

NEW PLeasures

Chapter Eighteen



By
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Credits and License

Codes: MF, oral, bdsm

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Preface

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

“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 XVIII

The naked Angela pulled me into an empty room and I looked at her as she covered her chest. "What are you doing here?" She barked in horror; I held up my camera to her obviously rhetorical question and she sighed. "Does Sarah know?"

I looked around the empty room and away from her. "No," I responded instantly, still in shock. "Well, she knows I'm here photographing naked people but ..."

Angela rubbed her mouth. "You are not to tell her, Andy. Please."

"I won't. I won't," I frantically promised and glanced at her. "Honestly." She sighed and looked at me suspiciously before nodding. "And please don't tell Mum," I asked. "She doesn't know and I am not sure if she would be OK with it." Angela bit her lip and took a deep breath. She went to protest and I looked at her. "You want me to keep your secret, keep mine." Angela mumbled and looked down at the floor as I held out my camera. "Now, can I get some pictures?"

"Not of me," she hissed and I glanced down to her shaved mons – a look she shared with her daughter.

"Why? That's my job," I told her with a smirk. "That's what I am here for. And I haven't got any of you."

Angela snarled. "And you are not getting any," she barked with a firmness.

"Why?"

"Because ... because ... I can't have you having pictures of me like that," she whispered in hushed tones. "You're ... you're too young to have them."

"I'm not getting them. When I leave tonight, Robert's 'avin' all the films. I'm not takin' the pictures home. I mean I wouldn't mind a few for my portfolio but I doubt I'll get them."

Angela shook her head and pulled her arms closer to her chest. "No," she snapped. "It would be ... I am not having sex in front of my daughter's boyfriend."

"I am not your daughter's boyfriend," I fizzed. "I would very much like to be your daughter's boyfriend, but I am not."

Angela snorted. "Yes, well we would quite like you to be our daughter's boyfriend as well, but that's just semantics. You are Sarah's classmate at least and we both know you are lot more than that, so I am definitely not having sex in front of you."

I looked up at the ceiling and sighed. "Well can you explain that to Robert?" I asked. "I've been told to get a good few of everyone and you're refusing." Angela's face twisted and she scowled. "The only one who's refusing. He said everyone knew."

"I ... ummm ... it's difficult," she muttered and then shrugged. "It was my idea to get a photographer." I tutted and she shrugged apologetically. "Well it was you taking photos of Sarah that got me thinking," she said with a distressed tone to her voice. "We aren't getting any younger and we wanted to get on record what we've got and to have a few piccies and the like."

"You aren't going to get it on record if you are being prudish."

Angela's eyes narrowed. "I am not prudish, I've had sex hundreds of times with every guy who comes here. And most of the women." She paced away from me and came back. "Doing it in front of you is crossing a line," she told me, jabbing her finger into my shoulder.

I groaned. "Well it's up to you, but if I don't do what I've been told to do I don't get paid. So can you tell Robert that it's your choice?" Her face fell and I just sighed. "Please."

"I can't," she mumbled. "It's so embarrassing."

I took a deep breath; Angela either needed to get her end away on camera or explain all to Robert, or I could lose out on getting paid. I stared at the wall for inspiration. "Or just think, I've got the daughter," I said with a smile. "Can I have the mother now?"

"And the father," Angela finished for me. "We are both here." I held up my camera again and then she shook her head. "Andy, it's just ... weird."

"If it makes you feel any better, I've seen tons of orgasms and plenty of twats, tits, arses and cocks; it's just more of the same," I lied; the evening had given me a permanent erection and it had certainly not disappeared when I had seen the naked Angela. She giggled in the same way Sarah did and she sat down on the bed.

"Of all the people Robert to pick, why did he have to pick the only person I know with a bloody camera?" I shifted uneasily and she looked up at me. "Sorry, it's just not what I expected to happen. And if Sarah found out, it would be a nightmare."

"You mean she will want to come," I teased and the naked mother snorted.

"She is too young," Angela told me and I thought back to Abi's house earlier in the day; Sarah didn't think she was too young – but then Sarah also didn't think she was too young to work in an adult nightclub, so could see why her mother was quite keen to not enter into that discussion. "I don't care if Robert thinks they can come when they are sixteen, Sarah will not be coming while I have anything to do with it," she said forcefully and looked back at me. "She won't understand loveless sex."

"She understands sex with Kevin," I muttered but Angela didn't say much to my cheap jibe and just stared at me nervously shifting with my camera.

"OK. I'll let you get a few shots. But if Sarah finds out about me I'll bloody swing for you." I smiled at her and she raised her eyebrows. "I mean it. And I'll stop her from sleeping over at your house, with all that that entails," she told me cryptically. "And don't think I don't know."

"I know you do," I told her as she left the room. It was weird photographing someone I knew and she never relaxed with me in the corner of the room so I left her alone, used a film up in the dungeon – BDSM was certainly hot – and then found Angela with two of Robert's guests and her husband. I could capture her activities from a distance using my zoom, and although I am not sure all of the pictures came out fantastically, I was able to get her in flagrante au naturel without her sensing my presence!

The evening started to draw to a close around 11:30pm and as the number of guests thinned, I used the last of my film in one of the bedrooms. I retired to the study and put all fifteen films in their cases and then left them on Robert's desk in a row.

I was feeling decidedly unsatisfied – my encounters at Abi's house were over eight hours previous and the environment in Robert's emporium of debauchery set my libido soaring. I had felt a dampness in my shorts as my body secreted oodles of pre-cum and considered a trip to the toilet to relieve the pressure when Robert knocked and opened the door.

He stood there, dressed in just a pair of women's fishnet stockings and walked over to me. "You done?"

"Yeah," I muttered and counted out the fifteen films to him, deliberately averting my eyes. "All done. There should be around five fifty, maybe five sixty there," I told him. "Should be OK, I know the odd one mightn't be perfect but I think I got some decent shots. Particularly in the dungeon."

He strode over and opened a cabinet and I heard a grating sound. There was a metal clunk and he opened a stout metal door around a foot square in size which he then put the films into. He passed me an envelope and thanked me. "Liked the way you blended in, kiddo. Was good." I smiled and nodded as he locked the safe and I picked up my bag. "Hey, something to tell your school friends. Just don't go up to one of 'em in the street and start talking. There's some wives here who come without their hubbies, if you know what I mean."

I assured him I was discreet but he didn't say much else and I asked if I could get a lift to Aylesbury with someone, or else I would need to get a taxi back home. I did think of asking Sarah's mum if I could crash at her house, but thought that even Sarah would deduce where her mother had been if she arrived home with me!

"Holly goes that way," he told me and looked up. "She lives near Olivia. That OK?"

"Yeah, cheers. I'll go ask."

Holly was in the middle of a group of guys who were in various states of undress and I waited politely until she was finished, watching her in the corner of the room. She wiped her chin as the last gentleman unloaded into a condom in her mouth and she stood up, kissing one of them on the cheek. "Can't stay away," she teased as she saw me watching. "Want what Eric promised you?"

"Ahh well," I started and saw the unmistakable flash of Robert's brightly-coloured stockings in my peripheral vision. "I need a lift to Aylesbury, can I grab one with you?"

Holly glanced up at the clock and nodded. "I'll be leaving soon, not just yet. Is that OK?"

"Perfect," I told the naked girl and she flashed me a seductive smile before being picked up by a tall, stout gentleman and carried into the hot tub. I got a good twenty minutes or so watching the "action" winding down and talking to a naked couple about my camera. It seemed weird to be dressed while they were nude, but I almost forgot about my dress as we discussed exposure and aperture size.

Angela gave me a brief nod as she was about to leave and reminded me not to tell Sarah. She was dressed but I walked with her outside and spoke on the porch while William said his farewells around the remnants of the party; he a popular guest.

"Your secret is safe," I promised her for the umpteenth time and she stroked her long hair back. "I ain't gonna tell her what you've been up to but she does want to come next time and be my assistant."

Angela shrieked. "She can't Andy. She just can't."

"I know," I soothed. "But I did tell her that she could next time if I was allowed, and I could certainly have done with one." I wondered if Ray would be interested if I was going to be asked to do it again, and then thought of Abi and then Scarlet. Unfortunately the two people who would definitely want to do it – Rhea and Sarah – were completely unsuitable, for very different reasons.

Holly tapped me on the shoulder. "There you are," she cooed and I looked behind her to see her mother, with glassy eyes and a long coat covering her. "Want that lift?"

"Please," I muttered and bade goodbye to Angela, William and then to our kinky host.

Holly got in the driver's seat and looked over at me as I slid into her battered vehicle. "You OK?"

"Yeah," I muttered and she flicked her hair back.

"What?" She asked and I looked back at her mother slouched on the back seat. "She's been on the fucking machine in the dungeon. She'll be sore and shattered."

"I was there," I reminded her and Holly laughed.

"I know," she said and put my hand on the gear stick as she started the car. "You drive?" I shook my head. "First gear," she told me and guided my right hand onto the gearstick and pushed the lever left then up. She pressed the pedals and the vehicle moved off into the night. "You seem shocked by Mum that's all."

"Does seem a bit weird to have a daughter drive her mother to a swinger's party," I admitted and Holly shot me a pained expression. "What?"

"Second!" She barked and I changed gear. "You think single mothers should be sexless and frigid?"

"No," I answered immediately. "My Mum's single and I've walked in on her having sex." I thought back to the Dreamboy and Holly giggled, throwing her car into the corner and accelerating.

"Third! So you know then what it's like." I hesitated and she giggled. "And I like some of the older guys. Uni guys don't have that much experience," she told me and then pushed my hand into fourth gear. "Well some do but I ain't wanting to get the clap and the ones that aren't fussy. I've got some fun friends but I grew up here. That Robert, tiny cock, lizard tongue. And ..." I hummed and she glared at me. "You've just been there all night, you've seen what happens. Mum and me and you, we're adults, you can talk about sex you know."

"I know," I answered and she cackled. "I don't mind you talking about it."

Holly barely slowed for a roundabout and accelerated off into the night. "Of course, I love the tease and flirting normally but nothing beats a good party. You?" When I didn't answer immediately she looked over. "You do have a girlfriend, right?"

"I'm between girlfriends," I told her, quite truthfully. She gave me a patronising "ahhh" sound and I squeezed her thighs. "Oi!" She pushed herself back in the car seat and licked her lips.

“So how did you end up at Robert's?”

I returned my hand to her gear stick and looked out as the countryside flashed by. “I ... er ... well I took some naked pictures of some strippers and got them developed under the counter and Olivia passed my name onto Robert who wanted me to do this. How about you?”

Holly snorted. “Mum and Dad used to come, I found out when I was sixteen and Mum said no but when Dad ran off she said I could.” She studied my expression for a moment and bit her lip. “I learnt a lot there.”

“I was told that you gave the most unbelievable blow jobs.”

Holly laughed. “That's true. I possess a certain reputation,” she admitted and she put her hand on my knee. “That's something that Eric told you to experience. It's all in the practice; I've had lots of it. Girl called Fiona she took me under her wing. But it's not just the sex.” She gulped and she rubbed her hands over her worn steering wheel. “I ... umm ... learnt a lot of people skills,” she confessed. “Self esteem, that sort of thing.”

“Ahh well ...” my voice trailed off as I spoke and I rubbed my hands.

“I used by a shy, geeky girl,” Holly told me but I couldn't believe it. She was supremely confident and she read my mind. “I was always shy and scared of boys. Until I went there I had only been with two guys and they were pump and squirt.” She coughed and took a deep breath. “Do you know how much power there is in a blowjob? Seriously?”

“To be able to bite his cock off?” I asked and Holly just laughed loudly.

“To be able to make him so helpless yet so desperate at the same time.”

“But guys can do that to girls too,” I suggested and she scoffed, slowing for a junction and sliding my hand (and her car) into third gear.

“To a point,” she conceded but licked her lips seductively and pursed her lips. “But not in the same way. I can make any guy blinded and delirious,” she boasted.

Holly turned into a side street and parked the car on a drive. “Where am I?”

“Windmill Street is that way,” she told me pointing down the road, and town is down there and turn left,” she said, gesturing from where we had just come from.”But can you give me a hand with Mum?”

“She's not that far gone, is she?” I asked and Holly chuckled.

“No, but she'll just need some help.” Holly woke her mother, stretched out obscenely on the back seat and guided her to her feet. I unlocked the door with Holly's keys and waited as she gently escorted her upstairs and into her bed. She came back down with a smile. “She just gets so tired and she's been up since five. I don't want her tripping on her way upstairs,” she told me and walked into her spartan kitchen. “Beer?”

I hesitated and she took one out of the fridge and took the top off a cool lager gesturing for me to sit down at her table. “Cheers,” I muttered and she grabbed one and sat down opposite. I glanced up at the clock – it was past midnight and I knew I would have to leave soon; Mum would not be impressed if I was too late home.

I was not however, going to admit to an experienced swinger, and a very pretty girl, that I needed to be home for my Mum. She sat back, and took her coat off and her eyes gleamed. She was wearing a low-cut top and fidgeted. "If I wanted some photos," she asked with a shameless grin. "What's the price?"

