

The confessions of a vengeful teenager



By
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Codes: mf, oral, teen, viol, exhib

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Preface

This story is part of the “Growing Pains” world. It shows the extraordinarily strained relationship between Ezra, his mother and stepfather that forced him to move to Bolton to start his A Levels with a clean slate, and ultimately become the person who is Andy's best friend and Zoe's husband.

This story also introduces the remarkably pleasant girl of Lydia, who will cross paths with Andy later in the story with her university friend.

The setting for this story is the countryside around west Cheshire in 1998.

I would like to thank my wife for her understanding while writing all of my stories. Alas, as I choose to remain semi-anonymous I cannot name her!

Please let me know what you think of the story; I cannot hope to improve as an author if the readers don't tell me where I succeeded and where I failed!

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Chapter I

Ezra looked around from his position in the undergrowth. The farm was silent and had been for the previous few minutes while he had been hiding in the brambles and ferns. The buildings were over half-a-mile from the main road, located at the end of a dirt track that crossed an open field, but Ezra needed to be certain no-one was in the vicinity. He had fought his way across the small wood that ran adjacent to the farm of his hated stepuncle, younger brother of his loathed stepfather. He brushed the dirt from his tracksuit trousers and picked up a small stone in his hand. He ran his fingers over its smoothness, rubbing the mud from it, and smiled, his eyes narrowing on the small outhouse in front of him. His heart was beating furiously, he was nervous, and even for Ezra who was used to doing such vandalism, he could feel the adrenaline pumping through his body. He took a deep breath, checked the track once more, steadied himself and threw it.

It arced perfectly in the air, and then the sound of the shattering of glass destroyed the silence. It was just a small window, but it made a considerable noise as the pieces fell to the ground and then shattered on the impact with the dusty floor, echoing in the small building.

Ezra froze, waiting. Waiting for the angry voice of his stepuncle, or the police sirens or the bellowing voice of a vigilante performing an act that the Daily Mail would call "a good deed." He was waiting for something to happen, but there was nothing. Silence, with the exception of a bird tweeting, returned.

He slowly picked up the thick branch he had carried from the wood and slowly walked over to the small building, watching the end of the track for any movement. He raised the stick, above his head, above the white garage doors of the brick built structure. He poked the first window that sat on top of the rotten door and pushed it all the way through the pane of glass.

It shattered, far louder than the first one, but Ezra didn't hesitate and hit the second, and the third and the fourth. He poked all remaining eleven of the glass panels through and looked back at the road. He could just about see a red, off-road vehicle in the distance, turning off the main road. Ezra swore and darted down in the undergrowth, throwing the stick across the road into the gutter. The wood was 200 metres away across the open field, and he hadn't let the animals out, or decimated their vegetable patch yet and kicked over the bottle of bleach he had left in the undergrowth and brought for that purpose; at least he could poison some of his uncle's land.

Ezra didn't hesitate. If he waited another twenty seconds the farmer would see him, but if he were lucky, he could be in the confines of the trees before his stepuncle would be close enough to notice a figure, let alone realise that it was his stepnephew. He jumped over a small gutter and dived into the corn that was growing. It was three feet high, and he felt relieved that it would shield him from being seen, but it also slowed him down.

He broke a path through the crop and dived into the trees, panting breathlessly. Ezra heard a bark and then another one. Was he being chased? He peered out of the dense foliage but saw that the red, off-road vehicle had just pulled in at the front of the house and not the side where the broken windows were; his deed had not been noticed and the dogs were nowhere to be seen. He was free!

Ezra took a deep breath and laughed. On the other side of the thick trees was the house of his extremely casual partner, and the thoughts of the beautiful charms of Bethany Jacobs

brought a wry smile to his face.

He fought his way through the undergrowth until he reached a clearing where had taken the delightful Beth a few weeks ago and they had enjoyed a dirty afternoon frolicking in the secluded woods, and from there onto a public footpath that ran to the road opposite Beth's house.

Beth threw her arms around Ezra when she saw him at her door. She was not dressed and was wearing just a short nightie with an expectant smile. Big looping earrings and a garish necklace, the jewellery her mother strongly disapproved of as she said it made her daughter look common, adorned her teenage body.

"You've torn your tracksuit," she murmured, and Ezra looked down. There were scratches on his arms, and new holes throughout his clothing where he had fought his way through the forest, but Ezra had worn the tattiest clothes he possessed, expecting them to get torn by the brambles as he made a quick getaway.

"Ya fuckin' miles from owt," Ezra grumbled, and she smiled. "There's trees everywhere."

"I should be doing some revision," she muttered to Ezra, "but I have something awesome to you tell you. I did ring, but you weren't in. I came on today."

Ezra screwed up his face. "Came on? That's no sex, right?"

Beth sighed and pushed Ezra's shoulders playfully. "No silly, you can still get your rocks off. But it means I am not pregnant."

Ezra tried to recall what Beth was talking about and she had been talking incessantly about "being late" a few days previous but he had tuned out of her hysterical whitherings at the time. After all, if she were pregnant, then it was her responsibility. He had no intention of being a father at sixteen anyhow.

"Oh right," Ezra said dismissively. "But only if I want devil dick I s'pose"

Beth giggled; she always laughed at Ezra's choice of words and gave him a kiss. "Have you brought me anything?"

Ezra put his hand in his jacket pocket and pulled out a small, see-through bag, barely bigger than a ten-pence piece filled with a green, organic material and passed it to her. It was marijuana, and the tiny amount was still worth around ten pounds, although Ezra bought it for less from his dealer and sold it at a far higher price.

"I've only got a tenner," Beth told him and passed it over from the table on the side. Ezra smiled, Beth always believed the price he told her and, at the moment, thought that the street value of the low-grade narcotics that he was selling was about three times higher than it actually was.

Ezra deliberately forced a smile unconvincingly. "Well, it should be thirty," Ezra lied and stared at her eyes. She blinked and bit her lip.

"Can't you just collect that when I have it?" Beth asked. "I am working in the Summer at the supermarket. I'll pay you in a week or two."

Ezra took a deep breath and waved his arms. "What about the forty you already in for, eh?"

She put her arms around him and looked up. "Or would you accept a blow job as payment?"

Ezra grinned, this is what he had expected, and what he had done so many times in the past with Beth. He nodded. "Oh yeah, one of your blow jobs would be mint."

Beth sank down on her knees and undid Ezra's shorts, pushing him up against the cold wall. He wasn't wearing any underwear, but his crotch was sweaty and disgusting. She recoiled the moment she touched his slimy cock but Ezra just looked her expectantly.

She squirmed and poked her tongue out so it just touched the tip of Ezra's erect dick. His loins were reeking of sweat; it was a hot day, and he had run most of the three miles from his house, and hadn't had a shower that morning, but this was the price of the weed she wanted. Ezra looked at her hesitant face, but he knew she would do it no matter what state his manhood was in because she wanted to skin up in the garden after he left.

She put a fist at the base of his thick cock and wrapped her mouth around the tip, gently suckling it to fill it with blood. It reached its full seven inches and Ezra groaned: Beth knew how to go down on a guy.

Beth rolled her tongue around Ezra's glans, and he shuddered. Ezra placed his hands on the back of Beth's head, thrusting his member into her mouth as far as it would go.

Beth was used to Ezra and adjusted herself: she had mastered the gag reflex two years ago and just used her tongue to flick his oversized schlong as his cock was rammed down her throat. He grabbed hold of the back of Beth's head and rammed her face against his crotch, fucking it with as much vigour as he could get away with.

Ezra grunted as Beth's hands and mouth massaged his cock. His member twitched energetically. With a silent sigh, he felt the point of no return and held on to his orgasm, squeezing his muscles, desperate to retain his eruption to intensify the orgasm as much as he could manage to.

He emitted a growl and a whimper. His buttocks were clenched as hard as they could. He was holding on, but it was no use. Beth knew what he was doing and gave the tip of his cock a powerful suck, and he erupted, pumping his load into Beth's mouth and she allowed it to roll down her throat.

Ezra opened his eyes, Beth was smiling at him. He knew she always got a guilty pleasure when a guy came with her, but gently cleaned him up with her lips and grinned.

She was gently fondling his legs and his globes, but Ezra sighed and pulled his tracksuit up as she moved away. He would still leak some juices, and it would show through his tracksuit as he had gone commando, but he didn't care. "That was sweet," Ezra complimented and kissed her on the cheek.

"Yeah, and thanks for the weed."

Ezra nodded and showed himself out. Ezra certainly liked Beth, but she was nothing compared to Lydia, his only friend from primary school. Lydia was as close a friend as he had, the only person he knew who wanted and liked being in his company.

Lydia gave him time and kindness, and was the only person in Cheshire that he cared about. He knew that she disapproved of his lifestyle, but she still liked spending time with him and never lectured him too much on it.

Ezra seriously thought about stopping off to see Lydia, she lived not far from Bethany, but as he looked down at his ripped tracksuit and sweaty body, and decided to see her another day. He did not think she would appreciate him looking like a tramp, although she would probably say nothing about it. With as much trepidation as he could muster, he set off home, via the local newsagents.

Michael threw open the lounge door and came face-to-face with his stepson. The stocky boy barely acknowledged the existence of the balding gentleman and was busy flicking through a stolen soft-porn magazine, instead of doing his revision.

“Oi,” Michael shouted. “Ezra.”

Ezra feigned deafness, even though his stepfather was just a few feet away and opened a page discussing the sexual shenanigans of the latest scantily-clad model when it was ripped from him.

“Ezra, I've just found these on my garden path,” he shouted and thrust a few cigarette butts, rolled from cigarette papers into Ezra's face. “They are drugs.”

Ezra grinned. “They look like your fags,” he responded immediately.

“They are drugs, smell them,” he roared.

“Probably,” he replied nonchalantly. “Give me my mag back!”

Michael puffed out dangerously and looked at the scruffy boy. “I will not have you smoking drugs on my property,” he yelled and Ezra stood up to match his stepfather in height.

“I am not smoking drugs on your property,” Ezra shouted back, mimicking his stepfather's voice. “Beth is doing drugs on your property. Now give me my mag back.”

A quiet voice in the corner of the room spoke up. “And you are doing Beth, aren't you?”

“Who said that?” Ezra asked and sneered at his stepsister, dutifully reading her homework from school. “Cos I don't think it is any of your business.”

“I'm talking to you,” Michael thundered. “If you want to do drugs then you can get out of this house. I won't have them under my roof.”

“Fucks sake, I am not doing drugs,” Ezra shouted and leaned into his stepfather's personal space to intimidate him. “Now get off my fucking case.”

Michael sighed for a moment, sent Maria, his daughter out of the room, and then grabbed Ezra by his T-shirt as he went to sit back down with his snatched magazine. “You ever speak to me like that, and you'll be living on the streets, you hear?”

Ezra groaned and threw his hands forwards to break the hold on his shirt. Michael's face was red and angry, and he swore at his stepson before leaving the room.

Ezra Strickland hated his family; he really hated his family. How dare they accuse him of smoking drugs? He might have supplied her with the drugs, but he wasn't going to smoke the profits, was he? Did his stepfather know nothing about business?

* * * * *

"More drink?" Lydia asked, and Ezra nodded gratefully. He was already arranging to meet his classmate when his mother overheard and unexpectedly offered to drive him up to her house. They arrived in time to share a small lunch with the Adamses. She wanted to talk to Lydia's mother about looking after their house while away the following month, and arrange a stall at the village fair, while Ezra just wanted to spend time with his friend.

Lydia pushed her red hair out of her face and gave Ezra a warm smile. She had a cute face and an inviting demeanour about her and Ezra watched as she poured some orange squash from the jug and into his cup. She looked exceedingly pretty in her summer dress, while Ezra looked scruffy in his football shorts and a faded T-shirt, but she had never castigated him for his choice of clothing.

They were sat at the end of the garden on a large blanket while their mothers' chatted on the patio. "Last exam tomorrow," Lydia said as Ezra took a gulp of the drink. "I think I've done enough revision, but I am never sure. I think I'm alright so far so I should be OK, but I don't know. Well you don't know, do you? Not until the results, but I think I'll get B's at least and that's OK, I think although I could do with A's really," Lydia whittered speedily and Ezra did his best not to laugh.

"Ah well, I got all D's I reckon. I've got nothing more than that. But then I've not done any revision all holiday."

"It's study leave, not holiday, as I keep telling you," Lydia replied and stared at Ezra with her soft brown eyes.

"Yeah well. No fucker will be going into their final exam having done nothing but screwing around all month! No revision at all," Ezra boasted

"Apart from today?" Ezra peered at Lydia with a confused expression, and she gave a titter. "I thought you were coming around to revise?" Lydia asked, and Ezra grinned.

"Well I was hoping to beat you on your PlayStation," Ezra confessed, and Lydia shook her head.

"I got revision to do. It'll do you good to do some. I've tried to get you to do some all break."

"Yeah well ..."

"Master Strickland. I promise, you do three hours of revision with me, and I'll load it up and beat you," she promised.

"How about I play while you revise," he offered cheekily and Lydia shook her head.

"No," she replied firmly and Ezra groaned. He had brought his books with him to allay any suspicions his mother had but had no intention of actually opening them. Lydia just smiled at Ezra as he sighed. "For me? You'll thank me for it in the end. I promise." Ezra picked up his juice and Lydia fished around inside her summer dress. "Look, I meant to show you" she cooed and pointed Ezra towards her bosom. She held out a small necklace for him to look at. "I wear it every day when I am not at school."

Ezra smiled. "Good. It suits you."

"It is lovely, I never really got to thank you on the day, I've hardly seen you since, so thank you. It really was too much."

"Well, it's not every day your friend turns sixteen is it?"

Lydia flashed her warm smile at her companion. "Can you remember your sixteenth?"

Ezra laughed. "Oh yeah, I got pissed and then arrested," Ezra replied in a deadpan voice. "And a night in the cells. And a day in court. And so many lectures from everyone."

"Well you will go stealing cars," Lydia told him. "I did warn you that night." Ezra groaned, and Lydia raised her eyebrows. "Well you and Beth and Jimmy turning up in a nicked motor and asking me to go for a spin. I tried to talk you out of it, but you wouldn't listen."

"Yes I know," Ezra snapped and then apologised. "It wasn't my proudest moment. I nearly spent Christmas in prison for that."

Lydia touched him on his arm and smiled at him. "Well don't do it again," she told him gently, and picked up a book and passed it over to him. "A few hours entertainment for you. And you can't get nicked for that."

