

New Secrets

chapter three



by
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Codes: MF oral

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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, Sarah and Andy have their first driving lesson while Rhea is awkward as she can be, before the four teenagers leave the Lake District.

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 III

It was a lovely day on Thursday, and I managed to convince Sarah to join me on the lake in Dad's dinghy. She took some persuading, but the post-orgasmic glow of Sarah always made her unusually compliant and I timed my request well. I had to promise her that I would not allow Rhea onto the lake, and she acquiesced without too much struggle.

Rhea, was quite prepared to stay away from the water and instead used the bikes to cycle into Coniston, the nearby town, and I was almost relieved. I didn't fancy starting an argument with her as she was being particularly up and down with her moods all holiday.

I never knew what to do with her when she was behaving like that, but fortunately I had Sarah to look after, and after boating across the lake and having a lovely picnic on the dinghy, we returned to the sanctuary of the pool.

Sarah put her arm around me by the side of the Jacuzzi as I lowered myself into the water and her hand twitched. "Andy," she said slowly and nervously. "What happens to Abi now?"

I took a deep breath and rubbed my nose; it was one of the two subjects I had intentionally avoided all holiday. "Well, nothing. She knew when, well if, we got together things would stop with her."

Sarah looked at me and then gave a gentle nod. "And you want that?"

"I want you," I replied quickly and honestly; it was true, I had chased Sarah for months, and while I was certain that I loved Abi in my own way, I wanted to be with Sarah. "I mean she is still going to be a friend but that night we got together I went to tell her, and I didn't even get a goodnight kiss."

Sarah adjusted her face for a moment. "That's not what I asked. What about her? It does seem a little unfair." I puffed slightly, and she sucked in air through her teeth. "What I mean is, I really enjoyed playing with her when she lost the bet. It was amazing, and I would be open to threesomes if you wanted it. Sometimes, maybe." I gawped at her open-mouthed; I just didn't know what to say in response. I spluttered and Sarah giggled, laughing loudly. "Is that a 'I need to think about it' moment?"

"It's not that. It's just Kevin cheated on you and I don't want to do the same."

"Ahhh," Sarah murmured triumphantly. "We could have threesomes, so we would have sex with Abi not you have sex with her or I have sex with her. But it doesn't have to be Abi, I'm just saying." I screwed up my face, and Sarah just giggled at the incomprehension I was showing, but it was clear that she had thought about it. All she asked for, was a promise that I would not touch Abi without her being there, which was a promise I was only too keen to make.

"Does that promise extend to Zoe?" I teased, and Sarah poked her tongue out at me.

I stayed silent for a moment, contemplating what Sarah had decided upon. In my heart of hearts, I knew the moment Sarah and I had started going out Abi was off-limits and although part of me was a little disappointed and sad at this, I just knew and accepted it, but my girlfriend seemed to want to see me with Abi. It felt weird, and I didn't quite know what to make of it. "It's OK," Sarah told me with a grin. "I liked the threesome I had, and I deffo want some more when we are ready." She paused for a moment and took a deep breath. "But we'll do it at your pace."

"My pace?"

Sarah nodded and squeezed my hand. "I would love to be part of an orgy, I've read so many stories with group fucking in and it sounds amazing, but I know reality'll be different. But I do like the idea, and until I do it, I'll still keep fantasising." Her hands shook as she spoke and she bit her lip. "What I mean is, I'll understand if you don't want to do it, but Abi seems a good start as we've both been with her and I know she dain't want you, so no real threat." I gulped, and she raised my chin up to look at her. "Well say something. I could never tell Kev this as I knew he would freak on me, but I want to try this and I want to do it with someone I trust."

"Well umm ..." I sighed. "I always knew going out with you would be a rollercoaster," I started and then paused as I contemplated what I wanted to say. "And if you really want to, then when we are ready ... sure!"

She smiled at me and squeezed my hand. "Are you aren't mad at me for suggesting it?"

"Course not," I told her, but I needed an hour or two to work out exactly what I did think; I wasn't annoyed with Sarah – she had simply told me her fantasy – but I didn't quite understand what to make of it; in the end I decided to worry about it after the holiday and put it from my mind; only this proved to be harder than I imagined as I thought about little else that day.

* * * * *

As Dad believed we would be frantically packing on Friday night, he wanted to take us out on Thursday (his logic was irrefutable as Sarah had managed to scatter her belongings to the four corners of the house and had then spent half of the week wondering where her things were).

Rhea was in a foul mood; Simon had upset her with something he had said and he had wisely put himself on the other side of his girlfriend in the back seat as we sped through the Lake District. Rhea glared at him and had her arms folded.

