

NEW PLEASURES

Chapter Sixteen



By
JOHN D

Credits and License

Codes: MF drug hand oral

Copyright © John D 2012

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

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

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

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

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

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

Preface

This story is the next instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe: College starts for the students and Andy has a wild date. Zoe celebrates her birthday and Sarah is left speechless.

“New Pleasures” is set from June to October 1998.

The “Growing Pains” universe is a set of stories that centres around the life of Andy Williams and all those who got to know him as he grows up. While everything may not be totally clear, it will be the time the Universe is all released. For a fuller explanation please see my website under “Site and Story Credits.”

All stories should work well on their own but I believe there is more to be gained from the unfolding characters and plot lines to read it them order.

I shall try and keep to a regular posting schedule and **will upload all stories to StoriesOnline.net, asstr.org, Feedbooks and my website**. Completed stories will also be uploaded to Amazon Kindle, Smashwords and FirstyFish, where their internal policies permit but some instalments may be absent where the content is not compliant with their rules.

Please provide feedback to me, either by e-mail, Twitter or website review, whether you enjoyed it or not; I like to be told and it is the only payment I ask for.

Kind regards, John D

Email: johndstories@gmail.com

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

Twitter: @johndstories and #johndstories

Chapter XVI

“No,” I spluttered in annoyance.

“Why?” Mum asked. “Thought it would be good to see you go to College for the first time. You are growing up so fast.” She yawned and stretched but I shook my head resolutely. “You are still my little boy.”

“I’m sixteen,” I cried in annoyance. “I don’t want my Mum taking me to College.”

Rhea rocked back on the chair, naked from the waist down and belly button up – her one attempt at getting dressed was a belt which I simply didn’t enquire about: there would be a complicated explanation for it. “He’s just scared,” my teenage sister teased. “Of you seeing all the girls flocking to him. How many of them have had to take pregnancy tests?”

“Oh Rhea. You’ve had two months of this. Surely you are tired of it by now?” Rhea spluttered and I wiped the bridge of my nose. “Why not?”

“‘Cause ya chase after all the prick teases,” she told me and looked at Mum. “They are all Y-Shaped Coffin material. Sluts the lot of ‘em so ‘course I’m gonna tease ya.”

“Don’t talk about Abi like that,” I moaned and Rhea just giggled.

“It’s not Abi I’m talking about. She admits what she is and I like that. I like honesty. It’s the slappers like Sarah who be all princess-like. And that Zoe, acts all pure but we know you are giving her one.”

“I am not,” I moaned and got up from the table. “I told you that last week.” Rhea sneered.

“See, I know your lying. But if I had Zoe as a notch on my bedpost I’d deny it as well. Just say it was a blind, fat, lesbian German midget called ...”

“Have you finished?” Mum asked Rhea and looked at me disappearing into the lounge. “I thought I said I wanted to take you!”

“Mum. No!” I shouted. “I will see you later.”

“But Andy ...” She started but I made my exit hastily. My college was situated on the same grounds of the school and shared a number of facilities – such as science labs, sports pitches, main canteen and giant library but Rhea and her friends would be predominantly on the other side of the site, well away from me and I would be on the other. As a result, I already knew my way around the small campus and, due to the fact that I left early to avoid Mum, was sat in the “Common Room” - an area lined with a coffee shop, drinks machines, satellite television, two dozen small tables and a number of chairs and benches – to wait for the start of the day.

The Common Room was for the sixth form students only – those taking their A Levels – so it would be shared with myself, Sarah, Zoe, Ray and the rest of our year who had returned to further their studies. I had already had the “guided tour” when I chose my A Level subjects before I sat my exams and looked nervously around the Common Room for someone I recognised. Unfortunately the only person who I did see was Jez who gestured wildly when he saw me and jumped down from the bench. “Andy! How ya doing? Still fookin’ that Welsh porn star?”

A few faces turned to look at me and I blushed. "Yeah. Scottish," I replied a little too loudly and Jez cackled.

"Aahhhhh, she had fookin' melons to die for. How ya been keepin'?"

I gulped. "Fine," I murmured and put my (mostly empty) bag down. "You?"

He pursed his lips and nodded. "Shit to be back," he announced. "Was well enjoyin' the 'olidays. Football. Drinking. And I'm with that bird you and Sarah set me up with."

"Jodie?"

He nodded and looked over to the table where Jodie was sitting; I hadn't recognised her when I looked around the table. "Yeah. Fookin' owe ya several, mate. She's a well nice thing. And she's getting on well wit'me Dad," Jez spluttered and I frantically looked around the room to see someone else to speak to.

I caught the familiar sight of bouncing light hair. "Hiya Sarah," I called from across the room and Sarah ran over to me. I kissed her on the cheek and she beamed.

"Mum wanted to drop me off at College and see me in," Sarah moaned, and I shook my head. "I mean, what mother wants to do that? I am sixteen and she wasn't interested. Oh hi, Jez. How's Jodie?"

I looked at her. "You knew?"

Sarah shrugged. "Of course I knew. Jodie's not shut up 'bout it." She had a sly grin and raised her eyebrows. "What? You think I tell you everything?"

I hummed and looked at her. "Have you spoken to Zoe?"

"Hell no!" Sarah cried. "And I am not going to until she apologises for calling me a 'harlot.'"

I sighed. "Oh Sarah. Please, don't cause problems for me. I had this when Rosie and Ray split up – and I couldn't be with Zoe 'cause Ray was with me and Rosie was with her. Just sort it with her."

Sarah crossed her arms and glared at me as we found a free table. "I'm not sayin' sorry. I don't want to apologise."

"You don't have to want to apologise, I've told you before about that. You apologise because you are in the wrong."

"I am not," Sarah cried and crossed her arms. "Trust you to take her side."

"I am not taking her side, I am taking my side," I told her forcefully. "Just apologise for what you said and it will sort it all out."

"Well I am not doing it," Sarah spat and scowled at me. "She can say sorry for calling me those horrible names, first." I did little to hide my annoyance at her pettiness and she scowled at me. "Well she is your friend, you tell her to apologise. Tell her to behave."

"I want you both to behave," I spat back and Sarah giggled.

"Not behave that much I hope."

“Just stop being so petty, both of you.” Sarah's smile disappeared and I was almost grateful when I saw the familiar figure of Ray. Unfortunately, he was with Donna who was also glaring unfriendly at me; which gave Sarah and Donna something in common, and Ray and I left them to get coffees for us all.

Registration by the Head of College was followed by timetables being distributed; we were at the college because we had achieved a minimum standard in our GCSE exams and had the requisite number of “points” to remain in education. We were asked if we wanted to change from our selected subjects and we had until the end of the second week to amend our courses, but I just accepted my “welcome pack” including a timetable and disappeared to the corner of the common room to study it after a small “welcome talk” from the Head of College.

When Zoe appeared we compared and saw that we in the same Mathematics class – with lessons on every day except Thursday – and I was in the same Physics class as Ray (every day except Wednesday) but as Sarah was avoiding me because Zoe had appeared I wasn't sure what classes I shared with her, if any.

Tuition at the College was provided in hour blocks from 9am until 3:30pm, with an hour's break for lunch at 12:30pm and a half-hour's break at 11am. For each subject I had selected – Mathematics, General Studies, Physics and Economics – I had four hours of lessons a week (and the promise of around five to ten hours of “homework” per subject per week) and while I knew I would escape sanctions for the odd missed lesson unlike school, attendance was still far from optional.

The first lesson I would have would have been my second lesson on a Tuesday – Mathematics with Mrs. Buckingham in Classroom T11. This indicated that it was the first classroom on the first floor of the tower block, while I would also have lessons in the English block and the Science block, that was shared with Rhea's school.

Zoe glanced over at Sarah hovering a few feet away and then walking over to see Ray's ex-girlfriend Rosie. “It's going to be a long two years if we don't sort out the politics,” Ray mused as he watched Donna join Rosie and not us.

“Fucking know,” I muttered and looked down at my timetable. Tuesdays were going to be long days – I had all four of my subjects from 9am until 2:30pm – but at least I only had two lessons on a Friday and finished at lunchtime. Mondays were just as bad, four lessons finishing at 3:30pm (although I did have an hour's break in the morning).

“I get to go at lunchtime,” Zoe bragged and peered over to my timetable. “And at two thirty every other day. That's good 'cause I need to make sure I have time to do coursework and ...”

“Not for playing games or meeting friends then?” I interrupted and she shook her head. She looked up at Sarah, Donna and Rosie whispering and looked at me a little forlornly.

“I am not sure which friends I have any more,” she muttered and I glanced up at the clock.

“Shall we make a move?”

Ray had a “free period” and was not in lessons until after break an hour and a half later, and said he was going to find something interesting to plan as we got up. “You and Sarah need to sort something out,” I told her but Zoe shook her head. “She said nobody liked me.”

"You said she is impulsive. And acts before she thinks. You said you weren't going to take it to heart," I reminded her and she groaned.

"I know, but I thought about it and a true friend doesn't say those sorts of things, do they?"

"I guess it's difficult," I offered as an explanation. "You are always telling her off. Of course she is going to snap and you know what she is like."

"I am trying to help," Zoe whinged in response and held open the double doors at the bottom of the tower block. "You two both need my help. Only neither of you can see it. And if you would listen then you would be happier and not snap."

I gestured for her to go up the stairs and followed her as she strode up it. "Maybe, we just don't want to hear it," I suggested. "And Sarah's just bitten. We know you don't approve of us but we don't care. My mum and Sarah's mum aren't fond of us either and that doesn't bother us."

Zoe glanced back. "There is very little about how you live your life I approve of at the moment," Zoe offered with a smirk. "The drink, the club, the women. It's disgusting. And it'll lead to drugs and depression and all sorts of nasty things." I scoffed as she held open the door on the first floor of the tower block and we wandered into an empty classroom, opting to sit by the window that looked out over the school playground and College green. "And I hope you aren't going to sit and daydream all day," she warned me as I slumped onto the chair.

"Yes mother," I goaded her and Zoe stood over the chair next to me.

