names – Abi had chosen her middle name as her stage name – but Autumn, Cherry, Scarlet and Juggs (who had a massive bosom) – were certainly more unique.

I had asked Abi before the rationale behind choosing a stage name and she had said it made it easier to separate your real life from your work if you have two distinct identities. Therefore, with the exception of her wage cheque, everything Abi did inside the club was under Isobel. To this end, Angela was "Heather." I did not get an alternative name, but if the big-breasted girl can be Juggs, then surely I could choose to be Godzilla Bumperballs!

As Mum went around the table and introduced the girls, she also mentioned their "speciality." Isobel and Heather were lap dancers and strippers but some of the girls just did one or the other and others did pole dancing or PVC dancing; it was certainly an education. As Mum came around to my right, my eyes met a familiar face – it was Ray's sister Jenny.

I almost blurted out her name in surprise, and she looked a lot fuller than I remembered. Mum introduced her as Jessica, the Burlesque dancer and I asked Isobel what Burlesque was. My lover gave a small laugh and went to whisper back when Mum enquired what we were talking about.

I saw Jessica look over at me and Isobel spoke, "he wanted to know what Burlesque was?"

There was a ripple of laughter around the table and I went bright red in horror. "I'll show him later," Jessica promised with a mischievous glint in her eye. "If he's old enough." This caused a few jeers around the table and Mum shook her head with an exasperated expression.

"Moving on," Mum said and continued her tour. She then came to the new rota and said she had hoped she had managed to accommodate every request. She had printed out a copy for everyone and I glanced at the one on my left being held by Isobel, who was working on Monday, Friday and Saturday nights.

"You're going to have a bit more free time," I told her and she smiled.

"I know. I might be working on Thursdays as well though but it's good. I was working too much anyway."

The dancers digested the rota and then Mum spoke again. The Thursday nights were set aside for special events or themed nights and the one the following Thursday was a mud wrestling competition that she needed volunteers for. Isobel's hand shot straight up as did Jessica's and Heather's.

She then announced that on the sixth of the following month the club would be hosting a troupe of male strippers for the female and gay audiences and that all staff were welcome

to attend, "on the house as long as the male entertainers go unmolested." This caused some whooping from around the table and Isobel squeezed my hand. "I am so going to that, and you better be waiting for me when I get back," she warned me with a giggle.

Mum also spoke about their new Wednesday nights with burlesque, belly dancing, pole dancing and performers in PVC, Rubber, Latex and a heavily tattooed and pierced Gothic dancer. Mum said she hoped it would be "something different" and get a different set of clients into the club but I was watching Jessica. I wondered if Ray knew his sister was working here.

The meeting finished and I weaved through the chairs to get to my friend's sister. She had not worked an evening at the club yet and didn't have any wages to pay in, but I wanted to speak to her before she left. She agreed to chat and we waited until the club had emptied; I had given my cheque to Abi to pay in with a paying-in slip when we sat down and got a drink.

Ikenna and Mum gave me suspicious looks but we retreated to a booth out of prying eyes and ears. "It's good to see you again," I said and she nodded.

"You too"

"You look well, great," I told her and she smiled shaking her long blonde hair out of her face.

"You look good yourself," she told me and I smiled nervously.

"Yeah, Isobel bought me some clothes. Says I mustn't dress like a teenager."

"But you are ..."

"I know. Isobel says I mustn't look like one though."

Jessica grinned. "So you two close then?" I nodded and she looked at Mum and Ikenna on the other side of the club. "So you want to know if Ray knows?" She asked pre-empting my question.

"Well, yes." I answered, hesitating at first.

She grinned. "Are you going to tell him if I haven't?"

I leant back and eyed her. She had a mysterious quality about her, and while Ray was my friend (of sorts), it wasn't really his business. "I'm not going to ring him up and tell him but if he asks I won't not tell him. Unless you ask me not to."