Ezra groaned, but Lydia flashed her smile and he opened it at the first page and started reading.

* * * * *

"And put your pens down please," yelled a teacher at the front of the examination hall. Ezra snorted. He had finished an hour into the exam and had taken to stroking himself through his tracksuit trousers, even flashing himself to an ex-girlfriend who was sitting directly opposite him. He got a scowl in return; Ezra didn't do splitting up very well and she was the latest in a long line of young ladies who wanted nothing to do with him after a tumultuous few dates.

"You're a sick bastard," Trudi shouted as Ezra sauntered down the steps.

Ezra turned and smiled. "And why would that be, my favourite cocksucker?"

Trudi ignored the snide comment. "I saw you flashing your dick at me in the exam. You're a fucking freak, Ezra!"

"Me?" Ezra shouted as most of the assembled year group stopped to listen; Ezra was normally entertaining if nothing else. "Perhaps you want it baby, It been awhile, Trudi? I know what you like. Little slut always sucking cock or getting fucked. Yo get fucked by Jimmy last week in Maths Room, I saw ya."

Trudi went red, and Ezra pushed his tracksuit trousers down and waved his semi-erect cock in front of her. "Look, Trudi. Look at it. You want it babe, don't you? It makes you horny!" Ezra teased in a patronising voice. "And bigger than Jimmy's."

Trudi snarled and pushed past him, and the giggling group of exam students. "Yeah whatever! Freak! You think I wanna suck your cock again. It's mingin'"

"You know, you sucked cock better than just about anyone else. You must have had so much practice!" Ezra yelled, his sizeable manhood still poking out of his trousers and Trudi gave him a hand signal amid a chorus of laughter, as she stormed towards the school exit.

Ezra grinned and returned his penis to his trousers. He didn't wear underwear, not with his tracksuits and got a few glances from some of the girls, but he wanted to create some

mischief or just relax, not seduce some inexperienced ugly girl from his year.

Ezra scanned the assembled masses for Jimmy or Frankie or even Lydia, but they were nowhere to be seen. He did wonder if they would turn up, but they would have been in the other hall and probably didn't wait around. He picked up his bag and sauntered out of the school gates, stopping once to kick a Year 7 boy who appeared lost into the flower beds.

Ezra hated his school, his classmates, his town and his family. He hated everything. And it made him angry.

Chapter II

"I'll take three ounces," Ezra announced and stretched out on the leather sofa.

The man grimaced and nodded. "You know the price, Ezzie. It'll be one twenty."

Ezra snorted. "A ton for cash?"

The man stood up from behind the table and gestured towards Ezra. "Yo fucking with me Ezzie? Yo do this all the fuckin' time, discount for something. What's this, a discount for cash? Yeah, 'cos I'll just go and get me card machine. It'll go on your statement as Weeds R Us," he shouted theatrically. "Of course you pay cash, you muppet."

Ezra was unfazed by the outburst. "W H Spliff, surely?"

"You fuckin' nob. It's one twenty or fuck off and buy your shit elsewhere."

Ezra put ten ten pounds notes on the table and looked at the man. "I got the other twenty, but it's in pound coins. And that'll fuck with you, right? Weigh you down when the cops come. Jingle in ya pocket. Fookin' nightmare."

He sighed and threw the bag of weed to Ezra. He never sold Ezra his best stuff and Ezra was either too naïve to know or was knocking it out at a high enough margin to care. It didn't bother him, either way. He got rid of his "crap gear" for a decent price – even with the discount Ezra always managed to negotiate.

Ezra smiled, and his dealer nodded. "Now get the fuck out of my space," he told him and Ezra, who had already got up to leave, quietly absented himself into the betting shop and onto the bright street.

He had plenty of people lined up to buy this, and needed to go make his profit. They were expecting him, and there was well over two hundred and fifty pounds waiting for him just to pick up. It seemed, quite a lot of his school year wanted something to celebrate their last exam with.

It took Ezra a few hours to distribute his wares as he walked over the city to his classmate's houses. Beth was good for another blow job, and he traded a tenner of weed for a quick screw against the park wall with Sophia, another of his ex-conquests who knew how to barter with Ezra.

By mid-afternoon, Ezra had sold almost all of the weed he had bought to his classmates, and made a tidy profit in the bargain and was now home with very little of his original purchase left. He knew Beth was always good for some weed, as she went through it like it was a packet chocolate buttons, but the walk out to her house was too far after a day traipsing around Chester!

He listened to a frantic conversation with the door ajar. Maria was vocally shouting at her boyfriend on the phone, and Ezra waited for her to finish and then announced his arrival by loudly opening the front door and sitting in the lounge. She came in, her eyes were puffy and red, and she had been crying, but Ezra pretended not to notice. She picked up her folder and sat down on the leather chairs and sniffed. "What time is Dad home?" Maria asked, and Ezra shrugged his shoulders.

"I dunno. Soon, I reckon," he replied and let his response hang in the air. "Hey Maria. Are

you OK?”

Maria glanced over at Ezra who was suddenly looking at her suspiciously. “Yeah, fine.”

Ezra bit his lip and then idly turned a page in a book he had picked up. “It's just that you look as though you have been crying.”

There was silence for a moment and then Maria spoke. “So what if I have? Like you care.”

“Well is there anything I can do to help?”

Maria shook her head and replied sharply. “No.”

“Oh well, if you want me, I'll be in my room,” Ezra said and got up. “Of course if your problem is your boyfriend then speaking to a guy, well me, might just be what you need, right?”

Ezra left the room and counted to three in his head. He knew Maria was easily led and just waited for her to call him. She did with a high-pitched voice and came running into the hallway.

“Wait,” she cried and Ezra turned around to face her, suppressing his smirk. “Gareth has been kissing Molly from the year above. Gabby saw them in town the other day. He denies it, but I know he has been kissing her. And he might have touched her down there.”

Ezra hid his smile and shrugged his shoulders. “Are you giving him any sex?”

Maria looked scandalised and stared at her half-brother. “No. Of course not, I'm not a slut.”

Ezra rolled his eyes and then smiled at her. “Well there ya go. He wants it, you say no and Molly says yes. Where the fuck do you expect him to go?”

Maria rubbed her eyes and scowled. “You mean to say, you think unless I give him sex I will get dumped.”

Ezra nodded. “Yeah, pretty much.”

“I don't think so,” Maria replied dismissively. “He knows I am not losing my virginity on a whim.”

Ezra shrugged. “Well I am telling ya. I was in your year a couple of years ago. If you like Gareth, you will give him something. Start with playing with him and going down on him. Send him a dirty letter, or better a dirty video.”

“I'm not sure,” Maria replied doubtfully. “It seems wrong. Surely if he is faithful and good we should do that when we are both ready.”

Ezra snorted. “Oh well, I tried to help ya keep ya boyfriend. If ya don't want to split then I will help ya with the video, but it's ya fookin' choice. We go away in four days, do ya want him to be fucking her while ya away?”

Maria stared at her elder half-brother and bit her lip. “OK. I'll make one, but only promising him a handjob.”

Ezra smiled and looked at his watch. “Right, we have an hour. Quick.” Maria's eyes widened, but the teenage tearaway dragged the younger girl upstairs.

“Hello Gareth,” Maria said seductively. She was naked, except for a pair of stockings she had found in her mother’s drawers and Ezra grinned at her through her father’s smallest camera. It was still heavy, but it took mini-VHS tapes and had been used when a large camera was not practical.

“Just sayin’ that I am thinking of you, and it makes me dripping wet,” the girl teased and ran her hand up her tort thigh.”

Ezra put his hand up and stopped recording. “Start again, only this time show more cunt.”

Maria repeated her opening, her legs spread and her unshaven crotch clearly visible. She ran her fingers up and down it and licked her breast. She promised her unfaithful boyfriend that the next time she saw him, he would be coming over them.

Ezra stopped the recording, and they watched it back on the small television.

“I’ll just edit it for ya on Dad’s baby suite in his office,” Ezra said, “and ya can get it out to him.”

“Awesome. Cheers Ezra. You’re a star.”

* * * * *

Ezra’s face was still thunderous as he came off the plane at Manchester Airport. His stepfather had chosen Jersey as their family holiday destination, partly because he had always wanted to go to the little island floating in the English Channel but mostly because of the photographic opportunities.

Ezra had behaved himself throughout the holiday, partly because he was given free rein at the hotel to come and go as he wanted, but mostly as he didn’t have to spend much time with his family. St Helier bored him fairly quickly, but he met a lovely girl, who reminded him very much of Lydia, who was also bored and they spent most of the week frolicking on the beach and enjoying each others’ company, especially as they both were staying in the same waterfront hotel.

Ezra was careful not to divulge anything about his past to Eva, she was well mannered and wonderfully polite that he sensed it would have been a problem, and as the weather was good, he spent all of it in his shorts and swimming shorts and was always very presentable to his holiday romance.

The tension between them had been growing all week ever since Eva asked her companion to rub suntan lotion on her. Ezra’s hands darted everywhere, and her G-String bikini, one of the rauchiest pieces of swimwear Ezra had ever seen barely stopped Ezra’s hands as he liberally and thoroughly coated her body.

Eva repaid the favour and gave Ezra a gentle massage when she coated him in Factor 20. He purred, she smiled and they shared a brief kiss before chasing each other into water.

On the last day, Eva and Ezra travelled to the far coast of the island on a tour bus, to a small beach enclosed by cliffs. Portelet Bay was quiet, but the breathtaking views and wonderfully unspoilt beach made it a romantic setting for their day.

Ezra had scrounged half-a-dozen rolls, some miniature pots of jam and butter and a couple of cartons of orange juice from the breakfast buffet, and they turned it into a picnic of sorts on the beach. For the first time, they held hands as they raced down towards the

sea, glistening in the summer Sun.

Ezra put his arms around the girl and kissed her neck. She smiled and moved his hands down to her waist in the water – she wasn't wearing any bottoms!

Eva held them up in her right hand and turned on the spot to kiss Ezra. He ran his hands through her pubic hair, and she grinned. "Later," she whispered. "Later."

The hotel was holding a dance on the last night, and as much as Ezra was not looking forward to parting company with her, the promise she had made would compensate. Unfortunately, she lived in Cornwall, too far to visit, and so Ezra would have to enjoy the night with her and part.

He had especially enjoyed his time in Jersey. Maria, Michael and his mum had not troubled him during his stay, and apart from sleeping in the same room, he had barely seen them. In fact, even Michael had been incredibly low-key with him, barely uttering a single word to him all week instead of the incessant criticism. Eva had just made a good week great, in Ezra's mind.

Everything was going fine. They shared dinner together, got dressed up, came to the disco hall and danced, talked, danced a bit more, talked again and then were very close on the slow dance.

Then Michael spoke to Eva and Eva's parents while Ezra was in the toilet. In two minutes, they had his life story and Eva dragged the teenager outside.

Eva was angry that Ezra had lied, and although she accepted his explanation that he was embarrassed about his past and wanted to move on, Eva was told by her parents that she was not allowed to go up to her room with Ezra alone. She was being watched by her parents who took an interest in her friendship with Ezra, and they had to confine themselves to dancing in the disco hall.

Ezra was furious with Michael, but there was little he could do about it, except piss over his stepfather's toothbrush and throw his cigarettes out of the window onto the Jersey breeze. He had deliberately sabotaged his last night with Eva, and he had to pay for it. He would pay for it. One way or another, he would pay.

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Ezra loved the feeling of the cool air on his face and pedalled harder. This was his brother's bicycle, his stepfather and mother refused to buy him one for Christmas, but he wouldn't miss it as he was out with friends for the day.

The trip to his school was mostly down a main trunk road, but Ezra had little trouble keeping a decent speed and pulled in at his school. He dumped the bike in some bushes at the back of the school and darted around the science block.

The school was closed, it was the start of the Summer holidays and Ezra tried the door to the Physics lab; it was locked. As was the second but the third lab, the smallest one was unlocked, and he softly opened the door with his gloves.

There was silence. His heart was beating fast, adrenaline was coursing through his veins. He tiptoed to the sink and bugged paper in the overflow hole and then the plug, before turning the tap on gently.

There was a sound, and he darted down behind the desk. He looked out through the window and saw the caretaker walk past the room with a ladder and Ezra crept to the door, and opened it.

He was there, at the end of the corridor, replacing a light, but he had his back to him. If only he could sneak out, and tiptoe down the hall, he would be free. Or caught. Ezra silently closed the door and sat back down behind the desk. He heard footprints alongside the running water and waited for them to go.

He felt sick at the back of his mouth but as quietly as the caretaker had arrived, he left. Ezra repeated this trick with all of the toilets and then departed on his brother's bike before he was spotted. Of course, he had just caused tens of thousands of pounds worth of damage, but he hated his school. They made his life miserable. How dare they threaten to expel him?

Ezra pedalled as fast as he could out of Chester and rode towards his village. He cycled through a small hamlet and stopped to admire the view over the valleys, and take a quick breather before taking a detour and skidding to a halt outside Lydia's house.

"Hiya," Lydia shouted from her garden. She was sunbathing, and not for the first time Ezra wished he was wearing some sort of restrictive underwear to hide his burgeoning erection. She was wearing a very skimpy black and white bikini that complimented her red hair wonderfully and left little of her thin body to the imagination.

Ezra threw the bike on the side of the drive and smiled at her.

"How was your holiday?" Lydia asked as she sat up, her breasts barely hidden by the tight bra she was wearing. Ezra stretched and farted that drew a sneer from his friend.

"Sorry. Jersey was shit."

"Oh," Lydia said sympathetically. "It can't have been that bad."

Ezra took the water bottle from the bike and flopped on the ground dramatically. "It was. Michael was spiteful," Ezra moaned and peered at her book. "War and Peace?"

"It's heavy going," Lydia admitted. "But I realised that there were loads of classics I haven't read yet." Ezra snorted, and Lydia gestured him to continue. He explained about Eva, and the dance, and Lydia did her best not to smile. "You are obsessed with sex," she teased, and Ezra denied this immediately. "You are," Lydia insisted and flashed him a smile.

"Oh just because I took my bits out of its' wrapping, I'm obsessed with sex. Maybe you should try it?"

Lydia shook her head and leant back. "You are so uptight Ezra. So, a holiday romance found out about your past. You didn't get your leg over. I bet you saw Beth when you got back."

Ezra blushed, and Lydia beckoned him over. She cracked her knuckles and sat behind him, massaging his back.

