

New Secrets

Chapter Four



by
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Codes: MF exhib oral flirt

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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, Simon, Rhea, Sarah and Andy are stuck in Lancaster for the night and they check into a hotel. Andy has a decision to make regarding his nightmare sister, as Sarah drags him to a nightclub.

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 IV

Rhea snorted. "If it causes any inconvenience? As if going home was just a wish," she muttered and we walked up the steps from the platform to speak to someone in charge; it was 3pm, and I had no idea how to get back to London.

Rhea and I queued up at the ticket office, but the solitary member of staff had dozens of people in front of us and he was awhile sorting everyone out. Rhea was furious and undid all the ropes that marked out the queueing lanes in spite. I was tempted to stop her, but no-one said anything to her and she took a perverse pleasure in it.

We had waited twenty minutes to get to the front of the queue and the man just shrugged when I asked what was happening. "Listen mate, there's no more trains goin' South. Now I get ya back up to Glas-ga or to Leeds, or you can catch a coach from the bus station but there's no more trains 'til tomorrow. Incident at Preston."

"Where are there trains from?" I asked, not completely sure if I knew where Preston was. "Birmingham? Manchester?" He grunted and shrugged, and told me that I knew as much as he did.

I groaned at him, and Rhea interrupted. "Are our tickets valid tomorrow?" She asked, and he looked at his monitor.

"They should be."

I looked at them and then back down at him. "Is that a yes or a no?"

"I can't tell ya, but they should be."

"Listen mate," Rhea spat. "Are they valid, yes or no?" He looked at the monitor again and just gave a disinterested grunt. "This is a disgrace," my sister thundered. "You sell us tickets and then decide not to run the trains and can't even help us. We are all sixteen and under, and we live in London. What the hell are we supposed to do in Carlisle until you decide you want to run the trains."

"Lancaster," I corrected her. "We are in Lancaster."

"Well, wherever," my sister cried. "It's still miles from civilisation!"

His expression changed somewhat. "We didn't damage the track ourselves," the ticket officer offered as an explanation. "We would like to run trains. I can get you to Scotland or Leeds ..."

"And what good is Scotland?" Rhea asked and looked at my watch. "It's nearly four o' clock. We ain't gonna be in London anytime soon. Bus is like a month to get down South."

He sighed and stared at my sister. "What do you want us to do?"

Rhea sucked in air through her teeth. "You can give us tickets for tomorrow," she told him. "If I got to stay in this town then I need a promise I get back to civilisation tomorrow."

He refused to issue us with new tickets but told us that he would make sure that we got back to London on Sunday. Rhea was not happy with this and made some idle threats about burning down his house, but he threatened to report her to the British Transport Police and I removed my angry sibling from his wrath before she was arrested.

I huffed and strode over to the rest of my entourage. “No more trains,” I told them and picked up my mobile. “We gotta stay in Lancaster unless you fancy a coach or going cross country to Yorkshire.”

“Fuckin' cunty bastard,” Rhea told Sarah and Simon with a degree of venom. “I hate people like that.”

“And I am sure he hates people like you,” I muttered and looked up the hill spying an imposing castle. “There must be a hotel here or something.”

Sarah held my hand. “I've never stayed overnight in a strange city,” she whispered, and I gave her a grin.

“Oh, it's fine,” I muttered and picked up my phone. “But better let Mum and everyone know. I dialled our home number, and Mum answered instantly.

“Hiya,” I called. “We've had a bit of a problem.” Mum reacted instantly, and I waited for her to stop panicking. “Oh nothing much. The train has stopped at Lancaster as they have problems and there are no more trains to London.”

“What?! I'll get Terry to ...”

“No Mum, listen.” I said firmly. “We are going to find a small hotel and travel back tomorrow.”

“Andy, I don't think that's a good idea. I'll get your dad to come over ...”

“Mum we are fine,” I said with a firmness. I was actually quite looking forward to spending a night in a hotel room with Sarah. I spoke as I walked up the hill, and we turned left towards the brighter lights of the town. “It's fine. I'll ring you when we've found somewhere. Can you let Angela and Emma know.”

Mum went to protest, but I used the excuse I was going between two buildings and the signal would die, and she promised she would ring Sarah's and Simon's parents and let them know the predicament we were in.

