

NEW PLEASURES

Chapter Fourteen



By
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Credits and License

Codes: anal, exhib, f-solo, hand, m-solo, oral, toys

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Preface

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

“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 XIV

I tried hard not to laugh. "Think about sex? Why is this a problem?" I smiled at her anxious, scared face. "Well, it's natural. What do you want to do?"

Zoe took a slurp of her lemonade. "I don't know. I don't want to be having lustful thoughts every day, every hour of the day. I never used to until ..."

"Until what?" I asked and scrubbed over some dried spilt drink on the table.

"Cambridge. Until I saw you naked in Cambridge. I've not stopped and being sinful with Sarah just has made it ten times worse." She shook her head and groaned. "I just can't stop. There's something wrong with me."

I sighed, put my cloth down and put my arm around her. "I don't know what to say. You are good at biology, you know it's natural to have hormones as a teenager, and you know it's normal to want to act on them. It doesn't mean your not normal," I told her and she rubbed her eyes.

"Playing with myself three, four times a day. Is that normal?" Zoe asked forcefully and looked at my face. Before I could answer she replied for me. "No. You know it isn't."

"I've done more than four times a day," I replied quickly. "Much more. OK I was a bit sore the next day, but you can't stop having lustful thoughts. It is our purpose in life to have sex."

"This is just what Sarah would say," Zoe moaned and I huffed.

"Well what would you like me to say? You are being irrational and the fact that your other friends will say the same just confirms it. What about Rosie, she's a good Christian girl like you?" I tried not to smirk and looked towards her. "Get her to be honest with you."

Zoe shrieked. "I couldn't ask Rosie."

"Why? She is probably had the same thoughts. And if she says she hadn't she is a liar."

"No, Rosie won't have. It's just me, it's abnormal," she told me with a resigned tone to her voice. "I know it is."

"Zoe," I barked to get her attention. "I have seen Ray play with Rosie. She has had lustful thoughts, lots of them. And you are just being naïve if you think she hasn't."

"She hasn't," Zoe replied firmly. "I thought you'd know exactly what to do. I tried not giving in but the feeling just got worse and worse until I did. I can't stop thinking about naked people and sex."

"I can't help you Zoe. You seem to want to not be a member of Homo Sapiens," I joked and she shook her head.

"It's not funny, it's not normal."

"Let's go through your peers," I said sitting at the table. "Rosie, she has played with herself, she does think about sex and she plays strip poker. And that's just what I know. Sarah, has sex and plays with herself."

“How do you know?” Zoe interrupted and I smiled.

“I do. And she has lesbian sex as well. Myself, well you know about me. Simon and Rhea, both been naked and don't want to think about anything else. Emma, she dated Ian and was caught with him by her parents, right?” Zoe nodded. “Who else? Ingrid? Terry?”

Zoe sighed. “So what exactly are you trying to say?”

“I'm saying that at your age, a bit of masturbation and fantasising is not abnormal. We all have sex lives, you know.” I waited for her to say something and nodded towards her. “Well most of us do.”

Zoe hummed and I returned to cleaning the tables with Zoe following me around the room. She was still not satisfied that her state of horniness was normal but I told her to do things to take her mind off of it, and she asked what I had in mind. I did not think being stuck in the house for most of the day helped and she sort of agreed.

“Have you spoken to anyone else?” I asked and Zoe looked horrified.

“No,” she snapped. “I daren't. It's so ... embarrassing!”

I rolled my eyes. “Sex isn't embarrassing. Well maybe a bit, but maybe you need to talk it over with your parents?”

Zoe howled in annoyance at the suggestion and returned to her default position of that it was humiliatingly abnormal and she would lose all of her dignity unless she could control her urges. We were interrupted at lunchtime by Mum returning from her trip. She looked surprised to see Zoe in her club as I finished vacuuming but my patience with her refusal to admit that her sexual fantasies and urges were normal was wearing thin. Mum knew Zoe reasonably well, and made no attempt to chastise me for bringing her into the club, but I would rather she hadn't seen us talking.

“I've just got to do the office,” I told her as she made moves in that direction. “I'll only be ten minutes, but please can you have a chat with Zoe,” I asked. Mum and Zoe both looked at me in surprise and I gave a wry grin. “She refuses to take my advice and believe me and I don't know what else to do.”

“Andy, please,” Zoe pleaded.

Mum shot me a look and Zoe looked horrified. “About what?” Mum asked and I raised my eyebrows at Zoe.

“No Andy,” Zoe begged but I ignored her imploring eyes.

“Growing up,” I told her. “Perhaps you could do to Zoe what you did to Abi, while I finish off in the office,” I asked and Mum gave Zoe and awkward look. “She won't listen to me or anyone else.”

“You don't look very comfortable,” Mum said to Zoe and I nodded.

“She isn't, but if you really want guidance then Mum's seen it all,” I added and Mum frowned at me and then Zoe.

“I've been away for a few days and I don't get a 'how was your trip?' I get 'you've been around.' Charming,” she teased and I lugged the vacuum cleaner into the foyer towards

the office.

It took fifteen minutes to clean, dust and vacuum the room and I returned to see Zoe and Mum sitting at a table with a drink each. They were both relaxed and I joined them.

“OK?” I asked and Zoe looked at Mum and then nodded. “Yeah, thank you Mrs ... ummm”

“Call me Grace,” Mum told her. “Honestly nothing to worry about. Enjoy yourself, you are only sixteen once.”

“Hey, does that apply to me?” I asked and Mum shot me a dirty look.

“You get away with more than enough,” she warned and we got up to leave.

“If you have any problems Zoe, come and see me,” Mum added and Zoe wasn't allowed to leave until she had made that promise that she would. “It's no trouble and as he said, 'I've been there.'”

* * * * *

Mum was staring at me, twirling her spaghetti with her fork while I shifted uncomfortably.

“So Sarah can go if Zoe and I go, but Zoe can't travel to London without Simon as her Mum doesn't want her on her own so Simon has to go, but he won't go unless Rhea or Laurence goes,” I explained to Rhea and Mum at the dinner table. “So Zoe has asked Sarah to ask me if Rhea can go.”

“Oi!” came a lone voice from the end of the table. “Nobody has asked me if I want to go.”

“Hmmm. Well obviously if Rhea wants to go.”

“So what are you planning to do again?” Mum asked and I took a deep breath.

“Well. Sarah wants to see Kevin so we will meet him at Marylebone. Goto the Science or Natural History Museum probably. Picnic in Hyde Park and then maybe some shopping or Trocadero or Covent Garden”

“Soho!” cried Rhea and I shook my head.

“You staying as a group?” Mum asked, enquiringly.

“Of course. Kevin won't like it but ... tough” I announced, almost gleeful at the prospect of upsetting Sarah's useless beau.

Mum smiled at this and eventually gave her consent. I rang Sarah later and our complex negotiations, involving six teenagers and four sets of parents was concluded with an agreement. I wondered if International accords were this complicated or if I should have a crack at Middle East? I mean, how hard could it be?

“Master Williams,” Mum called as I was doing the washing up. “Would you like to tell me how the delightful Miss Matheson has one hundred pounds of new clothes and has seen you naked?”

“Ahh,” I grunted and saw Mum smiling. “Well the clothes were a birthday present and I pushed off the covers in my sleep. In Cambridge.” She hummed at me with a coy expression. “I have not touched Zoe,” I said, quite honestly. “And we aren't going out. She

is just a friend.”

“Well I don't appreciate being used like that. I am not a sex advice service,” she moaned.

“It's Zoe. She wasn't believing me and we've known her for years. She need the voice of experience.”

“Experience?”

“I didn't mean it like that.” Mum exhaled sharply, looking at me. “A bit of warning would have been nice. She's a nice girl but you flaunting yourself has concerned her.”

I waved my arms. “I didn't mean to. I didn't set out to get her to watch me sleep naked. I went to bed with shorts on.”

Mum grinned. “I would like to know why you bought her all those clothes though.”

I fidgeted and unplugged the sink. “Because it is her birthday. She tried them on and liked them so I bought them for her, but Sarah thinks it was too extravagant.”

“For once, Sarah is right. Zoe was scared that you wanted something she couldn't give you.”

“What?” I wondered and Mum sighed.

“You really don't understand, do you? She sees you naked and she starts to wonder and ... she is having lustful thoughts about you and is scared. Then you spend a ridiculous amount of money on her. Think about it.”

“But as a friend,” I told her, slightly tired of repeating myself to everyone about Zoe, Sarah and Abi.

“A friend doesn't spend that amount of money. Underwear is personal and only bought by boyfriends or partners.”

“Why?” I asked, screwing up my face.

“Because it's personal,” Mum replied with a steely finality. “Just think before you act.”

I huffed and Mum spun round. “Oh and I am guessing the stiffy she touched was yours?” I went bright red and stammered. “I don't want to know the details but Zoe, Sarah and Abi. Don't you think you need to choose one?”

“We ummm ... we had a bit too drink,” I admitted.

“I don't want to know the details,” Mum said firmly. “But tell her what you just told me. She is scared.”

“I've known Zoe for years. It would be like dating Rhea,” I replied and shuddered at the thought. “I don't want to date Zoe,” I said with complete firmness in my voice. “God no.”

* * * * *

I spent most of the weekend looking forward to the Monday. Abi stayed the night on Saturday and was her usual horny self, only satisfied when she had had three orgasms, and swallowed my load once with another one jettisoned inside of her.

I was not going to complain. It had been a few days since anyone had stayed over and I was very much looking forward to Abi's company. Abi did give excellent head, swirling her tongue over the glans and probing the back of my testicles with her long, elegant fingers, it was something I wish she would teach Sarah.

It took two hours for Abi to be worn out, by which time the dawn was getting close to breaking. She joked that we had been "at it" all night, and then settled down cuddling her.