"You are so tense," she whispered as she ran her hands over his back. "You should learn to relax."

"I can relax," Ezra replied with more conviction than he felt. "It's just ..."

"Everything makes you angry," Lydia soothed and told Ezra to lie down on the grass without his top. Ezra did although he had to arrange himself, so he wasn't lying on his erect cock.

Lydia put her legs over him and knelt down but rested her ass on his rear. She leant over and began to rub sun lotion into Ezra's back, massaging the tense muscles and running her hands firmly down his body.

Ezra purred. "That's nice," he whimpered, and Ezra closed his eyes. Lydia had beautifully soft hands and a wonderful touch that felt wonderful to the unruly teenager.

"You just need to relax when you are getting wound up," Lydia soothed, and Ezra groaned.

"Well can I come here and live with you? That'll make me happier."

"You'd have to share a bed with me or my sister. And I don't think my boyfriend would like me sharing my bed with you."

"I'll share with Erika," Ezra teased. "I'm sure she won't mind."

Lydia laughed. "She probably won't. Now stop thinking about sleeping with my sister and just be quiet and relax."

Ezra purred as Lydia rotated her thumbs into his shoulder muscles. "That's great. I think I love you," Ezra joked, and Lydia giggled.

Lydia continued massaging Ezra for another fifteen minutes, and they greeted her mother when she arrived. Ezra offered to return the favour, but Lydia told him that he didn't need to, and she had to go in and help her mother with dinner anyway, and so Ezra left, considerably more relaxed than before.

Ezra stopped off at the little off-license and gently opened the door, slipping into the little shop. The shopkeeper was not in the front, and Ezra put his hands up to stop the bell from ringing as he entered. He glanced down the aisles; he could see the man just inside the stock room and then go inside, and grabbed three bottles of vodka, stuffing them into a carrier bag on the counter.

He added a bottle of whisky, and some weird drink before he heard the phone ring and instinctively ran out of the shop. There was a shout and Ezra grabbed the bike and started peddling, the bottles jingling as he did. He looked behind to see the shopkeeper at the door of his shop staring down the road as Ezra pedalled towards home, stopping off to stash the alcohol in the wood near his house and deep inside a fallen tree, well away from any path or road.

"Oi, Ezra. Get here," yelled his stepfather and Ezra peered over towards the door of the kitchen and decided to feign deafness. He had returned the bike to its position and wiped the mud off, so his brother would not notice it had been used. He hoped his brother would let him have it when he went off to University while he was away but doubted that he would be so generous, he was simply not like that with him. He picked up his semi-pornographic magazine, full of half-naked women and scandalously inaccurate sex stories, and sat down at the dining table, ignoring his stepfather.

"Ezra!" Michael yelled in the doorway, and the stocky boy peered up.

"Oh, did you call?" Ezra asked with false sincerity.

“What the hell have you done to this computer?” His arms were folded, and he glared at his stepson who shrugged his shoulders and put the magazine down on the sofa. “I need to review these invoices and can't 'cos you've fucked with it.”

“I've not touched your sodding computer. Do you want me to fix it?”

“Yes. I want you to fix whatever you broke.”

Ezra scowled and sauntered into the small study. Whatever Maria had done to the computer was suddenly his fault, and he wouldn't receive any peace until the computer had been fixed. With a theatrical groan, he slumped down into the chair, in front of the video equipment in the small study and looked at the machine.

“You touch these things, you obviously don't know what you are doing,” he muttered. “Clicking here there and everywhere.”

“Right, what's the problem?”

“That document there, won't open.”

“The Excel spreadsheet.”

“Yeah, you've unin-thingy-me-jigged it or something.”

Ezra rolled his eyes and selected the Excel document, and then double-clicked it. It did nothing and he retried, double-clicking it faster, and it loaded into Excel. “How d'ya do that?”

Ezra smiled. He knew Maria had clearly altered the settings of the double-click speed, but he was not going to tell him that. All he needed to see was that it was working, and Ezra got up from the chair.

“By not being a spaz,” Ezra told him and Michael immediately squared up to his stepson. Ezra sneered at the balding man and left the room. Why couldn't he just say thank you?

There was a blue, flashing light and a stout knock at the door. “Dad,” Maria called. “Dad. The Police are here.”

“What have you been up to?” Michael asked Ezra who just shrugged, and the familiar face of PC Templeton entered the hallway. “Ezra?”

Ezra looked out of the kitchen with a scowl. “What?”

“Ezra, I am arresting you for suspicion of theft, contrary to Section three of the Theft Act 1978. You do not have to say anything, but anything you do say may be written down and used as evidence against you. Do you have anything to say?”

Ezra grinned. “Anything I say will be written down? Yes, ow, ow, officer you are hurting me with your punches. Ow, officer. Have mercy on me. Ow.”

PC Templeton snorted, grabbed hold of Ezra and applied handcuffs to him. “Won't be so cocky later,” he told him and in front of the assembled crowd of neighbours led Ezra out to the waiting car.

Chapter III

Ezra's mother snarled at him. "Answer the question."

"I 'ave done. I ain't seen no vodka. You looked, right. I ain't been drinking and there's no vodka at 'ome so it ain't me."

The police officer sighed. "We have a positive ID on you, Ezra. He saw you and has identified you. Now lets start again. Ten bottles of vodka, five bottles of whisky and a dozen bottles of wine."

Ezra gave a smile to himself; he had not stolen anything like that amount of alcohol, but the shopkeeper obviously had a good reason to say that he did; was he going to claim on the insurance? "I don't know."

"Ezra," Tara shrieked and swore at her son. "You tell the truth."

Ezra looked at his mother. "I fucking am telling the truth. If I nicked it, then I would have the gear at home, and I 'ad nuthin. So you fuckers," he said pointing at the two officers. "... They ain't stitching me up with owt."

The police officer looked across the table and gave Ezra a steely glance. "They have CCTV," he told him, and Ezra just grinned. If they had really had CCTV installed then the shopkeeper would not have claimed that Ezra had stolen all the alcohol he had.

"Excellent," beamed Ezra with a grin. "Lets see it 'cos then y'all know it ain't me." The two officers looked at each other and terminated the interview, much to Ezra's delight.

"You will end up in prison," his mother warned. "And I ain't coming to see you. And Michael won't stand for it any longer. He will want you out if you keep bringing trouble. We don't want it for Will or Maria," she warned.

"Of course not. Precious Will and Maria."

"You would do well to copy them," she hissed. "They both work hard, and they don't get arrested."

"They are trying to set me up," Ezra lied and rubbed his nose. "Some help you've been. I'm being framed!" His mother snarled and took a deep breath.

"You are free to go," the officer said as he returned into the room.

"Don't I get a fuckin' apology," Ezra asked and PC Templeton turned to look at him.

"It was you Ezra, I know it was. But I can't prove it. But one day I will get you. And you will be going to prison, so no you don't get an apology. Now get out of my police station."

Ezra turned to look at his mother. "Fuckin' outrageous," he told her and got up. "Fuckin' disgraceful bunch of fuckin' pigs."

* * * * *

Ezra kicked the back of Michael's seat, and he swore. "Stop that! I'll crash the bloody car."

Ezra snarled. Maria was cramped up next to him and she kept elbowing him in the ribs, and his stepfather had his seat all the way back, so he had very little legroom.

Michael pulled into the small car park at the school, and Ezra gratefully got out of the car, theatrically stretching his legs while William ran off towards the main hall to collect his A Level results.

"I'm sure he has got all A's," Tara crowed. "He has worked so hard, and he is very clever." Ezra groaned and took a few steps towards the school.

"Where you going?" Michael barked, and Ezra screwed his face up. "And look at the state of you. It's always tracksuit or jeans. You look a bloody scruff, man."

"A walk," Ezra said coldly, and set off towards the tower block without waiting for an answer. He was hoping to find a vending machine and get a chilled can of fizzy drink.

The vending machine was empty, it wouldn't be stocked until the new term had started and Ezra gave it a kick out of annoyance and meandered back out of the foyer and into the warm August sunshine.

William skidded to a halt in front of him and smiled. "I got four A's," he shouted. "So I'm off to Cambridge, Ezra."

Ezra tried hard to smile but simply didn't care or share in the enthusiasm of his brother. "What's that over there?" Ezra asked, looking at the bottom of the tower block being fenced off with waist-high barriers.

"Oh, some vandals got in a few days ago and flooded the toilets," William said dismissively, and Ezra smiled. "Lots of damage. Might be to the foundations or something," his brother added and turned back towards the car park where he sprinted towards his family.

Ezra heard his family long before he saw them. His mother was cooing over his brother, and he just groaned. He wished, almost prayed, for his brother to get poor results, he just couldn't face the boasting or the superlatives his mother would lavish upon his elder brother.

* * * *

"Gareth," Maria said to the camera, her body naked but glistening with baby oil (Ezra's idea). She rubbed some in to her skin and then returned back to the camera.

"I know you liked the little hand jobs I gave you, but I want to do more, much more. I want to kiss that cock of yours, suck it until it explodes in my mouth, caress its underside with my tongue. I want you Gareth," Maria replied with passion, reading the simple script Ezra had prepared. "I want you." Ezra smiled and clapped his hand; the cue for Maria to stop.

Once again, Ezra edited, and Maria took the private video round to give to her boyfriend.

* * * * *

Ezra walked up the drive of the farm towards the stead of the Adams. Mrs Adams and Tara, Ezra's mother, were close friends, and Tara had needed to return a cookery book to her house. Surprisingly, Ezra had volunteered to do this, and he had walked the two miles across farmland towards the hamlet.

Ezra hummed, he liked the walk over the fields. The day was hot, and as Ezra walked around the last bend he gave a theatrical breath. He had not taken any water with him and had felt the strength of the sun, even though he had taken his jacket off and arrived at the house bare-chested.

He banged on the door of the little cottage and heard a few footsteps behind it. The door swung open and the tearful sixteen-year-old opened it.

Ezra passed her the book and then asked if everything was alright. "Fine," she murmured and Ezra sighed. He liked Lydia, he had always liked Lydia and she was stood in the doorway, her red hair framing her angelic face with tears streaming down her soft cheeks.

"Oh come on, Lydia," Ezra said a little sharply.

"You wouldn't understand," she wailed, and Ezra turned to leave with a shrug when he felt something pull him back. The soft, fragile girl needed someone, and he closed the door from the inside.

"What are you doing?" Lydia asked, pulling herself up to her full 5ft8in in height as Ezra took her hand, at the end of a short white crop top and just smiled at her.

"You are not fine. Talk to me about it," he told her softly in the small, sparsely decorated room. "I am not a complete bastard."

Lydia gave a brief titter through her tears. "You are Ezra. Everyone says so."

"But I am still your mate, what's up? You can tell me over a drink of water, I'm gaggin'."

Lydia stared at him and then led Ezra into the small kitchen. "Sit down, I'll do it," Ezra muttered and offered Lydia a glass of water, which she took from him and then he poured one for himself. She sat down at the little dining table and he joined her opposite, putting his hand on hers.

"Dave and I have split up," she admitted and then wiped her eyes.

"Why?" Ezra asked immediately and took two massive gulps of his water.

Lydia looked around the room and took a small sip of her drink. She pushed her hair back out of her face and looked straight at Ezra. "You'll say it's really silly when I tell you."

"I won't. Go on," Ezra promised and squeezed Lydia's hand. She eyed him suspiciously, and he brought up her hand to kiss. "I promise."

"I wouldn't go down on him," Lydia said in a quiet, sheepish voice.

Ezra stared at her and then raised his eyebrows. "So?"

"Well he didn't like it. He said if I wouldn't let him pop my cherry then I better give him oral, and I couldn't Ezra. I just couldn't. He shouted at me last night, called me some nasty things and said he didn't want a 'frigid cow' as a bird. And he's going to tell everyone and ..."

Ezra took a deep breath and exhaled sharply. "I'll go see 'im. He ain't disrespecting you like that. It's ..."

"No Ezra. Don't," Lydia said, her eyes wide and tears streaming from it. "I won't have you doing that."

"Doing what?" Ezra said with a wry smile.

"Beating him up," Lydia replied quickly. "I know what you are like Ezra. I don't want you too."

"I can 'ave him, he's just front. Don't worry 'bout me."

Lydia waved her finger at him and stared. "No. I won't have people fighting over me." Ezra shrugged, and Lydia stared at him. "I mean it. Promise me, Ezra."

"What's the point? No-one trusts my promises," Ezra quipped and then promised his friend that he would not lay a finger on her ex-boyfriend.

"He is just desperate," Lydia told him. "Not that you would understand."

Ezra scowled at her. "What d'ya mean?"

"You are hardly the most celibate guy in the school, are you?"

Ezra nodded and spoke in an airy voice. "That is true. I have sampled a few of the charms of a few of the young ladies," he teased and smiled. "But I have never dumped a girl because she wouldn't give me sex."

Lydia's face brightened, and she flashed her warm, inviting smile. "Really? Why don't I believe you."

Ezra nodded. "No, of course not. Even a disgusting critter like me has some standards."

Lydia giggled. "I'd never have had you down as that type."

"Ah well. Reputation always goes before me. I would not dump a girl because she wasn't ready for sex. I might not have stayed faithful, but I would never have dumped her," he replied with a smile, and she giggled.

"Oh Ezra, stop teasing me."

Ezra flashed a broad grin at her. "Out of interest, why didn't you go down on him?"

Lydia looked around the room and bit her lip. "You promise not to laugh?"

"Of course not," Ezra promised and she sucked in her lips.

"Because I don't know how."

Ezra broke his promise and Lydia sat up in annoyance, her beautiful, radiant look gone. "Sorry, sorry. Honestly Lydia," Ezra muttered when he realised her irritation. "BJ's are so easy. Mouth on cock, rub tongue round cock and suck. Man in heaven."

Lydia tutted. "Well it's all very easy to say, but well I just got nervous and told him, I wouldn't do it."

Ezra bit his lip and grinned at the upset girl. "Unless you bite him or scrape him with your teeth, you can't give a bad blow job. It can't be done. Sure there are good cocksuckers and

great cocksuckers but every girl I've had one off has done mint.”

Lydia hummed and scowled at him. “It really isn't that easy, Ezra.”

Ezra sneered. “I'll make you a bet. I bet you can give me a good blow job without any practice,” Ezra said, and Lydia laughed and then her face dropped slightly.

“You're serious, aren't you?”