"Rhea," he muttered, but my sister sucked in through her teeth. "OK I am sorry."

"After what you said?" There was a harshness to her voice, and I don't think Simon was going to be able to diffuse the argument with a simple apology.

"What did you say?" I asked, and Rhea poked me in the ribs.

"Don't talk to him. He is being sent to Coventry."

"I said she looked thin," Simon replied, and Rhea crossed her arms.

"So I suppose I need to get fat. Is it because of Vicky, 'cause I don't want thunder thighs just so you can get your jollies? Stuff myself full of cream cakes so I can get fat."

"I didn't say that," Simon said, but Rhea ignored him.

"I'm not getting dodgy arteries just so my sicko boyfriend can like fat women. It's fucking sick. If you want a fat bitch, ask Vicky out on a date ..."

"I don't want you fat," Simon yelled across the seat. "I just don't want you to look anorexic. I could see your bones in the mirror."

Rhea took a deep breath and smacked her fist into his leg. "I do not look fuckin' anorexic," she screeched. "And I can have you any day."

"Yeah, but you will look too thin if you don't look after yourself. You look like a rake, and I don't

want you to get ill.”

Rhea raised her hand, and I put it back down. “Simon, shut up,” I warned and turned to Rhea. “And that goes for you too.”

Rhea went to respond, but Dad wisely put the radio on, reasonably loudly, and while Rhea could have made herself heard above it, I knew she would wait until her and Simon were alone before continuing with her complaint.

“This is one of my favourite restaurants,” Dad proudly boasted as we walked up to the little eaterie on the main road in Keswick. “Lovely food and great service and ...” Rhea pushed open the door, and a flustered waiter came over.

“Ahh Monsieur Terry,” he said without a moments' hesitation. “You want a table? That might be, a, a, a problem ...”

Rhea sneered. “That's OK,” Rhea said with a forced, scheming smile. “We came to eat off the ground.” Rhea replied, her eyes boring into the shifting Frenchman and striding into the room, pointing into the corner. “Can we have a carpet for five please?”

“Rhea,” Dad exclaimed, and Rhea stood with her arms folded.

“Over here OK. I know we might be in the way of the toilets but who cares?”

“Rhea!” Dad barked. “Please don't upset them,” he whispered. “This is my favourite restaurant.”

“Well ... what a stupid bloody question, of course we want a table. What the fuck does he bloody expect?”

The waiter shifted as Rhea's words punctured the atmosphere. “Rhea,” Dad hissed angrily. “Behave yourself.”

I turned to Simon. “You need to sort her out,” I muttered. “This is your fault she's in the mood she's in.”

Simon groaned and looked at his angry girlfriend, called her name and pulled her outside when she didn't respond. I heard Rhea protest and then saw Simon throw her up against the glass front. A number of eyes turned to watch as he kissed her. She struggled at first, her arms thrashing and he held her tight. They broke their embrace and Rhea told him that he still wasn't completely forgiven, but it was an “acceptable start.”

Rhea was still snapping and angry, and I was beginning to get annoyed with her. She had lurched from one emotion to another, constantly angry or frustrated all week and was glad that I had spent most of it with Sarah. In the end, we got a table in the corner and Rhea made great play at picking the lowest calorie item from the menu and deciding against a dessert, before pointing this out to her boyfriend.

Simon looked perplexed; Rhea was thin, and she had always been thin no matter what she ate but she had an undeniable strength that belied her build. Her weight was fine, but Simon had voiced a concern and my sister was being petty and childish about it. She was in danger of spoiling her holiday with Simon and for it to be remembered for the wrong reasons.

Sarah was different; everything about the week with Sarah was perfect. She kept looking over at me, smiling and grinning, and she had done all week, and I returned the compliment. It had been a great week, and I had loved the cuddles and kisses, not to mention the sex and intimacy. Sarah

squeezed my hand as we walked back to the car and cuddled into me as Dad drove home.

“Sarah,” I called out as she opened our bedroom door. “Can we talk?”

Her face, complete with a warm smile and bouncing hair turned to face me, and she licked her lips. “I know,” she said seductively. “I've scared you about all my talk of threesomes and orgies.” I gulped, and she put her hands on my waist. “I wanted to tell you, but I didn't want to scare you.”

“You've not scared me,” I replied and little too hasty and Sarah whispered in my ear; she had drunk three glasses of wine in the restaurant and I knew the slightly glazed look in her eyes would elicit nothing but candour.

