

New Secrets

chapter two



by
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Codes: MF oral exhib

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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, Rhea’s cheating on the water makes Andy angry and Rhea purchases an unsuitable weapon while in Keswick. Sarah and Rhea both get new underwear while Terry gets drunkenly candid when offering relationship advice.

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 II

I heard a slurping noise coming from underneath the sheets and warmth around my cock as I was awoken slowly. I looked down to see two little eyes peeping back, and I grinned.

“Now you are awake,” Sarah muttered and disengaged herself from my cock and spun her legs over mine to present me with her glabrous pussy. I was still shaking the sleep from my eyes when my tongue touched her moist slit and Sarah mewed.

“Ahh, that's nice,” she purred and my hands instinctively drew circles along her teenage body, before cupping her breasts and rolling her nipples with my fingers. She grunted and groaned appreciatively as my tongue slid down her moist runway, and I felt a warm mouth re-engage with my cock, slurping gently.

I tasted and adored Sarah's sweet scent and worked my tongue over her hole and towards her rear; she shrieked and glanced down at me. “Not there,” she hissed, and I flicked her clitoris. “Oh there,” she panted and started touching my testicles.

Sarah's began to gently rock back and forth and then grunted loudly. “I want you,” she breathed and moved forward before facing me. “I want you again.”

I couldn't help but beam and Sarah lay down next to me, opening her arms with a grin. I moved myself on top of my girlfriend, by cuddling her and my erect cock slid along her runway. Sarah's eyes melted as I gently moved forward and she sighed dramatically. “Oh there,” she muttered as I gently pushed forward and began a gentle, steady pace of rocking back and forth.

Sarah gazed at me lustfully, and we kissed before I nuzzled her ear. Sarah was grunting and panting; the headboard was gently knocking against the wall, and Sarah instinctively grabbed it.

I felt a building desire and pumped powerfully into her hole, before I flooded Sarah's insides with my semen with a satisfied grunt and a smile for my lovely girlfriend.

Sarah grinned at me as we got up and wiped herself clean. “Good morning, Miss Bailey” I told her in a formal voice and got a “Good Morning, Master Williams” in return. “I don't suppose you would still have the energy for a morning swim, my good lady?” I asked, and Sarah nodded, desperately trying not to laugh as her naked boyfriend spoke in a silly voice.

We walked into the pool to see three naked bodies already fooling around. Rhea was dunking Simon in the water, but she stopped when she saw us. “You finished?” Rhea asked, and I stared at her in confusion. “Your door isn't very soundproof,” she added, and I spluttered. “And the banging headboards. It's like a brothel down here.”

Dad grinned. “S'ok. You're sixteen now,” he replied, and I squeezed Sarah's hand. She gave me a peck on the cheek as we climbed into the pool and Simon gasped as we got in, desperately breathing in air; Rhea had been holding him under again.

“Rhea,” I called and spoke down to her. “Leave him alone. What has he done to you?”

Rhea released him and allowed him to come to the surface. “Nothing. That's the problem. No kisses, no hugs, no cuddles, nothing. He came into see me and I got fuck all.”

I looked at my girlfriend with a raised, quizzical eyebrow. "I think someone's jealous," I said in a teasing voice, and Rhea spluttered.

"In a way yes," she said firmly, gesturing with her hands as she spoke. "Because, even though you think with your cock and you are a total twat, you go dippy-eyed over her. He doesn't," Rhea shouted.

"I got kisses, hugs and cuddles," Sarah teased. "It ... was ... wonderful!"

"And you got fucked not fuck all, I know. I heard," Rhea responded. "But I'd get more love from the Ice Princess."

"Ice Princess?" Sarah asked, and I mouthed "Isabella" in return. "Dad's step-daughter."

"And to be honest, he says he loves me, he just needs to show it."

Simon looked at me and Sarah. "But she gets annoyed if I get clingy. I can't win."

"Fuck sake, it's not about winning," Rhea said in an animated voice and splashed him. "Bloody told you that before."

I spoke to Simon. "I know how you feel," I told him with a grin. "I can't win either," I said and pushed away from the side of the pool.

"I've told you it's not about winning, either of you" Rhea replied, and I glanced over at Dad hovering; he had barely said anything. I looked at my scowling sister, swam over to her, even though it was only a few feet deep. "What are you doing?" Rhea asked and I put my hand on her naked body before throwing her backwards into the water. She yelled, gasped as she went under and swam back to the surface, her eyes full of steely determination.

"I'll get you," she said and came back towards me. Simon, Sarah and Dad were treated to the sight of Rhea and myself trying to out-wrestle each other in a few feet of water. "I wish I'd had you in the mud pit," Rhea screamed as she came up for air. Dad shouted at us to be careful, and to calm down, but I saw Rhea's eyes glowing with excitement and determination; she was not going to calm down.

She was strong for her size, but her real strength wasn't brute force but agility and cunning. As I tried to grip her, she brought her legs around and swiped mine from underneath me and then she held me under the water as I sprawled backwards.

Of course, thanks to the strip poker night, we had all seen each other naked before, but Dad averted his eyes as Sarah got out of the pool; I think he saw her reticence the previous day and was now acting gentlemanly because of it, but he didn't need to: Sarah was as much of an exhibitionist as anyone I knew.

"Oi," Rhea shouted at Simon as the door closed in front of her. "Don't you know it's gentlemanly to hold the door open for a young lady? Unless I'm on the bog and then it's just plain kinky."

Dad laughed at Rhea, and she waited for her boyfriend to backtrack on the other side of the closing door and open it for her. She turned and kissed him, her hand gently stroking his member as she did and then walked through it.

"When have you been a young lady?" I asked, and Rhea glared at me. "Surely an ogre would a better description," and Rhea puffed up her chest and raised her finger at me.

“Don't,” she warned.

I watched as Dad walked through the door and then gave a titter. “You remember what Rhea is like, don't you?”

Dad nodded, and Sarah and I ducked into our room. Sarah pushed me onto the bed the moment we got in, and she knelt down and ran her tongue over my head, watching as I groaned. She smiled as she ran her tongue around the sensitive glans and then bobbed up and down, running her tongue underneath my shaft and along the ridge.

I felt the pressure build and, warning Sarah, could hold out no longer. I clenched my fists, grunted, closed my eyes and then felt a surge of semen squirt out and enter Sarah's mouth. She waited for my cock to finish erupting, and she used her mouth to gently caress the last of my juices out of my leaking cock onto her tongue and then looked at me, showing me the small lake of cum before making an exaggerated motion to swallow.

“Breakfast creamy as ever,” she cooed with a grin and pounced on top of me, kissing me. I could detect a slight taste of something foreign as I did when Abi kissed me after a blow-job, but I ran my hands over Sarah's smooth back and cupped her pert ass to purring from my teenage, lustful lover.

It was a nice day in the Lakes, and I asked Dad if I could borrow the canoes after breakfast. The long sloping grassland from the house met the small lake for around 100 metres of private shoreline and, built a few metres from the waters edge, was an old hut.

Dad had happily given me the key and the four of us (as Rhea had invited herself and Simon) bounded down to the lakeside. I was dressed in the only pair of shorts I had brought. Rhea wanted to have the “big boat”, a four man wooden dinghy that took three of us to carry down to the lakeside while Rhea carried the paddles. I held the boat steady while Simon and her climbed in, it rocking as she shifted her small weight inside the vessel.

“Oi,” shouted Sarah and ran back down to the shore with life jackets. “You should wear them.”

