

# NEW PLEASURES

## Chapter TWELVE



By  
JOHN D

## Credits and License

**Codes:** MF, toys, safe sex, oral, public, hand

Copyright © John D 2012

John D has asserted his right to be identified as the author of this work in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1998.

This piece of work is fiction and is adult entertainment, and therefore contains material of an adult, explicit nature. If you are under the age required to view this legally in your jurisdiction, or are easily offended by sexual explicit content or language do not continue reading.

The characters in this story are fictitious and any similarity to any persons, alive or dead, places or situations is purely coincidental. The actions described in this story are not endorsed or condoned by the author.

It should be noted that the age of consent in the UK is sixteen and therefore there are no graphic descriptions of any sex act containing characters younger than this age. There may be some characters under the age of sixteen in the book, but any sexual activities they may partake in, are not described in any detail so there are no underage participants in my sex scenes. It is on this basis, that this work is released so that it complies with all relevant legislation, but may not be uploaded to certain websites due to more stringent regulations.

This work is released under the Creative Commons license Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported (CC BY-NC-ND 3.0), the full text of which can be obtained from the Creative Commons website. The story may be freely distributed unmodified and with the foreword and these credits attached. The story may not reproduced for commercial purposes, or for profit, without explicit permission from the author.

The front cover for this book is by swo81 and is released under the Creative Commons CC BY-NC-SA 2.0 license, but the rights holder does not endorse this work. The link to this image is at: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/photoswo/7288978146/in/set-72157629939088446>

## Preface

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

“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

**Email:** [johndstories@gmail.com](mailto:johndstories@gmail.com)

**Web link:** <http://www.johndstories.co.uk>

**Twitter:** @johndstories and #johndstories

## Chapter XII

Mum had given Abi and myself the day off completely and on Saturday morning I walked to Abi's house with my overnight bag and £100 in my pocket from Mum as well as a similar amount from my work at the club; I also had my cash card with me but I thought £200 should cover most of what I needed. I knew Abi would not take any money from me, so I resolved myself to having to pay for things when she would let me. In turn, Mum had told me to take the cash as she thought it was a good thing that Abi was trying to reconcile with her family and eventually confessed that she was much happier knowing that she was going, and that she wasn't going alone.

Abi had only just got dressed when I arrived and ate breakfast in silence while I loaded Abi's rusting car up with our bags. She sauntered out at 9:30 looking a little stressed but a quick kiss and cuddle restored the normal, smiling Abi and we got into the car.

We sang happily along to the radio until we reached Milton Keynes when Abi needed to stop and get some fuel; it was cheaper in the city than it would be on the motorway service stations. While she was filling her tank I went inside to "buy some sweets for the journey" and paid for the half-tank of petrol while she was replacing the fuel cap. I did not think it was fair for Abi to pay for all the fuel but she got annoyed with me when I would not accept payment from her and we caused a bit of a scene on the forecourt.

Many motorists turned to look at the elegant sexy 21-year-old girl berate the teenage boy who acted every inch her boyfriend, but appeared, and indeed was, an impossible mismatch. As I got back in the car I saw a similar aged boy in the front seat of a Range Rover staring at me, and I didn't need telepathy to read his mind: "How the hell did he end up with her?" I wanted to get out and tell him it was pure luck but Abi jerked her car into life and we rejoined the motorway.

It took until we reached Stoke – ninety minutes later – for Abi to be talking fully to me again. It was a little petty but I could tell she was a little on edge – a mixture of apprehension and annoyance – and I didn't try to initiate conversation; I just watched the countryside speed past from the outside lane.

I wished I could help with the driving but I was not even old enough to have my provisional license so there was no way I could and Abi needed a rest. We stopped at the rural service station for lunch and I insisted on paying for it. Abi was too weary from our last exchange to complain too vociferously and we ate in a furious silence.

I was already almost regretting the trip and Abi huffed at me as we walked back to the car; she had spent almost all of the journey irritated with me but at least if she was angry with me then she would not be wondering about meeting her family again.

It was a silly thing to argue about and I reasoned with her that we should share the costs of the trip. Abi pointed out that sharing meant we split the costs, not that I paid for it all. We squabbled and argued about this until I said that we should add up the total cost of the trip at the end of the journey, split it 50-50 and if one of us had paid more then they could be reimbursed.

She readily agreed to this, and we were talkative until we got to the Scottish Borders when Abi went quiet. I could see she was deep in thought. "I've not been to Scotland for over a year," she admitted as we raced past the road sign that indicated we were now in Scotland. "Not since ... well they found out"

I put my hand on hers and she smiled at me. "It's not going to be easy, but you'll be fine," I told her and she shook her head. "And if they didn't want ya there, you'd not have got an invite."

"I'm not so sure this was a good idea," she admitted and turned off the motorway towards Dumfries.

"It's a bit late for second thoughts," I told her and sighed. "But we'll be fine. I've not been thrown out of a pub for days," I joked, and then had to explain exactly what had happened the last time I went to the White Lion.

We arrived at the hotel at 5pm, having driven for over seven hours. Abi was tired, and she asked to be left alone for an hour to get a bit of sleep. I had slept little bits in the car so I wandered around the grounds of the hotel and then had a coffee in the hotel bar before waking her at quarter-to-seven.

Abi's reaction – once she had fully woken up - was one of complete panic that I had let her sleep for so long. She claimed, rather angrily, that she wouldn't be able to get ready in time but she was tired and was sleeping so well that I reasoned she would enjoy the extra forty-five minutes in bed. "Well, how long does it take?" I asked in all seriousness as she squealed at the time and I took my suit from its peg. Abi jumped into shower while I relieved myself on the toilet and then leapt out a minute later leaving wet footprints all over the tiled floor. I spent a leisurely ten minutes shaving, getting in the shower and then took a whole five minutes to dry, deodorise, put my shirt, trousers and jacket on, and finally slap on some aftershave. In all this time, Abi was still naked and doing something with her nails.

"Don't we need to leave in ten minutes?" I asked her and she looked across at me with an annoyed look.

"Don't start, Andy" she warned and returned to her nails. "For future reference, giving a girl less an hour to get ready for a party puts you in seriously dangerous territory."

"Doesn't take me an hour to get ready," I mused. "Can't you just, well, hurry up a bit?". Abi flung her hairbrush in my direction and threw me a dirty look. I picked up her book (I had forgotten mine) and started reading about a Parisian Prostitute. By the time she had plucked her eyebrows (and then pointlessly filled the space left by the missing hairs with a big black crayon), done her make-up and hair, and then got dressed, it was nearly half-past and we were due at the party.

"Did we get your brother anything?" I asked as Abi pulled her dress over her hips and she nodded.

"A bottle of single malt," she replied and pulled out a wrapped box from her bag. "It's a smoked one, very distinctive."

"Ahhh, how much. We need to add it to the chart," I asked and pulled out a sheet from my trousers. I had added the meal and petrol to the sheet as I sat in the café and she just groaned. "Come on, we agreed."

"Thirty five," she snapped and grabbed my hand to pull me out of the room. Abi and I argued over the directions to the party (I had the advantage of the map and Abi had the advantage of living in the same country many years ago), and so it was 8pm by the time we nearly ran over some sheep, she looked at the map and realised she was hopelessly

wrong. "That's your fault," I told her. "If only you'd listened."

Abi sneered, snatched the map from me and started down a completely different road that I was advocating. We pulled into the pub car park that was almost overflowing and parked in the only space available underneath the pub sign and almost in the bushes. I kissed her before we got out of the car to "make up" and she straightened her dress. I could tell she was nervous, but looked beautiful in her backless long, flowing green ball-gown although she ignored my attempts at telling her to smile.

"You look beautiful," I told her and she wiped her eye. "You are beautiful."

We entered through some doors of the lively pub and walked upstairs to a large and well-filled function room with a long bar at one end. In the middle there was a dance floor and a DJ was playing some up-tempo music but at the entrance to the hall it was reasonably quiet. I looked into the room with Abi and took her coat, hanging it up with my suit jacket on the last remaining peg by door.

