

# NEW PLEASURES

## Chapter Thirteen



By  
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**Codes:** anal, exhib, flirt, hand, light, MF, FF, m-solo, MFF

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## Preface

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

“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 XIII

Abi worked Tuesday to cover for sickness but went home afterwards and I didn't see her, although given the amount of sex we managed over the weekend I think my testicles appreciated the rest I gave them.

Simon and Rhea seemed to be spending all day with each other to the point of Mum questioning Rhea's motives with her friend. They had a bit of a row while I was cleaning the club on Wednesday but Simon and Rhea disappeared on Thursday together so whatever was said, it did not stop Rhea doing what she wanted to do. Did that ever happen anyhow?

Thursday night was the visit of the male strippers and Abi had got tickets completely gratis for her and Angela. She had said that the last time went to see some male strippers it made her quite horny, but unfortunately Rhea was within earshot at she leapt on this to tease and goad us.

Rhea also tried to convince Mum to let her and her friends go but this was a complete non-starter for so many reasons that in the end she had to contend herself with the television in the flat for the evening and a demand to Mum and Abi that she brings back some signed photographs (that was also not going to happen but was tentatively agreed to in order for Rhea to return the club keys she hid from Mum.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Abi slid into my bed and kissed me.

"Wake up," she moaned. "I want, no I need, to be fucked."

I shook the sleep from my eyes by blinking and saw an expecting Abi crouching over me.

"Come on, all the girls are totally horny. Those guys are so hot, and there are so many of them. They are so going to get laid tonight, all the girls were back stage, frantically trying to bag one."

"All of them?" I asked thinking of Ray's sister.

"All of them. Even your Mum had that lustful look in her eye," Abi teased.

"Oh Abi. Whatcha tell me that for?" I asked, slightly annoyed and the sleep shaken from my system. "That's a horrible mental image."

Abi grinned. "She is a very attractive woman you know and the men stayed afterwards and gave us girls a private dance. It was awesome and she was licking whipped ..."

"ABI! Spare me the details. Now do you want to get laid or do you want to talk about my Mum's sex life?"

Abi peeled back the covers and guided my hands to slit. It was moist and my fingers slid down it. "What do you think?"

"So you like male strippers. You want lots of tongue?"

"No!" She cried and as my finger darted over her clitoris she groaned and mewled. My cock

was fully erect and she noticed, swinging her left leg over my body and coming to rest alongside my hips. She sunk her body onto my firm rod and sighed as it slid into her.

She rocked back and forward on it forcefully and vigorously and leant over to pin my arms to the bed. "You like this, don't you Andy," she squealed and continued to thrust her pubic bone towards my stomach and back. It sent waves of tingling pleasure all over my body as she ground into me.

"Yes," I muttered. Her face was marked with lust and she screwed it up as she forced her body into mine. I wanted in some ways for her to release my hands so I could cup her cheeks or massage her breasts but I enjoyed the feeling of Abi being in control. It felt more natural and sexier.

Abi was experienced and squeezed my cock with her muscles wonderfully as it slid around her moist opening. I grunted and groaned and released spurts of my seed into her. Abi smiled at me and reached out for some tissues.

"Now that's something you can't get from the strippers," she said to me as she wiped her crack and I cleaned my cock.

"True."

"Although I bet your Mum did," she teased.

I shot Abi a dirty look and she looked at me coyly. I supposed I should not be quite so squeamish, it is not unreasonable for my mother to have a sex life but I didn't want to think about it. If I had to be discreet with my sex life then it was only fair that my Mum didn't flaunt hers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Abi went home on Friday morning after Rhea had subjected us to her usual scurrilous teasing. Simon had joined her in the flat and surprisingly, she was dressed and they were going out, their destination she would not divulge to either her companion or myself.

With little else to do I set about cleaning the club under the watchful gaze of Ikenna and took a break at noon to go upstairs to get something to eat. The thoughts of Mum with a male stripper had not completely left my head, thanks to Abi, and I had not seen her that morning although this not surprising as I had skipped breakfast. By now my stomach rumbling indicated that it was not prepared to allow me to skip lunch.

Wandering up the stairs, I was met with a sight, I did not expect nor particularly want to see. Mum was naked, with her light brown hair tied back and slightly tanned appearance was kissing an equally naked black gentleman, over six foot in height and with bulging muscles on the sofa. I froze as I entered the room.

Mum had straddled her partners sheathed and erect cock and she was rocking over the top of it. She was sighing as they kissed and he was caressing her nipples. I watched for a moment, they could not see me as Mum's body was in the way but it was an alluring and disturbing sight. I had tried never to think of Mum as having a sex life outside of her relationships.

It was irrational, I always knew this, but no-one thinks about their parents having sex. Mum was always careful about what Rhea or I saw and I knew that this guy was not going to be a regular boyfriend, it was just sexual pleasure; I suddenly understood Rhea's complaints

about Abi and myself.

I watched for a few more seconds and went to leave but made a noise as I knocked against the skirtingboard. "Andy?"

I groaned, turned around and noisily entered the room. They looked up when I did and Mum squeaked in panic. "Hiya kiddo," the guy said smiling as I walked past them and Mum looked over to the other sofa where a small pile of discarded nightclothes lay.

"Yeah hiya," I replied as quickly as I could and walked past them.

Mum appeared in the kitchen a few moments later with her dressing gown on and smiled tentatively at me. "Morning, we weren't expecting you back so early. We thought you'd be gone all day"

"Evidently," I replied, suppressing a small smirk as I buttered the bread. "It's OK. Ab ... Isobel warned me."

"She did, did she?" Mum asked and was joined by her naked partner who came up behind her and put his hands over her studded navel before sliding them up and exposing Mum's assets again. My eyes glanced at her completely bare genitals and pert breasts before his hand was smacked and I tore my eyes away.

"I heard last night was relatively successful," I said and Mum grinned looking up at her new lover.

"Yeah, you could say that," Mum said coyly. "Everyone very much enjoyed themselves."

"I know Isobel did." I held my hand out to the black guy who was watching our exchange and he tentatively shook it. "Andy," I said introducing myself.

"Tony," came the response. "Was Isobel the Scottish bird?"

I grinned. "Yeah."

Mum looked up at her partner. "She's a lovely girl, you said."

"Cracking figure and lovely tits." Her partner slid his hands over Mum's body and she shuddered. "But yours are nicer."

Mum fidgeted as I cut my sandwich. "It's OK Mum. I'll take this downstairs. Give you some private time," I said and she gave me a smile.

"You, er, don't have to."

"No it's fine. You have the right to a private life too and you let me have mine. I will just take any previous objections to Sarah and Abi staying in my bedroom as completely resolved," I said airily.

"No well, that's umm ..."

"I'll see you later Mum," I said as I walked passed her with my sandwiches in my hand and she puffed as I went.

I left Mum fretting and fucking as I went downstairs to finish the club; it was nearly two when I finished so I mooched around the park. I was bored but the time on my own gave

me time to think, about Sarah. She was being quite determined about the “dinner party” idea and had even got permission from her parents to stay the night; all she needed was agreement from myself or Zoe to host it and she would arrange.

I could still not see this as a great idea but Sarah was determined (as she always was). The couple I really want her to set up was me and her, not Jez and Jodie, or anyone else, but my subtle compliments were not getting through.

Rhea returned from her excursion in a black mood so I did not probe her activities too deeply although Simon did not stay for very long and she sulked on the computer in the dining room. It was fortunate for “Tony” that he had moved on by the time Rhea had returned as I doubt my sister would have been so relaxed as myself; she rarely missed the opportunity to tease and with the mood she was in, it would have caused plenty of shouting.

I didn't stay for long and went down for my team meeting at 3:30. There were lots of excited voices when I arrived and the tables were laid out as before, mostly filled. There was nowhere to sit near Isobel (Abi) or Heather (Angela) so instead I found a seat at the end near Ray's sister Jessica (Jenny). She smiled when she saw me and I flopped down in the seat.

Rather unsurprisingly, the talk was mostly of the strippers that had taken advantage of the immoral lust that had descended on most of the girls who attended their show the night before, and while some had partners to return home to, others were apparently gleeful in that they shared their bed with the objects of the three hours of non-stop sexual entertainment provided by the muscular, naked male flesh on show.

One of the lap dancers, Vanessa, sat next to me and revelled in her encounter with one of the gentlemen and described her tryst in immaculate detail to the people around her. I sighed and turned to her smiling, asking, “what did he have that myself or Hugo doesn't?”

I spoke a little loudly at the same time a quite hush had descended as Mum had arrived and everyone looked towards Vanessa.

“Well he was six foot,” she replied.

“Both Hugo and I are, as near as damn it, six foot.”

“Well he has big, big muscles,” she answered, grinning and making a gesture with her hands, “especially on the legs.”

I lifted my leg up and flexed my quads and hamstrings, clearly visible through my shorts and Vanessa grinned.

“He was covered in baby oil,” she added and we laughed.

“I'm sure I've got some in the bathroom cupboard,” I said wryly and Vanessa giggled.

“OK and he had an eight inch cock,” she blurted and Mum stood behind me.

“Are you going to beat that?” Jessica asked and I went bright red.

“Well, that's just guessing. You've have never seen my cock. It might be double that for all you know.”

“Bloody isn't sixteen inches or you'll make me very sore,” Isobel added from the end of the room and we laughed at her.

“Have you quite finished comparing yourself to the Dream Boys?” Mum asked me and I nodded, a little embarrassed. “I mean, the next time they come would you like an application form?”

Vanessa put her arm around me, playfully wailing, “don't go Andy. We don't want to lose you.”

The team meeting consisted of, half the girls asking when the Dream Boys would be back (soon, they made a stack of cash), distributing pay packets and arranging who would be doing the Wet T-Shirt and Games Night the following Thursday. Jessica grinned at me when we left and we talked on the way to the bank.

Although she wouldn't admit it, I am certain she bagged a Dream Boy as well; I could tell by her coyness and shyness and so I reluctantly changed the subject. Jenny had always been the unattainable fantasy as I was growing up. She was a couple of years older than me but was close enough in age not to be too old for my lustful dreams or frantic masturbatory fantasies.

We chatted in the bank and with both Abi and Jessica needing to return home we parted on the pavement.

I was half expecting Abi to come and visit my bed that night but I woke up on Saturday alone and very horny. I grimaced and located a nice memory of Sarah and gave my testicles a thorough workout, and then disposed of the evidence in the toilet. I was feeling increasingly insatiable, the trip to Scotland having definitely awoken my libido and found that whatever I did, I was always still horny.

I grumbled about the lack of Abi, and Mum said that she thought I wouldn't want waking up again and that she was taking advantage of me. Both Mum and Rhea laughed as I looked surprised and shocked at this thought and a skimpily dressed Rhea suggested that “she needs a rest too bro. You're wearing her out.”

“She's coming later to watch the carnival,” Mum told me looking at my expression. “You know the one outside. Better view out here than down where she is.” The annual Aylesbury Carnival consisted of around two dozen floats and raised money for local charities. It always passed Castle Street as it meandered its way from the Leisure Centre through the town and onto the park where there was a small funfair.

“Oh, is that today?” I asked and Rhea rolled her eyes.

“I think a lack of sex is depleting his IQ,” Rhea teased and I shot her a dirty look back.

Mum waited for Rhea to leave and sat down with me to talk about Tony and her. I already knew what she wanted to say, but I let her squirm for a bit (I think it was Rhea's influence) before reassuring her that I genuinely was not disturbed by the sight of her having sex on the couch with her one-night stand. She grinned, but did warn me that just because I saw her doing it, doesn't mean that Abi and Sarah had a carte blanche right to spend the night in my room and do “whatever I wanted.”

Justice? There is none of it in the world!

“And I know what happened in Scotland,” Mum told me grinning. “I overheard Abi telling a

couple of the girls while waiting for the Dream Boys.” I went bright red but Mum grinned. “Just don’t get too attached to her, OK. She is a really lovely girl but if you fall for her, you’ll be upset.”

“I won’t Mum. She is special to me but she is not Paula,” I replied and Mum smiled at this, even though I wasn’t sure if it was true.

Abi turned up at around 11:00 while Rhea and I were still in our dressing gowns and Mum was running through some work on the dining table. She grinned as she came in and gave me a little kiss before making everyone a cup of tea. Mum sent Rhea upstairs to have a shower and get dressed, and she duly did the former and not the later, returning in her dressing gown with her clothes in her arms, “so she could watch telly.”

It was nearly midday when I came down dressed and Abi leant over the couch.

“Zoe rang. She is coming to the Carnival and wanted to know if she could come here with Sarah,” Abi told me and I nodded.

“OK I’ll ring her.”

“No need, I answered the phone so it’s sorted,” Rhea said and I groaned.

“Oh God, what did you say?” I asked fervently and Rhea grinned.

“I said that you would love her to come ‘round as you go all gooey-eyed when Sarah is mentioned.”

“Oh that’s OK,” I said thinking out loud: Rhea’s wind-up this time was rather tame in comparison.

“And I also said that you were probably having a quick wank over her in the bathroom so not to be too embarrassed if there’s spunk on your trousers,” Rhea added and I rolled my eyes at her.

“Whatchya do that for?” I asked her. “Sarah doesn’t like me in that way.”

“Well you like her in that way, it’s clear, although I don’t know what you see in her.”

“Well it’s my life, so stay out,” I replied firmly and Rhea leant back over the couch.

“It’s embarrassing bro. You go after her like a puppy on heat, little tail wagging. She’s just a prick tease and nothing more. She’ll never go out with you but she wants you to think that she will.”

I glared at Rhea, but our chat was interrupted by Mum who really did send Rhea upstairs to get dressed. Sarah appeared at the door at 1pm and Zoe appeared twenty minutes later.

“No Simon?” I asked and Zoe shook her head.

“He said he didn’t want to see Rhea as he thought she was annoyed with him and that she might push him under a float,” Zoe explained.

“Why does he think that?” I asked but Rhea appeared and answered for her.

“‘Cause I told him I would,” she replied sharply and went into the kitchen to get herself a

drink. "Cause he's been a cock," she shouted from the kitchen, clearly pre-empting the next question.

"She needs taming," I muttered. "I wonder if we could get her adopted. By a zoo or something."

Zoe grinned at me, and we sat down and chatted. Sarah and Abi were busy comparing make-up they both had in their handbags and both Zoe and I found that subject matter a bit boring. I told Zoe that Rhea was lying and I wasn't playing with myself earlier, and Zoe went red and Sarah giggled overhearing the conversation.

"Is that what she told you she said?" Sarah asked grinning and I nodded. Sarah looked at Zoe, who had taken the call and shrugged. "That's not what you told me."

"It ... it isn't," Zoe muttered and nodded towards me. "It's not what she said." My two friends giggled.

"I am so grateful I don't have a sister," Sarah replied.

"I wish I didn't have a sister," Abi added mournfully and Zoe and Sarah shot each other furtive looks.

"What about you, bro? Do you wish you didn't have a sister?" Rhea asked before my two college friends could ask about Abi, and I stared at her, humming.

"Nah, you're all-right, I s'pose. Even if you do go out of your way to make my life difficult. So what did you tell her?"

"Ask them."

Zoe and Rhea exchanged glances. "Well, I'd rather not say," Zoe told me and I glared at them both in turn, but Rhea skipped out of the room and both Sarah and Zoe were resolute in that they were not going to divulge.

Twenty minutes later, Mum told us to go outside as the floats would be appearing and as we meandered out of our front door onto the crowded pavement just as the first float, a giant Chinese dragon appeared.

The floats were colourful and loud. Rhea shouted quite a lot of abuse at the rugby club float that was manned by her ex-boyfriend which drew a sharp rebuke from Mum when she caught up with her, but by which time an egg had mysteriously left the crowd and hit Nathan on the side of the head.

Mum dragged Rhea away as the puzzled rugby player wiped yoke from the side of his face and Rhea was dragged inside the flat.

Abi politely declined my invitation to stay the night and Mum smiled as she did.

"What?" I asked as Abi left the room.

"You are very transparent," Mum told me and I scowled in annoyance at the unjustified slur.

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean," she said with a glint in her eye. "As does Abi."

"I just like waking up with someone," I said defensively but unfairly, I wasn't really believed. "I like getting cuddles," I told her but was scoffed at.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarah was relentless that we should host a "sophisticated dinner party" at the flat and she finally badgered me at the Carnival so I would agree on the following day for her to invite Jez and Jodie, subject to approval from Mum and acceptance from the people she intended to invite. Sarah had wanted a Sunday as Jodie worked in a supermarket, and due to Sunday opening hours would be finished by 4pm at the latest.

We had not planned for Mum not to be around but she had one of her three or four annual trade conferences to attend and it was being held in Edinburgh so at 10am she packed her car and we waved her off. She had got Abi to promise to be around until she returned on Tuesday night and this suited me, I liked waking up with Abi (or Sarah) in my bed. It also explained why Abi spent the last two nights in her own bed at her flat, if she was going to be spending this week with me.

