

NEW PLEASURES

Chapter Seventeen



By
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Credits and License

Codes: light, exhib, MF, FF, MMF, oral, toys

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Preface

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kind regards, John D

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Chapter XVII

Isobel embraced me as I entered the team meeting and whispered into my ear. "How was your date?"

"Fine," I muttered and she looked at me with a worried seriousness.

"Grace was furious with me for setting it up. She told me that Vanessa was one step too far. I think there is something that has happened before that I don't know about; so you didn't do anything silly, did you?"

I gulped. "Like what?" Isobel snorted and looked into my anxious, lying eyes. "Of course not." She breathed a sigh of relief and squeezed my hand.

"Good," she whispered. "Cause I dannae want to upset Grace. Or you."

"You won't," I promised with undue haste as Mum called the team meeting to order and ran through the business – including a few photos of people banned from other pubs. Mum shot me a pained expression as Isobel rifled through them and I promised to bring the photos to the next team meeting; I had forgotten to pick them up from Olivia much to the annoyance of a couple of the girls although I lied and said that there was so many they were taking a day or two longer to process.

I spoke to Mum over tea, but she was determined that unless Sarah and I could get ourselves unbanned from the White Lion I would lose my job. I told her that I had paid for the sign and that I had apologised but he was being stubborn and Mum just grinned. "I know, he is like that."

"So what do I do?" I asked with a dismissive shrug of the shoulders. Rhea suggested I went down with a Molotov Cocktail and threaten to firebomb his precious pub unless he relented, which she thought he might if he saw the "fiery orb of pain."

"I think he might take me seriously," I joked and Mum shot me a dirty look. "But that's not really very helpful," I added and Rhea snorted.

"Was losing it and going mental very helpful?" Rhea asked mockingly and I just glared at her sticking her tongue out at me.

"Well you need to sort it," Mum said resolutely and got up to make tea. "I am a member of the Pubwatch scheme, it would be wrong if I continued to allow you to work when you are banned from the White Lion, and by the way you are also banned from every pub and bar in Aylesbury."

I groaned; every other pub was the least of my worries. "But he is just doing it to make my life miserable," I replied and she raised her eyebrows at me.

"Sam isn't like that. I know him well. He is a fool, a very stubborn fool, but he's not unfair."

I tapped away at the table and spent most of the evening thinking about it, and decided I had to do what I always did when I had problems, which was to talk to Abi.

Abi on a Saturday morning after she had been dancing was never a pretty sight, and knocking on her bedroom door at 10am in the morning didn't get me happy, helpful Abi but an annoyed, tired girl instead. She eventually listened to my predicament but could offer

little in the way of suggestions that were particularly helpful and I left her alone to catch up on her rest, after a raunchy “69” session at her request.

Sarah was similarly out of useful ideas herself when I rang her and I amused myself in the park feeding the ducks and then cleaning the club.

As a gentle reminder, Mum very helpfully left a scribbled advert on the side of the till for a part-time cleaner with a local number scrawled across the top. I knew what it was, and Mum smiled at me when she came down to retrieve it; she wasn't joking and I decided to go and see him again after finishing the club.

As I approached the pub, I didn't know what I was going to say. A few cinema-goers crossed the street – a film must have just finished – and I looked into the beer garden. It was a cold day, the wind was icy and swirled around the pub, but a few brave souls were crowded around the patio heater and I looked and saw Sam Conway clearing another table.

I cleared my throat and called out his name, still on the footpath and he came striding over.

“I told you,” he warned and I held out my hands and pointed to the footpath that his pub stood on. “Get out of my pub.”

“I came to talk to you,” I said and he just grunted. “And I am on the footpath.”

“I got nothin' to say to you,” he said gruffly and looked behind him. “And I got a busy pub to run.”

“I only need five minutes,” I asked. “Please?”

He looked through the window and shook his head. “You can come back at nine, but I am not changing my mind.”

I waited until I got out of hearing range and then swore loudly at his wretched pub. Suddenly Rhea's suggestion was looking increasingly good, if there was no pub then there can be no ban, but would that count as me being unbarred?

Rhea had offered to burn down his pub for a thousand pounds, which she claimed was excellent value for money, and I laughed at her. While I was ninety-nine percent sure she was joking, there was a lingering doubt in the back of my mind about the other one percent but it was looking like a cracking idea with the landlord being so stubborn! I decided that paying my sister to commit arson would not be a good step towards getting myself unbanned from every pub and club in Aylesbury, and instead beat her at the games console.

I was most annoyed by the perceived injustice. I had worked hard at the club, and earned my job on merit, but because of the obstinate and cantankerous landlord of a pub I didn't even like, I was set to lose my job. There was no appeal to a rational, sane person and no right of reply. I put this argument to Mum over Saturday dinner and she just shrugged it off with “that's how Pubwatch works.”

“But it shouldn't,” I ranted and crossed my arms. “You've made him judge and jury. It's not right.”

“And what would you have it replaced with?” Mum asked and I began to outline my plans for the modernisation of an unfair system when Rhea offered a further suggestion -

“photograph him raping a rabbit or something and blackmail him.” Mum giggled at my sister's imagination, assuming that the unyielding and unfair landlord would also be a pervert practising bestiality, but her ridiculous ideas were better than any thought I had come up with.

“He's not into rabbits,” Mum told her. “Just young ladies.”

At nine, I walked tentatively into his pub and looked around. He was behind the empty bar and spotted me immediately, pointing to a chair by the door. “Now, what do you want?”

I took a deep breath. “I really need to be unbarred from your pub,” I started with. “I will lose my job if I stay banned.”

I saw the corner of his mouth curl and his eyes bored into me. “I know. But I am not going to change my mind because of that. You knew what you were doing when you swore at my staff, and when you damaged my property.”

“Which I have paid for,” I replied and his face contorted.

“It was never about the money,” he quickly added. “It's the principle.” I found this somewhat convenient that he had taken this attitude, after I had paid for the bloody sign, and I glanced over at the wall and then back again.

“What do you want from me? What would make you change your mind?”

He rubbed his tired eyes and looked over at me. “Nothing. I am not doing it. Nothing else, you've shown no remorse, only saying sorry when Grace found out and you realised it would cost you a job.”

I opened and closed my mouth, biting my lip. “It's not like that,” I eventually said but he sneered at me. “I was upset when I got barred and I reacted badly. I had some girl and friend trouble and overreacted. I regretted the moment I left the pub. Second time, I felt I was being unfairly treated.”

“Anyone who acts like that gets barred,” he said firmly. “We have the rules, you've seen them behind the bar. Just because you have a Saturday job that you can't do, doesn't mean I should treat you any differently.”

“I know that,” I conceded. “But I can't be the first sixteen year old to have girl trouble and react badly, can I?”

He shook his head and looked at me. “I've had more girl trouble than you've ever dreamed of,” he told me and crossed his arms. “I got some floosie pregnant and she split me and me wife up, and came after me for so much maintenance I near-on lost me business. And I didn't act like that. So you're barred, and you will stay barred.”

I nodded and hummed; I felt defeated and squinted on the carpet. “OK. Well. If there is nothing I can say or do to make you change your mind, there is no point me bothering you any more.” I got up from my chair and wiped my eyes as I left his pub, not looking behind me.

I loved my little job in the club, I earned good money, it fit in with my college work and was perfect in so many ways. I sat on a low wall within sight of the pub and stared at it. When I lost my temper on that fateful day three months previous I didn't realise what the consequences were but as Mum was always keen to tell me, I had to accept all the

consequences for my actions.

I dejectedly walked home and just nodded at Mum on the couch. "Said no?"

"Wouldn't even entertain it," I mumbled. "I ain't getting unbanned from there."

Mum pressed her lips together. "Well I'm sorry, but I can't overrule him. You have a two year ban from Pubwatch pubs and clubs." I groaned and winced as she spoke. "And I need to advertise your job at the end of the week."

"I presume I am allowed to do it until then?"

Rhea cackled. "Can I do it? I'm not banned."

"Rhea," I cried out and she just giggled.

"Well, you must have done something serious if he says no. How much did you offer him?"

I muttered under my breath. "I didn't."

"You didn't offer to bribe him? Fuckin' 'ell," she cried and was chastised by Mum for her language. "Get down there, and offer him something. Do I have to think of everything?"

"Be quiet Rhea." Mum looked at me with a steely glare. "I have a deadline of Friday to get an advert in the paper so you have a stay of execution of six days. Unless you think you can convince him that you shouldn't be barred by then. By non-corrupt means."

I sighed. "He ain't gonna relent. He told me so, so there is no point bothering him again. He's just getting a sick satisfaction out of my misery," I moaned and grumbled about his sadism.

"Hey," Rhea called. "There is nothing sick about getting satisfaction out of someone's misery," she replied and crossed her arms. I glared at her and she sniffed. "Simon and I worked on our joint project and he lost it the day before we had to hand it in."

I sniffed; I didn't want to hear about my sister's tribulations, so I turned, said goodnight and wandered up the stairs to my homework.

What I need was something to make me happy but neither Sarah, nor Abi were around and although I said I was most definitely never doing Cocaine again, I felt as though I wanted a line: it was an incredible high for fifteen or twenty minutes even though it screwed my body up for hours afterwards.

I wanted something. I wanted to escape. I wanted Class A drugs.

* * * * *

"What do you want?" I asked as Sarah peered around the door into the club.

"Grace said you would be here," Sarah told me and looked longingly onto the stage.

"So what do you want?" I asked again with a smile as she appeared transfixed by the dance stage and dancing pole.

"Ahhh, yes. I want you to do me a favour."

“What?” I asked and she shrugged.

“Well two favours. I need to see your Maths homework for tomorrow, but don't tell Zoe. I can't do it and the slave-driver witch will have me for it.”

I shook my head. “I am not sure on a couple, I was going to speak to Zoe after she's been to church.”

“Ahh right,” Sarah hummed and puffed, climbing onto the stage and twirled her body around the pole.

“And the other one?”

“Other what?”

“Other favour.” She looked at me, in her jeans and white top, and bit her lip as she slid down it, landing with a bump. “You said you had two favours to ask.”

“Could you and Zoe or Abi come bowling with me and ... and ummm ...”

“Kevin?” I asked and she nodded.

“I've not seen him for ages. And his mum is coming to Harrow and dropping him off so he's taking the train to Aylesbury. And I said I'd meet his train at twelve and take him bowling but I don't want to do it on my own.” I stared at Sarah's expectant face and she pouted. “Please, you know I love you and I'll make it worth your while.”

I sniggered and looked up at her. “Love me. What would Kevin say to that?”

She shrugged and looked at me out of the corner of her eye. “Go on. I'll do whatever you want, I just know if we are on our own I'll be in the Wellington Arms by two with my knickers 'round some lampshade and ...” Sarah hesitated and rubbed her nose as she got down from the stage. “... he doesn't do gentle lovin' like you.”

I didn't need any other reason; the thought of interrupting Kevin's love life with Sarah was good enough for me and I pulled out my mobile phone and dialled Zoe who answered it with a shriek. She was unable to meet as she had promised to help at Sunday school, but did offer to let me see her Maths homework if I came by the house later.

Abi's response to me calling her mobile was far more seductive and flirtatious - “Morning Super Shagger.” I laughed and asked if she had any plans for the rest of the afternoon. She said she only had chores to do, at which point I told her that I had plans which meant she would be occupied for the afternoon. Sarah giggled as she listening alongside me.

“Why, where are we going?”

“Bowling. With Sarah and Kevin.”

Abi laughed down the phone. “I'm not dressed, what shall I wear?” hummed and I heard her open her wardrobe. “Something sexy or not?” I took one look at Sarah's plain outfit and sighed.

“Short, and none of the things underneath.” Sarah raised her eyebrows at my words but she didn't know the context and Abi chortled, telling me that she would be at the club in thirty minutes and that I was probably up to something.

This gave Sarah enough time to quiz me on what I was planning (I wasn't going to say), get a drink (I paid) before leaving to go the station, and we agreed that I would meet her at the bowling alley in half-an-hour.

Abi wore the wonderfully low cut summer dress that she wore when we first met, that was brightly coloured with pink, orange and brown flowers and finished even shorter than I remembered. "It's only tacked up," she whispered. "But I know you are up to something – with Sarah?"

"Uh-huh," I muttered as I put the Hoover away. "She has invited her boyfriend to Aylesbury." Abi laughed and she looked down at her short skirt.

"Is it short enough? I've taken four inches off." I laughed and she shrugged. "Well if jealousy isn't going to work, nothing will!"

I kissed on the lips and looked into her eyes. "Thank you, but it's not jealousy I want. It's ... ummm ... well I don't like Kevin and ..."

"You want him to see you as getting some, 'cause he isn't?" I spluttered in response. "How long 'ave we got?"

I checked my watch and then looked at the clock on the wall. "It's broken," I muttered in annoyance. "Fifteen minutes 'til we have to leave. We have to be at the bowling alley in 25 minutes and I need to lock up."

Abi whooped and grabbed me by the arm. "Not had proper sex, well not with you, for days," she moaned. "And I'm not being teased without getting some reward."

I laughed but she dragged me up the stairs to the VIP rooms above us and pushed open the door to the "red room" with a knowing smirk. "We don't have too much time," I told her and Abi put her hands at the bottom of her dress and lifted it over her head.

"Then you better be at your best," she warned and the naked (except for her shoes) Abi cocked her head and grinned. "Cause I am here to tease and I can't do that if I am horny," she told me with a smirk and I raised my eyebrows. "I don't tease then, I just give."

"Well you could have stayed the night," I suggested as I put my arms around the sexy dancer and she just shrugged her shoulders.

"Yeah, well, you got Sarah. Or you will have if you act like a man instead of a mouse." I went to protest and she pushed on my shoulders so I was kneeling and lay down on the bright red couch.

I had not cleaned the room - Mrs Pollitt did the upstairs areas but I doubted as though Abi would be the first person to receive oral sex in one of the club's VIP rooms that weekend. She looked at me longingly and I parted her toned legs so that her right leg was hanging off the end of the couch and her slit opened up invitingly.

She looked at me with puppy dog eyes and I kissed the inside of her thigh. Abi sniffed and waited for my lips to dance along her soft skin to her pubic hair and then grunted. "You said we didn't have much time," she warned as I lightly kissed her labia.

