

New Secrets

CHAPTER ONE



by
JOHN D

Credits and License

Codes: MF oral

Copyright © John D 2012

John D has asserted his right to be identified as the author of this work in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1998. This piece of work is fiction and is adult entertainment and contains material of an adult, explicit nature. If you are under the age, required to view this legally in your jurisdiction, or are easily offended by sexual explicit content or language do not continue reading. The characters in this story are fictitious, and any similarities to any persons, alive or dead, places or situations are purely coincidental. The actions described in this story are not endorsed or condoned by the author.

It should be noted that the age of consent in the UK is sixteen, and there are no graphic descriptions of any sex act containing characters younger than this age for titillation. There may be some characters under the age of sixteen in the book, but any sexual activities they may partake in, are not described in any detail, so there are no underage participants in my erotic sex scenes. It is on this basis that this work is released so that it complies with all relevant legislation. This work may not be uploaded to any website or jurisdiction which where the material contained within violates either the law of the land or the usage conditions of the site.

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

The front cover for this book was taken by swo81 and is released under the Creative Commons license at the following address: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/photoswo/7288978930/in/set-72157629939088446/> The photographer does not endorse this work.

Preface

This story is part of the “Growing Pains” world. This is the nine chapter book that shows Andy’s relationship with Sarah blossoming while Rhea still has problems with Nathan. Andy gets closer to Scarlet, Grace has a date or two and Abi has a revelation that changes everything.

In this chapter, Andy and Sarah travel to the Lake District and Sarah falls in love with the pool, before they get intimate for the first time.

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!

John D

November 2012

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

Twitter: @johndstories

Email: johndstories@gmail.com

Prologue

“Sit over a bit,” I told my “date” as she squirmed in the restaurant; we had just finished dessert and had been chatting as if the previous few years – and our previous tribulations – had not existed.

“The sun's in my eyes,” she moaned and returned to being off-centre on the two-person table that was well away from the rest of the group, celebrating my niece's birthday. Rhea came to alleviate me of my credit card, and I smiled at the youthful look of my ex-partner who averted her eyes.

“It's just in Iceland, if an unmarried girl sits on the corner of a table it's said she will be single for seven years!” She laughed – more of courtesy than amusement - and licked her lips. I guessed her failures in her love life were a bit of a sore point, but it was a subject I had intentionally avoided until a few moments previous.

“And I probably will be single for another seven years,” she said after a moment. “I am not lucky in that department.”

“No ... me neither,” I confessed and her characteristic smile returned. “I mean I did have someone. Someone who I loved a lot and had to be patient with, but we sort of messed it up.”

She laughed and rubbed her hands together. “That could be any of your exes, right?” She rubbed her top lip and ran her hands through her hair, shaking it back behind her shoulder.

“And I know what happened with some of yours,” I teased, and she poked her tongue out at me.

“So we both have trust or commitment issues,” she remarked as she laid back on the chair. I took a gulp of my wine as Rhea reappeared with a credit card machine, and I punched in my four digit code; I had promised I would pay for her daughter's birthday party but wasn't sure how a meal for twenty-odd adults and a birthday party meal in the suite next door for around thirty children had come to over £2,500. My dining partner looked away as I passed the machine back and she stared at her plate.

“You've done well,” she told me, moving the subject on and shrugged. “I mean, I always knew you'd do well in life, you have that ability but I didn't see you being an entrepreneur.”

“Ahh yeah ... well that was Fiona. My ummm ... well the girl from Uni. Always a friend but not all that much of a girlfriend, if you know what I mean.”

“Yeah I remember her,” she said stoically. Her face didn't brighten up as I told her about the recent sale of the company and she just took a deep breath. “My place in Cheshire is closing ... well down-sizing or economising. I don't know the difference so I will be going back home which is not where I want to be.” I went to open my mouth, and she just slowly shook her head; if I was going to offer financial help it would not be wanted.

It was the first part of the afternoon where our conversation had petered out, and I just hummed. She put her hands on top of mine on the table and squeezed them. “I mean ... if it's money,” I started, unable to resist, and she shushed me.

“It would be wrong to accept any more of your hospitality,” she told me with a firmness to

her voice. "I ..." She hesitated and wiped her eyes. "Sorry," she muttered. "You meant a lot to me, and I just wish things could have been different. But they weren't and ... I need to know what you are thinking."

"Thinking?"

"About me."

I spluttered and hummed. "Well ... I'm glad to see you. I know Rhea got you down with the best of intentions ..."

"... But you wish I hadn't come?" My ex-lover finished for me, and I shook my head with a scowl.

"Not at all." I retrieved her hands that she had removed from my grasp a few seconds previous and looked into her eyes. "It was unexpected. You've had hours, days, weeks, I don't know, to prepare for today. To work out what you think. I 'aven't. All I have is lots of raw emotions, and I loved you to bits. Really adored you and was heartbroken when it ended. So when I saw you, I felt butterflies and just ..." I trailed off, and she averted her eyes.

"I'm sorry for how it ended," she told me. "But you were a bastard too especially at ..."

"Yeah, I know," I admitted and tapped the table. "You hurt those who you love the easiest as you know them better," I told her philosophically and then smiled. "We both fucked up at different times. And it wasn't just with you. I messed up relationships with everyone."

She squeezed my hand again and giggled. "Then it's something we have in common," she told me as a waiter arrived at our table. Rhea appeared as our plates got cleared away and crouched down alongside our table with her familiar mischievous look in her eye.

"You seem to be getting on well again. Just one question, when you two get married..."

"Married?"

"Well, to be honest you two are getting on a bit and it's about time you both found someone and got married. The ole biological clock and all that. And I'm closer to being married than either of you have ever been and that's not on. Si and Mum were dropping hints up until a few months ago and I'm bugged if the little sister should marry before the big brother, Andy. So when you do I wanna be a bridesmaid. And Izzy, not to mention little Emma."

"Emma?" I asked, and she rubbed her belly. "How do you know it's a girl?" I enquired, and she shrugged.

"Of course it's a girl and I presume from the way you are holding hands and you've had that silly bovine look in your eyes all feckin' meal you will not be needing the spare room?"

I looked at my companion who giggled unexpectedly as she answered. "Oh come on Rhea, you know what we are like." I shrugged, and Rhea sighed.

"Good. Because it's t'other the end of the house and I want to sleep there if you two are going to be sleeping together. You've never had quiet sex with her; it was disgusting whenever I heard you."

We both laughed and looked at Rhea. "Haven't you let that one drop yet?"

"Have I bollocks! And I don't want Izzy hearing your filthy sex," she warned. "She will only ask questions, and it's me that has to answer them." I gulped and waited for Rhea to walk away and looked back at my companion.

"So ... was that just for Rhea/?"

She shrugged. "Don't you want to see if the magic is still there?" She asked with a smile. "Oh come on, you know what I am like. I need cuddles."