I felt a warmth from inside me when we hugged. It worried me, I shouldn't be in love with Abi and she had made it quite clear to me that she did not love me but I felt a desire and contentment I could not explain when I was with her. It was unnerving.

Abi duly drained my testicles again in the morning with her feminine charms while I tickled her pleasure button with my tongue. Her squeals and groans were louder than usual and we got wicked glances from Rhea when we went down to have some breakfast.

Simon arrived as I left the flat to go and clean the club and then I walked Abi had home, via the supermarket while Rhea tried to badger (or bully) Mum into letting her new boyfriend stay the night. She reasoned it would make it easier to go to the station if he was here, but as we only had one spare room and this would probably involve either Zoe and myself, or Rhea and Simon sharing a bedroom, both mothers said no to her pleas, much to her obvious annoyance.

Simon and Rhea played on the PlayStation while I made up the picnic. I did not know if Zoe, Sarah or Kevin would think to bring anything and we hadn't exactly agreed on who was bringing what, except that I was bringing something, I decided to make enough for six and expect to be the sole provider of grub.

To this end I had been to the supermarket to purchase food and made up eighteen rolls (assorted between cheese and ham, chicken and corned beef) to go with a big pot of savoury rice, a big pot of cheesy pasta, a big pot of potato salad, a bag of salad that was mostly green stuff, twelve mini pork pies and a dozen packs of crisps. This, along with the dozen cans of lemonade would only just fit in the picnic bag but I assembled it on the shelf in the fridge and then wondered if I had bought enough food.

* * * * *

I was awake, showered and dressed by 8am and had to threaten Rhea with a flannel, dripping with cold water, suspended over her sleepy face before she would get out of bed. She shouted a couple of obscenities at me as I left the room in true Rhea form, but we were ready to leave by 8:45am and met Zoe and Simon at Aylesbury station at nine.

Simon looked just as sleepy as Rhea as we boarded the train towards London and I had to shout at them when they tried to run off to a separate part of the train together.

"We stick together," I warned them and Rhea crossed her arms in annoyance.

"I'm not tagging behind my brother all day" she warned and I raised my eyebrows at her.

"For Sarah's sake, we need to stay as a group. If you two go wandering off then it means Kevin will want to as well. So for today, Rhea, please do as you're told."

Rhea puffed dramatically and threw herself down on the chairs opposite Zoe and myself. I didn't quite know why she wanted to be left alone anyhow and what being opposite Zoe and myself would stop them from doing, but Zoe and I talked about Sarah until she joined

us and then we conversed about school work and college down to London.

Sarah took the time to thank Rhea, and called her “wonderful” for being so agreeable in coming just so she could see her boyfriend.

“Bro, do you agree?” Rhea teased. “Am I wonderful?”

I laughed, “I would agree and say you are wonderful. When you want to be.”

Sarah needled me about Ray, another subject that was only bothering me when someone raised it. I had barely seen him for weeks and I justified it by saying that I was giving him space with Donna but the truth was that I did not want to see his girlfriend. Sarah guessed this and told me not to let Donna come between our friendship and I told her that I would resolve to see him. It was a promise I had not one iota of intention of keeping but Zoe started as well and I had little option to agree if I wanted to shut them up.

We arrived at Marylebone station and went through the automated gates. We had already purchased Zone 1 Travelcards, that gave us unlimited train and bus travel in Central London along with our Chiltern Line return tickets to Marylebone when in Aylesbury and just had to wait for Kevin to arrive.

Sarah had passed on the details of our train but I had suggested that we meet in the little café on the concourse opposite the Cheese stall. Unsurprisingly, Kevin was not waiting for us when we arrived so we bought a drink each and sat down around a couple of tables on the concourse to wait for him.

Sarah was anxious. She kept fiddling with her hands or tapping her teeth with her nails, and although Zoe did not notice, I glared at her and she smirked. I put my hand on hers, and told her to calm down but she breathed deeply and withdrew it.

Sarah spotted him ten minutes later and jumped up. Rhea went to move as well but I told her to give Sarah a couple of minutes alone with him. Sarah had guessed he wouldn't take too kindly to the idea of chaperoned around London by her friends and even though she had told him that this would happen when they spoke on the phone, she probably wanted to spell it out to him in person. I suppose I secretly hoped that he would be angry about it, and refuse to be with us, but it was a churlish and petty wish.

I had wondered if he had booked a room in London hoping Sarah and him could get away but when I spoke to Sarah earlier in the week, she was resolute that if they had a future together it had to be based on friendship first and sex a long way down in second. She had told him this, and he had agreed (although her voice disguised the ultimatum I suspect she had to issue for him to do so).

Sarah and Kevin embraced and kissed. I tried not to watch them, but I wanted to see and know. While Sarah was not my girlfriend but if and when she split up with Kevin I wanted her to be. I wanted to know where I stood with her, and therefore spoke to Zoe so I could watch her out of my peripheral vision. I think Zoe realised when I kept glancing over her ears and blonde hair to underneath the clock.

Sarah and Kevin conversed for a couple of minutes and I even saw her body language alter so she was waving a finger at him but eventually she called us over and we joined them with Zoe wanting to see the Natural History Museum.

Rhea groaned at this, but Zoe admitted she had always wanted to go and never been

before, and Simon whispered something in her ear to stop my dogmatic sister from moaning. I felt I should introduce Rhea to Kevin as we walked across the concourse but there was something in the back of my mind amusing me from when I had met Sarah's offensive partner before: his description of Rhea at the dinner party a few weeks ago. It was still playing on my mind and I felt Rhea's urge to create mischief, or at least discomfort for Sarah's boyfriend come over me.

"Rhea, this is Kevin, Sarah's boyfriend," I told her and turned to Kevin. "And Kevin this is Rhea, my 'tart and thug' of a sister as you so eloquently put it, a few weeks ago."

Kevin's eyes flashed and Rhea glanced at him. "Is that what he said about me?" Rhea asked and I nodded, still looking at Kevin. "Yep. How accurate would you say?"

"Fairly," Simon answered for him and Rhea spun round.

"Simon, what did I do the last time you annoyed me?"

"You stripped me naked," Simon replied meekly.

"And the time before that?"

"You tried to drown me in the school pond."

"Right. I am in London. There are many, many places I can cause pain and distress. Don't tempt me," she warned in a light-hearted voice and squeezed his hand, but then turned to Kevin walking alongside Sarah. "And you. I've got mee-eye on you."

Kevin squawked at Rhea and put his girlfriend between him and my crazy sister as we got on the escalator down to the Bakerloo Line train that would take us into Central London.

Zoe and I were kind enough to give Sarah and Kevin space. They had their own private conversation on the first train until we got to Piccadilly Circus and because the Piccadilly Line train was so crowded, was in a separate compartment but we reconvened at South Kensington and walked up the stairs to ground level after passing through the automated barriers.

The walk to the Natural History Museum was quite short and we were underneath a giant dinosaur skeleton fifteen minutes later. Simon surveyed the model and looked at me grinning. "Dino vs Rhea, who would win?"

"It'll be a tough one. You see what dino has size and power, Rhea has technique and guile."

"I reckon dino would probably edge it even though her ego..."

"Oi," my sister shouted from the other end of the skeleton. "I can hear you. And I did warn you. Here is an idea, how about Si vs Rhea, how long would it take for the boyfriend to be picking his teeth up from the floor?"

I looked at Simon apologetically and Rhea retrieved her errant boyfriend by the ear. The exhibits at the Natural History Museum were varied, so I let Zoe pick the ones she wanted to see and as there were no objections, we travelled up to the second floor.

Zoe followed my lead around the two couples, as I was careful to give all four of them some space to look around the museum together but still remain part of the group. This

sometimes became difficult when both couples walked off in opposite directions and we had to retrieve one of them.

I had the opportunity to talk to Zoe and promised her that I didn't want her as my girlfriend but took her hand as we walked around the museum. "It's just ... the clothes were so extravagant," Zoe moaned.

"And if I did want to go out with you, do you think I would try and buy your affection?" Zoe hesitated for a moment and smiled.

"No," she admitted. "I guess not. I would imagine you would do something silly and romantic."

"Or just take you out for a meal. I certainly wouldn't buy you loads of clothes for your affections as I would be treating you like a ... well a prostitute, I guess."

Zoe sniggered at me and apologised. "Well I like you, but I don't think we'd make a great couple," she told me. "I think we are too different."

"Yeah," I muttered. "I think we make good friends though," I told her and looked at Rhea battling with Simon. "Although those two are poles apart and they have a great relationship."

Zoe rubbed her nose. "What are you saying, Andy?"

"Nothing," I told her airily. "Honestly, nothing." I could tell, however, that my attempt to clarify only put more doubt in her mind.

Kevin sneered at me throughout the day but unlike at the dinner party I didn't feel threatened or offended; as agreed by all the parents at the Aylesbury-end, I was in control and I think it was this that irritated him as much as it amused me.

I almost wanted to scream at him and remind him he was "dancing to my tune, bitch" but he just wasn't riling me at all. I don't know why it was so different to the dinner party at Sarah's house, but his mannerisms just didn't get to me.

At one o'clock we left the museum and walked up Exhibition Road to Hyde Park. Sarah knew her way around London better than I did we allowed her to navigate but ten minutes later we sat down, overlooking the Serpentine on the Picnic Rug.

As it happened, Sarah and Zoe both had food in their rucksacks, and between us we had way too much to eat. I called over a couple of American students – Chuck and Michelle – who were idling past us to help us get through it all, and they seemed bemused at the random friendliness from strangers.