“You make me squeal and do ... wonderful things ... but I want to see you fuck other people. But just that ... sex ... not love. Don't you want to see me with other girls.” I gulped, and she felt my groin through my trousers. “Of course you do. And I want to see you with other girls. But not now. Or next week. Or next month. Or not even this year or maybe not next year. Just whenever. I want you now and I want ...” She pushed me away slightly and pulled at my belt. She smiled at me and sat me down on the bed, before twirling in her dress.

She was not used to it and fell against the wall – the wine may have contributed, but she smiled and slapped my hands when I moved. “Stay there,” she told me and flicked on the radio.

Sarah pushed her body towards me and unhooked her dress as a football anthem came through the speakers. She looked at me and then the floor, trying desperately to dance seductively to unsuitable music. Her hips wiggled, and she fell against the wall again as her dress got caught in her ankles. “You OK?”

“Fine,” she muttered and spun around, unhooking her bra and then sliding her knickers down. If she had wanted to do an alluring striptease, it hadn't really worked: it was over too quickly and she failed to keep eye contact with me during her dancing. That said, having a naked girlfriend is always a good start and I pulled her towards me, and kissed her belly before sliding off the bed and kissing her mons.

She giggled and let me push her onto the double bed as I frantically unclothed myself. She barely had to wait for a moment until I looked up at her with a grin. “May I?”

“Of course,” she said with a snort and I gently nibbled at the inside of her thigh. She murmured and squeaked as my lips scouted around her crevice and then touched her clit. She groaned audibly and pushed her body into the mattress.

I tasted her muskiness and swirled my tongue around her button, pushing hard on her teenage pearl before flicking it. Sarah groaned and grunted, closing her eyes and allowing me to bring her to orgasm before pulling on my arms. “Come here,” she whispered and we embraced as my cock slid along her crack and nestled at the mouth of her entrance.

She looked longingly at me, and I thrust deep into her unprotected womanhood. It was gentle, loving sex that we did while kissing each other. Her nipples rubbed against my chest as I rocked back and forth and I felt their rigidness against my body.

Sarah was grunting through her nose, and I closed my eyes as we kissed. I could feel myself nearing the point of no return, and Sarah must have sensed it as she started pushing down on my thrusts, squeezing my cock as it intruded into her personal space.

She grunted as I sped up; I was going to erupt into her and gasped, screwing up my face and clamping my lips together as a few waves of my seed were squirted into my lover.

She was panting as I held my position inside her and we kissed. “Thank you,” I muttered and she just giggled. “I just want to know,” I said with a smile as I withdrew. “Exactly why you think I would want anyone else!”

* * * * *

Rhea flounced down in the chair at breakfast with her arms crossed. “I’m still waiting.”

“Rhea?” Simon pleaded, and Rhea glared at him. “Come on.”

“Thank me.”

“What for?” Sarah and I asked in unison.

“Tell ‘em.” Simon shook his head, and Rhea spluttered. “He admitted he had a wank last night, and he was thinking of me. So he needs to thank me for getting his end away as it was all down to me. Was it a good orgasm or just a standard wank?”

I looked at Sarah and then at Rhea; Simon was shaking his head and was bright red. “That’s very personal.”

“Yeah. And it’s well out of order. I don’t exist just to populate his spank bank.”

Sarah giggled. “Am I in your spank bank?” She asked with a mischievous look.

“Of course not,” Rhea replied instantly. “He spends too long fuckin’ you to have any time for self-pleasure.”

“Excuse me!” I moaned. “It’s all very personal.” Simon looked at Rhea and she grunted, pouring some tea into a cup.

“Of course,” Simon told her quietly. “If you ...”

Rhea spluttered an interruption. “If you think I am always going to play with you just to stop you having a wank,” she said loudly, and Simon went red again.

“I distinctly remember something in the bible,” I told my sister and her eyes widened.

“Err ... offside! I am not a Christian.”

“You are C of E,” I told her, and my little sister snorted.

“As I said. I am not a Christian. I am an Atheist. Hence the C of E bit.” Simon’s face contorted slightly, and she licked her lips. “I go to Church, so Simon is happy, and his parents are happy, but I am not a Christian. So bible passage or no bible passage, I do not care if some 2,000 year old text says I can’t play with my boyfriend’s cock ‘cause I am going to do it if I want and ...”

“I really don’t want to know,” I told her, and she slurped her drink with a smirk.

“Of course, I never said I did, I just said I wouldn’t use the bible as a reason not to.”

I shook my head and looked over at Sarah who shrugged. “And Church of England isn’t Atheist,” Simon told her, but Rhea just cackled.