I went down and cleaned the club after Mum left and returned to the flat containing Sarah, who had made all the arrangements for the evening, and a barely-dressed Rhea talking. Abi had returned home to get a few belongings and I got myself a drink of water and returned to the front room. I froze as I entered the lounge and Sarah gave me a weak smile.

"What's up?" I asked and Sarah looked at an unrepentant Rhea.

"Nothing."

I glared at Rhea and then looked at Sarah. "So, what are we doing for tonight?" I asked and Sarah's smile returned.

"We need to go to the Supermarket. I don't know yet," she admitted.

"You don't know?" I asked incredulously, and she shrugged.

"I'll get inspiration when I'm there," she shrugged and I groaned.

"OK, so who is coming?" I asked and she grinned. "I presume we know that!"

"Well Jodie is coming at six to get ready. Jez, Zoe and Simon are coming at seven. Abi has gone to get some evening wear and said she will help to set the table"

"So that's ... eight people," I counted and looked at our dining table that would just about seat eight diners, if we had that many chairs.

"We're going to get chairs from your and Rhea's rooms," she told me reading my mind and held out my hand. "Come on, we got to go get some food. Abi said she would pick up some wine for us."

Sarah and I walked to the Supermarket hand-in-hand and idled up and down the aisles. In the end, she elected for some tomato and chicken bake with a caramelized red onion tart and salad to start and cookies and ice cream to finish. I pushed the trolley as she loaded the items into it, and we added some mint imperials and After Eight mints for the end of the

meal.

Sarah wanted to pay for some of it at least, but I refused. Although this was Sarah's idea and Sarah had organised it, I was the host and it would be unfair if I expected Sarah to contribute, especially as she would be doing the cooking!

We arrived at the flat and Sarah disappeared into the kitchen, returning a few moments later to speak to the still half-naked Rhea. "Rhea, is it possible to not tease Jez tonight and wear something a bit more decent?"

Rhea looked up from her book and feigned surprise. "Why?"

"Because I want Jez to be looking at Jodie, not you."

"She'll have Simon," I told Sarah, and my sister gave me a withered look.

"You want me to look dull and boring?" Rhea asked and Sarah fidgeted.

"It's fine, Sarah," I said with a mischievous glint in my eye. "If she doesn't behave herself I'll get the baby photos out and show Simon."

Rhea drew in a deep breath and shook her head. "You wouldn't dare."

"Rhea. You know I would."

"Bastard. You know Zoe doesn't know about you and Sarah screwing. If you get out the family album I might just be a bit indiscreet."

I closed my eyes for a moment and looked at her. "I am not going out with Zoe and you can tell her anything you like for all I care. You can tell her that I buggered a badger for all the good it would do. It is not any of her business. But Simon would like to see the photos of you when you were very, very, very short, had absolutely no shame and were a bundle of trouble."

"Doesn't that cover her now?" Sarah asked through a smile.

"OK before she grew up?" I suggested and then corrected myself in a flippant tone, "Actually, who am I kidding?"

"Perhaps when she was all cute instead of being a nightmare?" Sarah asked and I shook my head.

"No she's always been a nightmare. And she has never been that cute, more sort of Mogwai after being fed after midnight, but there is something about the baby photos she doesn't like and won't want Simon to see."

"Simon is not my boyfriend," Rhea uttered and I shrugged.

"So he can see them then. If you don't behave yourself," I suggested and Rhea screwed up her face threatening me with "a fate worse than death" if I did.

I went to help Sarah in the kitchen but she shoed me out of it so I contented myself with setting the table, with the dining cloth and cutlery for everyone and then playing on the PlayStation with Rhea.

Sarah came out of the kitchen when the doorbell rang. I had paused the game to get it, but

she darted past us and retrieved a slightly perplexed Jodie from our front door.

“Hey, do you live on top of that strip club,” she asked me the moment she reached the top of the stairs and I nodded.

“Yeah. Jez was surprised as well,” I said, my eyes not leaving the restarted game.

“Mum owns it,” Rhea chimed in and Jodie stood nervously while Sarah finished in the kitchen. As Sarah and Jodie were fairly similar sizes, Sarah had brought an outfit for Jodie with her. It was clear that Jodie's family were not rich and her clothes, while not tatty, were worn and practical.

Jodie was about half-an-inch shorter than Sarah and possessed slightly smaller breasts, but apart from that was identical in build in almost every way. In looks, they were very different; Sarah had long wavy light brown dirty blonde hair where as Jodie had short shoulder length straight black hair. Sarah was playful and bouncy where as Jodie was calm and relaxed. They dressed differently too, Sarah wore clothes with cheery and flamboyant patterns and colours that reflected her personality while Jodie dressed in dark colours that exuded a coldness.

Abi arrived with eight bottles of wine as I sent Rhea upstairs, and as expected she refused payment. While I was hardly flush with money, Abi was not rolling in cash either and for her to be so stubborn was ridiculous. I tried to sneak the twenty-five pounds I had intended to give her into her bag but she saw me and after a few words of disagreement, we agreed to put cash in our “going out and enjoying ourselves fund” which I demanded reside in her handbag.

At 5:30 I managed to get into the bathroom and had a quick shower before changing into the white cotton shirt and dark black jeans that Abi had bought me. Sarah, wearing only her bra and knickers, came in to straighten my shirt (and for me to have a brief fondle), before returning to the spare bedroom where she was getting changed with Jodie.

Abi was the first to come downstairs. She had also changed in my bedroom and wore the same beautiful floor length green ball gown she wore to her brother's party in Scotland. It suited her beautifully, and as I told her at the time, made her look stylish and elegant. Her make-up was considerably less prominent and she looked wonderful.

Rhea was the next to come down and was dressed in a sparkling cocktail dress I had not seen before. The plunging neckline accentuated her developing bosom nicely, and the shimmering silvery material finished no more than half-way down her thigh.

“Is that what passes as not dressing up?” I asked her and she shrugged.

“Leave her alone, Andy. Simon is coming and she needs to look her best!” Abi teased and Rhea grinned.

“He's not my boyfriend,” she reiterated, but the sounds of her protestations were broken when Jodie and Sarah appeared. Sarah was also wearing a cocktail dress, a dark red outfit that came across her bosom, but finished not far below the tops of her thighs. She looked ravishing, but Jodie looked like I had never seen her before.

Sarah had selected a bright blue cocktail evening dress that hugged Jodie's body. The neckline, as part of the straps, plunged deep between Jodie's breasts displaying part of the bosom enticingly. It was broken up by radial pleats centred around the bottom of the

plunging neckline, that drew the eye towards the bust. The short dress gathered at the bottom and as Jodie straightened it, it came down no more than two or three inches below her hips.

“Sarah, are you sure about this?” Jodie asked and Sarah smiled.

“You look fantastic, what do you think Andy? As our resident guy, what does the bloke say?”

I nodded and bit my lip. “You do look very, very nice,” I told her and a smile flickered as she straightened out her dress.

“Are you sure I can't wear knickers with this?”

“Yep, you don't want panty lines. Honestly, now we have shaved your bush there is nothing that will show,” Sarah told her, winked at me and went back into the kitchen as Jodie went bright red.

Simon and Zoe arrived and, as expected disappeared upstairs to get changed. Simon wore a navy suit with a red tie while Zoe brought the dark red evening dress I had bought her in Cambridge that flared outwards and finished at the knees. It was not as sexy as Rhea's dress or Jodie's outfit but she looked just as radiant and beautiful as anyone in the room.

“Not the blue one then?” I asked and Zoe blushed.

“I'm still working up the courage to wear that in public,” Zoe confessed and Simon grinned at his sister.

“So you were with him when you bought it,” Simon guessed and Zoe nodded. Rhea was looking at us closely and hummed.

“Did Zoe buy it or Andy?” Rhea asked.

I rolled my eyes. “They were thirty-five pounds each, do you think I would have bought them?” I asked Rhea and Simon squawked.

“They. How many? And where did you get thirty-five pounds from for a dress, Zoe? I can't even get ten quid for a sweatshirt.”

Rhea was watching me. “She didn't. Andy bought it. I can tell by the looks on their faces. So why, Andy? What did she promise you? Or give you?”

I sighed. “It was a birthday present, OK?”

“But it's not for a month,” Simon blurted out, still scowling.

“So what was her birthday present?” Rhea asked and Zoe and I looked at each other.

“That's none of your business,” Zoe replied flustered and Sarah came back into the room.

“Is that one of the dresses from Andy?” Sarah asked and Zoe nodded. “Looks gorgeous on you, but I want to see you in that blue one.”

“Yeah, but how many did Andy buy?” Rhea asked and Sarah looked at me and Zoe.

She smiled mischievously. "Only the four wasn't it and two sets of lingerie and the diamond necklace to go with it?"

"Four! And lingerie and necklace." Rhea shouted at me. "You are definitely getting anal for that!"

Zoe was flushed and stammered. "It was two dresses and some underwear."

Rhea stared at me, still grinning and was in thought. "Hmmm. Maybe he is just getting oral then. But I don't know, he has that funny look. What do you think Jodie?"

"I think you should leave us alone. Not everything comes down to sex, you know. I've known Zoe for ages, I'm allowed to splash out on her birthday."

"Not everything comes down to sex, Andy? After what you've been up to all summer? Do you really need Zoe or do you think you are being greedy?" Rhea asked and Simon replied before I did.

"Maybe he wants one for every day of the week?"

I groaned. "Zoe and I are friends, Rhea. What about you and Simon?"

Rhea hummed and changed the subject. Jez arrived ten minutes late and I answered the door. He bounded into the room, his characteristic smile and bubbly demeanour centre-stage, until he saw what we were wearing. He had found a dark pair of jeans and a pale coloured shirt, but looked considerably scruffier and more untidy than everyone else.

"Fook me, y'all dressed up," he pronounced as he saw us.

"Give that man a coconut," Rhea teased and walked over to him. "Look, how sexy the girls are? I've clearly made an effort with my shimmering dress. And Abi, complete elegance; just like in the magazine. Zoe and Sarah are radiant, but just look at Jodie. I really think she likes you to go to such an effort."

Rhea encouraged Jodie to stand up from behind Simon and, rather embarrassed she did so. Jez's eyes nearly popped out his eyes as he surveyed the embarrassed and apprehensive teenager. "Wow. You look ..."

"Incredible, huh? Better than all those girls in those dirty magazines?" Rhea asked and Jez went bright red.

"Rhea, stop tormenting Jez," I told her and she grinned coyly.

"Not a chance. Not while he gets those wank mags."

"What magazines?" Jodie asked and Rhea shot Jez a look to explain himself.

"Well, er, just some ..."

"Pornographic material," Rhea finished for him. "UK Babes was one. What are the others?"

Jez went even redder and shifted on the spot, clearly wishing for the ground to open up but Rhea had a relentless gleam in her eyes, enjoying the sight of the squirming Jez in front of her.

"Rhea, drop it. Remember what I told you would happen if you didn't behave," I warned her

and Rhea rolled her eyes.

“One question. Doesn't she look more wonderful and more sexy than those girls?” Rhea persisted and Jez nodded.

“Yeah. She's fookin' gorgeous,” he replied and Rhea leant into his ear and whispered something that caused him to smile. I can only shudder to think what it was.

We sat down for dinner shortly afterwards and Sarah had put name cards on each of the places. It was a bit of squeeze but eight people just about managed to fit around our table. She had put myself and herself at the ends of the table, with Jez and Jodie directly next to her. Next to Jez was Simon, who was opposite Rhea. I had Abi and Zoe next to me and I thought it was a bit dangerous to put Rhea so close to Jez, but she was next to Zoe so I think Sarah was banking on her to temper Rhea's behaviour. I opened a couple of bottles of wine and poured a glassful for everyone while Sarah dished up the starter.

We talked freely over the meal. Sarah, Jez and Jodie spoke about the forthcoming football season – both in the Premier League and their own teams while Rhea and Simon were occupied talking and squabbling about school and music. Abi, Zoe and I spent a little bit of time listening on to the other conversations and also talked about Wendover Woods and holidays. Abi said she wanted to go back, even though all the bluebells would be dead, and I wondered if I could tempt Zoe to join us.

I opened the third and fourth bottles of wine to top everyone's glass up and Sarah dished up the main course, which everyone complimented her on. It was very fragrant, what with all the fresh herbs Sarah had put in, but was also peppery and flavoursome. The chatter got louder as we drank more wine. The glasses were nearly empty by the end of the meal, although I noticed Zoe and I were drinking our drinks slower than everyone else.

Simon was rather tipsy and was louder and more confident than I had ever seen him. “I think my little brother has had a bit too much wine,” Zoe said and Rhea put her hand across the table on Simon's as she spoke.

“Look at that, young love,” I teased but Simon shook his head.

“We aren't going out,” he said quickly and both Zoe and I raised eyebrows.

“You act like you are,” Zoe replied before I did. “You know, always meeting up. Touching each other. It's a bit sweet really.”

“And she was cavorting naked with him last week,” I added and Zoe looked at Simon questioningly, who went a few shades redder.

“We're not, Rhea has not asked me out.”

There was a bit of laughter around the table as the other conversations stopped to listen in on Zoe and Simon, but Simon was deadly serious. “You could ask Rhea out on a date yourself you know,” Zoe suggested and her brother scoffed at her.

“You are joking aren't you?” He asked of his elder sister and she shrugged. “You do not ask Rhea out on a date. She has to ask you out.”

“Why? Surely the worst that can happen is she says 'no'?” Zoe persisted and Rhea shook her head.

“Oh no. That is not the worse that can happen. Trust me,” she said in a deadpan voice.

“Let me guess, baby sister Rhea wants to ask the guys to date her so she feels in control?” I suggested in a patronising tone of voice. She scowled and crossed her arms.

“Shut up,” she barked. “Unless you want a kick up the Khyber?” She screwed up her face at me and not awaiting a response, completed her explanation. “Have you actually seen the guys in our year? Half of them are twats and just think that if you flaunt yourself a bit then they are nailed on to get sucked off whenever they want. Some of them are geeky nerds who just think that by going out with me I will protect them from mockery or violence from the aforementioned twats. And then we get those who think they can 'show me a good time.' Oh really? If you could fucking find it. All they see is wank mags and they think that makes them a sex God 'cos they know where some folds are. So no, I don't let people ask me out,” Rhea ranted theatrically. “It saves on the ridicule and violence I inflict when they do.”

“OK, that aside. What's wrong with Simon?” I asked and seven pairs of eyes fixed on Rhea. She looked away from him for a moment and shrugged, speaking softer and being pensive. “Where does he fit in?”

“Nothing, I do really like him and he was the only guy at primary school who wasn't scared of me which is why I was furious when he grassed me up, but I just don't know whether he could, you know, be with me? He is really calm and way too scared to do anything. No sense of adventure and we'd be spending all the time with him telling me I can't do things, and if he thinks his Mum might not approve then that's it.”

“Doing as your parents tell you, isn't a bad thing, Rhea,” Zoe told her and Rhea grinned.

“You're right. It isn't a bad thing. It's a bloody awful thing. All the time, it's, well, it's not natural, is it? Being a Mummy's Boy and all that.”

I saw Simon squirm as Rhea spoke but she was being unnecessarily honest and he wiped his face for a moment before continuing with the last of his meal. “But Rhea, you can't fault someone for looking out for you, can you?” I asked and she shook her head.

“In the last couple of weeks, as friends I must add, he has told me I can't be naked, said that we can't break into our school, can't sneak into the cinema, can't go for a slash in the hedgerow, can't ...”

“As I said that's hardly a bad thing, is it?” I interrupted. “I think you could do with a few months where you aren't getting into trouble, right?” A drunken Rhea smirked and Zoe asked why she would want to do all those things.

“Breaking into school? At the end of term there are no teachers about but all the little maintenance jobs are done so the school is wide open. If you come over the back fence you aren't seen and can get into the school. Then you just have to be quiet and careful.”

“Yeah, why?”

“So she could get the exam papers,” Simon answered and six pairs of eyes looked at Rhea, who squirmed.

“Pardon?” I asked and Rhea went red.

“You bloody tell-tale,” Rhea hissed and looked at me sheepishly. I demanded an

explanation that she eventually gave, "OK, at the start of the GCSE courses, the Maths department have an exam first week back to assess how much everyone has forgotten, or very occasionally remembered. It forms part of that terms assessment, right?"

I hummed for a moment and looked down the table at Rhea. "So this is to cheat at the Maths exam?"

Rhea shook her head. "No not for me. There are lots of swots who will pay good money for a copy of that exam paper."

Zoe laughed out loud, and waved her fork in Rhea's direction. "I don't think they will Rhea. Now if you had got the actual GCSE papers then that'll be a different story, but it's a novel idea."

"No?" Rhea asked, staring at the waving fork in Zoe's hand. "I sold 22 copies last year. When some parents base pocket money on parents' evenings and school reports, getting 100% in the first school-wide exam of the GCSE year is pretty damn useful. I'm telling you that exam is worth serious money; I offered to cut Simon in on half of the proceeds as I was nearly caught last year and could have done with a lookout as I was picking the cabinet, but he said no, just like breaking into the cinema."