"Andy, there is no need to be like that," Zoe snapped and crossed her arms. "You've spent too long around Sarah, you didn't used to be so irresponsibly hedonistic."

I couldn't help but laugh at her serious face. Sarah was in our Maths class but she sneered when she saw me with Zoe and sat on the other side of the classroom to us. I waved at her to sit at the empty desk behind us and went to speak but our new teacher called for calm and then introduced herself.

Mrs. Buckingham was a strict woman, she shouted at Sarah when she spoke quietly to the person sat next to her and her eyes seemed to stare at all of us. She was abrupt and very unambiguous with what she said, calmly telling us that we would have at least ten hours homework a week and that if it wasn't completed, we would fail our exams which she didn't care about. "I've passed my exams," she told us. "But if you work hard, you will too." Although she was fairly small, and at least in her fifties, she certainly dominated the room in stature and there wasn't a single person who spoke out of turn.

"Well she was a bundle of laughs," I joked as we left our Maths class and Zoe gave me a smile.

"She was brilliant," Zoe enthused. "Really clear and ..."

"Two pages of homework," I moaned, much to Zoe's amusement. I tried to grab Sarah's arm as she walked past but she shook it off and glared at me. "Can you stay for break?"

"Are you with ... her?" Sarah spat and I looked at Zoe before nodding. "Then no," Sarah told me and I stood in the hallway as students milled around me.

"Am I going to football with you?" Zoe held my hand as I asked and Sarah glared at me.

"If you want to," she replied with as much disinterest as she could muster.

"You two need to sort this out," I thundered but Zoe stared blankly at me.

"Sure, the moment she apologises. She is the one with the problem, not me."

"No," I shouted. "I'm the one with the problem," I barked at both of them. "Are you going to be bitchy or friends?" I looked at both of them, and when an answer was not forthcoming left them alone in the hallway. What was wrong with them?

Neither Sarah nor Zoe saw fit to apologise and make up but Sarah did ask me to come along to football as she still wanted to stay the night; who was I to refuse?

As there was work on in the club, I didn't need to clean it, but still arrived a few minutes late at Sarah's training. "Excellent tackle Lisa," the coach called out as I arrived and Sarah picked herself up from the mud, and threw her arms up in despair. The sliding tackle the newest member of the team had performed on the girl was tough, but she did get the ball and got up to dribble the ball thirty yards before crossing a perfect ball to the far post.

Sarah clearly did not appreciate the move, and unfairly used her elbow a few moments later that drew sharp rebuke from the coach. I was glad that it was the end of the session shortly afterwards, I could tell when Sarah got frustrated and she was not always good at retaining control of her annoyance, as Zoe had found out the day before.

She stormed off the field and grabbed her bag from the changing rooms.

"Did you see that?" Sarah ranted the moment we got past the car park. "Good tackle Lisa. It was an obvious foul. And what a diver, I barely touch her and she goes flying."

I tried hard not to smile or laugh but the biased commentary coming from Sarah was almost comical. "So you didn't like her then," I teased and Sarah waved her hands above her head and gestured aggressively.

"No. She is a cheat, a poser. A one-trick pony. She is not improving the team. Should go back to Tring, they like shit players like her."

"She crossed the ball pretty well."

Sarah stopped and I turned around to see her there with her arms folded. "Were you actually watching the same training session as me?"

I smiled and held my hand out to her. "Just calm down. Be the pebble in the stream. Be like me."

Sarah screwed up her face and scowled. "You can be so infuriating, you know that."

I stuck my tongue out at her and she stared at me, trying hard to laugh. "Stop it. I am annoyed with you. After siding with Zoe and now Lisa. I am so annoyed with you." I laughed at her and smiled, which caused Sarah's seriousness to weaken. "Stop it," she yelled. "I mean it, Andy. Stop it." I held my arms out to her and she playfully pushed it to one side. "I am irritated."

We walked, holding hands to the flat and Sarah stripped off at the bottom of the stairs before walking up the long stairs to the lounge.

"Hiya," Mum called and we acknowledged her. Sarah went up to have a shower and I walked into the kitchen. "I've already put it in," Mum told me as I looked for the pizza. "You have five minutes."

"Oh cheers."

"Now, I am going down to the club for a couple of hours, are you going to be OK on your own?"

"Yeah, fine. Where's Rhea?"

Mum took a deep breath and rolled her eyes. "Simon's." I smiled. "Which reminds me. Sarah is in the spare bedroom. OK?"

"Oh Mum," I said a little annoyed and she raised her eyebrows.

"Spare bedroom."

"Why?"

"Cause it's what Angela and I agreed," I was told as she picked up the keys.

"It's not what Sarah and I agreed." Mum shot me a dangerous look and crossed her arms.

"Well if it's not under my rules, Sarah staying here doesn't happen," she said with a firmness to her voice. "I've told you two what needs to happen if you want to share beds." I screwed up my face in annoyance and Mum just raised her eyebrows at me.

"You let Abi sleep in my room and we aren't going out."

"Sarah is different," I was told and wasn't given a reason why as she left. I was left with my thoughts as I pootled around the kitchen, making Sarah and I a drink and setting the table. A half-naked Sarah – wearing just a flimsy nightdress emerged and cocked her head to one side.

"You done the Maths homework?"

"No," I muttered and swore as I burnt myself getting the pizza out of the oven. "Not even thought about it."

"I bet Zoe's done it already," Sarah mused and walked over with two plates of pizza. "Fuckin' goody ..."

"Sarah," I pleaded. "Please don't."

"But," Sarah started and I raised my eyebrows at her.

"Don't, it's really hard. You two just need ..."

"I don't like her," Sarah told me. "She is just so boring, and she just irritates. I don't need her as a friend. And I don't want her as a friend."

I threw my head back and groaned. "You don't mean that."

"Yeah I do. Rosie, Donna, Ingrid, Jodie. They are fine with it 'cause they've all taken their bits out of the plastic wrapping. OK, they might not have gone all the way, but Zoe is just a

freak and I bloody hate her and her prissy ways.”

I threw my fork down on my pizza and rubbed my eyes. “Well where does that leave me?” I stared at her and she twisted in her seat.

“I’m not sayin’ that you need to, but ... oh Andy, don’t look at me like that.” She screwed up her face and glanced down at my pizza. “I just don’t know how you stand her.”

“Cause she is my friend,” I replied firmly. “And just like you. And I don’t like Abi prostituting herself, or your boyfriend, or Ray’s obsession with Donna. And I don’t like Zoe’s nagging streak. But Ray doesn’t like my attitude about Donna, and Abi doesn’t like my dress sense, and you don’t like my temper, and Zoe doesn’t like my sex drive or Rhea. But it doesn’t affect our friendships. So why do you feel like that?” Sarah crossed her arm and snorted.

“Because it does,” she snapped. “She called me a harlot.”

“Is that really the worst thing you’ve ever been called?” Sarah pursed her lips and blew a few bubbles before sneering contemptuously at me.

“No, s’pose not. But she might apologise all the same. Still not a nice thing to say.”

I groaned and spent the next ten minutes begging Sarah to relent and just apologise to Zoe but both of my friends were not going to give way and I just had to resign myself to a difficult time of it until they did make up.

We settled down to do our Maths homework after our pizza and Sarah invited me to spend the night at her house the following night: “Mum and Dad are away for the night so we would have a free run of the place,” she promised.

“Can’t,” I told her as I peered through the Maths homework.

“Why?” Sarah asked. “What are you doing?”

“Is that any of your business?” I enquired and Sarah glanced at me with a shrug. I felt guilty for snapping and put my hand on her knee. “I got a date,” I told her and Sarah froze.

“A date? With who?”

I tried hard not to smile but Sarah’s body language was cold and unforgiving, and it worried me somewhat. “Vanessa. From the club. More of a going out to a restaurant than a date.”

Sarah sighed and put her pen down. She pursed her lips together and looked at me, rubbing the bridge of her nose. “Sorry. It’s ... umm ... unexpected,” she muttered.

I felt a rush of adrenaline; I knew exactly what Sarah was thinking. “Yeah, Abi suggested it. Vanessa’s had a tough time of it and Abi thinks that me taking her out for a meal would cheer her up.” Sarah’s stony-faced expression barely changed and she slowly shook her head, deep in thought. I rubbed her knee and moved in for a kiss, but she turned her head. “Give me a kiss,” I begged playfully but Sarah pursed her lips tightly and shook her head.

“Hhmmpppphhhh”

“Hhmmpppphhhh? Sarah, come on.” Sarah shook her head so I tickled her flanks and pushed her back on the sofa. She let out a cry and I grabbed hold of her shoulders, before

pressing my lips on hers. She struggled a little but then gave me a terse kiss in response. "Is that the best you can do?"

"Yes."

"You don't mind with Abi," I told her and Sarah shook her head.

"I don't know what you mean," came the response.

"Oh Sarah, you know I like you but we ain't going out and it's just a meal. I probably won't even get a goodnight kiss."

"Andy, she is a girl from the club," Sarah spat back. "I bet she'll give you the full monty."

"No she won't but it's not your concern if she does. We aren't an item, Sarah. Well not in the proper sense. I mean, I know ... well we aren't." Sarah's eyes twinkled and I cocked my head to one side. "And you told me you loved me," I reminded her and Sarah looked back down at her folder. "So you can't get annoyed with me."

"Which is why you running off with someone else makes me ... sad," she muttered and shook her hair back, while I couldn't help but laugh. "Surely there is a girl from College who you could ask out? There must be one girl who you are attracted to."

"One or two," I told with a smirk. "One or two. But they won't want me," I told Sarah who just smiled at me.

"Really?" Sarah asked and I just nodded.

"No," I told her and passed her, her glass of wine. "But it's fine. It's just one evening out with Vanessa. It'll not end in anything, I don't like her like that and she doesn't like me."

"Well if you don't want to accept a night with me," she said with a smile. "Then I'll find someone who will." Her face dropped slightly and she looked at me in the eye. "Like Kevin."

