

# NEW PLEASURES

## Chapter ELEVEN



By  
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**Codes:** MF, oral, wam, exhib

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## Preface

This story is the sixteenth instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe: 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!

“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 XI

The last weekend in July was baking and cleaning the club was airless and unbearable. The mini-heatwave had exploded into sweltering conditions and I was tempted to clean the club naked. Mum didn't object to me doing it topless and Susie, the tattooed barmaid blew me kisses as I finished on Saturday.

I was not joined by Abi at all during the weekend, she was having some quiet time with Angela and I didn't want to invade her space by turning up at her flat unannounced. Sarah was doing family things and I couldn't reach Ray so was stuck in the flat with Rhea.

Rhea had recently applied for a paper round and had been out at the newsagents for an "interview," which consisted of them trying to work out if she was reliable and honest. I could have saved them the trouble if they were allowed to ask siblings, but strangely this was not a selection technique they employed.

Although she denied it, Mum went on a date. She made sure we were OK on Saturday night, got dressed up and tried to slip out of the flat unseen but both Rhea and I saw her. She didn't mention it the following day and I didn't bring it up, although Rhea made a few rather pointed comments that were not responded to.

I don't quite know what I expected. I presumed that they ended up at the club for a drink but as neither Abi or Angela were working I could not ask to find out. It was, however, none of my business and I resolved myself with addressing the things that were – namely Sarah and our orgasms.

Sarah was not convinced that she should tell her mother that we had messed around with each other, and even I was not convinced myself but I reasoned that we were trusted and it could be viewed that we did break that trust, of sorts. I knew that it would come out eventually and wanted to discuss the matter on our terms. (Well, my terms.)

Sarah was rather embarrassed about the idea of confessing to her parents that she was sexually active with one of her friends and even joked about it on the phone, but Monday came and I travelled to Wendover. There was no other way, and Sarah should not be doing this on her own. She grumbled about my insistence but knew I was right deep-down.

Sarah met me at the door and we kissed briefly and nervously. "You ready?" I asked and she looked at me exasperated.

"Still insistent on telling her?" she asked me and I nodded. "We could just forget it and go for a walk to Wendover," she suggested with a sultry look but I shook my head.

"It's the best way. They need to know," I told her and she looked nervous. We had planned to travel back afterwards and tell my Mum the same thing but now that we were about to do the deed, our plans seemed scary.

She shook her head. "But they might stop me from seeing you," Sarah wailed and looked at me with big puppy-dog eyes. "You know what they said about Kev."

"I don't think so" I replied, dismissively but this was a thought that had crossed my mind. I led her towards the hall to the lounge and we knocked on the door. "Kevin is different, there's deceit and mind-control there."

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.

Angela smirked. "I know. Grace told me."

"How?" I asked instinctively.

"On the phone," Angela joked and I stared at her.

"I mean, I never told her."

Angela smiled and gestured for us to sit down on the sofa opposite. "You didn't need to tell her, she knew."

"We weren't that loud, were we?" Sarah asked me and her mother laughed.

"When you have children you will understand. Now, I presume you are both OK as you are both here telling me with silly looks on your faces."

Sarah nodded and gripped my hand. "Yeah, I'm fine."

Angela looked at me for an answer as well and I nodded.

"And what about Kevin?" her Mum asked and Sarah winced slightly.

Her voice went cold, "what about him?" Her mum raised her eyebrows. "When he can behave like my boyfriend, I'll behave like his girlfriend" Sarah told her and she smirked.

"And Andy, what about Abi?"

"She isn't my girlfriend," I replied a bit too quickly and she raised her eyebrows at me.

"Well, as long as it is what you both want and you are being careful," she told us and looked back down at her work.

"We didn't have sex," Sarah replied and her mum smiled.

"I know, Grace told me." I sighed in exasperation. Angela put her work down again and leant forward to speak to us. "Grace and I have chatted about you two. We are both a bit surprised as it has both come out of nowhere. Sarah, you had or have Kevin and Andy you were chasing Abi. So we don't know what's made it happen but you seem happy in each others' company but ..."

Sarah looked at me and smiled. "We are."

“... but you both need to decide what you want. Sarah, either you want to be with Kevin or not, and if not you need to tell him and if you do, you need to tell Andy. And you need to tell Kevin what's gone on between you.”

Sarah looked at her mother. “I sort of want both of them but they both have big flaws, so as much as I like them, I dunno.” Her mother asked her daughter to elaborate. “Andy is too aggressive when he rows with people. He just loses it and it scares me. I've asked him to calm down but he, umm, won't, but he makes me happy. Really happy. Kev doesn't so much, well not any more. And he doesn't treat me with any dignity or respect but he is my first love and has always meant so much to me. But you've banned me from seeing him.”

Her mother looked at Sarah for a moment and then me. “I have not said you can't see him, I have said you can't see him until you can be trusted. And Andy, who is it, Sarah or Abi?”

I shrugged, still digesting what Sarah had just said. “Well as neither of them want to be with me I don't have a choice.”

Angela pursed her lips at me and raised her eyebrows but I felt nervous; I felt as though I had given the wrong answer but she rubbed her temples as she thought. “Oh really. Grace told me quite a little story about you and Abi. Unless you two decide what you want, one or both of you will get hurt as well as Abi and Kevin.”

“We are just friends,” Sarah implored and her Mum waved her hand at us.

“So the other day when Andy came around to apologise with the flowers, what happened? I know something did Sarah because your duvet was washed and pegged out to dry!” Sarah and I both looked sheepish and her mum snorted. “So you are not just friends and Sarah you are cheating on your boyfriend. How would you feel if he did that to you?”

Sarah sighed and her mum told us to think about what she had just said. As Sarah and I left the room, she thanked us for telling her. “What just happened?” Sarah asked as I closed the door behind me.

I shook my head. “Out of everything I thought might happen. That wasn't it,” I admitted and gave Sarah a brief kiss.

Sarah and I chatted in her kitchen as Sarah made herself lunch and then ate it. Sarah was a little annoyed that I still hadn't made the effort to see Ray and I gave my dismissive Gallic shrug of the shoulders when I was being told something I didn't want to hear.

It seems that Donna had told Sarah that she was never going to be in my company again, which seemed a little melodramatic and extremely petty and unless I made some sort of amends with Ray, Sarah thought I would end up losing a friendship.

I wasn't so sure, Ray and I had been friends for years and I knew it would take something a bit more than a row with his girlfriend to change that but I was busy with Abi, Sarah and Zoe at the moment and Ray had Donna to occupy him. It would change when we were in College and in the same classes but any moves to establish cordial relations could wait until September.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Mum,” I called as I entered the dimly-lit club and she poked her head out from the bar. “How did you know what Sarah and I were up to the other night?” I asked and she smirked.

"I was sixteen once you know," she said as I walked up to her closing a till and then picking up a laminated card.

"Yes I know that but why did you tell Angela if you knew? Sarah and I were going to do it, but you had already beaten us to it."

"I know. Angela just told me. She rang me an hour ago."

"Ahhhhh," I cried as I buried my head in my hands. "Why?"

