

NEW PLeasures

Chapter Fifteen



By
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Credits and License

Codes: MF hand oral exhib

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Preface

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

“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 XV

"There are hardly any bluebells left," Abi moaned as we fought our way through the trees. "Are you sure this is the spot?"

"Yep. And yes, there won't be any this time of year as they have all died out. You are going to have to wait eight months or so," I told her and she sighed, as she put her bag down. "But then you should know that as I did tell you yesterday."

Abi pouted. "It is still bonnie and peaceful though, isn't it?"

"Very," I muttered with a smile. "It's a wonderful place." The only sound that punctuated the silence was that of a few birds in the trees and Abi unfurled the picnic rug to lie down on it. I glanced up her tartan skirt and leered.

"You like what you see?"

"Of course, I always like what I see." Abi laughed and patted the rug next to her. I put the picnic bag next to the tree and sat down alongside my Scottish lover on the soft rug.

Although the ground was hard, it had barely rained for weeks, the woollen, tartan rug was soft and thick and it was on a carpet of dead bluebells and springy greenery. She watched as I sat down alongside her and she pulled me so I was lay down. I gave a cry and a laugh as I landed and rolled over onto Abi.

"Let me go to Scotland with you," I suggested staring into her eyes and her face fell.

"Andy, this isn't why we are here."

"No come on," I begged. "I know you are going, I heard you talking to Mum about it."

She sighed and shook her head, her playful demeanour evaporating. "No, it's complicated."

"I didn't embarrass you last time, did I?" She hesitated and I frowned. "You aren't ashamed of our friendship, aren't you?"

"No," Abi said quickly. "Not at all. I just, don't think it's a great idea you going. It's complicated." I sighed and she looked into my eyes. "You mean a lot to me, you know that. But my family ... you didn't get on with all of them, did you?"

"But they said awful things."

"It's what families do," Abi told me and took a deep breath. "So I am going up on my own."

"But what about Moira and Graeme ..."

"I don't know," Abi interrupted. "I just don't know if they are going to come and see me. They don't like me, I know that. But I'll be fine." She pursed her lips and I could tell from the look in her eyes that it was more out of hope than expectation.

"I don't mind going," I told her but she shook her head and closed her eyes. "Really I don't. I don't want you to face it on your own."

She groaned and shook her head. "I will be fine. They are my family. And you really know

how to spoil a moment, don't you? If this is how you behave with Sarah no wonder you are not with her."

I screwed up my face. "Oi," I moaned and she raised her eyebrows. "That's below the belt."

Abi's face broke into a smirk and she traced her hands down my flanks. "Below the belt, eh?"

We kissed and she stared into my gaze. "Honestly, no need to worry 'bout me," she whispered. "I'm building bridges with my family and that's only happened 'cause of you and Grace. You've done your bit." I went to protest when she put a finger over my lips and ssshed me.

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.

Abi's scent filled my nostrils as my tongue darted into her folds and she closed her eyes, enjoying the gentle sensations that I was causing. I slid my tongue up and down her smooth, slick runway and twisted my tongue around her pearl. She groaned as my tongue danced along her intimate folds and I lined up my little finger at her hole, covering it with her juices and then replaced it with my index finger.

She squealed as my fingers touched her, and I began to push my middle finger in as well. This caused her to tense up for a moment, and grunt, before I extended my slippery little finger against her buttock and it slid in.

Abi's grunts and groans became a lot more audible and drowned out the sound of the odd bird or the whistling breeze; my three fingers shaking and wiggling in her holes was driving her crazy. Her squeals and grunts got louder and more passionate as my vibrating digits whirred inside her and my tongue danced an orgasmic tune on her clitoris.

She ran her hands through my hair, patting me as if I was a good Labrador, and I continued, savouring her distinctive, musky taste and relishing the sweet scent of my lover. I felt her anus start to quiver and tighten over my finger, her buttocks lifted slightly from the ground and her thighs shook. Abi gasped and grunted, screwed up her face and let out a piercing cry, before panting and mewling loudly.

I didn't let up, just continued to flick and suck her clitoris and pushing my fingers into her intimate areas as I rotated them. Abi swore loudly and squealed, grabbing hold of my head and pushing me into her crotch. She screamed as her legs shook and then started crying out theatrically.

She panted furiously, and pushed my head away. "Too ..." She didn't finish as my tired hand increased its pace and Abi's eye widened. "Oh shit," she shrieked and I ran my spare hand through her pubic hair. Abi grunted, and closed her eyes, her body becoming hysterical as she writhed and bucked, held her breath and then panted. She waved her hands about and then screwed up her face as she inhaled and then mewed as she exhaled sharply.

Her yells were louder than anything else in the forest and they echoed off the trees that lined our temporary playground. Her muscles tensed around my fingers and then quivered, as my concupiscent lover was driven to her third orgasm of the day.

Abi pushed my fingers away from her as she came down off her high and pulled me towards her, freeing my shorts with her hand. She felt my erect cock and positioned it at her entrance. "No blowjob?" I teased and Abi shook her head.

"Not in the mood," she whispered and groaned as I rocked forward to propel my cock into her unguarded pussy. She screwed up her face as I gently slid it forward into her greasy hole, and she gripped my buttocks with her hands.

I loved bringing Abi (and Sarah) to orgasm but intercourse was always more intense for me. I closed my eyes and kissed Abi, the sounds of nature around us, and a gentle breeze wafting over my buttocks.

I felt a slight chill to the wind, but didn't care, Abi was coaxing a climax from me, and I felt it well up inside of me. I bit my lip, emitting a sigh as I exhaled. Abi kissed me and gripped my buttocks harder. I muttered some compliments in her ear and increased the rhythm of my hips that Abi was matching.

She groaned again, and I felt the tension across my balls, desperately holding on until the last possible moment. I was loving al fresco sex, it was so naughty compared to bedroom sex and screwed up my face as my testicles steadied themselves for release. I felt my buttocks clench and my legs tensed; Abi must have felt it too, as her expression changed to a broad grin and I pumped several waves of semen into the girl.

She coaxed the last few aftershocks out of my body and we collapsed against each other, smiling and kissing.

It took us a good few minutes to get cleaned up. Fortunately, Abi had some baby wipes in her bag and this meant we were able to eat our food with clean hands, and we sat talking. She was still determined that I should remain in Aylesbury and pleaded with me to drop the subject.

Her belief was that my presence would be divisive and make the most hostile elements of her family defensive to her presence. I couldn't say I disagreed, but saw how nasty Moira was to my friend and didn't want her to face that on her own.

Abi followed the picnic with a deep, long blowjob, swallowing my seed with relish and a smile before insisting that I repeat my earlier cunnilingus on her, which I was only too happy to do. We heard the odd voice, but they were few and far between and most of the noise that day came from the birds and Abi.

However by mid-afternoon it was time to leave and after spending about five of the six hours naked or half-naked with my lover, I had little to complain about. I asked Abi to drop me off in Windmill Street to collect the photographs and she was happy to oblige.

"You sure this is the road?" Abi asked as she pulled into the little side street. "It's very quiet." What did Abi expect? Bright lights saying "Porno photos here?!"

"Yes," I said with undue confidence. "Windmill Street, it's fine." Abi leant over and gave me a kiss on the lips and smiled.

"Be good," she told me with a grin as I got out of the car. "And good luck tomorrow." I groaned and nodded; the subject of my exam results had been blissfully forgotten by myself.

"Thanks," I muttered and Abi leant over her gearstick to lock the passenger door.

"And ring me," Abi shouted through the window. I waved as she left and looked up and down the road, my eyes focusing on a house opposite. My heart was beating furiously as I knocked on the door to collect the photos and Olivia answered. She beamed at me and welcomed me in.

"You have some damn fine pictures there," she told me as I sat down in her lounge. She had a supermarket bag full of envelopes and passed them over.

"Yeah, Cheers," I replied and Olivia gave me a broad smile. "Did they come out OK?"

Olivia nodded and sat back in her faded, fabric armchair. "Oh yeah," she replied smirking. "There are a couple of sets that are just amazing. Emily reckons that they are the best sets of amateur photographs we've developed for a long time." I gave a nervous smile and Olivia took a drag of a lit cigarette. "Listen kid. What's the deal with these?"

I shifted anxiously. "Well a few of the girls at the lap-dancing club wanted some nudie pictures taken and I have a decent camera and been using it for years so I said I'd do it for a shade above the cost price."

She gave a brief chortle. "Pretty enterprising," she told me with a laugh. "And I bet it's fun." I blushed and murmured an agreement. "Listen, I guess you ain't worried about a bit of flesh," she muttered and I nodded. "Cause I know a few couples who wouldn't mind some decent pictures of them in the act, so to speak, but obviously won't fork out for a top photographer. If you are interested ..."

I took a deep breath. "Well I would be. Umm ... I mean, obviously, well ... I could, it would be ..."

Olivia chuckled at my nervousness. "But they dain't want someone who'll stand around and watch. They want proper take photos, capture the moment."

I nodded. "Well ... I umm ... I did those OK."

Olivia raised her eyebrows. "Yeah, yah did, they're pretty good. But ya'int gonna mess if ya do it. It takes balls to be captured in the act, they'll be up for it but seeing someone new, it's a bit off-putting." She sighed and took another drag on her cigarette. "They want a decent camera man but they charge a bloody fortune. So I guess it might be up your street," she said with a smile. "Be a bit more enterprising. Emmie does of 'em but she's wanting to be a pro so she's a big expensive."

"Well ... I hope to be back in a few days anyway with some more. It should be OK," I said with a professional air to my voice.

She looked at me. "Do you want to think about it?"

I nodded and bit my lip. "Can I give you my mobile number?" I asked. It was the first time I had been in a position to do so and quite liked the way it sounded. Olivia smiled.

"Yes. Yes, you can," she said confidently. "And you can take mine."

* * * * *

Mum and Rhea wanted to be present when I got my results, but I negotiated that they should wait in the park café while I went and got the bad news with Sarah. Mum and Angela made us promise not to open our results until we got to the café, but I am not sure they expected us to keep to our promise, and they waited with Rhea as we nervously left. I had already given Sarah the two packets of photos of her but she just smiled and acknowledged them, without thinking or looking at the contents.

The school had helpfully sorted the results into alphabetical order and as Williams and Bailey were at opposite ends of the alphabet we had different tables to approach to get our envelopes. I was still waiting when Sarah arrived holding her envelope, the teachers on the first table were considerably more organised than those on the fourth but a few minutes later we were walking back across the park.

"Nervous?" Sarah asked and I smiled at her.

"Very," I replied. "I know you're not."

"I am," Sarah replied indignantly.

"Why? You know you probably got ten A Stars."

Sarah snorted at me in derision. She had not opened her two envelopes of pictures when we entered the café and Mum immediately called us over to her table in the corner when we entered.

"What did you get?" Angela asked and Sarah shrugged, passing her the two envelopes of pornographic pictures without thinking, and then ripped open her results envelope, her hands shaking.

"Aren't you going to do yours?" Sarah asked and I peered over her shoulder.

"Afterwards, you first?"

Sarah unfurled the sheet and squealed. "Oh my God. Look Mum, nine A-stars." Sarah thrust the sheet of paper into her Mum's hands and looked at me. "Your turn," she said before her Mum could congratulate her.

"Wow. Sarah. That's amazing." Sarah blushed as I looked at her and bit my lip. "If I have one A I'll be happy," I told her and she nibbled her fingernail with a coy grin.

"Well I got one A," Sarah replied as her mother was trying to navigate past Rhea to be able to hug her daughter. "English Literature." Her mother shot her a look and Sarah shrugged meekly before being embraced by her mother.

"With nine bloody A stars," I quipped and tore open my envelope. My fingers were clammy and I rubbed the top of the white sheet of paper before pulling out the folded A4 letter.

Before I could read it, Rhea had snatched it from me. "Rhea!"

Rhea unfurled it and four sets of eyes were staring at her. "Four D's, Five E's and a U. Honestly bro, if you spent a little less time with the girls and a bit more time doing some actual work ..."

"Really?" I asked and my heart sank. I knew I was not going to match Sarah's results but I thought I had done better than D's and E's but I was pining after Paula and my mind did wander in some of the exams. "I was thinking of Paula," I confessed.

"Hey," Sarah said and wrapped her arms around me. "It's not that bad," Sarah soothed but I stared at the paper in Rhea's hand.

"Yeah, but I won't be at College next year," I muttered. "I was really looking forward to it." Sarah pursed her lips and squeezed my hand to comfort me. "And I don't want to do endless resits."

Mum looked at Rhea. "Let me see those."

Rhea shook her head and I realised that she was teasing; in the heat of the moment I had forgotten about her mischievous nature. "Oh for fuck's sake Rhea, what did I get?"

Rhea grinned. "Haha! Had you for a moment. B in English Literature, A's in Double Science, History and RE. A stars in Maths, Economics, IT, English Language, French. Oh and embarrassingly vocal sex."

"Rhea!" I snapped. "Quite teasing me. What the fuck have I got?" I asked and reached over Angela to snatch the paper back. Sarah and I poured over it and Rhea was right. I had got five A stars and four A's. Sarah hugged me again and then Mum congratulated us both.

"They are brilliant," Sarah gushed. "That's wow-time. You just need to work hard to get good A Levels to go to Cambridge or Oxford," she teased. I rolled my eyes; I was not bright enough for a prestigious university such as Oxford and Cambridge, but I had certainly done better than expected.

Angela passed Sarah her phone and told her to ring her father and I did the same with my mobile phone and Dad. Dad was pleased and asked after Paula. I felt a pang of guilt when her name was mentioned, but explained that she had moved to Bournemouth and was being surprisingly lacklustre about keeping in touch. Dad signed off with a promise to move some cash into my account so I could "treat myself" for my hard work and I sighed. He didn't need to, but he wanted to; he was always generous to a fault.

I kept my promise and rang Abi who squealed into the mobile device as her phone rang and shrieked when I told her my results. I had told everyone that I had expected one or two A's and the rest B's and C's and when I recounted the fact I had done far better than expected it had made me sound like I had been unrealistic.

"Of course, exams aren't what they are used to be," Rhea told me as I re-entered the café. "They give A stars out for not using crayons and grunting. Ten years ago they would have meant something. Now, it's just well ... easy!"