"Ask or make it worth your while?" She asked coldly with raised eyebrows but I shook my head.

"No, ask. I am not the blackmailing type. That's Rhea!" I joked.

She pouted for a moment. "He doesn't know. And I don't want him to. I didn't know you would be here today, I didn't know you worked here to be honest."

"I've only recently started," I admitted.

"Well that will explain why you don't know what Burlesque is," the young dancer told me

with a smile.

I hummed for a moment. "Didn't you promise to show me?" I teased and her face lit up.

"Maybe. I do need to practice more than once a week, but it'll be like dancing for my little brother," she avowed with a hesitant look. I rubbed my hands and stared at the blonde girl, thinking of how to respond.

"Little brother?" I asked. "I know I have known you for awhile but I've always thought you had a lovely figure." She beamed at my flattery.

"Yes, I saw you ogling me in the Summer when I used to sunbathe. More times than you will care to admit." I blushed at this and shrugged. "It's OK. I never minded. It was always so discreetly done, but I saw you."

I fidgeted uncomfortably and changed the subject. "So Burlesque? You do it at Uni?"

Jessica gave a wry smile. "There is an exotic dancing troupe in Warwick and I joined. It's good fun." I nodded, not quite sure what to say so Jessica looked at my surprised expression. "But please don't tell Ray. He's so, boring. Only Mum knows, and you now. He won't understand."

"I'm not going to run off to him and tell him. To be honest, he is barely speaking to me at the moment. His new girlfriend doesn't like me much," I told her and she looked almost relieved.

"So what is his new girlfriend like? I went back to Uni in April and he was going steady with Rosie, come back and he is going out with someone else. Never thought he would go through 'em that quickly."

I grinned. "Well Donna is a bit like Rhea, only more gobby and less violent," my baby sisters' little game with the Tabasco still at the forefront of my memory.

"Wow!" Jessica replied, chortling. "That's ..."

"... not a great mix."

"So why doesn't she like you?"

I paused for a moment, and then realised that Ray would probably tell her anyway if I didn't, so recounted the fateful trip to the White Lion with Ray, Astrid and Donna followed by Sarah's dinner party and Jessica had an uneasy smirk. "I know I was quite a bit of a cock," I summarised, "on both occasions but Donna has made up her mind she doesn't like me and there is little I can do to change her mind."

"You can't like everyone," Jessica suggested and then downed the last of the lemonade. "So please, not a word to Ray about the club," she asked for the third time.

"Of course not," I snapped. "I promise."

"Thanks, Andy," she said as she left the booth. "Oh and I will show you burlesque, one day. I promise."

Andy? Shouldn't that be Mr Bumperballs!

* * * * *

It was tough getting used to calling and thinking of Abi as Isobel in the club but nowhere else. When I called her to get her attention, or when I spoke about her, I had to not call her Abi but instead Isobel, until we were in the flat and she had to be Abi and not Isobel unless we were at her flat around Angela in which case she could be either. It was confusing but ever so slightly intriguing. Hence, Jessica was a Burlesque dancer full of seductive charm and wild intentions. Jenny was my friend's big sister, strictly off-limits and not to be the target of carnal thoughts in the slightest (well, at least not admitted to, anyway). It was almost schizophrenic in nature and as much as I tried to rationalise it, I just failed.

It seemed unnecessarily confusing, and as I wondered if I could consider other friends differently in different settings so that they take on different personalities and become different people, I realised that Abi was not the only one. Sarah around me was a flirtatious, confident and even girlfriend-like but with Kevin she became staid and subservient to him, and nothing more than a friend to me. She was leading a double life too and I wondered if I need to give her a pseudonym as well. What name would I choose?

Abi transformed from the seductive and naked Isobel into the horny and naked Abi at 2am the following morning and slid into my bed.

"We really should stop meeting like this," she teased and I grinned. "The amount of time you spend you spend in my room, I should charge you rent," I taunted her and she squeezed my flanks that caused me to yelp.