"Yeah," I said, returning her beaming smile. "I know all about you. And that's why I loved you." I waited for the pause, and she looked down at her wineglass. "And always have done."

* * * * *

"You took your time," Rhea moaned as I walked in with a bag of shopping. "You only had eight items on the list. What happened?"

"Well, I, er, I met Sophia."

Rhea, who had made a beeline for the bags stopped. "The really timid one," she asked, and I nodded. "The churchy one, the one who I really hated. The one who you tormented for ages. The one who ..."

"Yes!" I snapped. "You know which ex I am talking about." I sighed and groaned. "She's a nice girl, but I've not seen her for ages, so I took her to the café opposite the Supermarket. She didn't want to go at first, but I pleaded and she came."

Rhea sniffed. "I thought you were giving it another go with ..."

"Oh I am," I told her quickly and shut the kitchen door. "I wanted to apologise over what happened at the wedding reception when I, um, when I ..."

"When you fucked Sarah." Rhea interrupted, and I squirmed. "I understand, she looked so wonderful in her dress. Proper caused a scene."

"Well I haven't seen her since and I did a nasty thing that day."

Rhea grinned and put her hand on my arm. "What did she say?"

"She wasn't convinced I meant it, but I explained what had happened with my life, and she is getting married herself, but I doubt I'll get an invite."

Rhea smiled. "No, maybe not."

"But I am glad I spoke to her. I should never have dated her and really wished I hadn't. I destroyed her at the time, but she says she has forgiven me."

"Yeah, I wouldn't have."

"I know. But you forgave Simon." She gulped and licked her lips. "I do have one question though."

"Why her?" Rhea asked, and she rubbed her nose as I nodded. She studied my face and

sighed. "Cause she made you happy. She always made you happy. There was something in your eyes when you were with her." She paused and put her arm around me. "OK, so I have this reputation of being a nasty bitch and that I don't see other people's feeling and emotions, but I do. And I saw how much she meant to you and I've always known that she was the one for you."

I nodded. "I'm impressed," I told her. "Really impressed."

"Yeah," she muttered and then smiled. "And you set her name as your password on your computer."

"You've been on my computer?" I asked incredulously, and she sniffed.

"Of course I've been on your computer," she snapped. "Oh don't look so surprised, picking the name of an ex-girlfriend as your password made it so easy. And those bookmarks, bro ... we need to have words!"

"Do you mind?" I asked as I blushed and Rhea just cackled. "Private."

"Do you really want to meet a girl that does ... that?" Rhea asked, but I had no idea what she was on about. "Fuck; that's proper depraved. We really need to have words."

* * * * *

"Andyyyyyy," cried an excited voice and Izzy left her mothers hand and came running over to see me. They were sat on a bench in Regents Park, and fresh from a little reunion with an old College friend, who was doing very well as an erotic photographer, I promised I would take my sister and niece to London Zoo.

"Hiya," I muffled as my bottom half was attacked by an overly enthusiastic five-year-old. Rhea looked at me disapprovingly.

"You are 25 minutes late," she grumbled, and I blamed Boris which she didn't believe. "You alone?"

"She is doing some retail therapy in Oxford Street," I said, referring to my new (and old) girlfriend and Rhea snorted. Her financial situation was far from healthy, and she had made it clear that she was uncomfortable with lavish spending sprees being conducted in her presence. "Shall we go in?"

Rhea fumbled about her purse for the entrance money, but I put two crisp notes in the hatch and Rhea scowled at me. "I can afford to take my daughter out," she wailed as we entered.

Izzy looked up at me and shook her head. "You're making Mummy cross."

"Yeah, sorry."

"Well don't do it again," the little girl warned, and Rhea raised her eyebrows at me.

"It's so hard. Your mummy gets cross at everything," I replied and Izzy scowled.

"She does not! Mummy gets cross when you're naughty."

I snorted, and we passed the ice cream stall by the entrance. "Hey, do you want an ice

cream?" I asked Izzy, and she nodded and then looked up at Rhea.

I fished in my pockets for a couple of coins and watched her queue up. She knew how to buy ice creams on her own; I had made her do it many times before.

"I heard that our house will be getting a new occupant," Rhea said as Izzy reached the top of the queue.

"Yeah, well it's only for a few months, maybe. Just see how things pan out, y'know."

"When were going to tell me?"

"Well, it's just that ..." I squirmed.

"I don't like her."

"Yeah, something like that."

"I just don't know what you see in her. Never have done."

"Then why did you set us back up together?"

Rhea sighed. "Because you loved her. And I love you"

"And you like to complicate my life."

"Well that goes without saying," my sister teased and smirked at me. "But you can do that yourself."

"True," I agreed. Of course, things only really got complicated for me when I got a girlfriend ...

Chapter I

"You need to tell Abi," Mum said the moment the car sprang into life and moved away from Sarah's house.

"Why? She isn't-"

"She has been your lover," Mum replied, her eyes looking across to the passenger seat. "Don't let her find out through someone else." I sighed and ran my hands through my hair, groaning theatrically. I knew Mum was right but didn't know what I was going to say to her or how she would react.

It was true that Abi had always encouraged me to seek a relationship with Sarah, but she was my lover and our relationship would have to change fundamentally. I wondered how Abi would react when faced with this reality. I picked out my phone and held it in my hand for a moment before looking back at Mum. "Can you drop me off at her house?" I asked. "I want to do it in person."

A smile flickered over Mum's face, and she nodded. "Yes, but I can't wait, you'll need to make your own way home."

"I know," I replied looking out of the window at a passing train overtaking us. "But I should see her before we go to Cumbria."

Mum pursed her lips. "Yes, you should really."

It was hard to read Mum at times, she seemed to suppress a grin, or a knowing smile, but wasn't sure if that was approval at what I was going to do or just her imagining how the conversation between Abi and I would pan out.

This began to eat away at me, what would I say and how would I say it? Suddenly, I became anxious, experiencing déjà-vu from when I asked Abi out and not sure how she would take it. I reasoned that I was being big-headed or arrogant, if Abi wanted to date me then she would have said yes when I asked. She didn't go out with me because she didn't want to go out with me, and she would probably show little interest in my news.

The reverse could also be true, perhaps Abi was playing 'hard to get' and that the fact that Sarah and I were now dating would disappoint her. Perhaps she would go crazy with the bread knife and slaughter me into little bits. I began to worry, and Mum looked over at me.

"What are you thinking?"

I let out a small laugh. "Nothing," I replied, and certain that she wouldn't believe, or wouldn't want to believe the truth, and I put the thoughts out of my mind. Mum glanced over and pulled the car into a space a few doors down from Abi's house, and she put her hand on my knee.

"Be nice to her," Mum warned and I bit my lip and nodded. "And don't be home too late."