"Exactly," I said, mirroring the grin on Rhea's face. "So you will get ten A stars then in two years?" Rhea's face fell and she scowled at me, before using some very unkind language.

Sarah came back into the café as Rhea was excused, her daily dose of mischief-making was complete and was probably en-route to Becky or Simon. "I don't think you wanted me to see these," Angela said tersely and passed Sarah the open envelopes of photos.

Sarah and I blushed. "Thanks," Sarah said and took the photographs in the plain envelope.

"You watch what you do with those, young lady." We nodded and Sarah bit her lip. "I would rather that you weren't being so explicit, to be honest."

Sarah stammered and Angela stared piercingly into her eyes. Sarah squeezed my hand and I could tell Sarah would be in a certain amount of trouble when she got home. "We are thinking of going out for a meal later in town to celebrate," Mum told us, rescuing Sarah from the disapproval of her mother. "So if Zoe or anyone wants to come, we are thinking of the White Lion near the cinema."

"NO!" Sarah and I shouted in unison.

"Why?" Mum asked, puzzled. "They do nice food there."

"We don't like it there," I replied quickly and Sarah nodded. "Awful. It changed hands. Dirty and everything. How about the Italian down the end of the road?"

Mum and Angela looked at each other and Mum shrugged. "Hmmm, OK. I'll book it," she promised and they watched as we skipped out of the café. I was on cloud-nine, I had never expected to get one A star, let alone five, as I was not that sort of student, but Paula had made me work very hard for the exams.

I tried hard not to think of Paula – she had been replaced in my life by other people, but she was the main reason why I was feeling so buoyant and wished that she was here for me to talk to. I made a mental note to write to her and thank her.

Zoe found Sarah and myself by the corner of the lake and came running over. "Three A-stars, five A's and two B's," she squealed. Sarah and I gave her warm praise and I told her Sarah's results.

"Could have guessed them," she muttered and looked at me. "Let me guess, two A-stars, three A's and five B's."

"Five, four, one," I replied and her mouth dropped.

"You serious? You got five A-stars?" Zoe asked incredulously. "Paula was a great influence wasn't she?"

"Will people please stop mentioning Paula," I snapped sharply and then gave an apologetic look. "Yeah, she was, wasn't she. I didn't expect it at all."

Zoe stayed with us as we hunted down other students. Jez had passed all of his exams (but they were mostly B's and C's), Ray got mostly A's and B's and no A-stars while Donna got two A-stars but also two D's. She barely looked at me and I didn't recount my results within earshot of her, passing my paper over to Ray to read. "Are you sure these are your results?" He teased and I nodded.

"Yeah, everyone is blaming Paula."

"You wouldn't have done it any other way, would you?" I shrugged in response.

Sarah was desperate to look over the pictures I had taken so we tried to slip off and go get some lunch, but Zoe didn't realise we wanted to be alone and neither Sarah nor I wanted to ask her to leave, so she accompanied us back to the café and we ordered two salads and a toasted sandwich, and three drinks, all of which I paid for.

Zoe left us to go the toilet and Sarah, who had deliberately sat in the corner of the restaurant so that there was no-one behind her, opened the pictures and began to look through them. She cooed appreciatively over the first picture, a close up of her aroused pussy and then smiled as she leafed through them, grinning or complimenting each one.

I was looking and didn't see Zoe appear. "What's that?" Zoe asked and Sarah dropped the pictures onto the table in fright.

Zoe's eyes clamped onto the top image, a close up of the red vibrator in Sarah and she raised her hands to her mouth. Sarah frantically gathered them up but Zoe saw a couple of Sarah and she looked at me and then my unfaithful friend.

"They're pornographic photos, aren't they?" Sarah and I spluttered. Zoe rolled her eyes. "Of you?"

Sarah and I looked at each other blushing and our food was brought to the table. "Well sort of," Sarah replied and I looked sheepishly at my sandwich.

"And what will happen when someone sees them?" Zoe asked and we shrugged. "You two are so ... immoral!"

"No one is going to see them," I hissed but Zoe shook her head.

"I am sure there is a law about producing pornography when you are sixteen," she replied and looked at Sarah. "You promised me, Sarah. About Kevin."

Sarah grumbled and Zoe lectured us for most of the lunch, before leaving us after eating her food and Sarah and I rushed home. Sarah wanted to have a proper look at the pictures and we were soon spread out over my double bed as she flicked through them.

"They do look good but my lips in that one look so puffy," Sarah complained and I smiled. She had been playing with herself and sliding her red vibrator, and was somewhat surprised that her genitals were slightly engorged and flushed. "Can we do some more?"

"What did you have in mind?" I asked and Sarah smiled.

"Can we take some of me going down on you? And also I have some beautiful outfits I want to get pictures of, like that Hawaiian one from London."

I kissed her on the cheek. "Of course. But I think your Mum is going to go spare if we do."

"Not her business," Sarah said tersely and crossed her arms. "It's up to me what I do."

Sarah and I had a lovely afternoon bowling and her parents brought her a dress for the meal as we returned to the flat. Unfortunately, Sarah was not allowed to stay the night after our trip to the Italian and we didn't take the liberty of inviting Zoe although Rhea did bring Simon. Neither Sarah or myself wanted her to continue her unreasonable moaning at us and we knew it would not be good if we squabbled with her in front of our parents. It was a nice evening and I deliberately sat between Angela and Sarah and made a point of speaking to Angela. I was aware that they "wanted to know who I was" before they would

permit Sarah and I to get too close and spend nights with each other and I tried to make a good impression.

However, due to Sarah's carelessness I had a feeling that no matter what I did, Angela would remember that day for her seeing graphic and pornographic photographs of her daughter's most intimate areas and I would, rather unfairly, be considered in her mind to be the principle architect.

Angela never mentioned it directly during the meal, but her look of disapproval earlier meant she didn't need to: Sarah would be in trouble when they got home.

Sarah kept squeezing my leg under the table and I did snatch a couple of kisses but before too long she had to leave and I was left ever so slightly frustrated by her teasing. I wondered if Abi was working!

* * * * *

Abi wasn't working but did not stay the night in my bed and I had a lie-in before meandering downstairs to work. It was Friday, and I had to clean the office as well as the main club, which annoyed my mother greatly as she was trying to work while I meandered around the small room with a loud Hoover.

I was at the team meeting considerably earlier as were all nine of the girls who partook in the photography session a few days previous. "How were your exam results?" Gemma asked, the first to arrive and I smiled.

"Great, thanks. Much better than I thought." Mum was behind me and smiled at Gemma.

"Five A stars, four A's and a B," Mum added proudly and I groaned. She had not stopped telling everything this and I looked through the white envelopes. I had sorted them out and slid Gemma's photographs over to her.

She started leafing through them when Juggs sauntered in, with her recognisable bosom bouncing in front of her. "They come out OK?"

"Well I think I captured the beauty of your shimmering hair," I teased and passed her two envelopes.

"How 'bout the sluttiness of my fucking twat," she replied and Gemma looked up at me.

"They are fantastic," she said with a broad grin. "Well worth the forty pounds."

Gemma counted out a few notes and passed them over the table. "I'd love to get a few more. We're on, if you are still interested. As we agreed."

I smiled. "Sure, I'll catch up with ya some time," I promised. Over the following thirty minutes all nine of the dancers arrived and I had sold nine sets of pictures, making a profit of over two hundred pounds. I also got several thanks, over 360 erotic pictures for my portfolio and the offer of Maths lessons for more pornographic photographs. To put it mildly: I'd had worse weeks!

The photos were very much the talk of the team meeting and a large number of the remaining dancers, and even Susie, the tattooed barmaid wanted some doing. I looked over at Mum and asked if I could use the club on Monday daytime and she hummed.

“OK but I am trusting you. I won't be here!” I smiled and she raised her eyebrows. “But someone will be present.”

I shrugged; I genuinely didn't care who my mother would choose to watch over me as long as it wasn't Juggs. I got on well with everyone and was not overawed (almost) by them. Unlike Rhea, who would have been seething if Mum had arranged for someone to keep an eye on her, I genuinely didn't care.

I was already looking forward to photographing the mad barmaid Susie, the giggly Chloe, the quiet but kinky Angel, the quiet new girl Elena, the mothering Autumn, the loud and very twisted Katie, the slightly aloof Madison and the wonderfully nice Scarlet, not to mention my sexy Maths teacher Gemma. They would make wonderful additions to my portfolio.

After the team meeting, Mum gestured to me to come over. She had arranged to see a show in the local theatre with her friend Alicia and a few of the girls and Rhea was having tea at Simon's house as “he was going away to Scout Camp for a few days” so I was told to raid the freezer and find something to eat.

This was a little disconcerting. In the past few weeks I had rarely spent any time on my own and was beginning to feel as though I needed the company – whether it be Sarah, Abi, Zoe or even Rhea. I did not want to be alone, and it was as though I had almost forgotten how to amuse myself.

I didn't need to have worried. I walked out of the back door and almost ran into Jessica shouting at her car. “Problem?” I asked rhetorically and Jessica, Ray's sister hummed.

“This bloody thing won't start.” Jessica spoke sharply and angrily at her car and crossed her arms. “Bloody useless piece of shit.” Her car was an “A” registration plate, which made the vehicle over sixteen years old. The rusting ruby red Vauxhall Cavalier had ripped seats and dents all down the sides. Its front tyre was looking very worn and the aerial was bent. It looked unloved and broken, and uncharitably, I did wonder how it ever started.

“Battery?” I asked and suggested we try a jump start. I didn't know how to jump start a car, or even if we had some leads but it sounded like I knew what I was talking about which my friend's sister appreciated. Jessica shrugged.

“I'll ring my mate Will. He will be around soon and he'll know what to do.”

“Oh OK,” I said and turned to leave.

“Hey Andy. Any chance I can use your phone?”

“Sure,” I replied and pointed at the fire escape as she picked up a couple of bags from her seat. I happily watching her ass wiggle as she ascended the fire escape, my mind on little else.

Jessica rang her friend on the lounge phone and sighed. He was still at work and as he worked in the centre of London, would be at least two hours before he reached her. She went to leave but I stopped her and asked her if she wanted to stay for something to eat. She hesitated and deliberated, staring at me for a moment.

“Yeah, that'll be cool,” she answered and I grinned.

We had a couple of games on the PlayStation and then I went to raid the fridge while

Jessica retrieved the rest of her shopping from her car. I found a large pizza and slapped that into the oven along with some garlic bread and put some peas and beans, on separate pans, on the stove.

Jessica laughed when she saw what I was cooking but I just shrugged. "It's food. It goes in one hole and out of the other."

"That's what I have always liked about you Andy. You are so romantic."

I blushed and she dug out some milk and put it in our fridge. "I said I'd pick some up but It'll go off in this heat if I leave it in the car."

Jessica and I chatted like old friends with our mismatched meal. She was keen to talk about her degree, Psychology and Law, and planned to drop the Psychology bit as soon as she could, and also about Ray who was still obsessed with Donna. Jessica shared my dislike of the girl as she said Donna was too controlling and dominated Ray. I would have chosen a more vicious description of her, but Jessica's was not inaccurate.

Jessica was wearing a white T-Shirt with denim shorts and as she scooped up the last of her beans they fell off and splattered her shirt. "Shit!" She exclaimed and passed her a dishcloth to wipe the remnants of the food from her clothing. "It'll stain now."

"What if you wash it now?" I asked and Jessica looked at me.

"And wander around your house half-naked?" She responded to my cheeky grin. "I bet you'll like that!"

I sighed. "Yeah 'cos you weren't exposed at all dressed as burlesque dancer, were you? Or sunbathing?"

Jessica smiled and pulled her top over her head to reveal a plain white bra. I averted my eyes and Jessica ruffled my short hair as she went past to find some washing powder.

In the end, Jessica found some "handwash-only" soap and scrubbed her white top in the bathroom to remove the stain while I washed up our plates and the pans that we had used.

She smiled at me when she came down and asked if I minded her walking around the flat without her top on and I smiled. It was such a stupid question to ask a sixteen year old boy; in fact I would've heartily recommended she take her bra, skirt, knickers and socks off as well.

Instead, I gave a flattering and complimentary response. "Of course not. You know I have always found you very attractive. Why would I object to a beautiful girl half-stripping when we are alone?"

Jessica blushed. "Well, you are my brother's best mate."

I shifted slightly. Ray and I were still avoiding each other when he was with Donna, and this did not make for a smooth friendship. "So?"

Jessica puffed and glanced over to her bags. "I got this today. I found it in the little lingerie shop in town."

Jessica pulled out two very flimsy garments, black lacy thin pieces of fabric that barely looked able to conceal anything and rejoined me on the sofa. "What do you think?"

I readjusted my shorts before it became obvious and smiled. "They look great. But I'll need to see them on before I make a proper judgement."

Jessica laughed and smirked. "I'm sure you would. I could slip them on over what I am wearing."

"Oh that wouldn't work," I replied airily. "To get an appreciation of the item you would need to see it in all of its glory," I teased and Jessica's face twisted into a playful expression.

"Unlucky. I can't flaunt myself in front of you. As I said before, you're like a little brother."

I stood up next to her and was a good few inches taller. "Oh, and less of little."

"That's what Vanessa said," Jessica said and I groaned.

"What did she say?"

"Not sixteen inches but not small either." I blushed and Jessica grinned. "Of course Isobel was asked all sorts of questions and said you were very good at going down on her."

I went bright red. "She said what?" I asked and Jessica burst into laughter. She bit her lip and finished her glass of water, left over from the meal.

"That you knew how to use your tongue. Vanessa was very interested, I can tell you."

"Oh really. Perhaps I should ask her out on a date," I replied facetiously and Jessica nodded.

"Yes. Do. I think she will like that, she's very lonely at the moment."

I snorted. "I wasn't serious!"

Jessica shrugged and stretched out on the sofa. "She had had a bad few months and she could do with being taken out. She likes you. Not as boyfriend material maybe but she does like you. You have your mother's outlook in life." She waited for me to smile and then licked her lips. "She was talking to Isobel about you the other day and she asked Grace after you 'cause she was thought you didn't find her pulling your shorts down funny."