"Because she thought it was quite cute that you both turned up to tell her hand-in-hand and then seemed genuinely shocked that I knew what my child and his girlfriend were up to."

I hummed and spluttered. "She is not my girlfriend and we were discreet. You weren't supposed to know."

Mum grinned. "You weren't discreet Andy; when you play with her she is definitely not quiet and even Rhea knew what you were up to. No wonder you waited for Angela to leave her house the other day."

"I give up," I said theatrically and turned to leave.

"So, by the way, was I not going to get told by you and Sarah holding hands with silly grins?" Mum teased. "I was looking forward to that."

"Yes, after we had told Angela. But you knew so there didn't seem much point in Sarah travelling to Aylesbury. Well I thought we should tell you after that chat we had the other day."

Mum hummed at me and gave a weak smile. "Well it is a bit late if Angela or I objected to you two messing around and I am not totally comfortable with Sarah staying just so you could get your end away."

"It wasn't like that! But it would have seemed a bit silly if Sarah and I had turned up naked downstairs in front of Oliver's parents and I asked for permission if I could go down on her?" I said facetiously.

Mum laughed. "I suppose so. But Angela is right, you two need to make up your minds what you both want or someone will get hurt."

I nodded. "I know but it is not up to me. Neither Sarah or Abi want to date me so I can't do anything. And anyway, the only person who would get hurt at the moment would be Kevin, and to be honest, I don't care too much about that."

Mum's smile evaporated and she looked at me. "So you think that Kevin and Sarah having problems or splitting up won't hurt Sarah and you won't feel guilty?" I stammered a little. "As I said, face up to all the consequences or learn to behave yourself. There are always consequences to every action you make. Don't forget that, either of you."

\* \* \* \* \*

I ambled over to the playing fields the following day after dinner to meet Sarah. She was changed into the red and black football kit that she wore and blew me a kiss.

“Hey Andy,” a voice from behind me called and I looked up to see a face from the past come running over.

“Oh, hiya Mark. How's things?” I asked. He gave me a weird handshake and asked after Rhea, Mum and myself.

“You see that girl over there, with the long ponytail,” Mark said pointing over to a girl sprinting past everyone. “I live with her mother. Amy she is, and she's got a cracking pass on her.”

I gave a grin. Mark didn't appear to be the sort of guy who could settle down and have children, I think he liked the idea of a ready-made family, but one where there were no ties. It seemed an almost futile existence and looking at him as a sixteen year old, he didn't look anything like the same guy who was in our flat four years previous.

“You local?” I asked and he grinned.

“Still got the same boozier as before.”

“And the car?”

“Traded that. Got a Jaguar now.” He pointed to a flash red car in the car park.

“Nice. And you letting Amy with her muddy boots get in your car?” I asked and he chuckled.

“Hell no. She's taking 'em off. Anyway where is Rhea?”

“I'm not here for Rhea. I'm here for Sarah,” I admitted and he gave me a sly grin as I pointed out my friend do a slide tackle on Jodie.

“I thought that girl next door was your bird last time I heard?”

“She moved to Bournemouth,” I answered quickly and not correcting him about Sarah.

“Shame.”

We chatted for a bit and I kept looking away to watch Sarah. It seemed weird to talk to him again but before too long Sarah had finished and she changed into her trainers and she walked back to the flat with her overnight bag, her clothes full of mud. Sarah asked who I was talking to and I explained about Mark as she seemed genuinely interested.

She smirked as I insisted that she disengage herself from her muddy kit in the lobby at the bottom of the stairs, and had left a plastic bag by the front door in readiness.

She grinned at me and released her wavy hair from a hairband. “I suppose you better strip now as well?”

“I'm not sure my Mum would want to see it,” I reasoned. “And anyway, we are supposed to be deciding what we want not making them worry about us even more.”

“Well have you decided then, what do you want?” Sarah asked, her head cocked to one side and peering at me.

“I got rejected,” I told her. “So what I want doesn't matter, does it?” I replied quickly and with a touch of resentment in my voice. “It's what you and Abi want. You hold the aces.”

Sarah's playful look disappeared immediately and I felt guilty. "You don't ..."

"Go on. Go get in the shower," I interrupted the muddy, barefoot girl and she trooped upstairs while I put her dirty clothes in the bag and carried them into the lounge.

I felt guilty again. Why did I respond to Sarah like that? I suppose it was up to her to make a decision what she wanted and I couldn't come between Kevin and her, but it was clear to me that Kevin didn't love or respect her. Why flog a dead horse? But while my metaphorical Shergar was getting its rear whipped, I was left hanging, unsure of what I should do or feel towards her or anyone.

I couldn't be angry at Sarah for long; I knew that I stood no chance of being with her unless Kevin and her split up. I poured her a lemonade and dug out a lemon to add a slice, filled the glass with ice-cubes and put the last Vanilla Slice on a plate for her.

This caused my consternation from Rhea who, not only had wanted the cake, but the fact I had made so much effort. "Giving her my cake and a fancy lemonade isn't going to make her suck your ..."

"Yes thank you Rhea," I said cutting across her as Sarah came down the stairs in a nightie and dressing gown.

"Hey, princess. Andy is seducing you with a Vanilla Slice. Although that's not the last creamy..."

I tickled Rhea to stop her mid-sentence and she puffed at me. "I am not ticklish," she warned and I stuck my tongue out at her and then resumed tickling her.

Rhea was strong and nifty for her age. She was agile and had soon squirmed her way out of my tickling and disappeared upstairs. It was what I wanted, to be alone with Sarah, but our peace was shattered after an hour on the PlayStation when Mum returned and sent us to bed, in separate rooms.

Oh, the injustice.

\* \* \* \* \*

We got up at a reasonable hour; I was travelling with Zoe to Cambridge at 1pm and had to do the club first. I went into the guest bedroom and Sarah treated me to a wonderful, deep blow job and smiled as my sticky semen dribbled out of her mouth. In return I feasted on her clitoris, and stroked her G-Spot, and after a couple of climaxes, Sarah and I cleaned up and went downstairs.

Rhea gave us dirty looks as we entered the lounge and made a pointed comment that drew a sharp rebuke from Mum. Sarah was happy to talk to me as I cleaned the club and even polished a few tables for me after I cleaned them. We ambled back up the stairs at just gone midday and Mum fixed us some lunch in the flat.

Sarah seemed to be a little distant as we got ready to leave; I wondered if she had wanted to come with us to Cambridge. Zoe had originally asked her before asking me and I suspected that she was feeling jealous.

Zoe knocked and was holding a pink rucksack in the lounge when I came downstairs holding mine.

“Got everything?” Mum asked and I grinned.

“No, I thought I'd leave everything behind and take an empty bag,” I replied and Mum shot me a dirty look. “Yeah I got everything.”

“Be good, both of you,” she said and gestured me over for an unreasonable display of parental affection.

Sarah followed us down to the station and caught the same train to Wendover but she didn't say much, apart from wishing us a good trip as she got off.

Zoe and I sat opposite each other on the train. I had brought a book with me as I guessed Zoe would have done the same, but I didn't read it and instead we just made idle chat.