"I will be," I said. "And I won't be home too late." Mum watched me as I got out of the car and waved as she pulled away towards the town centre. My hands trembled as I walked up towards Abi's house, and I didn't look back towards Mum driving down the road. I could feel the white heat on the back of my neck, and I clenched my fists and took a deep breath.

The black door of Abi's ground floor flat was in front of me and I knocked stoutly, hearing movement behind. "Hello Andy," Angela said in a bubbly voice the moment she saw me and I nodded, speechless for a moment.

"Is Abi in?" I asked. Angela nodded and pointed towards Abi's door.

"You OK?"

"Yeah," I squeaked. Angela cocked her head to one side; she clearly didn't believe me. I knocked on Abi's door and poked my head around it to see Abi sorting out her books.

"Hello stranger," she teased, our eyes meeting across the cluttered bedroom. "Your mother kicked you out yet?"

I spluttered and stood in the doorway motionless. "It's Sarah," I stammered and bit my lips. Abi looked up and stared at me, her eyes blinking and I felt guilty. "We are umm..." I hesitated, and Abi burst into a grin.

"You asked her out?" I went to reply and then realised that actually I hadn't asked her out at all, she had decided that we were in a relationship, I had barely had a say in the matter.

"Sort of," I replied cryptically. "We are, you know."

Abi dropped a couple of her books and leapt over the rest of them on the floor, throwing her arms around me. "Congratulations. Took you long enough," she said, and I wasn't sure how much of a chastisement it was. I hugged her tightly and then went to kiss her, but she moved her head to one side.

"We've kissed before," I muttered, and she smiled at me.

"But not when you've had a girlfriend," Abi replied and hugged me again, pushing my face into her long, brown hair. "You happy now?"

I broke from her embrace and nodded with a huge grin on my face. "Yeah, very. Waited for ages," I replied and Abi giggled. "Are you OK with it?"

Abi was smiling and nodded. "Of course, something you should have done months ago. Bloody told you to." I felt a sense of relief that Abi was genuinely happy with my new relationship, and while she had no reason to object, it still worried me that she might feel left out, or dumped. In truth, she exhibited almost a sense of delight or relief, and I just couldn't fathom it, wondering whether she just wanted to be sure that I wouldn't ask her out again; was I really that unattractive?

"It won't change what I think about you," I said as my thoughts meandered their way through my ponderings. "I still do think you are a great friend, and I still want to spend time with you."

Abi bit her lip and smiled. "You'll just have to ask your girlfriend, won't you?"

Abi grabbed her coat and dragged me out of the flat, still wondering about her attitude. "Dinner, on me. To celebrate," she said and then looked at my clothes. "And seriously, get rid of that T-Shirt, you look sixteen."

"I am sixteen," I replied instantly with a smile. "And you can't withdraw the benefits bit of our friendship any more." Abi cackled and moved her hands to my sides.

“No,” she said with a grin. “But I can tell Sarah to.” Her eyes hesitated, and she licked her lips. “Cause she's an ally now!”

* * * * *

I arrived late home and Mum gave me raised eyebrows. “Abi wanted to celebrate with me,” I responded to her, and she just shrugged.

“Not my place,” she muttered. “How was Abi?”

“Good.” I paused and wondered how I could convey her relief or happiness without it sounding ridiculous and just repeated, “good,” before adding, “and we went for a meal.”

Mum shuffled some papers and looked back. “Just be careful.”

“What with Sarah?”

“With both of them,” Mum said with a chuckle. “They are both going to want you, and at some point, you could upset one or both of them. Abi might just be a friend now, but she is as much a part of your past as anyone else you know, and Sarah might feel threatened by it.”

I bit my lip. “I don't think so. Well I hope not.”

Mum got up and picked up her keys. “I will be amazed if she isn't,” she said and unlocked the interconnecting door. “I'll see you later. And don't forget to pack.”

“Yeah, bye.”

I stared at the door for a moment, what did Mum mean? Abi and I were friends but then so was Sarah and Abi so why would Sarah feel threatened by a friendship and some sexual activities that happened weeks or months ago? It was not as though Sarah and I hadn't had any sort of physical contact, but then Abi had only served to encourage me to pursue Sarah. As Abi had said, Sarah and her were allies.

I stopped staring at the door, and bounded up the stairs, it was too late to consider the perplexing behaviours of the females in my life, and I still had not packed anything for the forthcoming trip to the Lake District; I had planned to do it when I got back from college, but unforeseen activities had distracted me for half-a-dozen hours and I had to do it before the following morning.

Mum had helpfully left a hint for me: there was my open suitcase on my bed, and I opened a few drawers and emptied eight pairs of underwear, socks, T-Shirts, shirts, trousers, shorts, camera and a pair of smart shoes. I would put little things like mobile phone charger, razor and toothbrush in, in the morning.

I was too tired to wonder about anything else and threw the suitcase on the floor climbing into bed and drifted to sleep immediately with my dreams filled by a wonderful young lady.

The following morning was hectic; I was awoken by a warm body jumping on top of me and immediately smiled thinking it was Abi, which then worried me. I opened my eyes expecting Rhea with a deadly weapon and felt the warm lips of Sarah on mine.

She grinned. “Mum dropped me off early,” Sarah said quickly and swept her hair behind her ear. She ran her hand through my short hair. “You look so cute when you were

sleeping.”

I grunted and tried to shake the sleep out of my eyes, but Sarah moved in for another kiss. We were interrupted by a mostly naked Rhea opening my door and announcing that I needed to come down for breakfast.

I snarled at her and kissed Sarah again. “Oi, get a room,” Rhea snapped.

“We have,” Sarah, and I replied in unison and Rhea grumbled and left the doorway.

We took the train down to London and then boarded an Underground train, before we got on the express train that was going to Glasgow, via our stop at a small village near the Lake District where we could catch a connecting train into the National Park. It wasn't an uncomplicated journey, but we spent the vast majority of it, on a fast, comfortable train spearing its' way through the English countryside.

I always noticed how the sky became darker and greyer as the train shot north, and watched as sunny Hertfordshire gave way to rain clouds in the Midlands.

Simon looked over at the adjacent table: the two lads had a bottle of beer each and he whispered to Rhea who giggled and touched him back. “What?” I asked, and Rhea just bit her lip.

“Just thinking of getting a beer,” she muttered and Sarah shook her head.

“They won't serve you, they might serve Andy.”

“Maybe,” I said, looking at the age of the guys next to us, they didn't look eighteen either, and I looked back at Rhea. “I can try.”

Rhea scoffed. “Bet you won't manage it,” she said firmly, and I sucked in my lips.

“Bet ya, if I can get us a drink, I get to have the double room downstairs at Dad's.”

Rhea puckered her lips and took a deep breath. “OK, I know that is your favourite but that means I will be stuck next to the Ice Princess,” Rhea moaned, and Simon looked at her.

“Dad's stepdaughter who will probably spend all week at her friends,” I replied and then looked at Rhea. “Deal?”