“Of course it is. Hell, everyone in our school is Church of England. If Satan was here, he’d be C of E. C of E is nothing but a catch-all religion for the English.” Simon flinched and coughed.

"I'm C of E," Simon told her.

"OK, we told your mother I was Christian. Why did we do that? To let us date. If I told her I was an Atheist d'ya think she'd have allowed it? Course not. So we told her, I was C of E. Doesn't mean I believe in the fairies at the bottom of the garden."

All four of us groaned, and it started a disagreement with Simon, so Sarah and I retreated from the conversation. Dad had been unerring silent throughout Rhea's proclamations and had a knowing smile on him. It was the last full day we had in the Lakes, and he told us to be ready at 10am to go out. Both Rhea and I looked blankly at each other, but Dad wasn't telling us anything so Sarah and I limited ourselves to some mutual masturbation in the shower and several long kisses under the warm shower head.

Dad gave a smile, and we walked out to his car. "So where are we going?" Rhea asked, in her usual impatient way, and Dad chuckled.

"You'll see," he said and drove into Coniston and then took the road out towards Barrow and the coast. Sarah and I looked at each other, but she soon turned her attention to the window as the road took in some spectacular views, dramatic landscapes and tranquil locations.

I took to talking to Dad, Rhea and Simon started squabbling over something and Dad started talking about his property projects for the forthcoming year. He seemed almost a little bit defeated: for the first time in several years he would not be building a single house inside the national park, choosing the outlying towns and villages around the Lake District.

"Regulations – so bloody many of them," he moaned as the car turned onto a main road. It came to rest at a small farmhouse, and Dad was the first to get out.

"Where are we?" Rhea asked, and an older gentleman came running over, shaking Dad's hand as he did.

"This is Pete, my architect," Dad said and introduced myself, Sarah, Rhea and Simon to him. "He has a big farm here and said we could use it."

"Use it?" I asked, and Dad smiled.

"Listen, next year you'll be seventeen. And you too Sarah, right? Bet you wanna get your provisional license. For driving?"

I hummed in agreement. "Well yes, but ..." I stared at his smiling face and then at the gentle slope in front of us and Dad chuckled at our confusion.

"I have a couple of old bangers I used to teach my two in," Pete said. "It's private land."

It suddenly dawned on me what Dad was planning and doing, and Rhea whooped. "A race," she cried, and Dad shook his head.

"No," he told her firmly. "Driving lessons."

"Can't we do a race?" Rhea moaned, and Dad shook his head.

"No. It's not safe to go racing." Rhea grunted and kicked a stone into the field in annoyance. "These might be old bangers," he said firmly. "And they are fine to teach in, but we haven't got roll cages and the like. It's a nice day, and I bought a picnic for you." He passed a small hamper out of the boot of the car, and she snatched at it. "Go spend some time with Simon."

Rhea's face broke into a smile. "Where?"

"There are miles of fields and Lake District to see, go 'round the corner or five miles away. Just be back here by four thirty." Rhea's face widened slightly, and she grabbed Simon's hand. "And don't do anything I wouldn't do."

Rhea waited until she was at the end of the lane and turned. "Where would be the fun in that," she shouted with a smirk.

"Taking a chance letting Rhea go out like that and expect her to be back in time," I told him but he just shrugged.

"I put an O.S. map in her hamper and circled where we are. And a compass," he said defensively. "How lost can she get?"

"Very," I muttered but Dad grabbed a set of keys from Pete and opened the oldest car – a fifteen year old faded blue saloon and Dad held the driver's door open gesturing for me to get in.

I felt nervous; I had sat in the driver's seat of a car before, but never before when I was about to drive. Dad ran around the front and opened the passenger door before climbing in and adjusting the seat back.

The car smelt a little musty, but Dad just told me to open the window to let the fresh air into the car. He started going through the controls of the vehicle, how to use them and what lights on the dashboard I should look out for. I glanced across and saw Pete with Sarah who was listening intently and then broke into a smile. Dad tapped a small button and called it the "Choke" and then told me to turn the key into the ignition.

I almost didn't expect it to start, but it did fairly easily and Dad gave a grin. "Pete's had 'em both running for ten minutes," he said with a smirk, and I didn't know what to say; it obviously meant something to him.

Dad told me to put the car in gear by depressing the clutch, but I pressed the brake instead of the clutch, and the gearbox made a grating sound as I struggled to get it into gear. I then compounded this by stalling the car twice and then when I did get it into gear, stalled it again. I just restarted the car without depressing the clutch, causing it to lurch forwards and he told me to take a deep breath.