Zoe was relaxed and chatty, and I learnt quite a lot about her family that I didn't know previously, including why her Uncle Neil was ostracised from the family. She had often mentioned him as she was growing up as a threat her Mum would use (“if you keep doing that you'll end up like your Uncle Neil”) but it was only recently she found out what her mothers' brother had done.

He worked in pornography, and had done so since he was eighteen producing hardcore material. In the 1980s he was arrested for obscenity and Zoe thought he did some jail time but wasn't certain. I chuckled at this but Zoe was not amused by him, and instead of talking about him like he was a black sheep, she thought of him as a pariah.

Zoe's mother grew up in a vicarage and her grandfather was vicar in London, so it was no surprise they found the work Neil did so abhorrent. I couldn't help but suppress a grin when I considered what the Matheson's would really make of everything that went on inside the nightclub.

We arrived at Cambridge station and walked through the town towards our accommodation for the night. I had copied a rough map from the road atlas and after only two wrong turnings and three pleas from strangers for help, we arrived at the small hotel.

The receptionist was an old gentleman and smiled the moment he saw me. “You must be Mr and Mrs Williams,” he said and I gave Zoe a squeeze of the hand before she could correct him. I certainly didn't look old enough to be married, but it suited us for them to believe it especially with the alcohol I had ordered.

“How did you know?” Zoe asked, almost confirming the “marriage” in his mind and he smiled.

“We have sixteen rooms but only two arrivals scheduled for today. The other couple arrived twenty minutes ago so you must be Mr and Mrs Williams,” he explained and Zoe gave a tentative nod. “I see the room has been paid for, but I need to swipe a credit card for the bar.”

“We aren't using the bar,” I replied quickly and Zoe nodded but the man hummed. “And I don't have a credit card with me.”

“Well I will need a deposit of £100 then. We will return that to you but it is in our booking terms and conditions.”

I sighed and Zoe squeezed my hand. I felt that I was being railroaded into handing out money to the hotel. I took my wallet out and looked at him. “I will get this back tomorrow?” I

asked and he nodded. I told Zoe to sit down on the chairs in the lobby while I sorted payment.

I passed my Solo card to him and he looked at his screen. "Also sir, the wine you ordered is not available, so I will have to charge an additional five pounds for the replacement. It's a three year old vintage sir, very fruity, and it is the one litre bottle."

I groaned at him and asked him to ensure that the wine was chilled and in my room at 9.30pm with two glasses, before allowing him to charge £105 onto my debit card. This took money direct from my bank account but there was more than enough to cover it and I would get it back a few hours later anyway.

Zoe and I walked up to room five that had a nice view over a park and was spacious. We had a little en-suite peach bathroom on our right as we entered the room and a small wardrobe directly opposite, that we would not use and a large desk. Two single beds, no more than a foot apart was over a picture of a black horse galloping through some marshland.

"So I'm married now?" Zoe asked as I put my rucksack down on the bed nearest the door.

"I booked it as Mr Williams," I replied defensively and Zoe was grinning. "I never said I was married."

"I won't tell Mum what they have called us, she might just do one," she warned and commented on the artwork above us as beautiful.

Zoe and I had showers, separately, and got changed. I had brought with me just some jeans and T-Shirt with a black shirt to cover my arms if it was cold.

Zoe wore a light gray vest top with short pale denim dungarees and I gave her a grin as she put a lightweight coat over her. "What?"

"Oh nothing," I answered her dismissively. I did not want to tell Zoe that she looked sexy, she would be embarrassed, but there was a genuine authentic look that oozed "girl next door" and made me lick my lips. I shuddered; two months ago I would have never have thought of Zoe as sexy, what were my hormones doing?

We got a burger each from the fast food restaurant a few doors down from the hotel, and then made the few minutes walk to the venue – a large hall belonging to one of the newer Colleges – that was alive with garish posters. It was a reasonably modern building and my expectations of an imposing Tudor building with black timbered struts, a grand fireplace and battle-scarred gatehouse were somewhat inaccurate.

Zoe held my hand as we walked up the long drive, and the music and noise grew louder. We presented our tickets to a young gentleman in a bright yellow T-Shirt who returned our stub. There was a handful of people queueing alongside us and a few groups of teenagers on the other side of the temporary fencing that had been erected for the event.

"Anyone you know," I said somewhat facetiously but Zoe surveyed the crowd.

"Possibly, I went on a camp last year, you know the one in Stevenage, and I reckon Sandra and Evie would definitely be interested. You'd like Sandra, she big boobs for a fourteen year old and was very much like Sarah."

I groaned. "I have not come to Cambridge to find a girlfriend," I told her and she grimaced

before holding my hand again. We walked past the groups of people and outside tables and chairs to the foyer of the hall. It was busy, but not packed, a couple of hundred teenagers milling around the stands and displays.

I noticed that the proportion of female to male attendees was around three to one in my favour, and was particularly taken by a lovely black-haired girl wearing a floral dress. Zoe read my mind and tickled my side. "I thought you weren't looking."

Unfortunately, half of the girls dressed very conservatively, that did little to enhance or accentuate their figures. While I did not come to a Christian event to admire and ogle it seemed almost wasteful for good looking girls to be so covered up.

A large stall had the initials WWJD over the top and I asked Zoe what this meant. He was selling bracelets and pendants with the initials and seemed to be attracting a large crowd. "What would Jesus do?" Zoe replied and I stared at her for a moment, comprehending her response.

"Pardon?"

"It's a question, what would Jesus do? It's to remind you to make the correct choices in life." I hummed. "Obviously you would know nothing about that!"

"Have you brought me here to lecture me?" I asked and she spluttered a denial. "Well don't then!"

We walked past the "Glad not to be gay!" merchandise stall, although the overwhelming majority of the vendors were not peddling questionable goods, and I was almost pleased to notice that the more extreme elements attracted the least amount of custom.

The band on stage consisted of one Gothic-looking girl on the vocals and a couple of long-haired guys behind and they struck out an upbeat and up tempo rhythmic song that echoed around the hall. Zoe stayed close to me but bounced along the music.

The Gothic band turned into a pop duo and then a weird Operatic ensemble before Zoe wanted to go to the toilet. Why she needed me to go outside the hall with her, I will never know!

"Are you part of the queue?" A soft, female voice asked from behind me. I looked around and replied that I wasn't and was awaiting for my "partner" to rejoin me from the toilets, the correct word escaping from my thoughts as I daydreamed.

"I saw her, she is very pretty," the girl replied and I turned around completely to face her. She stood leaning against the wall, her head cocked to one side. She had soft facial features, her smile framed by long, straight hair that glided to the top of her breasts.

"She is, but is only a friend," I replied and looked at her soft eyes, which she averted and looked down at my clothes. I took the opportunity to admire her body, she had a well-developed bosom and was wearing a short, very short brown summer dress with pastel green and white flowers. "And you're not so bad, yourself."

She smiled and flashed her teeth before stammering, "My boyfriend never saw it that way."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "I guess I wasn't his type. We got tickets together but he hasn't bothered to

show up. We said we'd remain friends, but I don't know." I sensed a despair and disappointment in her voice that and felt sorry for her. She crossed her arms and looked down at the floor for a moment.

"You on your own then?"