Abi sighed and I slid a finger just inside her and began making lazy circles just inside her entrance as my tongue slid up and down her slit. Abi cooed appreciatively as I flicked her pearl, swelling nicely; I had missed the unmistakable musk of Abi and the tickling of her

pubic hair on my nose.

She rotated her pelvis slightly as I sucked on her button, my fingers buried to the second knuckle and stroking the inside of her walls. I began to withdraw them twisting them in her slick hole and then pushing them back in to rub against her insides.

Abi pushed herself forward and swore, grunting, moaning, mewling and squealing as I flicked her clit with more force and thrust my fingers into her harder and harder. Her legs quivered with every touch of her button and sweet crevice. My neck began to tire in the position, but I didn't care; I was just loving the unmistakable sounds of the ravishing girl approach her sexual climax.

Abi exclaimed and profaned constantly, professed her undying love to me and pulled my head further into her crotch until she exploded with a forceful, gushing orgasm that caused her face to flush, legs to shake and cunt to grip my rotating fingers with unreal power. Her entire body tensed as she screamed, and she had to scramble away from my tongue as it was "too much."

"My clit gets way too sensitive," she moaned and then pulled me on top of her, pushing my shorts down and freeing my cock from its boxer shorts. "Little Andy wants to play," she said with a grin and reached down between her legs to position me into her.

I sighed as she gently guided me in and I looked into her eyes as there was no friction. "We haven't got time to be gentle," I said with a smirk and Abi kissed me on the lips.

"Do I get a rogering then?" Abi said with a smile and I rammed my cock into her. She gasped and smiled as I repeated it, jackhammering into the dancer.

Abi was always fond of a "good fucking" as she called it, but I felt possessed – I wanted her and just slammed into her relentlessly. She groaned and threw her head back, looking up at me with wild, passionate eyes.

I kissed her neck and she went to say something, other than lustful exclamations but she couldn't; she was panting almost as much as me and I felt myself near the point of no return.

Abi moaned, and screamed, still saying that she loved me and kissed me as I felt her hole tense around my cock and vibrate as she squealed loudly. It was all I needed and I squirted deep inside her.

We rocked back for a few moments and Abi looked at me with her ruffled hair and impassioned gaze. We kissed and I slowly got up, passing her some tissues from the small toilet; we had two minutes before we had to leave!

* * * * *

"You certainly know how to look after a girl," Abi teased as we walked down the street; we had had no time to clean up the room, each other and for Abi to straighten her ruffled hair and were already a few minutes late. She held my hand, almost running along the road and looked back at me. "I think I have taught you well."

"You have," I said with a smirk and she licked her lips.

"I've always said you were good with your tongue," Abi complimented and then asked me to slow down; she was having trouble walking in heels. "You know that." I snorted and she

squeezed my hand. "If I tell Sarah how good you are, do you think she'll have you?"

"Sarah knows," I said with raised eyebrows. "She's tried and decided not to buy."

"Well maybe you only put effort in for me," Abi mused with a smirk. "I should be honoured."

"I always put effort in for you," I teased and stuck my tongue out at her. "I've told you, you're special."

Abi's face flickered and she squeezed my hand again. "But not as special as Sarah," Abi replied but I disagreed, even though she didn't believe me. Both of them were very special to me in different ways. Sarah was my classmate, and who I really wanted to date, but Abi taught me so much and I felt as though she had led me into adulthood.

I loved them both in their own way, but I couldn't say Abi was less special than Sarah, even though Abi's self-esteem (or lack of it) would make her believe otherwise.

"You're late," Sarah moaned as Abi and I arrived. She took one look at the smile on Abi's face and sighed.

"Sorry," I muttered. "Abi took ages."

Abi leant over and kissed me on the cheek telling me that I took ages to come so it was my fault. Her short skirt rode up and she cocked her head as she looked towards Kevin. "I'm Abi," she purred and held out her hands to embrace him. He looked at Sarah nervously and she turned away to catch my eye; I wasn't sure if she was giving me an evil look or a suspicious look but she knew I was up to something, and Abi deliberately felt him up as they hugged.

Kevin was his usual sneering self but with Abi present I didn't feel threatened at all. Sarah and I paid for the lane for two games, and Abi bought us all a drink as we changed into the shoes. He looked at the pair in his hand, muttered something to Sarah and walked back to the desk. "Where's he gone?" I muttered as I tapped away at the computer to enter our names into the system.

"Changing his shoes," Sarah told me and shrugged. "Said they were filthy."

"What the fuck does he expect? Bloody shoes not a dinner plate." Sarah gave a titter and looked behind her, before tapping me on the arm as I entered her name into the keypad.

"Please Andy, don't wind him up. I've not got to see him for ages and I know you don't like him but he is still my boyfriend." I took a deep breath and she gave me a sweet smile as her beau returned, obviously with cleaner shoes as he didn't whinge or complain about them. "I promise I'll make it worth your while."

"I was going alphabetical but people complain so I've ranked us in order of IQ," I muttered and Kevin smiled until I realised he was at the bottom and Sarah was at the top. "I did beat you at chess," I told him and he groaned and shook his head, sitting on the bench for the other, unoccupied lane.

"You got lucky," the piggy-faced boy spat back and I looked at Sarah. She shot me a reproachful look, so I took my lemonade and drank some, with my arm around Abi as Sarah bowled a six. Abi was next to go (she had had lessons before) and bowled a feeble three, and I got a strike; I was somewhat glad when Kevin hit two and then the gutter. "Need the barriers up," he moaned and both Sarah and I shook our heads.

“Don't,” we cried although Abi was set to agree with Kevin.

“You just have to learn,” Sarah told him and I suggested that she show him.

“And the loser has to remove an item of clothing,” I suggested, causing Sarah to laugh.

“That's not fair,” Abi said, a little too loudly. “I'm only wearing this.” Sarah heard from retrieving her ball and glanced at us leaning into each other.

“You never do wear underwear do you?”

Abi blushed but leant back in the chair as she reached around to the shelf behind her, which caused her dress to ride up and Kevin's piggy eyes to glance south, and stay there. “And why do you want to see Kevin naked? Is there something you aren't telling us?” Sarah enquired.

Abi cackled and she looked at Sarah. “After me, Vanessa, Jessica – I'd hope not. And that's just the girls I know.”

Sarah scowled at me and mouthed “Vanessa” with a questioning look before getting up and trying to teach Kevin but he was adamant he didn't want to learn. “I'll teach you,” I goaded him as he scored one and he flounced down on the seat.

Abi was certainly feeling playful as she dried her hands on her dress from the condensation on the lemonade, deliberately flaunting her trimmed pubic hair at Sarah's partner and then jumping on me excitedly when she got a strike and intentionally baring her rear for all to see.

Kevin sat opposite and stared at Abi while Sarah did her best to wring some meaningful conversation out of him but she caught Abi's eye who smiled back at her. I think they must have had a telepathic conversation as Abi changed seats, then stretched her legs out and put one leg on Kevin's knee while Sarah bowled. “Cramp,” she lied and put the other leg on the other knee. “Massage my calves for me. I spent all of yesterday dancing and stripping.” Kevin gulped and nodded, running his hands over my friend and she closed her eyes and sighed in mock satisfaction. “That's nice,” she murmured and I got up when Sarah had finished bowling.

“More drinks?” I asked and Sarah stared at Abi and Kevin before nodding. “Give me a hand?”

Sarah went to speak, and shot daggers at her boyfriend who was openly staring at Abi's twat and was oblivious to the annoyance welling up in Sarah. “What Abi is playing at?” Sarah whispered the moment we got to the small café.

“I don't know,” I replied quite honestly. Sarah scowled as we waited and I snorted. “I don't know. It's Abi. I told her to dress provocatively but this is all her.”

Sarah sighed. “Well if she thinks she can have my boyfriend ...” She said with a smile. “He's too young for her.”

“He's no older or younger than me,” I muttered and grinned looking back at the lane. Abi was even lower in her seat and allowing Kevin to get very near to her pubic area. “Sarah,” I called and she turned around. I put a kiss on her lips and she struggled at first, before my hands cupped her ass and she stopped resisting. She pulled away after a few seconds, flushed and her eyes sparkled.

“Andy,” she hissed. “What the hell ...”

I gulped, it was spontaneous but there was a reason. “He's not looking Sarah. He'd rather stare up Abi's chuff than see what his girlfriend is doing.”

She glared at me and the back at the lane: I was right, he wasn't interested in Sarah and she broke into a smile before shaking her head. “I told you to behave,” she hissed. “But then, I guess he should as well.” I bought four lemonades and two bowls of French fries (I was hungry; I had had no lunch) and returned to the booth. Abi had seemingly relocated herself permanently onto Kevin's bench and was lay across it, smiling as Sarah and I joined them. “He's got good firm hands,” she told us, “been massaging my thigh and my calf.”

I glanced down at Kevin's hands darting underneath the hem of the skirt and looked at Sarah in her jeans. “I'll bowl and then I can massage your thigh,” I joked but when I returned to the seat Kevin wasn't bothered: he had Abi, and almost resented getting up from the seat to bowl.

Sarah looked at me and put her legs across mine, and I began to massage her thighs but Kevin didn't even look and sat back down with Abi: I liked her game and I think even Sarah appreciated the silliness of it.

The “partner-swapping” continued until I won the first game and we rolled over onto the second game. Sarah and Abi had another little mind chat that took place with eyes and inter-brain telepathic waves, which resulted in Abi crossing to my bench and start fawning over me.

Kevin was still interested in Abi and tried to engage in some chat with her, but the conversation involved A Level choices, GCSE exam results (Kevin did even better than Sarah) as well as friendship groups, and Abi's dancing. I know Abi did love to tease, but her admission that if she wasn't working she had to have a dozen orgasms or else she got withdrawal cravings was believed by Sarah's partner who looked at me enviously.

“Tell Abi she has been learning from Rhea,” Sarah whispered as we gave back the shoes. “And thank you for coming.” She looked over at Kevin untying Abi's shoes for her and pursed her lips together. “Even if he has been a retch.”

“You've been a naughty girl too over the last few weeks,” I whispered and Sarah giggled and looked back at me. “Haven't you?”

Sarah didn't bother to agree, and walked over to her partner telling him Abi was a “big girl and can do her own shoelaces up” and to “leave the poor girl alone.” Abi looked forlornly at her, but a quick look from Sarah started and completed more mind reading and Abi came bounding over.

“Two games of chess, two games of bowling. What else can I beat you at?” I taunted Kevin on the staircase as we left the bowling alley. Abi smacked me on the arm.

“It's the taking part,” she told me and looked at Sarah. “And it's been fun, right?”

“Yeah,” Sarah told her. “Thanks.”

I gulped and nodded as we hit the fresh air. “Real fun. I'm going to see Zoe soon, you got time 'fore you need to get to Wendover to come over at have a butchers at the Maths?” Kevin glared at me as I spoke and I got a wicked satisfaction out of it.

Abi leaned into me and looked at Sarah. "We can do tea," she playfully said. "Just the three of us." I waited for her to make a reference about cooling down or stripping off, but to my disappointment she didn't and Sarah nodded. I looked at my cracked wrist watch and suggested she come around at five.

"If you ever act like that," Abi cried, the moment Kevin and Sarah skipped off towards a café and then the station. "I shall knock you for six. No respect. No regard for me, just presumption. And the little rat was up to my fuzz, just as well I cleaned all your spunk off of me, he would have got a right shock." I was highly amused at this and laughed until she added. "And he is cheating on Sarah."

"Cheating? How do you know?"

Abi shook her head and grabbed my hands. "I've been a stripper, an escort, a massage worker for almost two years and just a plain ole slut for much longer than that. You think I don't see married men, or men with girlfriends come to see me? And you can tell, there is something 'bout them. It's there. Mark my words, he is screwing someone else."

I hummed and she giggled. "You sure?"

Abi nodded. "Yeah, it's a sixth sense. All strippers know it. It's a gift." I gulped and she giggled again. "Well that, and he asked if he could lose Sarah, where did I live as he wanted to give me one and he could tell I wasn't getting satisfied from you."

"Filthy ... fucking ..." I looked at her shocked and she nodded her head. "So when are you meeting him?"

Abi gulped. "I'm not. Why ..."

I groaned. "I would have loved to set a trap for him. Take him back to the club, just as Sarah and I walk in."

"You've seen too many detective stories," Abi admonished me but then gave a coy smile. "But I like it, you are fighting dirty, and a fair heart never won a fair maiden. You got to fight dirty to land her."

"But I can't tell her what he tried to do," I moaned. "She'd never believe me when he denies it." Abi looked on forlornly and rubbed my arm.

"You'll get there," she told me. "Just, be yourself. And then she won't resist."

Abi, unfortunately, did have plans for the rest of Sunday afternoon - "I have a clothes mountain this big," she moaned, waving her arms around. "Do you want to sort out my dirty panties?" I was rather glad she didn't expect me to answer that question and walked her home before doubling back on myself and meeting Zoe at her house.

She was cooking dinner and passed me a piece of paper containing all her Maths homework that I scanned. "Are you sure 'bout this one and this one?" I asked her but Zoe was flustered and I read the paper and crossed her arms. "And question four."

"Yes," she shouted at the oven. "I've been over them twice, they all work fine. If you were paying attention in class ..."

"It wouldn't be nearly so much fun," I joked and walked over to help her peel some potatoes. "Where's Simon?"

"Where do you think?" Zoe spat and nodded her head towards the garden where Rhea and Simon were lay next to each other. "They were kissing earlier." I tried to remove that mental image from my mind and passed her a peeled spud and picked up another one. "I don't need your help," Zoe snapped. "I can do it, I just wish you'd pay attention. With your GCSE results you should be thinking Oxbridge and you won't get there without working hard."

"I am not Oxbridge material," I hastily replied. "I am Wolverhampton Polytechnic not ..."

Zoe put her knife down and scowled me. "Five A stars and four A's are good results. You should be aiming for Oxbridge or a top five Uni Andy. You have to be ambitious and work hard. And that means not day dreaming in Maths."