I gulped and resisted the opportunity to react to her goading, returning to our Maths homework. Mum returned about 45 minutes later and told us to go to bed, reminding us about the "spare bedroom rule" which caused us both to groan. Sarah pushed me up against the wall outside my room and pushed her tongue into mine. "Remember, go to separate bedrooms. But who says we have to wake there!" I gulped as she felt the crotch of my trousers and smiled. "One lick of your tongue and I'll forgive you about Vanessa." I smiled and watched as Sarah pushed her nightdress off and then kissed me again. I gulped and watched as she shook her butt in my direction and then close the bedroom door.

Twenty minutes later, I crept out of my room, and gently pushed open the door to the spare bedroom, and then closed it. It was pitch black but I knew where the bed was, and silently crept over to it, and slid under the covers, my arms wrapping around a naked body.

The body purred and I glided up the bed, so our naked bodies were pressed together and kissed the nape of her neck after I had brushed her hair to one side.

My hands darted over her nipples and I slid down her body.

"Andrew," a motherly voice roared from the doorway and the light flicked on. I groaned and

she stood in the doorway and walked over to the bed. "I knew you would."

"Mum," I moaned, the annoyance in my voice clear.

"I knew you would. Angela warned me."

Sarah shifted in the bed, and held my hands under the covers. "What? You told me Sarah was to go to bed in the spare bedroom. She has."

"This is not what I meant. And you know it," Mum roared and waved her finger at me. "If you and Sarah want to sleep in the same bed, you need to sort out Abi and Sarah needs to deal with Kevin. That is what Angela and I agreed and that's what happens."

"But we are sixteen ..." I started.

"Under my roof. Move out, as I did, and you can do what you want. Now bed. Your own bed please."

I groaned and asked for two minutes. Partly because I did want a cuddle from Sarah but mostly because I didn't want to walk naked past my mother.

Mum acquiesced and I got a few minutes cuddle from Sarah before creeping back into my room and adjusting my alarm. Why was Mum being so unfair?

* * * * *

I was still sleepy when my alarm clock raised me from my slumber and I tiptoed, naked, across the hallway. Sarah was fast asleep and snorted as I slid into bed alongside her. I put my arms over her shoulder and held her into my body.

Sarah stirred and stretched, muttering incomprehensibly. "Morning," I whispered in her ear and kissed the back of her neck. I pulled her wiggling body onto my morning erection and she shifted herself to push against my chest.

"Morning," she whimpered in return as my left hand touched her bosom. She reached behind her and squeezed my arse and sighed as I rolled her nipple between my fingers. She sighed dramatically. "Andy," she whispered and I remembered Abi enjoying me going down on her one morning. I went to slide down her body but Sarah stopped me. "Kiss me first," she whispered and turned around in the bed. I put my arms around her and pulled her warm body close to mine. We kissed on the lips and she angled her head away so I kissed her neck and then onto her nipple.

Sarah gave an expectant moan as I wrapped my tongue around her teenage nipple and sucked gently. She ran her hands through my hair and reached down to tweak my own nipples. I felt a shot of excitement shoot through me, and a growing tension between my legs.

I wanted to go down on her and looked up into her eyes; they were closed and so I slid down the bed and parted her legs, kissing her gently on her bare pussy and then on the inside of her thighs. She watched as I kissed the top of her lips and then sighed loudly as my tongue swept along the inside of her folds.

Sarah patted me on the top of my head as my tongue curled around her pearl and my fingers lined up at her hole. She was not "wet" but there was still some moistness and her body eagerly accepted my first finger, which I then pressed against her insides as my

tongue flicked her button.

Sarah moaned loudly and turned her head to push her face into the pillow, crying out into the soft feathers. "Andy," she muttered, panting loudly and screwed up her face.

I felt her muscles twitch and went from flicking to sucking on her clitoris. She squealed and I pushed a second finger into her, pressing up and oscillating my digits against her G-Spot. Sarah's cries got louder as my wrist started to tire, but there was no way I was going to stop: I loved to see Sarah orgasm, particularly as it was something that Kevin couldn't or wouldn't do.

I took a deep breath through her musky scent and felt her body vibrate and her muscles tense again. She clamped my head with her muscles and squealed loudly, yelling out in ecstasy and swearing into the room.

She pushed herself into the bed, and then her pelvis spasmed as her legs pressed against my ears even tighter than before. She grabbed a small amount of my hair and I felt her hands shake and then she grunted and released, exhaling dramatically. I looked up and stopped sucking her clit, but she pushed my face back between her legs. "Oh do that again," she cried.

I smiled at her, but it went unnoticed and pushed against her G-Spot again and began sawing out of her hole as my tongue gently swept up and down her moist slit.

"I knew it," Rhea cried as she loudly threw open the door and stood looking at Sarah writhe underneath my tongue. "Will you learn to fuck quietly. It's bloody annoying waking up to that."

I stopped and looked around just as Mum joined the naked Rhea. "Do you mind?"

"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 and rather frustratingly got up to have a shower and get dressed.

* * * * *

"Andy, Sarah," Mum shouted from the kitchen as we tried to make our way out to College, intending to get breakfast away from the sharp barbs of Rhea or the disapproval of Mum. "Come here."

We both groaned audibly and Rhea shook her head. "It's your own fault," she simpered as she slurped her tea. "If you will go messin' with other guy's bitches, there's consequences."

“Shut up Rhea,” I snapped and Rhea gave a gloating smile.

“Ahhh ... hit a nerve, 'ave I? Stop fucking with her, I've told you she is just a prick tease. And a nasty one at that and ...”

“Rhea, go and get dressed,” Mum barked and my half-naked sister sulked off as Mum pointed to the dining room table. “Sit.” We hesitated and she looked at us both, barking sharply. “I said sit.”

I gave Sarah a glance as we reluctantly sat down as far from her as we could, who then relocated herself to be nearer to us. “What've we told you?” I huffed and Sarah squeezed my hand under the table as we both looked into the wooden top of the table. “Well?”

I shrugged and Mum just glared at me. “We know, but we aren't ...”

Mum tapped the table with her fingers and interrupted. “I don't care. It's not appropriate for you to be in Sarah's bed, and certainly not doing all sorts with each other.” I went to speak and Mum crossed her arms. “My house, my rules. And I've told you time and time again.”

“But I am sixteen,” I wailed but Mum shook her head.

“I don't care. Now I don't mind you having sex, I did at your age. And I let you do what you want, within reason, with Abi. But I am most definitely not going to let you mess around with Sarah when she has a boyfriend and when her parents have forbidden it. You two need to make a decision and until you do, keep it in your pants.”

“And what if we have?” I asked with an annoyed tone to my voice. “I have friendships with both of them. Abi calls it friends with benefits, so I can have that. If it's good for Abi then surely I can have it with Sarah!”

Mum sighed. “Angela doesn't want Sarah having that sort of relationship while she has Kevin. And she is right. But I've told you, my house, my rules. Move out if you don't like it.”

Sarah sniffed and rubbed the back of my hand. “Sorry,” she muttered. “I'm just trying to find what suits us both.”

I bit my lip and Mum gave a coy grin. “Look, I know you don't like it. I didn't like it when I was sixteen and was told what I could and couldn't do but Sarah's parents have told you and I am telling you: unless you two are going out, you don't do anything inappropriate, you understand?”

“But it's not ...”

“It is,” Mum stressed and took a deep breath. “If we can't trust you two to behave then Sarah won't be coming 'round here and you won't be going to Sarah's house, you understand?”

Sarah squeezed my hand and I nodded. “Yeah OK,” I said gruffly and Mum nodded.

“I know you don't like it and I don't expect you to like it but when you're older you'll thank me.” I went to reply and Mum just held out her finger to stop me. “But I've told you and I don't want you to be so underhand and deceitful in creeping into her bedrooms. I expect that from Rhea not you.”

My sister coughed from behind us. “Bollocks, I wouldn't get caught.”

“Err ... you still haven't been totally forgiven for sneaking Simon in here.”

“Unjustified parental search,” Rhea snapped and Mum shook her head.

“Rhea, you are not wearing a skirt that short, I told you to throw it. Where are your new ones?”

Rhea, in a skirt that was no more than ten inches long shrugged. “I like this one and I can't find 'em.”

“Well if you tidied your room ...”

“I wouldn't have time to do my homework,” Rhea finished and pulled up her bag. “Priorities Mum.”

Mum snorted and looked at us. “I do understand, I was in a similar position when I was younger when my mum didn't like it, but when you are a parent you have to make decisions that upset people from time to time. And we are just saying that it is not fair on Kevin for you two to do what you are doing.” We nodded and she tapped the table. “Now, go to school, all three of you,” she ordered and we got up from the table.

“It's your own bloody fault,” Rhea snapped as I moaned about Mum's attitude. “And Sarah stop all the theatrics when you come, I've told you less is more. Faking orgasms is just silly.”

Sarah shook her head. “I don't need to fake 'em.”

“You do,” she teased and looked at Andy. “Learn to do it properly or tell her to stop faking 'em, but I dain't want to hear it.”

Sarah coughed and touched Rhea on the arm. “I don't fake anything. Perhaps if Simon ...”

Rhea's eyes flashed. “Don't mention Simon in all this. You leave him alone.”

Rhea waved her hands towards the Sarah and scowled. “Well you moan about Abi and him making noise and moan about me and him making noise,” Sarah teased. “So maybe you should believe that we aren't faking it, and you need to teach your boyfriend to do the same.”

Rhea huffed and turned into a side street. “Meeting Becky,” she announced and strode off, away from Sarah and myself.

I came into the Common Room expecting another day of fighting and backstabbing and was pleasantly surprised to see Sarah and Zoe talking. Sarah had run on ahead while I bought some stationery from the school shop, and I had got talking to Ray, and in the ten minutes she had in the Common Room while I wasn't there was enough for her to make up with her friend.

“Storm in a teacup,” she said quite firmly. “Absolutely nothing to worry about.” I spluttered and Zoe cocked her head and shrugged.

“I'm still worried about you two,” she muttered. “But I love you both as well.”

“We keep her on her toes,” Sarah giggled and downed the last of her coffee. “But did I tell you? Andy's got a date tonight. With a stripper.”