She nodded. "Yeah. I was hoping I'd meet someone else that I know but there isn't so I might go home soon."

"You local?" I asked

"Waterbeach." I stared at her blankly and she chuckled. "You're not local then. It's five mile up the road."

"Aylesbury. It's fifty-five mile in that direction," I said waving into the corner of the room and she grinned. "We are staying over in a hotel."

"I knew you'd be up to something," a familiar voice said and put her arm around my shoulder.

"Oh hi, this is ..." I paused, I hadn't actually asked her name.

"Laura."

"Andy. Zoe."

Zoe put her hand to shake Laura's hand and grinned. "He's nice, but does think with his trousers."

"I do not," I told her, slightly annoyed.

"Abi," Zoe replied instantly and I shook my head smirking.

"She is just a friend. And a special case." Zoe gave Laura a meaningful glance and I didn't pursue my attempts at clearing the unjustified slur on my good name, but explained to Zoe about Laura being alone. Zoe shot me a glance.

"You want to stay with us?" Zoe asked, and Laura looked at Zoe and my blank expression.

"That'll be great," she replied enthusiastically and then queued up to buy the drink she was going to do earlier.

"Put your eyes back in," Zoe whispered as I watched her ass wiggle to the front of the queue. "You are so predictable."

Zoe, Laura and myself went back into the hall and a more upbeat act started. I enjoyed watching Laura jumping and dancing, her large breasts bounced seductively but Zoe kept shooting me furtive glances. I found the following musical acts much better to listen to, there were less evangelical messages and I am sure some of them were not singing or displaying a religious message at all.

The room started to get warmer as the evening progressed and by 9pm Zoe was ready to leave. The last act had been quite hardcore heavy metal and this was not what either of us were into. We went to bid Laura goodbye, but she said she would walk with us towards the station as the music was not to her taste either.

“So, who is Abi?” Laura asked as we cleared the main gate. “Zoe mentioned her earlier.”

I chortled at her and Zoe smirked at me, knowingly. “She is a friend. Just a special friend.”

Zoe nudged me in the back and Laura grinned. “How special?”

“Pretty special.”

“Am I not special?” Zoe asked and I nodded.

“Oh yeah, you're special, but Abi ...”

“She hides bits of your anatomy in her?” Laura teased and Zoe laughed.

“Yes,” answered Zoe for me. “And it's immoral.”

“Zoe,” I told her exasperatedly. “Mum owns and runs a lap dancing joint, where I work and my friend works as a stripper. Immorality is not my number one concern!”

Laura cooed in appreciation. “Wow! You don't strike me as your average Christian Rock fan.”

“It's me that's the fan. Andy is here to escort me.”

“Like me and Stu. He is the fan and we were supposed to meet. I'm, well, not the most devout of followers.”

I smiled but Zoe noticed and didn't return it. “It's our hotel,” she said as we rounded a corner.

Laura looked at her watch and sighed. “Just going to miss it,” she moaned and I invited her to the hotel room for a drink. She hesitated and Zoe rolled her eyes, but Laura declined, although Zoe did swap e-mail addresses with her.

We got back to the hotel room and I looked at the bottle of wine in a bucket of ice on the desk. Zoe had gone straight into the toilet and hadn't noticed it, so I took the wine out of the ice and opened the bottle with the corkscrew on my pen knife, before pouring two glasses.

“Oh Andy,” Zoe muttered with disapproval. “You know we are not eighteen. It's illegal.” I grinned and Zoe rolled her eyes. “I am getting really worried about you. The sex, the anger management, the being barred from pubs and now buying alcohol. What's next? Drugs?”

I tutted; it wasn't the reaction I was hoping for. “I thought it would be nice to come and have a drink when we got back.”

“It's illegal, I can't,” Zoe replied stubbornly and I groaned.

“Actually, isn't it only illegal to buy it under the age of eighteen. I've done that so you will be fine to drink it. Oh, come on Zoe. Look, I've bought cards as well, or we can go for a walk in Cambridge and come back to the wine later.”

Zoe smiled. “No, I want to rest but what else are you into Andy? I feel like you have changed so much in the last couple of months.”

I sighed. “Honestly, I am sixteen. It is legal to have sex you know.”

Zoe smiled weakly and looked into my eyes. "I know. It's everything else, you promise me you're not doing drugs?"

I tutted and sneered at her. "I am not doing drugs, I've never even touched them. What makes you think I am? I haven't smoked for years when we did it together, it made me violently sick if you remember."

Zoe gave me a smirk, taking the glass of wine from me. "Yes I do remember. I have never seen you so ill."

"Right, so I share the odd bottle of wine with friends and have the odd beer. What is so weird about that?"

Zoe sneezed as the wine bubbles went up her nose and grinned. "Out of all of my friends, it's you and Sarah who are most likely to go off the rails. You do things on the spur-of-the-moment and don't always think about the consequences. Either of you."

"Can we drop this, please? I am not overly comfortable talking about my flaws. Especially with you, who has none," I said and Zoe smiled.

"Sure, you can teach me poker like you promised, three years ago."

I grinned and we sat down on her bed. "Right many different variations of poker, and can be played either straight or as strip poker."

Zoe rolled her eyes at me. "Don't tell me you have ..."

"It was a long time ago. And it was with Paula. And once with Rosie."

"Rosie? But she is such ..."

"...a cheat. Right, but we will concentrate on normal poker for tonight."

I took the deck of cards and separated them, doing several ripple shuffles. Zoe watched as I did them slightly open-mouthed and I smiled. I did not think it was impressive but then I was taught how to do it by Mark many moons previous when he taught me a number of card games and I had had plenty of practice since.

I explained about the different hands and wrote them down in order on a piece of paper – Royal flush, straight flush, four of a kind, full house, flush, straight, three of a kind, two pair, pair and then card high. We started off with the Texas Hold'em where we got two cards each and then turned three over, to create a river, but this is more ideally suited when betting and we didn't have chips so we changed to Draw Poker where we each got five cards and swapped up to four of them once.

Zoe soon started to understand the rules, and with only two of us in play, it was inevitable that she would get decent hands regularly and beat me. It helped that I played with an open hand for most of the night and Zoe started enjoying herself.

We chatted amicably and I realised how important Zoe was to me. She was just solid and calm; the only real stable personality in my life given that Paula had left. She wasn't sexually flirtatious or enticing and we enjoyed each others' company without an overriding tension. After Abi and Sarah it was welcome.

She loosened up considerably with the wine but by midnight was tired and yawning, and

we went to sleep in separate beds.

\* \* \* \* \*

I went to bed wearing shorts but the room was airless and stuffy. I remember struggling to get comfortable due to the heat and tossed and turned. I was briefly woken by the sound of Zoe's voice saying something important but I spread out and dismissed it.

Zoe woke me up a few minutes later with a cup of tea and I sat up in bed. I was nude, I must have kicked off my shorts in the night and pushed the covers to one side. I also had my morning erection, probably caused by my dreaming of one of the many girls in my life, who went out of their way to make it difficult, and frantically pulled the covers back over me.

The pyjama-clad Zoe smiled at me and sat down on her bed. The TV has on but the sound was down and she was more interested in me than the box on the wall.