An overweight, pudgy woman in her late-20s came up to Abi, her expression and body language cold and unwelcoming. "Yer late. We wur thinking ye weren't gaun tae come," she told my lover coldly in a deep Scottish voice.

"My fault. We got lost," I told her before Abi could reply and she squeezed my hand. "You'd think the Scots'd know to put up some bloody signs."

The woman ignored me and turned to Abi. "And who's this?"

"Andy, this is my elder sister Moira. Moira, this is my ... this is my friend, Andy," Abi told her in a hesitant voice and the hostile woman 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 local drawl. "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 my lover 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. We had a ... well there's history, that's all."

"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."

"Like I'm stuck with Rhea. But if she was ever like that with me, they'd ... well I'd knock 'er into next week."

"You mean, she'd knock you into next week." I hummed at her assertion and saw her eyes flick around the room.

“Well if you need me to disappear for awhile just let me know, or whatever. I'll do whatever you need me to do.”

Abi smiled at me but didn't respond. I surveyed the room, looking for someone like Abi, but there was no-one and it was almost as though she was an outsider. The beautiful flamboyance and natural beauty just wasn't present in anyone else at the party.

I got a beer and Abi got her sole drink for the night (as she was driving), a large glass of wine, and we sauntered to a free table in the corner. I could feel several sets of eyes watching us as we sat down and I began to see why Abi was nervous about coming; I felt like an unwelcome leper.

People were talking and muttering, fingers were being subtly pointed and we were the very centre of attention – although nobody wanted to look directly at Abi and I. It was weird and I wanted an escape route; the fire escape and the entrance were at opposite ends of the room and I subconsciously felt a little trapped.

Abi did not want to dance, and drank her wine in silence, humming along to the music. Every so often she would meet the gaze of one of the other patrons and look away but she was scanning the room for someone in particular. Moira's eyes never left our general direction; it was uncomfortable and I didn't like the foul woman. Just what had I done to draw her ire?

“Abigail!” said a deep Scottish voice from behind us. Both of us jumped and Abi spun round in her seat.

“Ma” she cried and jumped up, throwing her arms around the short woman who looked like an older version of Moira except with greying hair instead of the brown hair of Abi's sister.

“Ye look weel. Tis good tae see ye. Aye, it's bin tae long since ye came up tae see me,” she told Abi, who hugged her in return.

“I know. But it's been difficult, Ma, after, you know. This is Andy.”

I held my hand out and she sat down shaking it. “Ye from Birmingham?” she asked and I shook my head.

“Aylesbury. Well Stoke originally but now Aylesbury,” I babbled and Abi's mum turned her attention back to her daughter.

“Whit urr ye daein' noo?” she asked Abi and Abi buried her face in her drink for a moment.

“I've left Birmingham. Living just outside London now. Working in a nightclub, sharing a flat with Angela, you remember her?”

Her mother tutted but a smile crept across her face and she hugged Abi again. “Yer nae running awa' again. Ah want yer phane 'n' yer address, lassie”

Abi smiled but her mother scrabbled around in her bag and produced a pen and paper which she gave to her elegant daughter. While Abi scribbled her details down, her mother turned to me. “n' whit ye dae?”

“Me?” I asked, in surprise. Her mother nodded. “I'm at College” I replied and her mother shot Abi an awkward glance.

“Andy showed me 'round Aylesbury when I arrived” Abi told her, saving me from any further questions and her Mum then asked.

“Sae whit happened tae that Gavin bloke ye wur seeing? Didnae lik' 'im”

Abi tensed up and froze for a moment and then told her mother she would tell her later. Abi and her mother, Shona, spent the next ten minutes catching up. I learned that Abi's dad, Iain, was contemplating retirement from the Police force the following year as he would be 55, Abi's brother Robert, who was thirty, was trying for a second child, another brother Graeme was selected as an SNP candidate at some forthcoming council elections and her youngest brother, Jamie, had just secured a promotion. Shona's only grandchild, Andrew, was doing very well at school and was in the rugby team as he was “tall for his age and very strong.”

I noticed a ten year old whizz past a few moment later with a half-full glass of cola and appreciated the comment immediately. I was six foot in height but he was only a few inches shorter than me. It was strange, but there weren't that many tall women in the room – Abi was the only exception – and her mother was barely 5ft 3in.

I stayed out of the conversation between them but half-listened. Shona was proud of her family and relished the opportunity to boast about their achievements but whenever Shona went close to asking Abi about her life, Abi steered her away from the subject. A couple of times she looked across at me when she did and I realised that it was my presence that was stopping her. I knew, or thought I knew, what Abi was going to say but she clearly she wanted a bit more privacy so I got up to give it to her. “I'm just going for some fresh air,” I told the two women.

“Are you OK?” Abi asked concerned, but I just nodded.

“Fine. Just need some fresh air. We've been cooped up in a car and a hotel room all day. I'll be back in ten minutes and it'll give you time to catch up,” I told her and Abi smiled gratefully. I walked around the bar and got to the doors at the top of the stairs where my jacket was hanging.

“O' coorse, he's ainlie gaun tae be eighteen” said a female voice from behind the doors and I stopped to listen in. “And a druggie as well. Ya see it'n the eyes.”

“It's disgusting” said a thick Scottish male voice. “Always was trouble.”

“Sheez some nerve comin' back. Ah ne'er wanted tae see her again. She's a clatty lassie. After whit she wis daein' fur a living. Brought pity on th' family she did.”

“And it broke Dad's heart whin he found oot.”

I stepped around the open door and saw Moira talking to a large, robust gentleman with short brown hair and facial stubble. He can't have been much more than 25 and his presence filled the corridor.

“Best not to bad-mouth someone when they are in earshot,” I told Moira coldly as I walked into the foyer. Moira was clearly shocked at my brazenness and looked up at her companion.

“That filthy whore deserves everything she gets,” he replied to me and then asked. “And what ya doin' 'ere?”

I shook my head. "I am here because I am invited. But who the fuck gives you the right to call someone you ain't seen for fuck knows how long a filthy whore," I yelled at them.

I threw my right arm outwards and pointed at him aggressively. I felt angry and the beer had given me an inappropriate confidence. "Ah'm her brother. She is trouble and she is a dirty slut," he spat. "She was whoring every night."

"I know what happened but you have no fuckin' idea ..." I shouted at her brother and stood eyeball-to-eyeball with him.

"Ah ye'r a bairn. Ye know nuttin'. Ah she's a druggie slut and she ain't welcome ..." he replied but I threw myself towards him knocking him backwards so he stumbled to the floor. My eyes flashed angrily and I stood over him shouting at him.

"Ah fuck off. Both of ya. You're family Abi can do without. The jealous, spiteful bitch of a sister and the vindictive twat of a brother," I yelled at him and clenched my fists. Both of them stared at me, and I retreated, and walked down the stairs, unaware of the handful of witnesses that had amassed behind me as I had attacked Abi's brother. I was expecting him to follow me and I wanted to hit him. Hit him hard. He was bigger and stronger than me and I might take a battering, but I had anger coursing through my veins and it needed an outlet.

Why did they think they could talk about Abi like that?

It was cool in the Beer Garden, especially without a coat or jacket, but I found the swings and with my back to the pub, swung on them looking out over valley and down into the river below. It took a few minutes when I heard a voice from behind me.

A tall thin man in his mid-twenties stood there with two pints of beer and held one out. "Can I join you?" he asked in a soft voice; I hadn't seen him earlier in the bar so had no idea who he was. His accent was unmistakably Scottish but it was not as pronounced as everyone else I had met. "Abi said you would probably be here."

"Cheers" I said, accepting the beer and he got on the swing next to mine. I wasn't swinging on it any more, just using it as a seat and he did the same.

"Jamie," he introduced himself, holding his hand out. "Abi's brother"

"Andy," I replied a little curtly. "I'm umm ... Abi's 'friend'."

"You know you've caused quite a stir. Not many people get to tell Graeme to fuck off or call him a twat and keep all their teeth," he smirked and I shrugged. "Especially not if their English."