“Yeah, OK.”

I began to suck in my lips and then told Rhea to ring me on my mobile in one minute. Suddenly, the idea of a piece of social engineering, that even Paula would be proud of, was forming in my mind. Rhea laughed, and I walked down the aisle towards the buffet car.

I answered my phone the moment I joined the back of the queue. “Andy,” I replied and then heard the giggling voice of Rhea. “You better be pullin' my chain,” I said in an authoritative voice. A couple of people in the queue looked around I had to suppress a grin. “I don't pay you to leave the back door unlocked. If you've lost two bottles of vodka then you better find them or they come out of your wages,” I said assertively.

I heard Rhea sigh. “Enjoying yourself?”

"No no no no no no," I said firmly into the phone as if I was interrupting someone. I was enjoying playing the big boss and snarled into the hand-held device. "You don't mess with us. If you've left them by an unlocked door, it is negligence." I paused and waited for Rhea to tease me and then said. "Tony there, right I'll speak to him later. I've got a weekend off with some friends up at Uni. Tell him to ring me." I put the phone back into my pocket and looked at the lady in front of me. She had a bright red top on and smart trousers and gave me a weak smile. "You just can't find decent staff nowadays," I told her, more for the gentleman serving the drinks than for her.

"I know," she said with a grin. "I run a cookware shop, and every week the staff break some thing. Costs me a fortune."

I shook my head. "Trouble is, they don't treat anything with any respect," I replied, repeating a well worn phrase of my mother. She nodded and, having reached the front of the queue placed her order with the gentleman.

"So what business are you in?"

I glanced at the server listening in and just pursed my lips before speaking. "I bought a pub with my Uncle on my eighteenth birthday," I told her. "Inheritance from grandparents. Going well, but our bar staff are lazy."

She turned to pay the cashier, and I waited for her to leave. She wished me luck, and I asked for four beers which he served without even batting an eyelid and I resisted the urge to crow at Rhea from the end of the carriage as I walked back.

Rhea smiled as she saw me walking down the aisle with the tray of drinks and took her beer off before I had even put the tray on the small table.

"Easy," I boasted and took a big gulp of the weak lager masquerading as a proper drink.

"Bet I could have bought them," my diminutive sister cockily replied and gave me a wide-eyed stare as she downed a few gulps of her beer. The train was airless and warm, and the cool beer slipped down nicely. Sarah was stroking my leg as the train progressed and I noticed Simon getting especially close to Rhea but tried to put it out of my mind.

"Strip poker?" Rhea loudly suggested as I pulled out a deck of playing cards and Sarah giggled.

"Not on a train!" I responded immediately and Sarah giggled again.

"I did get stripped on a train," Sarah said, her eyes glinting and Simon scoffed at her. "No, I had to get changed and got caught by the ticket collector," she confessed, and I just wished I had been there to see it!

Much to Rhea's annoyance I wouldn't let her play strip poker in the crowded carriage, but considering her performance the last time we played she should actually have been quite happy by my firmness! Instead, I beat her at normal poker, and she tried to goad Simon into removing his clothes when he forgot the rules. Fortunately for him, both Sarah and I stopped Rhea from getting too serious, and his dignity was maintained.

We changed onto a small train that was practically empty, but Rhea and Simon disappeared to another part of the train. I saw Simon holding Rhea's baggage and suppressed a grin; I was carrying Sarah's bags, much to her annoyance and at the tiny station at the end of the line was Dad waiting for us.

He held out his hand as he was knocked sideways by an excitable, incoming Rhea and I shook it as he recovered from being thrown against the car.

“Good journey?”

“Not bad,” I replied to my tall father. I think he had lost a little more hair since I had last seen him, but didn't voice these thoughts. “How are you?”

“Good.” He turned to Simon and gave a gentle nod. “Simon?” Simon held out his hand, and Dad shook it. “Have you worked out how to keep her under control yet?”

I scoffed, and Rhea scowled. “Him keep me under control?” She tutted. “As if!”

“It's called Rohypnol,” I joked and Rhea gasped before hitting me on the top of my arm.

“Don't start,” she warned and Dad turned to Sarah to greet her. He gave me a slightly raised eyebrow as we loaded our suitcases into the boot of his car and we drove off towards the lake.

“What's this I hear about you being suspended?” Dad asked my sister, and she shook her head. “I heard you assaulted your ex-boyfriend and then attacked him in the park, kicking him in his most sensitive of areas.”

Rhea grunted. “Oh Dad,” she moaned with a scowl. “You shouldn't believe everything Mum tells you, you know what she is like.”

I looked at him from the front seat. “But you should believe that. Rhea was furious.”

Rhea flipped her hand over the top of my head. “Yes thank you, big brother. So what if I did, he was being a bully.”

Dad glanced at me, and I just shrugged. “Well that's Rhea for you, right?”

Sarah and Simon both gasped the moment they saw the view. Neither of them had been to the Lake District, and as Dad drove down to the lakeside, the spectacular sight of Windermere opened up in front of them. Simon was almost enchanted by the “ferry” that ran across the lake on suspended wires. Both Rhea and I had often come across the lake since Dad moved up here, but for Simon and Sarah, it was a new experience.

“It looks so beautiful,” Sarah cooed, admiring the mountain in the distance. “Is that Skee - fall?”

Dad chortled. “Scafell Pike is over the other side,” he replied. “I think that's Ill Bell.”

“How long have you lived here?” Sarah asked, and he rubbed his face as he thought.

“Well I moved up to Windermere in 88. Moved into the house I'm in, in, ahhh, around 93.”

Sarah looked back out of the window, and the ferry shuddered to a halt. “It does look lovely. Are we going to climb a mountain, as I have only bought hiking boots, do we need mountaineering gear and stuff?”

I laughed. “We aren't doing Striding or anything. Just a few gentle walks, maybe.”

Rhea spluttered. “But I am taking you to the top of the nearest mountain and chucking you off if you get on my tits,” she warned to her boyfriend who just pulled a face at her.

"I see Rhea is the same as ever," Dad said to me across the front seat and I laughed, recounting the story of the Tabasco poisoning, and Dad just grinned as the car made its way towards Coniston. "Sounds like my girl," he said but Rhea didn't hear, or respond if she did.

Dad's home, Mountain View, was not too far from the village, and he pulled up past his black gate to park his saloon car in his drive. I got out, and Sarah openly admired the house.

A set of wide steps ran from the driveway that was enclosed on three sides by the walls of the house built on a slope and on several floors. The steps ran up to the entrance in a gentle arc, and she looked around her. "It's massive," she said, and Dad laughed.

"It's not that big, but I like it," he replied quite modestly, and I looked as Rhea and Simon bounded up the steps.

"We're in the downstairs bedroom," I told Dad who grinned.