Simon and Rhea looked at each other. “But we aren't going to fall in,” Rhea replied instantly, and I had to try hard to suppress a giggle.

“I'm sure everyone says that,” I replied and passed her first life jacket. Rhea moaned, partly because of the jacket was cold and rough, because it “smelt”, because it was the wrong colour to go with her jogging bottoms, but mostly because Rhea was Rhea, and moaning was what Rhea spent her entire life doing.

There was no such theatrics as Sarah, and I carried out one man kayaks to the shore line, wearing the red life jackets and climbed in. I held Sarah's vessel as she settled herself and then pushed her into the smooth water.

It took me a couple of minutes to catch up with Sarah, and Rhea was half way across the lake. She had come up with a novel approach to boating, with Simon pulling on both paddles as she barked orders that echoed up the basin.

The lake had a protrusion of land half way along it that went into the middle of the water, and I had to change course to avoid it. As we got closer, we saw a number of fisherman getting ready to embark on a boat on the opposing bank who did not appear to be happy

to see us, and I called for Rhea to come back towards Mountain View.

Rhea ignored me, and instead set about navigating her boat closer to the anglers still barking out “in-out-in-out-put your back into it-in-out, you slimy worm” instructions at her boyfriend.

By the time we had got to back, I was deliberately flicking water at Rhea and Simon with my paddle. I was a lot more agile in my tiny kayak and could twist and turn quickly in the water where as Rhea was a lot less nimble. Having spent most of her last few years winning fights with people bigger than her, mostly due to her agility, she should have appreciated this tactic far more than she did. Eventually Rhea demanded a race and we lined up by the tombolo, racing towards the forest.

Sarah called for us to “go” and I set about paddling as hard as I could and raced away into an early lead. Rhea, had taken one of the paddles from Simon, purely because she thought she could go faster than he could manage and their boat was not going in a completely straight line with their uncoordinated paddling. Sarah passed the struggling Rhea, and set about trying to catch me.

Sarah had a lot of lower body strength – the football ensured that, but most of the work was done in arms as well as the thighs and while my rapid start meant I slowed down as I neared the forest at the top of the lake, Sarah had to worry as much about Rhea and Simon catching her up.

I felt the familiar sound of the kayak hitting the shore, and held my paddle aloft, turning around to see Sarah a few feet further back. Rhea and Simon had got their act together, and it would be a tight finish, they were neck and neck with my girlfriend. I saw Rhea look across, and deliberately jab her paddle into Sarah's cockpit and push down.

The effect of the wobbling kayak was instant: Sarah lurched to the side, and her shifting weight tipped the small boat over, capsizing it and dunking Sarah into water.

I swore at Rhea and pushed away, in front of Rhea's boat, but Sarah had emerged from the water and stood up in the lake, the water coming to her bosom. “What the fuck were you thinking of?” I shouted at my sister who was smiling in her boat.

“We came second,” she crowed, and I picked up my oar over my head as Sarah spat out some water.

I threatened Rhea with the paddle and her facial expression changed immediately. She decided to push off from the bank into the lake as I glared at her. Sarah got onto the sandy beach. “Are you OK?”

Sarah nodded, looking out towards Rhea. “Yeah. Just a bit of a shock,” she said. I'm gonna dry off in the house,” she said, and I pulled her boat towards me.

“I'll take it,” I told her and watched as she scrambled up the tiny sandy beach to the path that encircled the lake and ran along the coastline. It was difficult to take Sarah's kayak as well as my own, but I just about managed it. Rhea, wisely kept a distance away, and kept watching from the other side of the lake as I pulled both our kayaks up to the small shed.

I sent Sarah into the house, the wet T-Shirt making it clear that she was not wearing a bra, and I smiled as the cold October made her nipples prominent through the thin white cotton. She saw me looking at her chest and gave me a playful look. “Go,” I told her as I felt the

wind touch my bare arms. "I'll put these away."

It took five minutes to put the kayaks, oars and life jackets away although I left Sarah's life jacket on the window sill to drain and dry before stacking them on the hook. Rhea and Simon were busy paddling around the anglers, currently in the middle of the lake with their lines over the side of their boat, and Rhea was clearly annoying them by getting too close.

Half of me wanted to see Rhea tipped into the water by an irate fisherman, but I thought of the naked, soaking wet Sarah and locked the door, before sprinting back to the house.

"Is Sarah OK?" Dad asked the moment I entered through the French doors by the pool.

"She's fine. That fucking sister of mine, she goes too far," I moaned and gave Dad the key to the boathouse. Dad winced as I spoke and then I turned to him, holding out my arms in exasperation. "She dumped Sarah into the water just because she was going faster than her."

Dad pursed his lips and looked at me. "I remember a year or so ago, you tipped Paula into the lake because she was name-calling," he replied with a wry smile.

"Yeah, not in October," I said but immediately felt threatened by the implied accusation. Was I being overly sensitive towards Sarah being mistreated by my corybantic sibling? Dad hummed and walked out of the door, and I skipped into the pool room and walked along the side until I reached the shower room in the corner.

Sarah smiled at me as I stepped over her clothes and she pulled me under the warm water, my T-Shirt getting soaked but saying nothing. I stared into her deep blue eyes and smiled, kissing her on the cheeks and holding her naked body.

"I'm fine," she whispered and pressed together. "But it would be better if you were naked."

I sighed and stripped off, throwing my soaking wet clothes outside of the little shower cubicle and smiled at her. "Better?"

"Much better," she giggled and put her warm hands around me. We kissed again, and she tilted her head, before allowing me to press her body against the cool tiles. She gasped and looked down at my rapidly inflating member, licking her lips and looking coyly at it.

We took turns at lathering each other and then washing the flowery shower gel from our bodies. I rubbed my hands over her body and then pulled her into my arms as I washed her back.

She slipped her hand down my sides and kissed me, her tongue massaging mine as she slipped a hand over my erect cock. I groaned, and she smiled at me as she pumped it gently.

I gasped and closed my eyes, enjoying the luscious feelings in my member and felt her breasts and then her mound. Her breathing changed slightly as I felt around her slit, and then pressed against her button. She flinched, and I felt guilty, but she grunted and threw her head back into the stream of warm water, and I circled her slit with my fingers.

Sarah grunted and then started pumping my cock, sliding her wet hand down to the base of my dick and twisting it as she came up. The slippery handjob felt wonderful, and I pressed harder and harder against her.

She was panting and turned in the steamy shower: she was getting most of the warm water but the cubicle was warm and I didn't care. She put her hands on the wall and looked behind her. "Ahh ... go on."

I gulped as she slid her hands down the little handle in the shower so her rear was pushed outwards and she looked sexily at me. I moved behind her, and grabbed her waist, slowly sliding my cock in between her thighs, catching her clitoris and I felt her hand stuffing my member into her hole.

It hurt slightly as she positioned it, but we both groaned into the steam as I took long strokes into her. My back was pressed against the other wall while the water cascaded onto Sarah's back and rolled down into my crotch. I slapped her rear against my waist as I rocked back and forth; it felt wonderful.

I gasped into the humid air and used her waist to pivot into her. She told me, between squeals, to stop digging my fingers in as it hurt, and I moved my hands further up and increased my pace.

Sex with Sarah was special as we were connected as friends as well as lovers and she grunted and groaned as I ploughed into her pussy, in an upright, "doggy-style" position. It felt weird to be doing it somewhere so public and yet so intimate, but I knew we could be "discovered" at any time and I pushed harder and harder into my girlfriend.