The first thing we saw, other than the castle was a busy one way road and in the half light saw a sign hanging down, with the magic word “hotel” written on it.

“What did I tell ya,” I triumphantly said and we walked up to it, and a “no vacancies sign” in the window. Simon groaned, and we walked up the road, past the busy traffic but didn't find another one.

Sarah stopped an old lady outside the market who directed us back down the road, and we found two more hotels. The first hotel did not have any vacancies, but the second establishment did, a pub-cum-inn, and the barman came around the bar to talk to us in person.

“I need two rooms, double beds, next to each other.” He looked at us, clearly assessing our ages, but Rhea and Simon looked resolutely at him and he just grunted.

“I have two double rooms,” he muttered. “But there is an interconnecting door. We had some rugby lads in, and they broke the door, so it's wide open. Is that a problem?” I gave him a wry smile; it sounded perfect and I could keep an eye on Rhea. I wanted to negotiate the price, but I knew that this was the only hotel we could find that had rooms, and I took a deep breath when I asked. He looked at me, and his eyes squinted. “Well, as the rooms are a bit broken, one twenty for the two?”

I pursed my lips. "Sure."

"And I want payment up front," he told me, a little aggressively, and I nodded.

"Of course," I said and withdrew my Solo card from my wallet. He sighed for a moment as he looked at it. "If you accept Switch you accept Solo," I muttered. "Same company, just different symbol." He didn't ask any further questions, but I knew debit cards with "Solo" were usually found on bank accounts of under eighteens. He obviously didn't care or realise, and picked up the card machine and swiped my debit card. I signed for one hundred and twenty pounds to be debited from my account; I would want reimbursing (at least in part) from someone, and the gentleman gave us two room keys for rooms five and six.

Rhea bounced on the bed the moment she got into her room, and I saw her through the open archway. Sarah kissed me just out of sight until Rhea appeared at the doorway and told us to "get a room."

"We have," I muttered, and Rhea ran back and bounced on the bed. "Hey Simon. You know what this means. We have a double-bed to share. First time since the holidays." Simon barely suppressed a smile, and I rolled my eyes.

I passed my phone to Sarah and told her to ring her mother and suggested Simon do the same. Rhea picked up her phone; Simon had left his at home, and she dialled the Matheson residence.

Both Sarah and Simon's parents were aware of our problem, and they appeared not to cause any problems, and I then rang Mum. She warned me about making sure Simon and Rhea were OK, and although they were fifteen she did worry about them. The fact that they had their own room, a double bed and were excited about it, were minor details I choose not to pass on; I reasoned that Mum probably didn't want to know. Or if she did, I didn't want the aggravation of telling her!

Sarah saw a nice little pasta restaurant down the hill from the hotel, and we sat down in the Italian chain and ate cheap pasta dishes. Rhea and Simon were scandalously flirting with each other, as the waitress brought their food. I glanced over at Sarah who just smiled at me, watching the two teenagers tickle and fondle each other.

I snapped at Rhea who scowled at me in return; I felt uneasy at the close intimacy between them. I could easily foresee a nightmare scenario of Rhea having sex, getting pregnant, and then me being partially blamed for it. I watched as Rhea passed Simon some of her pasta, and then him gleefully take it from her fork.

"Jealous," Sarah whispered, and passed me some of her creamy pasta. I snapped out of it and gratefully ate it from her fork: it was a nice, creamy garlic sauce and she just grinned at me.

Without thinking, I passed her a piece of my pizza, and she spluttered the moment she bit into it. I had forgotten it was loaded with chillis, and she took a massive gulp of her lemonade.

"Sorry," I muttered and glared at Rhea who was practically sitting on Simon's lap, it was not appropriate behaviour for her to do in public, but Rhea never worried about what other people thought of her. I settled the bill, and whispered in Sarah's ear as we left the restaurant and started walking back towards our hotel. "I'm worried about Rhea."

"Why?" Sarah whispered back.

"I think she might have sex," I replied, keeping my voice low. I gestured with my hands and Sarah guffawed with laughter, her bouncy hair floating on the evening breeze.

“We've had sex,” she replied. “She is fifteen after all. She probably is already having sex.”

“Yes but she is under my responsibility at the moment. When she gets back home she is Mum's problem.”