"I didn't at the time," I said with a smile. "It was unexpected." She beamed at me and shrugged. "Just wish I could do the same to her."

"Yeah, well, she likes you. Most of the girls do, 'specially after doing all the photos and ..." She paused and waited for me to go to respond and then giggled. "Although it might just be 'cause you are the boss's son!" She laughed as my face fell slightly and I snorted. I was stunned. After spending so long chasing Abi and Sarah, and getting nowhere quickly, it was an alien concept to me to find that someone of the female persuasion might actually like me! She shrugged. "Some nights are slow," she muttered. "We do talk backstage, y'know!"

"So anyway, this underwear," I replied, returning the subject back to her lingerie.

Jessica laughed. "You really would like to see it?"

"Oh yes," I added with raised eyebrows and began to feel the back of my mouth go dry. She was my best friend's sister, but she was one of the most beautiful girls that I knew. "I

think you'll look great in it!"

Jessica glanced at the door and then her lingerie and grinned. "OK then. But you are not to tell Ray."

"I wouldn't dare," I promised and Jessica got up and went into the kitchen. I tried to peer through the archway but she positioned herself where my line of sight meant that I was unable to sneak a glance, no matter how hard I tried although ensuring I still looked nonchalant.

Jessica returned in the underwear smiling profusely, looking for a reaction from me; she got it. The black see-through bra proudly showed her nipples, and her G-String displayed her shaved mons and pert rear. She giggled as she looked at me, and cut me a coy look.

"So?"

"I think it is wonderful," I muttered. "Amazing."

Jessica gulped and rubbed her nose, looking at my crotch. "It makes you ... turned on."

I nodded and watched as she swung her hips from side to side in front of me, and did a twirl. Her lightly-coloured hair bounced outwards as she did, and she took the bobble out so it flowed freely to her bosom.

I touched my shorts, and gulped; Jessica was sexier than she ever was as bikini-clad Jenny. "It's not Burlesque is it?"

Jessica laughed. "I am doing the odd normal shift. And in the private rooms." She waited for me to say something and raised her eyebrows. "Law's expensive and it's an easy way to pay to get a degree." I nodded and she looked at my eyes tracing over her body. "So what would you do if we were in a private room?" She asked and I shrugged.

"What would I be able to do?" I asked, my eyes not leaving her wonderful body.

Jessica smiled. "The law is that we don't touch the punters and they don't touch us. But in the private rooms, it's all a bit blurred as, if we know the guy, then we can do what we want as long as they pay for it." She smirked as she spoke and she shrugged. "There are probably half-a-dozen girls there who wouldn't make a bit on the side doing whatever. The rest of us definitely would."

"Would you?"

Jessica sniffed. "I probably wouldn't fuck someone, but I've done other things." I gulped and stared at her which caused her to grin. "For a good man like yourself, I'd wander over, touch you and then watch you squirt."

I gulped again and she smiled, wiggling her lips and running her hands down me. Her touch felt electric and I watched as she undid my shorts and forced it from underneath me. She looked at my erect cock and then at me with a smirk. She reached down and sat down next to me, glancing up and touching it.

I groaned, watching her as her hand slipped over my cock and began to gently pump it. She licked her lips and smiled at me with a grin. "That's nice," I muttered and reached over to her, but she slapped my hand away.

"My treat," she said. "For being so nice. And I've got to christen my new lingerie."

I tried to smile, but her light touch that was dancing over my erection was too erotic; I had not had sex since Abi a couple of days previous and was full of pent up lust. I sniffed and took deep breaths, catching a smirk of the scantily-clad Burlesque dancer out of the corner of my eye.

I closed my eyes and threw my head back, looking towards the ceiling, feeling the tension across the backs of my testicles. It was unreal; Jenny was untouchable as Ray's sister, but as Jessica she had an exquisite touch. I sighed and grunted, feeling the point of no return.

Jessica beamed and stroked my shaft quicker and quicker, feeling the tensing of my cock. I sighed as I exhaled and a spurt of semen left my member and onto her hand. She picked up a tissue from the coffee table and caught the last few waves before cleaning up her hand and looking at me.

"I do that," she whispered and smirked. "For all my horny young men."

"And ..." I wanted to ask how much she would charge but she looked into my eyes and I realised that I didn't want to know. She may be Jessica sat next to me, but she was also Jenny and Ray would be devastated if he knew his sister was prostituting herself. I licked my lips and just nodded. "I'm just going to get cleaned up," I whispered, an act which caused Jessica to giggle. I ran up the stairs and closed the bathroom door, panting as I bathed my cock in warm water, and washed my hands.

What had just happened? Was I that surprised to find out that Jenny was up to naughtiness in the club? What about Abi? I had more questions than I had answers and returned to the lounge to see Jessica dressed and holding out a cup of tea for me.

"You look scared," she teased.

"It's, um, a little unexpected," I told her, hesitating as I spoke. "And ..."

"I'm not expecting anything," Jessica told me and looked into my eyes. "I'm not attracted to you." She shrugged and needlessly apologised. "I forget that it's a different world in the club. I'm not wanting to take the place of Isobel," she promised and I raised my eyes; there was only one person who could do that, and she was in Wendover.

"It's not that, I just always saw you as, um, an impossible dream," I admitted. She giggled again and looked at me.

"It was just a handjob," she dismissed with a wave. "All men love it but it's just a wank."

I nodded and cleared my throat "What about Ab ... I mean Isobel? Does she still offer herself? You said all the girls were prostitutes one way or another, what about Isobel?"

Jessica looked at me, and my mind flashed back to the number of condoms in her wash bag while we were in Scotland. "You like her don't you?" I nodded and she smiled. "Very sweet really. But if you like her, does it matter?" I went to speak but she shook her head. "I will say that she hasn't run off to the Welly as far as I know." I looked blankly at her and she clarified her comment by calling it "The Wellington Arms. Cheap rooms. Very popular with some of the girls." I nodded and she just shrugged. "But if you like her, like you say you do, does it matter?"

"No," I told her. "I guess it doesn't. I just want to know."

Jessica sighed. "Well if it doesn't matter, let it be," she advised. "Can't do anything 'bout it, can you? She's a lovely girl but gets very excited. But if it really bothers you ask her, but I don't think she'll want to tell you. I mean, I know she didn't used to but these last couple of weeks, her attitudes changed slightly."

I left her comment hanging there, and Jessica received a phone call from her friend. She looked over at me. "He said he has just picked up his toolbox from home, he'll be here in ten minutes," she announced and I smiled. "I'll be out of your hair."

"Sure, we'll wait in your car if you want, it's a nice day."

Jessica smiled and nodded. "Sure." I heard the front door being unlocked and glanced at the clock; I guessed it would be Rhea. The person came bounding up the stairs, clearly two at time, before bursting into the lounge just as Jessica and I were getting ready to leave.

"Oh not another one," Rhea muttered to me and I sighed. "How many girls on the go? It's getting embarrassing now."

Jessica laughed. "This is Ray's sister, Rhea. Her car has broken down."

"Ahhh, so you were oiling her pistons," Rhea said with a grin and I groaned, tying my laces.

"You have such a dirty mind," I moaned and Rhea glared at me.

"There are pistons in a car, ya know," she told me and walked into the kitchen.

Jessica turned to me with a smile. "So how many girls in the go? Isobel obviously."

I spluttered. "None," I said firmly. "Just a couple of friendships, that is all." She shrugged.

"You have grown up so much in the last few months," Jessica mused and cocked her head to one side. "I like it, but not a word to Ray."

I promised her that I would remain silent, and we wandered down the fire escape with her shopping, to sit in her car awaiting the arrival of her friend, who dutifully pulled into Exchange Close a few minutes later parking alongside Jessica's stricken vehicle. He gave her a kiss on the cheek, which was returned, and opened the bonnet, fiddling around inside.

Every so often he would make an "ahhh" or an "ooh" before retrieving his torch and told me to hold it. He blew some aerosol into the car and asked Jessica to retry. When it didn't, he swore, rubbed his chin and told her that she needed a new battery or alternator and got some jump leads to start her car from his battery. My suggestion of the latter two hours previous was somewhat vindicated, although I had no idea how to jump start a vehicle and watched.

I was left with my thoughts as he did this and Jessica's car burst into life. I bit my lip as she got out, thanked me for dinner and then climbed back into her battered vehicle.

To say that Jessica was a bombshell wouldn't be an exaggeration. I waved her off and she blew me a kiss. Of course, it meant nothing, but it was my first truly one night stand, of sorts, and in some ways one of my biggest fantasies. As Jenny she had been unattainable, unachievable and very desirable sister of my best friend: an erotic, teenage

pipe-dream, a complete fantasy and nothing more. Whereas Jessica was just playing with my cock and writhing in pleasure. I wanted to see her again, not as a partner but as a playmate but she had already told me that it was a one-off and I suppose I should have been relieved at this; my life didn't need complicating any more.

I spoke briefly to Sarah, she was off to Tenerife the following day for a week and I wished her a good holiday. She said that neither Kevin nor Donna had bothered to ring her and this briefly cheered me up, but then felt guilty for enjoying the thought of Sarah's boyfriend and best friend neglecting her. Sarah was my friend and it was not good if I was revelling in her discomfort.

Her mother had spoken to her about the photos and wanted to know if I had pressured her into posing for me. Sarah had to explain that she wanted explicit photographs taken of her, and she complained she was most embarrassed about having to make the admission. Her mother had told her not to take any more, but Sarah, being Sarah, had no desire to listen and implored me to do a repeat photo shoot when she returned from holiday.

Saturday was a dull, boring day. Abi had driven to Scotland to see her parents directly after the team meeting, and although I offered to go with her again, she decided she didn't need my brand of patient negotiation and diplomacy. My comments to her family were still at the forefront of her mind and I wished she could see past that; Moira was pure poison and Abi shouldn't face that alone.

I visited the bank as I didn't have time that day before due to Jessica, cleaned the club, then rang Ray (who wasn't in), rang Zoe (who also wasn't in) and even thought of wandering down to the park to try and find someone for a game of football but it started raining heavily. Even Rhea had something to do and places to go as she disappeared out of the house and then stayed in her room all day.

This gave me time to reflect about Jessica and the more I thought about the more I felt guilty. Sure, Abi and I weren't partners but were very close and were screwing each other. I wondered what she would say; I knew she was encouraging me with Sarah, but that was different: she was telling me to enter into a relationship with her. Jessica was a million miles away from being anything other than some playful teasing. My initial elation was turning into desolation and I needed someone to lift me from my misery.

Mum noticed I was moping about the house, and after shouting up the stairs for Rhea to "turn that bloody noise down," asked if I could help her out in the club. I readily agreed and went down with her, tidying up and restocking the fridges and helping her to tidy up the office.

It wasn't what I wanted to do on a Saturday afternoon but it was better than doing nothing, although Mum left two giant bins of empty beer bottles that needed sorting into their respective recycling bins to one side. "Ikenna can do that on Monday," she announced as she looked at her watch and we wandered upstairs to have some dinner.

Rhea was strange at dinner time. If I didn't know better I would have thought that she was "up to something" but then Rhea was always up to something so I shouldn't have been surprised. I went to pick up a roll as I sat down and was chastised by Mum – I hadn't washed my hands and had been handling cleaning products. I groaned and had to troop upstairs; Mum had knocked through the toilet facilities next to the lounge into the club when I was fourteen as part of some "remodelling" and returned to find Rhea had taken four of the bread rolls although she claimed she had only had two. There was no way she could have eaten the other two so quickly, so what was she playing at?

Rhea disappeared after dinner and I was left with no company again. I briefly spoke to Jessica when she arrived and asked her about her car and Zoe returned my call in the evening: she had been out with Ingrid and Rosie and asked if she could come around after church the following day. I promised to take her out somewhere to eat and she groaned at me. "You know I don't like you spending money on me."

"Yeah, but," I started and then suggested a picnic, which Zoe did agree to, before I had an early night in bed.

* * * * *

I was the first to wake and Rhea was still in bed by the time I had returned from the club at midday. Mum was reading the paper when I arrived and she grabbed her car keys when she saw me. "Come on," she said as I reached for some bread to make a sandwich. "Help me do some shopping."

I gestured at the bread with my hands. "Can I make a sandwich first? I'm starving, I just want something before Zoe comes 'round."

Mum sighed. "It's Sunday. All the shops shut early on a Sunday. And I got a private function in tonight," she moaned and I ate my cheese sandwich in the car. Why she couldn't have asked Rhea for help I do not know!

I got a few extra bits and pieces for my picnic with Zoe, and my friend duly knocked on my front door at 2pm just as I had finished making up our food. Mum said she had some important phone calls to make and left via the interconnecting door just as my friend arrived.

Zoe looked outside at the wet weather and then back at me. "Some weather for a picnic. Where's Rhea?"

"In her room," I replied. "She's been there all weekend. And being very noisy with it. I think she is building a time machine or something. She's missing Simon 'cause she's been in a weird mood." Zoe laughed and I glanced back to the window. "We could always go somewhere with our picnic?"

"Like where?" I sighed and she just pulled the picnic bag over and opened it on the dining room table.

"We could go to the club?" I suggested with a smirk and Zoe shot me a look of disgust. "You could dance on the stage." Her eyes narrowed. "Oh sorry, yeah, of course."

"Quite."

"You're frigid."

Zoe howled and crossed her arms. "I'm not. Did you speak to Sarah before you left?" I nodded and she smiled at me. "I guessed you would. You know she asked her parents if there was any way you could go?"

I stopped unpacking the bag. "Really?"

"Oh yeah. She said she was going to miss you being around her, although I've said she is very impulsive before." I did wonder what to make of this; was Sarah actually genuinely suggesting that a week away from me would make her unhappy? What did this mean to

me, should I be excited or concerned? Had she asked Kevin before me, or even at all? Zoe snapped me out of my daydream when she asked me to pass her the crisps which I did. "Of course, you are confusing her."

"Pardon?"

"Well the only reason she doesn't want to be without you is because you are constantly committing immoral acts to her. If you said no then she would be happier and you wouldn't be in sin. Well not as much, there is still the Abi problem."

"Yes, thank you Zoe." I smiled at her unwrapping a cheese sandwich. "I wish you'd leave me alone about Sarah."