"Then I shall charge for services rendered," Abi replaced, and snuggled up to me. I sniffed and felt her warm body, running my hands over her elegant hips but she yawned. "Tomorrow," she promised. "I am tired."

* * * * *

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.

I returned home at gone 2pm and rang the first number on my list, to find that the Anchor Hotel was undergoing renovation and my second phone call revealed the Horse and Carriages was full. The small boutique hotel had a space but this was a double room and the Castletown Road Inn was not answering the phone.

Mum smiled at me as I put the phone down in frustration. "How do you know if those hotels are any good?"

I shrugged. "I don't. But the adverts looked nice," I replied and she reached down the side of the sofa for her red filofax. She leafed through it and passed it over to me.

"When I was in Cambridge for a trade conference last year, a fellow delegate

recommended it. Try it," she told me and I dialled the number. Mum went out to make a drink and the Roseberry Garden Lodge had one twin room available for the following Wednesday, at a cost of £65 a night, but this included breakfast. They offered, for an additional £15 to have a bottle of wine added to the room, and so I instinctively arranged it for an evening delivery and promised to send a cheque to cover my reservation by first class post.

"Sorted?" Mum asked when she back and I thanked her, passing her filofax back to her. "Good. Just make sure you don't do anything stupid. I am trusting you," she warned and I immediately felt a little guilty about the wine.

Mum wrote out a cheque and told me that she would be deducting it from my wages the following week, and I had just sealed it up in an envelope when the 'phone went.

Rhea teased the person on the end of the line and I guessed it was probably Sarah with the gleeful looks she was giving me. "Oh, he is just coming over," she said. "He's stark bollock naked and he's definitely been thinking about you. I can see the ..."

"Thank you Rhea," I said, snatching the handset from her.

"Hi," a slightly breathless Sarah answered. "Do you want to go to the cinema?" She asked.

"Yeah, see what?"

"I don't know yet. But you aren't going to lose it, are you?"

I sighed. "No. What time?"

"Mum and Dad want to leave now," she told me. "Can you get dressed and be at the cinema in twenty minutes."

"I am dressed," I moaned. "It's Rhea teasing!"

"Oh," Sarah muttered, almost disappointed. "OK, see you in twenty."

* * * * *

Sarah and I returned a few minutes after we said we would. We had seriously underestimated the amount of local adverts the cinema would show at the beginning of the film and this added over half an hour to the running time. This meant that, at the height of Summer, we had to sprint through the town to get to my flat as soon as possible.

We burst through the doors at the bottom of the stairs and ran up to the lounge to be met with a quite horrific sight: Rhea was talking to Sarah's parents. Alone.

"Hi bro," she called out mischievously when we got to the lounge.

"Hi Mum. Dad," Sarah called out. "I'm not pregnant"

"And I'm not her girlfriend. Sorry ... boyfriend," I added.

Sarah's parents looked at each other in confusion. "Are you OK, honey?" Her mum asked.

"Yeah, fine." Sarah responded. Her hair clinging to her sweaty face. "What's Rhea been saying?"

"She has quite an imagination" I added as way of an explanation. "And she is always causing some sort of trouble. She's like that."

"I am here you know," she told me, indignantly, sweeping back her long brown hair. Mum arrived with four tall glasses of lemonade, having missed the previous exchange and looked inquisitively at us standing in the door frame, panting furiously.

"You better not be pregnant," her dad told her, having not taken his eyes off of the young girl holding my hand.

"I'm not pregnant!" she wailed.

"Andy, is there something you two wish to tell us?" Mum asked and Rhea smirked.

"OK. Has Rhea said that Sarah is pregnant?"

"No I haven't!" cried my little sister. "Although it was a very quick denial, bro. Is there something ..."