Dad was calm (I rarely saw him not calm) and had me start the car again slowly before talking me through the clutch as I edged up the small embankment. Sarah was some distance ahead of me (she was finding her Rover easier to drive than my Ford Escort) and I had to pull sharply on the steering wheel for it to turn.

Dad laughed as I huffed, pulling the worn and smooth wheel as I reached the edge of the field and helped me to straighten out the vehicle. "It's easier when you get power steering," he said with a laugh and then encouraged me to accelerate towards Sarah.

The morning continued in much the same way with Dad then taking me to another field and then through a small wood. The tracks were hard work, and I was glad when we broke for lunch.

Pete was very similar to my Dad in lots of ways; they had the same laid back attitude and teased me a little when he pointed out how well "my bird" was doing; she had certainly taken to driving far easier than I had. It just seemed to come naturally and was proud that she hadn't stalled the car all morning.

After lunch, Dad took me across another field and then onto the highway. I panicked a little, asking

him if it was legal (it wasn't) and what would happen if I met another car. I got a standard reply of "don't crash then!"

We drove for miles on single track country lanes, and the only vehicle we met was Sarah's Rover coming the other way. Dad got me to back up down the lane, but I misjudged a small wall and caught the bumper as I tried to get into a passing place.

Sarah smirked as she got out of the car, joining Dad and me as we inspected the damage. I felt guilty and bit my lip before looking at Pete. "I'll pay for any damage," I told him, and the balding architect laughed at me.

"I bought the car for fifty quid," he said proudly. "And my boys added bloody 'undreds of dents in it."

I looked at my Dad who told me to go forwards slightly and then "left hand down" when I reversed, and we managed to pass. Sarah finished her "lesson" before me as her car was low on petrol and Pete teased her about having a "heavy foot." We thanked our two instructors, but Dad's friend dismissed it as nothing. He had given up his entire day to help two people he had never met before drive his vehicles on his land and he waved it away with a wave of the hand.

"Anything for ole Terry," Pete told us. Dad gave the smallest of smiles and we sat on the bonnets waiting for Rhea. I looked at Sarah who was scratching her arm.

"Fleas?" I teased.

"Piss off," she muttered. "Insects 'round here. All over the bloody place and ..." She never finished as Dad jumped down with a start and pulled out the keys.

"I forgot," he said loudly and pushed me from the Rover before opening it up and pointing out the various components inside it. "Need to know what's under the bonnet!" Rhea joined us just as Dad was finishing and he chastised her for being late.

"Lake District; fucking massive. This farm, bloody small," Rhea defended herself with wild arm gestures. "Like trying to find Tiny Cock's manhood."

"I gave you a map," Dad replied back as he unlocked his car.

"Yeah ... and we 'ad no idea where we were," Rhea retorted and then hugged her father. "But thanks for picnic. 'Twas lovely."

Sarah and I thanked Dad's friend again as we left and Dad looked at me in the front seat. "Did well ... both of you. Just need driving lessons when you start."

"So who won the race?" Rhea asked, and we groaned.

"There was no race," I replied, but Rhea didn't believe us. "'Twas No Knickers, wasn't it?"

"Do all the nicknames you give people come from their genitals?" I asked and she stretched, making a funny face.

"Oh no," she told me. "I just call you Muppet."

* * * * *

Dad joined us on the small terrace with a glass of whisky and sat down next to us. He was swaying

slightly as he walked and I had heard some light-hearted shouting earlier. Maybe Rhea had been playing drinking games with Dad! “Don't worry, I'll leave you alone,” he said and looked at Sarah. “It's been good having you here. Both of you.”

Sarah bit her lip and flicked her hair out of her face. “I've really enjoyed myself. Thank you for having me. And thanks for the driving lesson and the ...”

“You've been no trouble,” he interrupted her with a grin and tapped the side of his glass. “You make sure my son looks after you.” Sarah bit her lip and blushed slightly, but Dad rubbed his chin. “I know a good thing when I see one,” he told her candidly. “... and he's got good taste. He gets it from his Old Man!” Sarah gave an embarrassed giggle, but Dad was partially serious and bit his fingernails as Sarah looked awkwardly at him. “But make sure he doesn't get stupid. I had a very good thing with my first real love, and I never knew how good it was 'til it was gone. Please don't let him make the same mistake.”

“I won't,” Sarah said with ultimate brevity.

“Good,” he muttered and looked at me. “You make sure you look after her. Nice girls don't come along too often and ...”

“Yeah I know,” I interrupted him.