"Well he was fuckin' asking for it," I replied, unrepentantly. "And if he wants a fight then he can have one 'cause he was havin' a go at Abi." I wished I had Rhea with me as she dealt with Jez wonderfully. She would have a field day with Graeme and Moira.

Jamie shook his head. "That's not a great idea, ya' know. Abi upset quite a lot of people last year, and Graeme and Moira, well, they don't forget easily."

"That's fair enough but they can't expect to bad mouth Abi and me, let me overhear it and expect me not to react."

Jamie smirked. "Listen kid, I would not expect Abi to be involved with anyone who couldn't

stand up for themselves but don't go picking fights with her family. It will only hurt her in the end. And this is Robert's birthday party, we don't want no trouble.”

I mulled these words for a few moments and squinted over the valley. Some birds were chasing each other down the river and I focused on them for a few moments until they disappeared from view. “I don't want to cause a fight or any problems with anyone but I would have thought he would have been happy to see his baby sister again.” Jamie straightened his glasses and ran his hand through his short hair. “Especially as they haven't seen her for over a year.”

“It is good to see her again. I did wonder if she would come even after I got her address from Angela but Moira and Abi, well they never liked each other growing up. You are asking a lot for her to suddenly be the concerned big sister now, especially after everything that had happened then and what happened last year.”

“What did happen?” I asked and Jamie blew into the air.

“Well ... it's ...”

“I know about the massage parlour and everyone finding out,” I said quickly and Jamie nodded.

“Well it was Moira that found out at Robert's tenth wedding anniversary do. Her last boyfriend told Moira, and she confronted Abi with some very unkind language, and Abi hit Moira.”

“Ahh, yes I can see why Moira isn't fond of Abi.”

“I tried to stop Abi from leaving but she drove off in a panic and that was the last we saw of her. I managed to get hold of Eddie, Angela's old boyfriend, who gave me a number for her and eventually she gave me Abi's address but I am a bit surprised she came.”

“She didn't want to, at first. Mum and I had to make her,” I admitted and he laughed.

“Making little Abi do something she doesn't want to. You must be good,” he joked and took a sip of his drink. “So tell me, how did you meet Abi,” he asked.

“It's a long story. She came to see Mum and I met her there. And we sort of hit it off,” I said abbreviating the last couple of months as best I could.

Jamie hummed. “So she got seduced by an eighteen year old,” Jamie teased and I shook my head.

“Not really. We are not going out. And I'm not eighteen”

“Oh sorry, Moira said you were.”

“I asked and Abi said no, she didn't want a relationship. And I'm sixteen not eighteen”

Jamie smirked at me. “I wouldn't tell Moira that. She ... um ...”

“Might dislike me even more?” I asked and shrugged. “Don't care. She reminds me of the girlfriend of one of my friends. Nasty piece of work. And I'm sure Moira thinks bad things of me.”

“Well let's say, I doubt you'll get a Christmas card this year,” he joked.

Jamie and I spoke for around twenty minutes. He was a solicitor in Edinburgh and had recently been promoted, having worked on, and won, a suitably large case that generated a large amount of money for the firm. In turn, I spoke about my A Level choices and possible career options and he listened intently. I found him good company compared to the intensive atmosphere of the function room and actually quite liked him.

Once I had calmed down I got the impression that the feeling was mutual. He seemed quite easy-going anyway but there was a genuine friendliness in his voice and demeanour that made me at ease. I felt as though he was on Abi's side, and Abi desperately needed familial allies.

“You still out here?” Abi asked from behind us and I got up to see her with Shona. Abi had been crying, her eyes were puffy and red but there was a relieved look in her face and her body language was relaxed.

“My fault,” Jamie said. “You know what I am like when I get talking.”

“Can we go inside, please. It's bloody cold,” Abi shivered.

“Of course” I told her and got up.

Shona said as I passed, “Ah heard ye made a wee impression oan Graeme 'n' Moira. Dunnae worry yirsel' about 'em. Ye nae goin' tae get 'em tae like Abi sae ignore 'em” she told me and I smiled.

“I will do,” I promised and put my arm around my companion.

Jamie was insistent on me trying half-a-dozen whiskies, despite the best intentions of his wife and by the time we were ready to go I was completely drunk (the buffet barely soaking up any of the alcohol). Abi had introduced me to a number of her old neighbours and extended family but I had forgotten their names or who they were immediately after I was told, the alcohol content in my system not assisting with this task.

Abi's father, Iain, a serving police officer and ex-military man, joined us for the last couple of drinks. The first whiskies were quite fiery and scorched my mouth and throat but I began to enjoy them a bit more, especially if I sipped at it. Iain and Jamie involved me in the conversation and we caught various members of the family as they came past for a few moments.

Moira and Graeme avoided Abi and the table where I sat, after we returned from the Beer Garden which suited me. I did not fancy getting into another argument with them and, it appeared, they didn't fancy exchanging further words with me.

Jamie and his wife, Wendy, kissed Abi as we were leaving. They were staying in the same hotel as Abi and myself so we agreed to meet in the breakfast room at 9am, before I stumbled down the stairs out to Abi's car.

“Not too bad?” I asked Abi as we got into the vehicle.

Abi nodded and smiled. “No. Not at all. I'm glad I came. You were right about Moira and Graeme but I don't think they liked you.”

I snorted. “Should I care? I think not” I slurred and Abi tittered at me.

"I think you may have had one too many," she told me as we pulled out of the car park.

"I have not had one too many. I have had several too many" I replied and grinned at her. "Anyway what goes on in a foreign country stays there, right?"

Abi smirked, kissed me and drove to the hotel via about a dozen detours. Abi still stubbornly believed she did not need the map!

\* \* \* \* \*

We got back at around 11:30 and Abi made me drink three glasses of water. "You'll have a hangover otherwise," she warned and I duly did drink what I was told to. "And if you have to get up to be sick, don't wake me up," she warned and got undressed.

"Abi. You know you are beautiful," I told her the naked girl and she looked at me.

"If you weren't so pissed, you'd get some fun. You'd get plenty of fun, but I do not sleep with drunks."

"I'm not that pissed, look!" I said and pulled down my trousers to reveal a semi-erect cock.

"Goodnight Andy," she said and climbed into bed. "Leave me alone while you're drunk"

I got undressed and snuggled up alongside her but she shook me off. She turned to face me, her eyes sparkling with fear and anger. "Seriously Andy, leave me alone."

I didn't notice the warning and rubbed my hands down her flanks. "Can I not even have a goodnight kiss?" I asked. "Like wherever I want?" She turned and slapped me on the cheek.

Pain and shock emanated from where she struck me. My heartbeat quickened and I stared at her face as it towered over mine. "Leave me alone. I'm going to sleep" she said fiercely and turned off the bedside light.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. What was wrong with her?

\* \* \* \* \*

I was awoken by some movement between my legs and opened my eyes to see Abi settling down between my thighs. She was naked, the covers pushed to the other side of the bed. She blew gently on my cock and it sprang to attention. Abi's eyes warmly looked at me.

She kissed the head of my cock gently and swirled her tongue over its head before looking up at me out of the corner of her eye. I groaned as she did, and she slowly impaled her mouth on my manhood, staring into my eyes.

Abi's warm mouth slid up and down my member, her tongue flicking my head as she reached her the apex of her stroke and then going in a bit further than the previous time as her mouth glided down effortlessly.

I groaned again and felt her hand touch my testicles and then slid a finger behind them. I reached down and ran my hands through her hair and grunted. She was watching me as she did it, the warmth of her mouth and the slickness of her lips as she bobbed up and down, I knew I could do little to resist much longer.

I grunted again and she pressed hard against my perineum. My body tensed up and I had the tightness and pressure all over my loins.

"I'm gonna ..." I warned Abi but she already knew I could not hold onto my climax for much longer. She began to slide up and down my shaft faster and faster. Her tongue rubbed against the underside of my dick while she brought her mouth down me and I screwed up my face.