“Yeah, sorry about that,” I said blushing and Zoe grinned.

“It's OK. I did warn you but you were half-asleep and just rolled over to be even more indecent,” she replied.

“Well we don't have many secrets now anymore,” I told her. “And I have seen all my friends naked.”

“You haven't me naked,” Zoe countered and I suppressed a grin. “Mum would go bananas if you had.”

“No, that is true but I have seen Ray and Sarah and Paula naked. And I am more relaxed with nudity than you. I don't have anything special or different from any other guy you've seen.”

Zoe stared at me, and I realised immediately that she hadn't seen another guy with nothing on. I felt guilty for a moment, but also mildly amused. The images of the dancers many years previous came flooding back but my exposure to Zoe was nothing like that. I got aroused by them and I looked to get sexual gratification. Zoe and I were good friends, with a relationship more akin to brother and sister or cousins. She saw me naked and was probably feeling guilty for looking. She shouldn't do, if it was the other way around and Zoe was asleep naked displaying herself would I stop looking? Of course I couldn't, curiosity is too powerful.

But I could not tell her this. I knew Zoe looked out of curiosity, and probably wanted to touch – not because it was me but because it was a naked person and it piqued her intrigue. I could often tell what Zoe was thinking and she had pangs of anguish and guilt peppered over her face. If I started to discuss it, she would descend into embarrassment and then guilt again. I knew her too well.

We had a cooked breakfast in the hotel after having showers. I was careful to ensure I closed the bathroom door afterwards but did notice Zoe sneaking a peak as I was getting changed. She was persistently curious, if nothing else and I wondered if when she got to eighteen if I could convince her to go to the club with me. Probably not, although I think it would do her good!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Can I have my hundred pounds back please?” I asked and the receptionist as we checked out of the hotel and she shrugged her shoulders.

“Sorry, I can't do refunds. The manager is back at five,” she responded dismissively and I sighed.

“No. I had leave one hundred pounds behind the till as a deposit for the bar. We didn't use the bar, so can I have it returned. By five, I will be home in Aylesbury,” I made an effort to speak firmly and assertively but without getting aggressive remembering my chats with Sarah and Zoe.

“You can write to us if you don't want to wait for the manager to return then,” she said and looked behind us at the gentleman queueing.

“No. I don't want to write to you. I want my money back. Please,” I said assertively and she looked at Zoe and then myself blankly.

“System says we took a hundred but I can't do refunds. Only the manager can.”

I banged my fist on the counter and could feel the familiar tightness on my shoulders. This got her attention but before I could speak Zoe whispered in my ear. “Can I have the receipt from yesterday?”

I snorted at the receptionist and took the folded A4 sheet of paper from my trouser pocket. Zoe smiled sweetly at the girl behind the desk. “Please, tell me. What is your policy on selling alcohol to underage guests?” Zoe asked grinning and the receptionist licked her lips,.

Looking at myself and then Zoe. “We, well, we don't.”

“Oh it's just that this receipt, can you see this. Take a good look,” Zoe said smiling and showing the girl the paper. “You see that twenty pounds charge. And who paid it?” Zoe asked looking at me and I grinned.

“I did, by cheque and cash. Receipt says so. And well I'll be eighteen at some point in the future.”

The receptionist shifted in her seat and glared at Zoe. “It's irregular but is cash OK, sir?”

“Even better,” I replied, smirking at Zoe and checking the five crisp £20 notes into my wallet.

“Have you been having lessons from Rhea?” I asked her as we left the hotel. I got a playful punch in return.

We walked into Cambridge with our rucksacks and began looking through the shop windows. The station was the other side of Cambridge and we wanted to have lunch in the picturesque town before travelling back to London and onto Aylesbury.

We looked at boutiques and Zoe was keen to try on some clothes, but I didn't mind. I enjoyed her company, she was calm and smooth, gliding elegantly from one emotion to the next. There was no sudden changes in mood, or excitement levels. She was as far from Abi and Sarah as it was possible to be. She was just relaxed and composed at all times; she was, what Mum would call, a good influence.

We pushed open the door to a tiny clothes shop, filled with banners in the windows and situated on a narrow, cobbled side street. I ducked to enter the premises and greeted the middle-aged woman behind the desk while Zoe leafed through some of the dresses.

“What do you think of this one?” Zoe asked. “I think it matches my complexion.”

I looked at the green, floral ball-gown and then at her and shrugged. “Am I really the best person to ask?”

Zoe rolled her eyes. “It's basic simple, oh never mind.”

The woman appeared from behind the desk and began talking to Zoe. I tuned out of the conversation and looked out of the window and then at the lingerie sets in the window. I wondered if I could guess Sarah's or Abi's size, but with the plethora of different numbers and letters meant nothing to me and realised that my chances of getting it right were fairly small. Why couldn't women's underwear just be small, medium and large? Why did women have to make it difficult? All I wanted to do was surprise the two women in my life, and couldn't!

Zoe called me from the corner of the room, and looked at the red lacy lingerie set in my hand. “What's Sarah's size?” I asked and Zoe shrugged.

“How would I know that?”

“Well I dunno, but this is nice,” I replied and looked at her.

“I'd prefer those blue ones on the top,” she said and I reached up to pick up a set. They were of a blue silky material with little white dots, and a white trim. She admired the brief and full cup bra set, the brilliant electric blue in the clothing matching her deep blue eyes perfectly.

“What size do you want?” I asked and she blushed.

“I'll get them,” she replied and I smiled at her.

“You can't reach, shortie. What size?”

Zoe blushed and peered at me. “OK. 34B.”

I grinned at her and she raised her eyebrows at me. “I know I am not as big as Sarah or Abi but there is no need to give me that look,” she warned and I shook my head. I was going to make no such comment.

Zoe showed me two dresses, one deep red knee-length cocktail dress with a plunging V-neck and the other an electric blue figure hugging dress which looked considerably shorter.

“At least your underwear will match that one,” I said and Zoe puffed. She went behind a screen and tried on the underwear first but was too shy to come out into the shop to show me. I was told it fitted and that was all I was going to get. She put on the electric blue dress and I persuaded her to emerge from behind the screen.

She looked amazing. I had always seen Zoe as a platonic friend, dressed in practical but not sexy or alluring clothes, but the dress accentuated her breasts, traced her hourglass figure beautifully and finished no more than half way between her waist and her knees.

The dress was broken up with a spattering of sparkling diamantés in the middle and I was speechless for a few seconds.

“Wow. You just look ...”

Zoe blushed and grinned. “I do like it but I don't know if Mum will ever let me wear it.”

“It's amazing, Zoe. You look absolutely wonderful. Get it.”

Zoe looked at herself in the mirror and then at the Sales Assistant.

“I dunno,” she murmured and looked at me again.

“Your wooden necklace set doesn't go, but it is you.”

She went back behind the screen and tried on the other dress. It suited her, and she looked nice but it didn't take my breath away like the first one. Zoe however, preferred the longer length on the dark red dress and the baggier, more conservative approach. She looked at herself in the mirror and went back behind the screen.

“How much for them?” I asked and the assistant looked at me smiling.

“They are thirty-five pounds each. Underwear is twenty.”