Michelle was a shapely and curvaceous girl with glistening eyes that sparkled, and Rhea shot me a dirty look as I talked to her. They spoke excitedly about being in a foreign country to celebrate their 21st birthdays but also of the country they had left behind. Sarah, who had brought two four-packs of beer, was happy to pass them one each but they said that they were ill at ease drinking before sunset, and this amused me greatly. We didn't say how old we were, but I think they would have been shocked to discover that we were all at least four years younger than them and we drank our lager in the hot sunshine gratefully.

Chuck and Michelle thanked us for their lunch and we packed up before meandering

across Hyde Park. I could tell Kevin wanted to take Sarah away somewhere for some private time, but it was expressly forbidden and instead we headed for the shopping district of Oxford Street and then into neighbouring Soho – much to Rhea's delight.

As we walked down Wardour Street, I was expecting (given my knowledge of what Soho was reported to be), hordes of prostitutes propositioning us as we meandered down the narrow street, and a plethora of houses of ill repute operating, but it was nothing like that. The odd lingerie shop and one sex shop in ten minutes of walking, and loads of bars was all we saw; I was almost disappointed.

The girls kept stopping and looking in through the windows of the shops, often at the clothes, and it was when we were nearly at Piccadilly Circus when they opted to go inside one.

The shop was mostly summer wear with skirts, tops and a smattering of underwear, all of which was colourful and garish. There was a couple of other shoppers who glanced over, but the girls were soon pawing through the stock. I saw Zoe's eyes flash to a couple of tops and I suggested she try them on but she shook her head.

"I've left my bank card at home," she told me and I sighed.

"I'll happily lend you the money," I told her but she resolutely refused to do. In the end I had to more or less drag her to the changing rooms and the bright red and pale blue tops looked good on her. Sarah agreed and came out wearing the garment she had selected.

She called it a "hula skirt" and Kevin said it was from Hawaii but I felt blood rush to a certain part of my anatomy the moment I saw her. The skirt, if you can call it that, was a thick belt with hundreds, if not thousands, of brightly coloured strips of fabric hanging down ten or twelve inches. She shook her hips and her skimpy underwear became not just visible but clearly on display!

"Wow. You look ..."

"... incredible," Rhea finished for me and went to find the same skirt in her size.

Sarah selected a garland (that she called a "lei"), a bra and hair clip in the same array of yellows, pinks, greens and reds but realised she too had left her bank card when she went to pay.

"Hey Kev, you couldn't lend me the money," she begged. "I've left my card at home."

Kevin sneered and recoiled. "Fifteen pounds? No way, love. I've had to take a day off today and I am only going to clear two hundred this week. Buy it yourself."

"But I only need to borrow it, please?"

"I wouldn't spend fifteen quid on your birthday present," he said quite firmly and shook his head. Zoe shot me a guilty look but I ignored it; she was still under the impression that the Cambridge dresses were too extravagant and ostentatious and it did no good for her to have this view reinforced.

"I'll get it with Zoe's," I promised and looked at Rhea. "I presume you haven't been to the bank?" As Rhea was only fourteen she only had a cash card that meant she could withdraw money but not use it in shops to pay for goods, so her shopping got added, along with a novelty posing pouch she found in the men's section that got discreetly buried in her

pile of clothes.

"I'll settle up later," she promised and spent £45 on goods for other people. I asked the assistant to bag them all separately and handed out bags to all three girls when I got outside the shop.

Sarah thanked me and kissed me on the cheek, in front of Kevin, who shot me daggers in return. Well, it was his own fault! We meandered down towards Piccadilly Circus, the afternoon drawing to a close.

I was happy to get on the train back towards Marylebone and then onto Aylesbury and we parted company with Kevin at Piccadilly Circus – he took a different train. Rhea and Simon sat away from Zoe, Sarah and myself, and with the main aim of staying together when with Kevin accomplished I didn't raise a complaint.

We chatted on the train and both the girls fished out their purchases. We got some funny looks on the train as Sarah slipped the skirt over her shorts and wiggled her hips. I told her to take off the shorts and try again but Sarah glanced at Zoe and then giggled. I am not sure she would have said no if Zoe was absent, but she took it off and put it back in the bag.

When we got to Wendover, Sarah, Zoe and I got off while Simon and Rhea were going back to the flat where we would meet them an hour later. I always liked to walk Sarah home and Zoe came with us.

We chatted amicably on the walk home and Sarah's house was deserted as we went in.

"I need to go to the toilet," Zoe confessed as we got into the hallway and Sarah smiled.

"Can you give us two minutes," Sarah told her and the moment Zoe went upstairs, she dragged me into her bedroom, throwing her new purchases onto her bed. She glanced over at the sunset in the window and then grinned at me. Sarah threw her arms around me and tugged my shorts down as she planted a kiss on my lips. "No complaints. Thank you for today, my treat," she said as my briefs followed she sunk to her knees and took my erect cock in her mouth.

"Sarah," I whispered but she ignored me and began to suck gently the head. It felt wonderful, her soft, warm lips wrapped around the tip of my shaft and I groaned.

"Sarah," I whispered and she began to swiftly pump my erect cock with her spare hand. I closed my eyes and clenched my pelvic muscles. She was wonderful. Sarah rolled her tongue around the tip of my cock. I leant back against her wall and watched her expertly pleasure my sensitive organ.

Tingles shot all over my loins. I groaned and Sarah impaled her mouth on my member.

I heard the flush go to the toilet and Zoe washing her hands, Sarah was peering up at me and I was moaning. I was near and could feel the energy amassing in my testicles, ready to release. Zoe unlocked the bathroom door.

I grunted and groaned and whispered to Sarah, "I'm going to ... oh God"

I felt the surge of energy sweep up my body and I began pumping waves of semen into Sarah's mouth. I shut my eyes and mewed appreciatively as her tongue drove my orgasm up a level of intensity. My hips rocked back under her touch and I leant against her wall.

I opened my eyes to see my semen in Sarah's mouth, a coy expression on her face – and Zoe in the doorway staring at Sarah and me.

“Oh my ... Sarah? Andy? What are you doing?”

Sarah looked round, my cum dribbling down her chin and she reached for some tissue. I immediately covered myself with my hands and Zoe fled the room. I wiped myself and went to kiss Sarah but she sent me after Zoe who had just closed the front door. “Ring me,” Sarah screeched.

“Zoe!” I called racing down St James' Way with the picnic bag slapping against my sides. “ZOE!”

Zoe turned to look at me and shook her head. “Just what is going on, Andy? You are not the person I knew, you've changed. Before Paula left you never have dreamed of hitting on another guy's girlfriend.”

I shifted awkwardly and nodded. “I know. I am a bastard, but Sarah is ... special”

I tried to take Zoe's hand but she refused and I tried to explain without it sounding pathetic and self-centred. I told her that Sarah was very special to me, and that we had done other things but not had sex and that I wanted her to be single but Zoe kept sighing at me in disapproval. “Andy, you need to sort yourself out,” she told me as we walked back to the station. “Really, get some help.”

I rolled my eyes. “I don't need help Zoe. I just need Sarah. I'm ...”

“Out of control,” Zoe snapped and pushed me against the railings by the side of the station. “Totally. You're losing it. What is it, the drink, the sex?”

I groaned. “Zoe, I am not out of control.”

“You are,” Zoe implored and wiped her eyes. “You were like this at primary school, over the top when you were happy and very low when you weren't. And I thought you'd outgrown it. I can't believe that you are messing around with Sarah and encouraging her. You know what she is like. She is very quick to act but I thought you were better than that.”

I tried to hold Zoe's hands but she shook them free. “I am fine, happy yes.”

“And making other people unhappy,” Zoe hit back. “Andy, please, stop it now. Stop messing with Sarah, it's just going to confuse her. If you really like her then talk to her and do it honourably but doing this is wrong and ...”

“No,” I told her and tried to talk.

“Andy please,” Zoe implored.

“Don't you think Sarah should make up her own mind?” I asked and Zoe shook her head. “She wants a friendship with some sexual elements to it, and that's fine. So do I.”

“She doesn't know what's good for her.”

“And you do?” I spat and Zoe took a deep breath, shaking her head. “Just leave us and accept it.” We travelled in almost silence to the flat, with Zoe pensive and thoughtful.

“Simon rang your parents, Zoe, and asked if you could both have tea here. Is that OK?” Mum announced the moment we arrived in the flat.

Zoe nodded, still lost in her thoughts and I was sent upstairs to get Simon and Rhea. I was not prepared, in a million years, for the sight that awaited me.

Rhea, dressed in her Hawaiian outfit was kissing Simon, who was wearing (and only wearing) his novelty posing pouch. They hardly acknowledged my presence and then Simon blasphemed when I called them again.

“Just get changed,” I warned them and went downstairs.

“Pervert,” Rhea called out after me. “Coming in when we are having a kiss.”

“Yeah, whatever Rhea.”

I rang Sarah that night, and told her what had happened. She was worried that Zoe had seen us but realised that she could know what was going on and it not make a difference. Sarah chastised herself for not giving me the fifteen pounds she owed me, but having seen the outfit (and nothing else) on Rhea, I told her she could have it, so long as I saw her in it. This was a good trade from Sarah's perspective as she claimed she had “bought it for my eyes anyway” and was positively surprised when I asked after her and Kevin. I was a little dismayed when she said that the trip had brought her closer to him and it was all I could do but to mutter my happiness for her. I was also instructed to come over on Friday night as Sarah's parents were having a barbecue and my presence was demanded.

We did however, have to make a decision over what to do about Zoe; whether we liked it or not, Zoe was a friend to both of us and we certainly didn't want our non-relationship to cause her a moral dilemma. I still wasn't sure exactly what she was annoyed about – or whether Sarah or myself drew the brunt of her ire – but Sarah and I had a slightly unusual friendship that we were both content with. Why was Zoe causing such a problem?

* * * * *

I was finishing up in the club and returning to the main lounge when I heard voices from behind the bar. I turned around to see Mum with her arm around Zoe, who I had asked to meet me at the back door of the club. Sarah had told me to chat to her to smooth things over as she would “listen to me.”