He shook his head. “You don't,” Dad said quickly. “Trust me, you don't. You make sure you look after young Sarah 'cause nice girls are a bastard to find. Don't make the same mistake I did. It's about listening and talking to each other.”

Sarah looked at me. “We know. We nearly didn't get together because we didn't do that!”

“Well make sure you do,” he told us and studied my expression for any hint of weakness. “I'll leave you two alone,” he said as a smile flickered across his face and he squeezed my shoulder. “But you better look after her.”

I waited for him to go and looked at Sarah giggling at me. We had been watching the sun set, but she licked her lips before sniffing. “Andy,” she said with a smirk in the half-light. “I want looking after.”

“You always want looking after,” I teased, and she gulped.

“I know. But you heard your dad. Make sure you look after me! I really want looking after!”

I shook my head and downed the last of my drink. I held out my hand and gave her a coy smile. “Well come on then!”

Sarah gave a little wriggle of her hips as she got up and put her arms around me, kissing me on the lips. “I want ...”

“Everything,” I finished for her. “You are seriously high maintenance!” I joked, and she giggled into my neck; it tickled!

“I am not high maintenance,” Sarah replied with a snort, her eyes sparkling in the twilight. “I just like being loved and made to feel special.”

“You are special,” I told her and put a hand at the back of her legs to carry her through the doorway. I know I share some genes with Rhea, and every so often it shows; as my beaming girlfriend was carried past the pool, I couldn't resist dangling her over the water's edge.

“Don't you dare!” Sarah cried, and I dropped her a few inches to see her eyes widen. “Andy!”

“What's in it for me?”

“I'll give you a blowjob,” Sarah promised, and I weighed this up for a moment. She smiled and licked her lips. “And we could do 69,” she suggested. I pulled her back and carried her to my room, as she wrapped her arms around me.

Sarah nearly knocked herself out as I took her into our shared bedroom, pulling on my neck as I walked over the threshold, but I soon had her on the bed, naked and smiling.

Sarah looked divine. Her naked body was flawless and well toned, and although her tan had faded from her trip in the Summer, she still would not have been out of place in any men's magazine. She gazed up at me with her soft blue eyes and smiled; how I loved that smile! I returned it, but her cheeky, coltish, mischievous expression on her face turned into a broad beam.

Sarah shook her hair back and ran her hands through it, biting her lip as she watched me. “Well get undressed then,” she told me. “We ain't Victorian.” Sarah was impatient as I unbuckled my belt and pushed my garments to my ankles before she put a muscular leg on them as I stepped out.

“So what do you want?” I asked as I sat down on the bed with her and she rocked her head from side to side as she thought for a moment and turned her body to kiss me, her head leaning in. I felt a hand on my inflating manhood and she slid it up and down the shaft before rubbing my belly and pushing me back forcefully onto the bed.

“This,” my playful and exuberant girlfriend cried and was swinging her leg over my head before I had even hit the soft mattress. She moaned as I adjusted myself, bringing my legs onto the bed instead of them hanging over the side, as she had to scoot further back up the bed. I watched as her pert globes descended onto my face and my tongue touched her slit.

I was somewhat amazed at how quickly Sarah got “ready” for sex; there barely seemed to be any touching that I sometimes had with Abi. All it took was a cuddle, a smile, and then she wanted her erogenous zones to be touched. I wasn't complaining, but I guessed Sarah's hormones were as active as mine, and it certainly meant we were compatible!

I was conscious not to touch her clit too quickly and instead just rolled my tongue up and down her runway. She groaned instantly and pushed her body further into my face. I loved the taste of her sweetness; she tasted heavenly, and she leant forward to run her mouth over my erect cock.

Her tongue danced over the head, sending an intense warmth over my crotch. I felt her warmth in her mouth apply suction, and it felt incredible. I loved blowjobs that Abi and Sarah gave me; they felt different but in many ways more pleasurable than “normal” vaginal intercourse. Sarah sucked on the tip and ran her tongue underneath my head, and I ran my hands up and down her body to squeeze her nipples.

Sarah snorted and mewed onto my cock as my tongue flicked her button and I rolled her nipples in my fingers. She was slowly rotating her body and I kept in time with her movements by pushing my tongue against her sensitive pearl.

Her body was tensing, and I felt myself nearing the point of no return; I was going to come, and muffled a warning into Sarah's shaved cunt, but she kept up her powerful sucking on my manhood. I ran my hands up to her shoulders and pushed her upwards, just as I would do with Abi and she disengaged with my cock, before leaning forward and glancing down at my sodden face. “What's up?”