I shut my eyes and gave a titter. "I think we might just have dug ourselves a bit of a hole here. Shall we get cleaned up?" I asked Sarah and we left Sarah's parents to have their drinks in peace. With Mum; and Rhea.

Why did the women in my life make it so bloody complicated?

It took ten minutes to kiss, get cleaned up, kiss again and then go back downstairs. Sarah might not have been my girlfriend, but she was a pretty good imitation.

"I have been meaning to ask you," Sarah said as we were about to go downstairs. "Did you mean it when you said you wanted to photograph me naked?"

I chuckled. "Of course, but developing it is going to be a problem." Sarah looked disappointed but I promised her I would see what I could do; I just needed a way to get the film developed.

When we returned, Mum and Angela were busy conversing about business while Rhea was chatting to Sarah's dad about a film she probably shouldn't have watched. "Are you ready?" Angela asked to Sarah who was still holding my hand.

"Yeah. Mum. Andy and I were thinking. My football practice finishes at seven on Tuesday and it is only round the corner. Could I stay the night here please?"

Sarah's parents looked at each other for help. "Well. Have you asked Grace?"

"Andy thinks it's fine, we talked in the cinema."

"I'm sure he does. Have you asked Grace?"

"Grace, is it OK if I ..."

"Of course it is. You're always welcome here," Mum answered before Sarah had finished. "If your parents don't mind. But we have had a chat, and when the Guest Bedroom is free we think it'll be a good idea for you to use that."

Sarah squeezed my hand and I nodded. "Sure, she says I snore anyway."

“Just think. All that peace and quiet,” Rhea muttered. “that I won't be getting on Tuesday evening unless, can Simon stay?”

“No.”

“But I promise to be clothed throughout”

“No.”

“But ...”

“No.”

“Ah, bollocks to you!”

“Rhea. Upstairs. Now,” Mum barked and my sister sulked off.

“Not fair,” she screeched from the landing.

* * * * *

I finished working in the club by one and Mum was sat on a chair with a lemonade, talking to Ikenna. They didn't even bother to check my work anymore as they knew I was doing a good job and Ikenna beckoned me to get a drink before leaving. He got up as I approached the table and I sat down.

Mum put her paperwork away and I approached a slightly delicate subject. “When you were asking me about Sarah in the kitchen last week, was that for your benefit, or for Angela?” I asked and Mum laughed awkwardly.

“Why?”

“Because Sarah turns up later that week and her mum doesn't mind that we are sharing a room. Something must have happened.”

“That's, um, a private conversation between myself and Angela,” Mum replied with steely determination.

“OK. Well I've been thinking about it and I have a theory,” I said with a grin and Mum smiled.

“I thought you might have. Go on, let's hear it.”

I hesitated and rubbed my chin for a moment. “Well, I think when you and Angela originally spoke you promised that you would find out what happened, which you did and phoned her while Rhea and I was there. But then you got thinking and probed a little deeper. I admit, I probably was too ... open ... so you spoke to Angela and told her what I said. Now Angela must be very concerned about Sarah or else she would not have asked a virtual stranger to find out what's going on. But then something else occurred to me.”

Mum shot me a quizzical look and I continued.

“How many sixteen year olds are allowed to share their bed knowingly with not one but two girls? Not many, so there has to be a reason.”

“Could it be that I have known you for sixteen years and think that, normally, you are

responsible beyond your years? Perhaps I am happy to let you act like an adult and make your own choices and mistakes? Or could it be that as a teenager I was living away from home and making those choices anyhow?" Mum asked. "But if you think that you can't be trusted I can always review that decision," she continued with a wry smile. I ignored this threat and persisted recalling my hypothesis.

"With Abi it is clear. She is vulnerable and you like the idea of her being with us rather than on her own. And you know we get on well and Abi is older and more mature. But with Sarah it is not so clear cut. It's the exact opposite. She is younger, more impulsive and irrational and isn't vulnerable. Unless there is something else about her, or her family. What? Angela must have said something about Sarah that means you don't mind us being together."