“What's up?” I asked, looking at the puffy-eyed girl Mum was with.

“Nothing,” Mum replied for her and I glanced over at my friend.

“It's not ...” I started and Mum raised her finger.

“Any of your business, no,” Mum told me firmly and I breathed out in exasperation. “And you are not to ask, it's private.”

“OK. Are you OK?” I asked and Zoe nodded.

“Yeah, I will be. I just needed some ...”

“Reassurance and guidance,” Mum replied for her and I smiled and Zoe held out the £10 she owed me from London.

"Keep it," I told her. "You can buy the coffees." I took Zoe out of the club and we walked to the coffee shop. Zoe's hands were still shaking and she still looked like she had been crying but got cleaned up in the toilets of the café and came to my table.

"I suppose you want to know what I have been to see your Mum about?" Zoe asked, carrying two coffees and I gave a so-so response.

"Mum told me not to ask, so I won't," I replied and Zoe sniffed. "But I can guess."

"Thank you but I do want to talk to you about Sarah." I gave Zoe a tortured look and she smiled. "I've been thinking."

"Good," I told her, stirring my cream into the brown liquid. "Cause I want to talk to you about it."

"Look, what you do is up to you, and I did speak to Sarah. I just don't want to see it, it's well, icky."

"Icky?" I asked, barely able to suppress a laugh and Zoe screwed up her eyes.

"Yes, icky. I hope you two know what you are doing. You are both full-blooded and irrational creatures at heart and leap into things without thinking them through."

I sighed and Zoe looked at me with a tilted head.

"You know what you need?" I asked and Zoe grinned.

"Let me guess, a boyfriend."

"Exactly."

Zoe sucked in her lips and adjusted herself. "I do not," she moaned. "Although I think it's wrong what you and Sarah are doing."

"I know," I replied dismissively. "Really I do, but it's only a bit of fumbling. I won't have sex with Sarah while she isn't single."

Zoe puffed and shook her head, before smiling. "I much prefer it when you were with Paula," Zoe confessed. "You need a strong woman to keep you in check."

"So whose job is it now?" I teasingly asked and Zoe just laughed. "I guess it's yours."

"I've got no chance," Zoe moaned.

* * * * *

Mum was humming as I came into the dining room and she looked up from her book.

"Is Zoe OK?" Mum asked and I replied that she was. "Sensible girl that. You'd do well to look after her."

"I thought you didn't like the Mathesons," I replied and Mum smiled but didn't answer. "Anyway, she is fine. I still don't think she gets it though."

Mum grinned. "Gets what?"

“The whole it's OK to have hormones. I tried telling her but she wouldn't believe me and she still thinks it's abnormal.”

“She is no different to any other teenager. I know you had your anxieties so she is no different. Oh, and I suppose the act of oral sex she wandered in on, was you and Sarah?” I hesitated and Mum laughed. “You'd do well to stop confusing your friends, and to learn to be discreet.”

“Well ... let Sarah come stay in my bedroom then,” I responded and Mum raised her eyebrows. “We never get any privacy so help us.”

“I was away all week and Sarah spent two days here. If I was a betting woman I would say she spent both nights in your bed.”

“She didn't actually,” I said quite triumphantly. “Just the one.”

Mum glanced. “And after Angela and I said she wasn't to?” I shifted awkwardly and was about to say that Abi was present when Sarah and I went to bed but wasn't completely sure that this would make it better. “Well?”

“Yeah, sorry. We just like cuddling and waking up with each other,” I rationalised and Mum shrugged her shoulders.

“Don't make it so I don't trust you,” she warned.

“Well I've sort of told Sarah what I want, but it is up to her now. I've done my bit. As promised,” I replied a little abruptly and Mum raised an eyebrow. “But that doesn't mean we shouldn't have a friendship.”

I think Mum was about to say that friends don't normally sleep with each other, but that would exclude the delectable Abi and left her thoughts unvoiced.

I never went on any more trips to London but Simon and Zoe went the following week and Rosie and Ingrid went the week after. Sarah was grateful to be able to see Kevin, but she believed that Kevin felt a little threatened with me there, and wanted it to be more relaxed, although she also confessed the picnics weren't nearly as good without me.

Either way, I did not mind; the purpose of the trips was to give Sarah time with Kevin, partly in the hope that she would see what a controlling and underhand person he was. I didn't need to be there for Kevin to act like himself.

* * * * *

I had been reminded of my promise several times by Sarah and still had not found a way to get any erotic films developed. There was not a category in Yellow Pages that did this, a serious omission as far I was concerned, and decided to go see Robert Ashton, Ray's dad, to see if could or would help.

The photographic studio was not far from the centre of town and I nervously knocked on the door. It was above a small parade of shops and the stairs that lead to the studio were often unlocked at the bottom, but this time I had ring a buzzer and the assistant let me in.

“Hiya,” Ray called as I entered and I greeted him.

“Is your dad in?” I asked and he nodded, but told me he was busy. “Not helping out in the

bakery?"

Ray shrugged. "Different days. I spend two days here and two days there." The studio assistant, a short girl with short hair and a welcoming smile appeared and sat down at a computer behind the desk. Ray introduced her to me as Emily and I nodded. "What you doing here?" Ray asked and I shifted awkwardly.

"Well, if I had a film that I couldn't take to a normal studio to be developed ..." I started and Emily looked out from the computer, smirking.

"Basically, where can you get filthy pictures developed?" I fidgeted on the spot and she shrugged. "Yes?"

"Yeah," I eventually admitted with a bright red face.

"Nothing illegal, right?"

I looked confused and she stared at me. "No kids, no long lens through bathroom windows, or owt?"

I shook my head. "No of course not," I replied quickly and she grinned.

"Right, there is a place on Windmill Street. You going today?"

"Err ... no. I haven't taken the pictures yet. I wanted to know that I could, you know."

Emily smiled and took a sheet of paper, and scribbled an address on it.

"You ask for Olivia at this address after hours. She owns an independent shop in Buckingham and will do these under the counter. You pay cash up front, no receipts and say Emily sent you."

"Right. OK. Thanks."

Emily nodded. "You putting together a portfolio?"

"Portfolio?" I stopped and thought for a moment. "No."

"Well do. It's always good to have a record of your work. Get two sets developed and keep a copy of the best ones."

"OK. Cheers."

"How much?"

Emily smiled. "Two copies'll be around eight to ten quid. Depending on the film."

She returned to her computer screen and Ray looked at me. "Fancy grabbing a coffee?"

"Sure."

"You want anything Emily?" Ray asked and she nodded.

"Yeah, latte and a cinnamon bun."

Ray and I chatted as we left the studio. Ray, understandably wanted to know who I was

photographing (I wouldn't tell him) and what was going on with Donna (I didn't know). I bought Emily's drink and cake as a thank you and we ambled back towards the studio before I went on my way.

I had kept my promise to Sarah in talking to Ray but more importantly, I could put her genitals on film. I would be seeing her later and could tell her the good news!

As I was travelling to Wendover immediately afterwards I had my camera bag and rucksack with me at the team meeting.

"Your camera?" Cherry asked as I sat down and I nodded.

"Yeah, it's very nice. I've got a few lenses for it as well."

I took the camera out of the bag and passed it to her and she peered at it. "Does it take good pictures?"

"Errr, well it's a semi-professional camera. There isn't much I can't capture decently."

"Can you take good pictures?"

"I'm not too bad," I replied, not sure where she was taking this conversation.

"Well I don't suppose you could take some of me?" Cherry asked and I smiled.

"For what?" I asked and she shifted. "And in what?"

"Well glamour mostly. Lingerie and nude. Nothing too porno. I need 'em for me modelling."

"I need some as well," Juggs added. "Last bloke wanted two hundred quid, cheeky fucker. But I do need something a bit explicit. If you can get 'em developed."

"I wouldn't mind some as well," added Jessica

Mum entered the room but this didn't stop the conversation and before I had agreed to anything I had half of Mum's staff wanted erotic photographs taken.

"What's this?" Mum asked me and I shifted.

"Andy's doing me a favour," Cherry replied. "I need some photos taken and he said he would."

Mum raised her eyebrows at me and I shifted awkwardly. "Well I-"

"If you can get them developed ..." Mum told me with a knowing smile.

"Actually I think I can," I replied and Mum's smugness evaporated.

"You can't send 'em off to Bonusprint," she replied firmly.

"I know. I found someone who said they would develop ... um ... more adult films."

Mum stared at me for a moment and shook her head. "I do not want to know why you were asking," she replied tersely but, in the end, Mum promised to rent me the club for photo-taking as long as I didn't get paid for cleaning it that day, but the plethora of girls who wanted photographs taking would more than make up for it (I agreed to charge the cost of

film, developing and a flat-rate of twenty-five pounds assuming that they were happy with the photographs) and Mum stated that the photographs were not to be pornographic.

We agreed to do a “dummy run” the following Tuesday with ten of the girls although quite a few said they were interested. Mum was not totally happy, I could tell, but it was entrepreneurial and she got her club cleaned for free!

* * * * *

Sarah kissed me on the cheek as she opened the door and guided me around the back of the house after dumping my belongings in the hallway.

“I can get the photos developed,” I whispered.

Her face lit up and she beamed. “You serious?”

“Oh yes,” I told her and she threw her arms around me in excitement.

“Can we go to the woods now?” Sarah asked and I shook my head.

“Tomorrow?” Sarah groaned but we walked to her garden in the back of the house. Her dad, a tall lean man was cooking over a barbecue while there was half-a-dozen adults milling around. Sarah guided me to an old man sat in a garden chair. He had pitted and worn skin with wispy grey hair.

“This your young man you were telling me about last week?” he asked Sarah in a forceful voice and picked up his glass of bitter.