Ezra shrugged. “Sort of. I wasn't going to say no if you took me up on the offer but guessed that you are too much of a goody-two-shoes to do so.”

“Goody-two-shoes?”

“Yeah, you wouldn't dare. You're too normal.”

Lydia stared at Ezra, and a smile crept over her face. “OK you are on. What do I do?”

Ezra smirked and then laughed. “Oh very good.”

“No I am serious,” Lydia replied and got up, gesturing for Ezra's hand. “Unless you're now a chicken?” Ezra watched as she bit her lip and shrugged. “I gotta learn. I ain't gonna keep getting dumped 'cause I can't do things. So, no strings attached. Just an educational blow job. Nothing more.”

Ezra laughed at her again, a little nervously and saw a look in her eye. “Shit, you are serious,” he exclaimed, and Lydia smiled.

“Of course I am,” she told him and led him upstairs. Ezra was anxious, Lydia was his best friend, his only true friend, and he didn't want to wreck his friendship with her over a blow job. He could get them every day from Beth or the likes of Trudi, but he couldn't get friendships from anyone. He was universally feared in his year with only a handful of his year group prepared to talk to him.

“I gotta take a shower,” Ezra blurted out at the top of the stairs, and Lydia peered at him through a cocked head.

“Why?”

“Because you are sticking your face into my crotch, I haven't had one today, walked in the hot sun and my cock'll be minging,” Ezra told her quickly, and she smiled.

“See, you are nice. Well you know where the bathroom is,” she told him and gently guided him towards it. Ezra took a deep breath and closed the door, dropping his tracksuit trousers.

What was he doing? This was Lydia, but then she seemed to want it. He just could not understand her, what had got into her? Well not Dave, obviously.

Ezra turned on the shower and allowed the warm water to come through and then stepped into the steamy shower cubicle. It was nice, but he turned it down a little once the water hit his skin.

He rubbed his loins with a blue shower gel and washed the suds away and then repeated this under his arms and all over his body before stepping out into the bathroom and

wrapping himself in a giant red bath towel.

Lydia was waiting in her bedroom and had changed. She was wearing bright red stockings that came up to her thigh, and nothing else.

“You like them?” Lydia asked, and Ezra was speechless.

“Wow, Lydia. You look beautiful.” Lydia uncrossed her arms from in front of her breasts, and Ezra felt his cock stiffen immediately. She had shaved her pubic hair into a runway, the short amount of hair sitting enticingly on top of her slit.

Her skin was flawless, it shone radiantly like her expectant smile and she looked slightly flushed, her rosy cheeks lighting up her face. Lydia shook her hair and went to tie it back.

“Don't,” Ezra said as she picked up a bobble. “You look wonderful with it free.”

Lydia beamed at him and held her hand out and pulled him towards her. “So, what do I do?” Lydia asked, and Ezra was snapped out of his trance. He was too busy admiring his friend.

Lydia was very attractive, and always attracted plenty of male attention, but Ezra rarely saw her in a sexual sense. Sometimes she evoked instinctive responses in his anatomy, but he never considered her as a partner; suddenly he could think of little else.

He stammered and Lydia unfurled the cotton towel from around him and pushed him onto her bed, and then pushed him back, so he was lying down.

Lydia knelt at the foot of the bed, and smiled at him, and then his cock. It was far bigger than she was expecting, and was sticking up, as firm as it could get.

She moved her mouth to the tip and kissed it. A shock wave shot out of his dick, and he gave an involuntary groan. The suspense was killing him, but Lydia opened her mouth to engulf his cock. He closed his eyes and bit his lip.

“I can't,” Ezra muttered, taking his cock from the mouth of Lydia. Lydia looked up at him, and he sighed. “It just feels wrong. Seducing girls like Beth for sex is fine, but I can't do it to you.”

Lydia spluttered and kissed the tip of Ezra's cock again. “You haven't seduced me,” she replied. “You couldn't. Just let it happen.”

Ezra took a deep breath and Lydia reengaged herself. “Beth always puts her fist at the base as pumps it as she goes down,” Ezra murmured, and Lydia followed the instructions. She put her mouth over the tip and gave a weird kissing, sucking sound.

“Roll your tongue around the foreskin,” Ezra whispered and Lydia looked up with her eyes, and then swirled her tongue around the glans.

Ezra breathed out sharply and grunted. “Yeah, that's cool.”

Lydia kept her mouth over Ezra's manhood and began to slide gently up and down his erect member, never taking any more than three inches or so in her mouth. As she did, she gently slid her hand up and down Ezra's shaft, and Ezra's grunts turned to nasal groans.

“Just,” Ezra murmured. “Just suck and massage my ...” Lydia pre-empted the instruction by suckling on his cock and began manipulating his glans and shaft with her lips. “Just do that,” Ezra added breathlessly.

Lydia was lavishing love and care onto his cock, and it felt wonderful. Her spare hand explored his body and caressed his testicles before rubbing his waist and then squeezing his thighs.

Ezra could feel himself nearing the point of no return. There was a tension in his balls, and he had not come for a few days, he felt horny before he left his house, but Lydia's new-found oral skills were bringing him to a climax quickly.

The tension grew to heat and then a burning need. “Lydia,” he panted. “I'm gonna.”

Lydia ignored the warning and kept sucking.

“Lydia,” he cried out desperately and gripped the edge of the bed. His balls needed to empty. “Lydia!”

Lydia grinned and sucked hard. Ezra cried out and began pumping his seed into the mouth of his friend.

She felt his cock twitch and half-a-dozen squirts of a warm, thick substance jettisoned onto the roof of her mouth. It felt weird, and when the final spurt hit the back of her throat, it caused her to cough, and she disengaged herself rapidly from Ezra's penis.

Ezra lay there sated for a moment and then opened his eyes to see Lydia wiping his cum from her chin.

“I win,” Ezra muttered, and Lydia grinned.

“I did OK? Was I supposed to swallow?”

Ezra held out his arms, and Lydia fell into them. He kissed her, not on the cheek but on the lips, he had never kissed a girl who had just swallowed his spunk. She returned the kiss and then beamed.

“I take it that it is a yes.”

Ezra nodded. “What did it taste like?”

“Weird,” Lydia admitted. “Not unpleasant but a little bit salty and sweet at the same time.”

Ezra lay the girl down on her bed and worked his way to her legs.

“What are you doing?” Lydia asked, and Ezra raised an eyebrow.

“You'll see,” he muttered and gently parted her legs.

“I don't think I want to lose my cherry,” Lydia murmured, and Ezra smiled and lowered his mouth to her slit. “Oh Ezra, you don't need to do ...” Lydia whispered, and Ezra poked his tongue out.

Lydia was wet. Slippery and wet. He noticed her glistening folds and wanted to kiss them and caress them and poke them with his tongue, but resisted. He kissed the inside of her thigh and worked his way around her slit.

She sighed and shifted in her bed. She gave a nasal grunt as Ezra's lips touched the top of her crack and he ran his tongue down her. He lapped at her moistened womanhood, it slick with the combined juices of her teenage arousal and Ezra's saliva.

Ezra parted Lydia's legs a little further with his hands and then gave her clitoris, gently poking out of its hood a little kiss. Lydia squealed, and Ezra moved his hands from her thighs to her breasts, gently running his hands over her nipples and firm bust.

Her breathing rate increased, and began emitting gentle mewling sounds as she exhaled. Ezra sucked on her clit and then ran his tongue up and down her slippery crevice. He poked at her hole with his tongue, lapping at her virgin pussy before swirling his way back to her clitoris.

Ezra had frequently gone down on his girlfriends, having been taught the art of it by a much older girl when he was fourteen. He loved inhaling their musky scent and tasting their sweetness. He loved seeing the loins glistening and then feeling the wetness with his tongue and on his chin. He loved it, and Lydia was the sweetest girl he had ever tasted.

She began bouncing on her mattress, Ezra's tongue driving her to an arousal and tension she had never experienced before. Sure, she had played with herself and experienced what she thought was a climax, but never felt like this.

Her entire body was tingling. She felt an indescribable tightness and tingling in her loins. She needed to pee.

"Stop," Lydia called breathlessly. "I need to pee."

"No you don't," Ezra muttered as he removed his face from her crotch.

"I do, I do," Lydia cried, and Ezra smiled.

"You don't. Just let it go," Ezra muttered and returned his tongue to her clitoris.

"Ezra!" Lydia squealed. "Ezra! Oh Ezra. Oh god," she squealed as his tongue swirled around her pearl.

Lydia started panting as Ezra gripped her clitoris with his lips. He was rubbing it as fast as he could with his tongue and gently rubbing her nipples with his fingers.

She was squealing and desperately holding on. She felt as though as she was melting into the mattress and squeezed the edge of the bed. Her thighs quivered and she clenched her buttocks as hard as she could.

Lydia emitted a high-pitched squeak and then moaned loudly. She had never felt anything like this. She felt as though a torrent had been released, and her body convulsed and shook as it swept through her.

Ezra didn't stop and felt her shaking underneath his tongue. He did his best not to smile, he had had well over thirty lovers, but none of them meant as much to him as Lydia. To see Lydia orgasm was worth more than all the others put together.

She rode the wave of her climax for several seconds and then relaxed her muscles. Ezra took that as a sign, and slowed his attention on her pussy and moved away from her clitoris. He knew it would be too sensitive. Lydia gestured for Ezra to come up the bed, and he did, still kneeling between her thighs he sat up and kissed her.

"That was wonderful," she murmured and wrapped her arms around him. His cock was erect and positioned over her pussy, and she looked at him with lustful eyes. "What does sex feel like?"

Ezra smiled. "To me. It feels like my dick is being kissed warmly. It feels like heaven."

Lydia stared deeply into Ezra's eyes. "Will you be gentle?"

Ezra smiled at her. "If you want me to."

Lydia nodded, and Ezra gently touched the entrance of her hole. She gasped in expectation and he moved it forward slowly, pressing on her hymen.

Lydia screwed her face up, and Ezra stopped. "You tell me if it hurts and I'll stop," Ezra told her, and she nodded. The sensation from Ezra's manhood was unlike anything she had ever experienced. She felt like her pussy was tight and full but also that a deep-rooted desire was being awakened. Tingles spread out from her loins, warmth that was indescribable.

For Ezra, the tight opening was wrapped like a slippery glove around his cock, and he grunted. Lydia was the tightest girl he had ever been with and even though he was only inside of her by an inch or two, it felt amazing. Her tightness pulled back on his foreskin, and his tip was caressed by her snug pussy.

He slowly withdrew and then slid back into her, a little harder. He felt a soft obstruction at the entrance of her and smiled. It was her hymen, but didn't feel like it was too restrictive. Ezra stared at Lydia who was sucking in air.

"OK?" Ezra asked gently, and she nodded.

"Yeah," she whispered and Ezra slowly put the hymen under pressure and then withdrew to thrust slowly forward, each stroke having a little more force behind it, and stretching her hymen a little bit more as it got further down his cock.

Lydia gasped in pain and Ezra stopped. She looked at him and bit her lip. "I'm fine," she whispered before Ezra could ask. She had never felt this full before, and there were so many new sensations to take in, she was almost overwhelmed by it all.

Ezra pressed forward slowly and took a deep breath in shock. She could feel her hymen tearing, and it hurt, but the sharp pain subsided almost immediately.

For Ezra, her pussy was holding onto his cock as tight as it could, but he kept watching her face for grimaces. If she were in pain, he had to stop, but his gentle movements were bringing a different sort of groaning.

"Oh, Ezra," she whispered and Ezra felt her adopt the same slow, gentle rhythm that he was doing, her body rising to meet his. Ezra could feel his testicles tingling, he was getting ready to come again, Lydia was tight, and his cock was getting incredibly stimulated.

He pushed in with firm strokes and grunted. Lydia was already shaking, her hands wrapped around her lover. "Oh Ezra," she moaned again, and Ezra increased his speed.

He was nearing another orgasm. He grunted, and his legs wavered, before he withdrew and squirted his seed over her stomach and into her belly button.

Lydia laughed.

Ezra returned to the room with several sheets of toilet tissue and passed them to Lydia who was inspecting the sheets.

“No blood,” Lydia said almost disappointed. “I’m supposed to bleed, right?”

Ezra shrugged his shoulders. “Only Trudi bled. She covered her sheets. Sophia and Beth had none. Or Lucy or Violet.”

Lydia smiled and cocked her head. “In a weird way I am glad it was with you.” Ezra sniggered, and Lydia looked up. “I know you have a reputation, but I like you and I couldn’t have trusted anyone else to be so gentle.”

Ezra lay back down on the bed alongside Lydia and put his arm around her. “I know I’ve had a few girls over the years, but none has been as nice as you.”

Lydia grinned and slid her hand over the naked teenager. “So what happens now?”

Ezra grinned. “You take a shower, we get dressed and are nervous around each other for the next fortnight,” he joked, and Lydia pushed herself into him.

Lydia got up when she saw the time and panicky announced her mum was due home in twenty minutes, and she ran off to the bathroom while Ezra got dressed. He looked around Lydia’s room and noticed a picture on her wall, the biggest picture of them all, of her and him together. It was from her sixteenth birthday party, and he stood staring at it and rubbed his chin.

Suddenly, what had happened hit him. He had taken Lydia’s virginity. She would never have it again, because he, Ezra Strickland, had taken it. He didn’t love her, certainly not in the conventional sense, and they would never go out with each other, but he had taken her most precious thing she had: her innocence.

He felt awful.

Lydia smiled as she entered the room. “I’m sorry I’ve got to throw you out, but I told Mum I would be on my own and don’t want her to see my wet hair and know I had a shower while you were here,” Lydia said quickly, and Ezra nodded.

“Look, Lydia. I am sorry. We shouldn’t have. Well I shouldn’t have. I’ve taken advantage,” Ezra started, and Lydia pushed her wet ginger hair out of her face and smiled at him. She kissed him on the lips and thanked him.

“It was brilliant,” she confessed. “But only because it was with you. But I need you to go. I am feeling a little emotional, and I will cry, and I don’t want to, but I need you to go before Mum comes home and I do start. But I am not upset with you. But go.”

“OK I’ll see you Thursday,” Ezra said as she kissed him goodbye. “Bet you got all A-stars.”

Lydia shook her head. “I haven’t. But I do need good results, if I want to get into Cambridge.”

Ezra sighed, she was certainly Cambridge material, normally well out his league but something happened that day that made her very attainable, if only for the morning.