I gave a titter. "Well, it's perfectly negotiable," I told her and rubbed my hands on my cold lager. She pouted and took a swig of her beer. "I, ummm, I charged forty pounds for the girls, a bit above cost, but if these photos come out OK I should clear two hundred." Holly whistled and took another swig.

"That's a decent amount. But then Robert is a rich, randy pig."

I sighed. "Yeah, I've got fifty today and if they come out OK I'll get the rest, but they should be OK," I told her. "I mean, I know I am no expert, but my Dad is pretty good and he's taught me and my best friend owns a studio and I don't get many bad photos."

She laughed at me and snorted. "I believe you. I know Robert tried to get some photos before, but he was useless and all the people who he can trust, visit and want to get their end away. 'Snot easy going to an orgy and keeping it in ya pants." I murmured an agreement and her eyes narrowed. "So if I wanted naked pictures. How much?"

"What dya want?" I asked. "I don't charge much." She ummed and licked her lips.

"I got some ideas," she told me.

"I took an empty envelope discarded on the table with a pencil and scribbled my mobile number. "Call me, when you know what you want," I told her. "And I'll shoot the photos; you know Olivia?"

Holly smiled. "Mum does."

"Yeah, well I'll shoot them and leave you the film to get developed. As a thank you for the ride." She smiled and took a deep breath.

"It's a bit cold for the woods," she mused and then raised her eyebrows. "But I know some empty offices," she told me and I finished my beer. "Or maybe ... I'll ring you, next week maybe if you can do it."

"Yeah, probably," I told her and wondered about Sarah. "Got College in the morning; I really better go."

Holly smiled and got up, her short skirt now visible. "I'll see ya-soon," she promised and showed me to the door.

I wasn't familiar with that part of Aylesbury but soon found the main road and had time to wonder what had just happened in the last few hours. I had not had time to contemplate Sarah's parents being swingers but the concupiscence that they undoubtedly possessed had certainly been passed to Sarah.

This made me speculate whether it made Sarah more or less attractive? Did I want to share my girlfriend, or later, a wife with other people? How would I feel when I saw the love of my life with another? I certainly never had any doubts at Abi's house when Tony took Abi and Eddie was with Sarah, but neither of them were my girlfriend. It was certainly a lifestyle that Sarah would want to be involved with, if she knew anything about it.

On the other hand, how would they feel if they saw me with another? In short, it was highly premature, Sarah was not my girlfriend – a job that no-one seemed interesting in wanting to fill – and was not wanting to be a swinger.

“Where the bloody hell have you been?” Mum asked as I walked past her at quarter to one in the morning. “You got school tomorrow.”

“College,” I corrected her and yawned. “And I am off to bed now, OK?”

“No, Andy. Not OK.”

“What?” I asked wearily and Mum got up to bar my passage.

“I want answers.”

“To what?”

“Where have you been?”

“Out,” I told her. “And I told you that I would be home late.”

She grunted and rubbed her nose. “I’ll ask again, where have you been?”

“Out.” I stared into her steely expression and she shook her head.

“Are you doing drugs?”

“No,” I snapped and pushed past her. She grabbed hold of my shoulder and pulled me back.

“You are not too old for a leathering,” she threatened and grabbed my camera. “If you won’t tell me where you went then I will confiscate this.”

“Oi,” I cried. “Give it back.”

She pointed towards the sofa and I threw myself into the armchair. “It’s late,” I moaned. “I want to go to bed.”

“Then you should have been home at a proper time,” Mum barked and took a couple of deep breaths. “Now I want answers, Andy. This isn’t a game.”

I groaned and shook my head. “Why does it bother you?” She stared at me and then at the camera; it didn’t take a genius to work out what I had been doing but Mum clearly wanted me to admit it. “Been out on a job,” I told her, omitting as much as I could.

She rubbed her face and tutted. “I’m quite relaxed, I let you get away with a lot other mothers don’t, but I’m not having you come home at one in the morning, ‘specially when you’ve got College in the morning.”

“It’s a one-off and it was a promise I made,” I told her and Mum hit the chair.

“Well you can unmake them,” she shouted. “College is really important Andy and certainly not worth flunking for a night with a pretty girl and a camera. Now you are grounded ‘til next weekend.”

“You can’t ground me, I’m sixteen,” I replied and all I got was raised eyebrows in return.

“Bloody watch me Andy. Not having you coming in at 1am. This isn't a bloody hotel.”

“Bloody not on,” I moaned as I got up and Mum glared at me as I wandered to the stairs.

“And next time I will throw away that camera,” she threatened. Why did Mum have to spoil a perfectly wonderful night?

* * * * *

“So I'm a S-L-U-T now?” Sarah whispered into my ear and it took a couple of moments before I realised what she was talking about.

“My story, oh yeah, you like?”

Sarah nodded and grinned. “I want to read the rest of the week,” she told me. “It was so hot.”

“Can I see yours now?” I asked and we were interrupted by Mrs. Buckingham striding to the front of the classroom. There was silence immediately and she pointed towards Jason to shut the door.

“I know Maths is tough,” she told us and I closed my eyes with trepidation. “But all it needs is a bit of hard work.” She waved some papers in front of her and took the top one. “Zoe Matheson, stand up.” I looked behind me and my blonde friend tentatively got to her feet. “If I divide x by the square root of x what do I have?” She gulped and went to speak before she turned to Sarah. “Tell her, Sarah.”

“Square root of x ?”

“Root of x ,” our teacher barked and threw the paper onto the chair of my friend. “Sit down.” She turned to Jason and had Sarah explain his error, and then worked her way around the class.

“And Sarah,” she shouted, turning to my friend who squeezed my hand under the table. “If you know all this,” she asked, “all of the answers to your friend's questions then explain to me why you thought the graph y equals x cubed plus two crossed y axis at 1?” Sarah gulped and Mrs Buckingham put the paper down in front of her. “It's sloppy,” she yelled and crossed her arms. “You won't get another chance in the exam. You fail in the exam.”

She picked up my paper and I felt myself shake. She looked at me and passed me a board marker. “As you like doing this so much, I should oblige,” she said with a smirk and tapped the top of her white board with a question from our exam.

I stood up, walked around Sarah and the rest of the class watched as I took the marker and started working it out, drawing the graph and highlighting the midway point and where it crossed both axis. While the marker squeaked Mrs Buckingham addressed the rest of the class and gave them their second collective bollocking in a week and turned just as I finished.

“Correct,” she snapped. “So why couldn't you write that in the exam?”

I stammered. “I did, didn't I?” She thrust my paper into my chest and I turned to the second page as I ambled back to my seat. “I did,” I told her interrupting what she was saying.

“No, you didn't,” she barked and I turned around and walked back holding my paper in

front of her.

“Yes I did,” I snapped. “Look.”

“Sit down.”

I shook my head and threw my paper on my desk, pulling the chair back loudly. “Bloody disgrace,” I muttered, deliberately loud enough for everyone to hear.

“How dare you interrupt my class?” she moaned and snatched the paper from my desk and then looked. “That could say anything. If I can't read it ...”

“... then you need better glasses,” I finished angrily without thinking and she swelled to her full height. “It is clear what it said. I got it right. You got it wrong.”

The murmuring in the class stopped instantly as everyone turned to watch Mrs Buckingham and I glaring at each other. “Don't you speak to me like that,” she shouted. “Get out,” the poisonous teacher hissed and I grabbed my bag and strode across the classroom – I had every pair of eyes on me as I slammed the door loudly; I was too tired for her unreasonableness and didn't have a lesson for another two hours – I always had a one hour gap after Maths on a Monday and then our break.

Instead of heading for library I ambled towards town: I was bored but ended up just idly walking around town, purchasing a new game for the PlayStation and a chocolate bar.

Sarah needled me when saw me in General Studies and I split my chocolate bar in two, passing her half of the KitKat. “She was well angry after you left,” she whispered. “Said that you were one of the rudest people she had ever met.”

“I'll get Rhea to do 'A' Level Maths then,” I replied. “Then she'll see rude.”

Sarah smirked but we listened to what the teacher had to say and then gave us an assignment which I made a cursory note of. I didn't want to do General Studies and was only doing it as it was a compulsory subject.

“Did you speak to Kevin?” Zoe asked Sarah over lunch in the canteen, watching me intently. Sarah nodded and Zoe flashed me a glance and then licked her lips of crumbs from her sandwich.

“Yeah, after Andy left me last night, I rang him.” Her face contorted slightly and she bit her lip. “We needed to do something, so we had a good chat and it's cool. We're cool now. We had a big clear the air session.”

“So no more messin' with Andy?” Zoe asked and I shook my head.

“Will you let that go?” I asked and Zoe snorted.

“You are being unfair,” she told me – not for the first time. “Of course I am not going to let it go. You are poisoning Sarah's relationship with Kevin. You are tempting her to do things she shouldn't!”

“He's not,” Sarah told her and finished her sandwich taking a slurp of her drink. “But I shouldn't be doing it. We shouldn't be doing it.” She sighed and licked her lips. “I had a chat with him and things are better.” I gave her raised eyebrows; I had not forgotten her dalliance with Eddie the day before.

“So you confessed to all your naughtiness?” I asked with a grin and Sarah shook her head.

“Of course not! But he's agreed our relationship needs to be more than just trying to meet up for sex. He's got a webcam and keeps sending me pictures of his groin.” Sarah shrugged and gave a smile. “He's promised to stop thinking with his trousers. Which is good, we are on track again, I think.”

Zoe snorted and she looked at me. “And you?”

“And?” Zoe went to reply when I interrupted her. “I've told you before, stay out of it. What Sarah and I do is up to us.”

Sarah grabbed her drink and got up. “I got Biology homework to do and I am not sitting here listening to you two bicker. It's like being with nursery children,” she told us and I just scowled at Zoe as she left.

“Now you know what I am going to say,” Zoe told me with a smirk.

“I don't want to hear it,” I snapped.

She twirled her blonde hair around her finger and shook her head. “Andy, move on. You heard her.”

“What? All I heard was that she has had a big chat with Kevin.”

Zoe sighed and stroked the back of my hand. “I know she means a lot to you, but if you like her that much, then let her go and stop confusing her.” I grunted and Zoe tapped the table. “If you keep pursuing her then it'll just mess up your friendship with her and her relationship with Kevin. And she won't thank you for it.” She stared at me and gave a little shake of the head. “I mean it. Please Andy, for me. This friends-with-extras stuff is not good.”

“It's not up to you. All Sarah said was that she had a chat. Abi says ...”

“I don't care what Abi says,” Zoe interrupted and banged her hand on the table. “I'm telling you to leave her alone now. Be her friend and be happy at that.” She waved her finger towards me and I pushed it away.

“It doesn't bother you,” I told her but she just snorted.

“It does,” she whined. “Sarah's told you, she's made up with Kev and wants to be faithful, leave it at that.”

There was a pause as I threw the remnants of my sandwich on the plate. “What if I want her?” I said firmly. “Or want what we've got?”

“Well you can't have her.”

“Until she says she doesn't want me to do the things we do.” I sighed and looked at her. “I just want her.”

Zoe sniffed. “You don't. You want sex with her, but she is going out with someone else,” Zoe thundered and shook her head. “How plain does it have to be for you to get the message?” I stood up and she glared at me. “If you two wanted each other, then one of you would have made a move, but neither of you really want that, all you want to do is to

mess with each other.”

Zoe was wrong and I shook my head. “Oh fuck off,” I snapped and strode out of the room feeling thoroughly annoyed with Zoe and myself.

She may be poking her nose in where it was not wanted but there was no need for me to snap like that. I was tired and I had no desire to get into these arguments and I knew I had overreacted but why did Zoe have to start these rows when I was tired? Didn't she know I was up half the night at a swinger's party?

* * * * *

Sarah and I had a chat about Abi's little bet the night before and I got to tease her, telling her it was the first time she had properly cheated on Kevin. She gave me a pained look: she already felt guilty about her indiscretions.

“Well it wasn't my fault,” Sarah moaned and shrugged. “Well not totally. I took Abi in to tease him and we were doing 69 and I was on the bottom with my legs hanging off the bed. He was getting a good view up my flower which is what I wanted and he was rock hard. Abi did something to him, but I couldn't see it as I had, well, Abi in my face and then she just guides Eddie in. I was too far gone to complain!”

I laughed and shrugged; I wondered if Abi had deliberately planted a seed of doubt in Sarah's mind by enticing Eddie to have sex with her, but I had too much homework to wonder about this too much; it was underhand if she did, but Abi didn't like Kevin any more than I did.

“He wasn't too bad,” she added as I unpacked my books. “But I am sure you're better.”

Sarah refused my offer of taking her upstairs more than once and I was feeling frustrated; I still had not fully relieved the tension from the night before but Sarah was adamant that she was going to be a fine, upstanding girlfriend to her useless twat of a boyfriend, and even extended cunnilingus with near limitless climaxes was not an offer to make her change her mind.

I resigned myself to my homework and we were sat on the dining table when Rhea appeared with Simon. She came over, having thrown her bag in the corner. “Look, Sarah. This isn't easy, but I am sorry for hitting you...”