"Why? That's always open? You don't need to break in?" I asked moving the conversation on before Rhea could be quizzed too much on her illicit money making scheme, but I made a mental note to interrogate her on it later.

Rhea sighed. "£4 a film? Daylight robbery, so we can sneak in and watch the film for nowt. Becky and I do it all the time but he says no so we paid."

"Well that's a good thing," Zoe told her firmly and Rhea gave a deep sigh.

"See? He is just like you. And then you wonder why we aren't dating? There is no spark of adventure." Zoe sighed and stared at my sister in thought.

"What happened in the hedgerows?" Sarah asked and Rhea smiled.

"Now this was completely ridiculous. After school, last day of term, glorious day so we take a wander out of town. Green fields around us, but neither of us went to the loo before we went and we had a bit to drink, ya know, hot weather and all that. So after an hour or so, we are both getting a bit cross-legged and we get to a gap in the hedges between fields and it is down a dip and surrounded by trees so I said we'll just pee here and he goes all shy," Rhea said, now waving her fork and prodding the air next to Simon with it. "He was OK to go for a leak but I couldn't."

"I didn't know where to look," Simon muttered and Rhea grinned.

"Oh, I think you did," Rhea replied, her eyes fixed on his, "I saw you sneaking a peek." Simon murmured something under his breath and Rhea continued. "I don't care you lookin' but I didn't 'alf get an ear bashing on the way back. I had to threaten to give him a damn-good thrashing before he'd stop. Bloody hypocrite, says no I can't as it's not lady-like or decent and then watches me but pretends not to."

"I used to know a guy who was obsessed with seeing me pee," Abi said having been quiet for most of the conversation. "He was a bit weird but loved to see it."

Sarah giggled and looked at Simon. "Well he was probably curious. You can't blame him

for that Rhea. It's natural."

Rhea nodded and grinned. "No I can't and I don't care about him looking. Hell I wouldn't've cared if he wanted to watch ... just shouldn't be a cunt about pretending he didn't. He is too scared to take risks. And that's his problem."

Sarah was still smiling at my tipsy little sister waving her fork around and shook her head. "So, he is a little embarrassed. You shouldn't be so ... unreasonable"

Rhea stuck her tongue out and spoke. "I just want a boyfriend who enjoys being with me and doing things with me, not someone who is always scared or cautious or whatever, so he's not really my type. Not until he learns to be a teenager and not ... middle-aged!"

Simon shrugged and wiped his face again. "Well it's probably for the best," Zoe muttered. "I don't want him to be arrested or expelled. And neither does Mum."

Rhea scoffed. "They do not arrest fourteen year olds. Well not for breaking into their school, sneaking into a cinema, or pissing in bushes." I looked over at Sarah who gave me a wry smile. "I have been suspended from school once, ironically thanks to your brother, and got a handful of detentions. I am not the worst offender at our school at all so don't make me out to be the Devil; I'm not."

Zoe listened to Rhea's forceful and assertive rebuttal of her characterisation of my little sister and then I steered the chat away from Rhea and Simon. I could see Simon was not comfortable with it and was probably a little upset with Rhea's candid admission that she did not see Simon as a boyfriend. He clearly liked her and had spent most of the evening watching her, but I don't think Rhea noticed.

We ate our dessert but I noticed Simon was a lot quieter despite his sister's attempts to wring some conversation out of him. He was not sulking but I think given the choice he would rather have been left alone for awhile to digest what Rhea had just done to him.

I knew how he felt. Abi had done a similar thing to me, and although she had been considerably less brutal than my sister had been, I still felt wretched for some time afterwards. Rhea had just been heartless with her rejection and she didn't know it. Either that or she did not particularly care.

Sarah had excused herself several times over the evening so Jez and Jodie would have some time together and it did appear to be working, at least in part. They conversed freely and seemed at ease with each other, and Jez was certainly taken by Jodie in Sarah's expensive dress. I kept glancing at Abi and Sarah. Whereas Sarah went for a very brash, provocatively short dress that was eye-catching and suggestive, Abi had chosen an elegant, sophisticated dress that oozed class and seductiveness. I wasn't sure which approach I preferred but they both looked ravishing and incredibly sexy. I wanted them both.

After the meal we opened the fifth bottle of wine but Jodie looked up at the clock announcing that she would have to leave soon as her mother had wanted her back by ten. Sarah poked Jez a couple of times and then whispered in his ear when Jodie got up to go to the toilet. When she returned, Jez was waiting to "walk her home." Sarah, was persistent if nothing else.

Sarah refused to let Jodie get changed into her normal clothes telling her that the dress suited her and she should wear it home so "her mother could see her in it." Jodie was not

convinced by this but Sarah was domineering and dictatorial and the bewildered Jodie did not argue when Sarah presented her with her possessions in a carrier bag. We waved them off and then sat down on the couches with the wine. While I was talking to Sarah, I heard Simon return from the toilet and I barely registered the movement until I looked over to see him, naked except for his socks, swaying slightly at the bottom of the stairs.

“OK Rhea. This might be the alcohol talking but I do mean it,” Simon said as he reached the lounge his voice slurred and was looking at my little sister. He threw his arms out from his crotch, exposing himself and put his palms up. “I want to go out with you, and I know I am not as adventur- as adventicu- as daring as you but I’m not as boring as you think. I love being with you and I’ll do whatever you want to do.”

“Fuck!” Rhea exclaimed from behind me and Zoe looked away. I looked at Rhea and saw her scan his milky white body and glance at his inflating cock – clearly his subconscious found this humiliating plea for my sister’s attention a little arousing at least.

“Simon, get dressed. You are making a fool of yourself,” Zoe told him sternly but he shook his head and continued walking over to Rhea.

“You wanted me to go nekkid with you, Rhea, and I wouldn’t as I was too shy but I’m not now. Let me take you out on date, Rhea. We’ll break into the school or cinema or spend all day peeing in the bushes or just do whatever you want. Please just give me a chance?”

A smiling Rhea got up and took his hand, leaning over to him, planting a brief kiss on his lips and then putting her hands around his waist.

“What do you think guys, should I let him?” Rhea asked and Sarah nodded.

“You’ll make a nice couple,” she said and Zoe hummed.

“I think Mum will not be happy,” Zoe muttered and Rhea looked at me. “This isn’t right Simon.”

“What do you think, bro? Could he handle it?” Rhea asked with a mischievous glint in her eye.

“I, er, I reckon he’s utterly mad. You both are. But look at him Rhea, he clearly besotted by you to do this to get your attention,” I told her and she smiled.

“I am. She is one in a million,” Simon added, the alcohol clearly making him embarrassingly candid.

She looked at her naked friend and gave a gentle nod. “OK. Get dressed or your sister will explode. And yeah, I’d love to go out on a date with you too,” she told him and pushed the smiling boy back up towards his clothes. “What the hell came over your brother?” Rhea asked the stunned Zoe as Simon disappeared and my conservative friend shook her head.

“It must be the wine. He’s had way too much. He is normally so quiet. I better take him home.”

“Go easy on him,” I told my crazy sister and she shook her head.

“Where would be the fun in that? And why was he naked except for his socks? Is that supposed to be a sexy look? God he has so much to learn.”

"It's British men have so much to learn, Rhea," Abi added and the four girls all stared at me who shrugged.

Simon returned a few minutes later, clothed except for his tie and sat down next to Rhea who put an arm around him.

"We need to have words later," Zoe warned her brother but he shrugged it off. "No. I mean it, Simon. You can't act like that, it's not decent." Zoe drank the last of her wine in her glass and looked at the clock. "We better go soon as well. Before you make a fool of yourself again."

"You could always stay the night with us," Rhea suggested and Zoe shook her head.

"Dad'll be expecting us home soon," she said. "Just because Mum is away doesn't mean ..."

"Dad won't mind if we ring," Simon suggested and Zoe glared at him.

"You've misbehaved yourself enough today. Mum wouldn't approve," she told him, "and where would you sleep?"

Rhea interrupted Simon who was about to speak. "You and Sarah can have the spare room. It's a double bed and it's lovely and springy. Abi and Andy can have Andy's room and Simon and I can share mine. I have a double bed also and it's big enough although when those two get going you can hear filthy sounds coming through the walls," she said grinning and looking at me.

"What's wrong with Julie's room?" I asked and Rhea smirked.

"She's locked it since the bikinis went missing," she told me and I laughed.

"Share a bed with Rhea? No Simon, Mum would have kittens," Zoe told her younger brother.

Simon pouted and then put his head on Rhea. "Come on sis. It's only for one night. Mum doesn't go away too often. Let your hair down."

"No"

"Well you can go home by yourself because I'm staying here if Rhea will let me. She's right, I do need to chill more," Simon told her and Zoe looked at him open mouthed for a moment.

"I don't mind sharing the spare bedroom with you. And I promise I might keep my hands to myself," Sarah joked, her face smirking.

Zoe looked at each of us in turn and then sighed, adding in a resigned voice. "Do I have much of a choice?"

"Of course, we're not bullies, it's up to you," I told her but Rhea scoffed at me.

"You speak for yourself. I'm very flexible in my indiscretions," she interrupted.

"No Rhea. If Zoe doesn't want to stay, or she doesn't want Simon to stay with you then Simon and Zoe will have to go home," I told her and waved my finger in her direction. Abi

nodded as I spoke and we looked at Zoe.

“Please Zoe,” Rhea implored and her brother copied her, looking at his sister with big puppy-dog eyes. “It's for one night. We'll behave. Didn't you spend the night with Andy in Cambridge?” Zoe and I nodded and Rhea looked at Zoe. “And did anything happen?”

Zoe sighed. “What's that got to do with anything?”

“Because it was a Matheson-Williams pair spending the night and behaving. It's in our blood,” Rhea suggested.

Simon pleaded and licked his lips. “Just one night. Oh come on, Zoe.”

“OK. I'll ring Dad,” Zoe agreed reluctantly and Simon thanked her. Zoe rang her father to say that they were staying the night and would be back tomorrow, but the brief conversation required little explanation from her. I wondered how much of the discipline and parental responsibility was handled by Zoe's father. Very little, it would seem, but perhaps he was used to Zoe's mother taking over, or maybe Zoe really was trusted impeccably.

Zoe and Rhea went into the kitchen to get some more drinks and I followed them to get some snacks for us.

“Thank you,” Rhea said to Zoe and glanced over at me as I came into the kitchen.

“Don't tell Mum,” Zoe warned her and Rhea nodded. “And go easy on him. You'll be his first girlfriend.”

“Yeah. I do know,” Rhea said slowly. “But I wouldn't agree to go on a date with him if I didn't like him.”

“You're corrupting him,” I told her and Rhea smiled.

“Could it not have been that he is corrupting me?” Rhea asked and we all laughed. “Look, I might be seen as this immoral wild child but I am not that bad,” Rhea said. “I didn't surrender my virginity to the first guy who asked me out and I am not just going to jump in bed and screw the second. And I am not going to try and get him suspended, or arrested, or in trouble.”

“Well Mum would not approve of you at all,” Zoe mused and Rhea gave a slightly tortured look.

“If it's all the same then Mum doesn't particularly approve of Simon,” Rhea admitted and a surprised Zoe asked why. “She told me and we had an argument. Your Mum and a few of her churchy friends opposed the license at the club when it came up for renewal on moral grounds a few months ago. Now the committee members weren't allowed to consider moral objections but Mum thinks that me striking up a close relationship with the son of the main objector might be a touch inflammatory. She is not happy with Andy and you either but, um, she doesn't think Andy will listen.”

Zoe sighed and shrugged. “I'm sorry Rhea, I didn't know, but ...”

“But I won't be told what to do. And I am bloody annoyed that she thinks she can tell me to do things when she knows Andy would tell her to fuck off for the same thing. I mean, don't I work hard on my reputation? To think that I would be easier to manipulate than 'im.” Zoe

smiled and Rhea shrugged. "But I told Mum that, so she has resigned herself to the fact that Simon and me are getting close. And I told her not to try something so silly again. Well not unless she doesn't want serious consequences."

"So this is about you rebelling against your mother?" Zoe asked and Rhea shook her head.

"No. This is about me liking your brother and choosing to go out with him because I like him and he'll be a good boyfriend."

"I thought it was just a date?" I asked Rhea and she smirked.

"Of course I am going to go out with him, assuming he doesn't have second thoughts. I just wanted him to have the nerve to ask," Rhea admitted and I smiled. "I've been dropping enough hints but he needed to come out his shell. I just didn't expect him to come out of his clothes at the same time. Why do you think I am wearing this dress? Or the constant touching, or the smiles, or the pecks on the cheek, or dragging him places? I've been trying to get his attention and I've wanted him to ask. Two bloody weeks it's taken him and four glasses of wine. It's a flaming outrage!"

"You know, you could have given up and made the move yourself," I suggested, smiling at my baby sister.

"Pah! No. I wanted him to. I was sorely tempted and it was hard not to."

"Yeah, but you hated him?" Zoe asked and Rhea exhaled deeply.

"I tried to, I really wanted to, but I just couldn't. I was angry with him yes, but hated him, never! He was a good friend at Primary School, and we sat on the same table. We haven't been in the same class for two years. And he hated me for throwing him into the skank tank but we just had to get talking again. And you two did that when we went bowling, so it's your fault really."

Zoe nodded and smirked. "You know, I've not seen my brother naked since he was three," she told Rhea who gave a little grimace.

"He sees me naked all the time," Rhea said pointing in my direction.

"You're an exhibitionist," I told her. "You walked around naked for days. You wanted to shower with the rugby lads. You played Strip Poker on your field trip."

Zoe's eyes widened as I spoke and she looked at Rhea. "Nice one, bro. Strip Poker. What a good idea," my little sister squealed and ran back into the lounge.

"Oh my God! She is not serious?" Zoe asked as she took a bottle of wine from the fridge and I nodded.

"She will be. Your brother really has got a rude awakening hasn't he?"

She sighed and shrugged. "Why couldn't he have found a nice, upstanding, young lady like Sarah. Someone who is calm and reserved? Someone who he can take home to the family and not cause problems." I froze for a moment. This was Sarah's best friend called Sarah reserved. That wasn't the Sarah I knew and adored!

"Hey Mrs. Williams," I called out as she went to leave the kitchen and she turned around smirking. "Mum hasn't spoken to me about my friendship with you but I'll tell her the same

thing Rhea told her if she asks.”

Zoe suppressed a smile and looked at me. “Don't get into trouble for me, Andy, but you shouldn't get into trouble though, for being friends with someone.”

“I know. And I'll tell Mum that,” I said. “But I think she already been told.”

Rhea had “convinced” the rather drunk Simon, the plastered Sarah and the fairly inebriated Abi that Strip Poker should be played and she moved the coffee table to the corner of the room, having found a pack of cards. The moderately sloshed Zoe and mildly merry me seemed to get swept along and somewhat intoxicated, and candid, Rhea dealt out the cards, with us sat down on the floor with Abi, Zoe, Sarah and I having our backs to the sofas.

“Lowest hand loses an item. When you are naked, you're not out but no covering up,” Rhea announced, shuffling a deck of cards as she spoke.

“What, no forfeits?” Sarah asked and Zoe shook her head.

“If you like, when we have a winner.”

“I'm not sure about this!” Zoe said and I held her hand.

“You remember the rules of poker, right?” I asked and Zoe smiled.

“It's not that, it's just ... I don't think Mum would approve.”

“Should bloody hope not,” Rhea replied quickly and Simon smiled. “Listen Zoe. You have a night away from your parents. Be a teenager. Please. It'll be a completely new experience for you, I know. But you might enjoy it.”

Zoe put her head in her hands and I put my arm around her. “You see Simon and I have a bit of an advantage here. I have socks, trousers, boxers, shirt. That's four items. You, Abi, Sarah, Rhea. What's that two items tops.”

Rhea thought for a moment. “Yeah that's a point. OK. We've got to class shirts and trousers as one item and underwear as one item,” she said and sat down with the cards.

“Yeah nice one,” Simon said to me in an annoyed tone and I shrugged.

“You've already been naked tonight, anyhow.”

Zoe winced and I whispered in her ear if she was OK with playing this as she didn't seem too comfortable but she nodded and said that she would be, before taking a big gulp of wine. Since Simon had done his impromptu strip tease she had certainly drunk more, and the alcohol she had consumed had worked its way into her system and was having more of an effect.

Rhea dealt out five cards to each of the six players and did some sums in her head.

“Each player can change up to three cards once,” she said and looked at me. I nodded, knowing that if it was more than that we would exhaust the deck and Rhea had not taken the liberty of mixing two decks of cards together.

I picked up my cards and had two tens and three other assorted cards that I put aside to

change. Rhea, as the dealer went first and changed two cards and then went to her right. Abi changed two cards; Zoe changed none; I changed my three and got another set of pointless three cards; Sarah changed one and Simon swapped three. Rhea rubbed her hands and then turned over her cards.

“Pair of nines,” she said, “with an Ace High”

“Two Pair, Aces and Queens,” Abi said before Zoe revealed a straight of six-seven-eight-nine-ten.