Zoe shook her head and sighed. She went to speak but I cut across her. "Don't," I told her forcefully. "Just don't."

* * * * *

Abi opened my bedroom door as I dried myself and she snorted as I turned around with a grin. "Just the person," I muttered.

"I am not interested in you tonight," she said with a smirk. "I need to talk to you." My heart sank for a moment and she giggled at my expression. "No, it's just about your date for the night."

"Vanessa?"

"Yeah, now she is a nice girl but she gets very silly when excited and I don't want you to get annoyed with her if she goes all excitable," Abi told me as she sat down on the bed. "She is definitely looking forward to it, and will probably go over-the-top, she is like that. Just let her be Vanessa and you'll both have a good time."

"Good time?"

Abi rolled her eyes. "You ain't getting ya end away. She doesn't see you as boyfriend or shagging material, I told you that. But she does like you. She thinks you are funny and she's had a really rough time of it recently. Just treat her gently."

"Treat her gently?"

Abi closed her eyes and rubbed her face. "Yeah, gently. Don't expect anything and you won't be disappointed. And she doesn't know me as anyone other than Isobel, remember that."

"Yeah, guessed that," I muttered and Abi beamed at me. She looked at what I was going to wear (and changed it) before giving me express instructions on what I was to say, do and, more importantly, not say or do.

"It won't lead to anything," Abi told me with crossed arms for the umpteenth time. "But it is still a date. You still need to make the effort," she told me as I huffed at her. "Think of it as practice for Sarah."

I groaned but Abi licked her lips and touched me on the arm. "It'll be fun, she's not had anyone nice take her out for a long time. But don't let her get too excited," I was warned and Abi shrugged. "She's a car crash. But you asked her out." I nodded and she looked at me. "And don't do anything stupid."

Vanessa lived in a small flat not far from the club and I knocked sharply on the door. I heard footsteps and the front door flung open. I was dressed in my smartest clothes, the black trousers and ruby red shirt and Abi had spent ages getting me ready, even going as far as shaving the back of my neck.

I have never been on a bona-fide date with anyone and was more than a little bit anxious. I was scared although Abi told me not to be and had spent the last fifteen minutes before I left coaching me and giving me tips (or "pointers" as she called them). Rhea, on the other hand, took great delight in teasing and taunting me, which only got worse once she found out that my date, Vanessa, was a stripper.

Vanessa was wearing a figure-hugging blue-green dress that gathered in the middle and was mid-thigh. She grinned as she saw me checking her out and shook her hair back.

“Hey, you've made your hair wavy,” I told her as she locked her front door.

“Oh,” Vanessa cried. “You noticed then.”

“Well yeah. It's hard not to.”

Vanessa beamed and looked into my eyes. “I didn't think you would.”

Vanessa locked her front door and slid her arm into mine as we made the short walk into town. I had booked a little intimate eatery that was small and more intimate. I figured that the restaurant on Castle Street was too big and too open for a first date and Abi agreed, somewhat impressed that I had thought about it.

We walked at a slow pace as Vanessa was wearing heels but this gave us time to talk. Vanessa was happy to discuss what she had done to get ready, which involved waxing her bits, having her hair done, spending hours putting on make-up and going to a tanning salon, although try as I might I could not see the results of the last item; she was naturally fair and had remained so.

We arrived at the small restaurant and the waiter showed us to our table. I held out her chair and sat down opposite. A candle flickered between us and it illuminated her face seductively.

“Are we having a starter?” Vanessa asked and I nodded.

“Does my date want one?”

“Hehe,” Vanessa gave a girly laugh and nodded with a silly grin on her face. “If I am allowed one.”

I bit my lip. Why did Vanessa have to act so giggly? Sarah could do silliness and it was playful and devilish but Vanessa's mannerisms sometimes crossed into immaturity and were gigglingly irritating. It annoyed me.

I put the menu down and waited for Vanessa to finish scanning the menu and we beckoned the middle-aged waiter over. “Does he look like Manuel?” Vanessa whispered as he approached and I gave a hollow laugh. “I want the Gamber-ronny Pilly Pilly.” She glanced over at me with pursed lips and I waited for to finish ordering.

Manuel smiled and looked at me. “The Gamberoni Pil Pil. Prawns in garlic and chilli.”

“Yeah that. And the Pizza Pollo Pic-cunty,” she screeched in a high-pitched, shrill-like voice.

“Piccante?” Manuel corrected her and Vanessa smirked, enjoying the attention.

“Yeah that. Although I am partial to ...”

I glared at her and she finished her sentence with a fit of giggles. “Scampi to start and the Sirloin steak with cheese.”

“Howa woulda ya'like your steak cooked, Sir?”

"Rare please," I told him, passing him the menu.

"Mooooo-ing?" Vanessa asked and Manuel gave me an embarrassed smile.

"Rare'll be fine."

"Drinks, Sir?"

I hesitated and Vanessa answered for me. "Big bottle of house white please. Or shall we get two?"

"One'll be fine," I muttered towards the waiter, with his eyebrows raised. I waited for Manuel to leave and put my hand on Vanessa's in the centre of the table. "Why are you so excitable and giggly?" I asked.

Vanessa shrugged and bit her lip. "Because I haven't had a date for six months. I get asked on dates all the time by desperate punters, but it's nice to meet someone new and nice. It's exciting." I looked at her and she shrugged. "And I had a bit of wine before I came."

"No I mean, all the time. You seem to want to pretend to be unintelligent and vain but underneath it all, you're not, are you?"

Vanessa sucked in her cheeks and spoke icily. "You really know how to be seductive, don't you?"

I groaned. "What I mean is, you aren't vain and you are intelligent. But you always want to act like you not. When we did the photo shoot we chatted afterwards. You were smart but you don't want to show it, why?" Vanessa shrugged and I passed her the menu. "Read out your order again."

Vanessa recited her order perfectly and I raised my eyebrows at her as she threw the menu down on the table. "So? I like making people laugh. They enjoy spending time with me when I do," she snapped defensively.

"You don't need to act the clown to make me laugh and enjoy your company," I told her and she grinned nervously. "Honestly. I keep telling Rhea this but she won't listen," I added and Vanessa gave me a slight smile. "Can I have the real Vanessa tonight. 'Cause that's who I've asked out."

"The real Vanessa doesn't exist."

I put my hand to my face in realisation; Vanessa was not her real name. "Sorry, what is the real you?"

Vanessa looked at me and stared behind me. "It's Kath but I don't like it."

"Well whoever you are, can we have the real you?" I asked and Vanessa sighed. "I wanted to take you out not some character from the club."

She bit her lip and smiled. "Yeah. But I still want to be Vanessa."

Manuel returned with the massive bottle of wine and opened it in front of us and then poured a bit of wine in my glass. "Is this OK, sir?" He asked and I chuckled.

"Well I was hoping for a bit more than that!" I teased and Manuel gave a polite titter as I drank it; I don't think it was an original joke but I had never ordered alcohol in a restaurant before.

"Let me guess, it's white wine," Vanessa teased and instead of her inane girly laugh she gave a warm, seductive smile. I nodded to Manuel and she watched me smile as I looked at her.

"What?" Vanessa asked me as I was deep in thought. She was just like Sarah would be in a few years time, playful, smiling and certainly they had similar builds and looks. It suddenly occurred to me that I didn't know how old Vanessa was and was about to ask, opened my mouth and then closed it rapidly. "OK, what?"

"I was going to ask something that I shouldn't ask."

Vanessa nudged me across the table and coyly glanced at me. "Ask me. Go on."

"No, it's OK."

"No. Is it how many partners I've had 'cause it's loads and ..."

I hesitated. "How old are you?"

Vanessa sucked in sharply. "Should never ask a lady that."

"Well I wasn't going to," I replied quickly. "But you made me."

"I've just turned twenty-three. And I know how old you are."

I blushed and smiled. "Well no surprises then."

"But you don't look it. Or act it."

I grinned. "No?"

"Hell no." She took a deep breath and looked into my face. "I would say you were eighteen, you are tall enough and you look smart, but then I bet you do for all your dates."

I hesitated and silently opened and closed my mouth. "Well actually, this is my first first date," I admitted and Vanessa shook her head.

"I don't believe you."

"No, honestly. First girlfriend was neighbour next door and we sort of fell into going out as we were best friends but she has just moved to Bournemouth. And since then I've been turned down by Sarah and Ab ... Isobel."

"They're mad!" Vanessa replied instantly and I shrugged.

"Well Sarah said no because she has this little matter of a boyfriend. And Isobel doesn't want a relationship."

"So you just screw her?"

I hummed. "Well, I don't kiss and tell. Paula always taught me not to."

Vanessa nodded and smiled. "See. You aren't your age at all. My teenage boyfriends told everyone. Hell, I had a review about me in the school student magazine. I got the full five stars. But then he'd not get any more if he didn't give me the full five stars."

Vanessa and I chatted warmly. I found out that she had been stripping and dancing naked for five years and was not happy doing what she was doing but not unhappy. There was an unspoken admission that she had also worked as an escort but she didn't say this explicitly, I had to read between the lines but it was clear she didn't want to admit it. I didn't mind or care, but understood why she didn't publicise it and she had sort of already told me when I asked her out.

My starter was well cooked and I fed Vanessa some of my scampi and she fed me some of her prawns. It was nice and I felt my insides go gooey as we shared our food. I was certainly warming towards the dancer and she kept beaming at me.

Our main courses were awesome too although Vanessa balked at trying my bloody steak. Eventually I got her to try some and she appreciated it as tasting nicer than it obliterated but didn't like the puddle of blood on my plate as she said it was disgusting. We were only two-thirds of the way through the wine Vanessa had ordered (we were drinking 1.5 litres of wine between two of us) and I was already very merry.

We ordered an ice cream dessert to share and fed each other again. She playfully rolled the ice-cream around her mouth or licked her lips seductively and for the first time in the evening I felt my loins stir. She was being coltish in a good way, just like Sarah. I settled the bill (Vanessa wanted to pay half but I was taking her out on a date and Abi suggested Vanessa might want to and under no circumstances was I to allow her to pay for anything) and we wandered into town. We thought about going to a bar, Vanessa reckoned that I would have no problems being served but in the end settled on a game of bowling.