Sarah writhed under my touch as I rammed my cock into her and I felt her soft, velvety glove grip my stiff member; she was teasing my cock, but I was nearing my orgasm and closed my eyes, feeling the familiar feeling in my loins. I groaned and pushed in faster and harder, desperate to heighten the eruption when it came.

Sarah could feel it as she looked over her shoulder and smiled at me as I slapped her ass, gripped her waist and thrust forward, holding my cock inside her as several spurts of semen were pumped into her.

She smiled at me gently rocking back and forth and waited for me to disengage from her. "I love sex in the shower," she whispered and then wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. "But it makes such a mess of me."

I laughed and she cleaned herself again, before shutting off the water and leading me across the cold rooms back to our bedroom. We were both naked, and we could hear the voices of Rhea and Simon, but this did not deter my crazy girlfriend as she pushed me on the bed and looked at me. "You didn't come," I told her, and she bit her lip.

"I never come in the shower," she replied, which given that all the other sex she would have had in such a place would have been with Kevin was surely a slight on her ex rather than on the practice of steamy intercourse, but she pulled out Eric from her drawer before I could make this point.

Eric – the smooth six-inch red vibrator – was Sarah's favourite possession, and she passed it over longingly. "You know I love it when you do ... you know."

I smiled at the soaking wet girl, and she tied up her hair in a towel before allowing me get up and then throw her onto the bed. She giggled as she fell down onto the duvet and I took a towel and slid it underneath her rear. She giggled expectantly as I did and I kissed her labia before turning on the red sex toy.

Sarah closed her eyes and took a deep breath as the gentle buzzing made contact with her skin. She gave a small sigh and allowed me to push it into her hole, less than five minutes after my cock was spewing semen into her in the same place. There was little resistance, although her body was still glistening and I slowly twisted the vibrator round inside her vagina.

She was making slight mewling sounds, and I moved my mouth to the top of her slit and began poking her crack with my tongue to find her clitoris. She gasped and groaned as I adopted an in-out motion where the sex toy rotated inside of her, and I flicked and sucked on her pearl.

I felt her legs quiver and she waved her arms around before gripping the bed. She was gasping and panting, groaning loudly and shouting obscenities at me. "Ya love Eric?" I asked her, and she nodded before screaming that she did. I turned her vibrator up to the highest level, and she turned slightly in the bed with a long, drawn out groan. I sucked on her clit and flicked it relentlessly with my tongue causing her to grunt, mew, writhe and then erupt into a loud, screaming climax.

Her legs shook and wrapped around my head as the vibrator poked her faster than every along the bottom of my chin. "Oh my God!" Sarah screeched and sank into the bed, and then held her breath before whimpering loudly; Sarah never orgasmed quietly.

I gave her a few seconds to recover and then slowly licked at her crack again and pushed the vibrator back into her on low. She bucked violently, but I looked at her, and she smiled back. I think she saw a sense of mischievous lust in my eyes or was placated by my genuine grin and allowed me to eat her out to another orgasm while Eric buzzed in her sex. She groaned and squealed even louder than before and writhed on the bed relentlessly. I felt her loins quiver as her groaning peaked and she looked back at me exhausted and cried out.

Sarah pushed the vibrator away and opened her bedside drawer, throwing me a small tube of lubricant. "Try anal?" She asked, and I nodded; I was almost speechless, it had been months since Abi and I had had anal sex and Sarah licked her lips. "I've wanted to try it for ages."

I remember Abi telling me to lubricate both "the pole and the hole generously" and I squirted some of the cold gel onto her bud. Sarah shivered and I pushed it in before putting some of the cold gel on my member and lining up against her.

I remembered having to go slow, but Sarah accepted my cock easily. I spoke to her about telling me to go slower if it was uncomfortable, but she told me it was "nice" and I just forged ahead. It was a very different feeling from normal intercourse, and she was very relaxed. I heard her vibrator start up again and saw a flash of red from between her thighs; Sarah was being very horny and I quite liked it!

I closed my eyes and began to pound her rear more forcefully; she was tight and it felt incredible. I felt my familiar tension and held out, pushing in further and harder to intensify the feeling inside me. I grunted, took out my cock and squirted over her back, groaning loudly.

She discarded her vibrator as I came over her. "You OK?" I asked, and she coughed.

"Yeah," she muttered. "Gotta have another shower now."

"Yeah, sorry 'bout that." She got me to wipe off the excess and then kissed me pushing my slightly discoloured cock away and led me into the shower by the pool again to get clean.

She shrieked as the water started to run colder and pushed me out of the little shower. "Come on," she called and dived into the pool, her body arcing perfectly as she entered the water elegantly. My entry was much less magnificent, and I bombed into the water, causing a ripple that reached the end of the pool.

Sarah grinned as she turned in the water, floating on her back and looking towards me. "Catch me," she said, and swam away from me towards the end of the pool as I caught up with her.

I was at an immediate disadvantage; Sarah was not a bad swimmer, and she did a lot of football, so she was easily able to keep a small distance from me; she had a lot of stamina and I had been decidedly lacklustre about keeping up with the walking Paula and I used to do when my ex-girlfriend moved to Bournemouth.

Sarah gleefully teased me as she swam off and I struggled to keep up with her telling me to "keep up." She had powerful muscles in her legs and when I eventually caught the naked girl we kissed on the side of the pool.

"Come on," she called as she wriggled away from me and swam powerfully towards the little Jacuzzi by the side of the pool. "I love the bubbles and the ..."

"It's an expensive sex toy," I told her with a coy smile but she didn't respond to my jibe and climbed out of the pool. For a moment, her body was framed, naked and dripping wet, and she balanced on her knee and lifted her body onto the tiles. Her slim, well-defined figure, flawless skin and pert ass was so beautiful and alluring I felt a shot of excitement travel through my body.

She turned on her knee and sat with her legs dangling into the pool, her legs spread slightly, and her wet hair plastered to her chest. "What are you waiting for?" She put her index finger on her lips and traced it down her body.

I chortled at her and made broad strokes across the small pool but by the time I reached the edge, Sarah had lifted herself out of the water and was settling into the Jacuzzi.

She was certainly in a good mood; I could not be completely certain as to why being dumped into the lake had put in such a buoyant and concupiscent state of mind and as she nestled against the bubbles and I ran my hands over her legs, thighs, bosom and flanks, I got smiles and kisses.

She swung her legs over mine and sat on my lap, happy to kiss and be seductive. I very much loved seeing her like this, and it was perennial happiness and genuine smile that first attracted me to her. She "allowed" me to finger her to another orgasm, the bubbles in the water bursting against her spread legs and she squealed in lustful delight as she bucked her hips and rode my fingers to her climax.

She gave me a deep kiss and ran her hands over my body after she finished and she gestured to do the same, but I was sexed out and as much as I would have enjoyed it, told her that I would want to wait until later. She giggled and whispered in my ear that since I had met her I had turned down sex with her more often than I had had it.

"I liked the anal that we did," I told her genuinely. "I don't mind ..."

"Errr ... no!" Sarah spluttered quickly. "You'll make it sore."

"Sore?" I asked. "I was gentle."

Sarah's face twisted, and she looked at me. "Not that gentle." I rubbed my nose and apologised but she dismissed it as unnecessary. "I shouldn't have said anything and Kev ..."

"I am not Kev," I snapped. "If I hurt you well ... you said you were OK."

She sighed. "It was good, but a little uncomfortable," she said genuinely. "I mean, I ain't had done up there before, but I read loads, and I think we skimmed on the lube and from what I've read we should've ... well ... perhaps I should've been clearer and ..."

"Why didn't you say anything?" I asked, a little hurt and annoyed.