I showed my pair of tens and Sarah revealed a pair of Jacks.

We looked at Simon and Rhea, with Simon looking nervous. “I am not sure this is something, I think it is,” he said and revealed his cards. “All the same suit”

“Decent hand, a flush. Beats everyone else. Including Rhea”

Rhea smirked and stood up, shaking her dress off her shoulders and letting it slide down her body. Her long brown hair cascaded down her face and perched nicely on her lacy white lingerie. Simon stared at her and she smiled back at him.

“He likes what he sees,” Sarah teased and Rhea grinned.

“I should hope so, when I get those trousers off of him I want to see appreciation!” Rhea replied and Simon bit his lip. Abi scooped up the cards and dealt them while I poured wine into everyone’s wine glass after retrieving the last two bottles of wine.

“We have had a bit to drink,” I said as I returned to my seat. “These are the last two.”

Zoe shuddered a little bit and I patted her on the back. I know there is no way she would be playing this game if she was completely sober, but I also knew she would probably enjoy herself if she relaxed. I remember her peeking at me in Cambridge so I made sure I filled her wine glass to the very top.

I had known Zoe for many years and remembered the week-long field trip we had to the Isle of Wight in Year 7. Four of us crept out of the hotel in the evening and wandered down to the beach to the arcades, and Zoe was with me. She spent the first half hour trying to persuade us to return and convince herself she was doing it to stop us getting into trouble, but it was her who was the most reluctant to return to the hotel when the sun was setting.

I looked at my cards and smiled, two Aces, two Kings and a seven. When I changed the seven I only got a five in return I knew I would not be stripping. I surveyed the looks on the other players and when it came to declare the dealer, Abi only had King High which was bettered by everyone.

We all watched Abi undo the straps on her dress and step out of it. She was topless and instinctively covered her ample bosom with her hands to cries of “get 'em off” by Rhea and Sarah.

“It’s not fair,” she moaned and sat back down again. Simon was almost transfixed by Abi’s 36C chest and I smiled. Perhaps if Abi and I were not quite so sexually active I would have found it a little more alluring and exciting but her gorgeous breasts was ingrained in my memory. However, as I looked I could feel a stiffening in my trousers nevertheless. I would be playing with that bosom later anyhow!

Zoe dealt out the cards and I changed three cards to leave me with three fours. I smiled as Abi only had a King high but she was lucky as Simon had the worse Poker hand possible 2-3-4-5-7. He unbuttoned his shirt and Rhea unbuckled his belt as he stood up.

“Rhea, be patient!” Sarah admonished her but she flashed her smile. Surprisingly Simon seemed far from unsure of himself as he slid his trousers down to reveal a pair of red Y-Fronts, Rhea leant forward to kiss the bulge in the middle.

“Rhea!” I called out and the half-naked girl shrugged her shoulders. “Behave!”

“Leave us alone,” she replied and Zoe tentatively passed me all the cards. I shuffled the deck with a ripple shuffle and dealt out the cards. Sarah was next to lose an item of clothing to be topless with a red thong. My cock stood firmly and Simon shifted uncomfortably in his seat before Sarah dealt and Rhea lost her underwear.

She, rather unfairly, got Simon to unclip her bra and his shaking hands had problems doing so, but she released her bosom and slipped off her skimpy white briefs to reveal a landing strip style pubic hair. Simon stared at her loins and she took his hand and ran it across the hair.

“I like it like that,” she told him and he grinned. “I did today just in case you saw it”

“Oi, loverboy,” Abi called to get Simon's attention and passed him the cards. He trembled as he shuffled and dealt out the cards, and his sister got a rough set of cards to leave her having to undress. She smiled nervously as I unclipped the back of the burgundy dress and she revealed a fairly plain set of white underwear to us.

I squeezed Zoe's hand as she sat down and she looked at me, her blue eyes looking glazed and bemused but not scared or uncomfortable, and I took some solace in this. She was certainly out of her comfort zone but then this was to be expected; she had had a sheltered upbringing, and was not quite as keen as her brother to let go, but was being swept along by peer pressure and alcohol.

Rhea dealt out the cards, drawing reference to the fact that I was the only fully clothed player, and promptly lost my shirt and trousers with a poor pair of sixes. Rhea wolf-whistled as I took my trousers off and revealed my boxer shorts and Sarah gave my bulge a little stroke crying “come to me”, causing everyone to laugh as she did so.

“Whose going to be naked next?” Rhea asked as Abi distributed five cards each. “Warn you Simon, if it's you I wanna see appreciation. Big appreciation.”

It was Abi who was to be naked and without hesitation kicked off her briefs to reveal her trimmed, but unshaved pubic hair. Simon was, once again, looking a little bit in awe and I noticed Rhea give him a little kiss to steer his behaviour away from being too lecherous. This was all new to him, and it showed in his body language. To her credit, Rhea did not appear to be disturbed or upset by his wandering eyes, but she seemed to be keen to guide him.

We paused while I topped up the wine and Zoe dealt the cards. Once again, I got a bit of bum hand but so did Rhea. In the end, Rhea decided that although she lost, she couldn't lose any more so the new rules meant the next lowest hand had to lose, which was me. I queried her definition of the rules, but Sarah slid her hand into my waistband while I was kneeling up and pulled them down to my knees.

“Do I get that kiss now?” I asked Sarah as I took off my boxer shorts to be unclothed and Sarah leant down and kissed the tip of my erect cock.

“Sarah!” Zoe told her friend in surprise and we smirked.

“Is that it?” I asked Sarah and she giggled, kissed it again and slid her mouth over the glans, causing a ripple of excitement in my loins and further chastisement from Zoe. After that Simon got naked and Rhea repeated Sarah's torment and then Sarah lost in a straight fight between her and Zoe, to reveal the only shaved pussy on display, but I am fairly certain Sarah wanted to lose.

Simon stared at Sarah's pubic hair and whispered something to Rhea who giggled.

“Yes, her pussy does look nice doesn't it?” She replied loudly and Simon buried his face in his hands. “I'm sure you'd love to play with it,” she teased.

Rhea scooped up the cards and started playing them out. “Forfeits, winner chooses for the loser, right?”

I felt Zoe tense but I leant over and whispered in her ear that she was the only non-naked person in the room so she must be an excellent poker player and could drop out if she wanted.

“I'm fine,” she whispered slurring her words slightly but was watching Rhea and her brother. I was lucky with my hand in that I had three Kings and added to this to a pair of fives, to give a Full House.

This was clearly the winning hand, and Rhea with just a Jack High was the loser. “I think you've been shit at this tonight, sis,” I told her and she nodded.

“Crap cards,” she moaned.

“I also think that you have teased poor Simon mercilessly and been so, so mean to him so I think, as a forfeit he should spank you on your bare bottom as a punishment.”

Zoe giggled next to me and Sarah nodded her head. “I agree.”

“Hang on!” Rhea objected. “I give spankings, I don't receive them.”

I smiled and nodded and she grumbled and looked at Simon who had a broad smile on his face. He kicked his legs from underneath him and patted his muscles. “Come on then,” he said gleefully and Rhea, reluctantly lay down over his erect cock and thighs.

Simon drew his hand back and Zoe caught his attention. She opened up both hands and silently brought her right hand palm down towards her left one to show him and he nodded.

There was a smack echoing around the room and a cry from Rhea as he did so. Her ass went red almost immediately and she swore as Simon brought his hand down again.

“One more,” I called out and Rhea cursed at me as Simon drew his hand back and struck her other cheek. Rhea scrambled to her knees and looked at me.

“That was, so ... humiliating,” she grumbled and I grinned.

“Good. Maybe you'll learn to behave then.”

Abi dealt out the cards and I got a poor set of cards, but Sarah's hand was considerably weaker and Abi, with her flush of diamonds, told Sarah that her forfeit was to snog her.

We watched and wolf-whistled as Sarah scuttled across the playing area to put arms around Abi and kiss her on the lips with her tongue. They embraced for thirty seconds or so, Sarah's knees either side of Abi's thighs and proudly displaying her assets to us all as she leant over to smooch my lover.

Zoe, who was still partially clothed, looked away and I smiled at her. “Nothing wrong with lesbianism,” I whispered and she shook her head before downing the rest of her alcohol. Zoe dealt me a decent hand and I was unlucky not to win with a straight as Rhea had got a full house but poor Abi only had a pair of threes.

“OK Abi, tell us about you and Andy. What you get up to?” Rhea announced and Abi bit her lip.

“You know what we do.”

“I want you to tell us. It will be embarrassing for him,” Rhea said pointing at me. “Just like getting me spanked like a five year old.”

We laughed and eyes turned to Abi. “He goes down on me and does wonderful things with his tongue. He likes a blow job. We like sex, sometimes rough and passionate and sometimes slow and intimate,” she replied coolly.

“I don't feel embarrassed, do you, Abi?” I asked looking at my lover and then my sister.

“What part was screaming 'fuck me harder' then?”

“I'll deal the cards then,” I said choosing not to respond to Rhea's hobby-horse. Rhea, once again got a full house and Simon only had a pair of fives.

“Kiss me. Like Sarah kissed Abi,” she told him and Simon smiled. Rhea welcomed him as lifted his knee over her body and they kissed. Not a peck but an intimate, amorous caress of the lips. Rhea wrapped her arms around him and squeezed his globes, pushing him closer to her, and then with her left hand, that only Sarah and I could have seen she withdrew it and put it in-between them. Subtly done, but done nonetheless.

A few seconds later and a flushed Simon sat back down, his erect cock proudly pointing upwards, and the gangly black-haired boy was not shy enough to hide it; at least not with his alcohol consumption.

Sarah dealt the cards and I received just two twos and assorted other useless cards. I was hoping for a third two at least but it didn't materialise and Abi smiled when she realised she had the strongest hand.

“I want you to tell Sarah, what you really think of her,” Abi told me, and I was a little open-mouthed. The wine and alcohol was very much still coursing through my body and I looked at Sarah. “You were told to make up your mind what you wanted, but I know you haven't told her what we all know.”

I blushed and stuttered. “Right, well. I think she is one of the most wonderful people that I know. She is beautiful, and playful, and intelligent, smart and just so incredibly sexy.”

Sarah bit her lip and went a shade of red. She grinned at me and asked, “really?”

I nodded. “Yeah, but then you knew most of this, right? And anyway, you told me and your mum that you didn't want to ... well I know we won't be together but I like the friendship we have.”

I breathed out deeply and looked at Abi who was smiling at me. I knew there would always be a place in my heart for Abi but I wanted Sarah, more and more. I just didn't know how I was going to get her, especially given that she was in a relationship and found me too aggressive. “I do like you too,” she said with a nervous smile. “I think about you loads and I like the friendship we've got as well.”

“You said you were drifting apart from Kevin,” Zoe told her and Sarah stared at our mutual friend.

“No I,” Sarah stammered and I knew instantly that she liked Kevin too much for her to call time on their relationship. Her instant denial at Zoe told me all I needed to know and I sighed.

“It's fine. I know where I stand 'bout that.”

“You love her, don't you?” Rhea shouted out and five pairs of eyes looked at me expecting an answer.

“I dunno but I know I can't have her even if I did. Just every time I see her I feel ...” I paused as my mind tried to conjure the right word when Rhea finished it for me.

“...like being at an orgy with a chastity belt on!”

“Yes, thank you Rhea,” I told her without emotion amid much laughter from the assembled throng.

Simon yawned as he dealt out the cards and Rhea poked him in the ribs. Zoe got a flush of spades and Simon lost with just a Jack High.

“Simon, go take Rhea to bed. You're both tired and it's gone eleven,” Zoe told him and both of our siblings protested but Zoe cut across them.

“Go on. You've done more than enough tonight, Simon. Quit while I don't want to lecture you too badly.”

Rhea and Simon grumbled but with a steely stare from Zoe, Simon pulled Rhea up to her feet and guided her towards the stairs.

“And both of you,” Zoe called out. “Behave yourselves.”

“I'll use my brother as a role model,” she replied to groans from Zoe.

I packed up the cards and put them on the coffee table, in the corner of the room, and helped Sarah to her feet. I sat down on the couch next to her and Abi joined me.

“You know, as we are naked, you should be too,” Sarah told Zoe who gave her friend a withering look.

“Sarah. I think you should leave Zoe alone as she has done very well. We have dragged

her well outside what she would have chosen to do. She isn't like you."

Zoe nodded and Sarah looked up at me. I put my right arm around Sarah and Abi pressed against me so I put my left arm around her.

"You might be right," Sarah grumbled and we sat down to talk. It was weird with two naked girls either side of me and a half-naked girl on the other couch but we talked and Zoe was relaxed.

I saw her keep glancing at my crotch and then tearing her eyes away and I felt that she was isolated sat on the other couch so I smiled at her, detached myself from Sarah and Abi and sat on the sofa opposite.

"What you doing?" Zoe asked as I put my arm around my nearly-naked friend.

"Keeping you company," I replied instinctively and Sarah gave me a smirk. "You were on your own, or would you prefer Sarah or Abi?"

Zoe blushed and put her fine hair on my shoulder. "I have had way too much to drink," she murmured looking down my stomach and into my lap.

"Not too much, just enough. You are more fun when you have lost your inhibitions. Anyway, you are looking where you were embarrassed to look in Cambridge."

Zoe gave a squeal and tore her eyes away from my semi-erect manhood. "You were supposed to be asleep."

"I was. I was thinking of me coming out of the shower," I replied and Zoe gasped.

"You saw. Why didn't you say something? I am sorry ..."

"It's OK. I don't mind," I told her and took her hand and guided it towards it. "Feel it, I know you wanted to."

"It's warm," she squeaked as her hands made contact and Sarah laughed. "And so firm."

She gave me a gentle stroke to the base of my cock and I felt shots of pleasure spark from my penis and travel all over my loins. I groaned and tightened my buttocks. "That's, er, that's nice."

Zoe shrieked. "Really, you like that?"

"Oh Zoe. You are funny, but we do love you," Sarah told her and Zoe withdrew her hand. She stared up at me and I put my head on her hair.

"You know, I can't think of a better way to spend an evening. A few glasses of wine, awesome company and three gorgeous, fantastic naked women at the end of it," I said.

"I'm not naked," Zoe replied and I sank back in the sofa, guiding Zoe to lean back into me.

"I know, but you nearly are."

"I am happy for you not to see my breasts. They aren't as big as ..."

"Please tell her, it doesn't matter," I asked my two lovers and they nodded.

"Yeah. Guys like to play with and look at tits. Size is almost irrelevant once they are in the sack," Abi told her.

"Well I am not like you lot, I am more ..."

"Embarrassed?" I suggested and Sarah shouted out "prudish"

"... reserved," Zoe replied.

"But you like us to be naked?" I asked and Zoe went bright red, fidgeting on the sofa.

"Well ... I ... errrrr"

"She is curious, Andy. Leave her alone. It wasn't that long ago you got tongue-tied over me being in your flat, fully clothed."

"I know, I am not teasing, I am just asking. Of sorts."

"OK. I like seeing people naked. Always have done. I've always wanted to see ... stuff. And read it, but I can't as Mum would go crazy at me."

There was silence as Zoe buried her face in her hands and my chest and I squeezed her. "It's only natural," Abi soothed. "We are all voyeurs at heart, really."

We talked for twenty minutes and Zoe was keen to change the subject. She had confessed and let on something I did not expect her do. She always appeared asexual, not interested in the opposite sex and had never had a boyfriend. The whole idea she thought about male anatomy or fantasised about nakedness, was almost ludicrous. I saw her peeking in Cambridge, but the thought she was aroused by it, I never really considered. Zoe yawned.

"I'm off to bed," she said and got up. "Good night all. And thanks, it's been a ... well a weird ... night."

When Zoe left the room, Sarah freed herself from Abi's arm and looked at Abi, and then at me.

"I know about the bet you two made about Kev and me and I want in on it. Whoever wins, I collect as well," she told us and I smiled. Abi ummed and ahed for a moment.

"But it is only a few weeks to go, why would I change the terms of the bet half-way through," she told Sarah who tutted for a moment.

"Because it is a nasty bet to make about someone and it is the only way I will forgive you," she replied to Abi assertively.

"I'm game," I told my lover and gave her hand a squeeze, who then reluctantly agreed.

"Well I'm going to win anyway," Abi said confidently and Sarah smiled.

"Maybe. Maybe not. But if you lose I am going to have so much fun!"

"I'm going to have fun tonight," Abi replied and stuck her tongue out at Sarah who sneered.

"You seem jealous," I teased and Sarah grinned coyly at me.

"I will be satisfied tonight. Alcohol always makes me horny."

"With Zoe? I don't think so Sarah. You could come join us ..." The thought of a threesome made my cock tense and Sarah giggled.

"I am happy to bet you anything you like that Zoe orgasms tonight with me," she told us and I shook my head.

"No way Sarah," I flatly refused but Sarah smirked.

"If I win, I will happily let you both do whatever you want to me tomorrow night. Everything. And I mean everything."