I sighed. "Have you quite finished?" I asked and slid my hands around her waist from behind her. She gasped and tried to shake them off, but I leant in to whisper in her ear. "Cause you are so much less attractive when you nag."

Zoe spun around, the knife still in her hand and she shook her head. "Now are you staying for tea, or are you taking Rhea home?"

"Neither," I muttered and checked the clock on the wall. "I got people to see ..."

"... and immoral acts to perform," Zoe finished and shook her head when I didn't correct her.

I waited for her to turn back to the counter and squeezed her cheeks, causing her to squeal. "As I said, Zoe nags ... Zoe no sexy."

She giggled and looked over her shoulder as I went to leave. "As I said, I know what happens to the girls you do find sexy." I spluttered a goodbye and idly wandered the streets until I reached home. Mum was in house, repairing some curtains when I came in and I made her a cup of tea and provided her with the last chocolate digestive (it would upset Rhea.)

Rhea let Sarah into our flat when she came home; they had arrived at the same time, but she had made Sarah promise that there would be "no hanky-panky, no sluttiness and absolutely no filthy screaming" before Sarah was allowed anywhere near the stairs that lead to our front room.

Sarah must have given the guarantees as she bounded over to me and kissed me on the cheek. "Thank you, Kev's gone back now." When I didn't enthuse she cocked her head to one side and looked at Rhea. "Sorry Rhea, I lied. I promised I would make it worth his while."

Rhea spluttered in disgust and picked up the phone. "I'll dial Zoe and tell her."

"Tell her," Sarah replied. "She isn't my mum."

Rhea took a deep breath and gave a coy grin. "No, but she is a pain in the arse, keeps telling me and Si to not follow in your footsteps and ... stuff. So if she is a pain in the fuckin' what-not with us then she must be just as much of a pain to you. Right?" I shook my head and looked at Sarah.

"Rhea's very tame today. Normally it would be chilli up the jacksee or small guillotines, not running off to Zoe."

Sarah nodded as Rhea screwed up her face. "Yeah, I see what you mean. Must be something going on as she definitely tamer than she used to be." Rhea yawned.

"I'm tired of this," she moaned and stomped up the stairs. I laughed and retrieved my Maths homework and passed it to Sarah while I worked through the missing questions and answers I got from Zoe.

"I'm sure that's wrong," Sarah told me as I wrote out the last question.

"That's what I said," I muttered and stared at the question again.

"She's split the root of x and y into root of x plus root of y ," Sarah announced and hummed. "You can't do that!"

"I did try to ask ... but she is stubborn."

Sarah cackled and we had to work through the questions carefully but it took us no longer than twenty minutes and Sarah took a sheet of answers away with her, to copy up at home.

Mum came home before Sarah could make anything "worth my while" and after a quick kiss, we walked to the train station to wait for her train home. Mum told me not to be too long (she was ordering pizza), but I was going to see my friend onto the train before leaving the station.

"Vanessa," Sarah asked, kicking her legs underneath the seat. "Tell me."

I pursed my lips. "There's nothing I can tell. Or at least I want to tell." I wanted to talk about Kevin and Abi but didn't know if she would believe me, or want to believe me so I left it, and Sarah stared at my thoughtful expression.

Sarah shook her head and put her hands on mine. "You can tell me, I won't be annoyed."

"Why would you be annoyed?" I asked and she cut a coy smile. "I'm single."

"I know, so tell me."

I looked down the track and saw the welcome sight of a diesel locomotive on the track. "Train's here," I muttered and crossed my arms. "And I am not telling you anything. I did something silly and it stays there."

"But ..."

"No," I said resolutely and my mouth felt dry, I didn't like keeping secrets from Sarah but there was no way I was going to admit to drug taking to her.

"I'll tell Zoe ..." Sarah threatened and I just laughed.

"No you won't," I answered for her and held out my arms to give her a cuddle. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Sarah groaned, but held me close until the train arrived and the doors opened. We stood waiting – we had five minutes and she looked into my eyes. "Please tell me," Sarah pleaded. "I just want to know. She's not pregnant is she?"

"Course not," I snapped. "It's private," I told her firmly. "Now drop it. I don't ask you about

Kevin.” She bit her lip and cocked her head, looking at me longingly. “Please, it’s not something I want to talk about.”

She threw me a moue and climbed onto the train, waving at me from the door as I walked backwards down the platform. “Love you,” she shouted and a number of heads turned to look at her.

I went bright red and she looked at me, waiting for a response. “Yeah, love you too,” I shouted back and blew her a kiss.

* * * * *

I had thought of little else since Sarah had left, shouting “I love you” down the platform wasn’t the hallmark of someone who just wanted to be friends. I was confused, and cleaned the club daydreaming about whether I truly might get Sarah; even after everything that had happened, she still seemed out of my league.

Sure, I would fool around with her but for her to be mine, it would take something else: she would need to split with Kevin and that wasn’t going to happen any time soon so maybe she didn’t “love me” and it was just Sarah being playful.

I arrived at the park where Sarah was playing football just in time to see the incident. It was light rain, and I had my coat but always enjoyed watching Sarah play, she was certainly one of the more skilful players in the team and could dribble a ball better than anyone.

The coach had them dribbling past a couple of players, and, unsurprisingly Sarah was navigating her defenders with relative ease, sliding the ball past them, or through their legs or even with a cheeky nutmeg, she successfully traversed the small pitch coned off for the purpose. Most of all though, her shorts were short, and she had a wonderful body – I was being lecherous but Sarah never knew, or minded if she did.

It was on the third go when the second defender, tired of being passed, kicked out and hacked Sarah down to the ground. She squealed in pain, and the coach blew the whistle. Sarah leapt to her feet and started shouting at the offending player.

The coach came in to separate them, but a few minutes later it erupted again when Sarah launched herself into a two-footed lunge and left her team-mate, the new player called Lisa, on the floor screaming in agony.

For the first time in her life, Sarah was sent off and stormed off the pitch. She was met by Lisa’s father who had walked down the touchline to meet the furious teenager as she strode towards the dressing room.

“What the hell do you think you were doing? You could have broken her legs,” the tall wiry man shouted. I jogged up alongside him and held out my arm to Sarah who pushed it to one side.

“Fucking deserve it. Next time she dives over one of my challenges I’ll break her fuckin’ leg,” Sarah ranted in return and glared at Lisa’s father.

“You’re a disgrace,” he sneered and Sarah snorted.

“Like I care what you think,” she shouted and squared up to him. The coach put her whistle to her lips and ran over to chastise her player and the parent in forceful terms that only

served to make Sarah even more angry.

Sarah had only just calmed down by the time we reached the flat, and I put dinner in the oven to cook while Sarah had a shower. We desperately needed to get on with our Maths homework.

"It's in the pink folder," Sarah shouted as she washed her hair and my wish to see her Maths homework meant I had to rifle through her files to find it in her cluttered bag. "It's in a small pile of papers near the front."

I gently opened the file and started flicking through the papers in the tatty pink file. There were dozens of bundles of paper, and I picked the first one – different Maths work. Next one, General Studies, the third one, 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.

"Sorry, but it's about me," I replied and she shook her head.

"It's about me actually and it's mine."

"Oh, let me read it," I asked and she shook her head more forcefully, holding the papers to her chest. "Come on, what's the worst that can happen?" I asked and she sighed.

"No one is supposed to read this, it's private. Just like your portfolio. Which you won't let me see."

"It's pretty good," I confessed. "I want to finish it. It's getting me excited."

Sarah gripped the papers tighter and I moved towards her, kissing her on the lips. She returned the kiss for a moment and then pulled away.

"I can't. This is all wrong," she muttered. "You may think that this all harmless fun, but this isn't," she mumbled. "I have an erotic story I love, and it is not about my boyfriend but about you. Every time I think about it, I get so turned on. And it isn't the first."

I laughed, but then grinned. "Isn't it?"

"Well any chance you could try and not burn dinner," she joked and I sprinted towards the kitchen to remove the (now crispy) meal from the oven. Well I was distracted!

"Show me?" I begged as I returned to the lounge bearing food. "Show me the story."

"No," Sarah spat and shook her head. "It's embarrassing." I groaned and she looked at me as I passed her her meal. "If you want to see it, write your own."

“My own?”

“Yeah, what will it be about?”

I narrowed my eyes, considering. “How about a girl who has to spend all day ... no all week ... naked in school, I'll call her Sarah.” My friend giggled and urged me to continue. “And this girl ropes in a friend to do it with her.”

“And we'll call him Andy.”

“Ahh go on then. And she gets screwed in the corridor.” Sarah licked her lips and smiled at me. “Is she going out with Andy?”

I gulped. “Maybe.”

She snorted. “Ohh ... Andy have the courage to ask out Sarah; when can I read it?”

“I was only joking,” I muttered but Sarah crossed her arms.

“I want to read it,” she told me. “And then I'll let you see mine.”

I rolled my eyes but she was determined and I gave it some thought as we worked through Mrs Buckingham's massive amount of homework. She was serious about working us hard and Zoe loved her, but Sarah and I had less charitable feelings towards the slave-driver.

Rhea returned from the school disco with Simon at around 10pm. Sarah and I had just finished out Maths homework and I had returned from the kitchen with two cups of tea that I nearly dropped in shock.

“Andy Williams ...” Rhea muttered in a hollow low voice. “Your time has come”. Rhea was dressed head to toe in a deep black hooded robe with a white face mask and white gloves, carrying a scythe. She was the Grim Reaper.

“What the...!” I cried and Simon who was a few steps behind her burst out laughing. He had a big box with him and even Sarah laughed. Rhea pulled down her hood and unclipped the ghostly mask and beamed at me.

“It was my disco costume,” she announced proudly.

“It's a bit early for Hallowe'en isn't it?” Sarah asked and I nodded.

“It is only September,” I told her.

“It wasn't Hallowe'en” Rhea replied. “But it was going to be boring so we gave the school a bit of a laugh.”

Simon and Rhea got themselves a drink each and sat down at the table. “So what's the letter from school going to say this time?”

“Nothing. This was brilliant!” Rhea proudly boasted and put her hand on Simon's. “I really enjoyed this. Simon, was doing the music so he got dropped off with his stuff and got carried into the stage, with my scythe in a box. I get dropped off by Mum and the teachers check to make sure I have nothing in my bag which is a bit unfair ...”

Sarah and I smirked at this. By Rhea's own admission previously, the school treating my little sister as a terrorist suspect was probably justified given her reputation. Rhea didn't

notice and continued with her tale.

“...so anyway we get to the hall and as usual one side is all the boys and the other side all the girls. No one wants to mingle so I slip away to the back and get changed into this and then Simon puts on a tape we've prepared which is the death song with....”

“Death song?” Sarah asked and Simon corrected her.

“Chopin's Funeral March”

“...Yeah that. Anyway we had messed around with the sound box at school to make my voice dark and low and hollow on the tape Simon's playing. So I say 'Mr Rogers, your time has come. Your soul is mine.' There is almost complete silence and Mr Rogers is looking a little shocked as I walked towards him. He was proper shitting himself, then my old English teacher, Miss Forbes steps in front of him but we had foreseen this and dubbed 'How dare you mortals resist me' ten seconds after the original words. Everyone was in hysterics, and then Simon put on some proper music and the disco started properly. And you know, everyone wanted to dance with death. Mr Rogers disappeared for the rest of the evening though, he didn't look well.”

“Wasn't Mr Rogers the Physics teacher?” Sarah asked.

“He was but he had a heart attack last year and was off for a few months. So scaring him to death probably wasn't very fair” I told her and she shrugged slightly.

“I only picked on him because he gave me a shit mark last term and he was going to be in the hall. We had a backup tape prepared that didn't name anyone, just said 'time has come' and all that bollocks so I would have just picked any old teacher.”

“I am sure attempted murder is grounds for suspension,” I teased and Sarah giggled.

“Why did this not happen at our school discos?” Sarah asked me and I smiled.

“Because Rhea was not invited. But then they never needed to police the disco when it was our turn”

Rhea downed her drink and dragged Simon from the table. “You better go home. Before your mum goes spare. She didn't look happy when you said you wanted to walk me home.”

“You're not going out dressed as the Grim Reaper,” I told Rhea and she slid her mask on.

“Why? Who is going to attack Death, stupid.”

“I was thinking of you causing a traffic accident,” I said wryly and the Grim Reaper turned on her heels.

“Hey Si, are there any old people's homes on the way to your house?” the Grim Reaper asked mischievously as she walked towards the stairs.

Fortunately, there were no reported accidents caused by the Grim Reaper as it walked with Simon to his house and back but it was spotted outside the club and Mum came out to give The Angel of Death a severe talking to and send her to bed. This caused a degree of amusement to a couple of the patrons standing outside as Death attempted to argue with the proprietor but was threatened with being grounded, a threat not previously known

to ward off the Angel of Death.

“Next time I am going as bloody Satan,” the Grim Reaper moaned as it stormed past me en route to her bedroom.

“Well that won't require much acting,” I whispered to Sarah who was curled up underneath my arm as we watched television.

* * * * *

“Happy birthday Mum,” I said as I entered the room, Sarah just behind me.

“Yeah, happy birthday Grace.”

Mum smiled and thanked us for the gift and card. “You didn't have to,” she said meekly and we smiled.

“Well it's a special one. It's not every day you turn fifty, is it?” I said jokingly and Mum puffed, and cocked her head.

“You're right. And with age comes wisdom. You and Abi. Sharing rooms, I've been thinking,” she teased.

“Fifty? You don't look a day over thirty,” I quickly corrected myself and Sarah laughed.

Rhea arrived a few moments later, just as we were getting our breakfasts and passed Mum a small wrapped gift. “Happy birthday Mum,” she said as she walked past. Mum started opening the small gift, thanking her daughter and then shook her head.

“What is it?” Sarah asked and Mum passed over some weird glasses with a prism that allowed the wearer to watch television by lying on the couch and looking up at the ceiling. I looked at Rhea; Mum looking up at the ceiling meant she could sneak out of the front door, an allegation that was refuted by my angry sister the moment I mentioned it!

Sarah made Mum her breakfast and Rhea came in with a few cards that she had squirrelled away and a parcel. “They came, it said not to open until the sixteenth.”