“Do you have a discount for cash?” I asked instinctively, remembering what Rhea had said.

The woman looked at me and shook her head. “No. We don't I'm afraid.”

“If you are happy with eighty pounds for the lot, I've got that in cash. Bulk buy?”

The woman cocked her head to one side and looked at me through slightly squinted eyes. “OK. I'll take that,” she said and I counted out four of the five twenty pounds notes the hotel had just given me.

“Andy. What are you doing?” Zoe asked as the woman took the money from me, having reappeared from with them in her hand.

“They are for you,” I told her smiling and she looked at me aghast.

“I can't afford all,” she started and I shot her a look and put my finger over her lips to be quiet.

“Could we have them bagged please,” I asked and turned to my friend who was staring at me.

“Andy. I can't ...”

“Sssshhhh,” I told her and watched the woman bag up Zoe's new clothes.

Zoe scarcely waited until the door to the shop was closed before turning on me. “Andy. What have you done?”

“I said, they are for you.”

Zoe stared at me and bit her lip. “I really can't afford them, Andy. Please take them back.”

"No. It's your birthday coming up soon, so it's an early birthday present."

"I can't accept ..." Zoe started and I sighed.

"Yes you can, my ferocious friend. Now can we get something to eat, I'm starving. And utterly bored of clothes shopping."

"Yes, but I am paying."

"Well, you don't"

"Andy," she warned. "I can't believe you bought all of them. What's got into you?"

Zoe and I found a little coffee shop and ordered a salad (for Zoe) and a sandwich (for me), and two coffees. Zoe kept looking at me and the bag containing the dresses but wasn't very talkative. Eventually, I got irritated and asked her what the matter was.

"Because, you've spent way too much money. I wouldn't accept it from a boyfriend, so I can't accept it from you." She waited for me to begin to speak and then wagged her finger in my face. "No arguments, Andy. We are going back with them."

I shrugged. "I don't want you to take them back. They are presents, just accept them as your seventeenth birthday present. You're so difficult to buy for anyway."

Zoe grumbled and put a potato in her mouth. "It's just so extravagant. It's not like you. What's going on?"

"Nothing's going on. I am happy, I bought my friend her birthday present. So just be calm and happy. I won't buy you anything else. Even a card, how's that?"

Zoe snorted. "Well like most kids I get pocket money and the rest I have to earn or get from my parents. I haven't got a Summer job and my parents aren't rich. I was thinking I might get a dress or the underwear with what's left of my Christmas money but I couldn't have afforded both and the underwear. So you have bought me stuff I could never have afforded myself. You can't be loaded either, so why the generosity?"

"I am earning. I get around one forty a week, plus money from my Dad and savings from the last year. I might not be loaded, Zoe but I can afford a decent birthday present for my friends."

Zoe rolled her eyes at me. "You know flagrant shows of wealth make me uncomfortable. I liked you when you were stable. Paula leaving has a lot to answer for."

I took a bite of my Coronation Chicken sandwich and rolled my eyes. Zoe was a good friend, and she looked good in those dresses. It was hard to find good presents her so I was glad I had got her something nice, even though it was more money than I had planned to spend. The entire trip to Cambridge cost me one week's salary but I was already significantly up on the month anyhow so wasn't concerned. Why couldn't Zoe understand this? I liked spending money when it had a purpose and her dresses did. What would she rather for her birthday, something she wanted, or something she didn't?

We talked pleasantly on the train back. Zoe confessed she was concerned about her brother as he was spending too much time with Rhea. I laughed at this but Zoe was serious and said he got too obsessed about girls and was always disappointed and then upset for weeks when he was turned down. She didn't want him to be rejected or

depressed again but I reasoned that Rhea often knew what she was doing, even if nobody else did, or was remotely comfortable with it.

I told Zoe about my spat with Sarah but she already knew. Sarah had told her everything including my apology and Zoe warned me that there would unlikely to be a third chance if I lost my temper so violently in front of her again. I already knew this and confessed how much I enjoyed Sarah's company.

By the time we got back to Aylesbury it was 3pm and after walking Zoe home, and getting loads of thank yous, I went to the club to do my job.

There was a large circular inflatable paddling pool - about four metres in diameter – with a few inches of mud in it underneath the stage and a number of the tables and chairs had been moved onto the stage from the floor. Thursday nights were busier now that there was alternative entertainment and I only just finished by 7pm.

A number of dancers were arriving as I clearing up and I got to speak to Isobel and Juggs and others. I was impressed by the intellect of Gemma who teased me about still doing GCSEs (she was at least five years older) but Mum sent me out of the room even though the club wasn't due to open for over 45 minutes just as I was beginning to enjoy myself.

"You'll be getting treated later," Mum cryptically promised me as I began to moan.

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I felt a gentle hand on my shoulder waking me and I looked up to see Mum there. "Abi says please go to the club through the interconnecting door, just this once. And lock up and clean yourself up when you have finished," she whispered and I nodded. I shook myself from my sleep and sat up. She was still there, with raised eyebrows. "I mean it, just this once. It is as a favour to Abi, she thinks you will want to see it as you have to clean it up tomorrow."

"The mud?" I asked in my sleepy state and Mum cracked a grin.

"I mean it. This is as a total favour to Abi. I am not comfortable with this at all."

I nodded and reached over to my dressing gown, slinging it over my shoulder and walking through the interconnecting door that was propped open and thought it closed behind me. I had only been through the door a couple of times but it lead to a small corridor where the landing at the top of the stairs in the VIP lounges was straight ahead, and some stairs that go down to the performers' dressing rooms were to my left.

I walked gently to the main lounge to see Isobel sat on a chair wearing just a very skimpy bikini, in the dim lights.

"You look lovely Abi. Or is it Isobel?" She grinned at me and got up from the table. "Or will sexy do?"

"You can call me what you want, as long as you join me in there." I looked at the mud-pit and smiled.

"You look clean though," I responded and she nodded."Have you actually been in there tonight?"

"I've had a shower. Well quite a few tonight." I looked at the roll of blue carpet that

stretched from the pool to the dressing rooms, filled with muddy footprints and Abi smiled at me. "Quite a few of those are mine. We got hosed off in the pool but still needed showers."

"So what do we do?" I asked and Abi grinned. She passed me a flimsy garment and I stared at it in disbelief. "It's a ..."

"Leopard-print thong." Isobel replied and giggled. She mewed softly in appreciation as I slipped on the garment and put my dressing gown over a chair. It was warm in the club as it was Summer and I am sure the heaters had been on.

(I was once told by Mum that keeping the club warm was good. The dancers preferred it to be comfortable but also it made everyone a bit more relaxed and meant that they bought more drinks. This seemed a little cynical to me, but Mum assured me that it was normal, acceptable practice.)

Isobel took my hand and guided me towards the giant pit of mud. It was a light gray and looked clay-like. We both put a leg over the side of the pit and Isobel smiled at me as my feet made contact with the cool, gooey substance that consumed my foot eagerly.

"It's weird," I muttered and Isobel grinned.

"I know, but very sensual," she said and I moved my other foot into the paddling pool. I blinked and Isobel moved further away. "Touch the other side," she said and I stepped back. She eyed me and stuck her tongue out. "Ready, fight!"