Chapter IV

"Where's that bloody child," Michael fumed and he stormed into the garden. Ezra heard the annoyed voice, and stayed quiet, he was busy reading a book Lydia had lent him and was in the corner of the garden where he wasn't obviously seen. "Ezra," yelled Michael the moment he clapped eyes on him. "Mrs Abbotts said she saw you trying to set fire to the postbox at the end of the road last night."

Ezra peered up from his book. "A postbox. Made of metal, not known for being flammable!" Ezra told him in a deadpan voice.

"Are you trying to be facetious?"

"Oh no," Ezra replied with fake sincerity. "I am sure I would succeed if I tried."

Michael grabbed hold of the boy and yanked him from his seat.

"Who do you expect me to believe, Mrs Abbotts or you?"

"I don't care," Ezra replied immediately. "I didn't do anything. Why the hell would I try to set fire to a postbox?"

Michael released his grip on the teenage boy but still stared at him. "That is always your problem. You never do anything."

Ezra snorted. "Yeah, whatever!" Ezra turned towards the house.

"Don't you turn your back on me," roared Michael and Ezra ignored him. "You are nothing, Ezra. You will be nothing. You have no future."

Ezra turned and gave a wry smile. "What do you know?"

"I know you did eff all work for the last two years. You will fail your exams and will have nothing."

Ezra pushed Michael away as hard as he could, so that he tripped over a lavender bush and sprawled out on the floor.

Ezra sneered over the man and took a quick glance up and down the garden. He had dreamt of his stepfather laid helpless on the ground looking up at him. Ezra hated him.

"Fucking leave me alone."

Ezra barely spoke at the dinner table and Michael was still fuming. His mum had prepared a roast dinner, but he wasn't in the mood to be with his family; he had his results the following day and just wanted some peace.

His elder brother, William (who had taken his stepfather's surname when their mother got married) pushed his knife into his yorkshire pudding and splattered drops of gravy over to his right.

"Fucks sake," Ezra muttered and wiped the brown liquid off his shirt, scowling at him. "Eighteen for fucks sake and still eat like a fucking spastic."

“Get out of here,” Michael thundered and banged his fist on the table causing everyone's plates to jump a few inches into the air. “You do not use that language in this house.”

“Oh Jesus Christ,” Ezra mumbled and threw his chair back, so it bounced off the wall. “Like living in a fucking concentration camp.”

Ezra knew this would rile his stepfather, and he was correct; his family were Jewish, and any references to the war were met with an instant volley of unrepressed anger. “Don't you dare say that,” he yelled. “You have no idea ...”

“What people went through,” he mimicked him. “Only I do, because after living here with you, fucking Auschwitz'll be a piece of piss.”

Michael, already on his feet leaning across the table, went around, his fists raised ready to hit the abusive sixteen year old, but his wife stopped him.

“Let me go, Tara. I'll knock some respect into that little shit,” he shouted, but Ezra didn't wait for a response. He turned on his heels and ran into the little village to sit in the park. He wanted some peace.

Ezra barely said anything to the people who passed him in the park, everyone knew him in the village and no-one approached him, he looked angry, and that was normally a bad sign.

“Susie, isn't it?” Ezra asked the girl in the centre of a throng walking through the small park and past his position on the wall.

She smiled and broke away from the group. “Yeah. How you doing, Ezra.”

“Your brother was being a right spaz earlier. How did such an inadequate twat end up with a beautiful girl like you?”

She giggled and bit her lip. “I, er, don't get called beautiful very often.”

Ezra's eyes glistened. “No? You are, well fit body, sweet smile, and I've heard ya, a dirty mind.” Susie went red, but Ezra just smiled. “And I know you fake 'em, babe.”

Susie's eyes narrowed and glared at Ezra who didn't seem to notice or care. “I do not. Not that it is any of your business.”

Ezra sucked in his lips. “No it's not. But I want to know how he manages to get you and keep you. You are well fit, and he is ugly as fuck. You are brainy, and he is retarded. And he's shite in bed. Why do you stay with him?”

Susie shook her head. “Because he is a nice guy Ezra. He is a good guy.” Ezra scoffed, and Susie shrugged. “And you know he does like you, you know, but he thinks you will ruin your life.” Ezra scoffed again, and Susie smiled. “You are the only guy I know who has been arrested more than once. And the only one who has been in court. He wants you to sort your life out.”

“Well I don't always make the right choices, but neither does my brother.”

“Oh Ezra, he is a grade-A student. He never does anything wrong, he's never had a detention in his life.”

“So he always does right?” Ezra asked, and Susie nodded. “So spending the afternoon with Kelly Morgan was right then?”

Susie's eyes widened for a moment. “What?”

“Kelly Morgan, you know the slapper with long black hair and big tits from the Lower Sixth. She came out of his bedroom stark naked two days ago with very ruffed up hair. Gave me quite a shock.”

Susie shook her head and stared at Ezra. “You're lying aren't you, Ezra? You are lying.”

Ezra shrugged and shook his head. “No, I'm not. Why would I like 'bout that? But I am sorry Susie. You deserve so much better than him. Here.” Ezra dug in his bag and took out a small bottle of vodka he had stolen on the way out of the house.

“He can't be,” she muttered. “He just can't be. I know I've made us be quite celibate during our exams, but he wouldn't cheat would he? I mean, I know he didn't like the idea, but he accepted it.”

Ezra shrugged and passed her the bottle of vodka. Susie's eyes widened. “Where do you get that?”

Ezra grinned. “I think it's called the five finger discount, but I think you need it.”

Susie, still shocked watched as Ezra unscrewed the top off the alcohol and passed it to her. She took a huge swig, and then another.

“Go on,” Ezra gestured and Susie took another giant mouthful.

“It's strong stuff,” she replied and grabbed hold of the wall Ezra was sat on.

“I know. Well, I only nick the best.”

Susie gave a titter and Ezra encouraged her to down some more.

“You know. I loved him, Ezra. I really loved him. I did everything for him. I am even going to Colchester so we can be close when he goes to Cambridge. And what does he do, he fucks around?” Susie slurred.

“Yeah well. I said he was no good for you. I am sure Kelly isn't the first you know. He always helped a few girls with their homework, and he always had a thing for Jodie.”

Susie hiccuped and let the words sink in. “Jodie? My sister Jodie? He said he was doing her maths wiv 'er, but those two are close,” she muttered. “He's always said I'm being paranoid when I ask him 'bout all the girls he sees, but I know I'm not. God, my sister?”

Ezra bit his lip and nodded. “Well she is a cute girl,” he said and rubbed the backs of her shoulders. “Very cute.”

“She is my sister. She is fourteen,” she wailed. “Fucking slut. I'll kill her. And 'im.”

Ezra smiled. “Hormones are all over the place. It's difficult.”

Susie waved the bottle and pointed it towards Ezra. “Well you'll know wouldn't you. Now I know why the twat didn't wanna do revision wiv me.”

Susie took a swig of the bottle and offered it back to Ezra who took a small sip of the fiery liquid.

“So my boyfriend has been fucking Kelly. There is only one thing to do,” Susie rambled. “I need to get even.”

Ezra grinned. He had hoped Susie would be suspicious but never thought that she would believe him so readily. It was almost too easy, and he smiled. “Perhaps you should just stand him up on this holiday you are going on!” Ezra suggested, and Susie shook her head.

“No,” she said firmly. “I need to screw someone. Al is his best friend. I want him to fuck me.”

Ezra laughed. “Isn't he gay?”

“I donnae want to go out with him. He can fuck me arse, just like a batty boy.”

Ezra burst out laughing, and Susie grabbed hold of the wall. “Or I could just fuck you.”

Ezra was glad there was semi-darkness as his smile would be too obvious. “Well, if you think so,” Ezra muttered, and Susie nodded.

“Yeah I'll teach the cheating bastard. Fuck me, Ezra. And make me come.”

Ezra grabbed hold of Susie's thighs and forced them open with his wrist. Susie was leaning against the wall, and she wriggled her hips as his fingers went inside her skirt and touched the lacy material that covered her mons.

Ezra smiled and slid his finger past the lingerie, gently moving it to one side and slowly inserted a finger into her hole, the pussy of Susie. The unattainable Susie who was happily betraying his brother with glee.

Susie groaned as Ezra's fingers found their way to her clit and began rubbing it gently. She groaned and mewed in pleasure, stuck in a remote part of the park in the centre of their village.

The park wall prevented anyone who was about from seeing that was going on, but Ezra would have preferred some privacy, but he wasn't going to get it. It wasn't the first time he had been amorous in the park, but the very thought of touching his brother's girlfriend caused him intense excitement, he would have done in it the fires of hell!

He rubbed her button and she moaned, his fingers becoming slicker with her juices. He wanted those clothes off, and tore down her skirt, ripping it as it came off. Susie didn't care, or mind when he tossed her panties into the undergrowth.

Susie jerked and twitched as Ezra's fingers twirled along her moist slit and poked her hole roughly. Her crotch tingled as Ezra's fingers moved back and forth across the unshaved pussy. She moaned, and Ezra knelt down on the sodden ground and pushed his face to her crotch.

She squealed as his tongue touched her crevice. She began to buck, his tongue flicking her clit. Susie began to feel a little light-headed, and her loins were tingling with every touch from Ezra.

Ezra pushed a finger into her hole and began to massage the inside wall of her pussy. She panted and as Ezra sucked and lapped on her pearl, she squealed and moaned louder and louder. With every flick of her clitoris, her muscles jerked and spasmed.

Susie was going to orgasm. She loved the sensation sweeping over her body. Her breathing was ragged, her loins were convulsing, her body was writhing, her fingers were digging into the stone wall, and her clit was on fire. She was coming.

“Oh god,” she squealed, and her body shook as wave after wave of debauched pleasure cascaded through her. Ezra enjoyed the musky taste of Susie and rode her orgasm, before getting up and kissing her on the lips.

She fiddled around the front of Ezra's tracksuit, and Ezra let her remove his cock from the trousers and then he guided the bottomless girl to bend over the small wall.

She was a little high, but Ezra could reach her twat easily enough and with as little love as he could, lined up his cock and rammed into her unprotected cunt.

Susie was not totally with it, and he saw that she had been drinking while he had been going down on her. The discarded bottle of vodka was almost empty.

Ezra put his hands on her hips and brought her back onto his cock, ramming into her soft, moist opening. She squealed and started rocking and bucking her hips in time with the rhythm Ezra was impaling her.

Ezra reached over and grabbed her left tit through her thin top and squeezed it. She clamped down on his dick with her muscles, causing him to grunt. She was tight, and Ezra felt a warmth in the back of his testicles itching to release.

Susie was rubbing her clitoris with her finger and squealing. “Oh god, oh fucking hell.”

Ezra was approaching the point of no return but so was Susie. With as much force as he could muster he rammed his cock into her pussy and she exploded, waves of pleasure washing over her.

“Urgh! Ugggh! Ahhhgggghhh,” Susie squealed as Ezra's body smashed against her buttocks, his cock stoking her G-Spot. Her muscles quivered around Ezra's cock and then gripped it.

It was too much for Susie who when she came, her stomach contracted and wishing to remove the half-bottle of vodka, expelled it violently. Several waves of vomit came up her throat, burning and spattering the side of the wall with puke.

The girl, his brother's girl, degrading herself in such a way pushed Ezra over the edge and he unloaded several squirts of cum into her unprotected womb as she threw up again and again.

Susie slumped against the wall, and Ezra slid his cock out of her. She straightened up and started panting and groaning. “I ain't ever come like that,” she moaned.

Ezra shrugged and tucked his leaking cock into his tracksuit bottoms. Susie swayed from side to side. “That was the best sex,” she murmured and grinned. “Where are my bottoms?”

Ezra shrugged and looked into the darkness. “Over there, somewhere.”

Susie gulped, and at the same time, she let out a vicious fart, which contained a slurry of diarrhoea. This splattered down the backs of her legs, and Ezra turned his nose up at the smell. She was revolting, but she didn't notice.

“Oh fuck it,” she slurred and walked out onto the path. “Be seeing you kid,” she shouted and Ezra was glad to part from her. She was oblivious to her semi-nakedness, cum dripping down her thighs and shit splattered on the backs of her legs. She looked like a filthy slut but as far as Ezra was concerned, she was a mere pawn to him.

She was broken, William would find out what had happened, and he would never want anything to do with her again.

Chapter V

“What yo get Ezzie?”

The owner of the voice, a small, rotund boy was addressing a large, stocky teenager with unkempt black hair and a white tracksuit.

Ezra grinned. “All A stars. Jimmy. I told you, I aced it.”

“Yo man. Ya lvin’,” Jimmy told him and snatched the results paper from him. “One A star, man, you got an A star. Yo a geeky swot big time, man. And two A's and how many B's? I bet ya spent all of ya study leave revising.”

Ezra laughed at him and shrugged. “I told ya. When I wasn't with you I was wanking. Or fucking. What dya get?”

“A B, a C. And D's. And one E. But that's for the party later.”

Ezra grinned. “Well I'm out of weed so you'll need it. Ezra, in his hooded tracksuit, jumped down from the wall and with his friend, crossed the playground towards the main road.

He stopped Lydia who had a big smile on her face, and Jimmy left them alone while he talked to the beautiful girl. “What did you get?” Lydia asked, and Ezra passed her the paper.

“That's good,” she cooed and smiled at him before passing Ezra, her results.

“Fuckin' 'ell Lydia. Ten A-Stars.” Lydia bit her lip and Ezra put his arm around her. “That's amazing.”

“I can't believe it. I am sure I am going to get a letter telling me that there has been a dreadful mistake.”

“No. I doubt it. I always knew you were a geek.”

Lydia grinned and kissed Ezra on the cheek. “That's for Tuesday. Thanks for being so understanding. I gotta go, Mum is waiting.”

Ezra watched the girl skip towards the road and gave a sigh. He would have to walk the three miles home; his mother said she was too busy to pick him up, but Ezra didn't care, he had some entertainment lined up!

Ezra walked towards his village. It was a few miles away but would only take an hour or so to walk. He didn't intend on going straight home, and stopped at a little hamlet. There was a small common there, consisting of a car park for tourists, an ice cream van and a telephone box.

Ezra sat down on the bench and looked out over the view. He rummaged around his bag and picked out the bottle of vodka he had stolen earlier in the day.

This was his results, and he was going to celebrate it. His stomach rumbled, but he ignored it, opening the litre of alcohol and taking a big swig.

And then another.

And another.

And then a few gulps.