Sarah giggled again and squeezed my arm. I looked back at them a few paces behind, and Rhea had her hand down the back of Simon's trousers. I went to say something, but Sarah whispered in my ear. “The pub toilets will have condoms, get her some if you are worried. Or talk to her.”

“I am not talking to my little sister about sex,” I replied and Sarah raised her eyebrows. “Do you talk to Paul?”

Sarah snarled and reached up to kiss me on the cheek. “No, but that's only because he doesn't want to get taught by his little sister. I could teach him so much!” I shook my head, and she squeezed my hand. “Can we go out and have a look in Lancaster?”

“Well I have Rhea to ...”

“Rhea can look after herself,” Sarah replied instantly and I glanced over at the couple making their way towards us. I sighed and Sarah squeezed my hand, looking longingly into my eyes. “Please.”

I huffed and we crossed the road, opening the hotel door. I slipped away from our group and purchased a small box of three condoms from the machine in the Gents toilets, getting an envious look in the process from two patrons of the pub, and walked upstairs, although I was interrupted by a phone call from Olivia asking me if I was available for some photo sessions. I was somewhat distracted and agreed to all of them, and said I would speak to her on my return to Buckinghamshire.

Rhea was in her bedroom, lying on the bed kissing Simon when I walked in. “What are you doing?” Rhea asked in an accusatory voice.

“Just using the bathroom, Sarah is in ours.” Rhea grunted and I walked into their small en-suite and noisily relieved my bladder into the pan before flushing it and leaving the condoms on the side. I hoped they would not get used, but I couldn't do nothing: her and Simon would be sharing a room, and it was inevitable that something would probably happen, especially given the way they had been acting all week.

Sarah was adamant we should go out, and after making sure Rhea and Simon were OK, we got dressed up and left. Sarah wore a short black skirt that I just adored seeing her in with her scandalous knickers. I guessed Rhea and Simon would try and sneak out as well so Sarah, and I both got lemonades at the bottom of the staircase that led from the bar to the rooms at the inn. We had two drinks each, both non-alcoholic, and my crazy sister hadn't made a break for it at all. I was surprised or reasoned that she had expected this and climbed out of the fire escape!

The following bar of our mini bar-crawl was a large pub near the bus station, and I ordered a pint of real ale that they happily served me. I got a disapproving glance from Sarah, but we were surrounded by students, and they must have just lumped us in with them; I wasn't going to complain, and even got Sarah a Vodka and Orange Juice.

We sat down in a raised portion of the bar and were half-sharing some tables with some students. One leant across and introduced herself to Sarah as “Becky” and we clinked our drinks together. Becky downed her tequila shot and then took a huge swig of her cocktail, smiling at us as she did. “You out for a party or something?”

“Just passing through,” I said eventually, not quite sure what to say. We obviously looked a bit like

students as she asked us what we were studying. I interrupted Sarah, who was about to tell her the truth with an overly broad statement of “Maths.”

Fortunately, Becky wasn't studying Mathematics although we did get asked if we knew a tall bloke called Jason or a skinny girl called Claire. We feigned some thinking and then shook our hands, and she returned to what she wanted to talk about.

Becky was bubbly and chatted warmly to us, she spoke about her favourite bars on campus and the sports club she was a member of, while interspersing it with some moaning about her course. A few people kept coming over to her and greeting her, while a thin girl called Lucy and two guys joined in talking to us from the bigger group.

We were bought a drink each by Becky, and one of the lads teased me into downing my drink quicker than him; I didn't manage it, but I felt quite tipsy as I finished my pint.

It got to around half ten when Becky leant across to us and asked if we were going to the “Shagga.” We just looked blankly at each other and then shook our heads. “Shame. It should be a good one tonight,” she shouted and Lucy said that they had two spare tickets if we wanted to go. I looked at Sarah; the “Shagga” was obviously a nightclub, and I had never been to a club, Mum's establishment apart, and Sarah smiled and nodded.

Becky's friend swapped five pounds for two tickets labelled “the Sugarhouse” and I went to ask where it was, but though that it would show us as being non-students if I did so I just thanked her, and bought another round of drinks.

Becky looked at her watch as she downed her drink and told us that we better hurry or we wouldn't get in, and after drinking a pint as quick as I had ever drunk a drink, followed her out of the pub around the ring road.