Simon appeared behind her and gave her flanks a squeeze. “And?”

“And what?” Rhea asked, the scowl on her face deepening.

“All those things you said?”

Rhea puffed in annoyance. “OK. And that as well. I shouldn't have said anything.”

“I know you shouldn't,” I replied indignantly but Rhea shrugged her shoulders.

“I only did it for you, bro. I don't think she is being fair. I just see you being messed around.”

“But Rhea acknowledges that she was wrong to get involved, eh Rhea?” Simon added.

Rhea glared at her boyfriend and threw him an angry moue. She dramatically threw her

hands up in the air. "Yeah. I shouldn't have done."

"S'ok," Sarah said graciously and got up and put her arms around Rhea who did not reciprocate the hug.

"I still don't like you," she muttered dangerously. "You are still playing with Andy's emotions and he is too stupid to see it."

"I'm not," Sarah said calmly.

"You're still a fuckin' prick tease. I still hate you."

Sarah sniffed. "Honestly Rhea, we are friends, and that is all. He is not my boyfriend. I have a partner who I love and it isn't him, Rhea. So I am not playing with anyone's emotions." Rhea scowled and Simon patted her on the back. "I'm sorry you don't like me but we really are just friends and that's all." Sarah smiled at my sister and she looked back at me. "I like him loads but I'm not leading him on. We mess around but that's no more. It's what we wanted but he is, and always will be, just a friend."

"Well done, love," Simon told her.

"I can't believe I let you talk me into that," she moaned and Simon kissed her. "I feel dirty."

I stared at the table, my heart dropped. Sarah had just turned around and said that she didn't want me as a partner and it began to dawn on me that maybe Zoe and Rhea were right and Abi was wrong: we were not meant to be. Perhaps the fact she was unattainable her more alluring, or maybe that I was trying to date the most beautiful girl in our year and was punching above my weight.

I was glad that Sarah was picked up by her Mum a few minutes later, I wanted to be alone. Sarah detected that I was annoyed or upset and asked me if I was OK but I just hummed and didn't return her hug. It was petty, I felt angry with myself that I had been so cold, but Sarah knew what I thought of her, and had openly announced that I was not going to be her boyfriend in a brutal way without considering my feelings; she knew what I thought of her and had consistently lead me on in private while serving to humiliate me in front of my family.

I felt angry and stormed out of the flat to collect my own thoughts and in the end sat at the bottom of the fire escape, watching the world go past. It was dark, and I made a couple of the girls jump when they walked past and didn't see me as I greeted them.

I was left alone and decided that if Sarah had made up her mind, then I would move on; I would have to. Maybe if I found someone that I liked, I would stop worrying about Sarah? Maybe Abi might consider me again?

"Your prick-tease rang for you," Rhea goaded me as I walked in but I didn't look up to acknowledge her.

"Right," I muttered and walked past.

"Hey, aren't you going to ring her back?" Rhea asked and I shrugged.

"No," I told her. "It's not important. She's not important." Fish in the sea, I reasoned. Plenty more fish in the sea. I was slightly annoyed with myself as I did like Sarah but then maybe Rhea had been right, in that she had been teasing me and leading me on all along; maybe

I was some game to her and that she was playing, pretending to have an attraction towards me and laughing at me behind my back.

I was shaken from my anger by an unusual sound – my mobile phone ringing and put down my thoughts to find it. I wondered if it was Abi or Sarah – they were the only two people to ring me on my mobile and squinted at the display: I didn't recognise the number, but it was a local call and answered it before I could throw it into a drawer.

"Hello," I snapped gruffly and heard a little sigh on the end of the line. "Hello?"

"Err ... Hello. Is that, um, Andy?"

"Yeah," I answered, my curiosity piqued; it wasn't Sarah's voice. "Who is it?"

"It's, umm, we got your number from an acquaintance of yours. About some pictures." I paused; who had told them about the pictures? Was it one of the girls who had given my details away to her friends so they could get some cheap photos taken.

I hesitated for a moment, what with Sarah being bitchy, perhaps there was a chance to meet new people? If so, I would have to take the pictures at their house as I would be unable to use the club. "Yes," I eventually said. "What do you want?"

The voice cleared their throat. "We are a couple and we would like some photos. Intimate photos taken."

"Right, OK. Sure, you got a venue?"

There was a sigh and a grunt. "Yeah, can you take the pictures, ummm, and just leave us with the film."

"Sure," I told her and there was a sigh. "I, ummm, how many films?"

There was a nervous splutter. "One or two maybe."

"Shouldn't take too long. Is it Aylesbury?" I asked, staring at the ceiling. The voice told me that it was, and I agreed to meet them at an address in a week's time – on Monday evening at 7pm – and agreed a price if they were happy with the results.

I had my first commission, but didn't feel like I had anyone to celebrate it with.

* * * * *

I had arrived late at College to avoid having to talk to Sarah at pre-registration and then deliberately sat on the opposite side of the classroom in General Studies. She scowled at me as I threw my bag down but did not try to initiate conversation before the lesson finished and I was the first to leave the classroom at the end of the class. I walked at pace to the Maths class; Zoe was not in College that day so I deliberately chose to have no-one to walk with.

I was annoyed with how she told me: When Abi said I was not the person she wanted, and rejected my advances she did so nicely, warmly and in private, but Sarah broadcast her total rejection of my attempts to my sister without telling me first or considering my feelings. It was not a respectful way of addressing the subject and it showed what she really thought of me.

I ignored her through Maths and she looked a little perplexed as to why I was being cold with her but then if she didn't realise then I wasn't going to tell her. Mrs Buckingham asked if I wanted to apologise for disrupting her lesson. "I don't want to, but I am prepared to apologise for the interruption," I told her and she scowled at me. "But not for what I said. That was justified." She grunted as she accepted my apology with a sneer. She made a jibe that Sarah and I had "split up" which was "understandable" given my "attitude" but I decided not to correct her and just daydreamed through her boring Maths lesson.

Eventually, Sarah concerned me in the canteen. "I rang you three times last night," Sarah said with her arms crossed looking angrily at me. I was sat eating my lunch with Jez and Jodie when she arrived behind me and aggressively poked me in the shoulder.

"Yeah, well. I was busy," I responded barely looking up at her.

Sarah thought for a moment. "Have I upset you?"

I took a bite of my sandwich and shrugged my shoulders. "So why would you have upset me?"

Sarah pondered this for a moment. "I don't know. But you act as though I have." I went to speak but Sarah cut across me. "So if I haven't upset you, you will be at football practice then and I will stay the night?"

I hummed. "I might," I said coldly. "But I might be busy. I might be having a date."

Sarah snorted. "Yeah right." She looked at my lunchtime companions for any clue and they didn't offer her anything. "What's got into you?" She asked and I ignored her.

"Nothing," I told her. "Well nothing I want to talk to you about." Her scowl deepened, she shrugged at Jez and Jodie and then stormed out of the canteen.

"What was all that about?" Jodie asked and I felt guilty.

"Oh, I am just annoyed with her, over something she said."

Jodie swirled her last chip in her bean juice and looked at me. "I think she'll be upset if you aren't there later. She does like to see you, she told me so."

I threw my head back and sighed. I didn't want to be angry with her, but she knew what I thought of her, and didn't have the decency to tell me privately that my affections were unrequited. "Yeah well, I don't believe her," I muttered. "She's a liar." Jez looked up at me as I took my drink. "She is nothing to me," I lied.

I decided to go and watch her play football, knowing that we could talk properly afterwards: I reasoned that it would be best if I told her why I was hurt by her actions as she certainly didn't realise. She always stayed the night on Tuesdays and this would mean we could discuss what had happened calmly. I guessed she probably didn't understand why I was so angry and what I had taken to heart so after I finished cleaning the club, I wandered down to the football pitches. I was five minutes late so I didn't get to speak to Sarah before she started but watched as she passed the ball with ease but there was an aggressive element to her play.

She got pulled up a few times for tackling too strongly and sent her team-mates flying to the ground. Eventually, after a vicious two-footed challenge on Lisa, which had the latter writhing in agony, the coach pulled out an imaginary red card. This left Sarah seething who

shouted that she was “making it up” and had dived. A few of the girls rounded on my friend, telling her that she was “fucking mental” and after a few shoulder pushes, Sarah was ordered to get dressed, after being told that she was suspended from the first team.

I caught Sarah's eye as she walked off the pitch and she made a bee-line for me. I was going to apologise to her for being rude, and was looking forward to talking to her, to spending some time with her, but her body language told me that this was not going to be welcome. “Come to gloat, eh?” Sarah shouted as she walked up to me.

“No,” I instinctively replied but she ignored me.

“What are you doing here?”

“I've come to watch you and so we can walk home and talk as I think ...”

“I am not staying at your flat, Andy. So go home,” Sarah said angrily and walked off towards the clubhouse. “And I'm not talking to you.” I stood staring at her for a moment and went to leave but decided not to. I wanted to apologise if nothing else.

Sarah stormed out of the changing rooms, and walked past me without saying anything. “Look Sarah I'm sorry, I just want to talk ...” I tried to talk to her but she just shook her head, spotted her Mum's car pulling up in the car park and strode over to it.

“I know what you said to Jodie,” Sarah shouted. “I mean fuck all to you, eh?” She looked at my expression and Sarah shook her head. “Ditto,” she screamed. “To think all what's gone on. Just stay away from me.” Angela shot me a sympathetic look as Sarah just climbed in, and Sarah wiped her eyes looking away from me.

“Hey, what's got into her?” a voice behind me asked and I groaned.

“Oh, we had a row. Of sorts. She doesn't like me very much at the moment,” I said and the female voice soothed.

“She was proper angry at everyone.” I turned around to see Lisa gingerly standing on one foot while she pointed her toes on the other foot. “I am sure it's only bruising.”

“It was a nasty tackle,” I found myself saying.

“Yeah, well there was no way she was going to get the ball.”

I agreed and she put her hand on my shoulder for balance while she curled her knee and flexed her quads. “You like footy then?”

I hummed. “Yeah, I suppose so. It's OK, I guess.”

Lisa smiled and nodded. “I'm going down to Watford on Saturday. Watch the game, have a bite to eat maybe, but I've no-one to go with. You fancy it?”

“How much?”

Lisa bit her lip. “Tickets are a tenner on the door, and the bus is only a couple of quid.”

I nodded. “Why not? Sounds cool. I'll meet you at the bus station, at what? One?”

“Half-twelve. We don't want to be late.” I smiled as she stretched her legs and I watched Sarah's mum drive out of the car park. I knew if Sarah found out that I was going to

football with Lisa she would be angry, but Sarah was already angry with me, so what was the problem?

I felt somewhat empty as I walked home, Sarah was still enigmatic to me, but we had a good connection and it was a shame to see it destroyed. Rhea was waiting for me when I got back and held out a note in her hand. "What's 'I have a job for you' all about? I better get paid for it."

"How would you like to do get a guy into the club to see his girlfriend," I offered and she screwed up her face. "No, there is no money in it, but I need you to teach a guy how to do disguises? I reckon you are the best person I know about doing that."

Rhea shook her head. "Nah. Not if there is no money in it."

"Oh Rhea, he's been banned from going in and ..."

"So I'll be breaking the rules?" Her face lit up and she came and sat down next to me, speaking to me in a patronising voice. "So why didn't you say so?" I laughed and looked at her. "So where is he?"

"He's coming at 9:30," I told her and went upstairs to retrieve a hat I had found in the back of the club's costume store and a cheap wig I had found in town. Rhea laughed and shook her head but Eddie arrived ten minutes early and I introduced him to my sister.

I had told Eddie on the phone earlier in the day to bring some new, unworn clothes that Scarlet hadn't seen that were smart and he had purchased a check shirt and smart jeans. Rhea took one look and shook her head, telling him that he was wearing trainers and hadn't brought any smart shoes. "You'll stand out a mile," she told him.

I was dispensed to get a pair of my shoes, and Rhea got her make up to accentuate "features." I wasn't sure it was necessary but after half-an-hour, she had transformed him, cut the wig down and with the hat at angle looked nothing like how he did before.

"One of my finest," Rhea told me and Eddie thanked her, putting a twenty pound note in Rhea's hand and skipping out of the room before I could object. Rhea flicked the note in front of me. "And you said there was no money in it. Cheers, bro."

"There wasn't supposed to be," I moaned and before I could say anything else she had decamped upstairs.

* * * * *

Zoe, who had been ill on Tuesday was still not at college on Wednesday either, and having been avoided by Sarah all day I was in need of some friendship. Her mother opened the door to me and immediately said that Zoe was unwell.

"I know, I've brought her the work she needs to catch up on," I told her. "Well from Maths. We have a nasty Maths teacher so she won't want to miss much."

Emma nodded and thanked me but I was not allowed to see my friend, so I left to go and see Gemma who lived at the top of Zoe's road.

Gemma answered the door in her nightie and I glanced down at the lacy garment. "Still in bed?" I teased. "At this time of day?" She giggled and clicked her fingers.

"I was working late," she told me and then snorted. "Come to arrange your Maths lesson I s'pose?"