“Granddad, this is my ... friend ... Andy. Andy, this Major Ian Bailey”

The man smiled and nodded. “Call me Ian. And you, young lady are lying. He is not your friend, you're holding hands.” Sarah smiled at him and he raised his eyebrows. “I might be nearly seventy but I have been around a bit. I know that look.” Sarah flicked her hair and went to sit down at the plastic table. “Do us a favour love, can you get me another one?”

Sarah grinned. “You drink too much Granddad,” she moaned.

He spluttered. “Those bloody nurses won't let me have anything,” he grumbled and Sarah got up. He turned to me, and took a sip of his nearly empty glass and peered at me through his green eyes. “So if you're not courting young Sarah, what's wrong with her?” I looked at him open mouthed and he smirked. “That Kevin bloke. I never liked the sound of him.”

“Well Sarah is still going out with him,” I blustered a response and he snorted rubbing his rotund belly.

“That Sarah is a bright girl, she'll have all the boys chasing her. I tell you, if I was fifty years younger ...”

“Oh Granddad, you are always saying that. And you say it to Violet and Sour-face”

“Her name is Sara-Jane, as you well know,” Major Ian replied, a little grumpily but Sarah opened a can of bitter and he poured it into his glass.

“I got you one as well.” Sarah passed me a bottle of local ale and a glass and I used the

bottle opener on my keys to remove the lid.

"Ah, a man after my own heart, proper beer. So Sarah, why aren't you courting this fine young gentleman?"

Sarah spluttered into her glass of wine. "Granddad, no-one courts any more. And anyway I already have a boyfriend."

"But he doesn't make you happy and ..."

"Now is not the place for this discussion," Sarah said firmly, glancing at me, and her grandfather sighed. "And Andy doesn't want ..."

"When I was in Normandy in forty-five, I met this lovely girl who bandaged up my foot, and she was with another soldier but I had to take my chance and take her out. She was courting some fella from Norwich but I took her out. We went walking in the woods."

"Granddad!"

"You know," Major Ian continued, ignoring the pleas from his granddaughter, "that nurse became your grandmother."

"I know you've told me a hundred times."

"And let me tell you she was a hundred times better than those French prossies." I choked on my beer and her grandfather turned to me. "Well she was. Those frenchies just wanted the money and to run, whereas Lucy, she caressed every part ..."

"Granddad!" Sarah called out and threatened to take his bitter from him unless he changed the subject. I was "rescued" by Angela ten minutes later, who wanted help moving a wrought iron table and I gratefully accepted.

"He can be a bit rude when he has had a few," Angela tactfully told me as we swung the table around so it was level with the barbecue.

"How many has he had?" Sarah's dad asked Angela and she grinned.

"Three or four," she admitted and William laughed.

"Oh he'll be onto the merits of French prostitutes then," he joked and I laughed.

"He has already done that," I said and William chuckled.

"Most of the family have heard it." William flipped over the burgers on the brick built barbecue and wafted some smoke away from him as the fat dripped onto the hot coals. "He is a bit vulgar at times although he didn't used to be quite so bad. It's his age."

I nodded and watched Sarah's father cook the meat. It was nice, I hadn't been to a barbecue for a number of months, there was no place at the flat for one and it was only Ray I knew that ever did them.

The get together was relaxed and calm. Sarah's dad talked a bit about work, especially when recounted the state of a dead body on the Tube that had been mangled but mostly I felt at ease with the Baileys.

Sarah kissed me a few times in front of everyone and this drew comment from her

grandfather while Sarah's parents just watched on when Sarah retrieved a couple of water pistols and we chased each other around the garden trying to shoot each other. Mine had a leak, which was not taken as an excuse for my dismal performance.

I was not expecting to be cornered by William or Angela that evening, but I found myself next to the barbecue alone with Sarah's dad as the sun was beginning to set. Angela and Sarah were taking Sarah's grandfather back to his retirement home in the next town and most of the guests had long disappeared, save for a family playing a board game at the table several feet away.

"I hear you live above and work in the nightclub," William asked in his well-spoken voice, his brown eyes looking over at me and I nodded.

"Yeah, it's Mum's business," I replied and he grinned.

"I'd have given my right arm to be anywhere near an establishment like that at your age," he told me and I bit my lip. "Stowe didn't encourage lap-dancing clubs."

I forced a smile. "Well, I only get to clean it when it is closed," I reasoned.

"It's good at your age to be working. I am trying to get Sarah to get a summer job but she won't," he admitted. I exhaled sharply.

"Well I had to beg and beg for this one. Mum was not too keen on the idea but eventually she gave me a go and I do a good job so I keep at it."

"You like it?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it's cool. Not going to last forever, College is a couple of weeks away though." There was an uneasy silence as we thought. I felt he was trying to read my mind and eventually he hummed.

"I heard that your girlfriend works there," he asked eventually and I went bright red. I knew that Sarah's parents wanted to meet me and see me, Mum had admitted as much, but I was still not prepared for the questioning!

"Ah, well, Abi is not my girlfriend. We have a, um, friendship. That's all."

He grinned and raised an eyebrow. "How old are you again?"

"Sixteen."

He laughed. "I'd be most amused, but don't go breaking my Sarah's heart."

I bit my lip. "Well. Sarah is already taken, there's nothing I can do about that." I looked at him, staring at his beer. "I don't want her to be, but she is."

"Yes I met him. Strange boy."

"Yeah. I, er, wouldn't disagree. He doesn't like me a great deal."

"Why?"

"I beat him at chess and he is public school so didn't like being beaten by a state school 'pleb.' And also Sarah and I are friends and he is a bit possessive. And when we went to London I wouldn't let him run off to a cheap hotel with Sarah."

“And she has spent nights in your bedroom?”

I chortled and smiled. “Yeah, although I am not sure he knows that.”

His eyes narrowed somewhat and he rubbed his chin as Sarah and her mother arrived, each with a glass of wine and sat down opposite. Sarah rested her head on my shoulder and looked up at me her blue eyes.

“So Sarah, Andy's been telling me what you've been getting up to,” her father joked but Sarah sat bolt upright.

“Andy, you haven't,” she screeched and Angela laughed.

“Now that's a guilty look if ever I have seen it,” her dad teased but Sarah sneered at him and went back to my shoulder.

“You don't need guilty looks anyway, Grace tells you everything,” Sarah moaned and her mother put her hand on Sarah's.

“That's what mothers are for.”

Sarah yawned. “I might go to bed,” she muttered and I got up with her.

“Good night, you two, and Sarah go to bed in separate bedrooms please.”

“Oh Mum,” wailed my friend and I squeezed her hand.

“No Sarah. I want you to go to bed separately please.”

Sarah moaned and grumbled about this but we did our teeth and went to separate bedrooms. Sarah had shown me to the guest bedroom, that did have a double bed (Sarah's family often had friends and family to stay) and I got changed into my shorts as I didn't feel totally comfortable sleeping naked in someone else's' bed.

I was awoken by the feeling of the bed moving and opened my eyes to see Sarah looking over me. Her long flowing hair tumbled down her face and she smiled at me.

“Sarah, your Mum said,” I told her but she shook her head and took off her nightie.

“Sssshhhhh, It's not often I am going to get this at the moment. Your tongue, on me,” she cooed. Sarah slid her feet over my head and I touched her wet, silky slipperiness. She sighed as I did, I slid my fingers up and down her crack. “Andy, that's great but your tongue,” Sarah begged.

“You know, you kill all the suspense,” I whispered to her and she giggled and lowered her hips onto my face. Her labia was already puffy and my tongue touched her clitoral hood. She mewled and groaned, reaching for my pyjama shorts. She slid them down.

And the lights went on: bright light.

“Sarah! Andy!”

“Oh crap,” Sarah muttered and I immediately slid down the bed underneath her thighs.

“Oh crap indeed,” her mother said framed in the doorway. “I told you to go to bed separately, Sarah”

"I did," Sarah maintained, no attempt to cover her dignity while I ferreted around with the covers. "But then after we went to bed separately, I joined Andy."

"Sarah, that is not what I meant, and you know it," her mother replied sternly and shook her head. She closed the door and came into the room and told us to get comfortable on the bed. We adjusted ourselves so we were both leaning against the headboard underneath the covers and Angela sat on the end of the bed looking at us. She looked vexed, but not angry. "Why do you think Grace and I want you two to work out what you want before jumping into bed and spending the night with each other?"

"It's so we don't get upset," Sarah replied in an annoyed voice and Angela nodded. "But I am not going to. Why can't you just let us be teenagers?"

"I know you don't always think I do Sarah, but I am only looking out for you because I love you and it's the same with Andy and his mum. We both think you two will make a good couple but you both need to sort yourselves out and work out if you want that. And if you don't that's fine, but you need to decide."

Sarah scowled. "You keep saying that, but maybe Andy just likes uncomplicated ..."

"It's not fair on each other and it's certainly not fair on Kevin."

"It's what Andy wants and it's what I want," Sarah muttered. "And I know you only do things because you love me, but why can't you let me make my own choices?"

Angela looked at me and then at her daughter. "We do. But when you mess around with other people's lives we can't just let that happen. You have responsibilities."

"But Andy ..."

"But nothing, young lady. Now your father and I are out tomorrow morning and I know Andy has bought his camera and you are planning to take some, um, personal photographs."

Sarah looked at me and I shrugged. "How did you know?"

"Mum," I replied instantly and Angela smirked.

"I am definitely not happy with this, but I know you obviously want to, so if you two are going to be careful I might go out tomorrow. I can either choose not to go out or go out. My decision is based on you Sarah spending the night in your room alone, and Andy doing likewise. Now what is it to be?"

Sarah grumbled. "OK," she sighed and her Mum escorted her naked daughter from the room. She stopped at the door and looked back at me. "Night Andy."