The feeling was unbelievable and I resisted no more. With a grunt, I released and felt waves of semen travel up my loins and my cock swelled. Abi did not stop and suckled my ejaculating cock greedily as I spurted several times into her.

Abi continued to milk my cock, sending several aftershocks across my body and but then as I feel almost drained, she let my cock slip from her mouth and she peered up at me, her naked body enticingly sexy.

"What was that for?" I asked and Abi smiled up at me.

"Because I can. And because you are the best friend I have at the moment," she said with a smirk on her face. "And because I shouldn't have slapped you last night."

"You weren't wrong Abi," I replied instinctively, remembering the reasons behind the slap. "I should have left you alone so I'm sorry. You said no."

Abi smiled at me and her eyes twinkled. She was relieved. "Please, don't do it again. It frightens me when I'm with someone who is drunk and they won't take no for an answer. I know you are only sixteen but it is not OK." I nodded and apologised again, rather sheepishly. "Learn from it. Sex is not a right with me or anyone else you will meet in your life. Don't treat it like it is, although I'm sorry I hit you."

"I know. I'll behave in future," I promised and Abi smiled.

"Not behave too much, I hope," she told me and swung her legs over my body and snaked her pelvis up my chest. I looked at her presented slit and grinned. It looked gloriously inviting. I closed my eyes and kissed her lips. I tried to position her so she was sitting upright, but she wiggled her hips and slid my hands down her sides.

I ran my tongue up and down her slit, pausing to delve into her hole and glided over her perineum. She mewed as I did. Her hand wrapped itself around my erect penis and she gave a few gentle tugs of my rigid member.

It felt good as her experienced hands wrapped themselves around my inexperienced genitals and I could not help but cry out.

Abi bucked her hips as my tongue touched her clitoris; I sucked on it gently and tasted the sweet nectar of my lover. She was aroused and her musky scent filled my nostrils as I pressed my face into her soaked undercarriage.

She blew and panted as she adopted a quick rhythm and bounced off my eager tongue. She was crying out, loudly and squealed.

Without warning she shifted her weight from me and glanced over as she climbed off. She had a look of desire and passion in her eyes and she nodded towards her bag. "Side pocket. Get it," she told me and I got up and retrieved a large green dildo. "You seen one?" Abi asked, licking her lips.

“Oh yeah, Sarah has a red vibe,” I replied and Abi gave a weak laugh.

“You know how to use it?”

“Well Sarah wasn't complaining when I did,” I told her somewhat flippantly and Abi's face was one of excitement.

“That's me boy.” I took the sex toy and looked up to see Abi spread out on the bed. I slowly made contact with her slick crevice and slowly slid the rubber phallus up and down her slit. When it reached her entrance, I gently pushed the toy in and Abi screwed up her face.

“It's so big,” she moaned and I stopped pushing. “Not so fast.”

“You OK?” I asked and Abi nodded breathing quickly.

“Just getting used to it again. Go on.”

I pushed the dildo in a bit further and then brought it back out again, gently thrusting it in and out of her, going a bit further every time, the toy making a slight slippery sound as it came out.

Abi was sighing every time she breathed out, her hips bouncing as I rammed the dildo into her tight entrance. I was rock hard, and wished Sarah was there to take care of me while I fucked Abi with a sex toy. Surely it can't be right thinking about other girls while I was touching Abi. Surely?

Abi didn't notice the look of worry on my face and was squeaking and gripping the sheets. I rammed the dildo up to the hilt and Abi's eyes opened wide as I twisted it inside her and then rammed it back in quickly.

“Oh fuckin', oh yes,” Abi cried loudly and her muscles convulsed against my hand. I smiled at her and she gave me a broad smile in return.

I left the dildo in and kissed her clitoris. Abi groaned as I wrapped my tongue around her sensitive button. She squeaked again when, with right hand I began to pump the green phallus in and out of her again. She sucked in a lung full of air through her teeth and then exhaled noisily. Her body was bucking.

“Oh Andy, I love, I love, I love, oh yes,” Abi squealed. I sucked on her clitoris and thrust the dildo into her as hard as I could and she gripped hold of my head, squeezing it for all she was worth with her thighs clamped between my ears. Her muscles quivered on my tongue and face was soaked with her juices.

She cried out, her orgasm clearly audible by everyone on the same hotel floor. She threw her head back and I twisted the sex toy from her well lubricated hole. She looked at me with a longing expression and I slid up the bed and positioned my cock over her in the missionary position.

“Oh Abi,” I called, my cock tingling with teased excitement and expectation. I was already tight across my testicles and I could wait no longer. I looked into her eyes for acceptance and when she smiled rammed my cock into her inviting opening. Abi mewed as I buried my member to the hilt. The dildo had stretched her nicely and she accommodated my length being rammed into her with pleasure not pain.

I was desperate. I needed a release again so I began to jackhammer into her, my thrusts driving my penis into her as hard and quickly as I could. Abi's eyes flew open as my hips jerked forwards forcefully. She looked at me with lust and surprise. She bit her lip and wrapped her hands over my back before putting them alongside her. Her body was just keeping up with my rhythm and Abi closed her eyes, squealing in pleasure.

Her entrance squeezed over my cock as it pumped in and out of her and Abi squealed as her muscles shook. I felt my searing lust that gathered behind my balls emanating across my genitals. I groaned with every thrust, a joyful explosion of hot pleasure shooting down my cock.

Abi looked longingly into my eyes as she bit her lip again and her face stopped for a moment in shock. She was frozen. A few seconds later, I began to pump my seed into Abi. She shrieked as the waves of semen spurted inside her and I lay slumped against her.

"Wow," Abi said after we had kissed. "That was incredible." We lay panting for a moment, kissing each other passionately until Abi threw me off of her.

"Only got twenty minutes," she warned me. "Go get ready."

I trooped to the bathroom and looked at her open washbag. "Hey Abi. Why have got loads of condoms in your bag?" I asked poking my head from around the bathroom door.

She sighed and looked at me. "Because I don't want to get pregnant."

I looked puzzled and shrugged. "But you are on the pill, aren't you?"

Abi put down her hairbrush and looked at me. "Bit late to be checking, isn't it?" I went red and stammered. "Or is it just the girl's responsibility to arrange contraception?"

"No but you'd ..." I stopped talking and Abi cocked her head at me.

"So if I did get pregnant, what would you do?" I stammered for a moment.

"But you had a pack of pills on your bedside table when you stayed. That's the pill isn't it?"

Abi hummed. "Yes, but it's always slightly annoyed me that you've never checked though. It's not just up to me, ya know?"

"Yeah, but I saw them that first day, but never wanted to ask."

"Well next time, do ask!" Abi told me. "Contraception is your responsibility as well."

"So why the condoms, do you want me to wear them?" I asked and Abi gave a grin.

"I presume you have never worn one before?" I shook my head. "Then tonight, yes. We will."

"You have loads," I spluttered. "Why do you need all them?"

"I get given them. Every time I go to the doctor's I get given a bag full the moment I tell them I work in the sex industry," Abi told me. "I keep them around. You never know when you might need them. And they stop me from catching a disease."

"But I don't have a disease," I replied instantly and Abi looked back at me.

“And what if I wanted sex with someone else?”

I stammered. I had never considered this. I had always seen Abi as mine, but I could see this was purely irrational. “Well ...”

Abi laughed and came to give me a kiss. “It's OK. I've not found anyone and I am not looking, but one day I might be.”

“You do know taking condoms to a family reunion is a bit ... well ...” But I never got to finish the sentence as Abi flicked me over the top of the head and then kissed me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Breakfast was a relaxed affair; we sat on the same table as Jamie and his wife, Wendy, while the two siblings teased each other. At the end of breakfast, Abi asked to talk to Jamie privately and they walked into the garden to chat. I was left with Jamie's wife who ordered a coffee for herself and a lemonade for me and we sat in the bar overlooking the gardens.

“Jamie is very worried about Abi,” Wendy admitted as we watched them on a bench.

“He said,” I replied and Wendy smiled. “But she is in a better place now.”