"I knew you would be," he replied and looked at Sarah. "I know you like that. It's not got a window, so I am not fond of it, but ..." He trailed off and I glanced at Sarah stood at the bottom of the steps looking out over the small lake Dad's house was near.

We had to walk around the house: the actual front door not where the driveway and garages were and entered the hall, a bright room running the length of the house. "Red carpets?" I asked and looked at Dad.

He smiled. "I've redecorated a bit since you came up last," he told me, and I grabbed Sarah's hand and pushed her towards her left and some stairs.

"We're in the cellar?" She moaned, and I took her bag off of her.

"You'll like it," I promised, and we walked down the steps to a small hallway, furnished just like the one we had been in, with cream walls and newly laid burgundy carpet. At the end, the light streamed in through a set of double doors, and I guided her to the right and opened a door to a windowless room.

Sarah smiled when she saw the big double bed and beautifully furnished room. Dad had put a single red rose on the pillow and a bottle of champagne, and she giggled. "Not my doing," I muttered and looked over to small travel fridge in the corner of the room, putting the drink in to cool.

Dad had fitted the room out like a hotel room: we had tea and coffee jars with a kettle, and some biscuits on a table. There was a television, a small couch, loads of lights, and it was almost perfect.

I put Sarah's bag on the floor, alongside mine and took her by the hand. "Close your eyes," I told her and she groaned. "Hey, the only time I have gotten you to do this was for bluebells and diamonds," I replied, and she giggled. I led her by the hand out of the bedroom, across the hall and through a set of double doors.

I had to guide her down some steps, and she sniffed. "I can smell something," she muttered, but I ignored her until she reached the bottom of a small set of steps.

"Open them," I told her and she gasped. In front of her, was a twenty metre long swimming pool, the water still and blue.

“Oh, wow!” Sarah cried and looked back at me. She touched the water: it was warm, and she grinned. “This is amazing.”

I bit my lip. “I know, the Jacuzzi in the corner is just brilliant, but there is more.” I took her by the hand, and we walked alongside the pool and out through a set of double doors and onto a small sun terrace next to the Jacuzzi. It wasn't big, but there was a wrought iron table and four chairs looking out over the valley.

It was my favourite view of the Lake District, the gentle decline of the land to the picturesque lake and Claife Heights in the background, and while there were more dramatic views in the area, and bigger mountains, it brought back good memories. I looked over to see Sarah taking in the wonderful vista, and she smiled at me. “No wonder you wanted me to come up here.”

“It's a good way to start our relationship,” I muttered. “Before college and work and reality kicks in.” Sarah nodded. We heard a noise and looked up seeing Rhea and Simon on the verandah above the pool and Sarah called up to them.

“Simon, come and see the pool,” she called and then she turned to me with a scowl. “Why didn't you tell me to bring my bikini?” Sarah moaned and then looked back. “I'll need to get one when we go to a town.”

Rhea cackled, and I just rolled my eyes. “Because Rhea, Dad, Maria, me, Paula when she came, we never wear one. Be free, you'll like it.”

Sarah giggled and held my hand, staring out over the picturesque, serene landscape. “This is just, wow.”

I shrugged. “I do like it here, it is just breathtaking.”

Sarah just gazed out over the lake and smiled. “I agree, this should be a wonderful place to start our relationship.” She turned pulled me by the neck of my T-Shirt, kissing me on the lips.

It certainly wasn't our first kiss, or our last that afternoon, but it is the one I have always savoured and remembered. The sheer memory of her soft, puffy lips and gentle tongue surrounded by a light breeze and the faint lapping of the water with the few birds swooping around the property is one that always evokes strong memories. She gazed lovingly into my eyes and smiled as we parted, and then threw her arms around me.

Our special moment was interrupted by Simon's whooping and a splash, following by howls of irritation. Sarah laughed and we moved apart, staring into the pool. A fully clothed Simon was drenched, and Rhea was running along the side of the pool towards the little door where we were walking through.

Sarah waited until she got level with us and then gave her a big push. Rhea wasn't expecting it and lost her balance stumbling over the side of the pool and hitting the water with an almighty splash. Sarah burst out laughing at Rhea's face, a mixture of anger and shock and I pushed my girlfriend towards the main door and the house; Rhea would not be amused.

Rhea wasn't, and Sarah and I wisely left her to stew by taking a gentle walk in the hills. The two mile circular walk I had planned wasn't strenuous, just a walk along the lake and then back up a small hill towards Dad's house.

“So what happens with Kevin?” I eventually asked her as we turned away from the lake. It was a subject that I had been intentionally avoiding but needed to ask; did she plan to still be friends?

“Nothing,” Sarah replied tersely. “I don't want anything more to do with him.”

I took a deep breath and squinted at her. “Not friends?”

Sarah stared at a rock on the ground and then kicked it against a dry stone wall. “No,” she said firmly. “Not at all.” I couldn't have denied I was relieved but scratched my nose waiting for her to continue, which she did by raising a very sensitive subject. “But we do need to talk about Donna.”

“Donna?”

“Yeah, Donna and Ray. Well your friends are Abi, Zoe, Ray, Jason, Jez. I like them. And my friends are Zoe, Rosie, Ingrid, Jodie but also Donna.”

“Right, and?”

“I mean, I need you to sort it out with her.” I looked at her wide eyed, and she just shrugged. “I am not going to choose between my friends and my boyfriend. Now if Donna is being a bitch I can sort her out, but I need you to try, I can't have you being a bastard at the same time.” I sighed, and Sarah just looked at me in annoyance. “I mean it.”

I threw my hands up in front of me and groaned. “She hates me.”

“Yes, I know she does. But I will be telling her the same thing.” Sarah's eyes softened, and she looked at me pleadingly. “I really, really like you, but I need you to do this thing for me. Try, please.”

I sighed. “OK, I'll try,” I promised, not totally sure if I meant it and then muttered. “But I don't think it will work.”

Sarah scowled and turned back towards the lake. “Did you say you took Paula up here?”

“To the Lakes, yes.” I pondered and reminisced, suddenly the memories of Paula weren't quite so painful and Sarah noticed a weird expression on my face. “The first time I touched her, down there, was that wood, yonder.”

Sarah giggled and looked to the other side of the lake. “Really. Taking your new girl to the haunts of the old one. That's very smarmy,” she said with a grin and I just snorted.

“It wasn't even sexual. Not really. We were out for a walk, and she wanted to pee, really badly and did, but I watched transfixed. She just looked at me and said, 'touch it', so I did.

“Mid stream?” Sarah asked in a teasing voice and I smiled at her leaning against the fence.

“No, not mid stream. After she finished.”

“Regret her leaving?” Sarah asked, and I considered her question in silence.

“Err, no. I wish she was still around, I do miss her, but other people have taken their place and she has not written back to me, so I don't think she is missing me. I mean, I used to

write and phone loads but she never wanted to speak to me. I guess she moved on.”

“I’m sorry,” Sarah said, touching my arm and looking up.