"Night," I told her and made a mental note to ask her about her comments; I most certainly did not just want uncomplicated anything!

* * * * *

A naked Sarah bounded into the room and jumped on me.

"Come on, wake up. Wake up," she squealed and I half-awoke from my slumber. She kissed me and stroked my cock under the covers. "Mum is out now, so come on."

Sarah pulled me from my bed and passed me my camera not allowing me to get dressed or even have breakfast, although she did concede on permitting me to use the bathroom. Sarah ran into the warm morning air and dragged me along.

She sat down by the willow tree and smiled. "I've already shaved this morning," she informed me and started massaging her clit as I pulled the camera from the bag and slid a new film in. She was being loud and I snapped a few close up pictures of her wet pussy. Sarah had brought her red vibrator out with her and started inserting it but I took over and Sarah was circling her pearl while I probed her with the red sex toy.

Sarah groaned and sighed as the plastic vibrator rotated in her. I caught a couple of pictures of the toy as it slid in and out of her. "You better get good pictures," she squealed. "I want something to ... oh God." Sarah stopped her warning as I turned her vibrator up to its most powerful setting. "That's ... oh, fuck," she shouted and the soft branches of the willow tree shook gently in the breeze. "That's wonderful," she squeaked and grinned. I took a couple more pictures.

I also added pictures of Sarah frolicking in the garden, giving me a blowjob (from a male point-of-view of course) but Sarah just kept wanting more and I was a little relieved when the camera ran out of film. I wanted to be clothed and to have breakfast, though not necessarily in that order.

Sarah was very sexy but she needed to pick her moments better!

* * * * *

After leaving Sarah's house at 10am (her parents came back to take her out), cleaning the club only took four hours, and by mid afternoon I was in Harrow, seeking some sort of lunch. Harrow is a large suburb of London, just over thirty minutes on the train and containing a large shopping area. Abi had dropped enough hints that the rest of my wardrobe needed a significant overhaul and I wanted to get out of the local area for a couple of hours. I needed a break.

A burger joint just outside the station provided the nutrition and I started looking around the plethora of clothes shops dotted around the several streets that made up the shopping area. I did get distracted by looking at new hi-fis, televisions, computers and a weird light that got brighter as the ambient sound got louder. I used all of my self-control to not buy it.

I also knew that I had Mum's, Zoe's and Rhea's birthdays approaching in September and did want to also get their presents before College started, although obviously I only needed to get Zoe a token gift so she had something to open on the day. I thought about a phone for Rhea or maybe some clothes or even a magazine subscription but I had no idea about Mum.

I always detested clothes shopping, even when on my own, but Abi had said I need to look for "smart" as well as casual clothes and looked at a number of shirts, trousers, jackets and jumpers in loads of shops before I found a small boutique-style outfit on a side road, away from the hustle and bustle of the main shopping street and retail centre. A few of the garments I chose were in their "end of season sale" but a few more were full price.

I didn't normally spend too much money on my clothes, they were just functional items anyway, but one pair of trousers I liked was over two days pay and even that was too much on my spending spree.

It was when I left with three huge bags (and a considerably lighter bank balance) that I spotted the small jewellery workshop opposite. It had a newly painted sign outside and its gold lettering on a black background made it look upmarket.

A bell rang the moment I pushed open the door and stepped up and a young girl appeared from nowhere. The inside consisted of a few glass cabinets and a load of posters. She smiled as I entered, having trouble navigating the door with all the big bags that I had. "Can I help you?"

"Sure, I have some birthdays approaching and was wondering about some jewellery. I mean, what sort of prices am I looking at?"

The girl smiled and looked at me in my stained T-Shirt (I never wore good clothes when cleaning the club) and grinned. "Well depends what you are after, necklaces from ten pounds, bracelets from fifteen, rings and anklets from twenty, earrings and belly button piercings from five. Who is it for?"

I hummed. "What would you advise for a fifteen year old girl?"

"A girlfriend?" the girl asked, her face lighting up.

"God no. Sister. Scary, vicious sister at that."

"Does she wear earrings?"

I thought back to my sister. "Umm, no. The odd necklace, but never a bracelet."

"How about an ankle chain?" The girl unlocked a cabinet and brought out small tray that contained a dozen gold and silver items. I liked a reasonably thin silver chain that contained a single 'S' hanging down.

"How much is that?" I asked and she thought for a moment before replying that it was thirty pounds. I asked if they had one with an 'R' in stock and the girl chuckled and call her friend from the back. The thick-set gentleman took the chain and said he could amend it within twenty minutes.

"So how does an ankle chain work?" I asked the girl and she gave a wry grin, and then came out from behind the counter and showed me her legs, the bottom of which was adorned by a thin strip of gold.

"Is that OK for a 21-year old?" I asked, thinking of Abi. She had bought me all those clothes and I knew she loved her jewellery so I reasoned that I should probably treat her. She smirked.

"Of course, how old do you think I am?"

"Eighteen," I replied instinctively and her smirk changed to an embarrassed grin.

"Stop it," she murmured and I selected a thicker gold chain that was without a pendant and cost thirty pounds also.

"OK. Mother. Does wear lots of jewellery but lost her gold bracelet awhile back and was very upset about, so I wouldn't mind replacing it."

The girl flashed a smile and retrieved a separate tray which contained loads of chains. I

looked at her and she suggested a very thin chain with a sturdy clasp. "Very unobtrusive," she suggested and I nodded and added a further twenty-five pounds to the bill.

I thought about Sarah and hummed; I liked Sarah and if I was getting Abi something I should probably get Sarah something as well. The girl looked at my face and grinned. "If you buy five items, I'll give you the cheapest one free," she promised and I asked to see her necklaces.

Two items immediately caught my eye, a beautiful blue gemstone was surrounded by sparkly diamonds but next to it was a deep red gemstone on a small bar with two tiny diamonds that twinkled beautifully. "Those two, how much."

The girl looked at a sheet and grinned. "Well that one," she said pointing to the red stone, "is a real ruby and is real diamonds. It's fifty-five pounds. And the blue one is a sapphire but is cubic zirconia and is twenty-five pounds."

"OK I'll take them," I said and she added up the five items to make a grand total of 140 pounds. I winced slightly but passed over my card; I hoped my photography would work out fine. My fingers shook slightly as I signed it, but she just smiled at me and put the slip in the till.

I was shown Rhea's ankle chain and thanked the gentleman and all five items got their own boxes, as well as the certificates for the gemstones.

"Your girlfriend is a very lucky girl," the Sales Assistant teased and I looked surprised.

"Girlfriend?" I asked.

"The diamond necklace. Girlfriend or mistress?" She teased.

"Ahh. She is a ... a friend."

She shot me a knowing look, handed me the bag and thanked me for the custom. Why was this so strange?

* * * * *

I did not work Mondays so Abi invited me around to her house for the night and we would then amble down to the club on Tuesday together and do the shoot after I had cleaned the club. This meant I had to get my camera ready and on the way to Abi's house stopped off to purchase ten good quality colour ISO400 films. The gentleman in the shop was a little surprised I needed so many but I also purchased another pack of batteries for the camera and he was just glad of the custom.

Abi was still in bed when I arrived and a naked Angela let me in to the flat. I tried to avert my eyes but it was drawn to her shapely ass that wiggled as she returned to her room.

Abi blew me a kiss and put down her book. "You are not to be clothed while in the flat," she teased and raised her eyebrows.

"Well I thought we might go out for lunch," I suggested and she grinned.

"Naked lunch not OK then? I was thinking of sausage with a spurt of mayonnaise." I grinned at her but didn't get undressed.

"It is due to be a nice day today we can go out," I told her firmly and she sighed.

"You sound like my mum," she sneered and I pulled her out of bed.

"You can wear this," I suggested, picking out a very lightweight purple V-Neck plunge summer dress as I looked through her wardrobe.

"Can I wear knickers?" Abi asked and I shook my head.

"Oh no. You don't wear knickers in town, do you?"

Abi flashed me a devilish grin and slipped the purple dress over her shoulders. It finished in excess of twelve inches above her knee, and when she leant forward to get her hairbrush I could see the crack of her arse. It was an awesome outfit, and no more than five minutes after I arrived, we were leaving. We couldn't decide on where to go so in the end decided on travelling to Watford by car. Abi was always easily distracted, and as my hands darted up her thigh she groaned and blew me kisses. I was acutely aware that if I got her too excited we would probably die in a fiery ball of pain, so resisted touching her too much.

Watford was busy with shoppers and we made our first task to seek out food. We considered finding a pub but in the end settled for a burger joint. I tried to give Abi some money as she queued but she found the money in the "going out fund" and steadfastly told me to sit down.

In response to this, I found a two stool table so that we were right in the window, and I elected to sit with my back to the room. Abi returned with the food a few moments later, went to sit down and looked at the stool. "When I sit down and lean forward, I might ... you know ... show stuff out of the window," she whispered.

"I know," I replied with a gleam in my eye. "It'll teach you to be stubborn," I told her and Abi groaned. "Well if you don't like it, why keep it?"

Abi sucked in her lips. "I didn't. My last boyfriend picked all my clothes. I wore what he told me to." I felt guilty immediately, she was only wearing the purple dress because I had selected it. Abi read my mind and put her hand on mine reassuringly and then stole a chip. "It's OK," she promised. "I only kept it 'cause I thought you would like to see me in it."

I smiled. "I do." Being where I was I noticed a small group of boys, and then a larger group congregated next to Abi but on the street, and they pointed a few times at the window. I leant forward to kiss her, so she would do so also and put my hands on her back as she leaned over the small table. This exposed every more of her behind to the voyeurs in the window and Abi whispered to me.

"Can anyone see me?"

"One or two," I replied evasively and Abi finished her milkshake.

"Good."