As it turned out, there were a veritable stream of drunken students walking down the ring road and into a side alley that lead to a brightly coloured front. We exchanged the tickets for entry and was immediately hit by a wall of loud music. Sarah held my hand, and we looked around, the bar was quite small, and the three sofas to our right were taken, but we walked through a set of double doors and was hit by the cheesy music.

It took a few moments for my senses to adjust to the bright strobe lights and loud music, but there was a bar, decked in vivid colours to my left, a raised platform of chairs and tables to my right and behind that a dance floor and stage. “What ya having?” I offered, and Sarah asked for a fizzy Alcopop. The queue was fairly short, but I was disgusted by the choice of beer (just lager) and the fact that they did not sell peanuts.

I complained to Sarah who just laughed at me, and we looked around the club. There were drunken students everywhere, and a few were not dressed in a dignified way. Sarah giggled at me glancing up and down the legs of a very tall, young dancer wearing a very short skirt, and I just raised an eyebrow at my girlfriend; she had looked too, and it was hypocritical of her to say anything.

The weak beer was soon drunk, so I replaced it with another and then another. I could feel the effect of the alcohol on my system, and I promised Sarah I would dance with her when I was drunk. That moment was rapidly approaching, and after a quick visit to the Gents, I was dragged onto the dance floor to dance to Michael Jackson.

I was not the worse dancer in that club that night. Many of the other patrons were bordering on inebriation and their uncoordinated thrusting and swaying made my poor attempt at dancing look positively decent.

Sarah burst into hysterics at my attempt of doing the Time Warp when my feet slid against some spilt drink, and my slide to the left was more of a slip. I picked her up and kissed her, and we waited, hoping for the following song to be more of a slow dance, but the DJ put on a novelty act, and Sarah looked around.

The couple to our right were squabbling; he was “done” with dancing as he trod on her toes and she wasn't spending all night propping up the bar. Sarah, her confidence fuelled by alcohol, interjected with a “May I?” She nodded towards me, taking the argumentative guy by the wrists and spoke to his partner. “I'll show him how to dance,” she promised, leading him back to the dance floor.

I looked at the girl; she was a little bemused but smiled as her drunken partner navigated to a small part of the dance floor with the strange teenager. “Do I know you?” She asked me, and I looked her over.

She had short, black hair, tied back into a small ponytail but a warm, inviting face. She was no taller than Sarah, but she looked at least five years older, and her tight top and trousers accentuated her figure wonderfully.

“No,” I replied. “I don't think so. Andy,” I told her, and she replied that her name was Hannah. I took Hannah's hand and led her on a dance, I barely knew any moves and started trying to emulate some of the other people in the club, but at best I was a second behind everyone else.

Hannah, for her part, was not better, but what she lacked in talent she made up in enthusiasm, and as long as I did not tread on her toes, she was happy. I tried hard not to laugh at her, but we must have looked very stupid, with our hideously uncoordinated dancing moves.

I glanced over at Sarah; she was still dancing with Hannah's partner and at the end of the song I offered to get a drink and we staggered over to the bar. Hannah teased me for being a rubbish dancer and then asked after Sarah. We could see them getting close and she looked at me to gauge my reaction. I was not bothered, and although Sarah had that excitable look in her eyes, I also knew she would be coming home with me.

My calmness at watching my girlfriend dance with another guy rubbed off on Hannah, and as she downed the last of her beer, dragged me back onto the dance floor. We had had a nice chat, and I had told her that we were students, but missed out any further detail.

The DJ played a slow song, and I put my hands around Hannah's thin waist and rubbed my palms up and down her sides. She smiled at me, and her eyes flicked over to Sarah who had wrapped her arms around Hannah's partner.

“We've only just started going out,” Hannah whispered as she saw me glance over at what she was also watching.

“Us too,” I replied. “But Sarah is very touchy-feely.” Hannah broke into a grin, and her eyes met mine.

“You too, right?”

“Maybe,” I uttered and pulled her closer towards me, her legs either side of mine. I squeezed her buttocks and then spun her around, wrapping my hands around her body, underneath her bosom.

Sarah glanced over at me and smiled, pulling her dancing partner closer and putting his hands on her rear. She whispered something to him and then spun her partner in a circle, similar to what I was trying to do with Hannah.

Hannah was gyrating against my pelvis in time to the music, and my hands gravitated upwards to her bosom, and I kept my eyes on Sarah. I didn't feel threatened; I knew I possibly should be, but didn't. Why? I certainly didn't want to lose her to a one-night stand, but there was something about her, her demeanour and her behaviour that just oozed control.