"Only because you know I am right and you don't want to hear it."

"OK I don't want to hear it," I agreed with her. "Now can we change the subject?"

"If you just start going out with her, then I'll leave you alone." I rolled my eyes.

"That isn't gonna happen," I told her. "Not while Kev's around. So I have a friendship with some benefits which is fine. Now, will you leave me alone."

Zoe sneezed and looked up at me. "Ahh OK ... sorry, I didn't mean to get at you." She looked around the room and shovelled some crisps into her mouth. "Of course, if you aren't going out with Sarah then you could easily find yourself another girlfriend," she thought out loud and I crossed my arms. "Some nice upstanding young lady who isn't tempted by sin."

"Like you Zoe?" She squeaked as I looked at her and whimpered as my eyes focused on her strange expression. "You know how much you do it for me, and we can try all sorts of immoral acts." I licked my lips, barely suppressing a smirk and padded my arms across the dining room table, leaning over and puckering up. "I know you want it," I muttered with faux-seduction in my voice.

"Stop it," Zoe commanded.

"I've seen your tits," I told her. "I know what bazookas you are hiding under that thin cotton. Tear it off Zoe, set them free. Show them to me."

"Andy, stop it."

"And we can have lots of little Andys and Zoes, populate an entire street. I am going to make you so bow-legged, Miss Matheson."

Zoe backed her chair away and shook her head. "This has gone too far," she squealed and I burst out laughing. "It's silly," she told me and I stretched my arms, sitting back down. "And it's not funny."

"Yeah OK, but it's the point. Just who? Abi turned me down. There's a ... ummm ... a couple of girls." I hesitated as I thought back to Jessica and Vanessa; Jessica was certainly out of my league, but what about Vanessa?

"Who?"

"Just some girls from the club," Zoe shrieked and I cocked my head. "Oh come on Zoe."

Every guy likes strippers.”

She shook her head and crossed her arms. “You are so immoral,” she told me for the umpteenth time. “Just don't go corrupting Sarah any more. She is bad enough as it is and doesn't need it.”

I groaned again, looking out of the window as I finished my sandwich. “Could she not be corrupting me?” Zoe sniggered and I looked at her. “Bowling? PlayStation? Game? What do you fancy?”

Zoe finished the last of her drink and forced a smile. “Hmmm, well we could see if there is a good film to watch.”

“Or a massage,” I suggested.

“No,” Zoe replied instantly.

“It's very nice. Just your back. Help you relax,” I told her with a smile but she crossed her arms. “Just a massage, promise. Abi taught me. Well actually she taught me and Sarah. It's not immoral, perfectly respectable.”

“A massage?” Zoe asked and I grinned.

“Yeah, come on. We got nothing else to do. We can do it in my room.”

“I don't want to get naked,” Zoe moaned and I rolled my eyes.

“You don't get naked. Well you don't need to get naked, it's up to you. Sarah does, but that's Sarah.”

“I am not getting undressed,” Zoe said firmly as she walked up the stairs to my bedroom. “I don't care that Sarah gets undressed for massages. I'm not Sarah.”

Zoe smiled when I puffed. “Yeah; I couldn't cope with two of you.”

She sighed and I pushed open my door and picked up a towel from the side. It wasn't damp although it was a little cold, but this was fine. I laid it on the bed and gestured for my friend to lie down. “On your front,” I told her as she began to climb on and she snarled at me.

“Yes I do know. I don't want you massaging my ...”

“Orbs of plenty,” I told her with a smirk and an impertinent glance. “Oh and lose the top.”

She glowered at me. “Why?”

I puffed. “Just 'cause you ain't naked doesn't mean I don't need access to your skin.”

Zoe's eyes sparkled and she made me turn away as she removed her white T-Shirt and then bounced onto my bed. I turned around to see her white bra strap across her back and she arms tucked in underneath her chin. I moved over to my radio and selected Robert Miles to have on in the background; it was uncomplicated music and turned it down so it was audible but not overpowering.

There was still loads of the massage lotion in the bottles Abi had got me and I picked up the Mango lotion. Zoe sighed as I walked up to her and I stretched out her arms, much to

her annoyance. "I can't massage you if you are going to be uptight," I told her, a little too forcefully, and then reached down and snapped off her bra with my left hand. I made a mental note to thank Abi again for that little trick.

"Oi," she cried. "You promised ..."

"Do you want mango lotion on your white bra?" I asked. "I can't see your hooters so just chill."

"That's so crude," Zoe complained. "Hooters."

I shrugged as I poured a generous amount of the viscous liquid in my hand. "OK. Melons then. Tits. Udders. Bazookas. Take your pick. I can't see 'em."

Zoe groaned as I reeled off the list, but then I asked for silence as my slippery hands made contact with her back; she was tense and I had to use all of my recollection of Abi's lesson as my fingers darted over her back.

Eventually Zoe started to relax and I had to pour more lotion onto my fingers as I had massaged most of the original lot away. I felt the beginnings of an erection forming in my pants and I was glad that I was wearing shorts as well as boxer shorts. It made my movement slightly more restrictive as I navigated around the half-naked girl on my bed, but I think Zoe would have been embarrassed if she had seen it and I could hardly get undressed.

Instead, I just heard Zoe sigh and mew in satisfaction as my hands glided effortlessly over her back and down to her rump. I heard a noise and turned to the door, just as Mum pushed open my bedroom door that was ajar and shook her head when she saw us. "You two OK?"

Zoe shrieked from underneath my slick hands. "Grace," Zoe cried. "Didn't know you were coming home."

"Evidently," Mum said with a smirk.

"Mum, it's a massage. We are bored," I told her and Mum put a package on my desk.

"Well done for the GCSEs love," she told me and I smiled.

"Cheers, you didn't need to."

"I know I didn't need to, but I wanted to. And Zoe, are you staying for tea?"

Zoe hummed and I pressed down on her shoulder muscles. She let out a slight, involuntarily groan and coughed. "I better get back soon. Mum's going to do a big Sunday lunch." Mum looked at us again, gave us a wry smile before closing our door. Zoe looked up at me. "Your Mum will think we are doing things."

She shook her body and grabbed the towel she was resting on to wipe the excess liquid onto. "Allow me," I told her and took the towel. There was a sound from behind our door and a degree of shouting. I heard my sister howl and I leapt up and opened my door to see a half-naked Rhea and a fully naked Simon in front of a Twister mat. "Simon," I called out as he frantically tried to find his clothes. "What are you doing here?"

"It's a question I want to know as well," Mum thundered and a topless Zoe appeared

behind me.

“Simon,” Zoe shrieked. “Why aren't you at camp?” He pursed his lips, looked up and then at me.

“Zoe, why are you naked?” Rhea asked with a grin, her own toplessness not considered by her as she enquired about my friend. “Bro, you are one dirty man-slut.”

“Never mind about him,” Mum shouted. “What have you been up to?”

“Twister,” Rhea replied and Mum crossed her arms. “Well Strip Twister, but the rules are very similar.”

“Why isn't Simon at Scout Camp?”

“Ahhh ... well, you see, that was a ...” Simon spluttered as he located his boxer shorts, proudly displaying his bare arse to the room.

“Rhea?” Mum asked menacingly and she shook her head.

“It doesn't matter,” Rhea announced but we listened in, as Zoe retrieved her bra and top.

“It does,” Mum told her. “Simon can go back to the camp.”

“Ahhh ... well that could be a problem.”

Mum rolled her eyes and Simon struggled with his trousers. “Well?”

“OK ... there isn't a camp. We made it up.”

“Made it up?”

“There is no camp. We just forged the letter saying there was a couple of weeks ago.” Mum gestured wildly and shook her head. “What?” Rhea asked. “Don't look at me like that. We just wanted to spend a few days together.”

“So Simon crept into your room?” I asked and Rhea shrugged, looking at her naked beau. “Now, do you mind?”

Rhea went to close the door and Mum stopped her. “Rhea. We need to talk.”

“No,” Rhea announced. “You came in without knocking so Simon couldn't get into the wardrobe. So it was unauthorised search and it is illegal,” she said proudly. “Now out.”

Mum swelled up and I looked at my friend. Zoe and I wisely left. “I don't believe her,” Zoe snapped the moment we got back into my room. “You need to do something about your sister.”

“Me?”

“She is seeing you and copying you. And corrupting my brother.” Zoe folded her arms and glared at me. “I mean it, Andy. This has to stop. We are too young. Simon is too young.”

“Well it's Rhea isn't it?” I complained. “I am not responsible for her actions.”

“But you are responsible for yours,” Zoe said firmly. “Grow up,” she barked. “And see that

this isn't a game anymore. You doing what you are doing is causing so many problems." She shook her head and wiped her eyes as she spoke before huffing noisily.

"I am not causing any problems," I replied, somewhat defensively. "And if you think Rhea needs any encouragement from me to do what she wants to do ..."

"It's the sex," Zoe spat back, picked up her bag and opened my bedroom door. "You have to learn to think," she said in a very patronising voice and looked at the floor. "Think before you act. You are messing with Sarah and Rhea is copying you." She shook her head and straightened her clothes. "I am going to get my brother before he does anything else stupid."

I groaned as Zoe shut my door; I thought she was being unfair and Rhea was naturally flirtatious. She needed no help from me to flaunt herself and Simon was her boyfriend. They would both be fifteen within a few weeks and Zoe was being unreasonable if she laid all the blame at my door.

Rhea and Simon had to take responsibility too, but she clearly had forgotten about this. I picked up my phone and thought for a moment; I needed to speak to Abi and ask her if she thought that our open displays of affection and lust were leading Rhea into misbehaviour. I thought not, but I needed the voice of experience, but Abi was in Scotland.

I came out of my room just as Zoe was dragging Simon away. He protested loudly as his big sister pushed him down the hallway and Mum set upon Rhea. My sister was still not fully dressed although mercifully for Simon, he was and Zoe shot me an angry look as she descended down the stairs.

"This is so unfair," Rhea cried. "You had no right to come into my room," she thundered and went to slam the door.

"I had every right. Now what the hell has been going on?" Mum demanded and looked at both myself and then Rhea.

"I had no idea," I told her and Rhea crossed her arms over her bare bosom.

"That is true," Rhea told her. "He was too busy with all his sluts. But this is unfair. Simon and I want to spend some time together and all we get is problems and aggro. It's a flamin' disgrace."

Mum wagged her finger at my sister. "Perhaps if you just asked like normal people," my sister was told. "Perhaps if you weren't so deceitful we could trust you and we would let you."

"Oh come on," Rhea snapped and glared at me. "You let Andy do what the fuck he wants but if I so much as fart out of place I'm in the shit. How else am I going to get a few days with my boyfriend?"

Mum glanced at me and I left the room; I knew exactly what my underhand sister had done and did not want to bear witness to the inevitable shouting match that was about to follow.

I opened the box that Mum had got me and smiled; a book on how to do glamour photography, and I shut my door to sit down and read it.

* * * * *

"I can help," Rhea suggested to me the following morning as I returned to the kitchen after cleaning the club – there had been a private function on although the club barely looked like it had been touched so it didn't take long. "I won't be any trouble." I laughed at the very thought of Rhea doing as she was told but she looked at me with a serious expression.

"You're serious?" I exclaimed and she nodded with a smirk on her face. "You must be joking."

"Well Mum's grounded me," Rhea moaned and sighed. "I am not allowed to 'leave these four walls,' which is bloody ridiculous. But the club is within these four walls so there is some relief. But I'm bored."

"Bored?"

"Yeah bored. I got some Maths work to do for the next term which I might do, I just don't want to do it stuck in the flat. Come on, Andy, I'll behave."

I stretched and thought; Mum would not want Rhea to be in the club, but was it fair to force her to spend all day on her own? My sister looked at me, clearly trying to work out what I was thinking and grinned. "Of course, I could just be left here and then I'll just go out anyway."

I groaned. "Why do you do this to me?" I asked and thought. "OK. Go out, Mum'll shout at you not me." I stood up and grabbed my camera.

"No Andy," Rhea called and followed me through the interconnecting door.

"Rhea go home," I shouted as I reached the bottom of the stairs. "Go."

"No. Andy, listen!" I didn't respond until we got down to the club and she looked at me triumphantly. "See, that wasn't hard to let me in."

"Rhea, this really ... Mum'll not be happy."

The brown-haired whirlwind sat down at a table with a multitude of papers as I put the keys I had been given down on the stage and started setting up my camera and tripod. "Excellent," Rhea announced, looking at me checking my angles. "What've ya got to do to get a drink 'round here."

"Go home," I told her assertively. I glared at her as Susie and Ikenna appeared.

"Oh hello Rhea," the bar manager called from the other side of the club. "Didn't know you were coming."

"Neither did I," I moaned.

Rhea looked at me and then at Ikenna. "Just doing some Maths work, Andy said I could come."

I went to argue but the tattooed barmaid of Susie approached the stage and asked if I was ready, and by the time I had spoken to her, Rhea had got herself a drink and was busy doing her Maths work.

I had never seen Susie naked, or thought of her sexually, but she wanted a number of pictures of the artwork that adorned her young body, and she just disrobed by the side of

the stage.

I saw Rhea's eyes wander as she watched Susie get undressed; she had had even more tattoos inked on her from when I last saw her. A complex array of twisted roses covered her right arm, while blue birds and fishes covered the left arm. Two black and white birds appeared to be fighting over her navel, while a musical score was inked underneath her belly button. Coming from the belly button was a dagger that plunged into a flower painted around her pussy and over her mons. There were words and symbols dotted around her body, and each breast was covered with a five point red star – the centre of which being her nipple. "Aaron reckons these are well sexy," she told me as I zoomed in on her fighting birds.

I hummed as she turned around and I captured her rear and back on film, before honing in on each tattoo. It took no more than ten minutes and Susie blew me a kiss as she left. "Have you had her yet?" Rhea called out as I loaded the next film into my camera.

"No," I called out and jumped down from the stage. I had fifteen minutes helping Rhea with her homework, and providing her with another drink, before Gemma arrived and got changed.

Gemma openly admitted that she did not want to be a stripper and longed for her first teaching post, but she was very sexy in her underwear. She too had a couple of tattoos on her body – a blue-black star on her waist and a floral pattern running down her left flank. "Hey," Rhea called and walked over to us as I took my tenth picture.