Wendy smirked at me and looked back in the garden. “I thought she was working in a strip club.”

I hesitated. “Yeah. It's the family business.”

Wendy chuckled. “Well it's not what Jamie thought Abi would do when she was at school, but I suppose it is a slight improvement on what she was doing.”

I sighed. “Whatever she was ...”

Wendy interrupted me. “Jamie said that you were very fond of her, very cute really.”

“Cute?”

Wendy smiled at me knowingly. “Oh come on,” she said grinning. “I know that look.”

“We are just friends,” I replied, which was fast becoming the most common phrase I was saying.

She hummed and looked at me, smirking. “I don't believe you. But you're a good-looking lad so I can see why I shouldn't.”

I exhaled and bit my lip. “Honestly, we aren't dating.”

“But you are doing something. You came to breakfast holding hands, and you're sharing a double room,” she replied quickly and I buried myself behind my lemonade.

“Well, um ...”

“I presume your parents don't know everything about Abi.”

“Actually Mum does. What should she care about?”

Wendy shifted in her seat and gave me an awkward look. "My partner before Jamie used prostitutes and it caused us to split up, so I have always felt uneasy around them." I shrugged and politely apologised but she just returned a tortured smile. "It's OK. But it's why I took so much time to trust Jamie when we started dating."

"I trust that ex-prostitute very much," I told her firmly and Wendy shot me a grin.

Jamie and Abi talked for two hours in the garden and Wendy and I had two more drinks (I paid for one round) before they returned. Wendy was a solicitor also, and very sharp. She admonished me more forcefully than Jamie had done for my row with Graeme and Moira, reminding me that it was not advisable to pick fights with the family of my lover. I sort of agreed, but was sorely provoked.

Jamie and his wife left at midday and as we had another night reserved we went walking in the hills. When Mum booked the hotel, she reasoned that Abi would not be able to drive down safely as she would likely be too tired, and so we were both ordered to have a day of rest and relaxation on Sunday before driving back on Monday.

"Your brother is concerned about you," I told her as we walked down the lane of the isolated hotel. "Wendy said so."

Abi smiled and looked at me in her jeans and T-Shirt, still looking extremely attractive. "Yeah well, he is the only one of my siblings who I ever liked," Abi replied quickly.

"Is he the youngest brother, or is Graeme younger?" I asked and Abi grinned.

"They are twins. Non-identical of course, but Jamie, well, he looked out for me. Always wanted me to go to University but I wanted out of schools. I didn't like ..." Abi stopped and I pressed her to continue. "I didn't like learning any more," she vaguely replied. "I tried to get into drama school but when that I didn't work, I started at the solicitors. Jamie wanted me to go to Edinburgh and work with him but I didn't."

"There is quite an age gap isn't there between you and Jamie?"

"Yeah, six years. Moira is only four years older though."

"Moira's younger than Jamie? She looks much older."

Abi laughed. "That's catty."

I grinned. "Well she does."

Abi and I had a gentle three or four mile walk. She didn't say she was sore after the morning's activities but she did not walk at a fast pace and she asked to take a small detour instead of going up a reasonably steep hill. Abi had told me a few weeks ago that rough penetration sometimes made her tender but I didn't want to ask. It was private and personal so I just acquiesced to her request.

We arrived back at the hotel, just in time, as the thunderclouds that had been gathering all day, broke and a deluge of cold water engulfed the hotel.

"Ah, Mr and Mrs Williams," called the grey-haired receptionist. She held out a piece of paper that Abi took, thanking her and we walked with me smirking up the stairs.

"Mum and Dad want to come and have dinner with us," the newly-crowned Mrs Williams

said as we reached the first floor.

“Why did they say Mrs Williams?” I asked and Abi grinned.

“Grace booked the hotel in your name. When I signed us in, I just said it is booked as a couple under Mr Williams and they have assumed I am Mrs Williams.” I unlocked our hotel room and Abi walked in ahead of me. “So can we meet Mum and Dad?”

“Anything for my wife,” I joked and she smirked.

“I don't have a ring, I can't be your wife. I'll call Mum and ask her to meet us here for six thirty.”

I nodded and went into the bathroom to use the facilities and after doing my business, took one of the condoms and ripped it out of the packet, snapping the sheath so that it left just the rubber ring. I walked back inside, just as Abi was hanging up and knelt down beside her.

“Abigail Isobel Kennedy,” I said and looked up her smiling and then placed the rubber ring around her fourth finger on her right hand. “You are now my wife.”

Abi held up her left hand and smiled. “It's this hand I wear the wedding ring. You know, connected to the heart.”

I shrugged and she moved the rubber ring around the other finger. “That's better. And it's so symbolic,” she murmured. I grinned and she kissed me. “You're so silly.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Abi had envisaged that she would want to dress smartly for dinner and wore a lovely pastel yellow skirt with a smart white blouse. For awhile she walked around the room topless and with her radiant smile and lovely breasts; I didn't want to eat anything other than her.

Abi had selected the burgundy shirt and smart black jeans for me to wear on Sunday and I changed into them. She wolf-whistled as I came out of the bathroom and grinned.

“My gorgeous lover,” she said, admiring me and her soft eyes looked at me longingly.

“My wonderful sex-ed teacher,” I teased and she burst into laughter. I touched her flanks but she shook her head.

“Come on, Mum and Dad will be waiting.”

Shona and Iain were sat down in the chairs in the Reception and Abi embraced them when we reached the bottom of the stairs. Iain shook my hand firmly.

“You OK Andy?” he asked and I returned his greeting.

“Abi, ye shure he's sixteen. He dasnae look it,” Shona asked her daughter as we walked towards the restaurant and pointed at me. I towered over her by nearly a foot and Abi smiled.

“He is, but I needed to do something with his dress sense,” she reminded me and I nodded.

We sat down in the restaurant with the staff having reserved a table for four (I suspect Abi phoned reception after speaking to her mother.) “This is a nice hotel,” Iain told us, looking at the menu.

“Grace, that’s Andy’s mum, booked and paid for it by credit card. As a treat for us, well, me.”

“That’s very generous of her,” Iain said and looked at me. I didn’t know about this so I peered at Abi. Mum had given us £100 as well and the room must be easily that for the night also. I rationalised I owed Mum some money and needed to have a chat with her upon my return.

“Did she?” I asked Abi and my lover nodded.

“Said it was ... oh you know what she is like.”

Abi and I sat opposite each other and she slid her bare foot up my legs. I smiled at her and she poked her tongue out. I ordered a little tart to start and a big steak for my main course, and Abi ordered a bottle of wine for the table.

Iain and Shona were keen to talk to me about my life and I was happy to talk to them. Iain looked puzzled for a moment when I was talking about exams and then replied,

“So you really are sixteen?” I bit my lip and nodded. He turned to his daughter and raised an eyebrow. “Yer a cradle snatcher!”

“I know, but I couldn’t have survived if it wasn’t for Grace and Andy. They’ve really looked after me.”

“Why didnae ye come ‘ome?” Shona asked and Abi shrugged her shoulders.

“I didn’t think I was welcome,” she muttered and Shona put her hand on Abi’s.

“Ah, ye’ll alwees welcome at ‘ome, love.”

Iain asked how Abi knew Grace and then asked about the club. We were saved when the starters arrived and Abi wanted to try some of my tart (I swapped it for some of her pate which was too salty for me.) Iain and Shona exchanged looks as we exchanged bits of dinner and fed each other from our forks.

Iain also had a steak, but I had asked mine to be cooked very rare and Abi teased me about it walking to the table when I stuck my fork in and a river of blood poured from the meat.

Iain smiled at our banter and when we had had dessert moved into the bar area. They were happy to talk about anything and Abi steered the conversation towards Paula, Sarah and eventually Rhea.

Iain guffawed with laughter when I described some of the things Rhea had done and Abi seemed relieved that the conversation had moved on from her. “I do want to know something,” Iain asked as we sat down with a drink. “How the hell you had the balls to stand up to Graeme.”