"And if you win?" Abi asked, ignoring my protests, and Sarah smiled. "You take me to the club when it's closed. I want to see the club and I want to be on stage."

I looked at Abi uncertainly but Abi nodded, speaking for me. "Sure. we'll take that."

Sarah licked her lips. "Cause I know Zoe's been fantasising and I know she is pissed. If I can't get her to loosen up tonight then I've lost my Midas touch," she said with a grin and got up. "Good night!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Abi and I settled down in bed and she shook her long hair back before snuggling down with me.

"I have really loved tonight. And that's what I love about you," she said her eyes meeting mine. "I feel like I don't have to worry when I am with you. I can just enjoy life."

I kissed her on the lips and smirked. "Enjoy life, you mean you couldn't before?"

Abi exhaled sharply. "I could, but not for awhile. I feel like a new me which is very much like a very old me, if that makes sense."

I shook my head and Abi snuggled up. "I am living with my best friend, I work twelve hours a week, get the sex I want from a sixteen year-old who can go for hours and am liked by all around me. I got it made," she teased.

I kissed her again, and our tongues met. I ran my hands over her and caressed every part of her torso, cupping her large breasts, her hips, her stomach and then sucked gently on her ear lobe. Abi sighed, and I looked the areola of her right breast, sucking gently and pulling away before flicking the nipple as it slipped from my lips.

Abi sighed and groaned as I repeated the action on her other breast. She was breathing slowly as I moved my lips down to her pussy. I made the slightest of contact and she instinctively parted her knees and brought them closer to her.

She made nasal mewings as my lips touched her inner thighs and she wavered at me. I nibbled at her for a few minutes, getting closer to her pussy and then retreating to tease her. When I eventually touched her folds she squealed and adjusted herself body position to open herself up.

Abi was leaking juices and was extremely aroused. I grabbed hold of the back of her thighs and pushed them forward burying my tongue her anal crack and touching her anus.

She squealed and cried as my tongue rimmed her ass and then cried out loudly as my tongue probed. She screwed up her eyes and mewed as my tongue oscillated quickly over her rosebud and I lowered her thighs.

“Just fuck me,” Abi whispered and I climbed on top and slid my cock up to her clitoris and down to her opening. “Don't tease me,” Abi cried.

I pushed forward and her pussy gobbled up my thrusting package with glee. Her face was a mess of twisted passion and crazy lust. My rhythm got quicker and quicker, Abi being impaled by smooth thrusts of my cock and she pushed her hips to match my propelling penis.

“Oh fuck!; Oh Yes, Oh Jesus Christ!” Abi squealed and she repeated her aroused cries as she neared her orgasm. As each wave of sinful ecstasy cascaded from her loins and flowed through her body, she got louder and louder.

“Andy, I'm going to,” Abi shouted and I pushed my cock into her more forcefully and faster. I was jack hammering my rod into her sopping cunt as she screwed up her face as she erupted into a noisy and passionate orgasm.

I felt her body tense and squeeze my cock. The pressure in my loins got unstoppable and as I pumped in and out of her, my prostate jettisoned waves of warm semen into her.

We collapsed as she milked my cock with her muscles and I lowered myself onto her forearms. Her opening was still gripping my cock and her quivering muscles drew a last tingle from me. I felt her nipples rub against me and felt her heavy breathing on my neck.

I kissed her neck and then her lips. “I want you back there,” she whispered and I smiled. “I have lubricant in that bag.”

Abi got up and retrieved her bag from my wardrobe and rummaged around to find a small tube of lubricant. She passed it to me and leapt onto the bed into a doggy-style position, my deposit now hanging down from her pussy. She looked incredibly sexy and I half-wished I could photograph that moment but knew I could not develop the pictures.

I was guided by Abi again and I put a small amount of lubricant on my finger and worked into her anus, before coating the top of my cock in it. “Coat the hole and the pole,” she giggled and I followed her advice.

Abi held her cheeks open and I gently touched her bud. She squealed and I leant forward slowly. Abi sighed and had me wait for a few moments before I was permitted to continue.

It took a couple of minutes for her to be comfortable but I withdrew it slowly until I was almost out and then pushed forward again.

Abi gave a satisfied sigh. “I'm gonna come real soon,” she murmured and I noticed her long fingers attacking her clitoris. She was horny.

Abi squeezed my cock on her anal passage as it slid all the way to the hilt. Abi squealed and cried out as I probed her sensitive ass. My balls slapped against her skin and as I worked up a rhythm began to feel a tightness forming.

Abi was mewling and crying. Her hand was oscillating over her clit at a rapid pace and I grabbed hold of her hips to act as a pivot so I could drive into her with my force.

She yelled out as her orgasm broke, her vocal cords spewing mindless words of arousal. "Oh yes, oh God."

I felt her sphincter tighten, I felt her hands on clitoris whizz over her clitoris and touching my balls, suddenly stop. I heard her breathing quicken as she panted for Oxygen.

I relished the slippery grip of her ass and squeezed her hips. My arousal was too strong. I thrust in and out quicker and Abi's climax got louder. She quivered her muscles around my cock and I cried out and then pumped my seed into her bowels.

We remained like that for a few moments, savouring the last sparks of our sex and then decoupled ourselves. Abi wiped my cock with a tissue and then cleaned herself as best she could in the dark. She was eager to cuddle and her satisfied smirk did not recede as we spooned.

We were just dozing off when we heard cries and sighs from next door.

"That better not be Rhea," I said and we listened to the unmistakable sounds of female arousal.

"Why? I lost my virginity at her ahe," Abi said and I shook my head.

"Losing it yes, losing it after drinking all that alcohol, not quite so good," I replied and leapt out of bed and opened my bedroom door.

"I lost it when I got pissed," Abi added and looked at me in the doorway. I listened in the corridor, and the sounds came not from Rhea's room but from the Guest bedroom. "Andy come to bed."

The cries got higher and higher, squealing and twisted moans.

"Oh Sarah," the voice called out and I smiled. Sarah had clearly won her bet. I crept to the toilet and relieved myself and then went to the guest bedroom. The door was ajar and I looked inside; I couldn't stop myself.

Zoe, the asexual friend, was on the bed, her legs spread and Sarah had her fingers in her hairy cunt. Zoe had her eyes closed and was mewling and crying out as Sarah touched and probed our friend's folds.

I felt my dick spring to attention again and thought of asking to join them (surely every guy wants a threesome?!) but decided against it and wandered back towards my room.

"Is Rhea alright?" Abi asked as I carefully closed the door.

"Oh Rhea is fine. It's Zoe that is getting her buttons pressed," I joked and climbed back into the warm bed and was enveloped by Abi's arms immediately.

"Zoe?" Abi exclaimed and giggled. "So Sarah won then," she guessed. Ky lover could not resist getting up to go the toilet to "check" but must have watched for around ten minutes. She jumped on me to give her a kiss on the lips when she returned.

The lips between her thighs, to be precise, and she sat on my face as I eagerly devoured her nectar and she bucked her hips until she reached a climax.

She leant forward and assumed a doggy style position and I sat up before getting up on

my knees and pushing my cock at the entrance to her soaked pussy – a mixture of her juices and my saliva.

She guided my cock in to her and started squealing as I pushed slowly and steadily.

“Andy. Fuck me. Fuck me hard,” she yelled back at me and I picked up a forceful, fast rhythm against her. She yelled and squealed as I gripped her hips and plunged my erect cock into her. She gripped the edge of my bed with her fingers but I came before she did and my cock got too sensitive to continue.

I pushed my fingers up into my semen and her hole and touched her G-Spot causing her to climax loudly.

Abi did seem to be very sexual at the moment, but who was I to complain?

\* \* \* \* \*

Abi and I sauntered down to the lounge at 9:30 in the morning. Abi borrowed one of my T-Shirts that barely covered her mons and I put my dressing gown around me.

Sarah, dressed in a T-Shirt and shorts was already up and had cleaned the kitchen completely and put all the wine bottles in a carrier bag.

“I thought we'd take them to the bottle bank or else your Mum might go skitz,” Sarah told me and I nodded. I was feeling fine, as was Abi, but an almost naked Zoe (she was wearing just a T-Shirt) was on the couch with a glass of water and feeling her head.

“You OK?” I asked and she gave me a weak smile.

“Yeah, just a little hungover,” she admitted, stating the obvious and I sat down next to her.

“I mean, are you OK? You OK with last night? I mean you seemed to enjoy yourself.”

She looked up through her red, puffy eyes and I brushed her hair out of her face. “Yeah, I did. But I shouldn't have done. I so should not have let Rhea and Simon play strip poker. Or let Simon stay the night in Rhea's room.”

“They'll be fine,” I comforted her. “Rhea may be a bit of a whirlwind but she isn't stupid.”

Zoe shrugged and looked at me with tears in her eyes. “I'm supposed to be looking after him and I didn't.”

“Don't worry,” I told her smiling “You'll get used to the guilt. And I stopped trying to look after Rhea when she was three and twatted me 'round the face with one of her dolls.”

Zoe grinned though her tears. “I can see Rhea doing that as well. I just so hope he has done nothing he will regret, 'cause it'll be all my fault.”

“It will be their fault, Zoe. They are old enough to make their own decisions. They are fifteen next month, remember.” Zoe disagreed, and not wanting to cause a row, I got Zoe some breakfast cereal with a cup of tea, telling her she will feel better once she had had something to eat.

Sarah and I sat down with Abi at the dining table to have breakfast. “I won,” Sarah whispered and Abi grinned.

"We heard," we told her back and she bit her lip.

We were interrupted by two naked teenagers descending on the kitchen, hand-in-hand. Zoe came into the dining room as they appeared and she looked at Simon who had his arm around Rhea.

"Aren't you going to get dressed?" the puffy-eyed Zoe asked and Rhea shook her head.

"What's the point? You've seen everything and I like him naked," Rhea replied and she gave him a peck on the cheek.

"No Simon, get dressed please," Zoe implored and he recoiled but Rhea stepped in front of him and kissed him on the neck, and then on the lips.

"His girlfriend really likes to see him naked, Zoe," she told her, smiling sweetly. "So leave him alone. You're not really dressed yourself."

"Zoe, you will realise that Rhea never does anything by halves," I explained to my friend and then added, "Poor Simon."

"Poor Simon my arse," Rhea added from the kitchen. "He has absolutely nothing to complain about."

"Oh Simon. Please tell me you didn't," Zoe implored of her brother who suddenly looked nervous. "Simon, you didn't. Please tell me ..."

Rhea reappeared from the kitchen and looked at Zoe. "I can see we are going to have so many problems with this one," Rhea teased animatedly, her voice using exaggerated inflexions to underline her words. "He was a stud. I could barely keep up, it was likely being rodgered by the Duracell bunny. And I know as his sister you might not want to hear this, but what a cock. I mean, what an amazing cock. God does he know how to use it. I was in complete ecstasy. You may have heard us six times last night. And four times this morning. It was touch and go whether would be down for breakfast, if I am honest. I'm surprised I'm not bow-legged and I've got gallons of his cum inside me. He fucked me so much I must be carrying twins."

Zoe rolled her eyes at my sister who took a deep breath and continued. "Right, just so you know, we went up to bed and Simon fell fast asleep as we were cuddling. And he snored. At this moment, I still have my virginity and your little brother still has his. Which is exactly what we intended to do, so please, for love of God, stop stressing at us."

Zoe looked at Simon for confirmation and he nodded. "I did fall asleep last night, I was knackered."

"Which I have said I will forgive this once," Rhea teased and Zoe groaned. "But, for all her bluster Si, I think your big sister has set a really bad example getting drunk, having rampant lesbian sex with her friend and then having a hangover. I mean, what sort of good Christian girl does that? Where is the Bible does it say that it is perfectly acceptable for a woman to lie with another woman?"

Zoe stared at Rhea, horrified. "How did you know about that?" Sarah blurted out and Zoe went bright red.

"It's OK sis, I'm not going to tell Mum," Simon told her reassuringly and Rhea squeezed his ass, causing him to smile. "Rhea thinks it is very sexy and wouldn't mind a night with you

herself. When you loosen up, obviously.”

Rhea giggled at Simon and pinched his bare arse. “I thought it was Abi at first until we heard you cry 'Sarah' and we knew it had to be you two,” Rhea explained looking at all of us. “And you know, for whatever you guys said about us, we've been perfectly well behaved. I have been a lady and Si has been the perfect gentleman. We went upstairs, we kissed and cuddled and then went to sleep. You lot, well, blame it on the alcohol or the hormones, you're sex-mad the lot of you,” Rhea teased.

I spluttered. “Please tell me that Rhea, I mean Rhea, of all people, has not just called herself the perfect lady when she is naked and flaunting herself?” I replied incredulously but Rhea grinned. “I mean Rhea taking the moral high ground?”

“Shall we get some breakfast and come away from the terribly bad influences,” she asked her new boyfriend, and as naked as the day they were born, they went into the kitchen, hand in hand.

Abi and I had a shower and got dressed in my bedroom. She waited until the door was closed before saying that while she was sure Rhea was telling the truth, she also heard some sounds at 9am when she got up to go to the toilet that made her think that Simon and Rhea did something, if not intercourse. I never doubted Rhea would be up to something for a minute but it was not my business what Rhea did with Simon and I was not about to make it my concern.

She was big enough, and scary enough, to look after herself.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was 11am when we finally got out of the flat. Abi had put our sheet onto wash discreetly and then wanted to do a little bit of shopping and as no-one else had any plans we walked into Aylesbury. Rhea and Simon had managed to detach themselves and Rhea was happy to peruse the shop windows with Sarah. It was when they came across a shoe shop, I frantically looked for a nearby retailer that would be more exciting than footwear; they had spent fifteen minutes in the last clothing shop and bought absolutely nothing. My eyes landed on a newly opened store directly opposite the pedestrianised street selling mobile phones.

Simon and I told Abi where we were going and pushed open the brightly coloured door to the shop that rang a bell when we stepped in. The salesman came out from behind the back of the shop and then stopped when he saw two teenagers looking at the handsets on display.

“Can I help you?” The salesman spoke a little derisively and I turned and grinned.

“I'm just pricing a couple of options up. What about this one?” I asked, pointing at one of the slimmer handsets.

A slight grimace flickered over his face. “Well you have to be eighteen to have one because of the contract,” he told me and I nodded telling him that it wouldn't be a problem.

He took me to the display and started showing me some of the phone models, with prices of £10 or £20 a month and upfront costs of over £100 they seemed expensive. I didn't want to appear that it was out of my price range; the salesman had riled me and I did not want to lose any pride but, put simply, they were simply not worth the expense to me.

"I think I'll leave it," I told him and Simon smirked. "I was after something a little cheaper, for the use I am planning."

He hummed for a moment and then looked over at Simon. "I have a discontinued phone. Its the Ericsson G A six two eight ..."

"Have they really made six hundred and twenty seven other models then?" I asked and he smiled. "As I said, it's a bit basic, but I have two of them with twelve month packages. It's £100 up front but that includes sixty minutes per month talk peak-time to land-line or other mobiles and two forty minutes per month off-peak and to other One2One numbers plus two hundred messages. For twelve months with nothing else to pay unless you go over your 'llowance."

I nodded at the salesman; this was more what I had in mind and I did want a mobile phone; I had seen a few people with them and I hadn't spent too much of my earnings, my shopping trip to Cambridge aside. My deliberations were interrupted by Abi and the girls appearing at the door.

I asked Abi's opinion on the phone and she looked interested, and then suggested that if she was to buy one as well, would the dealer do a better price on £100 each. He squirmed a bit, and then Rhea started throwing figures at him and between Abi and herself she negotiated two handsets for £160, although Abi's revealing dress might have had more of an influence than Rhea's determined haggling. The dealer was prepared to set up my phone from my bank account so any additional calls were billed to me, but the £160 was paid for by Abi in one lump sum and I promised to reimburse her, and she had to sign the contract on my behalf.

Rhea moaned that she wanted one as well, and the salesman tried to sell her a "pay-as-you-go" phone but he was not prepared to negotiate down to the price Rhea was willing to pay. Sarah looked at them with a longing look in her eyes but, with two sales under his belt he wasn't going to manage any more and still make any sort of profit margin.

I was quite excited when I left the shop, having spent over three days wages and we went to the bank to transfer the money I needed to Abi's account.

We had lunch at the pizza restaurant near the flat and ate almost £40 of food between us. Abi was happy to pay with the explanation that Mum had provided her with some money to ensure we were fed while she was away, although I wasn't sure if this was true, or if the funds provided completed covered the meal and thought she was being overly generous. I made a mental note to check when mother returned as Abi was still annoyed that she had hardly had to spend any money on her trip to Scotland.

It got me wondering; often arguments about money were because one party refused to pay what was owed, but here was a row about the exact opposite. In essence, Abi was a proud girl and she clearly didn't like relying on other people's help but her pride was also to a fault. Mum had clearly wanted Abi to go to Scotland because she thought it would do her some good, which it did, but I still wasn't sure I knew all of Mum's motives. Why was she so keen to help Abi?