"What?" I asked and she picked up a chair, holding it over her head and passing it to me on the stage. "Use that as a prop. It'd be much sexier. Lean over it."

I stared open-mouthed at my smirking sister when Gemma interrupted my thoughts. "Gee, good idea Rhea."

"Yeah, thanks Rhea," I muttered and watched as the black haired girl pouted seductively over the club chair, before sitting the "wrong way" on it. Rhea called out and disappeared in the back, grabbing my keys before returning a minute later, exclaiming loudly. "Oh, what now?"

"You have a costume store, use it." I scowled at her and Rhea shook her head. "When we did Barnados at the school play and we had to produce our own costume, Mum found one. This one."

I turned to Gemma with a sly look. "She played the man who turned a kid away to die." Gemma laughed, but Rhea passed a top hat and a cane to lingerie clad woman.

"Wear that," Rhea told her and climbed onto the stage. "Be classy." I watched as Gemma was suitably arranged by Rhea on stage. My sister pointed at me, directing me to her left a few paces and then jumped down and dimmed some of the lights. "And action."

"Rhea. This isn't a film," I told her.

"Just do as you are told," she snapped. "Or you won't get paid." I shook my head and looked through the viewfinder. Rhea had done a good job in arranging Gemma, but told her to increase the lighting slightly, which she did and I took the picture.

"Now can you do your work please?" I asked her, a little aggressively and Rhea pranced off the stage back to her work. I had several naked pictures of Gemma, but before too

long, I had used up my film and the seductive girl sauntered over, still bare to ask when I wanted my lesson.

“Is that sex education?” Rhea asked and I couldn't help but laugh.

“Maths,” I corrected her and helped myself to a lemonade which I exchanged for a coin which I left by the till. Ikenna called for help and while I was waiting for Elena, helped him bring in several heavy pallets of alcohol that had just arrived.

“Just need to check it off,” Ikenna moaned at the dozen piles in front of the bar. “And take it to the store room.”

I went to offer to help, but my next appointment turned up on time and so I sent an annoyed Rhea to assist. I was pleasantly surprised, in between zooming in on the German girl's shaved crotch, I could hear Rhea being genuinely accommodating and assisted Ikenna with his task of checking the delivery and restocking the store room.

Elena was a pleasant girl and I got to speak to her once we had taken the pictures. She was new so I barely knew her, but she had come over with her boyfriend and found that her job as a care home worker was not paying well enough and had turned to stripping as a way of supplementing her income.

I noticed a cross on the end of a pendant nestling in between her bosom and thought instantly of Zoe; Elena seemed very calm and agreeable, and could easily see my conservative friend getting on well with her – Elena's “immorality” aside.

Rhea giggled the moment Claire appeared on the stage; completed naked except for a pair of a glasses. Her blonde hair that came to the back of her neck was akin to Zoe's. It was where the similarity with Zoe ended, as Claire had previously confided in me that her purposes of the naked photos was to amend her card that advertised her “services.”

Claire was a part-time escort, who also dabbled in the odd pornographic film, and she pranced on stage with a handful of outfits. She held out two see through garments – one black and one red – and looked at me. “Which one?” She asked. “I can't decide.”

Rhea looked up and twisted her face. “Black one. It'll look much better with your hair.” My sister turned up at the bottom of the stage and looked at her. “Do you do much geeky girl-next door work?”

“Rhea, this is not an adult careers service!” I told her.

“Just as well. As you don't have the temperament to be a photographer around naked women. I'm going to reassign you to do naked men.” I scowled at her and Rhea crossed her arms, looking at Claire. “You just can't get the staff these days.” She turned to Claire. “You do look very librarian or school teacher with your hair like that.”

Claire bit her lip. “I know. Some men love it.”

“Rhea, piss off,” I waved towards her work sat on the table and smiled at her. Rhea muttered under her breath and I turned around to face Claire. “Sorry,” I muttered and started capturing her beauty – both nude and covered in lingerie.

I readjusted myself the moment I saw Katie; the blonde-haired girl had transformed herself from being an approachable 20-something year old to a fierce dominatrix in the changing room, and I wasn't sure if her “look” didn't scare me slightly.

“Ahh wow!” Rhea cried from the other side of a pile of leaflets that she was straightening on the bar for Ikenna. Katie held out a whip and smiled towards my sister. “I got to get myself one of those.”

“I’m sure she’s already got one,” I muttered and began to photograph the scary dominatrix as requested. She wore black leather short shorts and a leather basque, as well as matching boots and gloves, and I thought Sarah would look wonderful in them. I wondered how much the outfit would cost to buy.

Katie was very chatty after we finished and she got changed. Rhea stopped her with a drink and my sister seemed desperate to talk about what she did for a living; I think the thought of caning young men seemed to appeal to Rhea. “It’s awful,” she told my sister. “All the punters want to do is turn up and tell me what to do. I mean, I’m a dom, I don’t get told what to do. I want to listen to their limits and then do the session, but instead I’m merely an actress playing their games.” I looked up at the blonde girl, now resplendent in her jeans again, sipping her drink and looked up at Rhea. “I mean, I can’t complain. It’s decent money but I don’t want to do it forever.”

I sat down next to her and moved her coat around the back of the chair. “Yeah, but I think Andy was very fond of you in your leather outfit.”

“It’s a basque,” Katie told her and leant back on the chair. “And he would do. He’s a guy, so he thinks with his cock.”

I looked at my gleeful sister who smiled. “I know. Did I tell you I came home one day and all I could hear was ‘fuck me harder’ coming from his bedroom. All he does is chase prick teases from College.”

“All men are the same,” Katie continued and downed her lemonade.

“I am here you know,” I interrupted and Rhea giggled.

“I need to shoot, I got an appointment in half-an-hour,” the dominatrix announced and I took the dirty glass from her. “Thanks for the drink. And the photos.”

“Don’t even think about,” I told Rhea the moment I sat back down at the table. It ...”

“...sounds like the perfect job. I mean, come on, getting paid to whip and spank dirty men. And paid well. I do that stuff for free, hitting people. To think I could get paid and ...”

“I think you should do your homework,” I finished for her and picked up her Maths work. Rhea sniffed and peered over the paper as I read what she had written. “Question eight is wrong,” I told her and put it on the table to explain to her where she had gone awry.

Madison, a Goth-looking girl, appeared and had almost as many tattoos as Susie. She had Rhea help her apply her bright make-up on the eyes before I shot her; she was being a poster girl for some erotic body art exhibition and wanted some better photos for their promotional literature, which meant the photos were not that erotic.

Autumn, the oldest woman at the club (she was in her early thirties) also did not desire anything too pornographic. She said she wanted to get her body on camera before everything “went saggy” and the Patsy Kensit-lookalike was well known for being a bit of a mother to the girls. Autumn stayed for Hannah’s photo shoot and claimed that Hannah was her “adopted daughter.”

The blonde girl needed some help getting into her outfit, and I was told that I was “rushing them” when I asked if they were ready. I wasn't, but I did wonder if allowing thirty minutes per person was enough; I wasn't a professional photographer and I did notice that some of the girls were struggling to get ready in the time allotted and get the shoot done. That said, there was nothing to stop them from coming an hour prior to get ready and just go on stage for their half-an-hour.

Chloe, a daughter of an Oxford professor had not done any of her make-up at home and just disappeared into the changing rooms for half-an-hour, with Rhea, to get ready. I liked Chloe – I don't think she ever stopped smiling – and her photos were for her new boyfriend, who played football at Sarah's favourite club. I briefly wondered what her new beau would make of her working as a stripper when she read my mind. “And I met him here.”

I shrugged, took the pornographic pictures she desired and made no comment; it was not for me to pass judgement. It did occur to me how many different “types” of women worked at the club. I had already known this but Susie and Madison were a million miles away from Autumn and Elena! They all wanted their photos for different reasons and all had different stories to tell. All of which I found interesting.

“Hey Andy,” Ikenna called. “Could you give me a hand if you got a minute? I got to sort out half-a-million bottles.” He pointed towards a giant bin full of empty bottles and nodded.

“Yeah give me ten minutes,” I replied, checking my camera and setting it on the tripod.

“I need to do it before opening. Whenever you are ready. Or Rhea.” He looked hopefully towards the table that my sister had called home. I nodded and turned to the stage when I heard movement behind the curtain that led to the changing area.

“Be one minute,” Angel called in her foreign accent and poked her head around the curtain, glancing towards my sister making her way from the toilet. “Rhea, you help me. Please.” I turned to see a topless girl pleading for my sister's help and watched as the jubilant minx bounce across the room, climb up onto the stage and join the half-naked dancer.

Angel arrived a few minutes later in a bright pink, PVC corset that traced her curves seductively and with thick black vertical stripes. She was also wearing black PVC knickers and black stockings and thanked my sister getting down from the stage.

My sister nodded and looked at the heavily made-up girl with long black, wavy hair and impossibly bright pink lipstick. She looked almost doll-like and hardly moved freely across the stage. “What photos do you want?”

She looked at Rhea and then at me. “Me. I undress a bit, you take them.” She waited for a response from me and looked seriously. “I want work from big studio, ya?”

Rhea smiled and held out a cloth. “Do you want me to polish it again?”

Angel laughed and felt her corset, sliding her hands down it. “Don't,” I told my sister, realising what she was offering. “If you do that then all the photos will have problems with light bouncing off of it.” I loaded the first film into the camera and ran my hands through my hair. “If you don't mind I will use two films with you. I think I might have problems with the light and I want to make sure I get a decent set of pictures.” Angel hesitated and I looked at her. “I won't change you double,” I promised. “So I know I won't make anything on you,

but if I don't I could end up not having enough pictures.”

“Thanks,” she breathlessly muttered and I nodded towards Rhea. I had a suspicion that Angel's photo-shoot would be extremely erotic and had no desire to subject my sister to that.

“Can you give Ikenna a hand with those bottles now?”

“What bottles?” My sister asked in an annoyed tone. She looked towards Ikenna pushing out a bin and gesturing towards it. “Oh.”

“I just got to sort them into colours for the recycling. There's ...”

“...bloody loads.” Rhea looked at me and sighed. “Yeah OK. But only because it's you!” She jumped down from the stage and helped Ikenna push out the blue bin to the back yard and towards the giant bins kept alongside Ikenna's car.

I walked over and turned down the lights on the stage; I could see the shininess of Angel's clothing reflecting the light in all directions and I knew that I had to limit the light sources and make sure that they were not perpendicular to the camera.

I had to keep adjusting my camera and my position as, with every shot I wanted to do, she would move slightly and a crease on the clothing changed the refraction of the light so that it was bouncing directly into my lens.

The lights around the stage were bright, and so with every pose, Angel had to stay still as I danced around her with my camera, changing the lens or filters as required. She tried hard not to laugh but I know I would have looked ridiculous.

True to my word, I did use two films and in the end, probably didn't need to; I had played with the lights sufficiently to drop the ones I didn't want to be on and the young buxom girl looked fine. I got as close to her as I could and captured her sullen look, and then enticing expression as she managed to peel off her basque.

I had to help her with some of it (I was glad Rhea wasn't around) and she too used the chair that Rhea had helpfully given to Gemma to pose. Rhea arrived back into the club just as Angel and I were finishing and Rhea seemed almost annoyed that there was no place for her to go and help, flouncing down on the chair in front of her work. “Wanted to see that,” she moaned and I stretched.

“Only Scarlet left now. Mum'll be home soon,” I told her and she glanced at her watch.

“Are you fucking Scarlet?” Rhea asked and I shook my head with a scowl. “Oh, it's just that you want to get rid of me,” my sister deduced. “So you must be up to something. But after Abi, Sarah, Zoe, surely there's not room for any more.”

“She is a nice girl, friends with Heather and Isobel.”

Rhea screwed up her face as she rose from the chair. “And who the hell is Heather and Isobel?”

I sighed. “Oh some people I know,” I muttered non-committally and watched as Rhea exited the club via the back door; she had done her work and I think was getting bored again. In which case a bored Rhea is a dangerous Rhea and I was glad my little sister had left.

Scarlet was certainly one of my favourite dancers as she had a gentle and calm disposition. I never saw her excitable or angry, just always smiling. She looked and behaved like a respectable young woman. In fact, I would have thought that few people, meeting her for the first time would ever have guessed that she worked in the adult industry.

“Andy,” she cooed, her brown hair bouncing as she walked. “I want some half-naked and some clothed photo. Is that OK?”

I nodded and told her that it was, and she thanked me with a friendly smile. I watched as she wiggled off to get changed. Scarlet had a long, sweeping black dress that covered her wonderful body tightly. She swept her hair back before taking the pictures.

She was wearing a dark red lingerie set, and I finished the film before I had taken all the shots I wanted. She gulped as I looked at her. “You were too beautiful; I've been snap happy,” I complimented the half-naked dancer and she rubbed her nose, as I loaded my last film.

She hesitated. “I'm not sure if I can ...”

“On the house,” I finished for her. “It's my fault anyway.” She nodded and thanked me, and we used a handful of the props Rhea had found and were discarded on the stage.

I still had half the film left when we had finished and Scarlet peered at me with curious eyes. “I don't need any naked photos,” she told me. “I don't want to stay in the adult industry or do escort work, but ...”

“You want one or two for your private collection?” I finished for her and she nodded with a coy grin.

“Boyfriend,” she finished for me. “I have banned him from coming here and he really wants to see me in here. Could you do some 'action' shots? Me dancing and stuff?”

I smiled at her and moved my gear to the side of the stage. “I better jump down and take some from down there,” I told her and slid down the four foot jump to stage, landing slightly awkwardly.

“Are you OK?” Scarlet asked concerned as I swore.

“I'm fine,” I muttered. “I've done this a dozen times today,” I boasted as I nursed my ankle. I hobbled over to the bar and changed the lights, so it was just a spotlight, and put on some music.

Scarlet dressed in a very short blue dress that she found in the clothing store and started dancing provocatively. I took some wide angle shots of her, as well as some close up shots, and Scarlet made it easier by accentuating her moves, and holding them as I framed the image.