“Me?” I asked and he nodded.

"Everyone is scared of Graeme. He isnae someone you mess with."

"I just, ummm, didn't like what he said," I replied evasively and he peered at me. He was a policeman and I felt he was looking for clues in my body language, but then he had just broke the law and bought me an alcoholic drink. "And I had had a drink, was feeling confident."

"Leave him aloon," Shona told her husband and he smiled. We had a pleasant evening, but at 9pm Abi's parents needed to leave and we walked with them to the exit.

"Abi. We mean it noo. You keep in touch, lass. And if y'll want tae move back, there's a bed for you," Iain said as they broke from their embrace. Abi nodded and wiped a tear from her eye. "And you," he said turning to me. "You micht ainly be sixteen but I joined th' airmie, then You look after me wee lassie."

I smiled and him shaking my hand and nodded. "I'll do as much as she will let me."

Abi put her head on my shoulders, "I don't need to looking after."

Iain looked at me and then Abi. "She does," I replied, "but she is very, very stubborn."

Abi burst into tears the moment we got back to her room and I wrapped my arms around me. "I thought this day wouldn't come," she wailed.

"See, I was right for you to come," I told her and she wiped her eyes.

"I know, I know. But it is so easy for you"

"What do you mean, easy?"

"You saw what they were like. Ma and Jamie, always been good. But Moira and Graeme, poison everyone around them. It's so tough."

I wrapped my arm around her and kissed my lover. "But it's all better now?" I asked and she nodded before retreating to the bathroom to use the toilet. Abi slipped off her white blouse on her return and kissed me, and then turned around. I fumbled with her bra strap and she giggled as I used two hands to move the two straps together, which still did not release the clip.

"Here, I'll show you," she said and picked up a clean bra from the case. I was embarrassed and red, but her warm smile put me at ease, and fastened the bra and held it up, grabbing my hands and suspending it between my two wrists.

"What you need to do is to pinch the two sides," she said and using her thumb and forefinger, deftly unclipped the garment. It was different to how I had managed it before which was to use both hands but she studied my body language.

"That easy?" I asked and she smiled, repeating the manoeuvre and then taking the garment from me and putting over her wrists.

"Try."

The first couple of times, I had a couple of attempts before the clasp would release, often one of the three hooks would remain hooked, but on the fourth go, I did it first time and with a smooth motion, spun Abi round and unclipped her.

She turned and smile. "It'll take some practice, but they aren't that difficult, honestly."

"They are," I complained and Abi refastened herself. I groaned but she shot me a firm glance to indicate that "Bra Removing 101" was certainly not finished.

"They aren't," Abi replied and cocked her head to one side with raised eyebrow. "How hard was it to persuade me to come up here?" I sighed and went to argue when she picked up the discarded garment and put it back over her wrists.

"You refused to come. Mum persuaded you."

Abi shook her head. "You did. Well you made me feel guilty and realise that I should come. If you can convince a Scottish girl to do something she doesn't want to do then unclipping brassieres should be most unchallenging." She held out her wrists to me and I leant forward and pinched the fastener, causing the garment to fall onto her wrists. "Excellent," she said patronisingly and picked it back up again.

Abi made me unfasten the "training bra" a further two dozen times until I could do it easily and confidently. "Finished now?" I asked and Abi nodded, as I leant behind her and unclipped her bosom for the second time in ten minutes, freeing her milky white orbs.

"Yes. So when you finally have the confidence to ask Sarah out, at least you'll be able to get her bra off."

"I don't need to," I said with a grin. "She always strips when she sees me." Abi smirked and then I qualified it with, "but she has a boyfriend so I am not going to be asking her out."

"You will," Abi said with a knowing flourish and rubbed her hands. "The moment you grow a pair of balls."

I groaned and shook my head. "I am not going to be asking out Sarah when she has a boyfriend. All she needs to do is to finish with Kevin and I will ask her out, but I just can't break up a relationship. It's a consequence I can't face."

Abi pursed her lips. "It's a mean thing to do but sometimes, you just got to be mean. And you think the world of her, and one day, you'll need to make the step. Or you'll lose her and you will regret it." I shook my head and Abi looked at me with an apologetic shrug. "Now, there was something else I promised wasn't there?"

I hummed. "Ahh yeah, condoms," I muttered and Abi grinned.

"Do you know how to put one on?"

"Yes," I snapped and Abi raised her eyebrows. She pulled a handful from her washing bag and pulled me onto the bed, looking down at my erection straining to get free from my trousers. She hooked her fingers underneath the waistband and took my boxer shorts at the same time as my trousers with a flamboyant flourish down to my ankles which I stepped out of.

"Well go on then," Abi said with a sniff and passing me a condom. "'Cause Sarah mightn't be on the pill so she might demand condoms."

I tutted. "Stop going on about Sarah," I told her firmly and rubbed the foil packaging in my hand. I had some idea what to do as I had six years of sex education lessons at school but had never actually put on a condom. I had a handful in my bedside table in case Paula and

I ever needed them but there was no need as we had not had sex. In fact I had had them for so long, they probably had rubber fatigue!

I thought back to my lessons and realised my dismissal a few moments earlier of Abi asking if I actually knew what to do with one was out of pride and not out of me not needing any guidance. I felt the corrugated edge along the top of the condom packet and pulled it apart, stretching the coiled rubber sheath within.

"No good," Abi said quickly as I freed the rubber from within. "You've torn it, look." She pointed to the edge of the rolled up condom and I could barely see any damage.

"But ..."

"One hole, is all it takes," Abi told me in a patronising voice and picked up another foil packet. She gave it to me and told me to gently prise open the packaging on the end which I did to pull out a rolled up rubber sheath. "On you go."

I looked at my semi-hard cock and immediately started to unroll the condom in my hands. She groaned and shook her head.

"No," she screeched and looked at me. "What are you doing?"

"What you said," I barked back and Abi giggled taking the half-unfurled condom from me.

"How are you going to get that on now?" Abi teased, rolling the condom in her hands until it was at its full length.

"Well," I muttered and she shook her head. "It barely looks big enough."

Abi chortled and pulled the rubber sheath so it was at least three feet long. "Your wang that's big?" She asked in a playful voice and I sheepishly shook my head. "No?" she said with a smirk and allowed the condom to ping from her grasp. "So no, you don't get to not wear them because you are too big. 'Cause no man is, no matter what his flamin' ego says, OK?"

I shrugged. "I was just sayin' ..." I started and Abi rubbed her hands.

"I am so glad I caught you in time. You'd have that Sarah pregnant by the end of the Summer." I tutted but didn't interrupt as she took another packet and gave it to me. "Unwrap it and take out the condom."

I sighed, and ripped the top of the condom before passing her the coiled rubber. She refused to take it and then coughed. "Inspect it for damage."

"What?"

"Make sure it's not damaged. You don't want holey condoms." I turned over the condom in my hand and nodded.

"It's fine."

"Now, are you hard?"

I looked down at my semi-erect cock and shrugged. "Sort of."

Abi rolled her eyes and slid off the bed. She kissed the glans, rolling her tongue

underneath my foreskin with some relish and I tensed my buttocks and my rod stiffened. "You are now." I smiled at her and she looked up. "No point in not getting hard before putting it on, it'll fall off. And no getting started and then stopping to put it on, it goes on at the beginning."

"OK," I muttered.

"Now, the tip at the end squeeze with your fingers and with your other hand gently roll it down." I looked at her and did as she said, the tightness of the condom squeezing against my cock. I breathed out as I did and Abi had to encourage me to roll it until the very bottom. She looked at it and nodded. "And again."

"Again?" I asked as she whipped off the contraception on my cock.

"You need practice," Abi told me. "And be grateful we aren't doing it the whore's way." I looked at her and she folded her arms. "You need to put it on without touching the outside of it."

"Why?"

"Because I have no idea where my partner's been, and I don't want anything that's touched him to go inside me. So I put it on and I have to suck it on."

"Suck it on?" I asked with a shocked tone to my voice.