"Cause Kev didn't like ... OK, I don't want to criticise my boyfriend."

"I am not Kev. How many times ..." I started and Sarah squeezed my hand.

"OK. I know. It just takes some getting used to. And you were enjoying it so much, but it got a bit sore towards the end, and I am not letting you back there for a day or two. OK?" I went to speak but decided against it, not trusting myself not to snap at my less-than-candid girlfriend. How did she expect us to have great sex if she couldn't be totally honest with me at the time, but she saw my thoughtful face and kissed me on the cheek. "You annoyed with me?" I shook my head, and she giggled. "You are so good in bed and look after me so much. Abi taught you so well, and I sort of forgot how good sex was with someone you feel for until yesterday. I love sex, you know that, and it feels so good with you. And, I've never had to or will ever fake an orgasm with you. So what if the first time we did it back there wasn't wonderful. We got years to perfect it." I cracked a smile at her bouncy expression and looked into her eyes as she licked her lips. "And I know going down on me isn't wonderful either, no matter what you say, so a little bit of arse pain is nothing. Especially the amount of times you bring me off."

I argued with her; I did like going down on her, but she was adamant I was wrong as "Kev wouldn't do it." Why was she struggling to work out that I wasn't Kevin?

Dad found us in the Jacuzzi with a wry smile and leant on the side. "Are you OK?"

"I'm fine," Sarah replied, looking at me. "Honestly, I'm fine." Dad looked over at me with raised eyebrows.

"Please don't fight with Rhea. You've not been here 24 hours, and I don't like to see it."

I went to speak and felt the slippery hand of Sarah engulf my manhood and the fingers gave a gentle squeeze. "He won't will you?"

I hesitated, and Sarah squeezed a bit harder, and I instinctively shrieked and said I wouldn't. Dad looked at me a little strangely, and thanked us before getting down and walking towards the door. "Oh, and you have half-an-hour before dinner. Is that OK?"

"Cheers Dad," I called out and glared at Sarah, who giggled mischievously.

"Don't fight with your little sister," she told me and put her arms either side of me, climbing onto my lap. "She is too scheming for you to beat." I went to speak, and Sarah kissed me

on the lips and ran her hands down my body.

Sarah and I dressed for dinner, and it was noticeable that Simon was coming out of his shell much more. He seemed a little uneasy at first, and while Sarah just accepted her foreign surroundings Rhea had to force him to relax. Dad had cooked a joint of lamb for Sunday roast, and we sat down to enjoy it with a glass of wine.

Dad enjoyed playing host, and the two youngest members of our party had far more than one glass of wine to drink. By the time we had finished dessert – a fruit cheesecake – Simon and Rhea were dominating the conversation.

“How long have you been going out?” Dad asked Simon, who looked at Rhea.

“Sort of since the Summer,” Rhea responded, and Dad grinned.

“Going to let him answer for himself?” He teased, and Rhea shook her head.

“Why would I do that? He might get it wrong.”

Dad looked over at Sarah and then at Rhea. “I know,” I said reading his mind. “Two very different relationships.”

“Perhaps if you looked after him a bit more, and shouted a bit less, he might go and cuddle you in the morning,” Sarah teased and Simon nodded.

“Yeah, I like that,” Simon suggested.

“Oi,” Rhea snapped. “Nobody asked you,” she said firmly and then looked at Sarah. “Or you.”

“Easy Rhea,” Dad told her, but she just shook her head and glared at me.

“Just 'cos you two are in a fantasy-land. We've gone beyond the babbling charm and stuff, we have been going out for months, it's not all flowers you know, we are different people and life isn't perfect all of the time.”

“And you are still annoyed with him?” I asked, and Rhea nodded.

“Of course I am. He lied to me,” Rhea snapped, her tone making her sound stressed and vexed.

Simon shifted awkwardly, and Dad looked at them. “He was being bullied, Rhea.”

“Yes I know that,” Rhea snapped and gestured towards me violently. “But he lied. He said everything was all right, and it wasn't. I don't like being lied to.”

“You lie all the time.” I waited for Rhea to respond, but a rebuttal was not forthcoming, so I looked over at Dad and explained how Rhea had got herself suspended. Rhea gave a brief smile when she thought of the day when she attacked her ex-boyfriend, the bully, and even recounted the incident in the park, that I had forgotten about.

“But, that is so unreasonable,” Sarah said to Rhea who sighed. “Of course, he wants to keep it a secret; you can have secrets you know.”

“See, you two are just joined at the loins, he might not be able to do anything wrong,” she said firmly, pointing at me. “But Simon very much can with me. I want to trust him, and I

can't if he is keeping things from me.”

“Well you will lose him if you keep treating him like that,” Sarah warned her, and Rhea just shrugged. “And that would make you miserable.”

Rhea snorted. “Don't give me a lecture on relationships. None of my boyfriends have cheated on me, and I haven't cheated on any of my boyfriends, so I am not doing everything wrong.”

There was a sharp intake of breath, and I stood up, my finger wagging at my sister. “That's out of order Rhea,” I shouted at her. “You take that back.”

Rhea sneered at me. Sarah tugged at my shirt asking me to calm down, but I stood glaring at her. “No,” she said, leaning back on her chair. “No I won't. You act like I am don't know what I am doing, but my relationships have been built on trust.”

I spluttered. “Bollocks, Rhea.”

“Like how?” Rhea asked. “Like, none of my boyfriends have had nothing but respect for me.”

I spluttered. “Yeah right.”

Rhea threw her arms out in front of her and gestured. “How would you know. You're just a horny little fucker who ...”

“None of Sarah's boyfriends have tried to rape her, how's that for trust?”

Rhea stared at me for a moment, shook her head slowly, and as Dad looked at us both, she threw her chair back and stormed out of the room, utterly speechless.

“What is that all about?” Dad asked, and Sarah scowled at me.

I glared at the disappearing frame of my sister, and Sarah pushed me back on my chair. “That wasn't fair, Andy. That was out of order.”

Simon looked at my father. “Nathan tried to rape Rhea when she wouldn't consent to sex,” he explained. Dad wiped his chin.

“Was he arrested?”

I pulled a face. “No. Rhea dealt with it.”

“Rhea dealt with it,” he thundered in incredulity and stared us, clasp a fist. “My daughter should not be 'dealing' with it.” He got up from the table and strode to the doorway. “I want a word with her.”

“What d'ya have to say that for?” Sarah asked, her eyes sparkling angrily. “You know how upset she gets.”

“Yes I know,” I snapped.

“It's a very horrible thing to say,” Sarah added as she got up. “To a woman, rape is a big thing.”

“Where ya goin'?”

"Out," Sarah said curtly. "You promised me you'd dealt with your temper."

"Sarah!" I pleaded after her, but she didn't even turn to look at me. I groaned and looked at Simon who shrugged.

"She'll forgive ya," he promised. I stared at the plates for a moment and then got up. "She always does."

"How you deal with her?" I asked Simon, and he gave a chortle.

"Expect the unexpected," he replied. "And not take everything she says to heart. She goads and winds up. It's all part of who she is."

"Yeah, I know that," I muttered. "But how do you deal with it? She knows exactly how to wind me up." I got up and sighed. "I better go speak to her." My sister was in her room, having told my Dad that she wasn't talking about it who was muttering to himself as he walked the other way down the stairs.

"Rhea? Can I come in?" I asked after I knocked on her door.

"No. Now fuck off and leave me alone," she aggressively said to me.

"I want to talk to you," I asked and put my head around the door, only to duck when a hair brush came flying towards me. "Oi, Rhea!"