I reached the penultimate picture on my second film as she peeled off her underwear and she smiled at me. “I don't want him to see anything else,” she told me. “He worries about me.” I looked at the little display on my camera and looked back at her.

“I got one more,” I told her and she walked over to the side of the stage where I had taken residence.

"May I?" She held out her hands and took the camera from me, sliding it over her head. "Go stand on the stage."

"Me?"

"Yeah, you. Naked." I gulped and walked around to the stairs. She put her hands on my T-Shirt as I went to protest but she just shook her head. "You've seen us all nekkid," she cried and offered a smile. "Oh it's the best thing about being eighteen, you get all away with all sorts. Stop being prudish."

"I'm not eighteen," I complained but Scarlet wasn't prepared to listen and helped me out of my clothes.

I felt a bit nervous allowing her to use my camera but she chastised me for not adopting a pose ("I was looking like a sulky teenager") and I felt very self-conscious as I felt a rush of blood to my anatomy.

I wasn't sure if I wanted an erect picture of me to exist but I had little choice, and heard the naked Scarlet giggle as I leant against the chair with a grin. The camera clicked and I wound on the film to reach the end.

I was a little nervous standing on the stage naked with Scarlet but she just smiled at me and thanked me warmly for all of my efforts.

"It's good of you," she told me as I sat down with her with a lemonade; I was thirsty and Scarlet said she wouldn't object to a Pepsi as I packed away by camera and sorted the films after getting dressed. "Giving up your time to do us girls a favour."

"Ahh well," I gestured as I blushed. "I get to build a portfolio and see loads of pretty girls and ..."

She tapped me on the arm. "It's a generous thing to do. Stop being so modest. All the girls appreciate it. Even if they are a bit rushed."

I blushed at her and she just shrugged. "Well. I don't mind," I muttered and she flashed her warm smile.

"I just want newer pictures for when I need them." I coughed at her and she bit her lip. "I really want to be an actress," she told me. "I went to drama school but roles are so hard to come by."

I smiled at her and she just shrugged. "Loads of bit parts. I was an extra on London's Burning last year and I've done loads of film work, but only once a speaking role." She beamed as she spoke and then wiped her mouth. "But they don't pay that well so I have to ... work here."

"Oh. Not enjoy it?"

Scarlet's face twisted. "Well a bit. But I'd rather be a Hollywood actress," she joked and then watched as my eyes focussed on her low cut top. "And I would happily do nude." I laughed, but she rubbed her hands. "I don't mind some of it, but the serious money is in the private dances and I don't like doing them. And I certainly don't feel comfortable when there are ten guys and only me. I often get someone else in the room when that happens, but that's scary. And I ain't getting a few extra quid to go down on someone or give a handjob. I don't want that. And I get nothing but grief from Eddie about it. He wants me to

go work on his farm but I'm not a farmer's wife.”

I nodded, but had to disagree. My, albeit stereotypical, image of a farmer's wife was someone who was kind, and hard-working – and that fit the description of Scarlet completely.

Scarlet left shortly afterwards and I walked outside just as Abi pulled up her car. I stopped on the fire escape as she parked and waved towards Ikenna, as she got out. “How was Scotland?”

“Ahhh, great,” Abi replied instantly and I smiled. “Got time to make me a cuppa?”

“Yes,” I told her and offered her the black metal structure I was standing on. “You should have let me come,” I told her and her smile mutated into a grin.

“Graeme was there. Do you think it would have been a good idea?”

“Maybe not.” I hesitated for a moment. “I spent the afternoon with another dancer on Friday,” I blurted out. “Do you mind?”

Abi hesitated. “What?” She asked slowly.

“We didn't have sex. But I feel really guilty as I feel like I have cheated on you and ...”

Abi groaned. “Look, Andy. We aren't going out so you go do what you want,” she said sharply and I was a little taken aback by the ferocity of her response.

“Oh, it's just ...”

Abi sighed and put her head to one side. “Sorry, I didn't mean to snap. You cannae cheat on me if we aren't going out. But I am tired, and I am thirsty.”

“OK,” I muttered and unlocked the door.

“Who was it, and was she any good?”

I hesitated and nodded. “Yeah. But not as good as you.” She laughed as I opened the door at the top of our stairs and we went in. “But the real thing I wanted to ask was she told me to ask Vanessa out for a meal. Said she would appreciate it. But I am not sure that this is a good idea. What do you think?”

Abi's grin turned into a chuckle and then a laugh. “Yes. Yes I think it is a very good idea.”

“Really?”

“Yeah,” Abi said confidently. “Very. I think she is a little lonely and you definitely need the practice.”

“Whatever!”

Abi watched as I slid my camera bag off my shoulders and sniffed. “I will be at the interconnecting door at around 10pm later and I will let you in when she's free and the coast is clear. And you can ask but she will say yes. Your Mum needs the cover so I am working tonight.”

True to her word, Abi had a drink and a sleep before leaving for the night. I was having

whirlwind thoughts all evening, constantly watching and checking the clock. I went out for an hour to take the films to Olivia, who was genuinely amazed at how many films I had to give her. She still wanted to know if I was interested in photographing a couple she knew "in flagrante" (I was) and told to come back in a few days time to pick up the photos.

By the time I got home, I was panicking; why? It was just Vanessa, and she was always playful and friendly, but I didn't really know her. Asking girls out on dates was a traumatic experience and one that I was not looking forward to; I just knew I was going to be laughed at or rejected.

An almost naked Isobel was ten minutes late opening the door and beckoned me inside; I was panicking a bit. "Right, Grace was 'round earlier so just be careful and don't get caught. Vanessa is in the first VIP room on the right. We were in there together and I asked her to wait for a moment as I had something to show her and needed her opinion on."

"OK, Cheers Sexy. What do I say?"

"What do you mean, what do you say?"

"What do I say? I've only asked once and got turned down. Well twice if you include when I was ten but ..."

Isobel gave me a kiss to silence me. "Tell her you like her, she's fun and you want to take her out for a meal. Or cinema. Or whatever you want to do, but don't let her think you expect anything."

"Just like that?"

Abi giggled "Yeah. She'll say yes, I know it." I thanked her and I darted down the hall, knocking gingerly on the door which Isobel had pointed to. It was ajar and I poked my head around the door.

"I'm OK Isobel," the familiar voice of Vanessa shouted and I went in and closed the door softly. The room was bright red, and there a small stage in the corner and a semi-circular sofa that encompassed it. Vanessa was dressed in bright blue lingerie that left little to the imagination and she was leaning on a little sink in a side room washing her hands. I noticed a little tattoo on her lower back and it drew my eyes to her obscene underwear.

"I'll tell you what Isobel, those blokes weren't 'alf pushy. I don't mind them finishing off with a wank, or even wanting a bit of help but I ain't giving 'em a blowie just 'cos they want one. And I got their cum all over me. Shouldn't got a tip for that, fat fucking chance." I stood in the doorway not quite knowing what to say. I felt nervous, my insides were churning and my heart was beating furiously. Vanessa wiggled her hips towards me as she unclipped her bra and then started sopping her breasts with the water. "Hey Isobel?" Vanessa called and turned to see me leaning against the doorway, smiling at her.

"Andy, get the fuck out!" Vanessa squealed. "I'm naked." This wasn't quite true, as she was still wearing her G-String but as she slammed the door I took a step back and allowed it to close.

"I've come to see you," I said, slightly too loudly too feel comfortable about.

"Yeah to ogle. You're not allowed in here, are you? What would your Mum say. Isobel's really taking the piss ..."

"I've come to ask you something."

I heard muffling inside the room and Vanessa poked her head out. "Pardon?"

"I've come to ask you something," I repeated, my body shaking, and she looked a little shocked.

"What is it? I've got cum stains all over my clothing and I want to rinse them before letting it dry. Do you know how hard it is to get dry cum out of clothes? And I need to be downstairs in ten minutes. What do you want?"

"Well I was sort of wondering ... if you wanted to ... if you felt like ..."

Vanessa rolled her eyes. "Look love, you're a great lad, but I don't just leap into bed with anyone. Well not unless they have a bundle of twenties that becomes my bundle, you know what I am saying?"

Vanessa retreated inside the room and went to close the door. "No, it's not that. Do you want to go out for a meal sometime, or something? With me."

The door remained half-closed and Vanessa opened it and then her head reappeared. "What?"

"Do you want to go out some time. With me?"

Vanessa peered at me through squinted eyes. "You want to go out with me?"

I bit my lip and nodded. It felt weird to be asking anyone out on a date; I had not done it before. "Yeah, just a meal at a restaurant or a film at the cinema or whatever. You're fun and ... well nothing serious. Just spend time and ... you know." My hands were clammy and I was staring at the foot of the door.

"Wow. I ... um ... well I didn't see that one coming." Vanessa opened the door and completely naked nodded and put her arms around me. "Yeah, I'd love to."

I smiled and embraced the naked girl. "I better go 'fore Mum sees me," I told her but Vanessa just wanted to hug.

* * * * *

Mum stood with her arms crossed and stared at me. "I want the truth," she said with an angry look on her face. "Did you take Rhea into the club when you did your photos?"

"Ahh well," I hesitated. "You grounded her so she took some homework and just helped." I gulped and Mum shook her head; she was angry I could tell.

"She is too young to be seeing that," I was told with a furious stare.

"Yeah, but it's just nudity. She loves nudity and there wasn't anything too sexual."

"She is too young to be in there," Mum barked and crossed her arms. "I said I was trusting you."

I sighed. "Just so you know," I said firmly. "She said she was bored, wanted some company and came down. She did some of the girl's hair and make-up and the like, she did her holiday homework and helped Ikenna by doing his bottles with him. She was out of

mischief and being helpful.”

“Oi,” Rhea cried from behind Mum. “I am not a three year old. Talk to me not about me.”

Mum scowled. “You know you are not allowed in the club,” she told her forcefully. “It is not a suitable environment for a fourteen year old.”

Rhea sneered and gestured wildly. “Why? 'Cause I might see some nudity? God Mum, you are such a prude. I've seen you naked, Andy, Julie, Simon, Abi, Sarah, Becky, Ray ...” Mum stopped her list with a wave of the hand.

“It's a different environment. Some of the girls ...”

Rhea laughed. “Yeah, they might do a bit of whoring on the side. Or be crude. Are they really any worse than 'fuck me harder' coming from my brother's bedroom?” I blushed as she spoke and Mum glanced at me. “No? Thought not. I spent all afternoon, being quiet, helping your staff for no pay, doing my homework and helping my brother make a bit of cash. I was as good as gold and you are still whinging at me.” Mum went to speak but Rhea snapped. “Don't interrupt,” she barked. “It's rude. You asked me to stop being 'trouble' which I did do and you are still complaining. Fuck sake's Mum, will you work out what you want from me? Simon's worked me out and it's only taken him a few weeks.”

Mum clenched her fists. “You are not to go in the club,” she thundered and glared at her. “You know that.”

“Then you should have let me go to the park instead of grounding me.”

“Well whose fault is that?”

“Yours,” Rhea replied proudly. “If you had been more relaxed with Simon then you wouldn't have made us have to scheme to get him in and then there wouldn't be a problem. And, if the parent had knocked, Simon would have been squirrelled away in the wardrobe and you wouldn't have found him. So it is your fault.”

Mum shook her head and sniffed. “I am not happy about it, Rhea. And you too Andy. I don't really want you going in that club, it's a place for adults not children and Rhea is too young.”

Rhea howled. “I am fifteen next month. Stop treating me like a child.” Mum went to respond but Rhea threw her hands up. “There's no talking to you when you are in this mood,” my sister snapped, and against the demands of Mum, she stormed upstairs to her bedroom.

Mum turned back to me. “See what you've done. Think before you act,” she thundered and wiped her nose. “And what's this I hear about Vanessa?”

I glanced around the room, fidgeting. If she was angry about Rhea going into the club when it was closed then she was about to erupt when she found out about me going into the club when it was open. I waited for the shouting but she glared at me, awaiting an answer. “Ahh well,” was all I could muster.

I certainly wasn't going to drop Abi or Jenny into trouble and she crossed her arms. “I don't know what's got into you these last couple of months. You are bouncing from one girl to another. It was much easier when you just had Paula.” I hummed sheepishly. “Why is it you always pick troubled women?”

"Vanessa's not troubled," I told her and Mum shook her head.

"She is. Just as Abi and Sarah are. But I wish you well; she was delighted yesterday. Just don't string her along. Or more to the point, don't let her string you along."

"Mum, it's just a meal, she sounds like she will be fun. We aren't going out or going to have sex. It's just a date."

Mum shook her head and pursed her lips. "You're growing up so fast," she muttered and I just shrugged. "Your job," she started and cracked her knuckles. "When college starts. I guess you won't want to give it up."

I gulped. "No," I admitted. "I was hoping to keep it for at least the weekends and a couple of days in the week. See what College timetable is like."

Mum bit her lip. "How about Saturdays and Sundays, and one day in the week?"

"Can I not have two?"

"No," Mum replied instantly. "I wanted you to not work, but ... well Ikenna and your father on the 'phone yesterday both said that you would be smart enough to juggle it with your school work so although I am not happy about it, I will let it go for the moment, but on the understanding that if your school work suffers, you lose it."

I nodded and smiled. "Thanks Mum."

"Don't thank me," she said firmly. "You can thank Ikenna. He thinks you are well on your way to being a responsible young man." I blushed and she cocked her head, forcing the briefest of smiles. "But don't get too happy. You're not there yet. You've got some way to go."

* * * * *

"Zoe," I called out as I entered her bedroom. Only Simon was in the house when he let me in, and told me gruffly that my friend was in her bedroom reading.

She started and put the book down as I knocked on her bedroom door, looking at me with fierce eyes. She gulped. "What are you doing here?"

I looked at her book and then at her, sprawled over her bed and glanced around her room. "Those windchimes are new, aren't they?"

"Present," she told me stoically.

"OK, how are you? How's Simon?"

"Simon is grounded," Zoe replied instantly. "And he is banned from seeing Rhea, although he has told me that he has no intention of not seeing your sister." She gulped and she looked up. "So are you happy now? Between you and your sister, you have managed to confuse him and then get him into trouble."

I sat down on her chair. "I know you think that but ..."