"Suck the teat with my lips and then roll it down in a very specific way. It takes practice. I'm just asking you to put on a johnny the easy way." Abi passed me another condom and watched meticulously as I rolled it onto my cock. She tore it off and got me to do it again and again. "Is something wrong?" She asked as I went to roll on my sixth sheath.

"No," I told her and she raised her eyebrows.

"I think little Andy is getting bored," she told me in a patronising voice, leaning back against her arms.

"No, well, he's ready for Abi but Abi doesn't want to play," I replied with a grin and Abi crossed her arms.

"Well, what do you need doing about it before you can get your johnny on?"

"Ummm ... a blow job?"

"A blow job, he says," Abi said with a smirk and slid off the bed. "Well how can I refuse?" I waited and she nibbled at my thigh and then licked underneath my testicles, along my shaft. She giggled as she wrapped her tongue around my pee-hole and sucked the tip. I groaned and she disengaged herself. "One last time," she told me as I opened my eyes to put on the last condom on the bed. She watched as I rolled it do with a single stroke of the hand and she passed me some lubricant. "It makes it slicker," she promised and watched as I applied a generous amount of condom-safe gel. She licked her lips as she ran her hands over my cock and I groaned: it felt like something I had never felt before.

She hands glided over the rubber sheath with ease and she threw off the last of her clothes, sliding up the bed and pulling me onto her with her slippery hands sliding over my shoulders.

“Don't you want ...” I started but Abi shook her head.

“I'm ready enough,” Abi promised. “And when you have your johnny on, you don't go messin' around,” she lectured and guided me into her.

Abi was much tighter than usual but sighed as I gently pushed in. There was a weird tightness – a completely different sensation to what I was used to. Everything was gooey and slippery, like we were making love in the mud wrestling pit, but everything seemed a little dulled or less intense. It was far from unenjoyable but even as I gently rocked back and forth, I much preferred it without a condom.

I could feel the rubber as much as I could feel Abi and I began to push deeper and harder into her. Abi was squealing and panting with every stroke, although quiet and muted, there was a passionate look in her eyes. She gasped as I increased my pace, thrusting my cock in a frenzied way into her, our thighs slapping together as I pounded into her.

“That's nice,” she whispered breathlessly into my ear and I nibbled the nape of her neck, my hips still hammering my manhood into her. I didn't feel as close to the edge as I normally did, and my thighs almost began to feel weary; I was nowhere near climaxing but felt Abi squirm.

Abi certainly was enjoying the increased “staying power” I had found myself with as I just continued to push into her. She was already meeting my rhythm but began to writhe and buck against me more forcefully. “Oh Andy,” she cooed in her lustful squeal and screwed up her face, panting. “Oh God!”

I sniffed and continued my rhythm; I knew Abi was about to be thrown into her own climax but I was miles away from mine. I quickened my pace and Abi mewed in satisfaction, squeezing my buttocks and I rammed into her with my sheathed cock. She grunted and squealed before her entire pussy squeezed my cock tightly.

Abi held her breath, squeaking slightly before exhaling and shrieking loudly. “Oh shit,” she cried and screwed up her face before squealing even louder.

I continued to pound into her; I was feeling much closer to the point of no return as she squeezed my organ. She swore again, but I could feel something electric. There was a tension in my loins and my legs shook against hers as I felt the build up.

I closed my eyes and thrust into my lover, harder and stronger as before; it was within touching distance. It was there, and I closed my eyes before unleashing a torrent of semen into the condom.

There was a cool wetness against the tip of my cock that I had never experienced before and gently slowed down my thrusts as I savoured the last feelings. I looked into Abi's eyes and moved to kiss her.

She panted and smiled, returning my kiss before throwing me off. “Get that condom off,” she told me and I grinned.

“Give me five minutes,” I replied with a smirk. “I might be sixteen but I do need some time to recover.”

Abi scowled. “No, get it off, before your cock shrinks and you leave it in me.”

“Oh,” I muttered and slowly slid out of Abi with my hand around the base of condom. Abi

instructed me to remove, tie and throw into the bin which I did and returned to the bed.

“So condoms?” Abi told me as she settled onto my shoulder and looked up at me. “Not as good as bareback?”

“Definitely not,” I told her and she smirked.

“I think they desensitised you a bit. But hey, it's better than having kids,” she joked and waited for me to agree with her. “Unless you want kids with Sarah.”

I groaned but kissed the top of her head. “Thank you,” I mumbled and Abi looked up.

“What for?”

“For being ... you!” Abi grinned and held me tightly. I suppose I should have expected it, Abi had taught me about sex, it was only right she should teach me safe sex, but there was an obvious enjoyment to her role in my sexual education and I couldn't help feeling that she thought of me as a bit of a project!

Abi and I woke up reasonably early, our night-time passionate embrace not deterring our body clocks from waking us up at a decent hour. It was Monday and we had the room until noon, but needed to leave before then as Abi had hundreds of miles to drive.

I came up behind the delectable Abi and put my hands over her flanks as she was about to go into the shower. “Join me,” Abi told me and I smiled.

“Really?” I asked with a quizzical expression. “Have we got time?”

Abi glared at me and dragged me into the steaming shower cubicle. “Don't ever refuse a horny woman,” I was told with a giggle and Abi pushed me against the cool wall of the tiled shower cubicle as the warm water rained down on us.

She ran her hands over my body and smiled, kissing my lips, then my body before kneeling down and nibbling at the shaft of my erect member. I licked my lips and looked down expectantly, but Abi wasn't in the mood for foreplay. She flicked the top of my cock with her tongue and got back to her feet, kissing me and running her hands through my hair.

She encouraged me to fondle her, and run my hands over her smooth, wet body as she dripped soap over my chest and rear, smiling seductively as she did. I was barely in the shower for two minutes, and had certainly not had the time to use any cosmetic products on myself when she shut off the hot water and lead me out of the bathroom back to the bed and threw me, soaking wet, onto the mattress.

“Abi,” I moaned, but she ignored my protests and jumped on top of me and looked at my body with lustful intentions. I knew exactly what she wanted and rolled over to put her underneath and gently parted her legs with my knees. She smiled as I positioned my cock at her slippery hole and allowed it to slide into her. She groaned, and gave a hopeful look, as I gently pushed in and bit my lip. “Rougher?”

Abi nodded and withdrew to pound it deep into her. She gasped, swearing at me, and I repeated it again and again. Abi's eyes widened as her teenage lover jack hammered into her unprotected pussy. We had had a lot of sex that weekend, but it is the one occasion that I remember the most vividly as it was so intense.

Abi massaged my cock with her muscles, and began to pant, gasp and mew every time I thrust into the horny stripper. She swore and squealed encouragement as I felt myself nearing a climax.

I slowed down slightly, allowing me to apply more force onto my member as I rammed it home. I buried my face into Abi's neck as I did, panting against her wavy hair as I became powerless to resist the orgasm I was about to experience: I was at the point of no return.

Abi dug her finger into my back and squealed loudly before shrieking and her legs shook. I felt her pussy tighten around my cock and I gasped; it was a wonderful feeling, and I could resist no more.

I felt the surge come up from my cock and closed my eyes, just gasping as I filled the insides of my friend. I slowed down, as I came, just enjoying the last few sensations of the rampant sex we had just had. Abi stared at me breathlessly. "Wow," she cried. "I love ..."

"... wild sex in the morning. It shakes you from your sleep," I finished for her with a smile and she burst in laughter.

"Yes," she agreed, and I climbed off the satisfied girl. "You've learnt," she said with a smile.

"I've been taught well," I told her. We checked out the room after breakfast and went to pay for our meals but Abi insisted on paying, it was over £80 but her parents had left her some money for their meal and drinks so our contribution was £40. Abi was a bit surprised that Grace had paid for the room in its entirety, and that there was no money owing for that, and she gave me a dirty look, as if I had anything to do with it!

Abi needed some more petrol and we stopped off in Dumfries, and I paid for it, much to her annoyance. Our chatter in the car that was initially very flirtatious turned to more mundane matters and Abi brought up the subject of Sarah again.