She knew what she was doing, and I just enjoyed her wild spirit being inflicted on someone else. Part of me wondered about Sarah's admission that she wanted to try partner swapping or group sex earlier in the holiday was a prelude to what she wanted to do with Hannah's partner or what she wanted to see me to do Hannah.

After a few minutes, Sarah took Hannah's partner by the hand and led him from the dancefloor. I gulped, and Hannah spun around to look at me, and we followed her into a small corner that was quiet and empty. "Aren't I attractive?" Sarah thundered, and she looked at Hannah and I appearing. "What is wrong with me?" He looked at Hannah, who had her arms crossed, and Sarah shook her head and snarled menacingly. "Well?"

"What's wrong?" I asked my drunk girlfriend, and she held her hands out and pointed them towards her dancing partner.

"Cause he doesn't want to do sexy dancing with me," she thundered, looking at me. "I keep telling him to hold me in places, and he keeps looking at you and ..."

"Hannah," I finished for her, and I glanced at the buxom girl.

"OK, please tell him, that unless I take him somewhere and start sucking or touching his ..." I coughed over her raised my eyebrows at her. "Yeah, well, it's not cheating. Hell Andy was playing with your tits and I'm not angry or bothered."

"Sarah," I tried to placate her; she sounded like Rhea. "Just ..."

"No. I told Hannah I would teach him to do dancing and dancing is just sex with clothes on. I can't do that if he is being prudish." I apologised to Hannah who was laughing at Sarah's forceful demeanour and the expression on her errant boyfriend's face. "I don't want to have sex with you. I don't want to go out with you. I don't want to suck your cock. I do want to dance with you, maybe get felt up a bit and possibly a kiss at the end. Is that OK?" She waited for her partner, and Hannah to nod before dragging him back to the dancefloor.

"You ain't at Uni are you?" Hannah asked.

"Yeah sure we are," I answered, a little stiffly, and she stared at me. "OK. We are from London though." I then briefly explained about our train and Sarah and Hannah looked back at Sarah grinding against her boyfriend with his hands clearly tucked into her skirt.

"Don't even think about it," she told me and I smiled.

"I wasn't," I replied honestly. We bought four drinks and sat down to watch Sarah teach Hannah's partner "sexy dancing." I learned a lot about Lancaster, and she seemed to stress the wonderfulness of the University to me. In the next twelve months, I would start to choose if, and where, I wanted to study past A Levels, and Lancaster seemed to be the right mix of nightlife and academic prowess.

Hannah and I laughed when Sarah strode over to us, took her drink, downed it one and pulled her newly acquired student back to the dancefloor as he was drinking his drink, so that he spilled it down him.

"She's so drunk," Hannah observed, and I forced a wry smile.

“I know, but she's fun, and she's harmless.” We watched as the DJ put on a rock song and she started bouncing along to the rhythm. “And she always gets very forceful when she's been drinking.”

“And you ain't worried?”

“Nah,” I told her and Hannah stretched out. “Nah, 'cause I know what she's like.”

Sarah had moved from the rock song to the cheesy girl band, and she had her hands all over Hannah's beau. Hannah was getting used to her coltishness, and there wasn't the pained look of concern or anxiousness that she had an hour previous.

As midnight came and went Sarah returned to the table and looked at Hannah. “He says 'e's learnt,” she shouted at her. “But I told him to go down on ya anyway.” Hannah blushed, and she looked at her. “Oh don't worry, I told him how to do it.” She finished her drink and grabbed me by the hand. “Come on!”

I barely managed to wave goodbye to our newly-acquired friends as Sarah dragged me towards the exit. “What's got into you?” I asked, and Sarah gave me a smile with a wicked glint in her eye.

Sarah led me out of the nightclub and along the main road. I knew she was drunk as she was loud and explicit and kept telling me how she had to force Hannah's boyfriend to touch her. “And he ain't ever felt up a shaved girl before,” she shouted, and a few students in front of us turned and giggled.

Sarah had that look in her eyes and just dragged me across the ring road, nearly in front of a taxi and into a small car park that was in darkness. She pushed me against the wall at the back of it, and kissed me; we were still visible to any car that travelled along the main road and looked into the car park, as well as the students coming out of any of the three nightclubs on the ring road, but Sarah didn't care and as she finished kissing me, knelt down and unbuckled my trousers.