"He's my little brother," Zoe interrupted, shouting forcefully. "It's up to me to make sure that no harm comes to him and Rhea is poisoning him."

The door to the bedroom opened and Simon stood there. "Zoe, stop this shouting at Rhea. I know you don't like her."

"She's trouble Simon."

"She's Rhea," Simon replied. "And she is wonderful." I looked at Zoe who puffed out dramatically. "And I know I thought I wasn't able to make her happy, but I think I can now. And she makes me happy. Very happy."

Zoe's scowl deepened. "But Mum said ..."

"I don't care," Simon spat back. "I want to be with her. And I want to spend time with her. That's not Andy's fault and us being naked together doesn't mean that we are having sex. We aren't, so stop thinking that I am doing something wrong."

I gulped and Zoe looked at me. "It's what I came to say. Rhea is missing him," I ventured and Zoe looked at her younger brother with a sigh.

"You need to learn to say no to her, when she is being unreasonable," Zoe countered.

"No!" Simon snapped, looking at my friend in disbelief. "I don't say 'no' to Rhea. She'll eat me alive."

"See what I mean," Zoe told me. "Your sister is bullying him."

"She is not bullying me," Simon replied instantly. "Me going to a fake camp was my idea but it was only so we could spend time together. I told you this before. Stop blaming Rhea for my actions. Or Andy. I did it because I wanted to, why can't you or Mum see this?"

"Because ... because ..." Zoe stammered and gestured wildly at her brother. "Because it isn't you. Rhea is encouraging you," Simon was told.

"You said I have changed 'cause I seem happier. Well, I am. She is very demanding at times but she always makes me smile and she gives the most wonderful cuddles." Zoe blushed and snarled. "Oh come on, you know naked cuddles are so nice Zoe. You did it with Sarah. And I notice, Mum isn't getting angry about that, perhaps you should think about your own skeletons before having a go at me about mine."

"I made a mistake, Simon," Zoe spat back. "I know I made a mistake and I prayed and repented for that. I've not drunk anything since and I apologised to Sarah." I crossed my arms and looked at her.

"That's not quite true," I interrupted "You admitted you enjoyed it."

Zoe shrieked and Simon snorted. "It's OK if you are a lesbian," he told her. "Rhea thinks you might be anyway. She says you are uptight enough."

Zoe's scowl deepened. "I am not a lesbian," she shouted and looked at me. "And what is your sister doing talking about my sexuality?"

"How the fuck do I know?" I responded instantly and looked at Simon who looked at the floor meekly. "It's Rhea all over, isn't it?"

"I don't want people talking about me like that," Zoe said, quite indignantly. "It's not right."

I looked at Simon playing with his hands in the doorway. "I take it you are missing Rhea then?"

Simon nodded and looked at Zoe. "Yeah, I want Mum to just listen to me. And Zoe. But neither of them will. I've said I'm sorry and I shouldn't have been dishonest but she just thinks I am up to something and I am not. We just wanted to spend some evenings together and be a couple – like Mum and Dad. Or Andy and Abi. Or ..."

"See," Zoe told me. "It is your fault."

"Shut up," Simon cried and stared at his sister. "You don't understand. There is something so magical about waking up with your girlfriend. You think you know and you just don't." He ran his hands through his hair and wiped the bridge of his nose, squinting angrily towards my friend. "To have Rhea wake in my arms and to have naked cuddles and kisses and to just spend time without anyone else. It's magical. It's everything. And it's all we wanted but Mum won't let me stay at Rhea's flat and no one trusts us."

Zoe watched spellbound as her brother shouted. "But you are too young Si," she said to an annoyed shake of the head from her brother.

"I am not," he thundered. "I turn fifteen the same week as Rhea. We aren't ready for sex and we aren't going to do it."

"I don't want you tempted, Si. It's not right."

Si sniffed. "Like you were," he spat and glared at his big sister. "One night you were in the same room as Sarah and you did all sorts. We aren't desperate like you. Rhea isn't slutty like that." Zoe gulped and her eyes narrowed. She leapt up and slapped her brother around the cheek, that echoed around her bedroom. I grabbed her arms and pushed her back on the bed and Simon stared at me.

"Stop it," Zoe cried, bursting into tears and she sobbed into her hands.

"You know I'm right, and you won't talk to Mum about it 'cause you are scared for yourself. It's selfish," he told her but Zoe shook her head. She looked up to watch him swear at her and storm into his own room, slamming the door behind him.

I put my arm around my friend and pulled her closer. "He hates me," she sobbed. "I can't believe he'd call me that," she wept into my shoulder. "But I need to protect him. He'll know I'm right, eventually," she said trying to convince herself.

"It's just anger," I soothingly told her. "But maybe he is a bit right."

Zoe pushed me away. "I knew you'd think that. Is it only me that sees sense. He is fourteen."

"He is hormonal, like you. They were wrong to sneak into Rhea's room, everyone knows that, but deep down, is Rhea good for him?"

"No," Zoe said firmly and I looked into her eyes. She shook her head and I raised my eyebrows. "No," she persisted. "Happiness is a long-term goal, not a short-term rush. But you don't understand."

"I do understand. You think I don't want Sarah to be single so I can take her out? Or for Abi to have said yes to me when I asked? So, OK, I might not live to your fucking moral

code, but they make me happy. And Rhea makes Simon happy. And vice versa. And yeah, I'm sure Rhea will teach him some tricks; she's like that. But she isn't into drugs, she isn't pressurising him into sex and she has a really good heart." Zoe listened as I spoke, her eyes still fixed on the carpet. "OK, it might be well hidden. Very well sometimes, but it is there."

Zoe's face lifted slightly and she wiped her eyes. "I don't know what to do for the best. Mum asked me about you and Rhea. I mean Simon told Mum that he slept in the spare bedroom but I don't believe him and I know she is going to want more answers. But I can't lie for him, can I?"

I tapped my fingers on her desk. "Remember in Year 7. We went to Isle of Wight on that week-long field trip, and you saw a bird fly into a window on the other side of the hotel. And you went to rescue it, crossing a main road and going where you shouldn't."

"I know what you are going to say," Zoe muttered, pre-empting the end of my story. "But that is ..."

"Totally relevant," I interrupted. "Look, I covered for you with the teachers, as did a couple of others, until you got back with the bird in that shoe box. We lied to teachers and your Mum, for you. Sometimes you have to do it."

Zoe sniffed and looked at me. "Would you do it?"

"Would I what? Lie to Mum?" I sighed and hummed. "Not normally, no. But sometimes, it's not how you get there, it's where you get to. And, to be honest, an unhappy Rhea makes life intolerable for everyone."

Zoe crossed her arms and looked at me. "Simon isn't a windbreak for Rhea's nastiness."

"I think we are not going to agree," I said diplomatically. "Let's just agree that you should do what benefits Simon more in the long run."

She took a deep breath and hummed. "OK. But I don't want him to turn into his Uncle. And your obsession with sex is rubbing off on Rhea and she is rubbing it off on him." I tried not to laugh at Zoe's complicated and unintentional double-entendre but she saw me smirking. "I mean it. It's how he started. And he produces pornography and everything."

I sighed. "I don't think Simon is about to start producing pornography," I promised and looked at her.

"But you are. I saw those pictures, Andy."

I sighed. "Can I take you out for a walk? Or to the cinema?" I asked. "I want to talk and I think you need to clear your head," I suggested and she smiled weakly at me. She agreed and put on her shoes before we walked downstairs. Zoe opened the door and her face fell. Standing in the doorway was Rhea.

"What do you want?" Zoe snapped.

"To see Simon," she admitted.

"He's grounded."

"As are you," I added and Rhea shrugged. "Mum's not let you come 'round here."

“Ahh well yes, she thinks I am in my room,” Rhea admitted. “But I slid down the fire escape.” I groaned and she looked at Zoe. “I know, I just want to say sorry to him. It was my idea and I didn't think we wouldn't get away with it but we just wanted to.” Zoe looked at my sister who wiped her eyes and forced a weak smile. “I've always liked him. I mean, he was the only guy in primary school that wasn't scared of me. And he always looked out for me. So I really don't want him in trouble.”

Rhea's confession was abruptly ended when Simon appeared at the top of the stairs and called out her name. They embraced in the hallway in front of Zoe and myself who frowned at our siblings.

“What's this?” The firm face of Emma's mother, her hands laden with shopping looked onto the scene and Rhea cocked her head.

“I want to talk,” Rhea sweetly told her. “And I want to say sorry.” Emma looked at us and then at Rhea peering back at her. Rhea swept back her brown hair and gulped. “But do you want a hand with your shopping first?”

“Shall we go?” I asked Zoe and pulled my reluctant friend from her house. We chatted in the park, and I desperately implored my friend to stop believing that I was corrupting her brother, or herself. She admitted that she had had a lot of lustful thoughts that she didn't want and then told me she had been reading a very steamy romance novel; sometimes I will never understand female logic.

We ambled back to Zoe's house as Rhea hugged Emma – Simon's mother and apologised again. “I think Rhea is up to something,” I whispered to Zoe who looked at me.

“Why?”

“Cause she is breathing,” I told my friend and we parted, with me taking my sister home.

“I am forgiven,” Rhea told me gleefully. “We both are. We sat down at told her the truth and apologised.”

“You told her that you had naked cuddles, and that you got together by Simon getting pissed and asking you out ...”

“Of course I didn't,” Rhea snapped. “I told her what she wanted to hear, which for the purposes of this conversation is the truth.” I looked at her and she grinned telling me that “Simon spent the night in the spare bedroom” and that he “swept her off her feet with a grand romantic gesture.”

“What by turning up naked?”

Rhea shook her head. “No. I told you. I've clarified the truth. We've told her what she wants to hear, and that is now the truth.”

“But it isn't,” I told her and Rhea looked up at me with a sneer.

“As far as everyone is concerned, it is. I've just clarified it. I said that. Honestly, don't you listen.”

* * * * *

The day before the start of a new term was always depressing: I used to wonder where the

holiday went and was determined to make the best of it only to be slightly downcast by the end of the day that I didn't do something else. The club was having new carpet laid so was closed on the Monday and Tuesday and as a result, I had no club to clean.

Mum and Rhea had sort of rowed when we returned, but Rhea had told Mum that she had gone over to apologise to Simon's parents and they had promised they would not be so underhand again. This blatant lie (or "truth" as Rhea called it) meant that Mum was mildly surprised and slightly impressed by Rhea's maturity and both mothers rescinded the groundings that had been placed on their offspring.

Rhea was, understandably, delighted and crowed as I ate breakfast. "Should try being honest more often," she told me without a trace of irony and I gave her raised eyebrows; I didn't disagree with the sentiment, but wasn't sure how covering up deception and deceit with lies and dishonesty, before claiming that she was "coming clean" was really a good strategy for being "honest." If nothing else, Rhea would make a wonderful member of Parliament.

I rang Sarah to ask if I could ride over to see her, and she said she was alone all day unpacking, would love to see me and would prepare a picnic for us in her garden under the willow tree. As a bit of an afterthought rang Zoe to see if she wanted to join us. It was a glorious day and Zoe agreed as long as "the ickiness level between you two stays low," and 30 minutes later she was waiting outside in Exchange Close while I unlocked our shed door and retrieved my bike.

Zoe was wearing short white shorts and a lightweight white blouse, while I had chosen my skin-tight cycling shorts and a light blue T-Shirt.

"Are you wearing any boxers?" Zoe asked the moment she saw me.

"Well, no. Why would I?" I asked and Zoe bit her lip and went red.

"Well. No monkey-business," she warned. I chuckled and stepped forward to hug her. "Get away from me," she hissed.

The road to Wendover is fairly boring for a cyclist, as there are no back roads to meander down and we had to follow the main road, but by 11am we were pulling up outside Sarah's house.

I knocked sharply on the door and there was a slight pause, feet behind the door, and then the front door burst open and Sarah - a very naked Sarah - threw her arms around me and kissed me on the cheek.

"Andy, come inside, get those off and lets have some ..." Sarah said in an excited voice and then added "Oh fuck" when she saw Zoe staring at her on the other side of the door.

"You promised me no ickiness!" Zoe thundered in annoyance and I detached myself from the bare Sarah.

"I didn't know," I defended and Sarah hopped inside.

"Well I thought he would be alone," Sarah whined. "You didn't have to watch!"

"I didn't have a choice. And Sarah you have a boyfriend. You promised me you would start being faithful."

Sarah darted inside and returned wearing a dressing gown. Zoe was still scowling at her and Sarah was returning the frown. "I have an empty house. It is not often I get to have his tongue on me, so leave me alone."

Zoe shook her head and looked at a bewildered me. "You will regret it, stop cheating. You would be heartbroken if Kevin cheated on you, wouldn't you?"

Sarah nodded, and we apologised to an embarrassed Zoe before walking outside to the willow tree while the picnic Sarah had prepared was retrieved.

Zoe was still wondering whether we staged it, but I tried to assure that we hadn't and it was just Sarah being Sarah and very horny. The mention of horniness and hormones had Zoe blushing. "Everyone our age is just enjoying life," I goaded her but Zoe glared at me as Sarah bounded with her basket of goodies.

She flopped down next to us and allowed her dressing gown to open at the front. "Sarah," Zoe muttered, her face full of egg mayonnaise sandwich. "You aren't decent."

Sarah sighed. "I was really wanting some naked time," she told her friend bluntly. "I wasn't wanting you to come and see me."

Zoe spluttered and glared at me. "Well I was invited," she was told and Sarah crossed her arms, before sliding off her dressing gown.

"Sarah," Zoe snapped but my friend shook her head resolutely. "You see what you have done? Sarah would never have been like this if it wasn't for your immorality."

"Oh don't start this again," Sarah cried and took a bite of the sandwich. "If we wanted to be immoral I would be having his tongue on my pussy. There is nothing to be afraid of with nakedness. Didn't your Adam and Eve wander around the garden of Eden with nothing on?"

Zoe gulped. "But that was ..."

"Think of me as Eve," Sarah teased and looked at me. "Where's my Adam?"

Zoe shot me a dangerous look. "Don't you dare." She turned to Sarah and sniffed. "Please Sarah, stop being like this. I know you might like being naked and doing naughty things with Andy but it will devastate your boyfriend and you will regret it." Sarah gulped and looked at Zoe.