Mum groaned when she saw the package; I knew who it was from and Dad sent her a present every year. “He thinks he needs to but he doesn't,” she moaned and licked her lips as she unwrapped a pair of tickets to see a West End show in a couple of months along with a few banknotes for “a meal.”

Sarah and I were sent to go and get ready for school and after a quick fumble in my room as Sarah went to have a shower, and another as I went, we started walking to College.

Sarah was still annoyed about the football the day before and ranted as we walked down the road waving her arms around as we walked. Lisa was a diver, a cheat, a useless footballer and a bitch.

Not that I would say that she was biased and all that!

* * * * *

Mrs Buckingham threw her files onto the table and crossed her arms. “Fifteen of you,” she cried and the room descended into silence. “Fifteen of you in this room and just four of you

got above half marks, and just two of you got a decent mark.” Fourteen pairs of eyes (someone was off “ill” or scared) stared at her as she paced up and down. “I told you, I’ve already passed my exams, but we went through the technique of every single one of these questions. Who hasn’t been listening – I know who hasn’t been listening. Bloody all of you,” she ranted and I stared out of the window for a moment.

One the “red football team” on the school field was nursing an injury on the touchline as the rest of the players almost ignored him and I returned my attention back to the irate teacher. She explained that there would be snap test on Friday and anyone getting less than seventy percent would have to explain themselves to the Head of the Sixth Form. If we paid attention, we would have got full marks, apparently!

“This isn’t easy. You have less than 21 months to learn one of the hardest A Levels to do. Maths isn’t a walk in the park,” she parroted and Sarah tapped her fingers on the table. I squeezed her leg and she looked at me with a smirk. “I want these back in on Friday redone,” she said firmly and started passing the papers back.

Zoe was one of the first and she slapped her paper, filled with spidery handwriting, on the desk in front of us. “All the questions with roots in, you had trouble with. Turn to page 25 in the book, and read it,” Zoe was told forcefully. “It’s what the book is there for, read it.” Zoe nodded and glanced at her paper – she had got 26 out of the 30 right and was still being shouted at.

Sarah and I looked at each other ominously; if Zoe managed such a high score then we would be below that, but we knew she had got a couple wrong. Every single member of our Maths class was shouted at as she wandered around the classroom dispensing advice such as reading the book, reading the question or paying attention: it was all very tedious stuff.

She walked up to us and I gulped; Mrs Buckingham was uncompromising and I didn’t fancy getting on the wrong side of her. She put our work on the desk and smiled. “Two lots of one hundred percent,” she told us and then rubbed her nose. “So next time you can have different questions.”

“Pardon?” I asked and she smiled.

“Did you work on it together?”

“No,” Sarah lied and the ferocious teacher raised her eyebrows at us.

“I’ve been a teacher for almost three decades and I know when boyfriend and girlfriend do work together, so on Friday, Andy won’t be able to copy from Sarah.”

“I didn’t,” I answered quickly and she passed me a board marker,

“I thought you’d say that,” she replied with a curious grin. “On the board is a question similar to what you answered, so obviously as you got full marks, it should be easy.”

I got up, snatching the marker from the short woman. “Of course,” I muttered with more confidence than I felt and focused on the written question on the board, rubbing my brow with my spare hand as I advanced to the whiteboard.

It was very similar, but I felt the white heat of her stare in the back of my neck as I looked at it. “Trouble?” She asked as I thought.

“No,” I murmured and clipped the top off the marker, and began covering her whiteboard in spidery handwriting. The question was not hard, but my heart was beating loudly in the room as I nervously considered it. I knew if I got it wrong she would feel vindicated in believing that I copied from Sarah but I was under a pressure I didn't normally feel – there were over a dozen pairs of eyes watching me and I gulped when I had to wipe off my last line of working.

“We haven't got all day,” Mrs. Buckingham told me. “You can just pass the marker to Sarah and let her do it.”

“I don't need to,” I answered as I multiplied both sides of an equation by “x” before coming to an answer and underlining it. She nodded appreciatively as I strode back towards her and held out the marker. “Your marker,” I offered as I slouched back in my seat alongside Sarah.

Mrs. Buckingham gave a wry smile and passed the pen to Sarah. “And on the right hand side is another question, off you go.”

Sarah looked at me and got up taking the marker, and completing the challenge in a third of the time it took me. Mrs. Buckingham almost seemed impressed but Sarah whispered in my ear that she had worked it out in her head I was deliberating over mine, guessing that the other question would be for her; this was unfair, but despite our proof that we could do the work, and our full marks, it did not spare us from being part of the collective bollocking our classmates got for their abysmal performance in the homework.

Zoe scowled at us as we left class and meandered down the stairs. “You might have told me,” she moaned. “If you knew I had got it wrong, why didn't you tell me?”

“I tried,” I told her. “But you were adamant.”

Zoe crossed her arms and looked at the two of us. “But you only got a hundred percent because I helped you on the others.”

“That's not true,” Sarah told her and my blonde-haired friend shook her head in disbelief.

“Well it's the last time you are copying my work,” she informed us. “Next time you can do it yourself.”

Sarah gestured wildly. “I got Biology with her now; you think she will stop moaning at me?”

“Not a chance,” I replied with a smirk.

* * * * *

I returned home to find Alicia and her children in the front room and Mum's cards lining the mantelpiece. Charlotte and Lily ran around the room, both with toys and I had to step over them as I walked past and smiled at them.

“Good day?” Alicia asked and I nodded.

“Yeah, you OK?”

Alicia nodded, she was a familiar visitor to the flat and stroked her dirty blonde hair. “Good. Horace is working late, he's always working late but we might be moving soon.”

“Oh where to?” I asked making idle conversation and she shrugged.

“Aston Clinton or Aylesbury. Stayin' local,” she told me and picked up her cup of tea.

I left Alicia alone and wandered up to my room to do my Physics homework, but instead of waves and forces, all I could think of was Sarah naked.

I began to write my story.

* * * * *

Rhea put her arms around me and squeezed. “Oh thank you,” she squealed. “It's wonderful.”

Rhea took the small ankle chain out of its box and slid it over her right ankle. Abi, who had stayed the night in the spare room, grinned. “You know what ankle chain means?”

I shrugged. “I've no idea. But then I didn't know about diamonds or anything else so it is probably something inappropriate.”

Mum and Abi looked at each other and smiled. “It used to mean something but not anymore. It's just a fashion accessory,” Mum said, glancing at Abi who nodded.

“Yeah, it is lovely, Rhea,” Abi responded. “I'd love to have one.”

Rhea tore open a giant box that had been wrapped and gasped. “It's a computer,” she yelled and put her arms around Mum.

“Your Dad and I knew you wanted one, so we bought it between us. You need to ring him later.”

“Oh wow,” Rhea replied looking at the box. “And a scanner and a printer and oh, thanks.”

Mum told Rhea to get dressed ready for school but Rhea feigned deafness and opened the first box to admire her present. “I can't wait to get Si over to have a look at this.” It took Mum four attempts to get Rhea to get dressed, and she was adamant that her boyfriend would be needed to help her set it up in her room.

Rhea said she felt too ill to go to school but Mum packaged her up and sent her to her lessons which caused my baby sister to complain vociferously as she was dragged to get an education. It afforded me the peace and quiet I needed to finish my erotic story about Sarah, me and a whole load of sex.

* * * * *

I stopped off at Abi's house on the way home and the half-naked girl got undressed as she made me an afternoon tea and then encouraged me to do the same. She kissed me warmly, sliding my hands over my erect member and then pushed me onto the sofa with my sandwich as she sank to her knees and took my cock in her mouth.

Abi looked up at me and mewed as she sank to the base, before withdrawing and swirling her tongue around the tip; it felt heavenly and she massaged my balls with her fingers. I couldn't concentrate to eat, but she clearly expected me to.

I felt myself nearing the point of no return and closed my eyes; I liked this sort of mealtime

and grunted. I gave Abi a snatched warning between my sighs that she ignored and filled her mouth with my semen.

Abi sucked the tip as it flooded her mouth and I just grabbed hold of thin air, gripping tightly as she nursed every pleasurable wave from my body. "Well eat up," she chastised me. "You'll never be a big, strong lad if you don't eat up."

I opened my eyes and she stood up smiling at me. "Thank you," I muttered and moved the discarded sandwich for her to sit down next to me. "I suppose you want the same," I offered and Abi pursed her lips together and nodded. "I'll eat it afterwards," I promised and slid off the couch and gently parted Abi's legs.

Abi took her cup of orange squash and took a gulp, sighing as I gently made my way down her thigh and planted a kiss on her moistened slit. She gave a satisfied sigh as I swirled my tongue over her clitoris and leant back further on the sofa.

I felt like Abi was in total control as she spread her legs a little further and pushed her body towards my tongue; I was on my knees in a subservient position and Abi just gleefully accepted the loving my young mouth was applying to her glistening loins.

I felt my prick harden as I lapped her crack, tasting and savouring her scent and tickling my nose with her pubic hair. Abi grunted and groaned as I flicked her pearl and she ran her hands through my short hair. She swore under her breath and gasped as I took her button in between my lips and suckled it gently. My finger found its way into her hole and I gently applied pressure with it sliding in easily and silently.

I rotated my finger as I pulled it out and then joined it with a second; I allowed my little finger to get wet and then lined it up against her bud, my wrist twisting slightly every time I withdrew.

Abi started to groan and cry out, her legs and hands pushing my face into her slit. She held her breath, mewling as she did and then gasped as she exhaled. She pushed her hands over her mouth as she let out a fearsome cry and erupted into orgasm.

Abi's hole gripped my rotating fingers and then pulsed over them, as her legs shook and felt a rush of wetness against my tongue. Abi's loud voice, her groans, her cries, her screams echoed around the small lounge as her body convulsed passionately. I barely stopped and Abi threw herself back and allowed me to take her to a second relentless orgasm until I got too much for her and she looked at me, still knelt down at her feet. "Get yourself cleaned up," she told me with hazy eyes. "And then eat your sandwich."

We laughed and she waited for me to return from her tiny bathroom and passed me my tea. "I'm glad you're in, as Sarah and I have been talking."

"Uh-oh," Abi muttered. "Are you going out?"

"No," I answered in an annoyed tone. "Well not yet anyway."

Abi sighed and crossed her arms. "You need to seize the moment," she said forcefully and looked at me. "I mean it."

"We think you lost the bet about Sarah staying with Kevin," I told her and bit my lip. "So ... er ... we can do what we want with you. That was deal right?"

Abi's eyes widened. "Just you and Sarah?"

"Well I was planning on a few more," I admitted, but this was a lie: Sarah had planned on most of the school but I had had to rein in her imagination. "A beautiful sex slave, you could say."

Abi's face was a mixture of horror and excitement and I touched her on the arm. "Just need to tell us what we can and can't do." Abi gulped and rubbed her face.

"My limits? Hell, it's ... umm ..." She took a deep breath and sighed. "I don't want anyone there I don't know," she said with a serious finality. "I don't want people there who aren't known to me," she repeated and wiped her eyes.

I could tell I was suggesting something she was not comfortable with and Abi stared at me as I nodded. "If you aren't comfortable ..." I started but Abi put a finger over my lips.

"I am. Or I will be. But you'll be there. And Angela? And Sarah and keep it to just a handful of people and people who I know I'll be fine. And nice, gentle people, not like Vanessa."

"You sure about this?" I asked, suddenly concerned. I knew Abi had had a traumatic set of experiences but she had always been very relaxed about anything sexual and it was suddenly surprising to see her so reticent.

"Yeah," Abi said quickly and she forced a smile. "But all the guys use condoms, right?"

"Of course," I promised when it hadn't actually occurred to me. "Any preference on the brand?"

She looked over to the corner of the room and muttered. "I'm getting a bit low," she said forlornly and then looked away from me.

"I'll pick some up," I promised without considering what that admission meant. "We were thinking one Sunday."

"This Sunday!" Abi cried and then thought. "Yeah OK. This Sunday. Here, I presume. I guess your mum won't give you the club and it isn't fit for Rhea's eyes to do in the flat."

"A lot of what Rhea does isn't fit for Rhea's eyes," I quipped and she smiled. I was still feeling a little guilty when I left Abi's house to go via Windmill Street to pick up the photos; I was coercing her into doing something she didn't want to do but Abi was trying hard to convince me that I wasn't, and that she would speak to Angela on my behalf. I didn't believe her but rang Sarah at her house to tell her that Sunday was arranged.

I concluded that if I was going to lose my cleaning job I would need another source of income and wandered down to Windmill Street to see Olivia and pick up the photographs I had deposited with her earlier in the week hoping she would mention the other jobs. She welcomed me in as I came up her drive with a slight admonishment. "Thought you forgot about those. I was going to flog 'em in the paper."

I blushed and she sat down in her arm chair and took a bag out from the side of her table. She offered me a glass of wine from a blue bottle and I felt obliged to have some. She took a wine glass from a cabinet in her front room and poured some of the straw yellow liquid. "Mighty fine pictures," she complimented. "Who's the kinky bitch in the latex?"

"Ahh, ummm, Angel? In the pink?"

Olivia giggled and nodded. "Yeah, in the pink."

“Fuck me, Latex is fucking impossible to get right. I know a couple, over Wendover way, who'd love to have a few latex pictures done.” She pointed her finger towards me and wagged it slightly. “You got some talent there, I got three couples who want a photographer and some swingers in Wendover on Sunday. Can you do Sunday? There's a couple o' hundred in it.”

I hummed. “Evening or afternoon. 'Cause I'm meeting someone in the afternoon.”

She smiled at me. “Evening, babe. Start at 9pm 'til midnight. Be there at eight, to get a feel for the place, lighting and stuff.”

“Ahh,” I muttered. “Ummm ... yeah OK. Eight'll be fine. There isn't anyone going back to Aylesbury is there? It'll be after the buses and trains.”

Olivia laughed. “Yeah, there will be. I'll sort that out.” Olivia and I negotiated, over another glass of wine, for me to shoot around a dozen films and to leave them with the host of the party – he was a personal friend of Olivia and would pay for them to be developed. In return, I would get fifty pounds on the day and a further two hundred and fifty if the images were any good, which I would collect from Olivia the following week.