“Sarah,” I hissed, but she giggled and fished out my cock; it felt a little warm and sweaty but Sarah didn't care and gently pumped my shaft. It wasn't cold (or if it was I didn't feel it due to my alcohol consumption), but it felt exhilarating to be so public. “Sarah!”

“Ssssh,” she whispered and gave a giggle as she sank to her knees, looking up at me with lustful intent.

I took a deep breath and leant against the whitewashed wall as she wrapped her tongue around the tip. I sighed and groaned as she did, before begging her to wait until we got back to the hotel, but Sarah nasally told me “ughh-uhnn,”

“Oh Sarah,” I panted and groaned, looking up the lamppost and then closing my eyes. “Oh huh!”

I heard Sarah giggle again and then voices. I looked startled to see two lads walking across the car park and made a nasal sound to Sarah. I was panicking and tried to get Sarah to stop, but I had no resistance to her sluttish behaviour.

She was bobbing up and down on my glans while her hands spun up and down as she pumped my shaft; I was in heaven and grunted.

“Hey,” one of the lads called and pointed towards us. “Hey, yer've got the right ee-dear,” he shouted as he passed a few feet from us. He held out his hand, as I reached the point of no return and he high fived me.

“Ahhh” I grunted and clenched my buttocks.

“Ay, she gawd?”

I mewed and nodded. “Oh yeah,” I cried and closed my eyes as I felt spurt after spurt of semen enter Sarah's sucking mouth. I rubbed the back of her hair and was aware of the two lads leaving, laughing at each other, but I didn't care about them.

Sarah had just given me a blow-job – in the middle of a busy town centre and next to the A6 – and it was an incredible rush. “Good, am I?” Sarah asked with a smile. “I want to be great!”

I smiled at her, still taking deep breaths and panting. “You are,” I told her. “You're perfect.”

This satisfied her, and I helped her off the ground. We kissed several times as we made our way back to the hotel and Sarah made me not check on Rhea. “Just leave her,” I was told. “It's quiet, they are probably asleep.”

“Or out,” I suggested as Sarah got undressed.

“Leave them alone,” she barked and giggled. “And get your tongue down here,” she said firmly. “You owe me one.”

I smiled and threw my dirty clothes into the corner of the room, on top of hers; we would clean up the following day and I worked my way over to the bed. Sarah was sat with her back to the wall and leant back on her elbows in the cream coloured room.

I couldn't resist smiling at the beauty in front of me, the tumbling brown hair, the blue eyes and orbs of wonder. She saw my eyes admiring her, and she nodded down towards her shaven crotch. “Not got all day,” she said firmly and I knelt onto the bed.

It was 1am in the morning, and I yawned as I climbed up her. She gave me a woeful look, but I loved going down on her and would always make time for her cunt!

She groaned as I kissed the inside of her thigh and then at her glistening slit; her scent was strong as all the hot dancing had certainly turned her on. Her clit was already poking out of its sheath and was slick with her juices.

It was divine, and my cock stiffened uncomfortably against the bed. I used my hands to feel her up as my tongue lapped at her slit and she started making audible sounds. I would feel her leg twitch every time I put pressure on her button and flick it, and she was mewling loudly.

My face, pressed up against her dripping loins, was covered in her lusty juices that were dripping down my chin; it was a great feeling, and she wiggled her body as my fingers lined up against her hole. She knew what I was going to do and looked into my eyes, willing me to touch her G-Spot.

I have always been indebted to Abi for showing me how to go down on a woman, and Sarah always orgasmed very strongly if I touched her insides as I did so. She threw her head back and squealed as my digits penetrated her. She grabbed hold of the bedclothes and began bucking her hips in a rhythm that matched my fingers pressing against her G-Spot and my tongue flicking her pearl.

Sarah held her breath and grabbed a pillow, throwing it over her face and crying into it. I felt her hole compress against my fingers, and she yelled into the cushion covering her face. Her thighs tightened around my ears, trying to compress my skull and they tensed as her body shook.

Sarah was still very vocal, even as she held a pillow over her mouth and then looked at me with a

mischievous look in her eye as she came down from her climax. “Andy,” she whispered as I got up. “Andy ...”