"I was passing," I told her truthfully. "I was in the area so I thought I would. I have some questions I just don't understand."

She took a deep breath and opened her door wider. "Then come in ... if you want. I owe you; those pictures were great."

I smiled and entered her small flat that smelt slightly of lavender and she escorted me to the kitchen-cum-dining area.

After making us both a cup of tea, she sat down at her table and I took out my Maths homework; there was plenty of things I didn't really "get" and the book wasn't clear enough.

She listened as I explained what I didn't understand and guided me through better explanations; she was good and as she leant over I could see down her nightdress, not that she seemed to notice or mind if she did.

I found the lesson very worthwhile – which stretched into two hours – and Gemma smiled as I thanked her and gave her a kiss on the cheek. I knew I would get 100% in my homework, and had block printed everything so the evil Mrs Buckingham couldn't complain about handwriting.

"I've got an interview," Gemma told me as I picked up my bag. "I might not need those extra pictures after all."

"Oh," I said a little dejectedly and she smiled.

"I'm really excited," she told me and pursed her lips. "Could be good for me."

"Yeah," I told her. "Just wish you were my Maths tutor. I don't like mine. You are much better." She blushed and I just left her house to head for home.

* * * * *

Abi pointed to the door as I finished explaining my troubles the following day. "If you are going to be defeatist then you might as well go home now." I snorted and she looked at me.

"OK," I muttered and got up but she pushed me back onto the couch.

"You led an orgy," she said firmly. "You were in control; you set it up and you led it. How many sixteen year olds could convince four strippers to have sex in an orgy? Well, without needing to pay them! You looked after me when I came here, I was a wreck and you let me be me. You looked after me when we went to Scotland and stood up to my family. Hell, no-one does that. You talked Vanessa and Jessica into sex. You have naked photos of half the girls. You were the person Sarah turned to when she had problems. Why is asking her out such a problem?" She stared at me and licked her lips. "She dotes over you and I met her boyfriend, he's nothing compared to you. What are you doing wrong?"

"Don't ask me," I told her. "Ask her."

"I'm asking you," Abi said forcefully. I had never seen her so vexed – changing car tyres

aside of course. "What is going on?"

"She doesn't want me," I told her. "She wants Kevin, not me, no matter what I do. And she can fuckin' have Kevin for all I care, I'm not chasing her any more."

"Did she say that? In those words?" I huffed and she snorted.

"In a way, yes," I told her, thinking back to after her football training. "Well shouted it angrily."

"Thought so, she just lashed out. Whenever I've met her, her body language says otherwise. And yours too. You are both fine for each other."

I snorted. "Well mine won't any more," I told my friend angrily. "I ain't wasting any more time chasing her. Fuckin' fed up with 'er."

Abi licked her lips. "If you really thought that you wouldn't be here talking about her, would you?" I muttered something but she didn't hear and just raised her eyebrows at my petulance. She got my mobile phone out of my jacket pocket and put it in my hand. "If you really think that, ring her, and tell her that you don't like her." I looked up at her, picked up the phone and put it down. "See?"

"No ... I just am not going to ring her and just tell her that I don't like someone. That's silly."

"Not half as silly as giving up on someone who thinks the world of you," Abi responded and looked at me. "And of someone you desperately want."

"I don't," I lied and Abi just smiled at me.

"You're a shit liar," she told me. "Rhea's taught you nothing. I told you ask her out."

"It's a bit late now," I told Abi. "She's pissed with me. And ..."

"She has a boyfriend. I told you, stuff him. You make it easy for her, she's got this guy and you're not making her choose. Ask her out. Now, I'm going to do dinner. Ring your mum and tell her you are sleeping here." I watched as she walked out of the room.

"Do I have a choice?" I shouted through the open doorway.

"Hell no," came the response from the kitchen and I dialled home.

Mum was not happy, explaining that "grounded" meant that I was banned from non-College activities. I did try to suggest that it could be seen as an extension of my sex education but wasn't quite sure if my logic would have been appreciated and told her the truth that I had had a row with Sarah and Abi wanted to look after me.

This didn't placate her too much but I suggested that as an adult I was allowed to spend time with my friends and that she knew where I was. Abi came in with a small plate of pasta as I put the phone down and sat down next to me. "Sorted?"

"Yeah," I muttered as I took it from her and greedily ate the pesto and pasta she had cooked. She flicked on the television and after we ate our meal, she took the dirty plates and put a comedic film on.

I felt a warmth inside of me as she curled up under my left arm and occasionally peered up

at me with a smile. She rubbed my chest and my thighs with her hands and I shamelessly cupped her breast or stroked her flanks.

As the evening drew in, she retrieved a blanket and put it over us, snuggling underneath the rough woollen sheet, grateful for the warmth it provided. Abi turned the television off when the film ended and returned to the sofa. "So, what are you going to do about Sarah?" I groaned but she looked serious. "I'll leave you alone if you promise me you'll sort it."

"Yeah well, maybe she isn't for me, she just happy with Kevin no matter what he does and ... well ... I am just not going to chase her."

Abi gave a cough. "Really?"

"Yeah, really." Abi stared at me and I just sighed. "I mean, she's had months to decide and has decided on Kevin; it's just depressing."

Abi rubbed the back of my hand. "But you still want her," she finished for me, reading my mind and she smiled. "But most of all you don't want to fight her any more?" I nodded and she shook her long hair back, kissing me on the cheek. "She likes you, honestly she does."

"She doesn't," I said forcefully.

"You're very grumpy tonight," she told me and pursed her lips. "Very grumpy."

"I'm not," I barked and she smiled, getting up from the couch and holding out her hand. "I don't to talk about that bitch. Just stop talking 'bout her and I'll be happy."

Abi flinched and licked her lips. "Well if you don't smile, there won't be any Abi niceties," she warned with a grin and licked her lips. "I mean it."

I couldn't help but giggle at her playfulness and she pulled me to my feet. "Where are you taking me?" I asked rhetorically but I knew. She pushed open her bedroom door and kissed me the moment we went in.

Her tongue danced in my mouth and I felt a stirring in my pants; it was instant lust and her hands glided over my teenage body. Abi tugged at my shirt and we broke our embrace as I allowed her to remove it, before pulling her top over her head.

We resumed our passionate kissing and Abi shut the door with her hands; I felt around her back and slid off her bra; the lesson from Scotland had definitely sunk in! She began pushing my trousers and boxer shorts down, freeing my erect cock and I went to do the same with her but she pushed my hands away, before throwing my against the wall.

I looked at her, as she sank to her knees and peered up smiling. "Cheer Grumpy up?" She teased and rolled her tongue over the head of my cock. I was in heaven again and just watched as her hands gripped the base and her mouth played lovely tunes on my shaft, gently impaling herself on it and bobbing up and down as her tongue swept across its head.

I closed my eyes and groaned, twisting my hips as she sent shockwaves through my loins. She grabbed hold of my thigh and her hands worked their way past my balls and she pressed gently.

Abi's oral skills were just incredible and I held my breath before sighing as I exhaled; she twisted her hands around my shaft as her mouth rocked back and forth on my manhood

and I felt the tension building.

I was nearing the point of no return and curled my fingers around her bookcase a couple of feet away. I grunted and desperately tensed, holding onto my orgasm to intensify it.

I curled my toes in my socks and screwed up my face. "Abi," I whispered as my legs shook; my buttocks were as tense as they could get and I called out her again.

My lover didn't stop and just sucked the tip as her tongue played with the head and her fist pumped my shaft. I grunted, and waves after waves of electric pleasure shot through me; I cried out loudly.

By the time I had recovered, Abi was looking up at me with a mouthful of semen and a cheeky look on her face. "See," she told me. "I knew I could make you smile."

I was still taking deep breaths and chuckled. "You always make me smile," I promised her and she licked lips and pulled me towards her bed. I removed the clothing around my ankles, and my socks, and encouraged Abi to fully disrobe which the topless girl did.

We kissed again and she wrapped herself under my arms and looked into my eyes. "By the way, you don't need to tell me when you are about to come," she muttered with a smile. "There are things you do, your body does, that means I know."

I pursed my lips and allowed my left hand to wander, casually stroking her breast as we talked. She banned all mention of Sarah in her bedroom and so she allowed me to ask her about the club.

I was increasingly uneasy about what she did but Abi dismissed me with a squeeze of my thigh. "I do not end up in the Welly," she promised me with a grin. "And I've got no reason to lie to you. It's safe, I promise."

Her eyes traced my eye-line and she moved my free hand onto her chest. "Do you want me to go down on you?" I asked, as her face suggested dissatisfaction.

Abi thought for a moment and nodded. "Ahh go on then," she said with a teasing flourish. "Thought you'd never ask."

I laughed and gently slid down the bed, to gently kiss the inside of her parted thighs. I saw her watching me and we made eye contact under the duvet as my lips touched her musky slit. She blew a gentle sigh and groaned appreciatively as my tongue careered down her crack and twirled around her button at the top. "You give the best oral I've ever had from a teenager," Abi panted and I giggled; knowing Abi and the sample size that it would entail, that comment was some compliment!

I took a deep breath began to slide a finger into her hole; she gasped and panted loudly; Abi was unusually aroused even by her standards and I gently sucked on her clit.

Abi let me eat her out to three climaxes, with small breaks in between; she adored my gentle sucking on her pearl or the long licks I gave her labia, or even the touching of her insides with my two fingers: Abi was loud and thrashed around on her third orgasm, squeezing my head with her thighs.

She looked sated and exhausted but pulled me onto her and I allowed my cock to slide into her well-lubricated hole. With every thrust, she gasped, her fingers digging into my back. I tried to kiss her, but she pushed her head to one side and I had to make do with

snatching kisses on her neck as I panted.

She felt unbelievably good as she gripped my cock. She bit her lip as she gasped and I felt her hands squeeze on my flanks. I felt myself near the point of no return and increased my pace, building up the tension before groaning and releasing into my wild friend.

We panted, staring into each other's eyes and kissed; her sweet lips caressing mine and her wonderful smile lighting up the room. She closed her eyes and sighed, looking up at the ceiling and then at me again. "That was lovely," she cooed seductively and licked her lips. "Just lovely."

"I know," I muttered.

"And Sarah doesn't want that?"

"Abi," I moaned but my sex education teacher just giggled.

* * * * *

I yawned; Abi had given me little sleep and had demanded a "right rodgering" in the morning (which I was more than happy to provide). As I waited in the common room at lunchtime, drinking a warm cup of coffee, I spotted a few familiar faces but I wasn't awake and didn't want to get into a conversation in my half-tired state.

"How can you do such a thing?" Sarah thundered, appearing from nowhere with her arms crossed and a scowl on her face.

I picked up my drink and sneered at her. "Do what?" I asked, not sure why she was annoyed with me as she had avoided me all week.

"Jodie says you are going on a date with Lisa. Is this true?"

I groaned. "Oh that. So what if it is true?"

"But it's Lisa."

I sighed. "I'd quite like to be out with you but you're annoyed with me for being a bit upset and you've said you didn't want anything to do with me," I replied calmly.

Sarah wiped her face. "But Lisa? You are going out with Lisa. She only wants to go out with you because she knows it will upset me."

"Oh, for fucks sake," I snapped. "You reckon that no-one would be interested in me unless they want to get at you. That's a fuckin' big ego you have there."

Sarah sniffed and stared at me. "I can't believe," she muttered but I shrugged and got up to leave. I didn't particularly want to have a blazing argument with Sarah in the middle of the common room, and already a few heads had turned towards our direction. "Is that it?" Sarah asked, tears streaming down her face, and I nodded.

"Yeah, that is it. I am not fooled by your crocodile tears any more. You said you didn't want anything to do with me, you told Zoe that, so I have found someone who does want to spend time with me."

"I never said that ..."

“You said I meant nothing to you,” I reminded her. “Now I don't want to get into a row with you, so please get out of my way.”

Sarah stared at me and moved to one side. “You're only like this because I've stopped going down on you!” Sarah shouted and a few heads turned. “Because I am being faithful.”

“Oh shut up,” I snapped. “You've not been faithful since the Summer.”

“You're no better than Kevin was. Only interested in me so you can ...” I didn't wait to let Sarah finish the sentence and I strode out of the room. I felt as though I should feel happy with myself, that I stood up to Sarah's mind games, but I still felt very empty: why could Sarah make me feel like that?

I day dreamt through the rest of College and was quite preoccupied at the team meeting as Mum gave out slightly amended rotas and cheques. There was a little teasing and banter between the girls and Isobel asked me what had happened with Sarah but I didn't want to elaborate.

Gemma hadn't got her job in Milton Keynes, she was down to the final two, but the agency had rung her earlier in the day to tell her that she wasn't successful and I resisted the urge to ask her for more lessons in exchange for more photos. If she wanted that, she knew the offer was on the table.

Scarlet was also quiet and she was in thought herself as we walked together towards the town centre. “I think Eddie might be cross-dressing,” she admitted when I asked her what was wrong and looked at me. “I know it's personal but do you do that?”

“No,” I said instantly and she sighed. “Why?”