"I told you to fuck off," she replied. "Now fuck off."

"Rhea, I'm sorry for what I said," I told her and had to dodge an incoming can of deodorant.

"I said fuck off," she screamed, sitting up on her bed. "How could you poke fun at me for that?"

"I wasn't poking fun," I told her and then dodged a book that whistled past my ears. "Haven't you run out of ammo yet?"

"No," she cried and pushed her incoming handbag away. I gripped her hands, and she glared at me with her tearful eyes. "I can't believe my own brother would say such things." I gulped and released her hands. Rhea just slapped me across the face, and I howled out in pain.

"OK, I probably deserve that," I admitted and she crossed her arms. "I'm sorry."

"So you should be. I've had Dad up here, mightily annoyed that I didn't go to the Police and has gone off to 'phone Mum even though I told him not to."

"Sarah's stormed off, she's angry with me." Rhea's sniffed, and she blinked.

"Yeah well, she's always angry with you. You just swing from one extreme to the other. If you aren't at it like bunnies, then you are at it like scorpions." I rubbed my chin and shrugged; Rhea wasn't wrong. I held out my arms and embraced my sister who told me that while I was forgiven she would not forget my outburst. "It didn't bother me at first, I just managed to push him off, gave him a hiding, told him he was dumped and kicked him in the balls as hard as I could. It was done, over, and I was happy." I nodded and she took a deep breath. "But every time I thought of it, it scared me. He was so close to being able to

overpower me, and I didn't want to give him my cherry. I wasn't ready for sex, and he wanted to do that to me."

"Then why didn't you talk about it?"

"I did. To Simon. Why do you think we are so close? I needed to talk to someone who I could trust."

"Like Mum?"

"Who wasn't going to give me grief. The amount of time we would spend lying on my bed and he would just cuddle me and talk." She looked at me and gulped. "I really needed him, and I don't like that thought. I don't want to need someone. It's ... not a nice feeling."

"At least you had someone." Rhea gave a cursory smile and stared at the television in the corner of the room as she thought. "And you could have talked to me."

"You were out chasing Abi, Sarah, Ray's sister and all sorts. You never had the time."

"That's not fair," I objected and she raised her eyebrows.

"And I didn't want to have a heart-to-heart with my brother about nearly being raped and being scared. I have a reputation to uphold." I gulped and smiled at her, and she just shrugged. "And anyway, I'm fine unless someone or something reminds me of it. Simon told me that I am a fighter with everything I do so I will just lash out when I am reminded of it."

"As I saw when you got suspended."

"Ahh well," Rhea muttered coyly and stretched her legs. "He deserved that. And it really helped, you know. I think that should be a recognised form of therapy. The 'kick in the balls' therapy. It made me feel so much better." I laughed at her, and her eyes flicked towards her door as there was a knocking sound. "In," she barked and Dad pushed open her door, stepping over the abandoned book, deodorant and hairbrush.

"We need to talk," he told my sister. "I am not happy about this. Neither is Grace. We think we need to go to the Police."

"To have them drop it after a month for lack of evidence. I dealt with it," Rhea said firmly. "And I am old enough to decide. I dealt with it, Simon helped me through it, and unless I am reminded of it, I am fine. I certainly don't need a Police investigation," she spat and then yawned.

"I'll leave you to it," I told them and got up as Dad sat down on the end of her bed. I closed the door behind me and looked out over garden, wondering where my girlfriend was.

"Hiya babes," I said as I tentatively approached Sarah, sat on "our" balcony. She looked over at me but said nothing, returning to her book. "Rhea and I have made up." She put her book down and pursed her lips, breathing slowly and rubbing her hands. "And I know you are angry with me."

Sarah sniffed. "Disappointed, not angry," she said firmly, in a somewhat patronising manner. "You just act then think when you get wound up or angry."

I sat down in the chair next to her and tried to take her hand in mine, squeezing it gently. "I

know. It's just ... Rhea. She manages to hit all my buttons to make me annoyed."

"Siblings do that," Sarah said in an exasperated voice. "It's what they do. I do it to Paul." I sat down and listened to her chastise me, nodding and she sniffed. "Learn to deal with it."

* * * * *

When we first used to come up to see Dad, he used to take us places in his car, and do things, but as we got older, and when Julie stopped coming, and Rhea and I used to take it in turns to invite a friend along, he almost assumed that we would want to stay with them but not spend any time with him.

The last time we came up Paula, Rhea and myself had to tell him to come and join us as we went hiking, and he seemed almost as though he was intruding. If we asked he would happily take us places and there was only so much you could do in the middle of the Lake District miles from anywhere else, but we had to ask; he never felt comfortable enough just to take us.

Sarah wanted to go to Keswick or Windermere the following day; she had never been to the Lake District and so I found Dad in the Lounge reading a book and sat down opposite.

"Sorted Rhea out?" I asked, and Dad snorted.

"When did she become so fiercely independent?" He asked and looked at me. "She is more like Grace than either of them would care to admit." I sighed. "So what can I do for you?"

"Is there any chance we could go out for the day tomorrow?" I asked the moment I had got his attention, and he put his novel down and looked across at me.

"Sure," he said quickly and cleared his throat. "Where?"

I repeated the conversation I had had with Sarah and he nodded. "Yeah, go down to Keswick if you want. It's quiet, it's off-season. Could drive across to Ullswater and then find a nice little pub if you like."

I smiled and nodded. "I think she'll like that," I told him and he scratched behind his ear and looked across.

"She's a nice girl. Where did you find her?"

"College," I replied instantly and looked over at the doorway. Sarah said she wanted to go for a little walk down to the Lake after lunch and then glanced out of the living room window towards the lake and saw the red top of Sarah meander around a tree and out of sight. "We took a long time to get together, hence Abi and the others," I replied, and he looked over at me.

"She reminds me a bit of Grace, sorry your Mum, when she moved in with me. Warm and loving. Bit shy." I hummed; I didn't quite know what to say, but Dad noticed my hesitancy and just grinned. "You've done well, look after her."

"Yeah, I will."

* * * * *

Rhea grinned as we emerged for breakfast. "It's nine thirty," she teased. "You been marking ya territory?"

"Still speaking to me?" I asked, and Rhea stood with her arms folded.

"Yeah well Si talked me into it last night. Ya still a fucking cock." Dad chastised my darling sister, and I gave her a hug.

"Sorry," I whispered in her ear, "but you don't make it easy for me when you make me lose my temper."

"Well stop being so over protective of her then. She is still a cock tease," she mumbled back and I looked into her eyes as we parted.

"Please," I mouthed. "Just don't. It makes it so difficult."

"Makes what difficult?" Sarah asked as she listened into our muted conversation.

"Me knowing that you are a nasty prick tease and not being allowed to treat you with the contempt you deserve," Rhea ranted, and Sarah forced a smile.

"Oh, that." Sarah replied with a smirk and she glanced over at me, shaking her head slightly. "But it was your brother's prick I was teasing, and he wasn't objecting."

"I. Don't. Want. To. Know." Rhea said, accentuating the end of each word needlessly. "Keep it to yourselves," she moaned and left to go upstairs to get dressed.

After breakfast Dad drove up to Keswick. Simon and Rhea squabbled in the back of the car, so I changed places with Sarah and sat between them, which meant that Simon and myself squabbled with my awkward sister. She kept elbowing me as she struggled to get comfortable and in the end I gripped the top of her thigh and squeezed it, causing her to writhe from the tickling feeling. As my hand touched her, and she wriggled, her short skirt rode up and she flashed herself to anyone who was watching; Rhea was without knickers, and she gave me a scowl as I realised.