We left the burger restaurant and idled up the main street, "let's go see a film," Abi suggested and dragged me towards the cinema.

Abi scanned the list of films and asked to see "The Negotiator," only asking if this was OK after she had purchased the tickets. I told her that it was, as long as she snuggled up to

me, and with this an agreeable demand, we walked into the auditorium with a small box of popcorn.

The cinema was fairly empty. We were sat near the back in a tiny row on the left hand side, and next to Abi was a single seat between her and the wall. We waited for the show to start and we kissed a bit and discussed the photography the following day: Abi was more excited than I was.

We were interrupted when a lad, about the same age as me asked to get into the seat between Abi and the wall. "Oh don't worry," he muttered. "There's loads of spaces."

"Don't be silly," Abi told him. "Come join us." She saw me tense when he arrived, I wanted to be alone with Abi in the dark of the cinema and I think Abi noticed this. "Let's have some fun," she whispered to me and turned to the boy sitting down next to her. "Abi," she said introducing herself to tall bespectacled teenager.

"Richard," came the response and Abi turned in her seat to face him.

"What do you do?"

"Err ... I've just finished my GCSEs but I am working as a mechanic and I want to do an apprenticeship or something."

Abi nodded. "You know what I do?" The boy shook his head. "I am a stripper. I do stripteases for delightful young men."

The boy was open-mouthed and Abi smiled. "Wow, right," he flustered and I grinned. I slid my hand underneath the popcorn, and under the hem of her dress and found her mons. I slid my finger between her thighs. Abi groaned and turned back to the young man, who was oblivious to what I was doing.

"Sometimes there are two of us. Two girls in a private room, touching each other while a group of guys watch. It makes me very, very horny," she told him seductively.

Richard was horrified and stared at Abi and then Abi's chest. "Er ... well"

"What would you do to a girl who is very, very horny?" Richard stammered and as the lights went down, Abi reached over and kissed him on the cheek. Her hands slid towards his shorts and I heard him sigh. Abi was undoing his shorts button and he wasn't stopping her although he made a token attempt at protesting. "I love doing this," Abi told him.

I saw Abi fully unzip Richards' shorts and pull out an erect cock. She started gently stroking Richard and then as his breathing increased she increased her pace. Richard did not last long and before the end of the trailers had shot several streams of semen out of his cock and had soiled his shorts and underwear in the white pearly liquid.

Richard had come with some noise but there was only a few people in the cinema and none over this side of the auditorium so no-one saw him. Abi whispered something in his ear and he left only to return a few minutes later. While she was away she did the same to me, putting her hand inside my shorts and wanking me to an erection and then ejaculation.

I got an adrenaline rush as she did it, it was a very public place and I loved that. Her soft hands being wrapped around my cock caused me to simper and groan before releasing a stream of hot semen into her fist and shorts.

She had a tissue and I got clean although there was an uncomfortable wet patch my boxers and an unmistakable smell of semen in the air.

Abi was in one of “those moods” and she kissed and caressed both Richard and me throughout the film. He whimpered but made no attempt to stop her from kissing his cock as she wanked him again and he added more stains to his shorts.

Abi had invited the geeky Richard for a drink after the film and he nervously accepted. I got the feeling he was not used to female company and we settled on a small bar that overlooked the town plaza and sat outside, and Abi had to take his jacket and tie it around his waist so his in-film torture would not be obvious. Abi got two beers and a glass of wine, and he shot me a nervous look as I picked up my beer. “It’s fine,” Abi told him as he looked at it. Richard took a sip and then looked at Abi.

“So who are you people?”

Abi chuckled. “I am Abi and he is Andy.”

“And you do what? Other than strip and stuff. And do things to strangers in cinemas.”

I let Abi try to explain it away and glanced over the town square, not really paying too much attention to the chatter on the table. Abi certainly enjoyed his company, but I think she liked the idea of an inexperienced boy fawning over her. She could be so transparent at times! Even I noticed Richard tense up when he glanced back to the small plaza. “What’s up?” Abi asked and he remained silent and then spoke.

“That’s Lucy,” she said and pointed to a plain looking girl in the centre of a group of teenagers. They were shrieking high-pitched siren noises as they came pouring out of a girly accessory shop.

“The one you won’t ask out?” Abi asked and Richard shook his head; I was not aware of Abi being told this but then I wasn’t really listening. I saw a gleam of mischief come over Abi’s face and she stood up and called the girl over.

To say Lucy waddled over would be unfair but she was certainly carrying a few extra pounds and did not glide or move gracefully. “Hiya Ricky,” Lucy said and sized Abi and myself up I glanced over at the podgy girl and she was staring at Abi.

“We better be off now, but Ricky wants to ask you on a date.”

“Who are you?” Lucy asked scowling but was disarmed by Abi’s smile.

“I am Abi. But you don’t know me.”

“Right.”

“But he has a wonderful heart and a decent-sized cock. You’d like him.” Abi grinned as we left and I grabbed her as we walked down an alleyway towards our car, pushing her up against the wall and kissing her. “What was that all about?”

Abi shrugged - she was definitely in one of those moods – and looked at me. “I like playing matchmaker, you know that.”

“And inexperienced young men?”

Abi snorted. "Yeah. Although I also like experienced ones too."

* * * * *

Tuesday was the day that we had agreed to photo shoot and I was awoken by Abi rubbing her hands down my flanks. I very much wanted sex and plenty of foreplay but time was tight and so we reluctantly had to postpone our carnal activities and I frantically got dressed and ran down to start my employment.

I finished at half twelve and Mum was watching me at the bar. I had been warned not to rush, and I hadn't but was eager for one to arrive and to start shooting. I had to be finished by 6pm so had agreed half-an-hour with each of the girls and I ran upstairs to the flat to retrieve my tripod, flash and camera to go with the film and batteries I had already purchased.

I was playing with the stage when Mum returned with a sandwich for me. The spot lights were from every angle and I felt almost dazed when I got into the centre of the stage but it would remove shadow. It wasn't perfect but I didn't have a photography studio to use so it was the best I could manage.

We planned to use the back of the stage and the curtain as a backdrop. Mum had a white and a black one, and I raised the black curtain using a rope, to reveal the white fabric behind; I figured it would make for better pictures.

Abi joined me at 1pm (although her allocated time was not for another two hours), but she promised to help and Mum had some papers strewn out on one of the tables with a drink. She grinned at me. "When I told you to get a summer job, taking pictures of naked women was not what I meant," she teased.

"Well he has to have job satisfaction," Abi (or Isobel) teased.

Alice was the first to arrive, a pretty 22-year-old who greeted me and disappeared to get changed. She came out dressed in just some beautiful lingerie and nodded towards Isobel.

"Where d'ya want me," she asked in her unsophisticated voice. I was nervous and had butterflies in my stomach, I had deliberately chosen baggy shorts and loose underwear so I could have an erection and it not be obvious but even though I did not find Alice particularly alluring or sexy - she was simply not my type although dressed as she was she did eventually cause a reaction.

I stammered as my mind negotiated with my voicebox and then muttered. "Depends what photos you need. Is it just some underwear shots?" I asked and Alice responded that it was.

She looked attractive in her underwear and I began to take the pictures of the stick-thin girl. Isobel helped by arranging the long blonde hair and putting her into seductive poses as I snapped with my tripod and then at floor level.

I had used around half of the film when she asked if she could have a few nude pictures and I silently agreed. The back of my mouth was dry and I watched as she peeled off her black underwear to reveal a standard sized bust and a completely hairless pussy.

The hard lump in my trousers stiffened and I blew out and pretended to play with the camera. Alice threw her hair back and smiled directly at me her nakedness striking.

Alice stood akimbo for one shot when I was directly below her, and her face, a seductive look was just beautiful. I used up the film and told her. She thanked me and skipped off stage. It had taken ten minutes and I hoped all the shoots would not be over too quick.

I did think of running into the toilets to masturbate my tension away but Isobel saw me looking and kissed me, "do you need some sort of relief?" she teased in whispered voices and I shook my head.

I joined Mum for a glass of lemonade but Vanessa arrived early, dressed in T-Shirt and shorts.

"It's our David Bailey wannabe," she teased after she greeted Mum.

"It was the Dreamboys a week ago," Mum replied and I went bright red.

I puffed and looked at her. "Do you wanna get changed?" I asked and went up to load a new film in the camera.

Vanessa was much more "my type." She had shoulder-length hair and brown eyes, but she had a playful, exuberant personality that was closer to Sarah than just about anyone else I knew. She never stopped smiling or grinning or smirking.

She came out wearing a bright red bodice with stockings and a very, very short bright red dress that barely covered her hips.

Isobel wolf-whistled and Vanessa gave her a smile. Her brown eyes lit up as I adjusted my shorts and Isobel straightened her shoulder-length brown hair.

As I took the pictures, Vanessa began to hike up her dress, first to reveal her shaved pussy and then when it came off, her 34C breasts. She had a couple of cheeky poses from behind and saw she had a tattoo of a red rose.

Vanessa grinned. "I love me new tattoo. Got it done at Susie's place." I must confess I was not staring at her tattoo.

"How many left?" Vanessa asked and I checked.

"One, maybe two."

Vanessa smiled at me, and sat down on the cold floor, shifting her legs sideways. "All men love a good pussy shot."

Although I didn't need to get too close, I had zoom after all, I could not resist and the camera was approaching her legs when I caught the last picture.

Vanessa stuck her tongue out and cackled.

"Are you corrupting my son?" Mum asked as she looked up.

"Isobel beat me to it," Vanessa answered and we both shot a look of innocence. Vanessa got changed and joined me for a brief drink. She was playful and very tactile, touching me on the arm at every opportunity but when I started speaking to her, although the playfulness was still there, there was a smartness that she hid well.