I knew there was something I was not being told but I was very much enjoying the time that I had with the Scottish girl. Rhea and Simon went off to do their own thing for a couple of hours and joined us in the flat at 4pm. Rhea and Simon gave each other a long kiss before he had to leave that caused Zoe to roll her eyes.

“Come on, I told Dad we would be home early-afternoon,” she moaned but Simon and Rhea maintained their embrace. When Rhea finally broke from her new boyfriend, she looked into Simon's eyes and smiled.

“But remember, that doesn't mean I like you,” she warned and Simon gave her a confused stare. “OK it does,” she teased and waved them off.

There was a knock at the door to the flat a few moments later, while Abi and I were playing with our new handsets, and Rhea went down to answer it.

“It's the dirty pervert's bird,” Rhea announced as Jodie followed her into the lounge.

Jodie held out Sarah's blue dress, folded, and in a plastic bag. “Mum says I looked really nice in it,” she told Sarah who grinned.

“I told you,” Sarah replied, a little sanctimoniously and gestured for Jodie to sit down on the couch opposite.

“You did look very sexy,” I added, which caused her to look shy and self-conscious. “It really suited you. Jez was well lucky.”

“I'm probably not going to wear it again,” Sarah said after picking up the bag and pushing back across the coffee table. “If you really like it, keep it.”

Jodie looked at Sarah, and shook her head. “No I couldn't. I must have cost you ...”

“Honestly, keep it. I've got half-a-dozen evening dresses, and my blue shoes that go with it are uncomfortable so I just don't wear it. It'll only go the back of the wardrobe and not be worn. It suited you more than it ever suited me.”

Jodie deliberated, the wind taken out of her sails by Sarah's generosity. “I had a similar problem with Zoe. She wouldn't accept a gift either.”

“Well I sort of agree with her. You did go over the top,” Sarah added, a frown appearing on her face.

“Why?”

“Because, it sends out the wrong signals to her. You know what she is like. You spent almost a hundred pounds on her. I know she is your friend, but she isn't extravagant and probably was worried you'd either ask her out or expect something in return.”

I stammered in surprise. “I don't. I wouldn't. It was just a birthday present.”

Sarah smiled and looked at me. “Yes, I know that. But you made her worried for awhile. She hoped there wasn't a sinister motive, but wasn't expecting you to blow a hundred quid on her. But this dress is different, I will only throw it eventually, it doesn't suit me and Jodie looked good, so take it.”

“If you're sure,” Jodie asked and Sarah nodded.

“It suits you, you look lovely in it. Just don't go picking up any old men, you hear!”

Jodie giggled and turned to my sister. “Oh and I have a bone to pick with you, Rhea.”

I smiled and looked at my baby sister who had just re-emerged, “what have you done

now?"

"She told Jez that I had shaved my pubic hair and had gone knickerless and braless for him."

Rhea giggled. "Oh yeah. I didn't quite say that, though, did I?"

Jodie answered. "Jez won't tell me what you said, only that he knew and I wheedled that you told him."

"Knew exactly where to put his hands?" Rhea added and I told her to behave.

Jodie blushed. "Well he did know and he did want to see."

"Ahh did you show him?" Rhea asked and I told her to stop teasing Jodie but Rhea poked her tongue out at me.

"He knew, and he was very ... umm"

"Good?" Rhea asked and I threw a cushion at her.

"Persistent," Jodie replied.

Jodie left shortly afterwards and thanked Sarah half-a-dozen times before we sat back down. I was playing with the replaceable coloured facias for my phone – choosing between blue, red, yellow, green or white. I chose blue and Abi chose green for hers, making it obvious whose was whose. We exchanged numbers and I got Sarah to put Abi's number, along with Zoe's, hers and the flat into my address book. She was so much quicker at entering them on the primitive keypad; I think it was her feminine fingers more attuned to hitting the small keys but I was teased that I would have to get used to it eventually.

I changed my ringtone and then rang Abi's number, smiling gleefully when she answered it. I had a mobile phone, and I had a lover who had one too. For once I got a true pleasure from owning a materialistic possession, and I didn't feel guilty about it at all. "This is a much more useful way to spend a hundred notes," I told Sarah, thinking back to her boots. "You can keep your Predi-whatnots," I teased.

Abi and I were reading the instructional manual when there was another ring at the door. The good weather had changed into light rain and I got up to answer it. A slightly damp Simon stood in the door and I invited him in.

"Rhea," he asked the moment he got into the lounge and my little sister smiled as she saw him. "Did you really mean it when you said you liked me?"

Rhea sighed. "Why would I joke about that?"

He fidgeted on the spot. "Well you are known for, you know"

"You're serious, aren't you? We need to have some serious words," she murmured and pushed him towards the stairs.

"You're going to dump me, aren't you?" He asked and Rhea took a sharp intake of breath and grabbed hold of his shirt, almost dragging him.

“No. I'm going to kill you. It'll be painful and brutal but it'll be a mercy killing,” she warned him as she took him upstairs for “serious words.”

Abi and Sarah exchanged glances. “I don't know what he sees in her,” I told them and they both stared at me. “What?”

“Your sister is very pretty, confident and lively,” Abi told me.

“Not to mention, saucy, mischievous and vivacious. Who else do you know like that?” Sarah teased. “She is most guys' dream.”

“Only without the violence, control-freakery and, being, well Rhea. She's a terrorist,” I responded but all I got was blank faces. I returned to the book. It was safer with my two female companions unexpectedly sticking up for my corybantic sister.

Simon and Rhea returned a half an hour later and she pointed him towards the phone. “Right, ring them.”

“Rhea?” Simon protested and my sister clenched her fists.

“You can either do as you're told or experience untold amounts of pain. I will put Deep Heat on your testicles, you know that,” Rhea threatened and Simon retreated and dialled a local number.

“Yeah Dad, it's me. Is it OK if I stay the night at a friend's?” He asked. “Just some Maths work for next term, and we want to keep at it.”

Rhea closed her eyes and looked up at the ceiling light. “Yeah, cheers Dad” Simon signed off with and he put the receiver on the phone base.

“Now that wasn't too fucking difficult was it? Now get upstairs and get changed into your pyjamas,” she told him forcefully.

“But I haven't got any,” he replied and Rhea smiled at him.

“I know. Get up there and get undressed.”

I waited until Simon had left the room and we looked at Rhea for an explanation. “What is it with him? Why does he lack confidence so much?”

“I don't think torturing him is the best way to restore it, do you?” I asked and she shrugged.

“It's a way,” she replied.

“Rhea, look at it like this,” Sarah said leaning over the back of the couch. “You are very pretty, very confident and you've made it so that every guy is scared to talk to you let alone ask you out. You are the most inaccessible and therefore probably the most wanted girl in the year and probably quite a few of the boys have talked about you as being off-limits. I mean they probably said other things as well, but you are scarily unavailable. And then you agree to date Simon, who has never gone out with anyone before and been knocked back loads of times. That whole 'not in my league' mentality. Accept the fact that not only is he new at this, he is probably thinks he isn't going to be good enough. You've scared him and he thinks you're Man United and he is Aylesbury Town.”

“I thought Abi was out of my league when I asked her out. I didn't expect her to say yes,

but I still hurt when she didn't. You just need to be nice and patient with him," I told her and went over to the clothes horse on the side and picked up my grey dressing gown. "Give him this, and be nice, Rhea"

Rhea puffed and snatched the garment from me. "I'll wait until he comes down."

"Rhea!" I warned her and she stormed up the stairs, returning ten minutes later in her nightdress with a still apprehensive boyfriend.

"Right, stay there," Rhea said positioning Simon next to the mirror. "Andy and Paula did this to me once and I can't think of a better way of doing this without using getting violent and knocking some sense into you. What do you see?" Simon looked over at Sarah, Abi and I staring at him and Rhea glared at us. "Ignore them, what do you see?"

"Well, Simon Matheson"

"And?" Simon shrugged and Rhea came up behind him. "Do you know what I see?"

"What?"

"Really nice guy, who's fit with a really lush body. Who's smart and intelligent. Who gets on with everyone, friendly, kind and at the moment is acting so incredibly dumb."

"Why?"

"Because you admit you spend a fortnight plucking up the courage to ask this girl out. This girl says no, so you make a big gesture to surprise the hell out of her and make her speechless. Now, I don't get speechless. I might make other people speechless, but Rhea Williams is most definitely never lost for words. So you sweep her off her feet in a way that nobody else has ever done before, and then you think that the girl doesn't like you. For fucks sake Simon, out of every guy who has ever known me you are the only one other than Nathan who has had the guts to ask me out. I wanted you to, I like you but this confidence problem is going to make me kill you."

"Yeah, Rhea" I started.

Rhea pointed at me and told me to "shut it" with a snarl. "Now, let's go upstairs and have the night we should have had last night."

"Rhea?" I called but she flashed me a smile and was gone.

"Well he wanted her," Sarah said and I hummed.

"He might well be realising that has just bitten off more than he can chew," I muttered and got a punch on the arm from Abi.

"Be nice to your sister. She is doing well. And why did you get your sister to look in the mirror?"

"I wanted her to see how aggressive she was."

Sarah laughed. "Did it work?"

"Sort of. She went into a temper tantrum and cracked the mirror in anger when we pointed it out to her." Sarah laughed but I just shrugged. "She had something in her hand and it

just flew out of her fist. Mum was furious with her.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Rhea materialised a couple of times without Simon and I suggested Abi go and have a talk with them. I knew I wouldn't be listened to, but I didn't want Rhea goading or guiding Simon into doing something he wasn't happy or comfortable with.

Abi was more than happy to go up and was missing for over an hour as had a long chat with my sibling and her new partner. Sarah was sprawled against me on the couch, her head on my lap and she looked up at me with her devilishly captivating eyes.

“I have a small confession to make,” I started and Sarah nuzzled against my chest.

“What, you watched Zoe and me last night?”

“Yeah, how the hell did you know? And saw would be better not watched.”

“Semantics,” I was told. Sarah smiled and closed her eyes, licking her lips. “I saw you in the mirror,” she replied, grinning. “You were fascinated.”

“OK. Yes, but it was the sexiest girl I know doing lesbian sex. I'm only human,” I joked an explanation and Sarah's smile turned into a beam.

“You know it's just me and you and Abi tonight. And I don't want to sleep alone.”

I grinned and pretended to hum. “Of course, you've been a very naughty girl. You turned you confusing Zoe into lesbian sex into a 'stupid punt' didn't you?”

“Errr ... Zoe wasn't complaining in the slightest. And neither was little Andy.”

“OK, but she still looked like she felt very guilty,” I replied and Sarah suppressed a smirk.

“So what would you recommend as a punishment then?”

I sucked in my cheeks. “I think a few spanks on a bare ass might cover it,” I joked but Sarah's eyes flashed and she grinned.

“Oh I am sure I will learn my lesson if you do that,” she replied, her face still beaming. I knew a bit about bondage games from a book I had read but didn't understand it, but here was the girl of my dreams asking to be spanked. This was a punishment, a humiliation but she seemed to want it.

I tried to put it out of my mind but couldn't rationalise why another person would want to be spanked. I would do what I always did; I would ask Abi.

Abi returned a bit later and after a peaceful evening, I went upstairs. Sarah and Abi wanted to finish watching a programme on television and said they would join me in fifteen minutes.

Abi and Sarah came in and peered at the bed. I had moved Abi's bag onto it and emptied it, while I emptied the bottom drawer of my chest.

“What are you up to?” Abi asked and I smiled sweetly at her.

“Well, there is just a few odds and ends here so I am throwing away that stuff as it doesn't

fit and moved everything into the top four drawers to I have a spare drawer. For you.”

“Me?” Abi asked and smiled.

“Well it makes sense. You spend a couple of nights in my bed a week.”

Sarah forced a smile and Abi noticed it. “I suppose I should think of it on loan. I mean, the moment you two get together, it'll be Sarah's right?”

Sarah sniffed and Abi touched her on the flanks. “Abi, please stop saying that. It makes it even more difficult. I've got a boyfriend and Andy's not ...” She looked at me and shrugged.

I breathed out and smiled. “It's OK Sarah. You know I think the world of you but what will be will be.”

Sarah nodded but Abi shook her head. “That's fine, but remember what I said Sarah, you don't want to have regrets in life.”

I rescued Sarah and let Abi fold up her clothes, by kissing her and taking her to the bathroom where we did our teeth and went to the toilet. Sarah was insistent that she wanted to watch me pee, Abi's confession from the night before still playing on her mind. It felt weird releasing my stream to an audience but Sarah watched intently and I managed to complete without getting an erection.

“Andy, get on the bed, face down,” Abi told me as I entered the room and Sarah and I looked at each other.

Sarah shrugged. “Nothing to do with me,” she said a little too quickly for me to totally believe her.

“Naked?”

“Of course,” my lover replied, and I kicked off my shorts and laid on the colourful duvet. I went to move a pillow that had been thrown a foot from the headboard, but Abi told me off and put it back. Abi told Sarah to hold out her hands and I went to look round but Abi gave my bottom a playful swat.

“No peeking!” Abi explained. “I bought this in Milton Keynes,” she told Sarah and then I felt someone climb on top of me and then hands push my head into the pillow. What was going on?

And then I felt it, firm hands gliding over my back and a cool wetness to them. And the smell: it was fruity. I purred and heard Abi's voice. The back massage stopped and the person got off. I went to look around but my head was returned to the pillow and Sarah climbed on.

Suddenly I realised what was happening, Abi was teaching Sarah how to massage, and I listened to Abi who directed her, just as she had done to me in Scotland with the condoms. I closed my eyes and let Sarah glide her hands over my back and shoulders, all the way down to my ass crack. It felt unbelievably relaxing as her firm hands gently pushed and kneaded my muscles.

Sarah had a wonderful touch and I felt Abi's firmer hands on the other side of my back. I was in heaven, and started drifting off, slowly to a state of sleep. My eyelids felt heavy and

I just purred as the two girls worked their slippery hands over me.

Abi then ordered us to swap positions and a naked Sarah lay on the bed. Abi poured a small amount of the mango massage lotion onto my hands and whispered to me to rub my hands together. The fruity, aromatic smell filled my nostrils and I warmed the cool silky liquid in my hands.

“OK?” I asked Sarah and Abi told me to be quiet.

“Massages are better with no chatter,” she ordered. “Now follow me.” I spread the lotion around the left side of Sarah's back with soft, gentle strokes so it glistened in the light. She had soft, flawless skin and my hands glided over her smooth body. I put the palm of my hand on her back, and then other one on top and began making small circles going up and down her back, careful to avoid the spine, just as Abi was doing.

Abi had to guide me, the movements I made were coming from the wrist and I was told to make it come from the body. “I know English men don't have rhythm but do try,” she whispered teasingly and I blew her a kiss.

Abi then had me make my hands into fists and I began to move my knuckles up to her shoulders and down her upper back. Once again, Abi guided me by straightening my arms and telling me to retry.

Abi then showed me by extending out all of her fingers together but putting the thumb out at a right-angle. With the thumb on the edge of her back and the fingers over her muscles I swept across her muscle, bringing my finger and thumb together that lifted the skin. I repeated this with the other hand, making a window-wiper motion that caused Sarah to purr and mew in contentment.

I ran my thumbs down her backbone and shoulder blades and then ran the heels of my hands down her back. I had to put more massage lotion on as I had massaged most of it away and Abi watched as the cool goo slipped onto my palm. “Bit more practice and you will be as good as anyone who works in a massage parlour,” Abi joked and I poked my tongue out at her.

“You can practice on me,” Sarah muttered dreamily. “I wish Kev could do this. Or Donna.”

Abi shot me a knowing look and smiled. Sarah didn't let me stop massaging her for over half an hour but Abi was patient, and enjoyed watching us together.

Sarah wiggled her back and groaned. “I could lie here all night,” she murmured and I grinned at Abi.

“Well before we do, I have some justice to perform. You were very mean to Zoe and what did I promise I would do.”

Sarah turned her shoulders to look at me, her face lit up. “Spank me. You promised to spank me.”

“Like the naughty little girl, you've been,” I replied with a playful, seductive air to my voice.

Sarah breathed in sharply as I tapped her buttocks with the palm of my hand and then brought it down with a crack. Sarah squealed and I repeated it, and again. Each time she clenched her buttocks as my hand made contact with her skin, and let out a forceful shriek.

Abi chortled as I did, and after a dozen smacks, her bottom was red and Sarah was groaning. "Does that turn you on?" I asked and Sarah gave a muted smile.

"A bit. I've just been dominated by someone who looks after me. Of course it is going to turn me on!"

The gorgeous teenager brought her knees up and pulled the covers over her. "Aren't you going to join me in bed?" Her blue eyes peered out from the covers and I leapt into bed.

I looked across at Abi who smiled. "I'm going to leave you to it," she said and with her dressing gown on went to leave the room.

"Abi," I called and she turned and smiled. "Why?"

"Yeah, come join us Abi," Sarah implored but Abi shook her head.

"No, I'll get lots of time to spend with Andy. You don't, and I am a bit knackered anyway. I'll come join you in the morning, promise."