“But I have you now and that’s even better.”

Sarah blushed and then nodded towards the house. “Shall we go, the rain looks like it’s going to start.”

I wrapped my hand in hers, and we set off up the path towards the road, just getting into the house before it started raining. Dad had prepared dinner and was serving it as we got back to his home.

Rhea and Simon were already seated, and she scowled at Sarah as we sat down. “Where’s Maria?” I asked, taking Rhea’s attention away from Sarah, and he looked over at Sarah and then me.

“It’s half-term here as well. Isabella and Maria have gone to Spain for the week, something about warm weather and catching up on relatives.”

He almost grimaced as he spoke: I guessed he had wanted Maria and Isabella to stay, but they had both gone to Spain when Rhea and I were visiting in May and February. Maria disliked us, and what we signified. She was never comfortable around the children of her partner’s first marriage, and we were made to feel not welcome; she usually spent the week snapping or being overly emotional if she was around, so I was never unhappy that she had gone for the week.

Of course, Rhea didn’t help. She was a similar age to her stepsister, Isabella, and the two of them just hated each other. A couple of years ago, Rhea got so fed up with the aloofness and rudeness Isabella was showing that Rhea crept into her room and sabotaged her en-suite toilet by covering it with clingfilm.

The result was that Isabella’s pee ran over the side of the toilet and onto her trousers at the front, and Rhea was shouted at by everyone, not that it made Rhea particularly repentant. Since that time, both of my Dad’s adopted Spanish family absented themselves when we came up which I found petty and somewhat unnecessary.

Dad passed around the pizza, and I took another couple of slices, Rhea took four and then nicked some pepperoni from Simon’s plate. “Oi,” he complained and Rhea feigned ignorance before calling it a “girlfriend tax.”

Dad guffawed at this. “If all a girlfriend costs a piece of pepperoni then, well, life would be cheap!”

Rhea scowled at her father. “There are many aspects of the girlfriend tax. Pepperoni plundering is just a very small part of it,” she uttered with complete seriousness and Dad forced a determined, non-judgemental look in return. “And there are consequences to anyone who crosses this girlfriend.” She glared at Sarah who mouthed a kiss to her.

“Well what’s good for the goose is good for the gander,” Sarah replied at the accusation, and Rhea looked angrily at Sarah.

“It is not how our relationship works,” Rhea added quickly, and Sarah just shrugged and smiled.

“Perhaps you need to learn to be a little calmer,” Sarah said in response, and this did little to appease the dragon masquerading as my sibling. The tempestuous character wanted revenge, and I knew Sarah needed to be careful over the next few days: Rhea rarely knew when to stop.

Dad left the table as we chatted and returned with four envelopes. “Your spending money,” he said passing them around, and I immediately groaned.

“You don't need to,” I said quickly passing it back as he tried to give it to me and he just scowled at me.

“Err, you know I do this all the time, I know you are earning, but there are no cashpoints 'round 'ere. And I always pay for you to come up, just accept it. It's not cheap up here, you know.”

Sarah and Simon looked equally as uneasy, and I almost would have put a bet on Rhea offering to Hoover up the three unwanted envelopes, but Dad just shrugged. “It just enables you to do things without asking for me. Windermere is just down the road, and they do water sports, and there's drinks and lunches and stuff. C'mon, I do it every time.”

I reached up and took the envelope with my name on it. This was the cue for Sarah and Simon to take theirs, and I thanked Dad, telling him that he didn't need to furnish us with cash, but he just shrugged and said he wanted to.

Dad pulled out a bottle of whiskey from his sideboard and poured three drams into little glasses and then did two glasses of cream liqueur that he passed to the girls. Simon screwed up his face as the fire water scorched the back of his throat and Rhea just grinned at him. “I'll have it,” she offered, and Dad frowned; he was easy-going about everything, but he was always quite particular about his alcohol. I remember as a twelve year old being taken around a microbrewery in a neighbouring town that was run by a friend of his and educated on the art of beer. I think if there was a distillery nearby I probably would've been treated to a lesson on whisky making as well.

Dad always believed that women should not drink beer and whisky, and as Rhea finished the last of the whisky in Simon's glass – a fiery eighteen year old from Speyside – I almost saw him wince!

I was used to Dad's beliefs on alcohol; he was certain that if he introduced Rhea, Julie and myself to good drinks at a young age, and instil an attitude of responsible drinking we would not go crazy when we got to eighteen. I had witnessed some of Julie's friends not know where their limits were and know of a couple of her friends that were treated to stomach pumps because they overindulged.

Dad was determined that his children would not grow up to be so stupid but in my heart of hearts knew that I probably would on occasions drink too much – it was all part of growing up, as Mum would say – but knew to avoid gassy, mass produced lager and just enjoy the better beers in life. As Dad would say, “life is too short for crap beer.”

Watching Sarah and Rhea was almost interesting. Rhea gulped her creamy liqueur down her throat and topped her little glass up again, whereas Sarah was more refined, drinking her glass slowly and savouring the drink. Zoe had referred to Sarah as impulsive and I wasn't sure that was totally accurate. Rhea was often hotheaded and hasty, but could act calmly with clinical aggression, but Sarah was impatient more than impulsive.

She had waited and made a measured decision over Kevin and myself, and while I wished she had done it weeks before she did, she made sure that she was making the right decision; it wasn't the mark of someone who acted quickly and without forethought.

"What you thinking?" Sarah asked and I blinked, aware that I had been staring at her. Rhea gave me a raised eyebrow with a chuckle.

"Nothing," I replied, but Sarah stared at me.

"Let me guess, is she going to suck my cock tonight?" Rhea called out in an airy voice, and Dad sighed and glared at his daughter.

"Rhea, that is not appropriate," he told her firmly, waving his finger in her direction as we giggled. "Leave your brother alone."

"It's OK Dad, I'm used to her. We both are," I said, and Sarah licked her lips.

"You seem almost jealous," Sarah teased, her eyes fixed firmly on those of my sister. "That we are sharing a double-bed, and a room."

Rhea puffed and then smiled. "Oh yes, but it is two floors from me. Which means I will hear nothing." Rhea turned to Dad and pointed at me. "I came home to collect my school bag one morning, and I heard screaming out across the flat, 'fuck me harder' in a female voice coming from his room."

I could feel the blood rushing to my cheeks and spluttered. Dad laughed, and I briefly explained about Abi and her staying that night and Dad just grinned back.

"Ya young. And strippers and dancers, they make the best fun," he added, and Rhea just snarled at me. "Trust me, I know."

I buried myself behind my whisky and caught the worrying sight of Rhea grinning mischievously at me, she had an unerring knack of spotting embarrassment and weakness. "And of course, there is Jenny?" Rhea suggested, and I just shrugged.

"And Vanessa," Sarah added in a teasing voice. "Not to mention Gemma and Angela."