This was serious money and Olivia rubbed her hands at the thought. She glanced at me as I ran through what I would spend the money on and gave a wry smile. “I get paid for acting as a middleman,” she said reading my mind. “And I get a finder's fee,” she told me with a wry smile, without telling me how much that was.

* * * * *

I arrived at the team meeting a little early – I had photos to distribute and had sorted them as before into piles. Elena, the German girl, was the first and I pushed them over to her as she sat down. She cooed over photos and gratefully passed over the cash I had agreed. Susie smiled when she saw them and told me to catch her later, as did Katie. Scarlet stroked my legs as she sat down next to me and leafed through them – I think I had done a fantastic job with her pictures and had been exceedingly snap-happy with her beauty. She cocked her head at me. “There's one missing.”

“Oh yeah,” I muttered, having extracted the naked photograph of myself.

“Come on, hand it over.”

“But ...”

The rest of the girls turned their heads to listen to Scarlet and myself. “Come on.” She squeezed the top of my legs and I reached into my bag, reluctantly withdrawing the photo. “I only want to see it.”

“OK now?” I asked her and she nodded before I asked for it back. She smiled as she surveyed the photograph and the awkward-looking teenage boy with a proud erection, an untidy mound of pubic hair and the beginnings of a hairy chest. I felt self-conscious as she looked; did I really look like that?

“It's mine,” she told me and she just grinned before passing it to her right and onto Katie. There were raised eyebrows and snickering as the photograph made its way around the tables with comments made about me and my manhood.

“Oh it's not as big as you promised, Isobel,” one of the dancers who I did not recognise

told the assembled throng and I went a shade redder.

“Ahh, but he does know how to use it,” Isobel promised and raised her eyebrows as it came past me. “And what did the little harlot do to my young man to make him like that? Eh, Scarlet”

“Well I may have had a hand in it being like that,” she joked and giggled. “He said he got to see us, so it was only fair,” the teasing girl told the group and Mum clapped her hands to get silence as she came into the room with Ikenna following her behind; they had been talking in the office and she carried a bundle of papers.

There was quiet as she sat down and looked down the table at the photo in front of her. Her eyebrows shot up and she looked at me with a quizzical expression. “I know you wanted to be a Dreamboy,” she teased with a smirk. “But you do need to try harder if this is an audition picture!”

I spluttered as nervous laughter permeated the team. “It’s private,” I snapped, my cheeks burning with humiliation.

Mum passed the photo over to me and tapped her fingers on the table. “If it was private then you shouldn’t be passing around my girls. You after another date?” Mum jabbed coldly and cleared her throat so I couldn’t respond even if I could have thought of an appropriate retort.

“Thank you very much,” I moaned to Scarlet as the meeting drew to a close and I collected my pay packet and the most of the photograph money. “You dropped me right in it.”

Scarlet cocked her head and pouted at me. “I didn’t mean to,” she muttered and rubbed my arm. “You annoyed with me?”

I hummed. “Not really.” She leaned towards me and slid her hand under mine and extracted the incriminating photograph. “Oi!”

“It’s still mine. It was on the second film.” I hummed and she winked at me. “Oh you love us really.”

I couldn’t disagree with her but she wasn’t going to get out of trouble that easily. “Well if you want to keep it you can do me a favour,” I told with a wry smile and looked back towards the room emptying. “Isobel is in trouble, she has lost a bet with me, and she needs to be a sex slave to me and anyone I choose to invite, for a day – which’ll really be just an afternoon – but I want a few people there. It’s not a punishment if it’s just me.”

Scarlet pursed her lips together and bit her lip as she thought. “And you want what?”

“Your undivided attendance,” I told her with a flourish. “And I’ll even let you have the photos for free,” I promised as my mouth ran ahead of my brain (it frequently did that!)

“Free?” She had counted out the money in her hand and looked into my eyes. “But you did two sets for me.”

“I know,” I muttered and shrugged, blushing for the umpteenth time that day. “But she has agreed to do it and only wants people she knows and gentle, warm people. Or was it ‘nice’; I can’t remember. Ange ... ohhh ... ummm ... Heather is coming.”

It was Scarlet’s turn to blush and she rubbed her chin as she thought. “Yeah OK. I’ll talk to

her and I need to talk to Eddie. It's new territory for us. If they say it's OK, I'll come." I smiled at her and she got up from the table, putting her banknotes in front of me. "But only because it's you, not for any other reason."

I watched the sexy woman slink away and Mum caught my eye. "Do you really think it's a good idea to photograph yourself naked?"

"I didn't," I told her and hesitated. "One of your girls did." Mum rolled her eyes and shook her head.

"I don't want to know," she told me and then sniffed. "But you are definitely your father's son."

I looked at her and she gave me a coy smile. "What d'ya mean?"

She gave me a barely suppressed smile and took a deep breath. "You'll understand when you're older," she promised and nodded towards the door. "Don't you want to pay in your wages? The bank's'll be closed soon."

"Yeah," I muttered.

"Then scoot! Go on."

* * * * *

Mum waited for me to finish doing the washing up and glanced over at me. "Come on," she said. "Let's go for a ride."

"Where to?" I asked and looked over at Rhea.

"White Lion," she said and grinned. "It's your last chance. Don't you want to try?"

I grunted. "No. He was clear. Bothering him about it every day is just going to make it worse, isn't it?"

Mum put her coat back down on the side and looked over at me. "I thought you liked your little job."

"I do," I wailed with an annoyed tone to my voice. "It's just I don't see the point. He has a pub to run and he hates me."

Mum snorted. "Well I thought if we go together then maybe he might be more accommodating. Unless you really don't want your little job."

I considered this for a moment and threw the tea towel on the worktop. There was something about Mum's demeanour that I couldn't quite fathom, I wasn't sure if it was a scheming, devious look or just that she intimidated with her voice that she knew something I didn't, but I definitely sensed a mirage of sorts.

Mum drove in almost silence, and the radio blared music from twenty years previous as her car meandered through the streets of Aylesbury and came to rest in the cinema car park.

"I mean it," she warned as I got out of the car. "This really is your last chance."

"I know," I replied instinctively and wearily. We crossed the road and Mum opened the

door to the pub and instinctively caught Sam's eye who changed his demeanour immediately when he saw me.

"Is he OK to come in?" Mum asked and the landlord hesitated and then she added. "I just came to have a quiet word."

He nodded and Mum sat on a stool by the bar. It was fairly busy, it was a Friday night, but the main rush hadn't started yet and there wasn't a queue at the bar. "How's your bar, Grace?"

Mum nodded. "Good, business is good. New girls started a couple of months ago, should come down and have a look."

Sam gave a guilty grimace. "Not again," he muttered and Mum gestured for me to sit down. "Can I get you a drink?"

"A Diet Coke would be great," Mum replied and Sam glanced over to me.

"I'm cool thanks," I told him and Mum passed him a couple of coins in exchange for a glass of fizzy black liquid. He put the coins next to the till and leant over looking at me.

"I guess this is about your ban," he said, his eyes boring into me with unflinching disdain.

"Well yeah."

I spluttered a bit and Mum glanced back towards the balding man. "Andy is a good worker," she told him. "And I don't want to lose him but he knows he is prone to losing his temper a bit."

"We saw that," Sam said firmly and tapped the counter.

"I can hardly be part of the Pubwatch scheme and employ someone who is banned," Mum said. "So if you really do want to keep him barred from your pub, I have to replace him." She hesitated and looked at him. "But I would rather not do that, he is reliable. And he has been working on his temper, but it's a bit of a family trait." Sam studied me for any hint of emotion but when he didn't see what he was looking for looked back at Mum. "He isn't a bad kid really, takes after me too much with his temper." Sam gave a rakish smile.

"You can say that again." Mum shrugged and took a sip of her drink. "You were scary all those years ago," he told her and looked over at me. He kept glancing at Mum and staring at me. "He can be a little quick to act, and makes mistakes from time to time, but we can all do that, can't we?" Sam gulped and sighed, before warning me that if I was ever caught in his pub doing something I shouldn't, he would call the Police. Mum nodded, and then added. "And then me."

I forced a tortured smile. Was I unbanned then? Mum drank the last of her small drink and shook Sam's hand before we left. "See?" Mum said as we crossed the road again. "It wasn't difficult at all."

"Yeah talk to him and ask," I responded. "Now why didn't I think of that?"

Mum stopped and glared at me. "Well if you learned to control yourself, that wouldn't have been necessary, would it?"

"No," I muttered and Mum got into her car.

“Learn from it,” Mum told me as she started the engine. “That’s all I ever ask, learn from your mistakes. We all mess up from time to time, just make sure you don’t do it again.”

I nodded, but the biggest lesson recently had not come from Sam, or Sarah, Rhea, Zoe or Mum, but from Vanessa: the more I thought of it, the more I wanted some more of that wonderful buzz, even though I knew it was a really bad idea.

* * * * *

Mum asked if I could clean the flat early as they were having builders in to do some minor adjustments to the girls’ changing rooms and they wanted to put a sheet over the clean tables before dusting them shortly before opening.

Mum rarely complained about the cost of keeping her nightclub tidy and well maintained, but I knew she did pay out a sizeable amount in basic maintenance (I had to double-check her ledger so I had some idea of payments to JP McGiven and Sons amongst others).

Abi burst into the bowling alley and looked for me, flushed. She was panting and had clearly ran to meet me, and gave a breathless “hi” when she saw me tying my shoelaces, next to a big bag of photography gear from the local camera shop; I had bought two batteries, fifteen films and treated myself to a new flash, filter and lens, halving my current account balance at a stroke.

“Sorry. Angela held me up. Getting stuff ready for tomorrow,” she moaned. “You been chatting?”

I nodded; I had spoken to her on the 'phone earlier in the day and yawned. “Sorry. We are on the second lane,” I told her, pointing towards the edge of the bowling alley as she went over to change her shoes. I had already paid for the lane and sauntered over to set up our names on the computer.

Abi had taken up my offer of bowling, and as she had worked on Friday, and I had to clean the club we made it a lunchtime start. “Oh why am I first?”

“Alphabetical. Abi comes before Andy. And Kennedy comes before Williams. It’s you.”

“Can we get the sides up? Kevin’s not here.”

“No,” I replied, a little sharply and derisory. “We won’t need ‘em.” Abi scowled at me and picked up the heaviest ball on stand and then struggled down the approach. It didn’t strike a single pin, falling into the gutter several feet from the skittles. “Don’t you remember anything from what I taught you?”

She looked at me and bit her lip. “OK” she muttered and I then offered to put the barriers up, but she didn’t want them as she managed five pins. Abi twirled around triumphantly her brown-red hair swinging out and she blew me a kiss.

“You ready for tomorrow?” I asked. Abi nodded with a coy grin and stood next to me as I bowled a strike.

“I was sort of nervous about it before, but Angela said she’ll be there, her boyfriend’ll be there, I knew you asked Scarlet and she might bring her boyfriend. Angela’s asked Gemma. Sarah and you, so it’ll be fun.”

“And teach you to have a bit more faith?”

Abi scoffed. "A bit less faith! I was sure you'd be with her by now. What is it? Don't you put any effort in going down on her?" I spluttered but she shook her head and glared at me. "You two would be perfect together, and because I thought I had trained you well I bet you would be hers. But I ain't banking on you being a shy little boy."

"I'm not a little boy," I told her, a bit too loudly as she hit the gutter for the third time in four bowls.

"No?" Abi asked as I retrieved a heavier ball than before. "Then don't act like it. Seize the day!"

I stretched as the pins came up and hit a handful of pins, swearing as I returned to the balls. "She doesn't want me, not yet. We'll get there," I promised her with more conviction than I felt. "If it's meant to be."

Abi snarled and watched as I downed my remaining pins and then shook her head. "Sometimes you need a bloody rocket up your arse," she threatened. "You'll lose her if you don't tell her."

I sniffed and watched as she picked up the ball, going up behind her and whispering in her. "Who says I am not just enjoying myself with all these uncomplicated women?" I asked and Abi turned to me after she bowled her ball into the gutter.

"Cause it's not a long-term route to happiness," she said firmly and licked her lips. "And if Sarah isn't your Miss Right, I'll eat a hundred hats."

* * * * *

Rhea sat on the couch with a miserable face and scowled at me as I came into the room. "What's got into you?" I asked the moment I saw her.

She frowned and glanced at a bag on the table and then back to me. "Nothing," she said huffily. "But you are in a good mood so I know what's got into Abi. Or Sarah. Or Zoe. Or—"

"We went bowling," I told her. "So what has got into you? You have a face like a slapped monkey."

Rhea cocked her head for a moment and glared at me. "What sort of face does a slapped monkey have?" She pondered this for a moment. "I mean are there people slapping monkeys and drawing faces so you are able to make that an analogy?" She grunted and her scowl returned as she looked at me. "I got ripped off," she thundered. "By a stinking, nasty, despicable cunt."

"Whoa," I said and looked at the bag. "What happened?"

"I went to the record shop in the town centre and bought Simon a couple of supposedly genuine and brand new Nirvana vinyls. It cost me a small fortune." I looked at the bag and Rhea looked back at me. "Yeah, well one is scratched so bad it won't play. Simon looked at it and said it was well mangled but was touched by the gesture. But the record shop says it's not their fault so the smarmy bastard won't take it back and change it or give me my money back."

"So why didn't you check it? Before you bought it." Rhea sighed.

"What the fuck do I know about records? Lock-picking, computer hacking, weapons, I can

do them. But records? How am I supposed to tell a good record from a shit one? That's like asking Lizzie Harper about chastity belts or the Spice Girls about singing."

I hummed. "Why not get Mum to go in with you?"

Rhea laughed. "Don't be flamin' ridiculous. I am not going to take it lying down. I mean, I went out the back and slashed his tyres, of course, that's a given, but I will get even. I am not having him take the piss. He is in so much fucking trouble."

"Rhea," I said in a firm voice and crouched down to be level with my angry sister. "Don't do anything stupid." I gripped her hands and stared into her eyes. "Please. Just speak to Mum and see if she can help. Or maybe I should come along with you."

Rhea scowled. "No need. I just don't like being taken for a fool. So there will be consequences."

"Right, Rhea. Don't. Please. You've already committed criminal damage, don't do anything rash or stupid. I mean Mum will kill you if she finds out about the tyres."