"Brother," she moaned. "You shouldn't be looking down there. It's ... well it's Norfolk territory."

I wiped my face, and Simon just laughed as I blushed. "S'ok," he whispered. "She forgot to pack any underwear, so she's been ..."

"Sssshh!" Rhea cried and looked at him.

"I promised her that I would buy her some when we came to Keswick," Simon added.

"Which is cool 'cause you get to choose them," I teased, and he just nodded.

"Of course. Although she says if I get too explicit ones she won't wear them and she'll go commando." This didn't sound like Simon had too much of an incentive to pick sensible underwear, but he shrugged as he read my mind and I just laughed.

Rhea slapped the leg of her boyfriend. "I don't want my bro knowing about my knickers and stuff."

Sarah turned around and looked at my little sister. "Not to mention your brother's girlfriend

and your father.” Rhea groaned and glared at Simon.

“Well, I've got a good mind to take away the knicker-buying privilege from him if he is going to be indiscreet.”

Sarah laughed as we pulled into a small car park and Dad pulled out his wallet. He refused to allow me to pay for the car parking, but I couldn't allow him to pay for everything. It wasn't fair.

We sat in a small pub on the outskirts of the small Lakeside town and Dad passed us a menu each. “We'll get this,” I said, and Sarah nodded.

“Yeah, 'cause you gave us the money and ...” Sarah added.

“Excellent,” Rhea said with a flourish and scanned the menu. “I'll have the Venison steak and the wild boar burger not mention the ...”

Dad stopped her and looked at me. “I'll get this meal. Don't be silly. And Rhea, if you can eat that you can have it.”

We groaned, but Dad was adamant about paying and neither Sarah nor I wanted to cause a scene in the pub. Rhea decided that, although she was “very hungry and could eat a horse” she could not eat a wild boar. She turned to Simon. “Isn't Mr Russell a wild bore?”

“That's very mean,” Simon complained, but Rhea was unrepentant at the slur she had made on her English teacher. Sarah and I both picked burgers, but Rhea and Simon had hearty English meals and Simon pinched a bit of my sister's venison steak.

“Oi,” Rhea cried.

“Boyfriend tax,” Simon told her with a grin.

Sarah laughed as Rhea giggled. “He has definitely tamed the untamable. Like a Roman Centurion successfully advancing over Hadrian's Wall.”

“He came, he saw and the he apologised for getting it over my face,” Rhea joked, and Simon blushed.

“Well, I said sorry,” he mumbled, and Rhea hit him under the table.

Dad glanced at her, and she shrugged. “Oh come on. Don't tell me that ...” Dad stopped her, and she poked her tongue out at him. “Aylesbury's nice but there is bugger all to do.”

Sarah and I walked into the little town after lunch; Dad said he had a little bit of business to attend to and then do some shopping, so we agreed to meet back in three hours. I wasn't sure if Keswick would occupy us for so long, but Sarah grabbed hold of my hand as we walked down the road and swung it wildly. “D'ya want to do what Rhea is doing?” Sarah asked me. “I don't mind putting all my knickers in a drawer and wearing new ones that you choose.”

I gulped; I liked the thought of it, and we spotted a small women's clothing shop opposite. “Sure,” I told her and dragged her across the road in front of a small hatchback. We got a blast of the horn for our trouble, which was understandable, but the little shop had nothing sexy.

Most of Keswick's shops were to cater for hikers and tourism centred around the "great outdoors," and lingerie was a long way down the list of priorities for the town and its visitors. I think we would have got more joy at the bigger shops outside the National Park – such as Lancaster, Carlisle or Penrith – but we eventually found a lingerie "boutique" and opened the door to see my sister and Simon fawning over the thongs.

"We could come back later," I suggested to Sarah but my girlfriend was in the same uncompromising mood my sister was often in and pushed open the door. "I'm a size six or eight," she whispered. "Or Medium."

"Oh for fuck's sake," Rhea cried when she saw Sarah and myself. "What are you doing here?"

"Same as you," Sarah said with a grin. "I've told him to choose all my underwear for the week." Rhea turned to face me standing anxiously by the door and then at Simon, who was holding several pieces of skimpy fabric in various colours.

"It's sick," Rhea cried. "Absolutely ..."

"Any crotchless ones?" Sarah asked, and the young woman watching the shop giggled at Sarah's forthright questioning. "Of course you have."

"No," Simon cried. "OK well we got a couple and ..."

Rhea silenced him and pushed him towards the counter. "Let's buy these before I lose my temper." I didn't pay them any attention while they paid and began to fawn through the underwear the shop did have; it was all very expensive, but the thought of Sarah in her lacy underwear sent shivers down my body.

"Just get one or two sets," Sarah whispered but I liked everything in the shop. "They have to be matching, and the bras are so expensive."

"S'ok," I muttered. "Been saving." This was true, of sorts. I had saved up some money from working for the trip, and I had no problem with spending it on my sexy girlfriend, as well as the money Dad had provided me with. Sarah gave me a pained expression, and we whispered conspiratorially.

In the end, we agreed that Sarah would pay a third towards it, as long as I let her have a veto on all but one of the sets and we worked out in our head that we needed five such pairs of underwear.

Sarah loved a bright red lacy set which was sexy but not explicit and I thought the green in the same "model" was just as nice. We put them aside in her size for her to try on. We argued a little over a couple of the crotchless sets with Sarah telling me that she would remove them for me anyway, but she compromised on a very explicit black set with a split crotch and a "peephole" bra.

She couldn't complain too much; we agreed on the other four and she tried them on. We had to change one of the sets but in the end bought five pairs – including the "naughty" one.

"Do you have ID?" The young woman asked as we went to pay.

I gulped and scowled. "Why?"

"This set is not suitable for under sixteens." I looked at her and fished around in my wallet for any form of age identification, but Sarah had a swimming card and passed it over. "Sorry," the sales girl flustered. "Your elder sister said you weren't sixteen yet."

I huffed and went to speak, but Sarah cut across me and we paid the £200 for the underwear. "I'll kill her," I muttered as we left the shop. "Not sixteen. Elder sister. I'll bloody kill her." I looked up the road and saw my sister sat on a terrace of a pub holding a beer up to me.

"Hiya bro," she called, and Sarah pulled me away before I could respond.

Sarah and I went for a gentle walk in Keswick, chatting and holding hands. It was a nice day, and we thought about hiring a boat to go across Derwent Water but decided against it and had a nice coffee in the local coffee shop.

It was a nice afternoon; Sarah teased me and made several inappropriate and obscene gestures with the food in front of me, but I played along and Sarah broke out into giggling and laughter. I adored her laugh, and her enjoyable smile. She was naturally very playful and clearly enjoyed making other people smile.

We ambled back towards the car in good time, although we came from another direction and wasn't completely sure where Dad had left his car. Sarah found it, parked near the entrance, and we leaned against the wall awaiting for him to return. We saw Rhea and Simon in the corner of the car park and called out to them only to see a sharp metal object alongside her as she walked.

"What's that knife you've got?" I asked as she reached the vehicle holding the metal object that looked around five foot long.

"It's not a knife," Rhea thundered and looked at Sarah and myself with fiery eyes.

"Sorry, sword."

"Or a sword. God dammit."

"Well what is it then?"

"A claymore," Rhea said proudly. "And it's a genuine replica."

I looked at Sarah and we both asked the same question by looking into each other's eyes and seeing bemusement. "A genuine replica?"