"What are you up to?" I asked the departing stripper and she smiled and opened the door.

"You'll see," she replied and closed it behind her.

"Never mind her," Sarah told me and wrapped her slender, soft arms around me. "I want to feel special again, and only you do that to me."

I smiled, inwardly and outwardly. I did want her to feel special, she was special, but I liked the admission that her boyfriend couldn't make her feel like that. Surely it was time for her to dump him?

I cuddled her and ran my hands down her silky smooth back and cupped her recently abused buttocks. She mewed gently as I squeezed them and she did the same to me. My erect member rubbed up against her hairless mound and I saw a look of desire in her eyes as it poked the top of her slit.

"We can't do that," she whispered and I nodded. We kissed and she reached down to touch my engorged member and stroke it gently.

Sarah closed her eyes and groaned as my hands darted over her smooth, young body and my cock twitched. I slid down the bed, and Sarah spread out to give me access to her shaven crotch. I nestled myself between her legs and kissed the inside of her thighs. She shifted and breathed heavily as my hands wandered over her legs, pelvis and hips, touching her gently and gently caressing her.

Sarah squealed as I squeezed her ass cheek and she brought her legs up to rest on the bed. I grabbed the underside of her thigh and pushed them up so her feet were on my shoulders and then kissed her labia. She gave a long, drawn out sigh.

I wanted to tease her and moved away, gently nibbling and kissing her inner thigh again and then towards the folds in her leg. She moaned that I was teasing her but I didn't respond and just gently blew over her pussy before returning to her thigh and planting gentle, warm kisses on her silky-soft skin.

Sarah groaned with pleasure as I unsparingly planted nibbles and kisses on her thighs, the outside of the labia and the top of her slit. She rolled her hands through my hair and then

began to pant and whine. I glanced up to see her massaging her breasts. She had a lustful, desperate look in her eyes.

Our eyes met and I saw her imploring me to go down on her properly. She didn't need to speak I just knew and I glanced down at her swollen lips, engorged clitoris and musky scent.

My tongue touched her soaking, glistening lips and she groaned shrilly. I darted it over her clitoris and down to her hole and back again. I poked it into her hole and rubbed her clit with my nose, inhaling her beautiful aroma as I did. Sarah bucked her hips, but I knew she wanted me to feast on her pearl and I eagerly devoured it, her rhythmic bouncing against the bed and my face getting quicker and quicker.

Sarah cried out loudly and vocally as her first orgasm hit her. Hard.

Her thighs clenched around my ears, her pussy quivered and she squeezed the bed with her fingers.

I waited until she had stopped squealing and wailing, "oh god" and "oh yes," and then disengaged my lips from her button for a moment. I slid over her hole and her inner labia and then brought my fingers up, sliding two of them into her moist, lubricated opening.

She shouted and groaned even louder as I turned my fingers and gave her a "come here" motion as I returned to feast on her clit with my tongue. Her thighs quivered and muscles strained to tense as her second orgasm, clearly stronger and more powerful than the first swept over her. She pulled me up from the bed and threw her arms around me, kissing me strongly on the cheek.

"Listen bro, I know you have sex but please keep the noise down. It's disturbing ..." I heard a voice behind me

I turned around to face my sister and Simon at the entrance to my door.

"Get out. Can't you knock," I shouted, pulling the quilt cover over us.

"I did. You didn't hear me because SHE was squealing."

"Get out, Rhea. This is private."

"Not until you promise that Simon and I can go to bed without listening to a porn scene being re-enacted next door. If you need to fake your orgasms, then do so quieter. Less is more, Sarah."

Sarah shook her head. "I don't fake my orgasms," she replied indignantly. "Well not with Andy anyway."

"Rhea, get the fuck out of my room," I yelled and Rhea stood there.

"Not until you promise to be quieter."

"We promise," Sarah said before I could shout back and Rhea gave me a glance and shut the door.

"Did you see how big that wet spot was?" I heard Simon's voice from the other side of the door.

"I know."

Sarah and I looked at each other. She grinned, kissed me and took my shaft in her hand, stroking it gently. I closed my eyes and felt Sarah kiss me on the neck. She was loving and it felt as though she was my girlfriend. She was mine for the night at least and that was enough.

My stiff member tensed and my perineum warmed as she rubbed the top of my glans with pre-cum with her thumb. I groaned quietly and mewed as she slid her hands up and down my shaft and continued with the soft tactile swirling of my sensitive spot.

I opened my eyes to see Sarah smiling at me with her soft blue eyes. She kissed me on the lips and our tongues massaged.

I felt the release welling up in me and grunted. Sarah knew and increased her thrusts on my cock. I squealed and felt several waves of semen shoot up my cock and onto Sarah's hand.

"Thank you," I murmured and she just smiled and reached for the fast depleting box of tissues.

We cuddled together after we both went to the toilet and fell asleep quickly, but one thing was bothering me as I drifted off to sleep: just how could I convince Sarah I was worth a chance?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh god, oh yeah, oh yeah," Sarah was screaming as I woke up hugging her. Was she really pleasuring herself so wildly? "Oh Andy," she wailed and I was confused. I was cuddling her and my cock, my erect cock, was pressed up against her flanks.

"Sarah," I asked and looked down the bed. Two mischievous eyes looked back at me and I gave a smile. Sarah opened her eyes and I planted a kiss on her lips. Her hands moved out from her body and located my firm penis and began to roll her thumb over the glans. I moaned as she did but Sarah stopped as Abi tipped her into orgasm.

Female climatic squeals echoed around the room, and Sarah threw her head back on the pillow. Far from coming down from her climax, Sarah was mewling and becoming ever more aroused. I expected to see Abi burying her face in Sarah's crotch again but instead saw the well manicured fingers of Abi sawing into the horny teenager.

Sarah squealed, and shrieked. She began to fondle my balls and phallus, sliding her fingers over my genitals to cause me to quietly groan as she did.

Sarah began to buck her hips, her body driving an increasingly quicker rhythm for Abi. She squeezed my buttocks and emitted a loud, high-pitched cry, the unmistakable sound of female orgasm.

Abi sat up as Sarah came down from her high. "I said I would join you this morning," Abi told me and looked at Sarah.

"Get down this end of the bed," she told my classmate, and Sarah was positioned so that her feet were up by the pillows and her head nearer the foot of the bed. They were somewhat diagonal and Abi positioned herself over the teenager and started touching her pussy.

Sarah parted Abi's legs and Abi lowered her crotch to the teenagers tongue, while Abi began to gently probe Sarah's inner folds. Sarah started mewling the moment Abi buried her fingers inside of her and her muffled cries were heard through Abi's pubic hair.

I wanted to join in, but I just watched the lesbian scene unfolding in front of me. I had watched Zoe and Sarah a couple of nights ago briefly, but it felt so much more erotic to be watching it within touching distance.

The air was thick with female arousal and I eagerly watched Abi probe Sarah with her fingers and then attack her slit with her experienced tongue.

Sarah was groaning and mewling far more vocally than Abi, who was certainly enjoying the teenager lapping at her slit but Sarah was exploding. Fortunately, Abi's crotch acted as a sound break and Sarah squealed into the stripper's pubic hair and clit.

Abi stopped thrusting her fingers in and out of Sarah's well lubricated pussy and moved her fingers to her anus. She shot me a look, full of desire and I hopped off of the bed and positioned my cock at her entrance.

Sarah was not expecting me to appear and was startled out of shock as I managed to squeeze myself onto the end of the bed and presented my member to Abi's slit. Sarah moved her tongue lower and I grabbed hold of Abi's hips so I could put my cock into her wet, slippery hole.

Abi grunted as I slid in, and Sarah kissed my balls as I did. She returned to Abi's pearl while I lustfully rammed my stiff member into my partner's gorgeous pussy. Abi sighed, Sarah mewled and I groaned: the air thick with sounds of human satisfaction.

"Fuck, that's great," one of the girls said (I wasn't quite sure which) and I slammed my cock into Abi. Abi gave a high-pitched squeak and squeezed my member as hard as she could with her pelvic muscles. I felt as though as I was going to explode and I kept up my thrusting. Abi panted and threw her head down between Sarah's legs. Her thighs quivered and I grabbed hold of her thighs and brought her back towards me forcefully impaling her on my cock.

Abi was loud. Her orgasm swept through her and her body twitched and convulsed. I felt my own release coming and thrust into her a couple more times before I withdrew and squirted waves of semen over Abi's slit and Sarah's face.

Sarah barely noticed, she was appreciating her own explosion and waves of orgasmic energy cascaded through her body and she came with a deafening cacophony of arousal.

I had never had a threesome before but I waited for Abi and Sarah to finish: they were not finished just yet! I was arousing being in the same room as them but I just watched spellbound until they finished and then passed the two girls some tissues from the end of the bed.

Sarah smiled at Abi. "Thank you," she muttered and held out her hands. "Thanks for everything."

"You're welcome," a naked Abi replied and kissed my classmate on the lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rhea gave us ominous glances as we descended the stairs. She was dressed and playing

on the PlayStation but Sarah and Abi were nearly naked.

“What are you up to today?” I asked and Rhea grimaced at me.

“Just want me out of the way?” Rhea teased and I shook my head.

“Well I have to do the club,” I reasoned and poured myself and two companions some breakfast. Abi kissed me as I turned to get some milk and Sarah put her hands around my waist from behind and slid her fingers inside my shorts. I groaned as she pumped my shaft a couple of times and then gleefully laughed.

“Haven't you had enough?” Sarah whispered in my ear as Abi and I released our embrace.

“No, he hasn't,” Abi replied for me glancing down at my erect cock hanging out of my shorts.

After breakfast, we agreed that Abi and Sarah would meet me at the club at 1:30 with lunch. They were planning to relax in the park and enjoy a bit of fresh air, before joining me.

I was just about finished wiping down the skirting board when two smiling girls knocked on the locked back door with a small hamper of food. I had deliberately left the vacuum cleaner out so I could clean up easily afterwards as we would in all likelihood drop some crumbs but we sat in the corner and I poured us three lemonades, leaving a couple of shiny coins next to the till.

Abi grinned as Sarah walked around the club. “It's amazing. I'd love to be here. When I get to eighteen could I work here? What dya reckon Andy?”

I smiled and grinned at the bubbly teenager and she hauled herself on stage. “It's amazing.”

“What you reckon Abi?” I asked and opened the hamper. “Cheese or ham sandwiches to start?”

Sarah jumped down and peered up the stairs. “What's up there?”

“Some VIP or private rooms and a back entrance to the corridor the door to the flat,” I replied and Sarah's eyes lit up.

“VIP rooms. For pleasuring guys and stuff?”

Abi chuckled. “It's not a knocking shop.”

“So what's it like up there?” Sarah asked and I shrugged.

“I've never been. Abi?”

Abi gave a brief description as we started eating the food in the hamper. Sarah kept looking around the club, clearly in awe by her surroundings and Abi and I did our best not to laugh at her. It was hard, we were used to it but for Sarah, it was new to her and she was treating it like she was a small child in an enchanted forest.

We finished lunch and Abi took Sarah behind the stage. I knew what they were doing but I took the ten minutes to wipe our table down, vacuum our chairs and carpet under the table

and pack the hamper up with any rubbish.

Abi came out and ran behind the bar. The lights dimmed dramatically and loads of smaller lights came on, many in different colours. The stage was impressively lit and some soft music started. Abi nudged me and I glanced back towards the stage.

Sarah emerged dressed in a beautiful white satin dress and took long steps with her arms outstretched and ass wiggling to the music. Sarah gave a twirl and walked to the end of the stage and back again. She suited the dress and the dancing, her coltish nature suited the striptease perfectly.

Sarah slid her thigh forward and her dress rolled up to her hips and as she spun around the dress flared outwards. She took her finger and seductively licked it and then slid it under her dress before spinning round again.

Sarah danced for a few minutes and I could feel my erection grow. Sarah was sexy and she being an exhibitionist, something that came very naturally to her. I beamed at her and Sarah barely stopped smiling. The lights on stage illuminating her wonderfully in the shiny, white dress.

"She looks fantastic, doesn't she?" Abi asked and I nodded. My eyes barely left the beautiful teenager and she eventually slid off her dress to reveal a matching pair of lingerie.

Sarah smiled at me and lay down on the floor, thrusting her hips and arching her long legs. If she was being deliberately seductive then it was working. I licked my lips and Sarah spun around the pole to the left of the stage.

She reached behind herself and flicked her bra clip and then shook off the flimsy black garment. I was hooked and watched her eagerly. She shook her "C" cup breasts and cupped them. She licked her nipple and began to grind her hips against the pole. With a flourish she reached down and ripped off her knickers. They were clearly club property as they had been rigged to come off quickly and easily and Abi noticed my grin.

Sarah happily showed me her shaven pussy and then sat down on the edge of the stage as the music finished.

"How did I do?" Sarah shouted and a deep voice came from behind us.

"Lovely. I'd hire you myself if you weren't under age."

"Oh hi Ikenna. I didn't see you there," Abi told him and he looked at us.

"I know, babe. I presume you are done because I need to open up. We got girls coming soon."

"I don't mind staying," Sarah blurted out, and the dark figure of Ikenna walked up to the naked teenager.

"Sorry love. Give it a couple of years and I'm sure Grace'll be interested if you can dance like that." He looked Sarah up and down and she cocked her head.

"I really would love to do it in the evening."

Ikenna chortled to himself and walked back to turn the lights on and the music stopped

completely. As the two girls hurriedly disappeared, I put the vacuum cleaner away and he patted my on the shoulder. "Hey bud. I'd've given my right testicle to see a show like that at your age. You've picked well there."

I sighed and looked at the floor. "She isn't my girlfriend," I said with a sense of loss I hadn't really experienced before.

"Ahh, she's a cracking girl," he told me. "Just don't let your Mum know she's been practising in her club."

Abi took a phone call from Mum as we made our afternoon dinner. She asked Abi if she could stay until Friday as she was caught up in Edinburgh and needed to stay for a couple more days. Abi readily agreed although I did wonder what would cause Mum to need to stay in Scotland and if it had anything to do with Abi, who clearly was having the same thoughts.

Sarah had her football practice and together we went down to watch. Rhea did want to stay in the flat with Simon but once he had decided that if he was to stay away from home and be with Rhea much longer his parents might begin to get suspicious as it was so unlike him to spend that much time away from home. He thought it would be better to "ramp up" their contact over a period of a few weeks so his parents got less suspicious, and as he was concerned that they would object to his friendship and relationship with Rhea, he was planning to put off them knowing he had Rhea as a girlfriend until they accepted her.

This planning and skulduggery amused Rhea greatly. "He is thinking like me," she enthused. "Basically, I am teaching him well."

Sarah on the other hand was told to come home after football practice and that her father would pick her up. She had stayed over on Sunday night and Monday night and her parents still did not trust her to be staying at my flat when Mum was not there for several days on end. Our frank admission had its consequences but I could not help think that if we had not confessed the consequences would be greater.

Sarah got changed into a sports bra, red T-Shirt and shorts along with her bright red football boots and did four circuits of the football pitches. Rhea was starting to get bored but a number of the parents were watching on the sidelines and I tried to convince her to just watch so that she did not embarrass Sarah. We spotted Jez a few metres away and Rhea's eyes lit up, so she ambled over to chat.

I left them alone to talk and Jez looked uncomfortable as they did. I thought about rescuing him from Rhea but in the end my little sister finished teasing him and meandered back.

The coach was a stern woman, easily in her forties and who barked orders from one of the football pitch to another and at the end of the practice asked Rhea and myself to run the line for their fifteen minute game. This annoyed Sarah as I flagged her as off-side as she collected a pass on the right-wing and she shouted at me for being "wrong", which subsequently got her an imaginary yellow card for it, and had to run a very real five laps of the pitch as punishment.

Sarah had forgiven my refereeing "incompetence" by the time they finished the practice and saw her mum waiting in the car park.

"I can't believe I have to go home," she moaned, but I gave her a kiss on the lips and

promised I would see her soon. Her mother opened the boot to put her kit in and watched as we embraced again.

"I've really enjoyed these last couple of days," I told her and she smiled.

"I know. So have I. And I think I'll miss you," she confessed and I felt a little bit sad to see her drive out of the car park until I got back as far as Rhea who gave me the same "she is a prick tease" lecture she gave earlier in the week.

Abi and I settled down to watch television and Rhea disappeared for awhile to use the phone. "You two do make a really good couple," Abi told me as the adverts came on. She had her head on my lap and was staring up at me. "It reminds me of my first real boyfriend, there was a great chemistry there with me and him, and there is great chemistry between you and Sarah."

I sighed. "I know, but she doesn't want me."

Abi looked up at me and bit her lip. "She does. But she is scared. A faint heart never won a fair maiden."

I puffed and squeaked my lips together. "I know."

"I am not going to keep on at you, but make sure you don't have any regrets. If you like her, make she knows, OK?"

"Yeah," I muttered and she reached up to kiss me.

"Promise."

"Yes Abi, I promise."