"I'm just sayin', you should ask her out. She likes you."

"She is taken, and she doesn't like me like that. She told me."

Abi took her eyes off the road for a moment and raised her eyebrows at me. "She can tell you what she wants to be, but her body language says so much more. She loves your company, Andy. She wants you."

"Then she knows how to get it. But I can't break up with her boyfriend for her," I mused and Abi smiled.

"I can tell you want her."

"I want you as well, although in a slightly different way. I suppose I am a bit greedy, really."

Abi smiled and looked at me with a grin. "I don't mind you being greedy. I am way too horny at the moment. I always am when I am happy."

I laughed. "Haven't you had enough sex this weekend?" I asked and Abi poked her tongue out. "Well yes, but, I dunno. It's hard to explain. Sex with you is just so, different. There is a connection there I've not had with my partner for a long time."

I snorted. "Well most of your partners wasn't about friendship or love, it was for money,

right?" Abi took an intake of breath and I realised I was probably too tactless. "Sorry," I quickly replied and Abi shook her head.

"It's OK. You're right; I just don't like to think about it."

I leant over to her and looked up at her. "I think that you are special and the whole massage parlour thing. It just makes Abi, Abi."

She gave an embarrassed and nervous laugh. "You make me laugh and smile. None of my lovers ever does that. Well not since I was a teenager. That's what makes you special."

I grinned at Abi and shrugged. "It is only you that thinks I am special, you know."

Abi slid her hand over to my lap and began stroking my groin through my shorts. I sighed and she grinned. "No I have not had enough sex," she told me and unbuttoning the shorts with her left hand she slid her hand inside and pulled out my cock.

"I should give it a name," she whispered and I laughed.

"Like what?"

"I don't know, I'll think of something," she told me as she stroked me. I pushed my legs against the footwell and shut my eyes. It felt weird to be hurtling along a deserted motorway at 70mph while the driver wanked me, and I felt a wonderful pressure occupying the base of my cock. Abi's soft fingers darted over my erect penis and I told her she was wonderful but she should concentrate on driving.

Abi ignored me and began to slide her hands up and down my cock. I grunted. She licked her lips.

I sighed again as her hands grasped my solid member and pumped it. Quickly and with a firm grip. I brought my knees up and spurted my semen into her hand. She looked across to watch and swerved across two lanes, and fortunately there was no other cars or police.

I cleaned up with some tissues but Abi had a glint in her eye. She was still smiling at me when we pulled into an empty service station car park some seventy miles later.

"I will be in the last disabled cubicle in sixty seconds," Abi told me as she looked her car door. "I want you to join me in two minutes."

Abi was waiting for me behind the door and I closed it. The service station was deserted, save for a couple of lorry drivers and a family. Abi jumped on me the moment I locked the door, and she kissed me.

She dropped to her knees and took my cock out of my shorts that she had unbuttoned while we were kissing and sucked it hard. She giggled at my groans of enjoyment and then bent over the large, deep sink to look in the mirror.

She wasn't wearing any knickers and her skirt was short. "I took them off. I hate knickers when I'm in this mood," Abi said and looked at her discarded pair on the sink and I gently probed between her legs to find her silky smooth opening.

"I'm ready, put it in," she whispered and I gently pushed my unfettered cock into her. She groaned as I spread her wide open. "I need this," she cried.

We rocked back and forth to my rhythmic thrusting for a few minutes. I had only recently orgasmed in the car and I was not in danger of hitting another climax too quickly.

Abi squealed as I pounded my teenage cock inside of her and rolled her breasts in my fingers. She hit an orgasm quickly and I felt her familiar gripping of my cock as she did.

I waited for her to recover from her peak and began pumping her again. She squealed louder and louder. I felt my own flood coming and gripped hold of Abi's flanks. I looked at her in the mirror. Her long hair, soft eyes and lustful face. She wanted my seed inside her. I needed to release.

I breathed out forcefully as my cock twitched and pumped several waves of semen into her. She bit her lip and gripped my cock, milking it for every last drop.

We stayed together for a few seconds and then disengaged. I wiped my cock on some tissue and passed Abi a few sheets. She kissed me and grinned. "That was amazing."

We flushed the evidence of our tryst away and unlocked the door to find a boy of a similar age walking towards the toilets. He smiled and looked at Abi as she passed him, her skirt still hiked up a few inches above where it should be and then his eyes popped out when he saw me, and my tented shorts.

"All right," I said with an air of inappropriate familiarity. He looked inside the toilet and saw Abi's knickers on the side, discarded.

"Hey," he called to us. "You left those."

Abi smiled. "Oh I don't need those," she said. "I've made 'em all wet."

"Abi!" I cried and she lifted her skirt up at the front to flash the teenage boy. I saw him clutch at his shorts, and Abi grabbed my hand and ran out of the service station with me.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Did you have a good time?" Mum asked the moment I entered the lounge. We had stopped off and repeated the "disabled toilets trick" at a Beefeater just outside Stoke and my testicles were well and truly drained after a weekend of total debauchery.

"Of course he had a good time. They've been at it like rabbits," joked Rhea from the couch who was playing on the PlayStation with Simon. "I can see it in their eyes."

"Yes, thank you Rhea" I muttered and we walked into the kitchen where Mum was cutting up some carrots.

"How was it?" she asked Abi.

Abi nodded. "Yeah, fine. I've been ordered up for Hogmanay. Ma wants the entire family up" Abi replied and Mum smiled.

"And you behaved yourself?" Mum asked at me jokingly and I smirked a bit.

"Sort of" I replied and Mum looked at Abi.

"Told Moira she was a 'spiteful bitch'. Graeme was a 'vindictive twat'. Then got drunk on whisky with my youngest brother and Dad." Abi said laughing. Mum looked at me aghast.

“Thank you Abi. I thought we agreed it would stay in Scotland.” I told her. “Anyway, you made your peace with your parents and brother.”

Abi hummed.

“Hey bro. Well done. That's some stuff I would have said,” called Rhea from the other room, her eyes not leaving the screen.

“You need to watch that tongue of yours when you have a drink, Andy. It'll get you into trouble one of these days” Mum warned and Abi giggled.

“It nearly got him into trouble on Saturday. It's a long time since I've seen Graeme so shocked or Moira so angry. But I couldn't have gone there on my own. And Ma and Dad really liked you. Dad said he has not seen anyone stand up to Graeme for a long time. Reckoned you had balls of steel”

Mum laughed with Abi and she turned to her employee. “You glad you went?” she asked and Abi nodded.

“Yeah. It's made a lot of things better, and I really needed it. A break with Andy was just what I needed.”

“Things going to be OK?” she asked in a whispered voice and I looked inquisitively at both of them but didn't get a response.

“Things are going to be fine,” Abi replied and she cuddled up against me. “Although I do owe you some money.”

Mum turned with a stern look and put her arm around Abi. “No love, you don't.”

“But...”

“Abi! Listen to me. You owe me nothing.” Abi shifted and thanked Mum and then squeezed my hand. “And that goes for you too.” We hesitated and Mum looked at Abi. “But you can do me a wee favour next week.”

## 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 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

### **New Pleasures Chapter XIV**

*Andy hits on an interesting money making scheme, while Sarah takes some friends to London to see her boyfriend. Zoe agonises over her mixed emotions and Abi finds a nerdy college boy to torment.*

**Excerpt:** Mum left the room while Isobel modelled for me. Although she had initially said she never wanted any more naked pictures of her after the magazine incident, the thought of actually having some naked pictures of her excited her. She explained that although she

had been the subject of many a naughty photograph, she had never actually owned one, and wanted some for posterity.

I had always thought Isobel to be incredibly sexy (although I preferred it when she was "Abi" as she was more vulnerable and more approachable) and her with stockings and suspenders really had me erect and wanting to drag her off to a private room. This might have given Mrs. Pollitt a fright, as she was upstairs cleaning them while Isobel pranced naked on the stage for me.

**To be released on, or before: 24<sup>th</sup> August 2012**