Isobel lurched towards me and I sidestepped around the perimeter, but she stuck her foot out and I went head first into the mud. I felt the coolness and wetness of the clay all over my body as I sprawled into the pit and was aware of it meandering into my thong. It was strange.

Before I could stumble to my feet, Isobel jumped on my back and forced my face into the cool mixture for a moment. I shut my eyes but could not stop her from pressing my head into the mud and shook my head but to no avail.

Isobel held it for a few seconds and released me. I turned over and spluttered some mud out of my mouth. It felt earthy and gritty; not nasty, just not nice.

While I shook the dirt from my face and tried to clean my eyes, I felt hands over my thighs and Abi was removing my thong. I couldn't stop her.

She looked wantonly at my erect cock and her face glowed. I stumbled to my feet and slipped but managed to regain my balance.

"You won't win," Isobel warned me and I shrugged my shoulders. Isobel jerked towards me again but I staggered out of the way and allowed her to grip my shoulders but spun around and held her tight. My muddy chest was pressed against hers, and I slid my filthy hands down her beautiful hair.

Isobel clenched my buttocks and slid the large deposits of mud over my rear and then slid a finger up to my anus. I unclipped her bra and pushed her back. Isobel laughed as she hit the mud, and I dived on top of her chest. The mud came over her stomach and as I pushed her body down, it reached half way up her breasts.

"A two tone bosom," I joked and Isobel stuck her tongue out. Only her face and breasts

were not covered in mud and grabbed hold of her breasts to smear the mud over them.

We must have looked ridiculous, two people wrestling in the mud but I reached down to slide off her panties.

Abi reached up with a handful of mud and slid her hands over my erect cock.

It felt heavenly. Wonderful. I was in ecstasy.

The cool aqueous sludge glided over my tort skin and oozed out of the sides of Isobel's hands as she gave my cock a couple of deft strokes. "Isobel, that's wonderful," I murmured and she gave a titter. She picked up another handful of the clammy, glutinous mud and threw it, before sliding her hands over my testicles and perineum. I leant forward to kiss Isobel and then thought better of it. We would just be kissing mud.

She pumped my cock a few times and I rocked back a bit on her. I tightened my pelvic muscles with the tension over the backs of my testicles. It was unbelievable.

I rubbed Isobel's nipples and she sighed in appreciation.

"I'm going to squirt over you," I warned her and she grinned.

"Squirt then. Mark your territory," she replied and blew me a kiss. She stroked her hands over the mud and slime and along my shaft quicker and quicker.

I felt my pelvic muscles tense and closed my eyes. I was at the point of no return. I closed my eyes and whimpered. Isobel ran her other hand along my testicles and I groaned and began spurting my juices.

Isobel grunted as I did, and I looked up to see three strings of semen reach from her chest to her face. Abi smeared the semen off of her face and grinned.

"Nice, isn't it?"

"Amazing."

"It's just like a messy lube."

I sat back on my haunches and closed my eyes, milking the last spark of my post-orgasmic glow. I climbed off Isobel and she squinted at me. I sat down next to her and she grinned.

"You think you're finished?" Isobel asked and I smiled.

"Well...."

Isobel put two hands on my shoulders and pushed me back in the mud. She reached for a towel on the stage and with the muddy garment wiped my cock and her undercarriage. My cock stiffened immediately.

"I don't fancy getting that up there," she replied, smirking. "I had sex on the beach once and was finding sand for months afterwards."

I smiled at her and she lowered herself down to my cock. "I'm going to enjoy this," she admitted and I felt the familiar warmth envelop my solid manhood. We groaned as she rocked back and forth on it. I reached up and rolled her muddy breasts in my fingers.

Isobel rhythmically squeezed my cock as she pivoted on my rod inside her and she rubbed her hands up and down my shoulders and flanks. As I had only just had a release, I was some way from another one, and could sense Isobel was approaching her first.

I bucked my hips in time with hers, and oscillated my thumbs over her nipples. She moaned and simpered, before shuddering and squealing, crying out loudly.

Isobel looked at me through impassioned eyes and rolled her head back. "Oh Andy," she squealed and her pussy quivered over my thrusting member. She gripped my shoulder tight and I felt her muscles clench and then shudder.

Isobel orgasming on my cock in a pool of mud, in a lap-dancing club was enough and as she gleefully rocked forcefully a few more times I felt my own orgasm surge from my testicles up my shaft and spurting into her.

Isobel smiled as I did and we hugged, the mud ensuring that we glided over each other effortlessly.

"You are amazing," Isobel told me as we did an Eskimo kiss.

We were both lying down in the mud, face up when we were awoken from our peace by an excited and familiar voice.

"You dirty fuckers, literally this time," Rhea said peering over us.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I asked and Rhea smiled mischievously.

"I was going to ask you the same question. But I know what you are doing here. All muddy except for between ya legs. Mum gonna go ballistic when she finds out."

"Mum said I could," I told her. "But you need to be in bed," I told her.

"No fucking chance, bro. I want a go. It looks awesome."

"No," Isobel and I replied in unison.

Rhea jumped into the muddy pit in her short white nightie and jumped on top of me. I tried to throw her off but my hands could not grip her. Isobel went behind me and lifted her off, but slipped and Rhea grasped her hand and pinned it behind her back. Using her right hand she pushed Isobel's face into the mud.

Isobel got free and swept Rhea's legs away.

"Andy, get out of the pit for a moment," Isobel told me and I stepped onto the blue carpet, mud dripping everywhere. Rhea and Isobel sized each other up and they swayed from side to side.

What Rhea possessed in guile, Isobel had in experience and height. When they met, Isobel picked Rhea up, but Rhea's kicking feet made contact with my lover and they collapsed onto the floor of the pit. I grinned, as Isobel wiggled out of Rhea's grip but my sister managed to grab hold of her neck and ram some mud into her face.

Isobel spluttered and Rhea grinned. "Submit to me," she told Isobel who coughed up some mud and Rhea launched a stinging smack on the rear of Isobel. "Submit. And beg for mercy."

Isobel refused and squirmed out of Rhea's grip, but my agile sister grabbed her by the hair and threw her back down into the mud.

Isobel squealed in pain but Rhea picked up some more mud and thrust it into Abi's pussy. "Beg for mercy."

"I beg for mercy," Isobel said and Rhea smiled.

"This is cool," Rhea said and stood up, her white nightdress clinging to her body and totally ruined. She shook her hair and I held out my hand to Isobel.

"Shall we have a shower now?" I asked and Isobel nodded.

It was weird showering in the club, at 3am in the morning with my lover and my sister, but the mud took some scrubbing and we took it in turns. It felt weird washing my little sister's back and legs, not to mention gliding the shampoo through her muddy hair but she hugged me afterwards and we sent her back upstairs to bed.

I grabbed my dressing gown and picked up the keys.

"Let's go back up to our room nekkid," I dared Isobel and she smiled.

"Naked?"

"Fire escape. Come on, you game? I got to lock up."

Isobel laughed and nodded. I looked at the room. It would take a lot of cleaning tomorrow and we walked out the back and to the back door. We tentatively looked out but seeing no one, leapt into the cold of Buckinghamshire night and I set the alarm and closed the door.