Rhea sniffed and wiped her nose. "I am not going to do anything stupid," she said firmly and then looked at me with a grin, getting up to turn on the games console. "But I do know exactly what I am going to do." I half wanted to ask her but Rhea just smiled and then challenged me a game on my PlayStation and I sat down to spend some quality time with my sister.

Simon joined us a little later; Rhea had bullied him into coming for tea, and I got up to let Rhea salvage some pride back in beating Simon at Need for Speed (she had lost the dozen or so races with me and getting increasingly annoyed about it).

Mum came through the interconnecting door and looked at me playing on the computer in the dining room and gave me a smirk. "You been on that all day," she said accusatory and I shook my head.

"No, how are the builders?"

"Finished," Mum replied and walked into the kitchen to start dinner, making us a quick tea of lasagne and chips while Simon and Rhea chatted.

"She wants to do what?" Rhea asked Simon as the two lovebirds sat down across the dinner table.

"She wants you to come over for Sunday dinner. Next Sunday, not tomorrow. To meet you," Simon replied unapologetically and Rhea shrugged. "Meet you properly, they only know you through us getting shouted at for the ..."

"Deception," I finished for him and Rhea shot me a dirty look.

"Why? They know me. They've met me in the street and stuff. Seen me at Church at the other end of the aisle."

"It's a good idea," Mum added. "We know Simon so it's only fair you should make an effort."

Rhea shot me a dirty look as I sniggered and then put the fork down to speak. "You see Rhea is probably the nightmare Emma has for her son. She will want Simon to go out with

a calm, respectable, dignified, decent young lady and what Simon has is ... well, Rhea.”

Rhea grunted and waved her fork in my direction. “Do you want to get stabbed?”

“See,” I said with a shrug. “And Rhea knows this which is why she has so far avoided extended spells in the company of Simon's family, am I right?”

Rhea growled at me. “Piss off! No. I will just have to be decent and respectful. I can do that.” Mum and I grinned but Rhea interrupted. “You're hardly a paragon of virtue yourself.”

“But I don't need to be. I haven't got parents of girlfriends or boyfriends to impress. You do,” I teased with a smirk.

Simon interrupted our sniggering. “Rhea, you'll be fine. Zoe was going to invite Andy as John is inviting his girlfriend so he'll be ...”

Rhea's grin spluttered into life with this and she waved her cutlery at me. “The 'I don't need to be' brother, does. This'll be fun.”

“Paula's parents liked me. Abi's parents did too and I've not a problem with Sarah's parents and I've already met Emma and Andrew many times.”

“Paula's parents liked you because you helped in the shop and kept Paula and her psycho babble away from them on your little walks.”

“Hikes, Rhea. We used to walk for miles. Paula loved hiking not walking.”

“Well anyway Abi's parents liked you because you got pissed and stood up to her brother. Sarah's parents only like you because you keep Sarah ... satisfied and out of their hair? None of those are going to work here are they?”

I hummed. “Of course Rhea, if Emma and Andrew did dislike me. Think I was a bad influence on Zoe and that I was rude and disrespectful and all that, they might decide they don't want their children mixing with this family. Now who else would that affect, I wonder?”

Mum shot me a dangerous look and Rhea threw her cutlery on the plate. “There is no way Zoe can invite Andy. She can invite Sarah, surely. They've spent enough time writhing in bed with one another, can't she take her girlfriend instead of my bloody brother?”

I looked at Mum wincing who shot me a 'is this true?' look. My face answered it for her but then she had spent so much time with Zoe, she already knew it was probably true. “Andy will behave, won't you?” Mum glanced over at me and I nodded.

“Of course, I wouldn't miss Rhea trying to be calm and respectful for anything,” I replied and Simon gave a small titter which attracted a dirty look from his girlfriend. “This is so going to end in tears,” I joked and laughed, only to have my entertainment cut short by a fork lacerating my hand and a malicious sister on the end of it.

After tea I retired to my room; I knew I needed to get an early night – I had to get up earlier to clean the club, be at my most virile to service Abi and then be wide awake to photograph at the orgy, but try as I might I couldn't relax and instead sat down to finish my story about Sarah and a whole dose of nudity.

* * * * *

Sarah and I had arranged to meet Abi at her house at midday, I had cleaned the club and had a brief lunch and met Sarah at the top of Abi's road.

I do not know what Abi confessed to Mum, but I did get a funny look when I told her that I was spending the day with Abi and I suspected that she knew something although she said nothing if she did. I had also told her that I would probably be home late in the evening and only managed to avoid extended questioning when Rhea appeared holding a small red sex toy and complained that we were out of "double-A" batteries as she searched in the kitchen drawer: Mum's eyebrows went up several notches and I managed to disappear to the club as attention turned to my uncontrollable fifteen year old sister and her illicit vibrator.

Sarah, dressed in her tartan skirt, gave me a kiss on the lips and we walked down the street to Abi's flat. We stopped outside and I pulled out my phone, sending the seductive ecdysiast a text message to tell her to greet us naked. Sarah giggled as I sent it, and we waited for two minutes before knocking on her stout black door.

A nervous head emerged and we smiled as she opened the door as tentatively as she could which I pushed past her and she quickly closed it. "Andy," she said nervously and Angela appeared from the kitchen.

"Angela," I called out and she scowled. "Sorry is it Heather and Isobel today?"

"Please," Heather said firmly and she looked at the naked Isobel who took Sarah's coat and then mine. "We are expecting Gemma, Scarlet and her boyfriend, plus Tony."

"Tony?"

"Angela's, sorry ... Heather's partner," Isobel said firmly I looked at Sarah.

"If only we could have invited Zoe," I teased and we instructed Abi, known as Isobel for the afternoon, to make us cups of tea. Scarlet and her boyfriend were the first to arrive and Isobel returned with a flustered looking man who looked barely older than ourselves.

"Eddie," Scarlet, dressed in a tight top and jeans, introduced her boyfriend, almost as tall as me with unkempt hair; he looked scared and I held out my hand to shake it. He looked at Scarlet before he did and she just flashed him a smile.

Tony, a tall but rotund taxi driver with short black hair was the next to arrive, followed by Gemma who was ten minutes late, and Isobel had provided us all with drinks and had laid out all the unwrapped condoms I had embarrassingly bought on the way to the house on the coffee table – sorted into four piles.

Eddie's eyes widened when I made her sort them and I leant back in my chair. "What's Scarlet told you about this afternoon?"

"Scarlet?" Eddie asked and I looked towards his girlfriend.

"We call her Scarlet."

"That's my name to everyone at the club," Scarlet finished for me and Eddie stared at her open mouthed.

"But you're ..."

"It's not important," I finished for him.

"So you're not Andy?"

"I am Andy," I replied. "I must be one of the only people not to have a pseudonym." I waited for him to digest this for a moment and then repeated my question. "So, what's Scarlet told you about today?"

"Errr ... just that some girl had lost a bet and she was being a slave to people."

I looked at Isobel, kneeling on the floor and gave a snort. "Well, she's going to get fucked. And she knows it. Isn't that right?"

Isobel laughed and I pointed towards Sarah. "Perhaps she would like a kiss, I mean she won as well." Eddie's eyes nearly popped out as Isobel crawled over and gave Sarah a kiss on the lips. I was going to have her kiss everyone, but Sarah being Sarah was impatient.

"Not those lips," Sarah barked and slid her tartan skirt up to reveal a knickerless, shaved crotch. She watched me groan and smiled. "I got them in my handbag but I knew I'd be better without them," she explained and we watched spellbound as Sarah sighed appreciatively as Isobel kissed and seduced Sarah's crack.

Sarah was always quick to get excited and with an audience had slumped in the chair and had gratefully orgasmed twice, the air thick with the scent of Sarah's arousal.

Gemma was next to experience Isobel's charms as our sex slave lavished love onto her colleague's twat and then ate out her housemate, Heather, to a vocal orgasm that echoed off the walls. I could see prominent tenting from all three of us guys in the room as Heather came and Tony looked invitingly at me.

"Isobel, our mutual friend is owed something." She looked at Tony's expectant gaze and then back at me. I nodded and she crawled over, gently undoing the trousers of the tall man and sliding them down to his ankles. He struggled to step out of them, but removed his shirt and waiting for Isobel to kiss his cock.

He was wearing just his black socks and looked a little ridiculous but we said nothing and Isobel reached for a condom and seemed to suck it on. I looked at Gemma with wide eyes and she just shrugged. "It's an old trick," she told me and then explained that it meant you could guarantee that nothing untoward from the guy touched the outside of the condom. I squinted as I considered it and she picked up the condom and held it by the fingers. "Get your keks off then," she barked and I slid my trousers and underwear off.

Gemma put the condom on the end of my member and then brought her mouth over my cock, sliding it down with her lips and tongue. "Wow," was all I could say and the tattooed stripper just rolled her tongue over the head and then looked up at me. She smiled as my face contorted and Sarah giggled.

"He's found a great way to get a blow job," she announced but most of the eyes were on the centre of the room as Isobel had been flicked onto her back and Tony had slid his cock into the vivacious girl. I tried to tell Scarlet to join in, but my words came out incomprehensible as Gemma sucked on my cock.

I was horny but Gemma was incredible at what she did and I gripped thin air, before stroking her black hair. She gave a nasal grunt as her hands touched the base of my cock

and she ran her tongue underneath my head.

I closed my eyes and heard Scarlet comment to Sarah but exhaled sharply as I came, filling the condom with my seed. Gemma looked up at me and smirked. "As I said, an old trick."

I slouched back and took a few deep breaths; it was supposed to be Isobel getting "used" not Gemma, but Sarah leant over and asked if Gemma could show her how to do it.

Gemma looked at me, sated and then at Tony busy ramming his sheathed cock into Isobel. "Eddie, I want to borrow you," Sarah told him and grabbed two condoms from the side. Eddie looked up at his girlfriend sitting next to him on the floor, but Sarah strode over and told him to remove his clothes. "I ain't doing it through a fly."

I listened as Gemma guided my classmate through the process of putting the condom on the guy and then sliding it with her mouth; Sarah messed up on her first go but was much better on the second although Gemma told her to practice on a shampoo or deodorant bottle.

Sarah was in "that mood" and was not going to stop at applying a condom and, just like Gemma, slid her mouth over Eddie's organ. Gemma whispered in her ear, telling her to run her tongue under the head and to suckle it gently. I barely listened, but while Sarah gave good head, the dancers from the club gave it better and Sarah was happy to listen to the experienced Gemma direct her. I wondered about the next time she went down on me if she would retain the experience Gemma was giving her but put it out of my mind; Sarah was not mine and I should not be having such thoughts.

Eddie was in another place, and Scarlet got up and came behind him stroking his back and squeezing his chest as my classmate gleefully sucked his member. Sarah slid a hand between Eddie's legs and he cried out as Sarah bobbed up and down. Gemma whispered in Sarah's ear again and Eddie's face twisted and his body writhed as my wild classmate brought him to orgasm.

Sarah looked up at me with raised eyebrows, triumphantly smirking and rubbing her hands. "I'm gonna have so much fun tryin' this out."

I gestured for her to come up and I kissed her, as she lay on me, our tongues meeting and massaging. "Does that mean 69 is going to be even better?" I asked, ignoring the fact she had a boyfriend and she nodded, running her hands down my chest.

"Much better," she promised and we turned around to watch Tony withdraw from the dishevelled Isobel with a drooping condom. Heather took him to the bathroom to remove it and get cleaned up and Isobel looked at Sarah and myself.

I asked Heather to pass me some rope but she gave me some handcuffs and I beckoned a worried looking Isobel to lie down next to the smallest of the nest of tables, fastening her wrists to the legs that bent round in a "U" shape. I turned the table on its side so it couldn't fall and slid the handcuffs around it and then smiled at her. "I'll do anything you say anyway," she reminded me and I grinned.

I knew that we would want a break from the sex and instead tickled her under her arms, across her belly and then at the tops of her legs. She cried out, her body erupting into fits of giggles and she begged me to stop.

Sarah, Heather and Scarlet took my place and as I sat down next to the satisfied Eddie, Isobel was squealing for mercy – not that she was going to get it. Eddie was happy to bestow the virtues of Sarah's new found cocksucking expertise and I was happy to talk to him – he was coming out of his shell.

I threw Sarah the keys to the handcuffs after ten minutes, and after Isobel threatened to wet herself if we didn't let up and she removed our slave from her restraints. She lay slumped on the floor and I asked her to pass me a condom and put it on.

I was somewhat entertained by how easily I had fallen into the pack leader role, but Isobel looked at me with longing eyes as she applied the sheath and I spun her around so her face was in the lap of Tony.

Tony looked tired, but Heather passed him another condom and I watched as Isobel applied that also with my hands on her hips – she knew I was going to enter her “doggy” style and as her mouth slid over Tony's cock, I positioned my cock at her entrance.

To say Isobel was “wet” would be an understatement; there was hardly any friction as my member slid into her and she groaned over Tony's cock. I began slow, powerful thrusts and took deep breaths; the slick feeling was incredible and I felt my body tingle.

I was also being watched and was sharing this girl with someone else – it was my first real threesome and didn't feel self-conscious. I didn't know why: I knew I should have done. Instead, Isobel just grunted and groaned into Tony's cock and I pounded her cunt with deep motions.

I know she didn't come while I was having sex with her, but she kept squealing and yelling with every thrust. I felt the excitement well up inside my loins and closed my eyes as I filled the rubber sack full of my jism. I held my cock deep inside her for a few moments and then withdrew, panting furiously.

I looked behind me and saw Heather holding a weird harness that caused Sarah's eyes to light up. She begged to have a go, and Heather smirked. “She loves it,” she told her and I suddenly realised that my lover had also had a lesbian relationship as well with her housemate. If anything, it made her more sexy and I watched, my deflating cock surrounded by a limp condom.

Sarah fastened the harness and slid in a six-inch dildo that she covered in a condom and then looked at me. “I want one of these.”

“For what?” I quipped. “It ain't goin' in me and I doubt Kevin will want it in him.” Sarah scoffed as there was a ripple of laughter in the room and she positioned the fake cock at Isobel's entrance after smearing it with a lubricant.