“It's 1am.”

“Yeah but ...” She scowled as I walked over to the bathroom and located my toothbrush to do my teeth. I took the opportunity to recycle much of the nightclub alcohol in the toilet as Sarah padded around outside and came into the small bathroom as I finished.

By the time Sarah had finished, I was in bed, and she turned the light off so her slim body was only lit by the street light outside.

As I saw Sarah's wonderful body lift up onto the bed, something by the interconnecting doorway moved. I tried to look up to see, but she put her ass on my face and wriggled so that my tongue was directly below her clitoris – I knew what she wanted!

“Sarah,” I moaned, but she wiggled her hips and giggled.

“I'm not done yet,” my demanding girlfriend told me. “Not at all.”

Sarah was being demanding, but I didn't mind and kissed all of her moist slit, and then flicked her clitoris, rolling my tongue around her muskiness until she climaxed loudly.

“Now can I please go to sleep now?” I asked as I wiped my chin and Sarah cuddled up to me.

“Sure,” she whispered and nibbled at my ear. “Sorry. I just can't stop at the moment.”

“I've noticed,” I muttered, and she laughed. “Never get any sleep.”

“But you love me for it!”

“Yeah,” I muttered. “I guess I do.”

* * * * *

I walked into see Rhea and Simon the following morning. She had found a spare sheet and tacked it up over the doorway for privacy and therefore, I had nothing to knock on, but walked in on my sister on her knees in front of Simon, eagerly taking his cock in her mouth.

“Ggggtt,” she muffled, and I bid a hasty retreat. Sarah looked at my flushed face with a raised eyebrow.

“They're up,” I said loudly and headed towards the bathroom. “Simon very much so,” I muttered and got showered. I came out into the room with the faint sounds of female arousal and grunting from the other side of the sheet and hoped they were still on the foreplay. “I should stop them.”

Sarah shot me a knowing look; I was being ridiculous I know, but Rhea had always been my little sister, very much of the “make war, not peace” attitude and hearing her having some sort of sex didn't feel right.

“If you go anywhere near them, we are off sex for the year,” Sarah threatened. I wondered if I should just make sure Rhea was OK, but Sarah's stern face told me to leave them alone, and I didn't dare argue.

After breakfast, I did a last sweep of the two rooms as we left and noticed that the condoms had gone from Rhea's bathroom, and there were two wrappers in the bin. I put them out of my mind; I

didn't want to think about my sister having intercourse. It was irrational, I know, but I just didn't want to consider it.

Sure, I always knew that my sister was no angel, the sight of her going down on Simon was something I didn't want to see and Rhea gave me funny looks as we checked out. "Don't ever complain at me," I whispered, and she raised her eyebrows.

"Did you see me because you barged into our room, or did you hear me screaming?" Rhea asked, and I just grunted. "Yeah thought so. I am allowed to treat him, he has been good to me," Rhea said and I looked at her grinning back at me.

"I'm sayin' nothing," I muttered holding my hands up. "But I wish you would do the same courtesy."

"I am discreet," Rhea replied with a smile. "Learn to be quieter when other people are around. I dunna wanna hear ya."

I sighed, and then saw her looking at Simon a few steps in front. "Does he make you happy?" I asked, and Rhea cackled.

"Yeah, I s'pose he does. When he comes down to my level. He is the most wonderful guy I know. When he is being high and mighty, he needs to be twatted with a wet kipper."

I tried to talk to Rhea as we made our way to the station and she refused to discuss her "sex life" but cackled when I gave her a pained look. "I'm fine," she said with a dismissive wave. "Anything I've done, I've done safely and consensually." I shook my head, and she gave a little titter. "He didn't have to force me into anything. Well actually ..."

"Rhea," I called. "Just ... are you OK?"

"Of course I am OK," Rhea spat back. "Didn't Nathan show you anything? I can always look after myself."

I didn't want to disagree and laughed at her forcefulness, but her eyes were fixed on Simon talking to Sarah who touched him on the arm and whispered into his ear. "What are those two up to?" I muttered and heard Rhea snort.

"I will find out later," she promised. "And he better not be up to no good. I don't like being plotted against."

"Well it's just ..." I started but Rhea strode towards them, putting her head between the two chatting teenagers. "What are you up to?"