I looked at Mum and she shook her head. "Nice imagination, but no cigar this time"

I downed the last of my drink and got up. "I can ask Sarah why her Mum is worried about her. She'll know," I said and walked away.

"Andy!" Mum called and I looked back. "Don't ask Sarah," she told me firmly and I held my arms out.

"Tell me then," I asked and she looked around the room.

"Why?"

"Because I want to know," I told her and walked back to the table. "And I should know."

Mum gestured for me to sit down and I sat back in the chair I had just vacated. "First off, Angela and I do know each other. We are both members of the Chamber of Commerce and both work in the Hospitality arena so I have met her and do know her through that. I didn't know Sarah or her family but I did know her. Now, as you guessed that conversation was for Angela and William not me but you have to understand that Sarah's mum is very worried about Sarah."

"Why?"

Mum tapped the side of her glass for a moment and breathed deeply. "After we spoke, I invited Angela here for a glass of wine that Thursday afternoon. She said she saw you in town, but you were distracted. She wondered if you would guess she was coming here, but you didn't ask me that night so I guess you didn't. We sat down I explained what was said and she was quite upset, as you can imagine. So we had another drink and explained that she was concerned that Sarah would follow in her, well do something stupid and run away from home at sixteen or seventeen."

"Why would she do that? I mean, she only came to the next town to see a friend, was hardly running across the country to join the circus, was it?" I replied flippantly and Mum shot me a look.

"Well you know I left home at sixteen and ran away across Europe in the end, and that was caused by a row with my mother. Hormonally charged sixteen year old girls don't always make the right choices, Andy, particularly when there are boys around." She peered over her glass and smirked. "And that's true for sixteen year old boys when they are chasing girls." I squirmed in my seat a little at this and ignored the pointedness of the comment.

“But so far, she hasn't said she is going to run off at all. She had a row, I don't get why she thinks Sarah will want to flee across the country or Europe. There is something else, isn't there?”

“She was also upset that Sarah had not told her what you told me and thinks Kevin is controlling her. I must say, I agree, although your commentary of her relationship was a little biased, to say the least.”

I took a deep breath. “Nothing untrue in what I said.”

Mum nodded and played with her wooden beaded necklace hanging down between her breasts. “I told her that you and Sarah had shared a room that night but you had told me, and also Abi, that nothing had happened, and we had a nice long chat about you, and Sarah, and you and Sarah.”

“There is no me and Sarah” I told her and she nodded.

“I know, but Sarah's mum is at the moment very concerned about her and this Kevin thing isn't helping. She doesn't think she will listen if she tries to talk to her. So she wants to know what you are like. You two have got extremely close over the past few weeks,” she looked at me and waved her finger at me, “there is no point denying it, Andy we've both noticed. And Angela's noticed a change in Sarah as well. You have got close and that's not a bad thing. I don't suppose you've spoken to Sarah about the day she got home after turning up here?”

I shrugged. “I didn't think so. Sarah, instead of arguing that day was, according to her mum, genuinely remorseful and upset with herself. She came back and apologised, and neither Angela nor William were expecting it as they thought all hell was going to break loose. They thought Sarah was one step away from walking out of that door, so they think you must be a good influence on her, but what with your relationship with Abi.”

“There is no me and Abi!”

Mum looked at me, wide-eyed. “Really? You might not be dating but you don't exactly have a conventional friendship, do you?”

I agreed and she continued, “anyway, combined with your relationship with Abi, it just complicates things for us. Angela just wants Sarah to be safe and to be happy and she doesn't want to see her hurt.”

“I'm not going to hurt her but there is no me and Sarah for her to get involved with and there is no me and Abi for her to get jealous about.”

Mum raised her eyebrows. “There is a you and Abi and there is a you and Sarah. You have unorthodox friendships with both of them, which is fine. I've had them too over the years, your father was one for awhile but at your age and what's gone on with Sarah beforehand, it complicates things, for both of us.”