\* \* \* \* \*

Abi and I were in bed by ten and she was naked, waiting for me, when I returned from the bathroom.

"I trust that you aren't sexed out," she teased and I shook my head.

"Why?"

"Because I am definitely not sexed out and I would be most disappointed and completely unsatisfied," she warned with a smile on her face.

"Is that a common problem, being disappointed and completely unsatisfied?" I asked and Abi shook her head.

"Not normally in this bedroom, no."

"Ahh, well there is a first time for everything," I told her as I clambered into bed and rolled over. Abi put her arms around me and kissed my neck.

"Don't fuck around Andy," she warned me jovially and I chuckled.

"I thought you did want me to fuck around."

"No. I want your tongue between my thighs. Sarah was OK but she needs some serious

guidance. If you want to have threesomes on a regular basis with her, I need to give her a few lessons.”

I smiled at her seriousness. “Well she hasn't had anyone teach her, has she?”

Abi shook her head and as I rolled over she almost threw herself under the covers to kiss my cock and present her moist slit for my tongue.

Once again I steered Abi to a more upright position. I got better access to her clit and could massage her breasts better. Also, it put Abi in control and I liked this. Abi never objected and as my tongue darted over her inner folds, she squealed.

Her distinctive taste was very strong - she had been very aroused before she jumped on me and I guessed she had been playing with herself. This made me harder, I liked the thought of Abi masturbating, just as the thoughts of Sarah with her vibrator had occupied my thoughts for days afterwards.

Abi groaned and began grinding her hips into my face. I loved that and my tongue flashed over her hole a few times. She was very wet and could tell by her frantic bouncing that she was very excited. Her grunting was more nasal and she moaned a deep sigh as my tongue slid up to her button.

I took her clit in my mouth and sucked on it. Her thighs instantly tensed and I began to massage her nipples. She squealed and bucked her hips on my face harder and stronger.

She liked this position just as much as I did.

Abi climaxed, but not as loud as usual. I gave her a few moments to come down and enjoy her orgasm and then renewed my assault on her slit. Abi began to pump my cock with her hands but I stopped her. I wanted her to come a couple of times before she started on me. And I wanted to ram my cock into her pussy and not come too soon.

Abi was breathing deeper and deeper and I heard, even though her thighs were muffling most of the sound, a strong shriek and volley of aroused expletives.

I kept twirling her nipples in my fingers and her pelvic muscles gently quivered and her hands, that was resting on my chest dug into it. I tried not to cry out in pain, but she was pinching the skin.

Abi waited to finish and then climbed off of me. She pulled me onto her side of the bed and she guided my cock into her waiting pussy.

Abi put her hands on my rear and as I began pumping my cock into her she squeezed my buttocks. I groaned and she spanked it. Not hard, just playfully.

Abi squealed and her muscles danced a tune on my cock, squeezing and then contracting at random intervals. It felt amazing and I kissed Abi. With a small grunt, I released a couple of streams of cum into my lover.

Abi smiled and kissed me again. “Thank you,” I murmured and Abi grinned.

“No need to thank me. You went down on me!”

Abi and I snuggled up and apart from some frenetic mutual masturbation at around 2am we slept soundly until the following morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I had clean the club in the morning, Rhea and Abi decided to go to the shopping centre in Milton Keynes and have lunch out. I kissed Abi goodbye, that drew a sharp rebuke from Rhea, and unlocked the club at 10am.

I was a bit worried about Zoe after Sunday and Monday so arranged to meet her at the Water Park on Wednesday. I dug out my swimming shorts and waited on the side of the water for Zoe to arrive, who entered the pool in a conservative bathing costume, dead on 2pm. It was a warm day and the pool was fairly busy but we did a number of lengths before going down the flumes and the slides.

After ninety minutes of swimming we got out and I met her in the foyer. "Drink?" I asked and pointed towards a little bar opposite. Her face twisted for a moment before accepting and we strode in and sat down in a little private booth while I bought two lemonades and a packet of crisps to share.

"So, how are you then?" I asked as I passed her drink over to her. "You were a little quiet on Monday."

Zoe smiled guiltily. "I was hungover, you know that! I've only ever been hungover once before and I don't like it."

"I do, but I also know you did something you may be regretting?" I suggested and she bit her lip.

Zoe nodded. "I was very drunk that night but I am just confused now really. It was weird, I just don't know what to make of it."

"I just want to make sure that you are OK with what happened," I said in a low voice. "You saw us naked, and touched us. And Sarah touched you."

Zoe nodded. "Yeah, that was weird. I've thought about it non-stop since but I know we did something immoral. Something so wrong, so I know I shouldn't've enjoyed it."

"But you did?" I waited for her to protest and shrugged my shoulders. "And it isn't wrong at all, but I am worried about you. We sort of guided you into it so it's our fault."

"That's sweet, but there is no need to be worried about me. It's not your fault."

"But you think it's Sarah's." Zoe remained quiet. "But you enjoyed it, right?"

"Yes it was sort of Sarah's fault. She just went ahead and did what she wanted. She ..."

"But you enjoyed it, right?" Zoe blushed and I crossed my arms. "You did enjoy it?" I repeated in a firmer voice when an answer was not forthcoming.

"OK, I did at the time. It was completely different. But Sarah is not going to be my girlfriend, or anything. It was two drunk girls going too far."

"And the nudity?" I asked and Zoe blushed again. I put my hand on hers and squeezed.

"OK yes," Zoe admitted. "I think it is just hormones, but I am curious about so many things," Zoe told me and I smiled. "I just can't seem to not think about them."

"Well next time, I want to see you. All of you," I teased and Zoe shook her head. "Like Sarah did."

"There won't be a next time," she told me forcefully and I shrugged.

"At least I don't need to worry about wandering around my flat with nothing on. Everyone has seen me already," I joked and Zoe shook her head.

"Oh Andy, I'll have lustful thoughts if I see you like that again," Zoe countered. "And I don't want to have them, it's not right but I can't stop having them."

"It's hormones. You can't stop them," I said smiling at her but there was a seriousness in Zoe's eyes that I couldn't rationalise.

"I don't want them. And since Sarah and I did, well did what we did, I just can't stop feeling ..."

"Horny?" I finished for her and she nodded.

"Exactly. I need to do something."

"Play with yourself?" I suggested and Zoe gave me a tortured smile and nod. "Something for confession?" I teased and Zoe rolled her eyes.

"I am not Catholic. But I have been praying about everything, and Simon. I am really worried about him and just don't know what to do about anything."

"Because of Rhea?"

She nodded. "Yeah. He is scared you know. Really scared. He told me last night in tears. He thinks the world of your sister and he doesn't know if he is able to make her happy. To be who she would want him to be."

I smiled. "Tell Simon that I have not seen Rhea so happy for some time. She is always quite intense though, but she is in a very good mood. Which is lucky for all of us as she is a fucking nightmare when she isn't."

Zoe put her hand on mine and grinned at me. "Well she is unique isn't she?"

"Very."

"Simon thinks so too, but he thinks he won't measure up, so to speak. He thinks she deserves better and doesn't understand why she agreed to date him."

"Opposites attract?"

Zoe shrugged her shoulders and looked out of the window. "I know Rhea has told him that he will be fine, and just to be himself but he can't fathom it."

"I'll tell her to go easy on him," I promised.

We laughed and chatted. Zoe wanted to know about what I said about Sarah and whether I really did think so highly of her. I blushingly admitted that it was true and Zoe smiled, telling me to be patient. It was not as though I had any other choice. I asked her to come and see me if she was getting scared or worried and although she promised she would, I didn't totally believe her.

“Simon still has serious Rhea-anxiety,” I told my baby sister as I sauntered into the flat. She was spread out and had a number of shopping bags at her foot and scowled at me. “He doesn't know, and I quote, if he is able to make you happy, and thinks you deserve better.”

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 teased 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.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rhea returned an hour and a half later and I raised my eyebrows at her.

“Yes. I told him. I told him if was going to be nervous I would take him out to a field, peg him out on the ground naked, cover him in berries and let the birds peck his gonads to pieces,” Rhea said. “I am not having my boyfriend having self-doubt. It's my job to tell him that he is wrong, not his.”

“Well go easy on him, Rhea.”

“Yes. You've told me that. I am trying, I really am, but it's so frustrating. He's so frustrating.”

“You are his first serious girlfriend, and to be honest, you aren't exactly the best person to be his first, are you?”

Rhea smirked and shook his head. “I know. I do like him, for all his antagonistic reasonableness and calmness and everything, I do like him but he keeps saying he is worried that I am playing with him or he is in a dream.”

“Well don't turn that dream into a nightmare,” I warned her and she sighed.

“You would have thought with what's gone on, especially Sunday night and Monday morning that he might just have got the message that I like him.”

"It's your reputation. It precedes you," I said and she grinned.

"Well maybe when he sees we are still together at the start of the new term he will feel happier?"

"You'll definitely be together at the start of the new term then?"

Rhea nodded. "Oh yeah. I mean I was annoyed with him when he grassed me up. Proper annoyed but I knew why he did it. All he needed was to apologise and admit that he shouldn't have done so but as I held his head under in the pond he just refused to. And, well, that sort of pig-headness, there's no need for it, is there? I mean, that's just plain asking for trouble."

I gave a small grin at Rhea and smiled. "Trying to drown him in the 'skank tank', I can quite see why he didn't want to apologise."

"Well if he had said sorry two years ago then I might well have asked him out. He was the only boy at Grove House who I got on with and liked and not many of them at school are passable. They are either geeks or cocks or just scared of me."

"That's your reputation again," I murmured and she smiled.

"I know. But he actually avoided me for two years until we went bowling. Can you believe that?"

Surprisingly, for Rhea at least, I could quite believe it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rhea phoned Simon in the evening and left Abi and I to play games, cards and the PlayStation. We played Strip Poker once Rhea was in bed, but she came down to "get a glass of water", just as I had stripped naked, and Abi (only wearing her knickers) was busy kissing a protruding part of my anatomy.

"Can't you have a day off?" Rhea asked as she appeared from nowhere and Abi decoupled her mouth from my cock to pour scorn at my baby sister. After that, we retired to my bedroom and resumed from where we left off. Abi gleefully suckled and ran her tongue along my erect penis sucking it gently until I had shot several waves of my semen into her willing mouth.

Evening sex with Abi was always less rough and at a more leisurely pace than morning sex, and I slipped down her body to lightly and slowly nibble at her thighs, and her clitoris. She squealed and mewed as my tongue darted over her moistened slit to bring her to orgasm twice, and then she pulled me up and we slowly and gently made love while we kissed.

It was the most serene, intimate, delicate act of sex I had ever had and left me more confused than ever. Abi and I were friends with benefits. Sex between us was normally passionate and lustful not delicate and loving and I as rocked back and forth on my knees, propelling my stiff rod into my Scottish lover, I felt a warm, loving connection. I squirted into her, after she had climaxed again and we lay there, kissing and embracing.

"That was the best sex I've had for some time," Abi commented as we lay there. I kissed her neck and then her lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

Abi and I were well and truly sexed out come the morning. Abi had woken up once and resurrected my attention so that we have passionate, deep sex again and then as dawn broke I touched her nipples, caressed them and she demanded that I give her my "love" again.

It felt weird using the I-word with Abi. There was no doubt she held a very special place in my heart. I was sixteen and full of hormones, wanting (and just about able to manage) to shoot my load several times a day but there was more than just sex with us. She made me content and happy just being in her presence. I felt liberated.

"What you thinking of?" Abi asked me and I smiled.

"I was wondering about something," I replied.

"What?" I hesitated and she read my apprehension. "Tell me, I won't be scared or angry."

"You used the I-word earlier. A couple of times actually."

"The I-word?"

"Love. You said it about me."

Abi wiped the corner of her eyes. "I know I did," she said with a calm but uneasy voice.

"I know you don't love me, it's not that, I know."

"Actually, Andy, I do, but not in the way we could be partners. You've been there when no-one else has been and whatever happens there will always be a piece of my heart for you. You're my lover and you keep me satisfied but you're also a very good friend and you also look after me. Of course I love you but you aren't what I need or want in a boyfriend."

"It's OK. I know and understand. But it's that feeling, I've not had before. Well not really. I do love you but I want someone else and I don't understand that."

Abi smiled and wrapped her arms around me. "You will. The moment Sarah is single and looks at you with those eyes, you'll fall for her and our trysts will be history. I know that so I'm getting all the sex I can before that happens."

I smiled and grinned at Abi. "Out of interest, what do you look for in a boyfriend?"

She froze and shook her head. "What do you look for in a girlfriend?"

I shifted my body weight so my cock was at her entrance and slid it gently forward. "A wonderful personality, a brilliant body, a top-class mind, an over-active libido and, one, tight, juicy pussy that loves to be fucked."

Abi giggled. "So that's Sarah then."

"Abi!" I moaned and she crossed her arms, giggling like a schoolgirl.

\* \* \* \* \*

Abi and I slept in quite late and our breakfast was more like lunch. Rhea was in the flat with Simon but was barely dressed and Simon was sitting bolt upright when we came back

into the room.

“What are you up to today?” Abi asked my awkward sister who gave a non-committal response in return. Abi was firm in that she was responsible for her and when I returned from my shower, Rhea had told my concupiscent lover exactly what her plans were for remaining twelve hours.

I idled down to the club at gone 1pm and met Ikenna, who was planning his holiday to Greece and had loads of brochures spread out over the bar. He greeted me as I came in and we had a nice chat before I started on the vacuum cleaner. The Wednesday nights were the alternative dancers, including Ray's sister doing a burlesque turn, and footfall in the club had increased significantly. This therefore meant that there was more dirt in the carpets and more spilt drink on the tables.

By the time I had finished a few of the dancers had arrived. It was the Thursday “Wet T-Shirt and Summer Games” night and Ikenna had asked for a couple of the girls to arrive early to assist with setting everything up.

Vanessa, a bouncy girl in her mid-twenties tickled me from behind as I leaned over the bar to ask Ikenna if he needed any help.

I jumped in shock and turned round. “I see the Dreamboys left without you,” she teased.

“You sound almost disappointed that they have left,” I replied and she grinned.

“They'd big muscles and big ...” she said but I interrupted.

“As I said nothing Hugo and I don't have,” I told her and she shook her head. I leant back over the bar and felt her behind me and then of my shorts plummeting, falling towards my ankles.

Vanessa cackled and I spun around to face her, my hands cupping my cock immediately. “Oi!” I shouted. Vanessa waved my hands away from my cock and grinned. “I know you weren't sixteen inches,” she goaded.

I pulled my shorts up and gave her an evil look. “If I did the same to you ...” I told her and she kissed me on the cheek.

“Ah, but you didn't. And anyway, the Dreamboys never minded. They walked around naked.”

“Well I am not a Dreamboy,” I told her and she smiled.

“No, you're not are you,” she replied and blew me a kiss, and suddenly I felt insecure. What exactly did Vanessa mean?

\* \* \* \* \*

Zoe appeared as I was about to go into the club at the back door, but wanted to talk to me. I agreed and let her in and she sat down by the bar after looking around in awe.

I got her a lemonade and put a pound by the till. I knew Mum wouldn't mind about the drink, but was always taught to pay my way and it came instantly. Fortunately, Zoe was still staring and looking around the dimly-lit nightclub to pay too much attention.

As it was a Friday, I had to vacuum the carpets, clean all the tables and bar area, the door and tidy up the office. I set about with a warm, soapy bucket and cloth and started on the first table, gesturing to Zoe to sit down at adjacent chair.

“Andy. I have a problem,” Zoe replied as she sat down. “And I really hope you can help me 'cause I don't understand it.”

“What?” I asked concerned.

“I can't stop thinking about sex,” Zoe blurted out and looked at me with puppy-dog eyes.

“Help me Andy,” she pleaded. “I don't like it. And it's all your fault.” I snorted and she glared at me. “You started it in Cambridge. Help!”

## 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 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

### **New Pleasures Chapter XV**

*The students get their GCSE results, and Rhea gets to tease. Andy's money making scheme is a success but he is lonely as Sarah jets off on holiday. Meanwhile Rhea is brooding as she is also without her boyfriend, only all is not quite as it seems.*

**Excerpt:** I ran my hands over her body, touching her cotton clad figure and rolling off of her. She looked at me in the eyes and I smiled, sliding down her to gently lift up her tartan skirt. "Sarah has one just like it," I told her and Abi smiled.

"I know. Why do you think I have it?" I bit my lip and pushed her legs apart, but she beckoned me back to kissing her. "I'm not ready yet," she told me and puckered up.

We snogged repeatedly, our tongues becoming intertwined and passionately caressing each other with our hands, before she pushed me away and down towards her crotch.

Abi was knickerless (I sometimes wondered just how many knickers she really did own) and she watched as I pushed the rough tartan skirt to her waist and nibbled the inside of her thigh. Abi sighed in expectation as I began to slowly kiss and caress the inside of her

thigh, her lips and her cheeks, her eyes narrowing as I did.

**To be released on, or before: 31<sup>st</sup> August 2012**