I loved ten-pin bowling and Vanessa confessed she hadn't been for a good few years so we walked in, paid for a lane for an hour and changed our shoes. I teased Vanessa as her dress rode up as she was putting her shoes on and it took all my willpower not to look up her legs. Her dress was not designed for bowling but we were both experiencing a nice buzz from the large quantity of wine and I walked over to lane five.

"Hiya mate," I heard a familiar voice from the adjacent lane and gave a silent groan.

"Hiya Jez," I replied and smiled to see Jodie with him, dressed in the sexy blue dress Sarah had given her; it was clear that she was wearing very skimpy knickers as she was sat down and her dress was riding up. She subconsciously tugged it lower, as I leant over to tie my shoe laces but I still caught a glimpse of her barely covered pussy between the blue fabric. I guessed Jodie had been taking pep-talks from Sarah.

Vanessa appeared behind me and put her arms around my shoulders and caressed my chest, kissing me on the neck. "Aren't you going to introduce me?"

"Sure. Vanessa, this is Jez, an Oxygen thief and his elegant girlfriend, Jodie. Jodie and the Oxygen thief, this is Vanessa, my friend."

Vanessa threw her arms around Jodie and hugged her. "Hiya babe. I love that dress. Where did you get it?"

Jodie hummed and stammered, shocked at the forward nature of the drunken Vanessa. "It was a gift."

"It's amazing. I bet your bloke loves you wearing it. And is this the Jez that Isobel teased that you were telling me 'bout?" Vanessa asked and I nodded. She threw her arms around Jez and kissed him on the cheek. "I don't wear underwear all the time either."

"Isobel?" Jez asked and looked at me. "But I thought her name was ..." I coughed over the top of what he was about to say and shook my head which he understood. I punched our names into the lane computer but Jez was smiling at Vanessa and almost ignoring poor Jodie. "So what are you doing here?"

"Bowling," I replied and Vanessa snorted.

"We are on a date and he has been brilliant," Vanessa said a little too loudly and I suspected that the alcohol had hit her harder than I had expected. I knew she had a bit to drink before meeting me but I wondered how much given what her share of a giant bottle of wine had done. She had drunk most of the drink herself and was incredibly thin; it was clearly having an effect.

"Has he?" Jodie asked with a sly smile on her face.

"The real test'll be later. See how brilliant he is then! Isobel says he's magical."

Jez shot me a knowing look and mouthed, "how?"

I shrugged my shoulders and pointed the tipsy Vanessa towards the bowling lane. She picked up a ball and rolled it into the gutter and then repeated this thirty seconds later, laughing as she got nowhere near the pins.

"Of course I've been promised that he knows how to use his tongue. Fuckin' awesome was one description I had and who is going to complain at a dick this big," Vanessa drunkenly said to Jez while I was bowling my first ball, nine pins. I spluttered when I heard what she was saying and holding her hands twelve inches apart. I might have an ego to maintain but even I know my manhood was not a foot long.

I shushed Vanessa and retrieved my ball for an assault on the final pin. "And of course being that age he can go all night long." I turned to see Jodie squeeze Jez's hand and he got up to bowl.

"Seriously mate, what the fook are you up to?"

"It's just a date but I think she had a little too much to drink and is being a bit gobby."

"... yeah of course. Guys love blow jobs. Every bird should give her guy a decent suck at least once a day or two. It makes 'em happy," I heard Vanessa tell Jodie and Jez grinned. "I had a guy who said I was so good at them, half the football team came 'round. But he loved me 'cause of it. So no girl should ever let her man go without. Ever. 'E gets miserable."

"Let 'em talk. You know women, they love a good natter," I suggested to Jez and he nodded.

"Too fookin' right, man." He grinned. "Jodie might listen."

I stretched out and watched as my date drunkenly bestowed the virtues of her profession to Jodie who listened intently. Jez and I went and got drinks for all four of us and we came back to hear Vanessa confess to a previous life as an amateur porn star. "I don't know

how you get 'em," Jez moaned and I shrugged, taking a sip of my lemonade.

"It's just a date," I replied. "We ain't going to go out; she said so. Just a bit of fun." Jez spluttered and we passed drinks to our respective dancing companions.

Vanessa lost at bowling, and even though I tempered my shots, I still won by over 100 points; she was utterly useless and was more interested in talking to Jez's partner who lapped up her tales of debauchery and excess with abandon. "Ya should try it. Good lookin' girl like ya. Ya'd clean up, bit of porn, and the like."

I looked at Jez who seemed to shrug at the idea and thought about it; I was not sure if I would like the idea of my girlfriend working in pornography but he seemed comfortable with the thought and Jodie's eyes flashed at the suggestion.

We only stayed for one game whereas Jodie and Jez remained on their lane and we stumbled out of the bowling alley after bidding them good night. Jez was certainly growing on me, and was no longer the immature loud mouth without any redeeming features that he was previously. Either the move into the College or his new girlfriend had made him be better company!

"Are you drunk?" I asked as I held upon the door, and she shivered as she entered the cold air.

"A bit," she muttered and I took my coat off and wrapped it around her shoulders. Why do women always forget to take coats but never a ton of make-up in their handbags? "But it's been good. That Jodie wants to do porn, did ya know that?"

"She does now," I moaned. "You've corrupted her." Vanessa snorted in response and held her hands out in a dismissive gesture. She stumbled on the pavement and I had to catch her elbow as we turned down a side street and crossed the road.

"I ain't," Vanessa moaned. "She's got a cracking figure. She'll go far if she gets the right agent." I gulped.

"So what about you?"

"Fuckin' 'ated it. Full of pricks." I pursed my lips and she shrugged. "Did some fluffer work but shit pay. I did some porn when was eighteen and it lead to this." She gestured towards herself and giggled. "But you like going out with a stripper, right?"

I shrugged and looked up and down the road as we crossed another side street. "I'll get teased about it, but then I get teased 'bout everything. Rhea sees to that."

She giggled and rubbed her nose. "Your friend was liking the sound of it. Gonna be the big man tomorrow at College." I shrugged, not quite sure I was liking the direction the conversation was taking.

"Maybe," I muttered and stopped her from walking into the road as a taxi sped past. "But I ain't boastful," I answered truthfully. "And I don't kiss and tell."

Vanessa didn't believe me but hesitated at the end of her path. "Aren't you coming in for a coffee?" She asked and I hummed.

"Sure," I said, looking at her coy expression and followed her into her small flat. "I need a pee anyway."

"Toilet's over there," she said as we entered her lounge and she pointed to a room to her left, where there was a toilet, sink and a shower, all compressed into a space about a third of the size of my bedroom. I came out to see Vanessa pouring vodka into two giant glasses.

"Vanessa," I called and she spun around, looking at me intently.

"Don't move," she said firmly and skipped into the bathroom leaving me time to think; she had poured an impressive amount of vodka into the two tumblers – it was easily a quarter of a pint in each glass.

Vanessa tumbled back into the room, naked with her "C" or "D" cup breasts bouncing in front of her and she sat down on the sofa and passed me a drink. "Come on, get nekkid and get pissed." She looked at my hesitancy. "What? What else were you planning to do?" I hummed and she cocked her head to one side. "You're an adult, right?"

"Yeah," I muttered and unbuttoned my shirt as she just grinned mischievously; I had seen that look before from Rhea.

She patted the seat next to her as I removed my boxer shorts, and allowed my semi-erect cock bob free. She giggled as I did and she tapped her glass onto mine. "Down it."

I hummed and she giggled as I put the glass to my lips and she put her fingers underneath the bottom of my glass. I spluttered as too much flooded into my mouth and it scorched my insides. I coughed and she chuckled as she drank half of her vodka in one go. She wrapped her hand over my body and cooed as her hands roamed freely; I was tense and nervous and she sensed this. She slapped my thighs painfully and laughed evilly as I cried out. "I fuckin' love young boys," she said with a glint in her eye. "Fuckin' love corrupting 'em." She glanced into my eyes and I felt as though she was most certainly not the same giggly lady I had taken out. She read my mind and cocked her head to one side. "You took out a dirty stripper. What dya 'spect?" I shrugged and she held up her glass to her lips. "Come on, drink up."

I was already feeling a bit woozy and closed my eyes as Vanessa's free hand swept over my body. She sighed as she finished her drink and looked at me hesitating over the last dregs of mine. She reached and squeezed my nipple with one hand and cupped my balls with the other. "Drink." I cried and she squeezed both harder and watched as I drank the last of my fiery vodka, resisting the urge to vomit and feeling it burn as it flowed down my throat.

She released her grips on my sensitive areas and watched as I took deep breaths; the alcohol was having an effect on me and I could barely focus. Vanessa stumbled up and pulled out a small box and put it down on the coffee table. "That burns."

Vanessa wiggled her hips as she sat down and cooed. "Course it does. But it's good to be a bit pissed when you score." She poured some white powder and sorted it into two piles. "I ain't got much but enough for a quick hit each. Got it 'specially."

I looked at her and felt my insides churn, gulping as my stomach tried to expel the vodka. "Pardon?"

"Just a bit of Charlie," she muttered and took a small piece of card and ran it into two lines – a couple of millimetres wide and about two centimetres long. "You don't want to know what I 'ave to do to get this stuff. Twas easy in Luton. You got the meal and bowling. I've

got the Coke.”

I gulped. “I’m not sure,” I told her drunkenly and stared at the Cocaine on the table. She giggled and looked at my serious expression.

“Ya ain’t had it before?” She looked at my blank expression and smirked. “Amazin’ stuff.” I stared at it and took a deep breath; it was drugs and I wasn’t sure what to make of it. “Fuckin’ love it,” she said confidently and took a straw, closed off one nostril and hoovered it up. “Go on,” she offered and held out the straw. Her eyes widened and she gestured again. “Go on. First rush is magical. It’s what ya do on a night out.”

I swayed and took the straw from her, repeating her action of holding my nostril and sniffing the drug up my nose. It tingled as I sniffed it and I swayed; the alcohol was still coursing through my system.