“Don't want to come yet,” I muttered and she giggled. “Now give me back what I was eating.”

Sarah giggled, and she sat up, her weight being taken by her knees as she rocked forward slightly and I leant up; I could have done with a pillow but was able to reach her hole and flicked it gently.

Sarah groaned and bucked, her body rocking back and forth over my tongue as I brought her to three orgasms. I had to be careful as her clit got too sensitive after her second climax, and I gently rolled my tongue around her entrance as she came down from her high, so that after a few minutes I could resume my attention on her engorged button.

Sarah had gently jerked me or sucked the tip of my cock as I did this, but this had just kept me on edge. As she slumped forward onto my member, panting and squealing after her third climax, I slid up the bed and pulled at her legs; she was lain on her front, and she looked back at me. “And where you expect me to put that?!”

I loved the playful expression on her face as she turned in the bed and smiled at me, wiping my face of chin free of her musky juices. Her head was on the edge of the bed, almost hanging over the duvet, and I slid on top of her. “I don't know,” I muttered as my cock gently poked her slit. “I am sure we can find somewhere to put it.”

Sarah giggled and hummed. “Well it can't go anywhere,” she replied, and I found the entrance to her hole and pushed my hips forward.

“How about here, Miss Bailey?” I asked as she smiled.

“Oh yeah, there is fine,” she whispered with closed eyes and rubbed my face. “Just fine, and ...”

I pushed harder and harder into her; I was very worked up, and Sarah replied with grunts, groans, pants and then squealing. She pushed her legs up, and I grabbed hold of her ankles to put them on my shoulders before leaning back over her.

Her panting got more laboured, but her squealing went to crying; she definitely was enjoying having her legs pointing to heaven as I rammed my cock into her tight opening.

I felt my climax nearing and slowed down, eager to prolong the sex. Sarah smiled at me as I did, and squeezed my buttocks. Her eyes were sparkling incessantly, and her expression was magical.

I shut my eyes and groaned, Sarah was panting and screeching. She was going to climax too, and as her body convulsed and her muscles squeezed my cock, I reached my point of no return and pounded relentlessly into her maidenhood. Her squeals got louder, and more ragged as her orgasm intensified, and I squirted into my lover.

We took a few moments to move, such was the intensity of the orgasms; I felt my entire body tingle and shiver as my tension exploded from my loins. It was amazing, and I slowly withdrew from my panting, motionless lover.

She grinned at me. “Miss Bailey, have you been looked after?” I enquired with faux-sincerity, and she giggled.

“Very much so,” she replied. “Thank you.”

We came out of the room, having cleaned ourselves up and as naked as the day we were born and pushed open the door to the swimming pool. “Bro,” Rhea called from the water, and it made me jump. “Could you please keep the noise down with your prick tease!”

“But Rhea,” Sarah replied with a smirk. “It is your brother's prick I was teasing and ...”

“We heard. Hell all of the Lake District heard. How many times have I told you less is more when you are faking orgasms.”

“I don't fake 'em,” Sarah replied and put her arm around me. “I don't need to.” Rhea scoffed, and Sarah licked her lips as she climbed into the pool next to Simon. “And anyway, I thought you'd like me now. You never liked me 'cause you said I would make promises to Andy I wasn't keeping and lead him on. I am not leading him on, and I keep my promises. All of them.”

Rhea groaned. “I heard,” she snapped. “But now you are too indiscreet.”

“So if Andy and I are quiet, you might start to like me?” Sarah asked, and Rhea crossed her arms with a scowl.

“Don't be fucking ridiculous. I will never like you.”

“Err ... Rhea. Do you mind?” I asked, and Rhea crossed her arms with a snarl. “That's not very nice.”

“I know,” she muttered. “But everyone knows where they stand with me.”

Sarah's mouth flickered, and she swam off. I jumped in alongside Simon and swam after her. “She doesn't mean it,” I told her when I reached her and Sarah kissed me in the pool.

“She does,” she whispered. “But I don't care.” I put my arms around her and felt her naked, wet body slid on mine.

“Oi, get a room!” Rhea cried, and Sarah smirked, turning to face my sibling and her partner at the other end of the pool.

“Simon, deal with your bitch. She is getting jealous. Kiss her.”

Rhea snarled. “Don't you dare,” my naked sister told him and Sarah cackled.

“I think Rhea needs some lovin',” she countered in a patronising voice. “Cause it makes baby sister Rhea all cross.” Simon smiled at his retreating girlfriend.

“Come near me and I'll hit you,” she warned. “I'll hurt you.”

“See ... no romance,” Sarah teased and turned back to me.