"Yeah, OK," I replied spluttering and Sarah stuck her tongue out.

"And Scarlet and ..."

"Yes!" I barked. "I know I've not been as good as Zoe wants me to be, but you aren't an angel either."

"Er, I've just had sex with my boyfriend," Sarah replied quickly. "And not since the summer for that."

I drained the last of my glass and pushed her hair back behind her eyes before tapping her on the nose as I spoke. "Zoe. Me. Eric."

"You can't count Eric," Sarah said with wide-eyes and then her eyes flicked across to Rhea and Simon listening intently.

"Who's Eric?" Rhea asked, and I raised an eyebrow at Sarah and who gave a muffled reply into her drink. "Go on."

"Rhea, I think you should drop it," I told her, but Rhea looked back at Simon and then me.

"It's not a dog is it."

"Ewwwww," Sarah said quickly. "Rhea that's disgusting."

"Horse? Cat? Sheep? Gerbil? Tortoise?" Rhea asked with a coltish smile, her hands gliding up and down Simon's thigh.

"No Rhea. If you must know it's a sex toy."

There was silence as the room digested what Sarah had just said when Simon broke the tense atmosphere. "I think Zoe wants one of those, but she won't admit it."

"You two seem to have grown up so much since June," Dad muttered towards us – I had almost forgotten he was in the room - and Sarah, and I both looked at Rhea.

"You can thank Abi for that," I replied.

"I s'pose you can."

Dad was keen to move the subject on, and he explained about the localised flooding in January. He had not mentioned it before and said that the waters from the lake had reached the end of his drive.

"But that is still a hundred metres away," I replied and he nodded.

"Oh yeah, I wasn't in danger, but mi' boat came loose." Sarah and Simon both looked at him with a smile, and he just grinned. "It's a four person rowing boat. There are a couple of canoes as well."

"I'll take you out," I promised Sarah, and she smiled. It was getting dark outside, and Sarah gave me a look that indicated she wanted to go downstairs.

Sarah and I opened our envelopes when we got back to our room. Sarah gasped when she counted it, and looked across. "I thought it would be like forty quid tops," she said sifting through the notes Dad had put in the envelope. "There's over one fifty here."

I hummed. "I know. Dad is generous to a fault really, he has always been like that." Sarah stared at the money and then looked up.

"I can't accept all this," she muttered, biting her lip. "It's good of him to have me."

I shrugged at her. "It's Dad. He will get annoyed and stubborn if you try and give it back," I told her and flopped down on the bed. "He's a proper stubborn git."

"Yeah, I see where you get it from," Sarah teased and cocked her head with a smile. "Can we go for a swim?" Sarah asked.

"Sure," I said and looked over at her. But you need to be nekkid."

"That's fine. I kinda expected to spend most of this week anyway." I looked at her, and she just giggled. "Oh come on Andy, don't tell me you hadn't thought of it," she teased. "After all the times we nearly had sex and did everything but. Don't tell me you aren't looking forward to it."

I smiled, she knew I had been. Ever since the day before I had been thinking about it and knowing that it would probably happen while we were in the Lake District. Sex with Abi and the rest of the girls was good or fantastic, but I wanted to do it with Sarah now, it would be special.

She looked into my eyes and read my smile. "Thought so." She slipped off her T-Shirt and denim skirt, and I watched as she peeled off her white underwear. "Not sexy," she muttered. "But very comfortable for travelling in."

"I bet," I said and stared at her shaven crotch. "You are so beautiful," I told her and she blushed. I had embarrassed her. She flicked her eyes at me, and I shook off my jeans and pulled off my shirt in seconds before I was guiding her down the steps to the pool.

Sarah looked at me with expectant eyes, her pale hair tumbling down her face and shoulders. "It looks so serene," she murmured to me, and I moved my head down to kiss her.

Our tongues became intertwined, and I could taste the creamy texture of the liqueur on her breath. She mewed as we kissed, and I pushed her up against the cold wall of the pool to oscillate passionately with her. I massaged her flanks and ran my hands around her buttocks. She ruffled my hair and pulled me tighter before rubbing her palm across my erect cock.

"Later," she whispered and with as much force as she could muster pushed me back so I stumbled and fell into the pool. I felt a burst of adrenaline as I fell; I wasn't expecting it and made a loud noise as my back caused a massive splash in the pool.

I righted myself in the water and Sarah joined me by jumping in. "Bet you can't catch me," she teased and swam off in the pool, with me a few feet behind her. Although I was stronger and taller, Sarah was a good swimmer from her years of swimming lessons and after half-a-dozen laps I had only just caught up with her, when she stopped swimming away from me and swam into my arms.

"I thought this was my pool," a deep, booming voice from above us shouted. "But I was sure my pool didn't have two naked teenagers in it."

I looked up and Dad with just his towel around his waist stood there watching us. "Well I don't normally wear trunks," I replied and Sarah cuddled up close to me, I was not sure she was entirely comfortable with Dad seeing her naked.

"S'ok. I'll come back tomorrow, I can see you want some private time," Dad replied accurately, if not somewhat cryptically and I thanked him. "Just a thing though, if you want to have sex in the pool, please do it in the Jacuzzi. The filters are strong but not that strong in here," he said, and Sarah and I just blushed as he left.

Sarah kissed me and wrapped her arms around me, her body tessellating with mine and I squeezed her towards me. The warm water lapped at my shoulders, and Sarah moved her hands down my flanks. I looked at her matted hair, and she whispered in my ear. "That's something we've not done."

"We sort of have."

Sarah smiled at me. "To consummate a relationship the man has to come into or over the woman."

"I've come in your mouth," I replied, and she shook her head.

"Don't you want to claim your prize," she said in a low voice, as quiet as she could manage. I looked into her eyes filled with desire and lust and my heart leapt.

I had wanted to date Sarah, not because of the sex I would get but because I liked her a lot. I almost had not considered the physical side of a relationship, but she looked at me with demanding eyes, and I bit my lip and took a deep breath. I didn't need to answer her as she just kissed me, wrapping her arms around me and hugged me tightly.

We climbed out of the pool and dried ourselves on one of the many beach towels littered around the pool. Sarah held out her hand and guided me up the steps and across the small downstairs hallway, pushing open the door.

Sarah must have primed the room as she took the matches and lit the candles that had been strategically placed on the drawers and wardrobes before pressing "play" on the CD player. The stereo crackled and soft music filled the room.

Sarah stared lustfully into my eyes and then averted them as her eyes flicked down to my towel, tied around my waist. She reached out and gently untied it, allowing it to fall to the floor, and I did the same with her. She looked back at me, and we moved in for a kiss, standing at the end of the bed and as naked as the day we were born.

Sarah ran her hands up and down my waist and then my flanks, and I closed my eyes and gently squeezed her buttocks. Her skin felt gloriously soft and velvety, and I just adored running my hands across her pert butt.