It felt weird; I was expecting a magical rush and an incredible explosion but all I had was the urge to sneeze, which I resisted. I was still focused on trying to stop my stomach from expelling all the vodka Vanessa had given me over her carpet, but she looked at me expecting to see a smile and didn’t get one.

She pulled my hand over her legs and I idly rubbed her labia, feeling the remnants of some hair, or the stubble from where it had grown and not been cut back and jabbed her pearl roughly.

I closed my eyes and dry-heaved but nothing came, and she rubbed my pubic hair. “Takes a few minutes,” she told me and I closed my eyes, savouring her ungentle rubbing of my loins. I gulped and put my head back, I felt like everything want to come out but there was no rush of pleasure.

Then I started to feel it. A small desire inside of me and a lifting of an imaginary weight from my shoulders; I felt like nothing I had ever experienced before – a lightness and buoyancy, a supreme confidence and I looked at Vanessa; suddenly I wanted sex and my body felt amazing.

I had to double take, Vanessa looked like she was out of this world and she leant over, kissing me on the lips. I rubbed my hands over her back and she sighed as she rocked back and forth over me, rubbing my cock against her waist and sighing.

I looked into her eyes; I was going to make her orgasm, and pushed her off of me and grabbed her by the arm, thrusting her towards the bedroom. She laughed and muttered something but I wasn’t listening. “I’m gonna fuck ya,” I told her and she nodded, awaiting as I threw her onto the bed. “Doggy.”

Vanessa giggled and looked back. “This is why I love young men having Coke and Vodka,” she told me and I positioned my erection against the little slut’s hole. She gave a satisfied groan, and I gripped the top of her thighs and started thrusting forcefully against her. She was wet and accepted my drugged up cock easily and groaned loudly.

I slapped her rear as I pushed it in and out, causing her to gasp as I did; I repeated this again and again, feeling my stomach lurch and my body failing to focus but I felt in control but in a euphoric state. It was a unique, incredible experience and I gripped the girl tighter.

Everything felt wonderful, and was so electric. I wanted nothing more and gasped as every sensation sent mini-orgasms all over my body. It was incredible sensations, akin to nothing

else I had every experienced and my skin tingled with every touch.

She squealed and groaned; she was coming on my cock and I hammered it in more forcefully. Vanessa gasped and swore at me before screaming loudly. She squeezed my member tightly and I gave her one last smack across the arse as I felt my loins quiver and she clenched her pussy around the shaft.

Vanessa's screams were loud and echoed around the room as I pumped wave after wave of semen into the dancer; it was the most intense orgasm I ever had and felt on cloud-nine as my violent, animalistic yells echoed around her small bedroom.

My intense orgasm rush never ended and the sparkling feeling never ended with every spasm of my cock that caused the girl to writhe around underneath me.

She slid around to face me and giggled as she put a finger to her dripping cunt and held it to her lips. "You taste some?" She offered but I can't remember if I took some and she bent down to lick the tip of my semen-covered cock.

I experienced a warmth from her as she bobbed up and down and ran her tongue over it and I gasped, leaning back and putting my weight on my arms. She sucked it intensely and looked up at me with puppy-dog eyes: she was amazing.

I felt a further tension in the back of my testicles and closed my eyes; it was amazing and I felt a hundred feet tall. I gave a quiet mew, clenched my buttocks and smiled at her as I unloaded more of my sticky semen into the mouth of my drug-addled date.

I stretched out a bit more, but felt my arms slip and frantically tried to grip something, but my arm was sliding off the bed and I turned as I fell against the mattress. Vanessa giggled as I struggled to stay on her double bed and got up.

"More vodka?" She offered as she slipped out of the room; my semen running down her thigh. There was a weird taste in the back of my mouth and I stumbled to the door. Vanessa gave me a glass of water and apologised. "I'm out of blow now. Wish I 'ad some more." I slouched against the door frame, making out the symbols on her clock; it was either 1am or five minutes past midnight and I fell over her shoes as I made my way back to the bedroom.

She poured some more vodka but I passed and sipped my water; I wasn't being very talkative but I felt I didn't need to: Vanessa was clearly delighted and happy in my presence and I slouched down naked with my slippery cock shining in the half light.

Vanessa looked wonderful and her messed up hair and giant bosom came and sat down across me as she downed some more vodka. She had diluted pupils and glazed eyes and I rubbed my hands over her soft breasts and she looked up.

"Some rush, eh?"

I hummed; I was tired, and I was wide awake, but the alcohol was having more of an effect than the Cocaine. I got up and staggered towards Vanessa's bed not quite sure of where I was; I was groggy.

With that, I remember falling against something soft, and began thrashing around, occasionally having wild dreams before getting up to be sick in the bathroom.

I remember dreaming about Sarah and Zoe riding unicorns being chased by fire engines

driven by Rhea until the Honey Monster came to break it up: the dreams seemed real and scary and far worse than anything I had ever had with Stilton or alcohol alone.

* * * * *

“Master Williams,” barked an angry motherly voice from the dining room as I walked slowly across the lounge. I had woken up at eight when the alarm on my phone went off, with a nasty hangover (which had only been dulled by Vanessa's tablets and it still hurt) and had a nice chat with Vanessa who seemed to be a little sad that I was leaving so early. I gave her a kiss but we parted awkwardly; she might not have been “my type” and we agreed that she wasn't for me and I wasn't for her, but it had been a hell of an experience if nothing else.

She was suitably apologetic about some of her behaviour and said that she wished that she hadn't got me so drunk and high that I had collapsed in her bed; it was unfair, but begged me to keep her drug use a secret.

I promised her that I would keep her Cocaine to myself and she nodded, kissing me on the cheek and told me that she would do the same; it was a weird feeling and I remembered the intense euphoria that I felt, but I knew Mum, Sarah, Zoe, Rhea and just about everyone would have grave concerns if they knew what I had done.

I was incredibly embarrassed and disappointed with myself; I had actually enjoyed the rush and the intense (and unprotected) sex that I had had with her and knew that was a bad idea to have done such things; my judgement was impaired but it was no excuse. It would be a secret I would try to keep until I went to my grave.

With a promise to remain “friends” that I don't think either of us expected to keep, I left and walked home. “Why weren't you home last night?” Mum thundered and I stood in the doorway looking sheepish and tired.

“Because I spent it at a friend's,” I replied instantly and rubbed my runny nose. “I was going to ring but thought you'd be in bed. I did tell you I might spend it out.”

Mum threw her spoon into her bowl and crossed the carpet. “You were with Vanessa weren't you?” I nodded and watched her move towards me.

“But we aren't dating. I am not her type, just as friends.”

She shook her head. “Andy. Please. Stop this. Abi, Sarah, Zoe and now Vanessa.”

“I'm not,” I moaned and Mum crossed her arms.

“I know you are sixteen now but Vanessa is not good girlfriend material,” she told me. “I am very annoyed with Abi for setting it up. Just 'cause I told you to not spend the night with Sarah, doesn't mean you need to start making your point with all and sundry. There are good reasons why you shouldn't be spending the night with Sarah.”

“I didn't ...”

“And there are very good reasons why you shouldn't be spending the night with Vanessa. What does Sarah think of all these shenanigans?”

“I thought you didn't like Sarah.”

Mum spluttered. "Of course I like Sarah, of sorts. I just want her to grow up a bit and to make a decision. And you too."

I shook my head and looked up at the ceiling. "I'm getting my stuff," I moaned and wandered up the stairs to get ready for school, feeling very unwell.

"Dis man. You are the bomb. The fuckin' bomb," Jez shouted as I entered the Common Room a little wearily. "I tell ya mate. Dis bird. Jugs to die for. Seriously fit body. I mean how short was her skirt? And be honest, ya nailed her right?"

I sighed. "Oh come on Jez. You know me. I don't kiss and tell." Three dozen of my peers were looking at me and then Jez.

"Tell ma ya secret, man 'cause she's an ex-porn star and a fookin' stripper."

Jodie looked on and then glanced at me, shaking her head. I got the feeling Jez was on considerably shaky ground if he continued to talk about how gorgeous Vanessa was! "I ain't got one. She's just a friend." I was saved from Jez recalling any more of my companion's virtues, at least with me present, by Zoe and Sarah who dragged me away, only to quiz me on my date.

"So let me guess. You had a good time when you took the stripper out on a date?" Sarah asked the moment we had got out of earshot of the chauvinistic Jez. "Am I right?"

I sighed and open groaned exasperatedly as she looked at my tired face and weary expression; my eyelids felt heavy. "Why is everyone interested in my love life?"

"Because I am worried about you," Zoe replied instantly and Sarah nodded. "We both are."

"OK. I went bowling with Vanessa and Jez saw us. I didn't mean him to but he did. OK?"

Sarah crossed her arms and sighed. "Did you have sex with her?"

"That's none of your business," I replied instantly but looking at the scowling faces of my two friends. "Did you have sex with Kevin?"

Sarah blushed but Zoe cut across my gloating. "Andy, she is a prostitute. Are you paying for sex?"

I groaned and lied about the evening. "No I did not pay, we did not have sex. It was a date not an orgy."

"Well I am still worried about you," Zoe informed me and I shrugged before sneezing violently. I waited for Sarah to leave us and looked at my friend.

"Why?" I asked with tearful eyes. "She is quite like Sarah, only older. And with smaller tits. She was playful and good fun. I went on a date and she is definitely not for me. Why else do you care?"

Zoe shook her head. "Because one day your libido is going to land you in serious trouble. You are so immoral and you are leading Sarah astray."

I puffed a deep breath to show that I disagreed with her and Zoe put her arm on my shoulder. "I am not leading Sarah astray. I am going out on a date with someone else, that's all. I'd rather it was Sarah but I don't get everything in life. Now if you've quite

finished I got General Studies reading to do and now less than ten minutes to do it in," I said forcefully and absented myself to the library where I would be away from awkward questions about girls, sex and, most importantly, any questions on drugs.

* * * * *

"Master Williams," called Mum as I threw my bag in front of the PlayStation at lunchtime.