"Come on," Abi whispered to me and I grinned. I deliberately took longer to lock the back door and smirked at my lover desperately seeking to get out of the security light.

We scampered up the fire escape and past the kitchen window until we got to the door. "Unlock it," Abi begged and I smiled at her and took her in my arms. I kissed her on the lips and threw her against the cold, closed door so I could rub my hands against her slit.

She squealed as the metal door made contact with her skin and returned my kiss. "Now let us in," she whispered and I unlocked the door and we went inside. I gave Abi my dressing gown and went down to lock the interconnecting door before returning to the insatiable stripper in my bed and begging for me to give her more kisses.

\* \* \* \* \*

Abi and I had an argument the following morning. We had had our rough, passionate early-morning sex, and Abi had climaxed over my fingers and then over my spewing cock. She wiped herself and kissed me, and then told me that I was "special to her." I told her to go with Scotland with me and she refused and we both started shouting at each other.

We were still naked when Abi yelled in frustration and stormed out of my room downstairs, not worried about her nakedness. I followed her, albeit with my dressing gown over my shoulders and we continued our argument on the stairs.

I was annoyed with her, why couldn't she just go and try and make peace with her family. It was irrational for her to claim she had no family, when they were trying to reach out to

her. She wanted to play the victim, and be the martyr, and it was this comment that caused her to get really angry.

“You know nuttin’,” Abi screamed at me as we burst into the lounge. Mum got up from the dining room and came running in.

“Oh, I know that your family want you to attend. It's tomorrow Abi.”

“I'm not going. And certainly not with you.”

“What's that supposed to mean?”

“You are a teenager. You don't understand.”

“I'm a teenager? You weren't saying that last night when you were begging to have me ram my...”

“ANDY!” Mum yelled. “Stop it, both of you. What's going on?”

“Abi, won't go to see her family tomorrow,” I moaned and Mum rolled her eyes.

“Well it is Abi's choice, but Abi, perhaps we could have a chat,” Mum said and guided the stubborn beauty up to her room for a private talk.

Rhea was still asleep when I went down to clean the club at 10am and apart from fifteen minutes for lunch, I had only just finished when the team meeting started. A couple of guys packed up the mud wrestling ring, but there was a ring of dirt that needed the carpet cleaner to shift and I had a number of tables and chairs to relocate.

Abi came down just before the team meeting and kissed me. “I'm sorry for shouting,” she said and I smiled. “Am I forgiven?” I nodded and hugged her. “It's just as well,” she said. “Scotland is a long way to drive with someone who is annoyed with you.”

“You mean?” I asked and she nodded.

“If you still want to come.”

“Oh Abi, of course I do.”

\* \* \* \* \*

We left the team meeting out the back door into the August sunshine and headed towards the bank with our pay-packets. A fair few of Mum's employees had their accounts at the Midland Bank and there was a queue as Abi and I were one of the last to leave. Abi became Isobel again in the bank while she was chatting to a couple of the girls, and I spoke to the person behind me, Ray's sister Jenny, or Jessica. I still wasn't sure when it was appropriate to use the pseudonym and when it wasn't so was guided by the stunningly beautiful girls that used them.

I convinced Jenny to come and join Abi and myself for a drink but as Abi only knew Jenny through the club, we had to go as Isobel, Jessica and Andy. Jessica was also working at a bar in Aylesbury on Friday and Saturday nights, although admitted she made more money in a week at the club working six hours than she did working a fortnight at the bar for a total of 32, but wanted a legitimate “clean” income she could use to explain to her brother, father and friends alongside her money-making at the club.

We chose a small pub in the town centre and Abi ordered some drinks. I tried to give her some money but she pooh-poohed the attempt and I sat down with a packet of crisps and a pint of a local brewery's beer which was passable but quite a bit darker and heavier than I usually drank. Isobel and Jessica had a large glass of white wine each and we sat down to talk.

Jessica was working later and Abi claimed to have nothing in the freezer – and both of them wanted something to eat so they scanned the menu and selected a salad that they duly ordered when Jessica got a second round of drinks in.

I was feeling quite merry as I drank my second pint and listened in on the chatter. Isobel knew that Jessica was the sister of one of my friends but I did not elaborate further. Jessica spoke of the concerns she had of someone recognising her, and had spotted her ex-Geography teacher a couple of days ago but he had not recognised her and this had given her some confidence.

Isobel ordered a third round of drinks, paid for by me although bought by her when their salads came, although both Isobel and Jessica decided a third alcoholic drink would be inadvisable as they were working later and so we tried their non-alcoholic cocktails.

We stumbled out of the bar at 5:30pm and almost knocked over a pair of familiar faces.

“Oh hello Rhea,” Jessica said and my sister looked at me with Isobel and Jessica.

“Yeah hiya Andy. Women. Beer. I know what you are up to,” she teased and Simon, her companion, smirked.

“It's Ray's sister. You know my friend who you leapt on, naked?”

Jessica laughed. “You did that to Ray? Oh my god, what did he do?”

“Peg it out the flat,” I replied quickly and Rhea grinned.

“Well I thought he was a plant from Mum. Anyhow, why should he care that I am naked? Not my fault he is uptight, it's not natural.”

“What about Jez? And Hugo? And Troy? And Oliver?” I asked and Rhea snorted.

“Leave me alone. What do you think I am, made of explanations?”

Jessica grinned at the sibling teasing and we walked back towards the club. I was holding Isobel's hand and Jessica gave me a wry smile.

I went to bed at 9pm that night alone to refrain from any sort of sexual contact. Before she left, I let Abi select my clothes for the trip. After all, I didn't want to be accused of “dressing like a teenager.”

## 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 at <http://www.johndstories.co.uk>

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 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.

“Moira's 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:** 10<sup>th</sup> August 2012

### **New Pleasures Chapter XIII**

*Grace is away and both Rhea and Sarah sense opportunity. Abi gets very horny after some male strippers visit, and Zoe gets more confused than ever after getting drunk. Meanwhile Simon manages to make Rhea speechless.*

**Excerpt:** Rhea buried her face in her hands and I looked at me. “I told him that I like him.

Several times. I've kissed him everywhere. I even..."

"Yes, spare me the details," I interjected and Rhea grinned for a moment.

"Well before the first date and he gets to enjoy himself. I don't do that. I am Rhea. I hurt and scare people not swallow ..."

"I said spare me the details," I snapped.

"I did," she replied gleefully and smiled. "Swallow my pride and let people ask me out. And he knows I like him. I have told him so many times. Why does he have to be so unconfident? Aghhhh!" Rhea pushed the cushion and leapt to her feet.

"Show him, don't tell him," I suggested and Rhea looked up at the ceiling.

"I have. Repeatedly. I just don't get it. Why can't the stupid bastard listen?"

"Feel like banging your head against the wall?" I asked as Rhea picked up her coat.

"No. I feel like banging his bloody head against the wall. Repeatedly. If only to knock some bloody sense into him," she moaned and strode out of the house.

Simon really was getting a baptism of fire.

**To be released on, or before:** 17<sup>th</sup> August 2012