* * * * *

It was weird leaving that last day. Sarah finished packing after going for a swim and both her and Simon left Rhea and me alone to spend some time with Dad. We took a quick walk out to the bottom of the hill opposite his house, and he showed us some trees he had planted last year; they were taking hold nicely and he almost seemed proud of them.

I felt a little bit guilty; I had been wrapped up with Sarah for most of the week, and I hadn't actually spent too much time with him, but he just nodded dismissively as I broached the subject.

“It's good to see you happy,” he said somewhat cryptically and then patted me on the back when Rhea ran off towards the house as we neared his home. “Make sure you look after her, she's special to you.” I gave a titter, but he weighed down heavily on my shoulder. “I mean it. I didn't realise how much your mother meant to me until it was way too late.” I took a deep breath and looked

towards the large house coming into view. "I can see it in your body language; you think the world of her."

"I will do," I promised eventually and Dad grinned.

"I know you will. Which reminds me, I have updated your stipend," he said. "Inflation."

"Inflation?" I asked, a little perplexed at what he was saying and he chuckled.

"The price things go up by each year. And now you have a young lady to keep, you will need more cash, so I've increased the standing order from next month. Just don't tell Rhea."

It dawned on me what he was getting at, and I gave a grunt. "You don't to Dad. I mean, I am earning now."

He chortled to himself and nodded. "I know you are, but it all helps. And you have a girlfriend to pay for, they get bloody expensive."

"Sarah can pay her own way," I muttered. "I am not a cashpoint." Dad laughed at me, and I just rubbed my eyes.

"You'll need it, trust me!"

"Well thanks," I muttered, not quite sure what to say.

Sarah kissed me as we entered the lounge and Dad and I made lunch. It wasn't difficult frying off bacon and eggs, but Rhea had to spoil it by complaining vociferously she only had four bits of bacon and two eggs.

I sneered at her. "You are all bones and salt cellars," I joked, and Rhea picked up a fork and thrust it under my nose.

"Don't be rude," she thundered but Dad was laughing.

"You two never change." He muttered jovially, and we both scoffed at his scandalous suggestion. "First thing she did when she got to two was after he hid her toys, she picked up a doll I think it was and smacked him around the mouth." Sarah laughed, and Dad smiled at Rhea and then me. "You know, he was delighted about starting school; it meant he could get away from her all day."

"Nothing's changed," I replied, and Rhea kicked me under the table.

We had packed, so after lunch Dad took us to the station. Sarah looked forward to travelling on the small car ferry again and smiled as the boat was winched across the quarter of a mile to Bowness.

It felt weird to be saying goodbye to Dad so soon. He looked almost sad to see us go, but he watched as we unloaded and then Rhea hugged him, her short frame barely coming up to his chin.

He shook my hand and told me to look after Sarah and then suggested to Simon to be careful with the "vicious one," who was fortunately out of earshot.

We boarded the train at Windermere after having got a drink and some snacks from the small supermarket that was adjacent to the tiny station. Rhea lugged her baggage onto the train with a grunt, glaring at Simon. "If you were a gentleman," she argued. "You would carry my bags for me."

"If you were a lady," I replied instantly. "He probably would." Sarah hit me on the arm with a warning to stop goading my sister who flounced down in the seat opposite. Simon and Rhea had

both brought books and settled down with Rhea leaning into Simon.

It didn't look too comfortable but then Rhea must have been happy as she stayed like that until we reached the little village of Oxenhulme.

As with the journey up, we had to change trains, and after fifteen or so minutes, a London train arrived, and we boarded that. It was busy so we couldn't get a table and just had to make do with a pair of seats near one another.

Sarah and I played cards on the way down, constantly looking out of the window. There were some lovely and spectacular views across Morecambe Bay, and as we watched out of the window, Sarah just cuddled up to me to whisper that she had really enjoyed the week.

The train pulled into Lancaster and stopped; we expected it to move shortly after its arrival, and we played a few more games of cards, but the door was left wide open to create a draft that chilled my legs. It was getting colder, and the wind was quite strong and I looked over at Rhea stretching her legs in the aisle.

After twenty minutes or so, the grumbling in the carriage was rampant moaning: the train had not moved and was getting late. The driver came on over the intercom and asked us to alight from the train, and the moaning turned into hurricane-force whining.

The moment we hit the platform, the PA crackled into life. "Due to an incident at Preston, all trains will be terminating at Lancaster until further notice. We apologise if this causes any inconvenience."

"Fuck!" I moaned and scratched the top of my head. "What the hell are they playing at?"