"When he will behave as my boyfriend, I will behave like his girlfriend. I told you that." I licked my lips at the naked curves of my friend and Zoe sighed, shaking her head to one side.

"Hey," I called out and looked at Sarah with a mischievous glint in my eye. "We could play Strip Poker."

"Yeah," Sarah cried and looked at Zoe. "Come on Zoe."

"No," Zoe shouted and crossed her arms. "I don't want to be a kill-joy ..."

"You do," interrupted Sarah.

"I don't," Zoe barked. "I just worry about you two. You are both heading for serious

disappointment and upset, aren't you?"

Sarah snarled. "And you are too," she told her. "You will reach thirty, be an unhappy spinster, lonely and with just a dozen cats."

"I won't," Zoe scowled and Sarah put her hands on our friend's shoulders.

Sarah kissed her on the cheek and smiled into her eyes. "You won't if I have anything to do with it. Loosen up, Zoe. Let yourself go."

Zoe shook Sarah off with a shake and glared at me. "It is Simon letting himself go that caused no end of trouble," she warned and folded her arms. "I've warned Andy, you are both heading for the most almighty of crashes."

"And as I said, we will have our friends around us to help. Stop being scared to take a risk," I told her. "There are guys who like you, you know." Zoe coughed and stretched telling us that she was fine.

The naked Sarah asked about Zoe's comment about Simon and I explained Rhea's underhand behaviour. Sarah guffawed and her eyes twinkled. "Dya reckon we could get away with it here?" I shook my head as Zoe's eyes lit up in horror.

We spent an hour lay under the tree chatting and Zoe spent at least half of that moaning about my sister, complaining that she had told "bare-faced lies" to her mother. Sarah and I shot each other furtive looks; we had been fairly honest with our mothers despite Sarah's misgivings.

"I'm going to take this back and go to the toilet. Can I trust you two alone?" Zoe asked and Sarah glowered.

"Just go," Sarah cried. "I am not a toddler."

Zoe watched us she got up, picking up all the picnic things and had barely left from the willow tree when Sarah pounced on me. "Come on," she cried and lead me up the garden to another overhanging Willow tree and pushed me onto the ground. "I've been waiting all day for Goody Two-Shoes to leave us alone for five minutes, why did you bring her?"

I didn't get time to answer as Sarah had bounced down on top of me, and slammed her globes onto my face, sliding her body around to present her moist slit to my tongue while she slid my cycling shorts down.

"It's sweaty," she moaned but still slid her tongue over the head of my rapidly inflating cock as I swirled my tongue around her button. She bounced down, rocking her hips from back to front as I slipped along her crack and sucked on her clitoris.

Sarah groaned and angled her body away, so it was harder to reach her clit: it must be too sensitive. I poked her hole with my tongue and then flicked her crack quickly. She tasted as wonderful as ever and her own oral technique was as good as it had ever been: she was almost as good as Abi and sucked the glans.

I sighed; the taboo of doing it while Zoe was around was such an aphrodisiac and I felt myself nearing orgasm. I used my hands to roll Sarah's nipples in my fingers and used my forearms to push down on Sarah's thighs. She gave me access to her clit again and I suckled the little button until Sarah was groaning and writhing.

I felt a rush of adrenaline, and could feel myself at my climax. I muffled into Sarah's shaved slit and Sarah gleefully accepted the contents of my spurting cock.

It took another minute for Sarah to reach orgasm, I flicked her clitoris relentlessly which drove her to a noisy climax. She slumped forward on my legs and groaned as my fingers released her nipple. "Andy," she cried and I kissed her cheeks. "Thank you."

"You two," Zoe shouted from over us. "What is wrong with you two?"

Sarah spun off me and looked up at our friend. "Four minutes. That's all I was. Sarah ..."

"Leave us alone," my naked friend cried. "I shaved myself 'specially for Andy. I like doing 69 with him. He is very good at it."

"But you have a boyfriend," Zoe told her. "I just don't feel comfortable with it."

"Well I do," Sarah snapped. "If it's not me and Andy, you are having a go at Rosie or Simon. Just stop being an old woman. It's 'cause of this attitude that everyone is starting to hate you."

Zoe stared at her friend and turned around. "I'm going home," Zoe cried and strode over to the other willow tree, grabbing her helmet and bag.

"Zoe, I didn't mean it," Sarah moaned but Zoe just looked at her.

"You did." Zoe wiped her eyes and looked at her. "I am only trying to help."

"You are trying to interfere," Sarah snapped. "Repeatedly. So what if I am cheating on Kev. You said you didn't even like him." Zoe gulped and Sarah's scowled deepened. She gestured towards me. "So yeah I really like Andy. He might not be my boyfriend but he treats me like I am his girlfriend and that means a lot to me. You know that and if Andy wanted to ..."

"See you tomorrow," Zoe interrupted, still angry and grabbed her belongings. I hesitated and Zoe looked at me. "You stay with your harlot, I know you want to."

"Oh Zoe," I cried and she stormed off towards the front of the house. Sarah looked at me and I shrugged. "We need to sort her out," I muttered. "But I can't let her ride back on the main road on her own."

"Serve her right to get knocked over and killed," Sarah spat back and saw the expression on my face. "Sorry," she muttered. "Yeah, go back with her. And sorry."

I smiled and grabbed my belongings. "See you tomorrow," I called out to Sarah. "And love you," I said automatically.

"Love you too," came the voice unexpectedly through the garden as I mounted my bike and chased after Zoe.

"Zoe," I cried as I saw her and cycled up to her; she was pedalling like crazy but I caught her up quickly. "Zoe. She didn't mean it."

"She did," Zoe moaned, and looked at me. "And why aren't you wearing your helmet?"

"Cause I was chasing after you." We stopped and I got myself ready to ride back. "Can we

go for a leisurely ride down the lanes please?"

"Why?"

"Cause every time I've seen you this last few weeks you've been shouting at me. If it's not influencing Simon and Rhea, it's corrupting Sarah. And I don't want to fight with you, you mean too much to me as a friend to keep fighting with you."

"Well don't ..."

"I will do, and I know you disapprove, but let's leave it at that and have a nice afternoon."

She snorted but once she thought for a moment, was quite keen to go for a little ride before heading back as long as I didn't do anything "stupid." We agreed to go into the countryside past the little villages and onto Tring. Quite a few of the roads were hilly and I got annoyed with my T-Shirt and took it off, tying it to the bar on my bike.

Zoe looked back at me as I caught her back up and shouted something in disapproval. Why was she bothered? It was a hot day! I suggested that she go topless as well but she scoffed at me and rode off.

We stopped off at the top of a little valley after passing through Cholesbury. I was certain we should have turned left towards Tring but followed Zoe. It didn't matter too much, we had three hours until we needed to be home, I just didn't want to be too lost.

We got to the T-Junction and heard voices, excited playful voices in the woods opposite. I looked at Zoe and she smirked.

"Shall we say hello?" I asked and Zoe grinned.

"You just want to say hi to someone when you are half-naked."

"So. You could be half-naked also."

Zoe shot me a dirty look, but we dismounted from our bikes, pushed them into the trees, and left our helmets on the seats before poking our way through the undergrowth towards the sound of the noise.

"Err, hello," I shouted as we reached the edge of an expanse of water, no bigger than a small swimming pool and surrounded by trees.

"Oh shit," called a female voice and I looked down the pool to see a shape frantically paddling towards a large tree. I took Zoe by the hand and we walked along the edge of the water.

"Are you OK?"

"Andy, I think they want to be alone," Zoe said but I dragged her between a couple of trees to a small clearing at the edge of the pool.

"Hi," I called out and a topless girl instantly put her hands to her breasts.

"What do you want?" She asked and a couple emerged from the shelter of an overhanging tree.

"Just heard voices," I muttered and they stared at Zoe and I. "Thought we'd ..."

“Do you want to join us?”

“We haven't got any swimming gear,” I replied forlornly and the first girl grinned at me.

“Neither have we! It is nice.”

I looked at Zoe who sighed. “Remember, no icky stuff. You promised!”

“Oh Zoe, it's swimming,” I told her and kicked off my trainers and put them by the side of the tree.

“Andy,” Zoe complained and I looked at her in the eyes, stripping off my cycling shorts.

“What?”

“Can we go now?”

“Ten minutes, come on Zoe. You've already seen me naked today.” Zoe puffed and I raised my eyebrows. “Oh come on, I know you want to look.”

Zoe took a deep breath and looked scandalised. “I do not.”

“Well come join us.”

Zoe hesitated for a moment and then shook her head. I walked up to her and she looked worried for a moment.

“Andy. Andy, what are you doing? Andy. ANDY”

I kissed her on the cheek and picked her up. She squealed and kicked her legs but she didn't weight much and I easily carried her over to the waters' edge.

“Are you going to join us, my reluctant friend or do I have to throw you in?”

“I'll join you,” she squealed. “Just put me down.”

I placed her down and leapt into the water. I was expecting it to be freezing cold, like the open air swimming pool I used to go in, but it was reasonably warm, considering its' sheltered position.

“Is it really cold?” Zoe asked as she took off her shoes.

“No,” I replied truthfully. “It's a bit nippy, but ...”

“Refreshing,” a voice finished for me and I turned to look at our three companions.

I introduced Zoe and myself and I recognised the first girl we saw, she was from school but I didn't know her name. She introduced herself as Mandy before I had to ask, which was a bit of a relief.

Zoe was topless and was hesitating over her bottoms, but a few glances at her, she was soon swimming over to us, the water preserving her modesty.

“You lied. You said it wasn't cold!”

Mandy grinned and shook her head back. “It gets much colder than this. This is my sister

and her boyfriend, Rachael and Drew.” They waved at us and then skulked back towards the overhanging tree. “Mum said they can't sleep in the same room so she went to find some private space,” Mandy told me and I looked at her. She was much more attractive in the pool than she ever was in class but I couldn't put my finger on why. “But I got bored so I came to swim.”

She had long flowing dark brown hair that came over her ears and tumbled down her front and was plastered to her neck, leaving her breasts free. I looked at Zoe and then Mandy.

“Do you two have the same size ti ... er ... bust?” I asked and they looked at each other.

“No,” Zoe replied immediately. “Mandy's are much bigger than mine.”

I screwed my face up and Mandy laughed. “34B,” she admitted and I squealed.

“They are the same size.”

Zoe puffed angrily and looked at me. “It's personal.”

“Oh it's just ...”

Mandy giggled and reached into the cold water, touching me on my waist. “Cock size,” she said for Zoe's benefit as her hands wasn't close to it. “Oh about the same size as my boyfriend's. And smaller than Drew's.”

“It's very cold in here,” I moaned and Mandy giggled, turning her head to Zoe. “Is he always offering this excuse?”

Zoe licked her lips and I splashed her, which was returned. This started a game where were chasing each other around the small lake and Zoe, who was determined not to get her hair wet, had her blonde hair plastered to the side of her face when I dunked in her in the cold water.

The pool was only a few feet deep and I wasn't sure if my bare feet were not going to touch some broken glass but it seemed genuinely unpolluted and I enjoyed seeing Zoe's bare breasts glistening in the sunlight.

After half-an-hour of messing around, Zoe wanted to leave. We still had an hour's cycling before we reached home and we stood dripping, feeling every breeze. I rubbed my wet body with my T-Shirt to dry myself before putting on my cycling shorts, but Zoe could not do this.

I suggested she used her bra and knickers, as well as giving her my T-Shirt but she was still damp as she got back on her bike. “Sometimes you can be so impulsive,” she complained, still uncomfortably wet. “Jumping in without a towel.”

“But Zoe,” I said with a smirk. “You went naked in the water with strangers. You acted and enjoyed yourself. Sarah would be so proud.”

“Don't mention her to me,” Zoe snapped and I looked at her as we cycling two abreast down the lane.

“You said yourself, Sarah is impulsive. She acts before she thinks, according to you. You can't get too angry with her, can you?”

Zoe shook her head. "No. But she needs to realise that what she is doing is wrong. And you too?"

"What if we do?" I asked. "What if we know it's wrong, and just don't care. Think the rewards are too great." Zoe gulped and gave me a brief smile.

"Then I would say you are both mad."

"But you say that anyway," I told her as we approached a big hill. "You always say that, don't you?"

Zoe's smile broke into a laugh. "Well you are," she offered as an explanation.

"If we were together would you care?"

Zoe gulped. "Maybe not so much."

"Well convince her to dump her useless boyfriend, then," I told her forcefully and Zoe shook her head, standing up on the bike as we gathered momentum for the incline.

It took well over an hour before we arrived back in Aylesbury and I watched Zoe cycle down her road, before turning around and cycling back to our flat.

Rhea was in a depressed mood: school was tomorrow and Mum was insisting on an early night for her. She stomped off to bed, and what with my aching muscles from the bike ride, went to bed not long after.

It had been a weird few days, but something in the back of mind had only just registered. Why had Sarah said she loved me as I left? I got up and changed the photo of Paula on my desk one of Sarah, looked at the half-naked picture of my explosive friend. "Do you?" I muttered to the photo. "Do you really?"

Unfortunately, there was no answers, just questions; and I didn't have the guts to ask them to the person that did.

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 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

New Pleasures Chapter XVII

Rhea celebrates her fifteenth birthday as Grace also ticks off another year. Zoe is left angry by her Maths homework, Andy has a dilemma with Sam and he claims his prize from Abi. His money making scheme continues to deliver until he meets someone quite unexpected.

Excerpt: I gently opened the file and started flicking through the papers in the tatty pink file. There were dozens of bundles of paper, and picked the first one – different Maths work. Next one, General Studies, the third on, Andy and Sarah at the Sex Olympiad. The fourth one, the Maths ...

Whoa!

I turned back and picked up the third pile of A4, and read the first line, and then the

second, and then the first page. Sarah had written a fifteen page erotic story with graphic descriptions of my cock and her genitals as we competed in the blow job and cunnilingus categories of the UK's first Sex Olympiad. I reached the end of the fourth page as Sarah and her handsome partner had just had sex in the arena when Sarah appeared behind me.

"That's private," she said angrily and snatched the papers.

To be released on, or before: 22nd September 2012