Ezra's throat burned mercilessly as the clear liquid scorched its way. His stomach lurched immediately, and he felt sick. He sat back on the bench and closed his eyes, the lunchtime sun was too bright to stare into it.

"Excuse me," a young man said firmly and Ezra opened his eyes. He was still on the bench, the vodka wasn't in his hands anymore and he was warm, sweaty and clammy to the touch.

Ezra groaned as he looked up. "What?" Ezra mumbled.

"You are across the bench. My wife and I want to eat our ice creams."

"Well I'm not fucking stopping ya."

"You sort of are," a female voice mentioned and Ezra sat up, blinking.

"Who the fuck asked you? This bench is paid for by Cheshire people. Southern cunts come here and try and nick all of our fucking benches. I bet you'll want the drink in our bottle and the cunts of our women. Fucking disgusting bastard. I'm going to give you a fucking good seeing too," Ezra ranted and the couple backed away.

Ezra stumbled around the bench and retrieved his bag and his vodka. He was hit with a sudden need to pee, stronger than he normally had. He was desperate and was about to let it go against the bench when he saw the telephone box.

The British telephone box, the lavatory of choice for every drunken teenager for decades was about to be desecrated again and Ezra sighed as he released a steady stream of pungent urine against the side of the red structure. Much of the liquid bounced onto his shoes, but he had closed his eyes, he didn't see or feel it.

He groaned as he finished, it felt good to get a relief.

"Ezra?" A voice behind him said firmly and he opened his eyes and turned around.

There was a bright light right in his eyes. A blue bright light. A blue bright flashing light.

"PC Cuntymbollocks?" Ezra asked, and with his cock still out collapsed onto the ground and muttered. "Fucking hate you."

* * * * *

"How you feeling Ezra? Long time no see," the sergeant cheerfully said the following morning. "Headache?"

"Not really."

"Your parents are here or would you rather go back in the cell?"

"My parents are not here. Well not unless they have reconciled but they have had sixteen years to do that and haven't managed it. My mother and stepcuntage may be here. But parents no."

The Duty Sergeant, Ian Wallace grimaced. "I'll go have them brought in."

"I'd rather have a decent breakfast. Call that a meal, I wouldn't feed that to a dog," Ezra grumbled and the sergeant smiled. He removed the handcuffs from the teenager and sat back down.

"We have a decent breakfast though. You see we have to go catching vandals pissing in phone boxes."

Ezra screwed up his face. "Was that me?"

The sergeant nodded and picked up his pen. "Quite an original one really. You know we have to open a second folder for you now. Arrested seven times and you are sixteen." Ezra looked sheepish and leant on the counter. "How do you fancy going back to court Ezra?"

Ezra screwed his face up and shook his head. "No."

"Remind me, what happened last time?" The sergeant asked as he skimmed through the form, ticking various boxes and occasionally looking up. "Was it the YOI?"

Ezra bit his lip. "I had a supervision order," he moaned. "And a final, final warning."

"Oh yeah it was Mr Samuels, how did you find him?"

Ezra sighed and sucked in air through his teeth. "He's a gay wanker. Kept wanting me to find myself."

"Well you will go stealing cars," the sergeant said airily. "There has to be a punishment."

"Yeah well, it wasn't just me," Ezra replied bitterly. "I was the only one done for it though."

The sergeant looked up and smiled. "You were the one driving. PC Templeton said he never seen such speeds on country roads."

"There were six people in that car. They were all pissed and Beth was high as a kite. It wasn't me with E's but I still get done."

The sergeant put his pen down and looked at the short-tempered teenager. "You have been arrested several times, your companions it was a first offence. Of course they got cautions and you got court."

Ezra looked at the form and read it upside down. "Oh a caution?"

The sergeant glanced up. "Oh a rarity, someone who can read. But do you understand what one is?"

The peace was shattered when a siren-like yell came from the end of the room and Ezra's mother descended on him. "You stupid, stupid boy," she squawked and raised her hand.

The back of her hand came down over his cheek as he cowered. "Oi, don't I get police protection?" Ezra asked and was told he didn't.

The sergeant proceeded to lecture the educated boy, telling him that he would be inside by the time he was eighteen unless he "grew up" and then gave him the form to sign.

“And Ezra,” the Sergeant called as he went to leave. “If I ever catch you in my nick again, I will let 'em prosecute you. No cautions from now on, you hear?” Ezra nodded. “Oh and Ezra,” he called and held out a piece of paper. “Congratulations on your GCSE's. Just don't come back.”

“This is your last chance,” Michael thundered the moment Ezra got out to the car. “One more step out of line and you can sling ya bloody 'ook.”

Ezra snarled at the purple man. “It doesn't bother you if I get arrested. It's my criminal record,” Ezra started and Michael grabbed hold of Ezra's shirt.

“You fuckin' listen to me. I won't have this behaviour in my house. So lose the attitude or fuck off, you hear?” He threw Ezra towards the car and Ezra took a deep breath and opened the door.

Before he got in his turned to his mother and stepfather. “I take it you don't care what GCSE's I got?”

Michael sneered. “Bet they weren't as good as William's,” he told him. “He will go on to make something with his life. You will end up as a ruddy criminal.”

Ezra bit his lip. “You're right. They weren't as good as William's,” he said without emotion and climbed into the car.

Suddenly, Ezra felt the urge to hurt someone as strong as ever, and he knew just the person.

* * * * *

Michael and his mother had left after dropping him off at home and he immediately sought out Maria.

“I've been thinking, Maria.”

Maria scoffed. “You thinking? Don't be ridiculous.”

Ezra ignored the barb. “You and Gareth. Going good?”

Maria spun around in the chair and looked at Ezra, seriously. “Yeah, he is well happy. I am seeing him later.”

“Well I was thinking. You need to give him another video. If the other ones are working, and I knew that they would, you need to make him a big promise. Tell him he can have your virginity.”

Maria recoiled and screwed up her face. “What? I don't think so,” she replied dismissively.

“Well, it's just that I was twelve when I lost mine. Most of the girls had lost theirs by fourteen. Now, if Gareth still has his, and his friends are getting laid, no amount of blow jobs or hand jobs is going to stop him from wanting to get fucked, right?”

Maria curled her lips. “There are only a couple of girls in my year who have had their cherry popped.”

Ezra forced a loud guffaw. “You are joking. They will have all done it. No-one wants to be

the first or else you all call her a slut. I bet well over half have had their cherries mashed.” Maria took a deep breath and her eyes narrowed. “When have I ever let you down?” Ezra asked and she sighed.

“OK. So what do I do?”

“Right video. Opens up. Naked, playing with yourself. Remind him what he has had. The hand jobs, the blow jobs, the fumbblings. And then hit him. Tell him that you are ready to be fucked wherever and whenever he wants. Tell him, he makes you hot and wet. Tell him you want nobody else but Gareth.”

Maria didn't look too convinced but Ezra flashed his smile full of cheeky charm and ran off to get the smallest video camera out of Michael's office. He would have to be quick but he had just enough time.

Chapter VI

“OK Ezra,” a voice boomed from behind them, and both Lydia and Ezra turned behind them. PC Templeton walked up behind them and gave Ezra a firm stare. “Turn your pockets out.”

“What?” Ezra asked in surprise.

“Turn your pockets out. I reckon I'll find some controlled substances.”

Ezra threw his hands up in exasperation. “And why do you think that?”

The policeman gave a wry smile. “I think you know why.”

Ezra groaned and turned out the pockets of his tracksuit that was a couple of tissues, some keys, a wallet containing ten pounds and a few condoms. The policeman patted Ezra down as Ezra taunted him.

Lydia watched in horror, as Ezra was searched and then the policeman not finding anything got up and bade her farewell.

“Oi, fucking come back. Don't I get a fucking apology?”

PC Templeton turned and walked back. “No sonny. You don't get an apology. But you speak to me like that again and you will get arrested. Now I know you are up to no good. And I will catch you. And you will go to prison when I do. You understand?”

Ezra scowled and sneered at the policeman, and PC Templeton walked away.

“What the fuck was all that about?” Ezra asked and Lydia remained silent. She had sat down on the bench while Ezra was being searched and Ezra joined her. She looked across at her friend.

“I do worry about you, you will end up in jail the way you are going.”

“I didn't do anything,” Ezra whined but she was adamant.

“You will. Even mum says so, she thinks you will waste your life. I'm worried about it.”

“I won't. I'm not totally stupid,” Ezra countered and Lydia sniggered.

“Well I'll remember that when you are next in court. Christ's sake Ezra you can't even be in the park without being stopped and searched. And what's going to happen when they find drugs on you?”

“They let you off with a little bit,” Ezra replied and she took a deep breath.

“They send dealers to prison,” she replied coldly and Ezra stared at her. He went to say something but she saw it in his eyes. “Yes Ezra, I know.”

“How?”

Lydia bit her fingernails. “I've known you for a long time, Ezra. Since you were four. I remember you pulling the pigtails of all the girls...”

"Except you," Ezra interrupted.

"Except me. Well I stood up to you. I've known you be a little bastard for years and a big bastard for almost as long. But it is getting serious now, dealing in drugs is a big deal. And they will catch you. Eventually. And I don't want you to piss your life away."

Ezra grimaced as Lydia spoke and stared out over the swings. "I am not going to prison. I am not going to piss my life away," he replied calmly. "And you are starting to sound like my fucking mother."

Lydia exhaled sharply and put her hand on his arm. "I am only saying this because I care, Ezra. I just want you to be happy, and out of trouble."

Ezra sucked in and she leaned over to put her head on his shoulder. "OK. I'll stay out of trouble."

"You will stop dealing?" Ezra snorted and Lydia looked at him expectantly. "Ezra?"

"I don't do very much, don't worry about me."

Lydia stopped and grabbed hold of his arm. "Ezra. I gave you my virginity because I thought that underneath you were a decent guy but I don't want to be friends with a drug dealer. You will go to prison, so for me, please, stop."

"OK. I'll stop. Only sell a few hundred's worth a month anyway."

Lydia's eyes widened. "A few hundred's worth? Bloody hell Ezra. You promise me, you'll stop?"

Ezra glowered at her with a deep frown and an annoyed tone. "Yeah, I promise."

"Well lets take a walk home then," Lydia said and Ezra got up and pulled Lydia to her feet. "You know that means telling Beth she can't trade weed for blow jobs," Lydia told him and Ezra stopped.

"Who told you that?"

Lydia laughed. "I know quite a lot about you that you probably wished I didn't."

Ezra walked Lydia home and as the thunderclouds gathered ominously took the short trek back towards his house. The trees would shelter him from any rain and by the time he reached the small village he called home he was still reasonably dry, despite the clouds unleashing a torrent of water onto the land below.

Ezra ambled into the living room and picked up a magazine. His mother and stepfather barely acknowledged his presence, instead they were glued to the television set. Ezra had just slumped down in the chair and opened the magazine when William burst into the lounge and dragged him from the chair.

"You messin' with Susie?" William shouted and Ezra pushed him back.

"Now steady on," Michael uttered and looked at his stepsons.

Ezra sneered at his elder brother. "Says who?"

William took a deep breath, his eyes sparkling with anger. "Did you mess with her?"

Ezra smiled. "Yeah, she was very accommodating. Desperate for ... satisfaction."

William took a deep breath and roared at his brother. "What do you know?"

"I know how to give her an orgasm. Several in fact," Ezra goaded him coldly and William's fist smashed into his brother's solar plexus. Ezra was winded from the unexpected attack and as he tried to recover, William struck a fist into his face and he fell against the radiator.

Ezra shouted in pain and William turned to kick him, but his mother stopped him. "I loved her," he wailed. "You told her that I was sleeping with Kelly and I haven't been."

Ezra stumbled to his feet and wiped his face. It was pouring blood and looked at his brother, who was staring at him. He swayed for a moment, and punched him as hard as he could in the ribs, despite a warning from Michael to end the fight.

Michael bundled into Ezra, smearing blood all over his shirt. "Stop it," he bellowed but Ezra ignored him.

"Yeah, well she wanted something you couldn't give her. Desperate she was. I've never seen a girl that wet before," Ezra taunted and William seethed at his brother through furious tears. He turned and left the room.

Tara and Michael both turned to Ezra. "What did you do that for?" Tara asked. "You know they've been dating for five years next week. They were supposed to be going away together to celebrate."

Ezra shrugged. "She was asking for it," he muttered, still not feeling guilty over his transgression.

Michael closed his eyes and yelled at Ezra to "get out of the house" and Ezra grinned and swaggered out of the house and went to the park to contemplate. The rain had stopped and he just needed to get away from his family.

He turned into his road an hour later. He had stolen four gnomes from number six and smashed them, leaving the pieces on the lawn of number eight, and also pushed a boy off his bike in the park. It didn't make him feel any better at all, and decided that he had done enough soul-searching and just wanted to relax in his room.

A crying voice was coming from outside his house and he sauntered round the corner to see Susie wailing at the house. "Will, please. Talk to me."

Ezra grinned. "Oh hello Susie," he said with an inappropriate fondness. "How are you?"

The tearful Susie spun around. "You bastard, Ezra. You nasty little shit," she yelled. "You told me Will was cheating and he wasn't."

Ezra's grin didn't leave his face. "I know. But you were willing to spread your legs for me when I told you."

Tears fell from Susie's face and she wiped her cheek. "How could you be so nasty? He is your brother."

Ezra sniggered. "That's why it so enjoyable," he replied without emotion and stepped over the flowerbed towards the door.

Susie launched herself at him. She might have been slight but threw a volley of punches towards the sixteen year old and Ezra was forced back in surprise onto the manicured lawn. "I hate you. I hate you. I hate you," she screamed, her weak blows barely causing any pain and Ezra blocked them with ease.

Without thinking he grabbed her by the wrists and threw her onto the lawn. Susie shrieked and screamed. Ezra stood over her and she just stared at him, sobbing. "Oh shut it yo slapper."

Ezra turned and was met with William running out of the front door, holding the biggest kitchen knife in his hands.

"Get off of her," he yelled and brandished the blade. Ezra stared at the weapon and William told his girlfriend to get up from the ground.

"I'm gonna cut your heart out," William threatened coldly and Ezra watched the knife and his brother walking slowly towards him. "You're poisonous, you have to wreck good things for other people. I was going to propose to Susie when we were on holiday, but you have to fuck up everything."

Ezra snorted. "So go on then, use it. Plunge the knife into me," he said and held out his hands. "Come on. Fucking do it, you pussy."

William's hands wavered over the knife.