“Cause he stayed at mine on Tuesday and when I came home I am sure he had make up on.” I thought for a moment and then went to speak but had to backtrack.

“Maybe it was just the light?” I suggested and Scarlet shook her head.

“No,” she said firmly. “There was remnants on my white pillow in the morning. I know what it looks like.” I opened my mouth and went to speak but Scarlet just sighed. “I s'pose I could get used to it, as long as he doesn't wear my knickers; he'd stretch 'em out of shape.”

I chortled but Scarlet was serious and I felt guilty. “I think you should talk to him,” I suggested. “He didn't look like the sort who would wear women's underwear,” I told her. “I think he would look ridiculous.”

Scarlet's face registered a smile and I opened the door to the bank. “I'm Barclays,” she told me and I bade her farewell as I join the back of the long queue. Rhea's make up could well have outed our secret.

* * * * *

“Hey,” Olivia called as she saw me walk up her drive. “It's the next David Bailey.”

Olivia took me into her lounge and opened the first envelope. “I did five of each film, I said ten films, you did fifteen. And 36s. I've just taken four hundred to do all these.” She looked at me and smiled. “He did a run of one each and loved them so much he came back for another four.”

“Wow!”

“Wow indeed, but you need to work on some of these shots.” She took the first set of pictures out and leafed through them, stopping at one where there was too many people in the background, or the shot was a little blurred. On one of Angela's pictures, I had her gasping as she was pounded from behind, but I had mispositioned the camera and not caught the guy in shot properly – I had half of his head and that of his friend, but it looked wrong. On another, the close-up was too close and on another couple I caught the woman's cellulite in the centre of the image. “You think she wants to see that?” Olivia teased and looked at my downcast face as she put the last set away. “Listen kid, there's fifteen sets here of, what 37 ... 38 each. It's near' six hundred pictures. You got all but 25 spot-on. You did good, you think the pros get excellent shots each time?” I shrugged and she put the pictures away.

I tried to hide my smile and she passed over an envelope full of cash to me and I looked at the small pile of substandard images on the table. “Can I have them?” I asked and her face narrowed. “I know I'm not supposed to, but I would like to study the crap ones and learn from them. And you are only gonna throw 'em away, right?”

She hummed and passed them over. “Yeah OK,” she told me and I pocketed them thanking her. “Don't tell Robert. And I can definitely get you more work, couples and threesomes mostly, but I know a few who'd be interested.”

“I've already had one couple ring me,” I told her and she nodded.

“I know,” she sat back and licked her lips. “These pictures are pretty good. They are semi-pro quality, framed well, you've got a talent there.” She waited for me to blush and she smiled. “I know dozens of snappers, and I know they charge a bloody fortune. And I've also seen people like Robert try to take 'em and he makes a right dogs dinner of it. I can get you some work, not everyone likes pictures of themselves, but there a few people that like a few dodgy pictures and it mightn't be every week, or even every month, but I can get you some more work.”

I smiled and nodded. “Do you know all the dodgy people in Aylesbury?” I asked and she laughed.

“Yes, I think I do.” She looked at me and read my mind. “And yes I do know your mother.” She stared into my eyes and reached for her cigarette. “And no, she probably wouldn't approve.”

“Yeah I think so too,” I told her and Olivia just grinned.

* * * * *

I met Lisa at the bus station at 12:30 and we caught the bus to Watford and then walked down the road to the football stadium. I didn't quite know what to say to her and just followed where she was going.

Lisa was keen to talk about the match, her dark brown hair tied back and her brightly-coloured shirt blending in with other fans as we made our way alongside other Watford fans.

By the time we got to within ten minutes walk of the stadium, Lisa stopped at a programme seller and, as she knew her, they started talking. They must have spoken for twenty

minutes and I felt a little bit isolated, not introduced and unable to join in the conversation about the football team we had gone to watch.

Although Lisa didn't expect me to, I paid for the tickets and we sat down in our seats in the Lower Rous Stand. The stadium looked reasonably modern on three sides, but directly opposite us was a stand that looked dilapidated and I guessed it would probably fall down by itself.

Lisa was wearing a Watford shirt, a bright yellow top that came down to her knees and as I looked around I was the only person who wasn't wearing a football shirt of some description.

Lisa looked through the program and then stood up as some old TV theme tune was played and the players emerged. The PA announcer was annoyingly chirpy and referred to the home team as "the Golden Boys."

I leant over to Lisa and asked that I thought they played in yellow not gold and she grunted. I just shrugged and glanced at her programme as the team news was read out.

I wasn't really that interested in the football and didn't recognise any of the players. "Does anyone play for England?" I asked Lisa and she snorted.

"Of course not. Peter Kennedy has been in Northern Ireland B team. A few England Under 21s though."

I snorted and she just glared at me. I wasn't sure what I did wrong but the game started and the home team nearly scored immediately when a bad ball was played from the away team's defence. I went to say something but didn't trust myself and watched a couple of minutes later when they did a similar thing again and the goalkeeper brought down the player and the referee awarded a penalty.

Lisa was jumping up and down as the referee ran over pointing to the spot and her favourite player, a man with short hair and a receding hairline stepped up and blasted the ball down the centre of the goal.

Lisa was screaming, waving her arms around frantically. I just clapped as he walked back – it wasn't that good a penalty, if the goalkeeper had stayed on his feet it would have hit him! Lisa scowled at me as play restarted and the visitors, the blue-shirted Ipswich, started to dominate proceedings.

I whispered to Lisa that her team were riding their luck a bit, but they made some headway at times and should have scored again.

Lisa disappeared at half-time saying she was going to the toilet and I queued up to get a drink and a snack. I baulked at the prices and I paid almost ten pounds for two drinks and two pasties. I moaned when I got back to the seat and Lisa just shrugged. "Football prices," she told me.

To say I wasn't enjoying my date would be unfair but Lisa was wrapped up in the game. It was the first time I had been to Vicarage Road and the atmosphere was good and a little daunting but I didn't know any of the chants and as Lisa happily sang along to the crowd, I didn't quite know what to do.

I tried to talk about the match saying that Watford were lucky to be 1-0 up at half-time but this was a bad idea. She frowned and shook her head, the delusions of a fan becoming

apparent as she proudly declared that the two missed chances for Watford meant that they should have been 3-0 up not 1-0 up; clearly Ipswich's chances meant nothing!

I just shrugged and watched the second half. Ipswich were unlucky not to score but the Watford defenders did well, resisting their predictable attacks and I just sat in silence. Lisa looked over a couple of times at me and probably thought I was sulking, but it wasn't warm and retreated into my jacket.

The final whistle went and I got up immediately but Lisa stayed and clapped her team off the pitch before scrambling up towards me. We didn't talk much on the bus ride back to Aylesbury.

"Do you want to go for something to eat?" I asked as the bus pulled into our town and she shook her head. I had only asked out of politeness and was almost relieved when she answered negatively.

"Nah. I need to get back home," she said all too quickly and I walked with her to her house, not far from my old school.

"I don't think I've been awesome company," I admitted as she turned into her street. Lisa laughed and looked over at me.

"You could say that. But it was good to go with someone."

"Yeah, football's not really my thing."

"I noticed." She stopped and looked at me and then thanked me again for going. Lisa was certainly not my type, she seemed too preoccupied by the game and almost seemed to forget about me, while I knew she didn't like me too much either.

"I'll see you around," I said as she walked off and she waved back; it was the worst Saturday I had spent in a long time, and it had cost me a small fortune.

I entered the flat to see Rhea and Simon arguing, with Simon shouting at my sister. "Whoa, what's going on?"

"Rhea is a thief," Simon thundered. "She is stealing."

Rhea hissed. "Shut up."

I sat down on the couch and looked at my sister and then glanced at a small portable music player on the dining room table. "Oh I know this."

"It is not theft. It is payment, or a con, but not theft," Rhea replied and I looked at Simon.

"I don't want to know," I muttered and pulled out a bottle of lemonade I had bought in the stadium emptying it in my mouth.

"You don't?" Rhea asked with a surprised look on her face.

I shook my head. "No, well you see. Simon will tell Zoe. And Zoe will tell me and her mum. And then her mum will kick off at Simon and it will all come out and I can plead the fact I didn't know."

Rhea glanced at me and then at Simon. "You told Zoe?"

Simon scowled. "No. But she will want to know."

I gave a grin, getting up only for Rhea to push me back down. "You don't get off that easily. OK, does this seem wrong?"

"Yes," I told her and she hit me on the shoulder.

"Shut up and listen," she snapped as I rubbed where she hit me. "You know I got ripped off?"

"Yes."

"Well they wouldn't pay me back so I realised that there was a debt there of ninety pounds, so I got Becky to buy a boombox from them for a hundred in cash which I gave her."

I groaned and looked up at the light. "Why?"

Rhea gestured with her hands. "Because it has a security seal on the top but not the bottom, so I carefully unpacked it, filled the box up with potatoes and newspaper to the right weight and then carefully sealed it. And then took it back."

"Getting a refund as you had the receipt, said you already had one and showed them the security seal," I finished for her and she gave a grin.

"Shit, have you done it as well? It's a good trick." She waited for me to groan and then giggled. "So I have the CD player for Simon to make up for the records."

"But it's stolen. I can't accept stolen goods. It's against Christ's teaching for a start. Thou shall not steal. Rhea, you promised me," Simon roared and Rhea interrupted him.

"I did not steal. He stole. I took it back. I can't steal what's mine, can I?"

"But," Simon started. "You did steal. You didn't pay for it."

"But I did pay for the records," Rhea stressed. "I haven't gone and nicked stuff for your birthday. I saved up all my money to make sure I got you something nice." I saw Rhea wipe her eye and I looked at him. "Just see it as me teaching him a lesson."

"It's underhand," I admitted. "But there is a moral case here, that maybe Rhea isn't totally wrong," I told him. "I know, once and awhile it does happen." Rhea hit me in the same place on my shoulder and after pushing her away I continued. "But you two need to do something and agree, or else Simon isn't going to be happy and you, Rhea are going to be upset."

"I'm not going to be upset," Rhea snapped. "He is going to be upset unless he stops being a girl."

I got up and Rhea looked at me. "Sort it out for yourself, I got enough problems to worry about."

* * * * *

Sunday dinner was a large affair at the Matheson's residence what with the inclusion of myself, Rhea and the girlfriend (or "friend") of Zoe's youngest brother, John. As I figured that they would appreciate my attendance at church I went to bed early and got up at 6am

so I could clean the club and still have time to have a shower and get to the Church with Rhea by 10am. Rhea complained of being tired as we walked to the place of worship and I almost swore at her.

She went to sit with Simon and it was all I could do not to fall asleep during the service. Christianity wasn't my thing and I only tolerated it for Zoe's sake but my friend kept elbowing me in the ribs when we were meant to stand and sing, she knew I wasn't fully awake and just appreciated the effort I made.

Zoe's mum wasn't doing Sunday school that morning so after the service we idled back to Zoe's house. Emma and Andrew Matheson were talkative and John kept his girlfriend, a diminutive girl called Jane, away from them. I wondered what secret he had to hide!

It was fairly warm out so Zoe and I took advantage of this and took a walk to the edge of the town and back again. It was a warm day and neither of us wanted to stay inside but inevitably she started asking about Sarah.

"I am just worried about you," Zoe said, for the umpteenth time that month.

I laughed meekly. "You don't need to be," I said through a toothy grin. "You wanted me to stop messing with Sarah and I am not. You got your wish."

She glared at me and shook her head. "But not like this," she told me. "I've had Sarah on the 'phone upset. You are clearly not happy."

"I am fine," I told her but she crossed her arms. "I'm fine. I've got my friends and I've still got Abi." I frowned at her. "Look. I know you don't like my immorality, but I am happy. It suits me. Sarah said she didn't want me and I'm fine. Why's Sarah upset, she got what she wanted?"

Zoe's eyes dropped. "She hasn't got what she wanted. And you've not got what you want either."

I hummed and took a deep breath. "I can't have her, move on, that's what you said. So I have done. I've done what you wanted."

"But it's made you upset and Sarah upset," Zoe said firmly.

"Then you would make a shit relationship counsellor," I told her.

"I don't want to see my friends upset and angry." she stared me and bit her lip. "Sarah never meant what she said, she doesn't want to fight and she doesn't want to talk to you."

"See," I told her. "What am I meant to do with that?"

Zoe shrugged. "I'm working on it. But you never swear at me." She waited for me to feel guilty and then coughed. "I think you need a girlfriend," Zoe told me and crossed her arms. "You have been bouncing around since Paula left and just getting desperate. You need a solid, upstanding, young lady who will sort you out. And as Sarah can't be that person, you need to find someone who can."

"Well nobody I want, wants me," I told her and she shook her head. "I think it's 'cause I just go after immoral girls." I looked at her as she gave a titter and I grabbed hold of her hand. "So what you say Zoe, you say I should get a girlfriend and I say you should have a boyfriend." Her eyes widened and she spluttered as she realised what I was saying. "I've

known you for ages, think we'll be good together. And you're upstanding and I'm sure you can sort me out."

She shook her hand. "Andy," my friend whimpered. "You can't ..."