Rhea held it out and put it under my chin. "Yep, it is forged in the fires of hell to the exact specification of the Scottish madmen who used to use them. Hence it being genuine and a replica."

I flicked the weapon away from me, and Sarah looked at it as Rhea poked it out in front of her. "So what do you want with a claymore?"

"Cos the next time anyone irritates me, I can add death to the possible consequences," Rhea replied with a grin. "No wonder your prick tease looks scared Andy."

"Put it down Rhea, before someone gets hurt." I looked at Simon. "What d'ya let Rhea buy a sword for? Are you out of your mind?"

Simon scowled. "I didn't. It was her idea to get one, and she just bought one."

"You got a dagger," Rhea told him, and he showed off a small weapon no more than six inches long with ornate carvings on the handle. "But I just love the sword."

Dad emerged from the supermarket with a trolley and stopped the moment he reached the car and saw Rhea standing there with a five foot weapon. "What the bloody hell?"

"You like?"

"No," Dad said firmly and Rhea's smile turned to a frown. "What the hell are you doing with that?"

Rhea hesitated and then suggested that it would look good on her bedroom wall. "And I got this," Simon added as Dad was shaking his head.

"I guess you got them from Mike," he told her. "And he doesn't sell to Under 18s. Hell, I am sure his license says he is not allowed to."

Rhea glanced at Simon and then back at Dad. "It's only for decoration. Honestly." Dad looked at his daughter and then held out a finger to her.

"I will have a word with Grace and see what she thinks," he told her and Rhea puffed before placing her new pride and joy in the boot of the car.

"Well she better say yes," Rhea snapped. "If she knows what's good for her."

"I doubt it," Dad told her and put the shopping alongside her weapon in the boot of the car.

"Not fair," she muttered and scowled the entire journey back to the house. Rhea started up the argument when she got home, telling Dad she would only help him unload the shopping if he let her take the weapon back to Aylesbury and when he refused got angry as Simon, Sarah and myself helped him with the bags. "Scabs!" We ignored our hissing sister but Rhea followed behind us, still angry and shouting.

"I'll speak to your mother," Dad said firmly. "And that's that."

"I'll speak to her," Rhea cried and picked up the cordless phone in the kitchen and dialling home. When she got no response she dialled the club and asked to speak to Grace.

Rhea's tale of a "small sword" that was "non-dangerous" and "simply beautiful" was bordering on untruth, but I think Mum saw through it as Rhea snarled, subtly hung up and then pretended to speak into the phone within earshot of Dad, thanking "Mum" for being so understanding.

"I shall still speak to her," Dad told her as Rhea came into the kitchen triumphantly and Rhea's expression changed.

"Oh ... for fuck's sake," she moaned and dragged her boyfriend away from the kitchen.

* * * * *

The following day was raining, but Sarah and I had decided to go for a walk before we saw the weather forecast, and were stubborn enough not to change our minds once we had seen it. I had my hiking trousers that dried within seconds, and I persuaded Sarah to come

with me around the lake.

Our trip around the lake, soon morphed into a trip to the top of the hill and back once the raining had stopped, and we had to take shelter underneath a crooked tree when it started again.

"I'm not sure it's a good idea," I told her as we looked out across the small valley where Dad lived. "To be underneath a tree in a storm."

"Well I ain't getting wet. I got wet by being thrown into the lake, and now by rain. I ain't brought my coat as ..." I cocked my head and kissed her to stop her ranting, and she giggled as I pressed her up against the malformed tree, running my hands over her wet clothes.

"If you want your clothes to dry, then take them off and put them on the branch." She raised her eyebrows at me, and I slid off my coat and held it out to her. "What?"

"And do what exactly?" The odd rain drop was falling from the leaves, but the base of the tree was fairly dry, and it wasn't cold in the Lake District, or windy, just wet.

Paula and I had often found that when wet everything felt cold, but my hiking trousers were designed to dry very quickly and out of the rain for a few minutes, many of the dark blue patches were going a lighter colour.

She crossed her arms, and I kissed her. "Hello sexy," I whispered and unbuttoned her trousers. She resisted at first, but I persuaded her and she was soon dressed in just her underwear and my coat with her clothing hung over a lower branch to dry.

It wasn't cold at all although we were met by a wall of rain around the expansive tree and Sarah's hair was plastered to her head. I put my bare arms around her and cuddled her, drowned in my oversized coat. We kissed again, and I felt her bare skin and then looked at her. "Your underwear's soaking," I said with a serious voice. She giggled.

"Yeah, and it's not the rain."

"Off with them Miss Bailey," I told her. "If you know what's good for you."

She sniffed and looked at me with a coltish expression on her face. "Well I'm not sure I should be so exposed with a gentleman of your good standing on a mountain," she said, and I resisted the urge to correct her on the use of "mountain." Instead, I knelt on the ground and put my hands either side of her cotton waistband and pulled the little knickers down to her ankles.

She licked her lips, and I pushed her back. She stepped out of them and I threw them up in the air, getting them caught on a higher branch. She scowled slightly, but they were reachable by me, if not by her. "Now, I am just doing a little check to make sure your wet underpants hasn't damaged your flower." She giggled at me and leant back against the tree, almost sitting down on a small branch of the tree where it was horizontal.

I had her loins in front of me and couldn't resist; I put my thumb either side of her vulva and pulled it apart slightly, freeing the labia and opening up the clitoral hood. Sarah mewed in expectation, and I took a second to admire her pink opening.

Every part of my girlfriend was beautiful – her bouncy personality, her welcoming smile, her wavy hair, her radiant skin, her sizeable bosom and her pert rear – but I just adored

everything about her slit. It lingered on the nose like the finest of wines, and was as smooth as marble, but Sarah was a hundred times happier when it had been caressed and I had every intention of bringing her to a climax.

I kissed the outside of her delicate and slightly musky crack, sliding my tongue in and savouring her sweet juices from her intimate areas. She gave a gentle sigh and then a gasp as my tongue slid over her clitoris. I waited, and then swept up and down her crevice and gently poked her hole; she cried out again and again.

I liked seeing her swear as I touched her and flicked her clit from underneath its hood. She squealed, and I felt her sodden cunt leak juices onto my chin; it was an erotic feeling, and I wiped it; sure they weren't all Sarah's but I loved the fact that she was leaking!

Sarah squirmed, and I put my hand on her belly button to hold her in place; her clitoris had poked out of its hood and was being licked, flicked and sucked. Sarah ran her hands through my short hair and then on my shoulder, pushing down and grabbing hold of my T-Shirt. I looked up over her mons and towards her face, but she was looking up into the trees, crying out and squealing.

She looked so sexy, and I slid a finger into her womanhood; the effect was instant. She bolted, and her legs quivered and mewed loudly with every exhalation, swearing violently and panting loudly.

She cried out, her sweetness gushing into my mouth, and I gulped, gleefully watching as my girlfriend had an orgasm on the rain-soaked hill. She threw her head back, groaning loudly and nasally as her legs shook and her body squeezed hard against my intruding fingers.

I waited for her to stop shuddering and looked up at her with a smile.

“No damage to my flower?” Sarah asked with a grin.

“Oh, I should check again,” I muttered, but she stopped me.

“You'll wear me out,” she cried as she squeezed her legs together and put her hands up to get her underwear. “And it's too cold to have sex out here.”

I grinned and pulled her underwear out of the tree. I gave them to her and smiling, pulled my trousers down and letting my cock bob free. “See! I love going down on you!”