I pulled her into my erection, and she ground her hips against my waist. Her tongue danced in my mouth, and she gave a gentle mew as her breasts rubbed against my chest. "Shall we?" She whispered as she pulled away from our embrace and glanced towards the bed.

Sarah and I fell against the duvet and resumed our kissing, but my hands slid down her thigh and went up to her pussy – freshly shaven – and she wriggled against me. I looked into her eyes as my finger touched her slit and she pursed her lips into a grin.

She gave a satisfied mew as my finger glided across the top of her slit and she licked her lips when I applied pressure. "May I kiss it?" I murmured, and Sarah didn't respond, just closing her eyes and groaning as my finger found her clit and her moistening hole.

I saw her bite her lip and I wriggled down the bed before gently parting her legs. She offered no resistance and allowed me to slide my face up her thigh, kissing her skin gently. She held her breath as I got near her slit, but I passed it and caressed her mons. She sighed and ran her hands through my hair.

I teased her for several minutes before planting the softest of kisses on her crack. She gave a gentle sigh and allowed me to push my tongue along her sweet-tasting slit and flick her button. She whimpered as I did, longing me to go down properly on her, but I was enjoying the suspense.

She pushed her hips forward impatiently, but I slid down the bed a bit further and kissed the tops of her labia. She was holding her breath and giving little sighs when she exhaled, and I ran my hands up and down her thighs.

She groaned expectantly as my tongue circled her slit, but didn't touch any of her sensitive

areas. She simpered, and I looked up smiling at her. She gave me a pleading glance, and I plunged my tongue into her crotch.

She muttered under her breath as I eagerly lapped at her clit and then slid my tongue up and down her hole. She tasted even sweeter, even more divine, even lovelier as my girlfriend, and my hands massaged her breasts. She cried and mewled with every touch and her thighs pressed against my ears. She pushed her crotch further towards my flicking tongue and groaned.

Her buttocks clenched, and I glanced up at her, to see her throwing her head back against the pillow. Her breasts were bouncing as I rolled her nipples in my fingers and she spluttered as she screwed her face up. "Oh God," my lover screeched. "Oh my ..." Her voice trailed off into a shriek as my tongue sucked on her pearl.

Her legs squeezed my face and her body quivered and shook. I kept flicking her button until she had finished her orgasm. I rolled my tongue into her slit and took long licks as she emitted deep sighs and satisfied groans. I pushed a finger into her womanhood and pressed against her walls, rotating it as my tongue found her clit again.

She writhed and groaned, and while it was not the most comfortable position for me to be in, I didn't care as my girlfriend cried out and pulled a pillow on top of her face as she orgasmed loudly. I heard her muffled screams, and felt her tensing muscles, as her legs thrashed around her body convulsing.

I kept pressing on her G-Spot as her hands gripped the side of the bed. I pushed her legs further apart with my elbows, and Sarah allowed me to suck her clit until she had another powerful orgasm.

She pushed me on the top of the head after she climaxed and looked at me. I sat up, and she pushed the pillow away from her mouth. Her face was beaming, and she didn't need to say anything.

As the CD moved to the next track and the dulcet tones of Elton John came through the speakers, Sarah looked at me with wide open eyes and a pleading look and I moved my hips forward.

The candles bathed the room in a flickering glow, and the tip of my cock touched her moist folds. We kissed, our tongues intertwined and it felt heavenly. It would be our first time, together. Sarah was mine, and she smiled as I slid my cock forward.

It felt fantastic, an emotional fulfilment that I had not always felt with Abi. The knowing that my lover was my partner, someone who I had lovingly desired for months and who had held a special place in my heart already. The knowledge that as we made sweet love, she was my girlfriend instead of my friend and that she wanted a relationship instead of just a friendship with me, was powerful. The belief that it would be the first time of many expressions of our love over the months and years that would come was an erotic one.

Sarah's naked body sent shivers down my spine as it rubbed against my chest. She grunted every time I thrust into her, and her hands gripped my buttocks.

I gazed into her eyes and smiled as we broke from her kiss, speeding up slightly and giving gentle nasal snorts. I reached down and pushed her thighs further back.

Sarah groaned loudly and swore in delight. I could feel her vaginal muscles tighten and

pulse on my cock. She was squeezing my intruding member as I pushed into her, and it was exquisite.

I grunted and felt the point of no return; Sarah had thrown her head back and was grunting with every thrust. I sped up, eager to come and tensed the muscles at the back of my testicles; there was a desperate tension growing within them. I groaned and gasped as my cock twitched and I felt a surge of semen squirt from my manhood and spurt into Sarah.

She smiled at me; she had obviously felt my twitching cock pump my cum into her unguarded pussy and she looked at me panting. Sarah and I kissed as I slowly rocked back and forth, savouring the last few moments of warmth and tension from our lustful experience and then I smiled at her. "Worth waiting for?" Sarah asked, and I nodded.

"Yeah," I muttered and withdrew. "Definitely."

"All those months?"

"Yeah," I told her. "Completely."

Sarah giggled and kissed me again. "Good," she said with a smirk. "Cause I dain't expect to be waiting another four months," she said with a grin and got up from the bed. I passed her some tissues from the side, but she shook her head. "Nah, I need a wee," she said and walked out towards the small toilet next to pool, naked.

It gave me a few moments to think. I adored Sarah and sex with her was more special than what I had done with Abi or Vanessa. There was a real connection between us, and every touch felt magical. Maybe Sarah was better in bed than any other partner I had had; she was certainly more demanding! Sarah returned to the room, smiling at me and I pulled out the bottle from the fridge. "Glass for my young lady?"

Sarah sniggered. "Yeah, but in the Jacuzzi," she asked and I grabbed two wine glasses and the bottle of chilled champagne while Sarah picked up a towel each for us, and we wandered out of the room.

I half-expected to see Rhea or Simon floating about, but I guessed that they were tired, and I wasn't going to object to the peace and quiet without my little sister around. Sarah hit the button on the Jacuzzi, and it fired into life as I poured two glasses of the champagne into the crystal flutes and Sarah lowered herself into the bubbling water.

"Cheers," she muttered and I sank down next to her taking a sip of the amber drink. She snorted as the bubbles went up her nose and licked her lips as I put my arm around her and she leant into me. I kissed her neck, and she wriggled. "That's nice," she muttered and put her head on my shoulder. "You never said your Dad's house was so big."

"Didn't I?"

"No. I just guessed it would be ... like a normal house. Not a mansion."

"It's not a mansion," I replied, and she sighed. "It's not all that bigger than your house." Sarah shrugged, and she took another sip of her champagne. "But I think I shall enjoy this week."

"I think so too," Sarah muttered, and we just sipped and drank the champagne, talking softly and kissing before returning our bedroom. Sarah cuddled up to me in bed, and as we fell asleep in each other's arms tired after our long journey.

I felt truly content and happy for the first time in a very long time.