"No I'm not," I told her dismissively and laughed. "But stop saying I need a girlfriend. I don't. I needed Sarah, but it's just gone to shit so I'll have a life of freedom and dating."

Zoe snorted, and we walked back in silence, just as Emma was dishing up the Sunday roast.

"They do make a good couple, don't they?" Jane murmured to Zoe, pointing at Simon and Rhea as we sat down. My sister had commandeered two seats together and she leant across to put Simon's collar down.

"Yeah, they are forever hugging and holding hands," Zoe replied grinning. "It's quite sweet actually."

"And Simon's brought a calmness to her, a sort of control that only tranquilliser darts have managed before."

Rhea screwed up her face and glared at me; she couldn't retaliate as she was at her boyfriend's house. "Of course we are hugging and holding hands," she told Jane. "He's my boyfriend."

"I've noticed. What do I have to do to get that from you?" Jane asked John who smirked. "I can barely get you away from the games console long enough for a kiss, let alone going out somewhere holding hands."

"What did Rhea have to do?" John asked. "Simon was forever buried in his books or listening to music or being dull." He was reprimanded by his father and Zoe giggled.

"There was the apology for primary school shenanigans," I told him. "Teaching him how to bowl."

"And spending the night together," Zoe told her instantly. "And the going na ..."

There was a deathly silence at the table and I coughed over the rest of Zoe's candidness.

"Pardon?" The scowling face of Emma asked and Zoe turned to face her. I noticed a steely, angry glare from Rhea and gulped.

"It was when Simon stayed over in the Summer," Rhea explained sitting up in her chair with a calm voice and putting her hands together. "Simon slept on the floor, well airbed. I told him to take my single bed, but, well you know how stubborn he can be. I'll be honest, I don't think he liked the pink bedding." Rhea poked Simon who smiled at his girlfriend.

"Well it doesn't suit me, does it, pink?" Simon replied and Rhea shot me a look.

"Hardly your colour at all," I joked and squeezed Zoe's leg under the table. "Actually, you weren't going out at that point anyway?"

Rhea nodded and looked at her boyfriend. "No, we weren't, were we. But it was good."

Emma looked at Zoe and then Rhea. "What did your Mum say about all this?"

Rhea shrugged. "Nothing. I mean, why would she mind? Si's the most perfect gentleman she's ever met and neither of us are going to do something stupid, she knows that. It was a nice evening, we played cards, we chatted and it got late so Simon stayed, as did Zoe." Rhea looked directly at my friend and her expression withered. "And Sarah."

Emma turned to Zoe who was chewing some chicken. "We did. Dad said it was OK," Zoe added while Emma stared at her husband who shrugged.

"We should do that again some time," Rhea announced, still staring at Zoe. "It was a fun night. Lot's of enjoyment had by all, don't you think?" Zoe glanced at me; the evening in question was considerably more than cards and chat!

Emma's scowl loosened considerably as she surveyed Zoe and Rhea for any sign of weakness but not detecting anything turned her attentions to Simon, "as long as you behaved yourself."

Rhea put her head up to Simon's shoulder and purred. "As I said, the perfect gentleman. He's ... he's great. Unlike my previous boyfriend."

John laughed. "I heard about that. Nathan wasn't it?"

Rhea nodded and smirked. "Yeah. Glad I got rid of him. He is nothing like Si."

"Didn't he attack you or something?" John asked with his mouth full and Rhea nodded. "All sorts of wild rumours."

"Yeah, he did," she replied meekly, staring at her boyfriend's brother and nodding. "He, um, was nasty."

"What happened?" Andrew asked, wiping his face on his napkin. "Was this in school?"

"Err ... no. He tried to ... umm ... blackmail me. He said that unless we had sex, he would dump me but attacked me when he couldn't get what he wanted."

"He tried to rape you?" Zoe squeaked incredulously and Rhea nodded, her lips pressed together.

The room tensed up again as Emma put her fork down. "I hope you went to the police," Emma said and Rhea shrugged.

"Well no. I dealt with it. He didn't get what he wanted. I ... umm ... well there was some self-defence."

"I heard that he couldn't sit down for a fortnight," John added and Rhea suppressed a grin.

"Well, lets just say, I did cause him a degree of pain, yes, and given what he was trying to do, certain vulnerable areas of him were more exposed than others," Rhea admitted.

"Good for you, Rhea," Andrew told my sister, grinning. "Serves him right."

"What did your mother say?" Emma asked and Rhea looked sheepish.

"I didn't tell her," she confessed slowly. "Well I couldn't prove any of it, and I dealt with it. I didn't want to make a fuss. Anyway, hearing the rumours that he got beat up by a girl was far more of a punishment than anything the police or Mum could do. It was my word

against his.”

Emma took a deep breath and stared at Rhea. “And you are fine now?”

Rhea nodded. “It was a bit of a shock when it happened but Si was just great and I decided there was no point in making an accusation I couldn't prove.” She ignored my pointed snort from the other end of the table. “And anyway, he was in absolute agony. Si said I should have reported it.”

Andrew nodded and agreed with his son but Emma warned young Simon not to cross Rhea as she was clearly “a powerful young lady” and my sister almost look relieved when she started asking John questions about Jane.

Andrew refused help with the clearing up after a delicious home-made apple pie and custard, and Zoe and I sat out in the garden. It was still quite warm and we went out without our coats on and sat on the bench in the arbor at the end of the garden.

“Rhea navigated that problem you threw her quite well,” I mused and Zoe grinned.

“I know. I didn't mean to, it just came out. I will apologise to her but I don't like misleading Mum and Dad.”

I spied a flash of movement and peered out from around the bench to see Rhea storming up the garden. “You might just get your wish,” I muttered, moments before Rhea appeared.

“Rhea,” Zoe called but my little sister shook her head.

“Shut up,” she hissed and glared at my friend.

“Hey, Rhea,” I called and she waved a finger in my direction.

“Now I don't know if this is something you both planned, or just you Zoe, but if you ever, ever try to cause problems like that for me and Simon again, I will break your bloody legs.”

“Rhea, it was an accident,” I said calmly, trying to placate my corybantic sibling.

“Bollocks. I love your brother, Zoe. He's been really good to me these last few weeks, and I don't know why you would want to split us up but try again and I will start breaking bones. And publicising lesbian affairs if you do. Simon means too much to me to let him go that easily. You understand?” she warned.

“Rhea, I am sorry. I didn't mean to,” Zoe said calmly but Rhea screwed up her face, turned on her heels and went back inside.

It took all of the ten minute amble home to convince Rhea that I had nothing to do with Zoe's candidness and that it was a genuine mistake. “Not everyone lies to your parents you know. Some people can just tell the truth all of the time,” I told her and she screwed her face up.

“Now you're just being sick,” she murmured and I grinned.

“Well, Rhea, you are a very good liar. Zoe isn't, she has had not nearly the amount of practice you've had,” I told her and she wagged her head from side to the side as she weighed up my supposition.

“Flattery will get you nowhere, bro. And anyway Simon can manage it”

“Ah, yes, well. You've corrupted him,” I responded quickly.

“Ah, bollocks to you”

“Honestly Rhea. Why would Zoe or I want to split you and Simon up? Zoe said she has not seen him so happy and while you are kicking him into shape you have neglected me. With the exception of Sarah.”

“Yeah well, I can make a special case for her. She is a fucking prick-tease.”

“For once, I might just agree with you. However much I liked her, I am not sure she ever liked me, despite what she now says.”

“As I told you.”

“Yeah,” I mused. “As you told me.” What Rhea didn't tell me was how to stop feeling morose.

* * * * *

“Shouldn't you be at College?” She asked and Holly flashed her smile as I got into her car holding my camera.

“Yep. Well I have a free for an hour, then break. Then General Studies, but that's fine. I don't like that. And then Lunch. So I'm good for a couple of hours. I've just had Maths.”

Holly slid the car into first gear and joined the road going out towards Buckingham and looked at me. “You got everything.”

“One camera, two film, and lens, flash, filters and so on. You know what you want?”

“I've always known what I wanted,” Holly told me and sniffed. “I am doing up my bedroom at home and I want some classy pictures of me on the wall. I spoke to a photographer and he wanted over two fifty to do it, so I spoke to a friend of mine, I think you know her, and she is lending me a hotel room.”

“The Landmark Hotel,” I finished for her and she grinned.

“Yes, we have the royal suite. Well we have it for two hours until lunchtime.”

“Royal suite,” I said in a teasing voice as Holly navigated a mini roundabout by driving over it (something her car's shock absorbers let my spine know about) and sped off on the winding main road towards the market town.

I had rarely been to Buckingham – it was too far out and offered little but there were a number of picturesque villages en route full of the rural, county charm.

The Landmark Hotel was set in hundreds of acres of parkland with a golf course and a load of other amenities in one of these small villages on the south side of the town. It was spitting slightly with rain as we pulled up the drive to the imposing building and could see Holly look at me ominously. There were dozens of cars in the car parks and all of them were expensive, luxurious and new; Holly's car was rusting, old and a bone-shaker!

The receptionist on the desk had a warm, inviting smile when she saw us and I could see

right down the front of her cream top that made up her uniform. "Put your eyes back in," Holly whispered and I looked around to see her ask for "Angela Bailey."

The girl straightened immediately and picked up the phone to summon Sarah's mother to the reception area who introduced herself as "the manager" and asked Holly if we "had given any thought to her proposal." It was clearly a ploy so that she didn't confess to her staff that she was lending their royal suite to a friend so they could take naked pictures and we followed her up the stairs.

The Landmark Hotel was impressive in stature and the marble stairs opened up from the reception area and wound around an atrium to a first and then a second floor. "We could have taken the lift," Holly moaned as we reached the top and Angela smiled, looking down on her reception area.

"Sorry," she said. "I am forever running up and down here." She unlocked a door opposite the stairs and opened it. "You got two hours," she told my friend and then looked at me. "And I hear you have had a row with my daughter." I nodded and looked apologetic but she snorted. "There isn't a person she loves that doesn't bicker with her on a regular basis," her mother told me. "Is it all down to her not being allowed to go to help you on Monday?"

"Sort of," I told her and took a deep breath. "But she's annoyed with me for other things as well." Angela tapped me on the arm and smiled.

"She'll come 'round. She always does." Angela promised and closed the door. I waited for Holly to ask and then told her that she didn't want to know.

Holly grinned and walked into the suite. Whether or not it was a "royal" suite I did not know but it had stunning views over the gardens from the lounge area. There was a giant sofa that Holly nodded towards and she opened the double doors into the master bedroom.

I was speechless, a giant four poster bed dominated the room, covered in cream cotton and Holly felt the duvet, cooing. "This is perfect." She unhooked the drapes and fastened them on the far side and started stripping off. "Well set your camera up then," she told me and I put my camera bag down and took it out, loading my first film.

To say that I was nervous was wrong, but I was certainly a lot more apprehensive than at the swinger's party or at the club. This was an intense, one-to-one situation with someone I hardly knew who oozed sex. I looked up to see the naked girl grab a small bag from her big bag and run into the bathroom.

Holly chatted to me through the door as I made myself comfortable on the other side of the wall, talking about mundane matters such as coursework and finances when she emerged, still naked but with her hair perfectly straight and her skin radiant and youthful. "Will I do?"

"Yeah," I muttered and she walked back to the master bedroom and lay on the soft bed. She looked up at me with puppy dog eyes and smiled naturally. "Wow," was all I muttered as I reached for my camera and slid the strap over my neck. "You look great."

Holly's face lit up and she directed me to where she wanted the photo being taken – on the angle – and she looked up as I framed the shot, catching her seductive, sexy look without being remotely explicit.

Holly was not shaved but had a strip of hair, but in none of the shots on the first film, her

pubis was visible. She was clearly naked but with the aid of a sheet, the bed, or just her body, her genitals were hidden. It made the photos more erotic – the power in her poses was not what could be seen but what was hidden.

I understood something from that day and was being taught a lesson. When the girls wanted underwear shots from the club I didn't always understand why but Holly was showing me without realising it. She looked at me daydreaming as she positioned the sheet over her waist and giggled. "I know what you are thinking," she told me and I shook my head.

"You don't," I told her and wished that the photos I had of Sarah were just as sexy. I ruffled the sheet somewhat and narrowed it. She looked at me and I just licked my lips as most of her waist became uncovered, but her pubic hair was still hidden. I retreated and took the picture, followed by another and a then a close up of her face, telling her look up at the coving.

The second film was a lot raunchier, she got out of the bed, and retrieved a black basque, heels and a whip, and she put one leg on the a Victorian-style chair and held out her weapon. There was a power to it, but I preferred the smiling Holly on the bed and she guessed as much as I wasn't grinning as much. I had to help her out of her basque and she blew me a kiss as she lay down on the sofa. "I want some porno ones," she told me. "But not for my wall at home."

I smiled and took the pictures she directed, although she didn't want a close up between her legs and looked at me when I shrugged. "You think it's nice? It's some folds, neatly tucked away but just some folds of skin. What's nice is what you can do with it." She looked at my confused face as I took the last picture and she smirked.

"Done," I told her and she got up to wash her makeup off.