She laughed and licked her lips. “You say you do, and I liked it when we were friends but ... half the girls on the team get earache about asking their boyfriends to do it and I was blushing when I said that my friend, not my boyfriend, my friend said he loves doing it. So I just think it's just you being nice.”

I sighed and pulled her clothes down from the tree. We had a good walk back, and I told her that I really did enjoy eating her out, especially when she was on top and Sarah just giggled shyly.

Rhea cackled as we entered the house. “Muddy knees,” she cried, and she looked at me. “Either you've been up to something or you're engaged and ...”

“It's not one knee,” Sarah told her and then stuck her tongue out before wiggling it. “Don't you just love it when a guy does wonderful things for you?” Rhea snarled and slammed the door to the lounge. “What? I didn't say I wouldn't wind up your sister!”

* * * * *

I was given my usual morning alarm call with a shaved pussy being presented to my face, and I couldn't resist but grabbing hold of the thighs and bringing it down onto my lips. Sarah cried out as I devoured my "breakfast" - a lovely treat of musky loveliness from my lustful girlfriend. I held her thighs down as I pushed my face into her crotch and slid along her slick passage to her clitoris.

I had no such worries about it being too sensitive: Sarah was wet and her clit was poking out from its hood; I had a distinct impression that Eric had been given a workout while I slept.

Sarah groaned as I licked her slit and flicked her button causing her to flinch every time I made contact. She leant forward to take my cock in her mouth, and as I sucked and swept along her womanhood, she gleefully sucked and worked my manhood.

I couldn't see what she was doing, her body was in the way, but it felt fantastic, and she was definitely sucking the tip as I felt her warm mouth over my glans. I was enjoying the sights, smells and tastes of Sarah's sweet musk and devoured it. As I increased my pace, Sarah would increase the speed of her movement on my manhood, and it almost developed into a race.

I was unable to get my hand past her thighs to poke at her hole, and I had Sarah doing her thing on my cock, which I could not resist, so I was always destined to climax first. After I had squirted into her mouth, she sucked the tip and then sat more upright, which I always preferred and ate her out to her own orgasm.

We played with each other a little more, and then at ten o' clock rose for breakfast. I was acutely aware of that we hadn't seen much of my Dad and Sarah and I took him walking. There was no repeat of the rain when we ventured out alone (and therefore no stripping by the crooked tree), but we had a nice afternoon stroll before rejoining him at the house and helping him cook tea.

Sarah yawned as we cleared up "I am going down for an early night," she told me, and I got up, but she put her hand on my shoulder. "Alone. I want to read my book."

"Oh," I said in disappointment and Sarah looked at Dad. "Good Night Terry."

Rhea waved bye to her and then looked at Simon. "You want an early night?"

Simon bit his lip and smiled at her. "Yes please."

"Excellent," she said and got up. She kissed him on the cheek and then on the lips, her hands sliding over his torso and then pushed him towards the door. "See you in the morning," she told him and sat back down again on the chair. "What?"

"You're teasing him," I told her. "You are being the nasty prick tease you dislike Sarah for."

"I am not teasing," Rhea said with a smirk. "He wants an early night, I want to have a drink with my Dad." Simon stood hovering in the doorway, but Rhea didn't glance at him, or even acknowledge his presence behind her. "And anyway, he has had enough early nights and good mornings and he will get them later on in the week so there will be a break tonight. Rhea is closed for affection."

Simon looked towards Dad and me, gave a muted gesture with his hands and left the

doorway. "Rhea, that was mean," I told her and she grunted.

"Yeah, well, he has been getting on my nerves a bit today," she thundered. "He has moaned constantly."

Dad took Rhea's glass and filled it up with a generous amount of cream liqueur and then did the same with whisky in my glass. "Cheers," I muttered.

"So what has he been moaning about then?"

"Oh it's feeble bollocks. I mean, doesn't that sword look pretty epic?" Dad and I looked at each other, and Rhea sniffed. "The word you are looking for is yes, it looks pretty epic."

"It looks nice," I told her politically. "It does look nice. It is also a weapon and no wonder he would have been a touch ..." I racked my brain for the right word.

"Apprehensive?" Dad suggested.

"As scared as Laura Jameson at a bra fitting." Dad and I both gave muffled giggles and Rhea smiled. "She's as flat chested as a dolphin. But anyway, he was just terrified and moaned at me all the way from the shop to the car. Said it was not right, and I mean, I thought we got past all this in the Summer. We had an agreement. He thinks I am wrong, we chat, and then we agree I was right all along. And if he doesn't, he just shuts the fuck up. And he got a dagger, but I think he thinks I am going to take it to his bollocks or to Nathan. Both of which have certain appeals."

Dad and I both smiled at her, and she took a gulp of her drink. "Sarah. Me. Based on a normal relationship."

"Oi," Rhea retorted. "Less than a week. That's all, loverboy. Less than a week."

"I was with Paula for two years. And our relationship was built on being nice to each other. And respect."

Rhea grinned at his. "So is ours. He is nice to me as he respects the amount of pain I can cause him."

"Don't start this again," Dad warned us.

"We won't," I promised and adjusted my trousers. Rhea giggled at me, but my clothing often got bunched up in places and I made myself comfortable.

Dad passed me a glass of beer and Rhea a cool white wine. She looked longingly at the beer in my hand and then asked Dad if she could have a beer as well.

Dad groaned and then relented; Rhea was always good at getting what she wanted from Dad and he did it without a moment's hesitation from his alcohol cupboard. "Not bad," she told him as she took a sip. "Malty but not too ..." Dad winced slightly, he certainly did not expect to have his youngest daughter critique the beer that he bought.

Rhea and I drank our drinks, and we both had another and another. We played Gin Rummy while we talked, and Dad explained about his business projects he had coming up.

We stopped playing cards after Rhea got annoyed (she kept losing) and Dad gave me a

whisky.

"That Sarah'll be annoyed if you get too pished," he drunkenly slurred.

"Ahh no," I told him. "She'll be alright."

"He's everything she's ever wanted," Rhea added mockingly in a girly voice.

Dad laughed. "That's 'cos if you ask a girl what she wants in a partner they tell you funny, caring, loving guys who are smart, sexy, good-looking, good fun. And then you ask the guy what he wants, and it is big tits, nympho." We laughed at his tipsiness, his loose tongue and glazed eyes showing a side to him I had not seen.

"I knew I wanted Sarah when I first met her."

"You fucking liar," Rhea replied and folded her arms over. "You were busy chasing Abi when you first met her."

I hummed. "Well to a point," I said, and Rhea snarled as she picked up the bottle of wine and drank from the bottle. "I still liked Sarah. And you can't deny I didn't give up on her. Three months I was chasing her."

Rhea snorted. "Well that's 'cos she was a fuckin' prick tease. She was scared of committing to you."

"Your Mum," Dad said to us. "Ahh, she was beautiful. We met in London, a chance meeting, you could say and I had to plead with her to go out with me. She was so scared of a commitment, but when we did. It was like heaven. Utter heaven."

Rhea and I looked at each other, not quite sure what to say. Rhea spoke before I did. "But you got divorced."

Dad took a deep breath. "I know," he muttered. "Biggest regret of my life." His face twitched slightly, and he looked at my sister. "And unless you learn to listen to your partners it'll happen to you too."

Rhea dismissed him. "Simon wouldn't dare dump me," she told him, and Dad's expression changed.

"He will," Dad warned. "'Cause that's what I thought." He gulped, put his head in his hands and wiped his eyes. "And you don't get second chances. You've both got cracking partners, look after them," he told us. "Make sure you look after them."