"Nothin'," Simon responded instantly and Rhea glared at him. "OK, Sarah was just tellin' me stuff."

"About?"

Sarah patted Rhea on the back. "Little sister so suspicious."

"Don't touch me," Rhea barked and walked out into the road without stopping, causing a taxi to have to brake sharply. "Fuck off you blind cunt," she cried to the obscenity-laden tirade he cried out to her, and we caught her up after he had driven off. "And I am not your little sister."

"Yeah, thank fuck for that!" Sarah muttered.

* * * * *

The train journey was uneventful. I tried my trick again of the mobile phone call to buy alcohol, but the guy wanted ID, and obviously I didn't have any. I gave him an annoyed, aloof grunt before leaving and returning empty-handed.

Rhea giggled when I came back and got up, returning with two small bottles of wine and two bottles of beer. I held my hands out, and Simon bit his lip before saying, "she has some ID."

I glared at her as she put down the bottle and a plastic glass. "What ID?"

She scowled at Simon. "You need to learn to shut it," she said firmly with a threatening finger, and I looked at her. "Or else my hands will shut into fists. It was charm."

"It was fake ID," I guessed, and she looked up and down the half-empty carriage. "Show me."

"No," Rhea replied and I used my nuclear option.

"I'll tell Mum."

"Oh for fucks sake," she muttered and opened her purse, throwing across an official card stamped with the local authorities' logo.

"It's a good copy," I complimented her and Rhea snorted.

"It's not a copy, it's genuine." I looked at birth year, and it read 1980 not 1983. I looked up to see a slightly apprehensive sister. Rhea sucked in air through her teeth and took a big gulp of her wine.

"Oh it's easy," she said and looked at Sarah and then me. "I have a scanner, right. Scan in passport, doctor the year and then print it. Then just photocopy the printed page and send it off to them as a copy of the passport with a covering letter saying we are going to France next week, and Mum won't let me send the real passport."

I chuckled to myself, and she snatched the card back from me. "You know, you never cease to amaze me."

Sarah looked up. "Could you do one for me?"

I put my hand on Sarah's knee and gave her a steely glare. "Don't encourage her," I warned but Rhea just giggled.

"For the right price, of course."

"Price?" Sarah snorted.

"Yeah. And as you irritate me, it'll be ten times the going rate."

"I took your brother out last night to give you some peace and privacy. You owe me, Williams."

Rhea rubbed her face. "I owe you nothing."

Sarah's eyes widened. "He wanted to stay and keep an eye on ya; I took him out, so you had some peace and quiet."

"Ahhh ... isn't that good," Rhea taunted and looked at Simon. "Little Miss Sarah goes out to get pissed for my benefit. Well I just don't know how to thank you," she teased sarcastically.

“Sure you do,” Sarah replied. “Get me some fake ID.”

I looked at Sarah and then back at Rhea. “You know, there are laws against this sort of thing,” I told her. “Rhea Williams, the fraudster,” I said, gesturing with my hands.

“Counterfeiter, surely,” Simon added, and Rhea poked him in the ribs.

“OK. How about prisoner?” I said looking at my sister who just shrugged it off.

“Honestly bro. Are there laws about you forcing your sister to hear you have sex with your girls?”

“No. And don't change the subject.”

Rhea snorted, and I glared at her; I hadn't forgotten what she had just divulged and held out my hands. “I'm not giving it to you.” I licked my lips, and Rhea crossed her arms. “You ain't my parent so you can do one.”

“If you use that in the wrong place, you will go to jail.”

“If you use that in the right place, you will go to jail,” Sarah quipped, and Rhea ignored her.

“I will use it where I see fit,” Rhea spat. “And I don't have to answer to you at all.”

“But you do have to answer to Mum,” I replied and she grunted, pointing at my beer.

“I got ya a beer,” she said with a flourish. “And anyway, I might need my ID for particular products. Like at chemists.” Unfortunately, I knew exactly what she was referring to.

“If you get caught with that, I didn't know,” I told the brunette whirlwind firmly and my little sister cackled.

“Course not,” she said firmly. “Unlike some here, I don't grass.”

Simon simply shook his head and didn't reply as the countryside sped by and we just relaxed. We would be home in two hours and had school the following morning, but as I looked at Sarah wondered what delights and challenges would await me on my return to Aylesbury; I had never had a sexually active girlfriend before.