"Happy with 'em?" She asked and I nodded but she couldn't see me; I was sorting out my camera.

"They are good, I think. The first film was magical." Holly sniffed and started talking about the pictures she wanted to get and I felt an undue pressure: had I done the pretty girl justice with my camera? It wasn't difficult pictures to take but I always doubted myself. She strode out of the bathroom, still naked and walked past me before turning back on herself.

"Ahhh I forgot. Mum and I had a bit of a bet. She summoned me to my feet and then sank to her knees, pushing me against the wall.

"What kind of bet?" Holly didn't reply as she unzipped my trousers and pushed them down my thighs, followed by my boxer shorts. She looked at my semi-erect cock and peered up at me.

"Well what's a girl to make of that? Naked, sexy pictures and not even a stiffy." I grumbled at her but she gently blew on my cock and it filled with blood. "Mother reckons I can't get you to admit that I have complete power over you, even if it's just for a few minutes," Holly told me. "I think I can."

"Right," I told her, my cock tensing in expectation. She took the base of my cock in her hand and slowly kissed the end of it. I felt a tingle immediately and sighed as she ran her tongue over the tip.

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.

I panted and wriggled my hips. I was coming and held onto my orgasm, every second getting more desperate. My buttocks were clenched tight as my legs quivered slightly and I put my hands on the wall, pushing against it as hard as I could. I mewled and felt a wave of energy surge through my body that made me shiver as I felt my cock spurt into Holly's mouth.

She kept sucking through my orgasm, the intense feeling remained until she had sucked all the cum from my cock and looked up at me. She smiled and swirled something hard in her mouth. "Spunk tastes horrible," she told me. "If I do it uncovered a mint imperial is great and you guys love the cool heat," she explained and got to her feet.

It took Holly twenty minutes to be dressed and I just had to clean myself up. Ten minutes after she finished I was still beaming and my body was still warmly satisfied: she was right, she did give incredible blowjobs.

My musings were interrupted by Angela knocking to see how we were getting on and was a little surprised that we had finished. "I got a late booking," she told us. "So if you could be out my twelve," she asked and Holly picked up her bag.

"Go now," she told her and embraced Sarah's mother. "Thanks, I got just what I needed." Holly gave me a gentle push towards the door but I stopped to speak to the hotel manager.

"Angela ..." I started and she looked back at me.

"I'll think about it," she told me and stared into my vacant expression. "But you need to make up with my daughter first. Don't you?"

"Yeah," I said a little downcast and Angela grinned at me.

"I should be worried about the idea of you photographing my daughter naked but I know how hard she can be to say no to." I smiled and she took a deep breath. "Just tell her what you want, I think you'll find that you will both agree on it."

Holly and I chatted on the way back to Aylesbury; she was good company and she offered to let me drive despite my lack of a provisional license as "the roads were clear" but I didn't accept her kind invitation and instead quizzed her on her blowjob technique.

Holly told me that she would explain it to my girlfriend when I got one, but not to me. "Some things are best kept to us girls", she told me, but I wasn't bothered: I had got a very good lesson in sexy photography and knew that the pictures I took of her were the best I had ever taken.

"If I give you a tenner can you get a set for me," I asked her as she drove down the road to the College. "I just loved some of the pictures we took and think they would be epic in my portfolio." She hesitated and smiled at me.

"I'll think about it," she told me. "I am very picky about naked pictures. I don't want to end up as a Reader's Wife in some crappy wank mag." I thought back to Abi and curled my lips. "But I want to know, did I have you under complete control earlier?"

I laughed as she pulled in outside the College and grinned. "I'll answer that if you let me take you to lunch."

Holly parked the car outside the little café and looked over. I put the two film cases, containing the two films and passed them to the beautiful girl, before closing the camera bag. "Nice one," she beamed and put the two undeveloped films in her glove box. "I'll get Mum to take them 'round to Olivia."

I got out of the car and then looked back through the open door. "Can I tempt you to a sandwich?"

She checked her watch and smiled. "Sure," she muttered and I looked over to the College behind a row of trees. "Am I OK to park my car here?"

I shrugged. "Don't see why not. Not double yellas," I replied and she leant across to look my car door before getting out and joining me in the little café which was a popular haunt with College and school students at lunchtime. It was small, but did a good takeaway trade and offered everything from fresh sandwiches to pies, pizza slices, burgers and hot dogs.

"Lucky we're not five minutes later," I told her as we sat down in one of the few unoccupied tables in the window. "This places heaves at lunchtime." Holly chuckled and stretched her feet out.

"Reminds me of my College days," she told me as she sat down and picked up a menu.

"What ya havin'?" I asked and she scanned the list before looking up and putting the menu back. "BLT baguette, white. With a Coke. Please" One of the reasons why I loved the café, other than its proximity to the College, was the fact that it was cheap and our lunch gave me change from a five pound note.

I settled back down at the table with napkins and my companion smiled warmly. "So, what subjects are you doing?" Holly asked and I told her; I found out quite a lot about her, she was at Birmingham studying Physics but was not fond of the city. "It's dire," she told me and we were interrupted as our lunches came.

It was standard, cheap lunchtime fare but we started eating just as the café started to fill. Jez and Jodie, then Ray and Donna, interrupted our lunchtime chatter to introduce themselves and I saw them whisper as they left the table – they didn't know Holly and I had no intention of telling them where I knew her from.

We finished and Holly put her hands on the table, taking mine in her hands. She looked into my eyes and giggled warmly. "Thank you," she muttered. "For the films and for dinner."

I shrugged. "Thank you for the lift and the ... ummm ... the treat." She giggled again and pursed her lips.

"I guess I better go," she told me and got up, her chair scraping on the floor. "It's a good hour to Birmingham and I do have a lecture at three."

"Right, sure," I murmured and she swung her coat over her shoulders. "It's been a fun few days."

Holly nodded. "Yeah, it has. But you agree now? I am in total control when I go down on you?" I didn't answer immediately and she snorted.

"Yeah OK. It was incredible, I would have done anything for those few minutes," I admitted, telling her what she wanted to hear. "But next time it's my turn to try and put you in that position."

She scoffed and opened the door to the café and walked out to her car. "I'll see you soon," she promised but I wasn't quite sure why. I wanted to see her again and she gave me a hug as she shook her hair back and climbed into her car.

Holly was amazing and a bit like Sarah but without the bitchiness but she was well out of my reach and I watched as she turned on the engine. "See ya," I called and waved her off, turning around to see Zoe watching me by the College gates. I called out to my blonde friend, but she disappeared before I could cross the road and I couldn't see her.

I heard a cough as I walked down the main path and turned to see Sarah with her arms crossed, scowling at me. "So who is she?"

"Who is who?"

"Her," Sarah asked and pointed towards the road. "I saw you with her in the café."

"Oh, Holly," I told her and gave her a warm smile – she wasn't reciprocating but I didn't want to fight with her. "She's very nice."

Sarah wiped her eyes and looked down her nose at me. "You doing all this just to get at me?"

"Doing what?"

"Her and Lisa. You brought her here just so I would see you." She pursed her lips and took a deep breath. "You doing this to try and get a reaction out of me."

"I'm not," I started. "She ... umm ... she's gone off to Birmingham now."

"And the only place you could meet her was outside College so I found out? That's pathetic."

I took a deep breath and squinted at the tears tumbling down her eyes. "I am not doing anything. Holly gave me a lift back to Aylesbury last week and I met her for a sandwich. Now am I doing not anything that concerns you." I walked past her and Sarah shouted after me.

"Are you fucking her? Is she your girlfriend?"

I felt the anger well up inside of me and wanted to ignore her but just turned and scowled. "Every night baby," I yelled back. "I screw her every night. And she loves it. And she loves me."

I watched as Sarah shook her head and ran out of the gates towards Aylesbury.

* * * * *

I heard the sound of running feet and my name being called. "Andy," Zoe shouted. "Andy."

"What?" I snapped and she scowled at me. "Sorry, it's just Sarah."

"I know, I've just been hearing it. Who the hell is she?"

"Holly. And no I didn't have sex with her."

"Why did you tell Sarah you did?"

"Cause she pissed me off," I barked and cleared my throat. "And I shouldn't have done but it came out."

"So who the hell is Holly?" I bit my lip and muttered "friend" and Zoe sniffed at me shaking her head. "Lisa? Holly? You trying to make Sarah upset by dating all these girls?"

"No. And it wasn't a date. I met her for lunch that's all. She's going back to to Birmingham, just didn't have any lectures and came by," I lied.

Zoe gulped and stared at me. I glanced over towards the entrance to the college and asked if we could continue this conversation somewhere warmer, and drier – it was beginning to rain.

Zoe relented and we ended up in a small pub with lemonades, much to Zoe's annoyance (her favourite coffee shop was closed due to a burst water tank coming in through their ceiling)

"So who is she?"

"Holly," I told her. "And no I have not had sex with her, have any romantic attraction towards her. I know she likes the older man, but was prepared to meet me for lunch and umm ..."

"Hold hands," Zoe told me and flicked back her blonde hair. "Andy there's something else, isn't there?"

"No," I lied instantly and sighed. "Look she was just a friend. Acquaintance even. She rang me up and asked me to go to lunch, so I did." Zoe shook her head; she clearly didn't believe me.

"I still don't know where you know her from. Is it the club?"

I hesitated. "No," I muttered and she raised her eyebrows. "Honestly no."

"Then where? I am getting really worried about you. You just don't seem yourself. At all."

"I'm fine."

"Well, you're not are you," she snapped as I slurped my lemonade through a straw. "You just aren't."

"I am," I told her. "So I met a swinger for lunch, does it matter?"

Zoe's eyes widened and I rubbed my mouth. "Swinger? Oh my God, Andy, you aren't doing that? What's going on?"

"Nothing," I said irritably and Zoe cocked her head. "Really nothing. I told you I didn't have sex with her."

"Well what did you do?"

"Is it any of your business?"

Zoe shook her head and then wiped her eyes, screwing up her face. "You don't understand," she muttered. "You really don't." She sniffed back a few tears and I took her hand in mine. "Andy I've known you for years and I've just never seen you like this. You just seem to be with all the wrong people. And it scares me. Promise me you aren't doing stupid things."

"Like what?"

"Well drugs for a start." I hesitated and she shook her head. "Oh no," she cried. "Oh Andy you need help and ..."

"I haven't, I haven't," I lied. "Honestly. It's just nothing, OK. I just ..." I took a deep breath and Zoe implored me to continue. I exhaled sharply and she shook her head. "OK, I did some naked photos with some swingers, that is all."

"That is all?" Zoe screeched and put her head in her hands. "You are producing pornography on an industrial scale." A few people turned to look at the flustered teenage girl shouting at the embarrassed teenage boy and I slouched in my seat.

"Zoe," I hissed. "Do you mind?"

"Do you mind? This is getting out of hand now."

"No," I told her. "You know about the naked pictures."

"Of Sarah. Who are the swingers?"

I hesitated and smiled at her face of a million questions. "Some people I know. That is all." Zoe crossed her arms and I screwed up my face. "I don't want to talk about it." She looked at me and I shrugged. "All we seem to do at the moment, is you nag me worse than Mum. Can I have an afternoon where you don't try and be my mother."

"Well what do you want me to be?"

"A friend," I barked back and she stared at me.

"And what sort of friend would I be if I let you do stupid things like that?" I closed my eyes and looked up at the ceiling.

"A popular one," I spat back and she crossed her arms. "OK, sorry, that was wrong. I know you mean well, but honestly, I'm fine."

I could tell Zoe didn't believe me.

* * * * *

"You can't write that," Simon told my sister and she looked up.

"What?"

"It's supposed to be objective," he told her. "You can't say that anyone who believes in crop circles are simpletons."

"Why?" Rhea squeaked. "They are." Simon puffed and I watched as Rhea brought herself up to her full height. "OK, you are from, the future," she told him with a patronising lilt to her voice. "And you have built a machine to take you back in time. And with this fantastic achievement, instead of changing the course of human history, making loads of wonga, or even popping on telly, you leave cryptic messages. But not on mobile phones, television or computers, you leave them in crops by making circles. Now ask yourself, does that seem likely?"

"But Rhea ..."

"No 'but Rhea.' Think about it." She picked up her pencil case and put it in front of him. "Imagine that this takes you back in time, what would you do?"

He stammered something about "not starting this conversation" and she looked at him.

"You'd go back and put a hundred quid on the two twenty at Chepstow, get a hundred percent in the test, stop evil from happening. Hell, we'd use it to make money and give power. 'Cause that's what mankind does. We'd certainly not make big circles in crops overnight for fun."

"What about aliens?" Simon told her proudly. "Doesn't have to be time travellers, there are other explanations."

"Same point. They'd come to destroy us and nick our planet or they'd come to make peace and trade. Why travel light years only to pick on a few strands of wheat? It's moronic. The explanation is too many people with too much time on their hands being pricks."

Simon blinked and I walked in. "Hard work?" I asked and Rhea nodded.

"Very. We have a hippy teacher that no-one likes and he wants me to tell him that crop circles exist from aliens or time travellers or some other such jiggery-pokery." She looked up and shrugged. "He's a bit of a retard."