Isobel gasped as Sarah buried it to the hilt, just as Tony squirted into his condom. Heather gestured for me to get up and I went to the bathroom to tie the condom up, wrap it in toilet paper and throw it into the bin. I washed my cock in the sink and dried it on more toilet paper, just as Tony came in. He nodded towards me, clearly a little unsettled at being in such a small room with another man, especially given our states of undress.

“Cracking girl she is,” he grunted and I just smiled. I returned to the room to see Sarah, still ramming her fake cock into Isobel, tell Eddie to sit where Tony was. He looked at Scarlet who had a condom in her hand and she just passed it to him; I guessed Scarlet was keen to give her boyfriend something, but Sarah put a stop to it as he positioned his lap in front

of Isobel.

Sarah stopped to allow Isobel to apply the condom in a couple of seconds – it was an art form in itself – and then resumed the thrusting into my lover's wet twat.

Eddie, who still had the stamina of youth, just sighed as his rigid cock was enveloped by Isobel, who was having her cunt pounded by her dildo attached to my friend. I watched Sarah's orbs bounce as she slammed into my lover and thought she looked as sexy as ever.

Isobel grunted and groaned, louder and louder. She cried every time she exhaled and gripped the thighs of Eddie. Sarah wasn't going to orgasm although she had a glassy, concupiscent look in her beautiful blue eyes but Isobel was approaching a climax.

So was Eddie, and he flooded his condom with his seed as Isobel stopped and cried loudly into the sweaty lap of the farmer. Her body shook and she panted, yelling loudly into the crowded room.

There was silence for a moment and Sarah withdrew her glistening dildo with a quiet sliding sound. She looked at me and smiled. "I want one."

"Well you can want," I replied and we watched Isobel sit up and pant loudly. "You OK?"

She nodded and smiled. "Yeah, but it's ummm ... intense."

Sarah unbuckled her dildo and took it inside the bathroom to wash it while I made everyone a cup of tea; I know it was Isobel's job but she was shagged out.

The chatter over the drink was sexual but not highly charged and Scarlet had her boyfriend rank the breasts in the room in order of loveliness and I got Isobel to do the same with the cocks (I won!)

Heather and Tony emerged from their bedroom fully dressed and she looked at Isobel. "You OK now? We got to meet Tony's folks for Sunday tea."

Isobel nodded and hugged Heather as Gemma pulled her trousers up. "I better go now too." She walked over to me, her black hair flicking as she walked and embraced the half-naked me with a kiss. "Thank you, it's been cool."

"You're welcome," I told them and she hugged Sarah. "Can I have that Maths lesson next week, we've just had an evil Maths test and there's some stuff I don't get in Mechanics."

"Sure," she replied and cocked her head. "You know my phone number."

I nodded and sniffed. "And thank you, for coming."

"No wearing her out," Heather warned me and we waved them out of the room. I looked at the remaining people and could see Eddie was still a little uncomfortable, something that Sarah picked up on too.

She pulled Eddie from his seat and looked at Scarlet; she seemed to have a telepathic conversation (she was good at those) before speaking. "May I have the pleasure of your boyfriend?"

The beautiful dancer laughed. "Of course." Eddie gulped as the naked Sarah kissed him

on the lips. "But he isn't Superman. Give him time to recover."

"I know," Sarah told her and looked at the clock. "I got an hour." She clicked her fingers towards Isobel "And you," she told her. "I want to give this young man a lesbian show! And who knows what else if he misbehaves?"

Scarlet and I traded grins. "Are you sure you don't work in the club?" I asked her and she cocked her head.

"No, but I want to. Just once at least. It looks so cool."

I shook my head as Sarah, Eddie and Isobel left the room and I stretched my legs. "He's a nice lad," I muttered and Scarlet smiled.

"Yes, he is. We met at the county show a few months back. He had some animals to display and I was just wandering 'round, saw him and got chatting." I smiled and she raised her eyebrows. "He, ummm, well he came second in what they were showing and once he and his brothers 'ad loaded the animals back on their van, I told him I would drop him off at the farm after we went for a drink. He was so shy," she mused and cocked her head looking at me.

"He's not been that shy today."

"Ahhh well, that's Sarah. She's a ..."

"Slut?" I asked and Scarlet laughed.

"You shouldn't call her a slut, that's not a nice word. Flirt"

"Sorry," I muttered but I didn't mean it. Even Sarah, at her most playful would always conceded to a degree to sluttiness on her part. "So what did you promise him to come?"

Scarlet giggled. "Nothing. Well I told him that there would be some sex to watch, and he might get a blow job, which he liked the sound of." I hummed in agreement and Scarlet flashed her warm smile that I was so fond of. "And that he was to enjoy himself as I would be."

I chortled at this and looked at her. "But you have been chronically unlooked after," I teased and she nodded.

"I know," she muttered and I stood up with a smirk and knelt in between her legs as she sat down on the chair.

"Would the lady like a kiss?"

She snorted and grinned back. "Isobel has always said that you were a natural with your tongue."

"Does she?" I asked, already knowing the answer and gazed into her warm expression. Our eyes met and I ran my tongue along my lips. "Only one way to see if that's true."

She smiled and hummed; I could see she was working out whether this was acceptable to her and Eddie and I just looked into her face. She took a deep breath and we heard passionate squeals through the thin walls and Scarlet's expression changed slightly – I knew the low grunt was neither Isobel or Sarah and that only left one other candidate.

"Yeah OK," she told me and unbuttoned her jeans. She had to kick me out of the way as she removed her skin tight trousers and frilly knickers.

I glanced up at her tight top and she threw it, and her lacy bra, on top of her other clothes, tracing her finger down my nose. "Now," she told me. "You are the only person with something on," she pointed out as she tapped me playfully on the nose.

I disrobed fully and pushed her back into the chair, pulling her legs forward so that her hips came towards me. She gasped as I did, and kissed the inside of her thigh, gently smooching her pale skin and getting closer to her shaved mons.

I expected her to "warm up" or become excited as I lavished warm kisses along her thigh and over the top of her labia but she was nonplussed and looked at me with a funny expression. "Sorry," she muttered when she saw my face. "Kissing my inner thigh does nothing for me. Just start off slow."

I murmured an apology and she threw a cushion on the floor. "If the young man would like to lie down," she gestured and pointed towards it. "Isobel said you preferred to do it from underneath."

"Does she talk 'bout much else?" I moaned and Scarlet smiled.

"Some nights start off slow, not much else to talk about," she replied as I put my head on the cushion with my legs facing the open doors to the kitchen, and Scarlet got up from the chair. I felt her movement on the floor before I could see her standing over me and she gently lowered herself so she was kneeling over my face.

Suddenly my erection stiffened instantly: there was something so indescribably amazing as servicing a young lady from that position and put my hands on her thighs.

The only negative part to this was the inability to slide a finger into her comfortably but this was a small price to pay. Scarlet sighed as I tentatively ran my tongue along her slit and I felt her body weight drop on my face slightly. She shifted her weight and wriggled as my tongue swept up and down her crack; she was almost as sweet as Sarah and had clearly not had a shower that day; her scent was strong and groaned as my tongue flicked her pearl.

I slid my hands up her body and rolled her breasts in my hands, touching the nipples as my tongue sucked on her button. Her moaning increased and she grunted and groaned louder than ever.

Scarlet leant over and took my erect cock in her mouth, sucking on the tip and groaning over it as my tongue poked her hole. I stared straight into her asshole as my hands squeezed her nipples.

Scarlet squealed; her voice vibrating against my cock in her mouth. I was nearing the point of no return, she was good at what she did but I poked her clit with my tongue and tried to get inside her tight hood.

She devoured my cock, sucking and swirling her tongue around my head passionately as if her life depended on it. It was wonderful and I closed my eyes to savour the sensation, groaning appreciatively into her clitoris.

Scarlet slid a hand between my legs and moved her mouth away from my cock and sucked on my testicles. I grunted into her shaven crotch and heard a groan. I put my

hands underneath her and rolled her nipples again as I flicked her clit and she squealed.

I felt myself welling up and mumbled into her clit. She sensed something as she moved her lips away and began to pump my cock as my fingers squeezed her nipples harder and I sucked on her pearl.

Scarlet mewed through her nose as her legs shook and she screamed as she exhaled. She was in the throws of her orgasm and I watched her anus quiver as she pumped my rod forcefully.

I squirted with a sigh, Scarlet was good, but I didn't stop devouring the button of the stripper until she stopped me - "it was too much." She leant over to get a tissue and wiped the end of my cock, and her hand before climbing off of me.

I looked at the flushed face of Scarlet and I moved in to kiss her on the lips, but she resisted. "Only Eddie kisses me," she told me, which I considered slightly odd given she had just allowed me to stick my face into her cunt, but she kissed me on the cheek.

"Shall we go find your Eddie?" I asked and held out my hand to pull her to her feet. I put my arms around her from behind and whispered into her ear. "Eddie is a very lucky man," I said and she flashed a smile at me.

It occurred to me how much I had changed from the day Paula had left; I would never had had the confidence to put my arms around a naked stripper but I felt like I was not out of my depth. It was almost unreal and I was a different person to who I was all those months ago: it was all Abi's doing.

Scarlet gently pushed open the door to Isobel's bedroom and grinned, Isobel and Sarah were doing "69" on the bed and Eddie was standing up with his cock deep into my classmate.

I put my arm around Scarlet and she looked up at me. "I think he's happy," I muttered and Scarlet just giggled as she stared into my eyes.

"I think so to," she whispered and pursed her lips.

"You OK?" I asked as she stared at the naked rear of her partner thrusting into Sarah. She nodded but didn't answer and I could tell that she wasn't. I tugged at her arm but she stood steadfastly and had to pull her away, before we closed the door quietly. She dabbed her eyes. "You're not OK?"

"I am," she said resolutely and pursed her lips. "It's just unexpected. We only started having sex a month ago."

"Oh," I muttered and she licked her lips.

"And I know he is more Sarah's age than mine, but he was so scared of doing it for the first time."

I leant back against the cold wall and shrugged. "Abi and me ... sorry, Isobel and me, only did it for the first time a couple of months ago." She pursed her lips as I spoke and exhaled sharply.

"It's OK," she promised. "I just didn't expect it. He's not very sexual, he's always too tired and he's too shy. I just didn't think he would do that. Watch maybe but not that. I sort of

hoped in coming here it might loosen him up a bit.”

I laughed warmly at her, and she smiled in return. “So Sarah's coaxed him out of his shell?”

Scarlet nodded. “Yeah. And I can't complain, after what I do for a job but I just didn't expect him to screw, it's a bit of a shock.” She looked at me and smiled. “I'm not upset,” she promised. “It's good. 'Cause I want to tie him to the bed and do all sorts, but he won't.”

“You can tie me to the bed,” I blurted out and she laughed at my horrified expression as I realised what I said.

We heard the bed creak and opened the door to see Sarah showing Eddie how to tie and then wrap the used condom in tissue paper. Isobel was looking decidedly flushed and asked if we could finish the afternoon as she had had enough.

I agreed, once Isobel had apologised to Sarah for doubting her relationship, and Sarah told Eddie and myself to leave the girls alone to get cleaned and dressed; the afternoon's activities had taken their course nicely and had drawn to a natural conclusion.

Sarah and Scarlet retrieved their clothing from the front room and Eddie went to “wash” himself in the small bathroom before joining me in the lounge. He looked into the room and I gestured towards him adjusting his trousers. “Sit down, the girls'll be ages.” He bit his lip and hovered and I glanced over at him as I slid my T-Shirt over my head. “I don't think we've been properly introduced,” I told him and leant back in the chair. “Andy, Andy Williams.”

“You did the photos?” I nodded and he came and sat down. “Cleaner or something?”

“Yeah,” I told him, not feeling the need to elaborate on my relationship with the proprietor of the venue. “She was very photogenic.” He tensed and he nodded and I saw the flicker of jealousy in his eyes. “You like them, she did them for you.”

He nodded, and I detected his uneasy body language and he laid back on his armchair. “She's sexy. She's ... ummm ... well she's wonderful.”

“Scarlet said something about a farm,” I asked and he nodded.

“My family owns a farm, out towards Buckingham. We got cows and sheep, chickens. I just wish she didn't work at the club but she won't give it up.” I shrugged and he just stared at the skirtingboard. “I could do with the help on the farm, Dad's not too well and it's tough with just my brothers, but she dain't want to know. Says she wants her own money”

“Farming is quite intense though? I mean, it's not for everyone, is it?” I offered, not quite sure what to say, and he licked his lips and took a deep breath.

“I know, she's no farm girl. And I'm lucky to 'ave her, I mean, she's pretty special – both me brothers say so - which is why I don't want her there. I worry about her, but she says she is OK ...”

“But you don't believe her?”

He shook his head. “No. I know she won't tell me if something's wrong and she won't let me visit. I want to see what she does.”

I hummed and took a deep breath. "Maybe it's for the best if you don't," I offered and she shook his head.

"She said boyfriends aren't allowed in, but I just want to know. I'd be happy if I know."

"Really? I'm not sure I would."

"I would," Eddie begged. "Can you get me in?"

"I don't think ..."

"I'd be very grateful," he begged. "And I'd be happier with her being there."

I rubbed my chin. "I can't, but I know someone who can. When's she working?"

"Tuesday, Friday, Saturday," he told me with a snort and I thought for a moment. "Can you come Tuesday; I know just the person," I promised and scribbled my mobile number on a piece of paper. "My sister'll get you in."

"She got keys?"

I laughed. "Hell no. She's fifteen. But she can do disguises very well."

Eddie had just enough time to file my mobile number away before Sarah, Isobel (still naked) and Scarlet emerged. Sarah looked towards me and gave me a wry smile. "You done?" She asked with a smirk.

"Yeah, come on. I got to go." I got up and kissed Isobel on the cheek, hugging her tightly. "Thank you," I told her. "And next time don't make bets you can't win."

Isobel screwed up her face and pouted at me. "Rollover if you like. Until the end of October?"

"Most definitely not," Scarlet told her and squeezed Isobel's butt. "You'll be worn out, young lady."