“So that's why we aren't sharing a room anymore?”

Mum breathed deeply. “There is more to it than that, but in essence, yes. Angela would prefer to know who you are before her sixteen year old daughter sleeps over on a regular basis in your bed. And we don't think she should be doing it while she has a boyfriend anyway.”

I shrugged. "Oh, didn't you tell her all about me then? I mean, she told you about Sarah."

Mum smiled. "It's that biased commentary you gave about Kevin and Sarah, I gave about you. Angela needs to see what you are like for herself not hear it from your mother. But I told her about you and Paula, and you and Abi and what you were like. She wanted to know."

I scowled in annoyance. "Isn't that a bit private?"

Mum smiled. "You don't have that many skeletons in your closet. Well not yet anyway. But despite the Abi complication, she still prefers Sarah to spend time with you than Kevin and we both trust you two not to do something you would both regret. Or more to the point, we trust you not to do something with Sarah that Sarah will regret." Mum flashed me a smile and I felt guilty. Sarah was certainly not regretting her transgressions but I was.

"But," I started and Mum looked at me out of the corner of her eye.

"Anyway," she continued, ignoring my comment. "Angela got a taxi back but I asked her if Sarah could come and we would drop her off if she wished but she said she could stay the night if Sarah wanted. She needs to repair her relationship with her daughter and trust her a bit more, but knows that I would keep an eye on her if she is here and you won't take advantage."

I bit my lip. I was shocked and the level of scheming between my Mum and Angela was far more extensive than I had even begun to believe.

"It's tough when you have children. You look at them and want them to be independent and happy but at the same time be safe and you don't want to let them down. One day, you will understand, but I have told you this and I do not expect Sarah to be told," Mum warned.

"How can you expect me to keep this to myself? Sarah should know what her parents have been up to?"

Mum shot me a fiery look. "Andy, you have been told something in confidence. You have a responsibility to keep it to yourself." I hummed and she repeated her warning with me lost in thought.

"Hang on, you said you ran away across Europe when you were sixteen. You've not told me this before?" I asked, the confession only just registering.

Mum smiled. "No. I haven't." She looked at my vacant look and smirked. "And I have no intention of telling you what happened, either."

"Why?"

"Because it's private and you don't need to know"

I turned and she shot me a look to indicate that the conversation was over. "It sucks being an adult at times, doesn't it?" she murmured at me and I snorted.

It did indeed.

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 XI

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

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

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

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

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

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

New Pleasures Chapter XII

Abi gives Andy a multitude of sexual lessons as they have a wild weekend together. Andy dislikes much of Abi's family while bridges are built by the flamboyant stripper.

Excerpt: The woman ignored me and turned to Abi. "And who is this?"

"Andy, this is my elder sister Moira. Moira, this is my friend, Andy," Abi told her and she curled her nose up at me.

"Eez too young fur ye but then ye always had a weird taste in men," she replied sharply in her deep Scottish accent. "And I bet eez doin' drugs with ya an all."

"Errr," I started, angry that I was being talked about by this pugnacious and bitter woman who did not know me. Abi squeezed my hand and I sighed. I looked at my pulchritudinous lover, a complete opposite to the repulsive, dumpy woman in front of us, willing my lover telepathically to move to the bar. I could feel the hostility coming from this woman, her sister, and immediately sympathised with Abi. I was glad when Abi ended the conversation

and we headed towards the corner of the room. "You OK?" I asked Abi and she nodded. Abi put the gift-wrapped present and card on the large table at the end of the bar and returned to my side.

"Moiras never liked me much," she told me eventually but calmly. "She has stayed in the village almost her entire life."

"But she is your sister ..."

"You don't get to choose your family," Abi said curtly. "I wish I could, but I'm stuck with her."

To be released on, or before: 10th August 2012