"So she's told him that," Simon added and shook his head as I moved on to the kitchen to get a drink of water. As much as I had sympathy for Zoe's brother, it was of his own making: he wanted to date my sister and even I could have told him he was better off breaking bread with Satan.

I had been to my camera shop to purchase more film on the way home – I got asked why I was going through so many films and did I know that they could develop whatever pictures I took, which I doubted, but the girl behind the counter had a cute, toothy grin as she suggested that I should photograph her.

I had also told Mum that I was going out but would be home by midnight, which I wasn't quite sure about, but she just grunted as I left and Rhea asked what I was up to.

I didn't know the name of the couple I was visiting but had an address past the College on the edge of town. I was a little nervous as I walked up the cul-de-sac and felt as though I

was being watched by the neighbours; I was there to photograph “sin” and was acutely self-conscious of the rich neighbourhood.

I was five minutes late, but knocked stoutly on the front door and a short-haired tall guy, in his late-thirties answered it in a seventies style shirt. “Andy?”

I nodded; he gave a smile and beckoned me into his house, and I tried to make an instant guess of what he was like. He struck me as an office manager with his confident posture and well-groomed look. “Steve,” he said as he closed the door. “You spoke to Kara.”

I sighed; I didn’t know. “I guess so.”

He gave a nervous look. “You are not what I was expecting.”

I gulped and smelt a weird musty smell in their house. I looked around and he gestured for me to go into the front room where I saw a middle-aged woman with long brunette hair looking back at me. She looked nervous and she glanced down at my camera. “Ummmm”

She blew some air out between her lips and gestured for me to sit down. She went to speak and no words came out of her mouth and then sighed. “I don’t know how we do this,” she told me and I took an armchair as her partner sat down next to her on the sofa.

“What I did with Ro ... umm ... before. Errr ... it was for him to tell me what he wanted, and umm ... what was expected of me. And I just went and did it.” I gulped and played with my hands. Kara smiled and sniffed.

“We have,” she stopped and took a deep breath. “We have some ... exotic tastes ... and we didn’t know that you’d be so young.” She watched me and I nodded as she spoke.

“I’m not that young,” I told her, whistling as I exhaled through my lips. “I don’t mind what you get up to.” She looked at her partner and he shrugged.

“If we want to be in the December Edition it needs to be in soon. We only got a week.” She sniffed and squinted at me.

“Fine,” she muttered and tapped Steve on the arm. She looked at me with a steely glare. “We are into latex costumes, I will beat him and there umm ... maybe some watersports.”

“Watersports?” I said instinctively and she gave me a pained expression.

“You know, with pee,” she whispered and I tried hard not to give a face of revulsion. This sounded like it was far beyond what I had seen in Robert’s cellar and that seemed fairly extreme – I had put the more distasteful elements out of my mind.

I gulped and just nodded. She bit her lip as she sized me up and then took a deep breath. “Great, well I’m just going to get comfortable. I’ll call you in five minutes.”

I wanted to go and set my camera up and playing with the lighting levels but I didn’t want to start wandering around the house; I had no idea what I might find. I didn’t feel comfortable at all and this was a long way from the safe, seductiveness of Holly or the raw sexual displays from Sarah. This sounded almost obscene.

I tutted to myself: this would be an education to me. It obviously cannot be that bad as Steve volunteered to do it and I just debated whether I could get away with running out of

the house. I took a few deep breaths and tapped on my mobile phone as I checked for messages. I wanted an assistant at this point, someone to steady my nerves but there was no-one. I was alone.

Kara called me upstairs and they were in a largish room with black walls. It looked dark, there was a single 40W bulb lighting up the room and I felt a cold wetness on my socks. The room was lined with a rubber mat – also black.

However, what the most striking thing in the room was not the black walls, rubber carpets, assortment of sex toys and weapons on the walls, but the black and red skin tight outfit that Kara was wearing. She had lace up boots that went to her mid-thigh, a black latex thong and skin tight red top that showed her breasts obscenely. She smiled at me and I loaded my flash onto my camera: I didn't want to as the shiny fabric can send light everywhere but the light on the ceiling was simply not strong enough to illuminate the entire room.

I thought about putting a dampener on the flash but took my chances and captured her against the black wall. Kara cocked her head and started talking to me but I wasn't paying much attention.

Steve was wearing a red hood and nothing more and came in, closing the door behind him. Kara asked me to get some pictures of Steve on his own, and then of them together. She had him kiss her boots, and then her arse, before pushing him over. She pulled out a chair from the edge of the room and threw him across it; I was shocked at how much anger there was in her face but she grabbed a cane and started peppering his rear.

I gulped, reminding myself I was just there to photograph and did not think about what she was doing to her partner; it was unreal as she hit ten, then twenty, then thirty hits, his arse going red and then purple. Each hit was connecting with a snap and she was squinting as she hit him.

She was throwing her entire weight into it, hitting him with as much force as she could muster. I felt queasy; how could she do that to her partner and I wanted to stop her. I could hear him whimpering and crying, and Kara reached onto the shelf, pulled out a ball on a string and wrapped it around his head.

All the time she was doing this she was shouting abuse at him, telling him he was not worthy of her love and he deserved to be punished. I just caught each piece of abuse on camera and gulped.

I had exhausted my first film when she swapped from a cane to a whip and started hitting him as I loaded the second film. The whip made a deafening crack as it made contact with his skin and could see his red arse lacerating. She had cut into it, and trickles of blood emerged. "Get this," she cried as she made another incision in his skin. I could see scars from past whippings and zoomed in on the blood-stained rear.

The sight of blood only seemed to excite Kara and she began using her whip on his back, thighs and then turning him around and throwing him on the floor, his genitals.

Kara was a mild-mannered middle-aged wife in suburban Buckinghamshire, but she was behaving like a henchman from a Bond film, being unnecessarily sadistic. I watched as she made more marks on his skin and could hear blubbing from underneath the hood. "You useless piece of filth," Kara cried and stood over him, ripping his gag off and squatting over his face. I zoomed in and caught her moving her thong to one side and then

released a stream of pee into the face of her partner. "Swallow it," she barked and I felt very queasy.

I had photographed abuse; she was mistreating him and she was getting a weird pleasure out of it. I watched as he swallowed as much as she could give him and then stood up, aiming a kick into his balls. I caught this on camera also and she looked at me as her partner whimpered. "Done?"

I had two shots left but took them of the writhing man on the floor and rewound the film.

Kara was dressed when she let me out but said nothing. I left the film with her and she had promised to pay me fifty pounds a film if what I had photographed was of sufficient quality.

As I left her house, I ran. I almost didn't want them to be any good as I certainly didn't want to go back to that house ever again; it was scary. I was also confused: she said they were a couple but she intentionally and sadistically caused him immense about of pain and did so while enjoying it.

It was certainly not a relationship I could understand and not anything I could see myself doing but as I slowed approaching the road I began to see a parallel between myself and Sarah; I knowingly told her that I had had sex with Holly because I wanted to make her jealous and make her upset, and she had told me I meant nothing to her to make me upset.

Were we really any better than Kara?

* * * * *

Sarah avoided me all day and even was a little curt with Zoe when she tried to talk to her. I hated conversing in Chinese Whispers but I told Zoe that I very much still liked Sarah and wanted to "make up" with her, and that I wasn't dating Lisa, Abi or anyone else which drew raised eyebrows; I had no idea whether Zoe would be able to pass that message on or not.

After lunch on Tuesday I ran back to the club to clean it. It had been a quiet Monday and the tables were mostly clean and it didn't take as long as usual. Mum was tapping away at a calculator in the corner when I finished and I looked up to see the alluring charms of Abi sauntering in.

"You finished already?" Abi asked, her face smiling and holding a bag.

"Yeah, didn't take too long," I replied, stating the obvious somewhat and looked over at Mum.

Abi watched as I put my cleaning tools away and whispered in my ear. "Fancy a date tonight?"

I snorted. "I had one at the weekend, it went very bad."

Abi rolled her eyes. "But how about with someone who knows you will give her a good time."

I chuckled and Abi led me upstairs and told me to get changed into something smart, which she then chose for me while she got dressed in a more casual top and skirt that she had brought with her.

"It's different for girls, Andy," she said and then grinned.

"What is this?"

"It's a Dating and Seduction class," she said with a glance towards me and smirked. "A remedial class, obviously."

"What?"

"Oh come on, Lisa, Vanessa, Sarah, you've been pretty poor," she said with a glint in her eye and I sighed. "Think of this as a first date."

I leant forward to kiss her and she put her hand out. "You've not even taken me anywhere and already you're trying to kiss me," she grumbled. I huffed and she raised her eyebrows playfully and fleered contemptuously.

"Come on," she said and I followed her out of my bedroom grumbling. I got further "demerits" for not holding the door open but made a redemption for holding her hand as we walked and then held the door open to the restaurant of her choice.

"Wine?" I asked as I held the chair for her and she slid in.

She turned around and glanced at me as I sat down. "I've not had a look at the menu yet."

"Yeah, but you always have white wine, you love it," I hit back and she sighed.

"This is a first date, you don't know what I like."

"OK," I asked holding my hands out and gesturing with my wrists, "what would you like to drink?"

"A glass of the house white please."

"Now that's a surprise," I added and her eyes narrowed.

"This is a first date, and at this rate, there won't be a second unless you improve that attitude."

"Well what would you like for the meal?" I asked and she peered over the menu.

"Give me a chance."

I closed up my menu and stood watching her from behind the concertinaed cardboard. When she looked up and told me that she had picked what she wanted, I called the waitress over and ordered a prawn cocktail and a garlic steak rare when Abi interrupted and asked for a minute more. "What?" I asked and she tutted.

"It's a date, you muppet. Do you want a kiss at the end of the night? Or more?"

I stammered. "Well ... yes."

"Then you don't have Garlic anything."

I picked up the menu. "But I like Garlic," I moaned and then put the menu down. "Is the peppercorn and stilton OK?"

“No,” Abi immediately replied, her voice dripping with derision and annoyance. “Nothing with a strong smell or taste. And don't get a steak with blood dripping from it, it's not pretty. You think a girl wants to see that running down your chin?”

I tutted and looked back at the menu. “Fish and Chips?”

“Yes, but go easy on the Tartare.”

I tutted; I liked Tartare, but we placed our order, and Abi looked over at me. “Well?”

“Well what?”

“Well aren't you going to ask about me?”

I stared at her, confused and perplexed. “Well I know about you.”

“Not on a first date you don't,” she said firmly and I grunted.

“So, what you do for a living?” I asked with false sincerity.

Abi glanced around her and then putting her elbows on the table and rubbing her chin, she leant across and gave a wry smile. “I'm a stripper and a dancer.”

“I'd never have guessed,” I replied sarcastically and she raised her eyebrow at me.

“It's nice where I work. There is a sixteen year old who cleans the club, who is nice, but he can be really infuriating when someone is trying to help him.”

I rolled my eyes and then added. “Yeah, he sounds ungrateful.”

Abi giggled, and we then talked. It felt weird treating Abi as a “first date” and she kept correcting me. I never realised that I slurped my drink or spoke over her sometimes but she just gently pointed it out with her seductive smile.

When I thought about it, it was Abi's role all over. She introduced me to sex and taught me more about the female form than anyone else, it seemed almost right that she should “teach” me about dating.

She grumbled at me when we got outside, I didn't hold the door open for her and then started idling back to our flat. She told me to ask her where she wanted to go and when she told me to choose, I selected a small bar with chairs on the main square.

It was a little cold and we decided not to sit outside, but took a pair of seats in the warm bar. Abi ordered (I paid) for a glass of white wine and a lemonade and we sat down talking.

I had certainly enjoyed the date and as we ambled back towards our flat, I stopped and looked at Abi in the eye before kissing her on the cheek and she giggled. “Don't you want more than a peck?” She asked.

I chortled. “I thought this was a first date.” She looked over and put her arms on my shoulders snogging me underneath a small shop window.

Abi massaged my tongue warmly and she hugged me as we kissed. We broke and Abi smiled, her face lighting up. We looked back down the street and saw Sarah, staring at us a few feet away and holding her football kit.

“You bastard,” Sarah cried. “You told Zoe ...” I went to call out but she fled down a side street and ran off towards the station.

“Ahhh,” Abi said. “Shit. That wasn't meant to happen.”

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 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

New Pleasures Chapter XX

Rhea is in serious trouble while Andy and Ray fight and Sarah receives a shock.

Excerpt: Out of nowhere Ray pushed me on my shoulder and I fell back against the small wall. I left my bag drop on the floor and without hesitation launched myself at him. His face contorted with apprehension as I threw all my bodyweight into my hands and propelled him back across the path and into the flowerbed on the other side.

“GET UP,” I yelled at him and Donna shrieked at me. “FUCKING GET UP AND FIGHT.”

“Leave him alone!” Implored Donna as she helped him out from the roses, but I could feel a tightness and anger inside of me.

“He wanted a fight, he started it,” I shouted at Donna as Ray got up.

To be released on, or before: 12th October 2012