"Fucking do it," he yelled. "I fucked your bird. She was screaming, begging for more. I rammed my cock into her cunt, creamed her. What are you waiting for? Oh, you haven't got the guts."

Michael and Tara ran out of the front door and Michael shouted at William to drop the weapon.

"I need to kill him. He is evil. There isn't a good bone in his body," William said, his eyes still fixed on Ezra.

"Go on then, I'm waiting," Ezra taunted and Tara screamed.

"Stop it. Stop it, William. Don't throw your life away."

William looked away and Ezra took the opportunity to knock William's hand with the knife. It spun out of his hands and into the car, making a sizeable dent in the side panel.

William squealed in shock, but Tara threw her arms around her eldest son before Ezra could get to him. Ezra wanted to knock him out, to hurt him, to kill him.

"I know he is nasty but you can't wave a knife in his face."

Michael turned to Ezra. "I warned you. Ring your friends, your dad, anyone. You aren't staying here anymore. You aren't welcome."

"Mum?" Ezra asked and she shook her head.

"Ring your father. I don't want you here, Ezra. No-one does."

Ezra gave a snarl. "I'm your son too."

Tara took a deep breath. "No, Ezra not any more, Ezra. You are ripping this family apart. We don't want you here."

Ezra sucked in air through his lips. "Yeah. You've never wanted me here. You've never fucking wanted me."

Michael pushed him as he squared up to his mother. "I said ring anyone," he yelled and Ezra took a deep breath and sighed. He needed to get out of Chester.

* * * * *

Ezra took the last video from the duplicator and sealed it in the jiffy bag. He already had enough stamps and had prepared the envelopes. Of course, Maria did edit together very well, the tapes of her slutty confession set to be distributed around the neighbourhood. He had twenty envelopes – everything from her school friends, her boyfriends' friends, her parents, even her favourite teacher. Their details faithfully recorded in her little notebook that she left lying around.

Ezra straightened the desks and closed the door. He was not supposed to be at Michael's business, but it was the only place he knew of with video editing equipment and duplicators. Ezra locked the cabinet and took the spare set of keys he had cut a few months back and pocketed them. Michael had no idea!

Ezra smiled as the last jiffy bag disappeared into the postbox outside their house. He had saved that one till last, it was his home address and it was this tape that would cause the most amount of trouble for his spoilt half-sister. He wanted to see her embarrassed and destroyed but knew he wouldn't. He would enjoy thinking about it though.

Ezra took an intentional detour, he knew his presence was not wanted at home and cycled his brother's bicycle down the lane, coming to rest at a small park on the outskirts of Chester. He scanned it, searching out his particular victim and noticed him sitting on a park bench smoking with two of his friends.

Ezra set off, cycling towards the bench at breakneck speed. At first, the smoker barely acknowledged Ezra but when he saw who it was scrambled to his feet and sprinted towards the opposite end of the park and towards an alleyway between two houses.

Ezra leapt off the bike as he reached the fleeing teenager and bundled him to the ground. He yelled and Ezra kicked him sharply in the ribs, pulling him to his feet and throwing him up against the wooden fence, the other kids in the park feigning blindness; Ezra's reputation was well known.

Ezra scowled at the scared boy, his face grazed and his hands shaking. "I know how ya treated Lyd-die," Ezra said firmly. "You don't disrespect her like that. She doesn't put out for ya, ya live with it, ya hear?"

Dave blabbered, frantically apologising, and Ezra smashed his fist into his cheek. "Shut it," he yelled as Dave collapsed against the fence. "I'm here to warn ya, I'm leavin' Chester for awhile, but I'll be back, and if you've been dissing Lyd-die, I'll rip ya apart, ya hear me?"

Dave, his nose now leaking blood, clasped his hand to his face and nodded, watching as Ezra backed away from him and picked up the bicycle that had been flung into the undergrowth.

When He got home, Ezra picked up the phone, dialling Lydia's number. He was certain

Maria and William were about, but as they were not speaking to him, he was able to talk freely to Lydia, telling her that he was leaving the county but would give her his forwarding address.

* * * * *

Ezra took the family photo, struck a match and watched the photographic paper curl up and burn with a sinister black flame. First Maria's face went, and then that of his mother and stepfather, and finally that of himself. He didn't shed a tear, just a feeling of sadness.

Ezra's dad appeared at lunchtime, just as the Michael was cursing about the state of his house. Ezra had packed all of his belongings and they were stacked up in the hallway, but this meant that Michael had fallen over something at least twice and he blamed Ezra for bruises on his arms, who took a perverted delight in that his last day in the house was still upsetting his stepfather.

Ezra leapt up and ran to the door, leaping over the assembled boxes en route. His dad stood there in the pouring rain and hugged his son.

"You've grown," he said eventually and Ezra grinned.

"You always say that."

"Well it's either that or I've shrunk," he joked and stepped over a box of books.

"Tara," he said tersely, to his ex-wife, who had appeared in the doorway. She had her arms folded, and glared at him. He tried to force a smile but couldn't manage it, the memories of her walking out with the children fifteen years previous still very raw in his mind.

"Adam," Tara replied coldly, a scowl not leaving her face.

"Hey I wouldn't mind a cuppa," Adam told her and she snorted.

"There is a tearoom just down the road. Very reasonably priced."

Adam and Ezra loaded the items into the van fairly quickly although they both wanted drinks that they weren't going to get. They made an agreement to stop off on the way to Bolton at a pub anyhow.

"Oi," Tara called and Ezra turned around to face her, just as he was about to get in the car. He hadn't hugged any of his "family" goodbye and there was a clinical coldness to all of them but he expected to see his mother at least wish him luck in his new start. "Your keys?" She asked.

Ezra fished in his shorts and extracted the door keys. He looked at them, and then glanced over at his dad checking the tyre pressure on the front tyre, and with as much force as he could muster, threw them past his mother in the doorway and into the face of Michael, who let out a loud, angry yell.

"What happened?" Adam asked and Ezra shrugged.

"Just asked for my keys. I don't think he caught them."

Tara, who had ducked the moment Ezra had raised his hand, swore and rushed to comfort

her bleeding husband.

“Shall we hit the road,” Ezra asked without a trace of remorse. “It's a long drive.”

“Yeah,” his dad replied and got into the car.

“One last thing, can we stop off at a house on the way. I want to say bye to someone.”

“Girlfriend?” Adam said with a sly grin.

“No, just a friend. A female friend, but someone who I want to keep in contact with.”

Chapter VII

Ezra carried his stuff up to his new room. It was a box room, and used to be room of his youngest half-sister, but she was now sharing with her elder sister. It was barely bigger than seven-foot square, but it was about fifty miles from Chester, and that made it perfect.

Adam helped him and put the boxes down at the foot of the bed. "It'll take you a few days to find homes for all of this," he suggested and Ezra nodded.

"Yeah. I might need to throw some stuff out."

"I know it's not as big as your room with Tara and Michael but ..."

"It's fine Dad," Ezra told him and looked out of the window. They were at the end of a small cul-de-sac and his room looked out directly over the street. "Is it OK if I go for a wander."

"Explore your new surroundings?" Adam asked and Ezra chortled.

"Just to stretch my legs, been cooped up in the van for two hours."

Adam smiled. "Oh and Paula has booked us in at the local College at nine. We need to talk to them to get you enrolled on a course. If you want to stay in education, but you do right?"

Ezra nodded as he picked up his coat from the bed. "Yeah. Physics. Or Maths."

Ezra stepped out onto the street and crossed the road. He had noticed a small alleyway between two houses opposite when they arrived and wanted to see where it went. He needed to know where he lived!

Ezra turned the corner, and ducked the moment he did, instinctively. A ball sailed past his cheek and bounced against the fence behind him.

"Sorry mate," a wiry boy called out and Ezra retrieved the ball and kicked it thirty yards so it landed at the boy's feet. "Nice pass," he called out and Ezra walked over to him and his two playing companions.

"You play?" He asked sharply.

Ezra took a deep breath and grinned. "Yeah, I play. Centre midfield mostly. A Paul Ince role, hacking down opposition."

The boy dropped the ball and kicked it towards Ezra who deftly controlled it, let it bounce and flicked it towards the top corner of the goal thirty yards away, leaving the 'keeper no chance of saving it.

"Wow! Awesome hit," the boy cried appreciatively. "How d'ya do that?"

Ezra just stared at his trainers and shrugged. "Just flicked it," he murmured and the boy grinned.

"It was cool, I'm Robbie, that's Matt and the shit goalie is Nicky."

"Ezra," he introduced himself. "Just moved in at number ... well that house over there."

“Oh, Adam Strickland,” Matt replied. “He did our bathroom.”

“Yeah, there.”

The ball sailed over their heads and Nicky grinned. “Wake up,” he shouted and Ezra ran the thirty metres to fetch the ball, put it on his right foot and passed the ball to Matt who volleyed it over the bar.

“You bastards,” Nicky moaned and traipsed off to retrieve the ball, now nestling in the nettles at the side of the small park. “It's your turn to go in goal,” he shouted and Matt and Robbie looked at each other.

“I'll go,” said Ezra and walked over. “I used to play in goal sometimes.”

These guys definitely had potential to be friends, a concept he had barely experienced in Chester.

* * * * *

“Do you need a hand with that?” Ezra asked as he waited in the drive for his new family. The pretty girl from next door had several shopping bags of heavy files and books that she was struggling with and Ezra jumped over the three foot wall and grabbed a few.

“Cheers,” she said and he helped her carry the huge bags into their front room. “It's a whole load of work I need for my course,” she told him and he put them down.

“What are you doing?”

“Biology, Chemistry, Maths and Further Maths. I want to be a vet.”

Ezra nodded and the girl just smiled. “Let me show you our rabbits.”

Ezra hesitated and looked out of the window. “Sure, I'm waiting for my family and they are being a bit slow.”

The girl smiled and introduced herself as Jenny and then showed him the rabbits in the back garden, by opening the hatched and picking up the smallest.

“This is Muffin, she is the youngest but she is so adorable.” Ezra smiled and looked at the girl, she looked at least seventeen or eighteen and had a thin face with luscious long black hair. She was pretty and Ezra bit his lip. Why was he nervous? He was never normally nervous around women!

“Ezra,” an exasperated voice shouted and Ezra groaned and shot out of the front door.

“Sorry. I was just helping the neighbours.”

Fiona – his father's partner - smirked when she saw Jenny come to the door and wave at Ezra, who returned it.

“She's way too good for you,” Fiona told him jokingly and he just grunted as he climbed into Fiona's small car. They were going to enrol at his new College, and as his dad had been called away at short notice to do an urgent job, Fiona was going to take him.

“Sorry, no places left,” the Principal of the College told Ezra who sighed as Ezra's choice of A Levels was rejected.

“Right, what have you got places for then?”

Ezra rubbed his furrowed brow and Fiona shifted awkwardly. Ezra was being a little aggressive but it was his future at stake.

“We can do the Maths but not the Further Maths or Physics or Chemistry.”

Ezra sighed and picked up the booklet again. “Computing?”

“Yes, we can let you do that. General Studies, obviously.”

Ezra shook his head. “I don't want to do General Studies. What about Electronics?”

“Electronics is only done by pupils who have outstanding results at GCSE, it is a very tough subject. And everyone does General Studies unless they get outstanding GCSE results in which case they can do another academic course.”

Ezra sighed. “Well if you let me take Electronics, I'll do General Studies,” Ezra offered and the Principal looked at Fiona and then the teenager with raised eyebrows. Rarely did a student try to negotiate what the College said they could or couldn't do for A Levels. It was unheard of, some subjects they could only do if they reached a particular threshold on their GCSE's and while this boys results weren't bad, they were some way short of what he would want to see.

The Principal flashed a nervous smile. “As I said, some subjects are for exceptional students, they are very tough.”

Ezra looked at the clock and groaned. “It's just we've been here for over an hour, and you want me to take a subject I don't want to, and I want to take a subject you don't want me to. Let's meet in the middle?”

The Principal scribbled a note on his paper and hummed.

“Well after four weeks, I'll happily take a test to show that I am coping with the subject. If I fail it, I'll change it,” Ezra promised. “But all the other subjects I want to do are full and won't help me at all with my career.”

“And that is?”

“International Spy and Explosives Expert.” There was a silence as the Principal stared at Ezra open-mouthed before Ezra burst out laughing. “I want to go into engineering, electrical engineering, I think.”

The Principal grinned. He had never met anyone so dogmatic in his tenure at the College, and agreed to speak to the tutors who ran the course. He promised nothing, but he guessed Ezra would be doing Electronics; and he'd put money on him to pass any tests set at the end of September.

* * * * *

“Maria,” called her father and she poked her head from the door.

“What dad? I'm working.”

“Come here, now!” Michael barked and Maria reluctantly walked downstairs. On the

television was a picture of a naked young girl with her breasts out, stroking the nipples.

It was her.

She shrieked and jumped forward to stop the tape.

“Well young lady,” her mother barked.

“I’m expecting a tape from a colleague who wants me to review the material and all I find is you being a slut. It’s not on, Maria. Have you been sleeping with this guy?”

Maria burst into tears and her mother comforted her. “I didn’t want to, but he said I had to.”

“I’ll kill him. I’ll kill that Gareth,” Michael thundered and grabbed his keys. “Where does he live?”

“Not Gareth, Ezra. Ezra told me to sleep with him. And he made the videos.”

“He did what?”

“He said that if I didn’t want to lose him I had to.”

Michael sighed and looked at his daughter. “You trusted him. How could you be so stupid?”

Maria looked at both of her parents and Michael got up. “I need to go into work, but we will be talking about this later, you understand?”

“Yes,” Maria replied sheepishly and left the room in tears.

The part-time secretary swore, she needed to get those invoices out today and there was nothing in the computer documents. Her boss had used the bank holiday to have the office closed for the long weekend, and she was on holiday the week before, but if the invoices didn’t get out that day, they would be seriously late. They were all there when she went home ten days ago but were missing now.

“Mr Feldman, I think there is a problem with the computer,” she said when her boss arrived twenty minutes later. “I can’t find any of the files. Our records for invoices, for paying people, nothing.”

He grunted, and swung the monitor round. “You must have deleted them then,” he roared. “Just get them from the backup disk.”

“I’ve tried. They’re missing.”

“What do you mean, gone? We do one every week.”

He stared at her; she had been there for only three months but she hadn’t had a problem with the computer before. He opened the cupboard and peered inside.

Nothing.