"Yes?" I asked, peering around the archway into the dining room, yawning.

"Guess who I was speaking to today?" Mum asked and I shrugged my shoulders. "Sam Conway. He was telling me a very interesting tale." I looked at her blankly but she was not joking, she had her serious face on it. Was Sam Conway something to do with Vanessa, or maybe the little Italian restaurant we went to? Mum stirred at my confused expression and continued. "Sam runs a pub in Aylesbury, The White Lion. You know it?"

"Ahhh," I replied, it dawning on me who he was and why he might have been talking to Mum.

"Ahh indeed. You see I thought your story about the pub changing hands didn't ring true so I popped down and had a word. And would you believe it, he still runs it?"

"Oh really?" I asked, feigning surprise but Mum was looking very angry.

"Perhaps you can tell me exactly why you tried to assault their barman and then kicked their sign into the flowerbed? And why you and Sarah got banned?"

I bit my lip. "Well he tried to grab hold of Sarah."

Mum sighed and puffed. "You need to learn to control that temper of yours Andrew or it will land you in trouble. Now you will go around and see Sam and apologise tomorrow."

"But ..."

Mum banged her fist on the table. "Unless you want to be barred from every pub and club in this town. I am a member of Pubwatch, if you are banned from one establishment you are banned from them all. Now unless you want to give up your job downstairs you will get yourself unbanned, you hear?"

I stopped and went to reply but didn't trust myself and absented my voice box for a few moments. "OK."

I went to leave and Mum continued. "...and Sarah is having the same conversation with Angela later. We are not impressed Andrew. Not happy at all."

"OK I'm sorry," I spat and shrugged my shoulders. "I didn't mean to. It just happened." Mum crossed her arms and I left her angry glare to get some sleep in the afternoon, before my entertainment for the evening. I had skipped all my afternoon lessons; I had nearly fallen asleep at College and just needed some rest before the evening.

It was Zoe's birthday and she had arranged a meal at the pizza restaurant near the club. Zoe, like me, was very fond of Italian cuisine and she had made a block booking for a dozen people. Zoe wore her beautiful blue dress and I stopped to admire her for a few moments before I went up to the table; I was feeling much better after two pints of water and five hours of unbroken sleep. Her parents were at the other end of the restaurant,

watching as the table filled. I wasn't the first to arrive but Zoe got up and greeted me with a kiss; I told her that she looked fantastic.

Zoe blushed. She always did when people paid her compliments and I sat down next to Sarah, who was wearing an elegant green dress. Zoe had stipulated she wanted everyone to dress up; she got a lot of enjoyment over everyone wearing beautiful clothes and I was not going to argue when it meant seeing several beautiful girls in fantastic dresses.

I passed Zoe the small gift and card and she rolled her eyes.

"Andy! You promised," Zoe said a little too loudly and her mum appeared from nowhere. "Look Mum. He has gone and bought me another present."

Emma looked at me blushing and even Sarah sighed. "It's just something to open on your birthday. It's nothing really."

Zoe squinted at me and smiled. "I will be having words with you later, Master Williams."

Sarah leaned over when Zoe had left the table, "you so fancy her!"

"I do not," I replied in an equally hushed voice.

"Then why all the gifts."

"Wait until it's your birthday. I'll buy your four dresses," I promised grinning and Sarah asked if I meant it. "Of course. You've read the Emperors' New Clothes right?" I asked and she gave me a playful push on the shoulder once she had worked out what I was saying. "Honestly, I don't. There is only one girl I want to go out with."

"Abi?" Sarah replied and I shook my head.

"No. We work well as friends, and even as lovers, but Abi was right I think: we'd have made a shit couple, at least at the moment. No someone else."

"Who?" Sarah asked and then looked at me coyly. "Is it me?"

"Oh Donna. She does it for me every time," I replied in a sarcastic voice and she shook her head.

"You're a crap liar Master Williams."

"Yeah I am, aren't I?" I muttered and pursed my lips. "But there is someone but she isn't interested at the moment." Sarah's face fell slightly but I didn't know why, she knew what I thought of her and it was up to her to make her decision.

* * * * *

The restaurant had almost emptied when we had finished. Zoe, her parents, Sarah and Simon were left when the Mathesons asked for the bill. I tried to give Emma £10 for my food and drink but she refused. I felt annoyed as I had always been taught to pay my way in life and when Zoe invited me this wasn't promised, so Sarah and I insisted they take our money which reluctantly they did. Zoe looked at the small pile of presents on the table and grinned.

"I want to open this one first," Zoe said and picked out the little thin box, poorly wrapped by

myself, and tore open the red wrapping paper. She looked at the jewellery box and flicked the lid open, her eyes sparkling with expectation.

“Oh wow! Andy, you shouldn't have.”

Simon was looking over his sisters' shoulder. “Are they real diamonds?”

“They are 100% completely genuine cubic zirconias,” I replied and Zoe smiled. “But it is a real Sapphire in sterling Silver.”

Zoe wiped her eyes and got her brother who was around that side of the table to put the floral pendant around her neck. It hung a few inches below her throat and matched her dress perfectly.

“Look Mum. Dad,” Zoe squealed as they returned from paying the bill. “Look what Andy bought me. It's a real Sapphire.”

Her mum looked at the pendant and smiled at Zoe. “It's lovely. You're very lucky.”

“I am. But Andy you really shouldn't have but thank you.” She watched me blush and crossed her arms. “But what has got into you?” I shrugged and said nothing, but Sarah was rather untalkative with me as we walked back, grunting or moaning as I spoke and we ambled back.

Rhea teased me when my friend recounted the evening to her, and Sarah almost shut the door in my face as we walked into her room. “You fancy her,” Sarah moaned as she sat on the bed in the spare bedroom. “Just admit it. You fancy her.”

“Are you going to get undressed?” I asked Sarah, deliberately not responding to her allegations, and she shook her head.

“Not with you here, no,” she replied defiantly.

“Why? You've never normally cared.”

“Well tonight I do.” I couldn't always tell when Sarah was being serious (and wasn't always sure if Sarah knew when she was being serious) but there was both a playful and annoyed edge to her voice.

“I would like to show you something and I can't do it with you clothed.”

“Does that line really work any more? Isn't it like the 'I have blue balls?’”

I sighed. “Sarah, when have I ever tricked you?”

Sarah thought for a moment and slid out of her green dress, and then slid down her lacy white knickers. I never tired of looking at her hairless pussy and gloriously firm, smooth body but kissed her briefly on the lips and told her to shut her eyes. “Remember the bluebells,” I reminded her and she did so. I reached up on top of the wardrobe and pulled down the other necklace I had hidden on there before going out. I knew what Sarah was like and wanted to give her the other necklace when Zoe was not present.

I had already unclasped it, and slid the gold chain and ruby pendant over her breasts and fastened it behind her hair. “What are you doing?” Sarah asked and I kissed her on the neck.

“Now open your eyes,” I told and positioned her opposite the mirror. She blinked for a moment and looked at me.

“What?”

“What do you see?” I asked and she looked back at the mirror and then noticed the pendant.

“Ahhh. It's...”

“It's real diamonds. Tiny carat granted, but it's real,” I told her and her eyes sparkled. The pendant consisted of a bar with two diamonds, each barely a millimetre across and a ruby hanging at the end ten times bigger than the diamonds.

“It's beautiful. But why?”

“I wasn't going to forget the very sexy girl I know, was I?” I teased and she bit her lip. I passed her the box and she saw the certificate of authenticity folded up and she opened it.

“No really, why me? What does it ...”

“It doesn't mean anything,” I promised her, but didn't mean it. Sarah meant the world to me but I just couldn't find the courage to tell her.

She sniffed and looked at the paper. “You weren't joking, were you? Real gemstones.”

I shook my head. “No. Of course not. It's a real ruby and two real diamonds.”

Sarah turned around and looked up at me. “But why? What have I done?”

I gave her a kiss on the lips. “Truthfully, I like you and wanted to treat you. Is that wrong?”

Sarah gave a wry smile. “Yes, we are not dating and you're not interested and you can't go buying diamonds for people. It's ... well ... you shouldn't. It's like you are trying to buy me and you shouldn't.”

My heart skipped a beat. Why did Sarah think that? “I know. I'm not trying to. Why does everyone misread what I do? I buy Zoe a present and it's because I fancy her and I buy you something and it's because I'm trying to buy your affections.”

“You don't need to Andy. You have my affections but thank you. It's gorgeous.”

“I know. That's why I bought it. It matches the owner.” She kissed me and wiped her eyes, sniffing as she did. I hesitated and nodded towards her.

“I better go. Good night,” I told her and nodded.

“Good night,” she laughed with a smile and I backed out of her room, calling down to Mum.

“See ... separate bedrooms,” I called and closed my door.

* * * * *

“Andrew Williams,” roared a motherly voice from the sofa as I meandered downstairs. Sarah had been up, I heard her rise and was eating her breakfast in the dining room.

“Err ... yeah.”

“Sit down,” she said sternly and called Sarah in. “What's this about necklaces?”

“Nothing,” I prevaricated and Mum shot me a piercing look. “OK, I got Zoe a little something to open on her birthday.”

Mum groaned and put her head in her hands. “Right, what exactly did you buy her?”

“Silver necklace, Sapphire, fake diamonds,” I replied and Mum shot Sarah and me a glance.

“Jewellery is personal, lovers and partners buy it. Families might buy it but not friends.”

“Why?”

“Because it's personal. You send out the wrong messages, especially what you already bought her in Cambridge.”

I groaned. “OK, is that it?”

“Err not quite. Sarah's necklace. Diamonds?”

“Err, well, yes.”

“Why?”

I stammered. “Because I thought she might like it,” I replied evasively and Mum took a deep breath.

“Is that the real reason?”

Sarah glared at me and bit her lip. “Yeah, what else would there be?”

“Diamonds mean things. You don't give diamond jewellery to friends. Not without a very good reason.”

“Have you seen the size of them? They sparkle very nicely but they are tinier than Rice Krispies!”

Mum shook her head and looked at Sarah. “Can you explain this to him? You don't give diamonds unless that person means something to you, otherwise it looks extravagant and like you are trying to buy love.”