Isobel turned and blew me a kiss, and as Sarah and I got to the door of the lounge Scarlet called out to me. "Andy, I meant to tell you. Yesterday, when I got home, there was a letter from a production company in London; they want me to go for a second audition."

I smiled. "Well done," I told her and she nodded.

"Yeah, I was bouncing yesterday." Eddie nodded at this and we finally said our goodbyes to get our coats. I felt something hard in the pocket and I walked back into the lounge to see the naked Isobel.

"Sorry, I almost forgot," I told her and Isobel's eyes twinkled as I knelt down next to her in the chair.

"I'm knackered," she moaned. "And slightly sore."

"No. Not sex," I told her and took out her ankle bracelet, putting it around her ankle. She smiled and looked at me, wiping her eyes.

"You shouldn't buy me things," Isobel told me. "Why?"

“Cause you are special to me,” I replied and Sarah smiled from the doorway.

“It's true,” she added. “He does talk about you.”

“But you are more special,” Isobel repeated to her which caused Sarah to blush.

I slapped her on the calf. “I've told you, I don't rank my friends, my special friends, by how special they are,” I told her and she pointed her toes. Isobel got up as I stood up and wrapped her arms around me, kissing me on the neck.

“Thank you. Thank you for today, it's been fun, and for this.” I hugged her and she wiped her eyes again. “But you need to be doing this to Sarah, not me,” she whispered and I shook my head.

“We will be having words,” I threatened – a well worn phrase thrown at Rhea by my mother and she looked a little sheepish. “If you keep saying things like that.”

Sarah and I said our goodbyes and we walked out into the drizzle. “What's up with Abi?” Sarah asked and I shrugged.

“Self-esteem,” I muttered back and looked up at the black clouds above us. “And she thinks that we, I mean me and you, would make an excellent couple and um ...”

“She is just keeping you warm for me?” Sarah finished with a smirk and I nodded.

“Something like that. But it makes it difficult,” I told her. “And I don't think like that.”

“You don't?” Sarah asked, her voice slightly subdued.

“You know what I think about both of you but no matter how hard I try she just doesn't truly believe that she means a lot to me. She seems to think you are a better friend, but I told her this is just silly. So I like to show her.”

“Hence the ankle bracelet?” Sarah enquired and smiled at me. “So if you don't rank your friends,” Sarah asked with a knowing smile. “Then why did I get diamonds and Zoe and Abi didn't?”

I sighed; I didn't want to answer that and grunted non-committally. I suppose, when I thought about it, knew that Zoe would suit the jewellery I got her, Sarah would love diamonds and Abi would adore the ankle chain (as I had never seen her wear one before)

I didn't know why this was the case but the reaction from all three showed that I was right and Sarah didn't press on that subject except to say that I had a “wonderful heart.”

She did, however, know exactly where I was going after my Sunday tea, and begged to come as we fought through the rain but I refused and she sulked up until I got my camera and made some sandwiches that we ate on the train.

Sarah was annoyed with me; she wanted to see “the orgy” and I had steadfastly refused so she resorted to talking about how wonderful Kevin was, purely to get a reaction from me.

I retaliated by telling her how many people committing sins of the flesh that I would see and her expression changed. Sarah scowled at me as I stopped at the top of the side street in Wendover. “Please,” she pleaded and looked at me. “Surely you need some help,

hold your camera. I'll be no bother.”

“No,” I told her firmly for the umpteenth time that day and she crossed her arms.

“I don't like you any more,” she muttered with a frown.

“Ahh,” I teased and moved in to kiss her on the lips, but she moved her head. “Your house is two minutes away. Can I walk you home?” Sarah refused and I sighed. “Look, when I've done the first one and can tell you what to expect and have time to teach you about the camera, I'll let you,” I promised. “Dad spent three summers teaching me about cameras and lighting and I learnt so much from Ray and his dad. It's not an instant thing.”

Sarah wasn't placated and her scowl never left her face. “But ... why not now?”

I groaned. “Cause I owe it to Olivia. It's not easy and I need to work out a lot of stuff myself. I can't keep an eye on you ...”

“Keep an eye on me?” Sarah thundered angrily. “I am not a two year old.”

“I know, look I know you're angry with me and I know why but I promise, if you want to do it next time, and I am allowed an assistant, you can be that assistant.” Sarah still scowled at me and I raised my eyebrows. “I promise.” Sarah snorted in disbelief and I licked my lips. “And if I don't I will let you see my portfolio.” She gulped and this seemed to be enough to bring her back to the land of contentment; she was still “mightily dischuffed” about it all, but she would have to stay “mightily dischuffed” and I pulled out a dozen pages of A4 from my camera bag and gave it to her.

“What's this?”

“My story,” I said calmly. “About you.” Sarah's face lit up and she turned it over in her hand before kissing me on the lips.

“I want to hear all about it,” she told me forcefully. “I mean it, all about it.” She made me promise that I wouldn't omit anything and I watched as she skipped along the road, until she got to the corner with St James Way. “You're a bloody pain,” I muttered towards her as she disappeared from view. “Why can't you just be single like Abi?”

An ageing and slightly overweight man opened the big front door to the expansive house and he looked at me. “Andy?”

“Yeah,” I muttered and he held out a hand, shaking it strongly.

“Come in, come in. I've heard so many good things about you. That girl, Olivia, ahh she reckons you got talent.” I blushed and smiled and he escorted me into the kitchen and offered me a beer. I paused and he laughed. “Listen, this is a house of debauchery, ya want a beer, have one. I ain't gonna tell your mum. Well not if you don't tell mine!”

He put me at ease and opened a bottle of ale, pouring it into a glass and I put my camera on the table. He looked at the bag as he passed me my drink and told me to join him around his house for a guided tour.

His needs were simple: there was a “dungeon” in the expansive cellar, a garden full of patio heaters and a hot tub, three bedrooms, and two lounges where action could take place. He explained that he wanted to get a good few action shots but also some of the ladies (and the men) in various states of dress and undress.

"I've got fifteen films, 36 like Olivia said," I told him as he walked into the garden and turned on the heaters.

"Oh right," he muttered and rubbed his hands. "We agreed ten 24's, I'll happily pay you extra if you get that many."

I laughed and stretched. "I don't buy 24's – 36's a pound more but you get so many more photos." He smiled as I watched the lighting change as the Sun dipped below the house. "Garden could be interesting; I'd need to use my flash as I might need to do in the dungeon, but that just messes with stuff, and I guess you want the darkness to be in shot."

He smiled. "I ain't no photographer. I tried it once, and just got feet and willies. Couldn't tell who was who." He waited for me to laugh and then turned his hot tub on to bubble. "And I got one of those video camera things – the ones the size of Bulgaria and that was shit as well. I need someone who is good, and discreet." I nodded and he sat down at a garden table, indicating for me to join him – it was a warm, clear night – the rain had passed but there were a dozen patio heaters, a hot tub and loads of lights. "Now, I want you to just float in and out, just float 'round, make sure you get pictures of everyone – loads of pictures of everyone, don't gawp. They all know you are coming so just open bedroom doors quietly, go in and shut them behind you." He looked at my quizzical expression and sighed. "If a bedroom door is closed then the people inside want privacy, they don't want any other guests. If it's open it's come watch and ask to join in, if you want to. But ya ain't joinin' in, so you can open it."

"Right, OK," I said breathlessly and finished my beer.

"And we have some very hot-blooded women, don't let them take advantage." I smiled and he shook his head. "I mean it, there are some young 'uns and they'd appreciate someone a bit younger for a screw ..." He trailed off and stretched his legs. "Teenage girls are good fun," he remarked. "But teenage boys are just too loud and immature normally so we only have a couple." He breathed a sigh as he considered what he said and then gestured towards me. "But don't take the bait. I'm payin' ya to do a job, not get ya knob polished."

I licked my lips and nodded. "It's OK, I've ... ummm ... done that before I came," I admitted and blushed. "It's complicated."

He gave a weak smile and I regretted my moment of candour but he shrugged and asked me if I needed a room to keep my stuff in which I didn't really but accepted the offer and he took me to his office and gave me a key.

I spent the next hour assessing every room and looking through my camera for lighting and focusing purposes; I didn't usually do this but then I didn't usually have hundreds of pounds riding on doing excellent pictures. I introduced myself to the first couple who came through the front doors and shook their hands; they seemed nervous and Robert told me to be less formal. "She's here to get fucked, several times, not come for a job interview," he told me as they went upstairs to get ready. "Go get yourself another beer, you need it."

I felt chastised and went into the kitchen to get a glass of water; I was feeling nervous and took deep breaths. I felt out of my depth and this wasn't a good feeling at all. It was a different world to the club and they had their own informal way of doing things and I was just too nervous.

I worried if I would say or do anything that would upset them but just downed my water and went to find a toilet; I was feeling anxious and needed to pee. Quite what I had drunk to

produce so much urine I did not know, my bladder had a near endless supply of the pale yellow liquid and it just came and didn't stop! What was wrong with me? My hands shook as I picked up my camera and slid the strap over my neck.

When I returned to the front room, the middle-aged lady had transformed into an Egyptian style goddess and I got a few poses of her on her own and with her naked husband in the lounge and then in the garden. I was almost disappointed when they got a glass of wine and sat down to talk in front of the porn films and a naked Robert saw my perplexed look.

"She's only just arrived; she ain't gonna screw her husband," he told me. "She can do that in her bedroom. She comes here to get screwed by other people."

A naked woman appeared from behind me and blew me a kiss. "I never screw my husband," she admitted. "Look at the size of that cock!" I blushed but Robert nodded and just shrugged.

"I ain't been blessed in that department," he muttered, and I didn't quite know what to say but the doorbell went and I resisted the urge to go and answer it myself to get away from Robert and his wife's embarrassing candour.

The next couple to arrive was a mother and daughter – the daughter barely looked older than me and was dressed in fishnet stockings – and only fishnet stockings. I coughed and asked to take them outside for a photo which they nodded and smiled at. The guests came thick and fast at this point, and I established a nice conveyor belt around a nice spot in the garden; I wanted to get a couple of each person before they had sex and smudged make up and removed what provocative clothing they had.

Robert was right, I was propositioned several times by hot-blooded women (and once by a hot-blooded man) but I was sure it was just playfulness and exuberance. They knew I was there for taking photographs and that any dalliances (as Abi referred to them as) would be unprofessional.

Robert was happy with me taking pictures in the garden and called me into the dungeon just as the last couple were arriving. I descended the cold steps and saw the mother from the "mother and daughter" pair tied to a bench as a motor pushed a dildo into her twat and another into her anus, while a gag was stuffed in her mouth.

I couldn't resist and caught six photos as she neared and then tipped herself into orgasm: her screams echoing and her body writhing. The daughter introduced herself as Holly and watched. "She needs to spend a couple of cums on here," Holly told me. "It's been a few weeks." I gulped and Holly smiled at me, her beaming grin was infectious. I stared at her "runway" on her pubic hair and her pert bosom and angelic face. "You want some more of me?"

I nodded. "Why not?" I heard some footsteps on the stairs and a naked man came down, watching the mother scream herself to another orgasm. "Eric," she asked and looked at the middle-aged man with an impressive amount of chest hair. "Our photographer wants some shots of me, do you mind?" She gestured towards his cock and sank to her knees covering his manhood with a condom, and then pushing the sheathed cock between her lips. Eric closed his eyes and put his hands on the back of Holly's head, ramming his erect cock deep into her mouth and hearing her take snatched breaths.

"She's a fuckin' good cocksucker," Eric told me. "Don't care what that posh cunt says make sure she sucks you off 'fore you go home." He pushed her face away and looked into her

eyes. "You do that for our guest?" Holly nodded and I snapped a few more and then caught the mother's next climax; I guessed she would be getting sore, but she didn't say anything (not that she could through the gag)

I caught a few pictures of some of the guests come down to the cellar and be tied up on the cross, or flogged before I went back upstairs to the lounge and then onto the hot-tub. The air was thick with the scent of arousal and caught every combination of couples, threesomes and foursomes. Robert wiped his chin and smiled at me. "There's the odd bisexual guy," he admitted (I had already seen this) and he just gave me a coy grin. "Only Angela and Holly can suck better cock than me!" I thought he may have been a little tipsy but he walked in a straight line and did not smell of alcohol – he was just incredibly candid.

I was on my tenth film when I was called to a bedroom. A young girl – not Holly – was with four large gentlemen, part of ten who Robert had paid to come especially for the night. She had assembled a small crowd, and one of the gentleman was pounding her arse with an unreal amount of force; she seemed to be getting off on it as she gleefully took a second guy in her mouth and had semen dripping all over her. "Amy's a right slut," Holly whispered. "She used to come with her boyfriend but not any more."

"Right," I muttered as I shot the guy ejaculating over her face. "Seems to be enjoying it." I was certainly much more relaxed as I floated from one public sex act to another and was enjoying it; I felt like an adult.

"She will be," Holly muttered and I took a few more pictures before returning to the naked girl's side. She squeezed my butt cheeks and smiled at me.

"Is your mum still downstairs?" I asked and she nodded.

"Yeah, Robert's taken her down the end of the garden," she told me and I nodded, bidding her farewell and walking out of the bedroom, camera in hand and changing the film as I walked. I looked up to see a familiar face in front of me, naked and walking towards the bedroom I had just come out of.

"Angela?" I cried and Sarah's mother gasped.

"Oh Christ," she squealed, her hand clamped to her ashen face and then covering her nudity.

I was so very glad that I had resisted Sarah's attempts at joining me.

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 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

New Pleasures Chapter XIX

Sarah refuses to talk to Andy and Rhea has some interesting homework to do. Abi has an interesting way of taking Andy's mind off his troubles and Zoe drags her friend down to London to see her un-Christian uncle.

Excerpt: “It's a fucking disgrace,” my sister moaned as she burst into the lounge and Simon just groaned. “Fuckin' not 'aving it. He can fuck right off if he fucking thinks he can fuckin' say that. What the fuck is his fucking problem?”

Simon groaned. “Haven't you calmed down yet?”

“Fuck no. He can fuck the fuck off if he fuckin' thinks ...”

“Problem?” I asked and Rhea, still scowling threw herself down on the sofa.

“Can you fuckin' believe it?” She ranted.

To be released on, or before: 5th October 2012