He stared at it for a moment and then smashed down on a few keys on the keyboard.

The files, his files, were gone.

"Well they must be somewhere," he thundered. "If I don't get them we'll be ruined. They have to be somewhere. I can't run my business without them."

But they weren't. For some reason, a mystery program had systemically overwritten each file with random numbers and then wiped them. For some other reason, the backups were missing.

Michael stared at the screen and cursed. If he knew any better, it was the fault of that evil stepchild, but Ezra had not been to his office for six months and there was no way he had access to this building.

This was clearly a computer malfunction. But just where were his files?

* * * * *

Fiona sat down at the end of the garden next to Ezra and passed him a chilled beer from the fridge. "Cheers," he said gruffly and they looked out over the valley.

"Adam and I often sit here in the evening and look out. It's why we fell in love with the house," Fiona told him as Ezra took a swig of the bottled liquid. "You see, we both had difficult relationships before and this house was a new start for us. This is where we started again. This is where we started trusting people again."

Ezra nodded and she smiled at him. "This isn't Chester, Ezra. I am not your mother, Adam isn't Michael. The girls aren't Maria. This can be a new start for you too."

Ezra remained silent and scowled across the valley. "You'll realise that we aren't fighting you. No-one is against you here. You are here because we want you here, not because we have to have you and we want you to be happy."

Ezra bit his lip, not looking at Fiona. "The girls love the idea of having a big brother, Ezra. But you've not spoken to them. Or me."

"Yeah well ..." Ezra started and Fiona stared at him.

"We're a happy family, Ezra. We want you to be part of that but you have to want to as well. I know it's a change from Cheshire. Think about it, we are off to the pub for something to eat."

Fiona got up and Ezra grunted taking a huge swig of his beer.

"Aren't you coming?" Fiona asked and Ezra looked up and around. His dad was waiting at the end of the garden and peering up the garden path towards his wife and son.

"You want me to come?" Ezra asked, surprised.

"Well yes. We thought we'd celebrate your exam results."

Ezra leapt up and finished the last of the beer. "OK."

"Is it true that you got arrested?" Katie asked the moment they had all chosen their meals in the eatery and twirled her finger around her hair touching the arms of her glasses. The ten-year-old looked expectantly at Ezra who looked at Fiona and then his father for help. They shrugged at him and Ezra nodded, putting down the menu on the table.

“Yeah, one or two times,” he admitted and Katie whistled.

“Did they pull out their guns?” Katie asked theatrically and grinned. “Did you have to dive as the bullets whistled past your ears?”

Ezra laughed and bit his lip. “No. English police don't carry guns.”

“Just as well,” Adam muttered and Ezra smiled.

“Well why did you let them arrest you?”

Adam got up from the table with a grin and raised his eyebrows at his son, as if to wish him “good luck” and went to order their food.

“You don't have much of a choice,” Ezra told her excitable girl and she stared at Ezra.

“You don't look much like a criminal to me,” she told him. “What did you do?”

Ezra sighed and fiddled with the menu. “The first time was for assault, I got involved in a fight,” he admitted and looked over at Fiona who wasn't perturbed at his honesty at her daughters. “And I was thirteen. Then it was shoplifting from an off-license, and then threatening behaviour. Then it was indecent exposure, a group of us streaked through Chester town centre and then it was criminal damage.”

“How many times have you been caught by the Police?”

Ezra hummed and looked sheepish. “Charged seven times. I was a crap criminal.”

Fiona raised her eyebrows at Ezra who apologised and corrected himself by saying “bad criminal”

“That's not seven, it's five.”

“The last two were for joyriding and being drunk and disorderly.”

“So if you were always caught, why did you still do those things?”

Ezra bit his fingernail. “I don't know,” he said quietly. “You just get caught up in it, I s'pose. It's not a good position to be in.”

Adam returned and looked at his son. He passed him a pint of beer with a grin.

“Cheers,” he replied, and his new family toasted his GCSE results, and his new start in life.

* * * * *

As silent as he could be, the burglar crept up the drive with his companion. The house was reasonably large and in an affluent village, it would difficult to break into, but he had an easy way in.

What could be easier than keys, keys which had been bought from a young tearaway. He was promised videos, camcorders, cameras and game consoles. He could take everything, and as the family would be away for the evening, he had plenty of time.

He smiled as the key slid in the lock effortlessly. That fifty pounds was well worth it, Dino was right about him, he was sound. He had keys to a large house and a well-stocked

office – they would clear up.

* * * * *

“What's this?” Adam asked as Ezra pulled out several notes from his wallet.

“Payment. For the petrol and meal and stuff. I didn't leave Chester without a little pay-off.”

Adam chortled and shook his head. “We might not have much money but I don't need that. I wouldn't have thought Michael would give you anything.”

Ezra grinned nervously. “He didn't. I had access to his office and the petty cash box before I left,” Ezra admitted.

“You stole it?” Adam replied shocked and Ezra shrugged.

“I prefer to call it compensation for sixteen years of abuse,” Ezra admitted and sat down at the dining table.

“Ezra. It's not good to steal you know. Especially from your own family.”

Ezra snorted. “Michael was not my own family. Nor is William or Maria or Mum.”

Adam looked at his son. “You don't mean that.”

Ezra nodded. “I do. I never fitted in there. It was obvious when Mum got remarried and I was the only one who refused to take his surname.”

“I remember the arguments it caused between Tara and me. But family or no family, it is not good to steal.”

“I know. And I won't. But Michael was a very special case.”

Adam rubbed his hands together. “Two wrongs don't make a right,” he warned and Ezra nodded and then slid the money across the table again.

“OK. I get that, but here. It will at least pay for the petrol.”

Adam stared at the cash lying on the table as Ezra got up. “Go give it to Katie and Lily. They gave up individual bedrooms for you and I think they'll appreciate some new toys.”

Ezra smiled. “Sure.”

Chapter VIII

Dear Lydia,

I hope this reaches you OK. I have settled into my new home. Bolton is nothing like Chester or even our little village, it is massive. There is always something happening.

I was thinking about you the other day. I realised that out of everyone in Chester, you were the only person I ever liked. There is a nice girl next door, and a fellow football fan over the road. I started college, and everyone just seems so friendly although there are a few muppets.

Leaving Chester was the best thing I could have done, my new family are awesome. Katie and Lily, the two girls, are nice and have had me helping them with their homework. I never did it with Maria, I could never be bothered but they have had me do everything.

I thought about ringing my old home but realised I didn't know what to say. Dad wanted me to ring when I got here to say that I had arrived safely but I didn't want to, so I think he did instead.

You must come and visit some time. I would come to Chester but if I meet a few people it could get a bit messy.

Lots of love, I do miss you.

Ezra

P.S. Been here two weeks and not been arrested once!

Chapter IX

Jenny passed him a glass of orange juice on the lounge by the side of the private pool.

“So where is your cousin?” Ezra asked as he stretched out and took the juice, putting it on the table between them.

“London,” she replied immediately. “I think it is West Ham they are playing.”

Ezra smiled. “So he just lets you have a run of the house while he is away?”

“Yeah. Well, just the pool and the tennis courts.” Ezra surveyed the surroundings.

“Does he have a bike?”

Jenny shook her head. “Not allowed. They might have an accident.”

Ezra hummed. “I’ve always wanted a bike. A Harley Davidson. If I could afford all this, there would be at least one in my garage.”

Jenny laughed and stretched her arms out, throwing her wrists to the side, and knocking over the orange juice, onto Ezra.

“Ah shit,” he shouted and leapt from the lounge.

“Sorry,” Jenny replied and rushed inside for a towel. The sticky drink managed to avoid everything except Ezra’s white tracksuit trousers and she mopped it up from the table and turned to her new friend.

“I’ll need to wash them. There is a machine in there.”

“I can’t,” Ezra muttered sheepishly.

Jenny huffed. “They’ll stain and they’ll be uncomfortable all day. I’ll see more of you when we go for a swim than in your boxers.”

Ezra shifted uncomfortably. “I can’t. I am not wearing any.”

Jenny opened her mouth and then closed it again. “You didn’t put any underwear on?”

Ezra nodded slowly. “Yeah, I tend not to wear any. Well certainly not with tracksuits.”

Jenny grinned and shook her head. “Well just put your swimming shorts on then.”

Ezra bit his lip. “I lost them in the move,” he admitted. “I didn’t bring any. I was just going to watch you.”

Jenny sighed and cocked her head. “Well I need to stick those trousers in for a quick wash, so you’ll have to be bottomless for a couple of hours.”

Ezra stared at his friend and grinned. “Only if you are too.”

“Pardon?” Jenny asked.

“Well you threw the orange juice over me. Only fair you are too.”

A smile crept over Jenny's face. "OK. But you have to skinny dip with me later." Ezra smiled and nodded. "Oh go on then," she agreed and quickly threw off her clothes before jumping into the water. "Come on," she encouraged and Ezra did the same, admiring the big-chested thin girl as she dived into the water.

Chapter X

Dear Ezra,

I got your letter. Dad found out about our liaison and went mental at your mum last week and me. I think your brother probably told him and I have been grounded, it is so unfair. He just said if he ever catches you he will tear your balls off but he doesn't know I am writing to you. Mum already knew. She came home early that day, heard us and then left for half-an-hour so she didn't interrupt. Parents are so deceitful.

Because of Dad, please try and post any replies in a town that isn't Bolton or else if he sees the postmark he will know. I have a couple of pen friends from Guide Camps so it won't be too bad if the letters come from another town, and I usually get the post before he does.

I have so much to tell you. You did make me promise to tell you what goes on, 'round here.

Our school was shut for a few days at the start of term. You know someone got in over the holidays and turned the taps on in the lab and toilets? After they cleaned that up, they found a huge crack in the wall and the builder guys wouldn't promise the school it wouldn't fall down without a survey so we all had a few extra days holiday. Mrs Droney was very angry about it, it wasn't anything to do with you, was it? I bet it was!

Beth was arrested a few days ago. She is an old girlfriend, isn't she? Or were you just her dealer? She was caught at a dealers' apartment going down on a guy and had some weed in her bag. Her brother told his class about it, and now everyone knows.

Also have you spoken to Maria? She was properly upset. She did some videos for her boyfriend of her wearing very little and the bastard only went and showed them round the school. She went mental at her boyfriend and tried to stab him apparently with a compass. I am not sure how much you know but Maria got suspended for it and your mum was very pissed off.

Also Mum said something about your mum. They got burgled but the insurance company is refusing to pay out as they can't find any forced entry. Mum said your mum was in tears in her garden but I wasn't here. That wasn't you was it?

Dave and I tried to make up, but I found out that he had been dating Beth so I told him to get lost. He had really upset me but he begged me for another chance so we are off to the pictures on Friday. I haven't told him about us just yet but I will do. I don't know how he will take it as you two always hated each other, but if he wants us to get back together he will need to accept it.

You said you have met a girl, when are you going to ask her out? I know what you are like, but don't forget you made me some promises. Just because you do not live around the corner, doesn't mean you can break them!

Mum said I could travel to Manchester to meet up with you. She and I had a chat a few days ago and she wanted to know how I lost my cherry. I told her and she said you sounded gentle and thoughtful. No-one has ever told me that you are thoughtful! Why are you only nice with me?! I won't go into details but so many of my friends hated their first time, so you must have been very gentle.

Chapter XI

Lydia wrapped her arms around Ezra sitting at a table in the Manchester coffee shop and he smiled at her. Susan watched from a distance as her daughter sat down and wandered over with Lydia's drink.

"You spoke to Dave, didn't you?" Lydia asked and Ezra bit his lip.

"Sort of," he admitted and Lydia frowned angrily at him.

"I told you not to. You promised."

Ezra shrugged and gave a raffish grin. "Yeah, well. He was asking for it. And he can't go messin' with ya like that."

Lydia sighed and took a sip of her coffee. "Well, I don't like it," she said firmly. "I don't want people fighting over me."

"It wasn't a fight," Ezra replied and adjusted his T-Shirt. "I just told him what would happen if he messed with you again."

Ezra glanced over at Susan and greeted her. "Are you two going to be OK if I go for a wander around Manchester?" Susan asked. "Or are you going to squabble?"

Lydia smiled. "Yeah. We'll be fine, Mum. I told you," Lydia begged and her mother backed away leaving Lydia and Ezra to catch up properly.

Ezra expected a hint of jealousy when he told her about his new girlfriend, Jenny, and how she wanted to go to University to study to be a veterinary surgeon, but all Lydia could do was tease him about he was attracted to "geeky girls."

Lydia was a little bit jealous, as she had always seen Ezra bounce from one relationship to another. They always ended after a few weeks and he never wanted to be serious. Lydia had always harboured a fantasy that she might be able to tame him, but in truth was happy that he had settled down and got on with his life.

She told Ezra that the very bruised Dave had been around to see her the day after Ezra had had his chat with him, with a big bouquet of flowers and begged for forgiveness which she had eventually given him. Ezra scanned her face for a hint of any trouble but Lydia was a good actress and the fact that her boyfriend had got upset when he discovered she was no longer a virgin went unsaid and unasked.

Ezra treated his friend to a trip to the cinema and then a lunch-cum-dinner but before long it was time to leave. She promised she would be back soon and he watched as she met her mother outside Manchester Piccadilly at five. He had Jenny now, but Jenny wasn't Lydia. No-one was, and that was the problem; her friendship was irreplaceable.

* * * * *

"Hey Maria. Can I have a blowie?" A voice from the other end of the playground shouted.

"Is that Maria? I didn't recognise the little slut with her clothes on. Hey Maria, get 'em out."

A few chants of "get 'em out," reduced Maria to a sobbing girl and the crowd giggled in

glee. The compilation of "Maria's best bits," had been around the school before term started and was now being passed to the lower years for similar enjoyment.

Overnight Maria had gone from the class prude to the class bicycle and she hated it.

Just why did her boyfriend copy the tape to all those people?

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"I am sorry Miss Derbyshire, but Mr Feldman alleges and has proof that there was over five hundred pounds in that petty cash box and backup disks in the safe. There was no sign of a break-in and the only two sets of keys are held by you and Mr Feldman. Now he says he isn't worried about the money, but does want a copy of the disks back."

"I haven't got them," the secretary wailed. "I haven't touched them."

"Well Mr Feldman has an alibi for the nights in question whereas you don't."

"I haven't done anything. I was at home with my cat. And watching television. I haven't done anything."

"Well lets start with what you have done," PC Templeton asked and she started sobbing again. "Tell me what you know."