“I said that to him,” Sarah told Mum and I snorted.

“I know. She did. But I am not. And Sarah does mean something to me. I think the world of her, you both know that. But she is just a friend. A close friend.”

Mum looked up at the ceiling and sighed. “If you can't exercise control and think then I'll taking a much closer interest in what you get up to.” I think she was joking but Sarah squeezed my shoulder.

“I do love it, but it is very excessive, Andy. You spend too much on us.”

“I know, but it suits you. When you saw it, your eyes were twinkling more than the

diamonds,” I told her and she giggled, clearly embarrassed.

“That's what Rhea said,” Sarah replied.

“And you looked so lovely, in the mirror wearing it,” I told her and she blushed.

“Andy, you know, I had to wait until I was twenty to be bought my first diamond. And it wasn't much bigger than that,” she said pointing to Sarah's chest.

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. “So?”

Mum rolled her eyes. “It was when I got engaged. The person I loved bought me that diamond, Andy; not one of my friends. And the only person to have bought me diamonds is someone I love.”

Sarah blushed and went in to get herself some breakfast and I turned to Mum. “Then that's something you have in common with Sarah then,” I told her so Sarah couldn't hear. “I just wish that I could tell her that.”

I left the girls – Rhea, Sarah and Mum – downstairs while I went up and had a shower after I had to remove a “deadly” (about half-an-inch wide) spider from the kitchen; I don't know why Mum was so scared of them and it was lucky I was nearby as Rhea's favoured trick was to run at the arachnophobe holding the creature when she was asked to remove it screaming obscenities at them.

Sarah and Mum were talking intently while Rhea was busy trying to create mischief. I came downstairs when I got out of the shower, a towel around my waist when I heard raised voices. Rhea's raised voice to be precise.

“You are being unfair,” Rhea yelled at Sarah; Mum was nowhere to be seen. “You lead him on and he is too pussy-whipped to see what you are. But you are a tart. A charlatan. And a nasty fucking prick-tease.”

Sarah had tears streaming down her face. “I am not!” Sarah retaliated and Rhea stood over her.

“You fucking are. You are playing with his emotions,” Rhea told her and launched a vicious, stinging slap across Sarah's right cheek. “And he is too stupid to see it.” I was beside Rhea, dragging her off and my towel slipped. I threw my violent sister onto the couch and grabbed the sobbing Sarah.

“What the hell is going on?” I asked and Sarah buried her face into my shoulder.

“She is a nasty, horrible tart,” Rhea shouted and I put my arm around Sarah.

“No Rhea, she isn't. She is my friend. You don't attack my friends.”

Rhea stared unrepentantly at me, her fists clenched. “Why can't you see it? Why can't Abi see it? She is using you for attention but wants to stay with Kev. And now you are spending all your dough on her. It's diamonds now, she'll be using you as a fucking cashpoint soon. She's a nasty, gold-digging whore.”

“It's not easy for her. For anyone. That doesn't mean ...”

“Oh shut up, you stupid, naïve twat,” Rhea shouted across me. “Of course it's easy. But

she won't ever go out with you. See it and get rid of the manipulative bitch. There's dozens of girls you can go out with."

I clenched my fists. With every passing word Rhea said I felt the anger inside me well up. Sarah was very special to me, why did Rhea think she could insult her in front of me and get away with it? I took a deep breath and went to speak when Sarah sniffed. "Andy, please don't," she begged through the tears. I exhaled and paused for a moment, still glaring at my sister.

"Oh for fucks sake," Rhea cried. "She says don't and all of a sudden you stop arguing with me. I fucking hate her, Andy. See what she is."

"Well I don't. Sarah is very, very special to me. And I am happy with our friendship, Rhea. It's what I want."

Rhea stood up and walked towards me. "You're a fucking fool then. To think that I share some DNA with you." I hugged Sarah and gulped. "Fucking think with your head not your cock," Rhea shouted as she left the room, pushing my shoulder.

"I'm so sorry," I told her, my naked body pressed against her.

"She's just looking out for you," Sarah muttered and hugged me. "But I don't want to lead you on as that wouldn't be fair."

"I know," I whispered and felt somewhat relieved that I had not lost my temper with Rhea in front of her.

* * * * *

"Oi," called a familiar voice in the Common Room and both Zoe then Sarah appeared. "You are in so much trouble," teased Zoe and I grinned.

"What've I done?" I asked and Sarah caught up with Zoe.

"One diamond necklace. One Sapphire necklace. You know my Dad reckons you will be asking me out, please tell me you won't."

I laughed. "Well just as well I'm not because that's a great rejection if ever I've heard it. I am not going to be asking you out ... well not on a date anyhow."

Sarah smiled at me. "I don't think you could cope with him," she teased Zoe. "But I don't know what's come over him."

I sighed. "Honestly, right. I went to Harrow to buy myself some clothes a few weeks ago with my profit from some work I did. Got a few things and got the most important people in my life, a treat. Zoe got a necklace, Rhea got an ankle chain that she will get on her birthday, if I can stand to be in the same room as her. Abi got an ankle chain that she will get when she stays over. Mum got a bracelet that she can have next week on her birthday and the beautiful, wonderful, sexy Sarah got a necklace."

Sarah looked at me and grinned. "So Zoe, Rhea and Grace's birthdays ..."

"Yes they are all within a few days, but I wasn't going to leave you or Abi out. I think it suits you. Just as Zoe's suits her."

Zoe and Sarah smiled at each other. "I still think there is something he is not telling us"

"Yeah, fucking lots. Now can we do our Stats homework, we only have forty minutes and I was at a party last night and a date the night before so I am well behind."

* * * * *

Mum gave me an ultimatum on the Friday that Sarah and I had to sort out Sam Conway and the White Lion and become unbarred or she would be advertising my job at the end of the day. I grumbled at this, I thought it was a little unfair but she was resolute and so we had to make our way down to the pub.

I was a little surprised that we were spotted the moment we got to the establishment and suspected Mum had rung him before I arrived. Sarah was a little nervous, and with good reason, she had done little wrong when she had got barred and a tall, balding man beckoned us over to the corner and pointed to the seat.

"Mr Conway?" I asked as he came over and he tucked his shirt in and sat down. His face was stern, almost scowling and his bushy eyebrows oozed control and dominance. I felt like I was twelve and felt Sarah grip my hand under the table.

"Yes. And you must be Andy and Sarah."

"Err ... yes," I muttered and he glared. "Err, yeah, we, ummm, we just want to say sorry for what happened with us and your barman."

He furrowed his eyebrows, considering me as I spluttered an apology and took a deep breath, the nicotine stains on his fingernails clearly visible as he wiped his face. He sniffed and looked at Sarah who mumbled the same words and then leaned back, speaking in a firm, low voice "Well, I don't like that language in my pub. I certainly don't like it from a sixteen year old. And not to my staff, who is my son." He paused as we considered what he said. "And then to break, to wilfully damage the pub's property. We should have called the Police." He stared intently at our expressions and Sarah gripped my hand under the table. I was apprehensive about him, he was not what I expected from a landlord and his eyes were piercing through me; I was sure he could read my thoughts.

"We, um, we are sorry about that. Well I am sorry about that." He grunted and squinted and looked at me, encouraging me to explain myself. "He grabbed hold of Sarah and I, um, lost my temper a bit."

He scratched the side of his face and glared at me. "That sign cost me twenty pounds to make," he said firmly. "I shouldn't have to replace it every time a school kid gets annoyed."

I looked down at the table sheepishly. He was right, of course and I gulped. "I know."

"It's something that we've been working on," Sarah added. "Andy's temper is a little ... fiery."

Sam crossed his arms and shook his head. "Needs a bloody big clip 'round the ear. I told that Grace that's what you needed. If you'd been my son, you'd have bloody known about it." He waved his finger at me and Sarah gripped my hand. "And you missy. You're guilty by association. I ain't havin' that sort of behaviour, doing damage to my stuff. Out of bloody order it is."

I slid two ten pound notes across the table and the glanced at them. "The sign," I told him

and he took them with snort.

“Good. But you will stay barred.”

I sighed. “But I really need to be unbarred. I will lose my job if I stay banned from your pub.”

He gave a waspish grin. “I know,” he said with absolute calmness. “But after what you did and said, I don't want you in my pub again.”

I glared at him, trying to guess what he meant. “But I've paid for the sign. I have said sorry,” I grumbled and he just shrugged.

“And that makes it better? This is my pub, I get to choose who comes in, and I don't want you in here.”

“Can we be unbarred if we promise not to come back?” Sarah asked hopefully and he sneered at her.

“No, now please leave.”

I went to respond to him but Sarah squeezed my hand under the table and we got up, taking our coats. “Is there anything I can say or do to make you change your mind?”

He shook his head and glanced over to the door, indicating our stay was definitely over.

I waited until I got outside and stared up at the rain, falling out of the sky. “Ahh, fuck,” I yelled at no-one in particular and Sarah gripped my hand.

“Well maybe your Mum didn't really mean it,” she tried but I knew Mum was absolutely resolute when she made that threat.

I was going to lose my job.

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 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

New Pleasures Chapter XVIII

Andy experiences an unbelievable blowjob while he also has a date with a girl from the football team, much to Sarah's horror. He is scared by “the Hamiltons” and Abi's attempt to teach him how to take a girl out ends in disaster.

Excerpt: My cock stiffened a bit more and she began to bob up and down, sucking and licking my member passionately. I breathed out, mewling as I did and she just peered up at me with doe-like eyes. I saw her other hand put something in her mouth and then it started exploring as her mouth touched the underside of my cock and then gently kissed my testicles. I closed my eyes and exhaled noisily; Holly was brilliant!

I felt the skin tingle as she kissed but it was not unpleasant and felt her hands touch behind my balls. It was incredible. Holly returned to the tip of my cock and began to slide

down it as her hand twisted around the base. I was in heaven and felt the point of no return. "Holly," I called out. "Oh shit." I looked down at her and I saw her cheeks suck in as she applied suction to my glans.

To be released on, or before: 28th September 2012