We had half-an-hour until Cherry was due to arrive and I sat down with Mum again, who

gave me her ledger to double-check.

Cherry arrived dead on 2pm but apologised for being late. "You're fine," I reassured the nervous girl. She was one of the dancers who I did like in every way, she was very alluring and was a nice, intelligent girl.

"What do I do?" Cherry asked and I pointed towards my assistant.

"Isobel will help you get ready. I'll take the pictures of you that you want," I assured her and she nodded.

"I don't know what I want," Cherry replied. "I need the pictures for my new agency," she said and Mum rolled her eyes.

I was flustered, surely Cherry, this anxious and nervous girl was not an escort? It made a certain amount of sense, she was certainly pretty enough but she could only work certain days and according to Isobel was known to sometimes leave with a male patron to go to a nearby inn that offered rooms - cheap rooms - for the night.

Cherry had a babyish looks and small breasts. She said she was nineteen, but could have passed for younger than me and I felt a little apprehensive taking pictures of her working the pole and in seductive clothes. She looked way too young.

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.

Juggs interrupted our enjoyable photo shoot of Isobel using the final frame on the film as a close up of her crevice, by sauntering in and made a crude comment. I looked at Juggs who was wearing a very tight-fitting white T-Shirt and short denim shorts.

Juggs claimed to have 36F breasts and was not slim and stick-thin like Alice and Cherry or well-proportioned with elegant curves like Isobel and Vanessa, but was certainly carrying a few extra pounds. She changed into a very tight short shirt and then had this doused with water so her pendulous breasts were clearly visible and then had a variety of naked and explicit shots taken.

Juggs slipped a finger into her hole, leaning back as she did but I was particularly aroused – I didn't find Juggs sexy, just mis-proportioned. Juggs dropped a few filthy comments after she finished and left. I wasn't sorry to see her go.

I was looking forward to Jessica, Ray's sister, and she arrived twenty minutes early. Mum appeared, disappeared, reappeared and then settled down to do some work at the tables again. I think she still wanted to keep an eye on me with her employees. It was depressing.

Jessica greeted me warmly, gave me a kiss on the cheek that earned me a jealous look

from Isobel. She took fifteen minutes to get ready but when she did she came out wearing black thigh-high stockings with calf-high shiny black boots that accentuated her sexy legs wonderfully. She had a dark red and black corset with a matching tutu and elbow-length gloves, and a feather in her long golden hair that was tied into a ponytail. She looked gorgeous and I licked my lips.

“So that's burlesque?” I asked and Jessica gave me a warm smile.

“Yeah, this is burlesque.”

I felt my anatomy stiffen in my shorts and asked her what photos she wanted and she adopted several poses that made her look sexy and devilishly attractive; she was the girl next door.

Jessica stayed and watched me with the buxom PVC model, Angel and the diminutive Claire but as the afternoon rolled into the evening I was abandoned by Jessica who went home and Mum and Isobel who went upstairs to the flat.

I desperately wanted Isobel to take me somewhere private and to fuck her senseless, the pressure of having an erection for most of the previous four hours was becoming unbearable, but Isobel left and I was told to lock up after me; Ikenna was still on holiday and Mum would be down at six thirty to reopen.

Mia did not turn up at five and I desperately considered using the toilets for an immoral purpose when Gemma greeted me as she came in. “Sorry I am a little early,” she said and gave me a peck on the cheek, her long flowing black wavy hair brushing over my neck.

Gemma disappeared for a few moments and reappeared wearing a lovely short dress. I positioned her in front of the camera and took a few pictures as she stripped from her dress to a lovely lacy pair of lingerie. I was drawn immediately to some tattoos, which normally I did not find too attractive but looked very sexy on her.

She giggled at me glancing, “I had a wild first year,” she told me and cupped her “B” cup breasts. On the right of her mons, at waist-level was a black and blue star and on the left hand side was a blue floral pattern starting at her waist and running down to her thigh.

She blew me a kiss and wiggled her hips. She had me photograph her tattoos clearly before she removed her underwear, freeing her bosom and then proudly displaying her pussy. She was bare and my dick stiffened.

Gemma grinned at me and rubbed her clitoris and closed her eyes. I took another picture and she bit her lip, looking at me with a gleam in her eye. “How many left?”

I checked the camera and replied, “two, maybe three.”

Gemma walked over, her hips swinging seductively and I put the camera back on the tripod. She put her arms around, my nostrils inhaling her aromatic perfume as she kissed my neck. I felt two hands glide down my body and onto my shorts, and she slid them down taking my underpants with them and freeing my erect cock.

She blew on it and I closed my eyes. “I want a photo of you naked,” she told me and lifted the hem of my shirt over my head while I kicked off my sneakers and shorts.

“Is there a timer thing on this?” Gemma asked and I nodded, setting the timer to 10secs and she dragged me to the centre of the stage. As she went to leave I grabbed her and

pulled her towards me.

“You too,” I told her, my heart beating furiously as she positioned herself next to me kissing my cheek as she did. The flash went off and the photo was taken.

Gemma skipped back to the camera and smiled at me, winding on the picture and setting the camera again.

“Come here,” I told her and she came skipping back and reached for my cock, pumping it a couple of times. I was oblivious to the world around me, her touch felt magnificent and I closed my eyes as the naked dancer stroked my member.

I was blindly aware of a momentary bright light but did not care. Gemma had her body pressed up against mine and she was increasing her speed. “It must be so unfair,” she whispered. “All those sexy girls stripping for you and no way to release. A nice horny guy like you must really want to cum for me,” she whispered.

I grunted, my loins convulsing and sending a stream of semen onto her fingers. I bucked my hips against her fist as she milked my dick for the last remnants and then wiped her hands on a tissue.

“Wow, Gemma,” I told her and she gave me a raffish, sly grin. She rubbed her hands over my chest and kissed me on the cheek. We stayed in silence for a few moments and Gemma bit her lip.

“Thanks,” I found myself saying and Gemma smiled. I moved my hands towards her but she wriggled away.

“I’m working later. It’ll do me no good if I am too horny,” she warned and kissed me again.

We got dressed and I started packing up my camera and equipment. “I hope they come out OK,” Gemma told me and I nodded.

“Should do. I’ve not had many poor pictures in the last couple of years and there isn’t a bad environment. I released the rope so that the curtain dropped down and turned off all the spot lights.

“If they come out good, I wouldn’t mind some more, but could we come to an agreement?” Gemma asked, her voice nervous.

“What do you mean?” I asked and she bit her lip.

“I could really use a few different sets, but I can’t afford forty, fifty quid a time, and I know that’s a really good price but I have some debts from Uni and I am not earning an awful lot.”

“Well the processing and film will be around twenty pounds. If we take the pictures at your house or away from here, and if you can afford that then I don’t lose a day’s pay using this place. Unless I’m doing other girls then I’ll just slot you in.”

She hummed “I’ll make it worth your while,” she promised and I stared at her.

“What d’ya mean?”

Gemma looked over at the bar and back at me, her blue eyes anxious. “I spent a bit of

time at Uni as an escort. I'll trade my time for yours." It suddenly clicked what she was referring to, she would trade naughty pictures for sexual favours?

I was almost horrified. I didn't object to the sex trade on moral grounds, but I would never accept sex as payment for anything. I shook my head. "You can have my time without the need to prostitute yourself," I replied a little curtly and her head swayed. "Why do you want the pictures so bad?"

Gemma sucked in her lips. "I spent four years at Uni training, got a great degree and now can't use it, there are no jobs. I need to do something to tide me over until I get on that rung so I want to do some nudie magazines. Some modelling. These pictures should get me into their studio for a professional photo shoot and hopefully I might get a few quid off Readers Wives if not."

"What did you do at Uni?"

"Maths."

"Well maybe that's the trade? I always got my ex-girlfriend to help me with Maths. I'll happily trade an hour of A-Level Maths tuition for an hour's photography," I suggested and she laughed.

"Yeah, OK. See how these pan out and if they are good then you're on."

* * * * *

I knocked tentatively on the door in Windmill Street having gone to the ATM and withdrawn almost all of the money from my current account. A short middle-aged woman came to the door and looked expectantly at me.

"I am looking for Olivia," I replied and she grinned.

"Let me guess Emily sent you."

"Err...well. Yes."

"You the one with the dodgy photographs?"

"Err....yes," I said my face flushing.

"Well come in then."

Olivia showed me into a small lounge and sat down.

"How many films?"

"Ten."

"Ten?" Olivia exclaimed and grinned at me. "You have been busy."

"24 or 36?"

"36"

She nodded and grinned at me. "What sizes do you want?"

“I wouldn't mind a set of 12-by-8's and two of 6-by-4s”

She whistled. “That would normally be thirteen pounds each, but as you are doing ten films I'm happy with a tenner each.” I passed over five crisp notes and she smiled. “Good when they don't have to go through the books, right?”

I grinned and nodded.

“Come get 'em tomorrow after six thirty.”

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 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: 8th September 2012 (I'm on holiday)

New Pleasures Chapter XVI

College starts for the students and Andy has a wild date. Zoe celebrates her birthday and Sarah is left speechless.

Excerpt: "Andy," Mum called. "Leave Sarah alone," she said with an exasperated voice. "What have I told you? What have ..."

"Go away," I shrieked, Sarah's juices rolling down my chin..

"Get dressed and get ready," Mum snapped and slammed the door. "And leave her alone."

I looked at Sarah who sniffed and gave me an embarrassed look. "Moment's gone," she whispered and I slowly withdrew my fingers from her. "Sorry," she whispered and reached over and we shared a snog. "I'll learn to come quietly."

“Why do my family have to be so awkward?” I asked and watched as Sarah looked at me out of the corner of her eye and sucked on my fingers.

“Next time,” she whispered. “I’ll go down on you,” she promised.

To be released on, or before: 15th September 2012