

# Grace

Part One



By  
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**Codes: MF**

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## Preface

This story is the next instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe: Young Grace Hardy argues with her mother over her boyfriend and then runs away from home.

I know there is a detail in here that directly contradicts something Andy says in Chapter 1 of New Pleasures; that's deliberate!

The “Growing Pains” universe is a set of stories that centres around the life of Andy Williams and all those who got to know him as he grows up. While everything may not be totally clear, it will be the time the Universe is all released. For a fuller explanation please see my website under “Site and Story Credits.”

This story relates to a scene with the troubled Jodie Roberts and her friend Sarah Bailey. Her affair with her boyfriend's father offered her something she could not get at home, but this shows just how desperate for affection she had become. This conversation happens in January 1999.

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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## Grace 01

Grace smiled at the undressing boyfriend in front of her and watched as his jeans slid down his milky white legs. She was already naked except for her nylon slip that she had amended to stop at her bellybutton; Nigel liked the "bottomless look." She smiled as his trousers left his waist to leave just his tight Y-Fronts.

Grace looked at him from the corner of her eye and reached forward to tug his briefs down; this wasn't the first time she had had sex, but her relationship with Nigel was still fresh, and he was still exceedingly inexperienced. He shivered as she slid her hand and caressed his cock through the white cotton pants, his pubic hair visible through them and she grinned, putting her hands on both sides of the garment.

Nigel's cock bobbed free and he sighed at her, watching as she slid the underpants down to his ankles. Grace beamed seductively at him, the ash brown hair shimmering in the light as she blew gently on his erect cock.

Nigel coughed and sneezed, as Grace moved her hand up to her elder boyfriend's member and she giggled stroking it gently. He grunted, and Grace smiled at him; their snatched sex sessions were increasingly short and infrequent as they both still lived with their parents and got little freedom. Grace had three younger siblings and since the school holidays had begun, they spent too much time in the house for her to get any peace and quiet.

This amused Grace somewhat, Nigel was in his thirties but Grace was his first "real girlfriend" for over five years and she was considerably more knowledgeable on sexual matters than he was, despite the fifteen year age gap.

Grace had waved at him as he walked past the Mancunian family restaurant and she had excused herself to drag him into her bedroom that she shared with her sister, Anna.

His rate of breathing increased as she slid her hand up and down his cock, glistening with pre-cum. He looked at her lustfully and she licked her lips before kissing the tip of his cock.

He snorted and ran his hands through her hair as she pumped his member, before watching as Grace engulfed his dick in her eager mouth, running her tongue along his erect dick. He twitched as her tongue caressed his glans and she looked up with a glint in her eye.

They froze, they heard a door slam downstairs and her brother walked into the lounge just below them. "Come on," Grace whispered and pulled Nigel on top of her onto her single bed.

He gave her an anxious look, but she pulled up her waitressing uniform, the black skirt sliding up easily and the white cotton knickers sliding down her legs. She looked at him, his four inch cock surrounded by her hand and she parted her legs as her cotton briefs fell on the floor.

Nigel adjusted himself on top of her, and she helped him position his cock at her entrance, sighing as it made contact with her pussy. Nigel wasn't the best lover she had ever had, but he was a kind and thoughtful person, and she had known him since he had babysat her as a child.

He slowly pushed his unsheathed manhood forward and Grace held her breath as it gently

parted her lips. "You're 'orny," he whispered and she nodded.

"Been a couple of days," she replied with a smile and puffed as he gently rocked back and forth on his knees, impaling his cock further into her. "Don't come in me," she warned and sniffed as Nigel began to build up a rhythm and she panted with every thrust.

She appreciated his girth, what he lacked in length and technique he made up for in width and she bucked her hips in time with his frenzied and uncoordinated thrusting. She groaned and grunted into a pillow, her body following his rhythm.

She mewed gratefully as Nigel rubbed his body against her clothes, the nylon slip rubbing against her nipples. She closed her eyes and breathed quicker and quicker, panting as Nigel rammed his cock into her moist pussy.

Nigel thrusted one more time before withdrawing and spewing his semen over Grace's pubic hair. She reached down and felt the wetness on her mons and groaned; she hated clearing up after sex, and just instinctively bucked her hips the last couple of times to savour any last warmth from their liaison.

Nigel reached for a tissue, wiping his cock and smiling at his partner. She giggled. "I better go back to work," she muttered as she reached for some of the white toilet tissue roll she kept in her bedside drawer. "Or Mum will come mithering."

She stretched and watched as his face dropped in alarm and his eyes flicked towards a noise outside the bedroom. The white door flew open and the lovers instinctively looked horrified towards the intruder, seeing the shocked face of Grace's Czechoslovakian mother in the doorway. "Grace," she bellowed. "What you doing?"

Grace instinctively put her hands to her crotch but only succeeded in smearing the sticky semen further into her pubic hair. "Private time," Grace snapped and Kateřina Svobodová glared at her daughter scrabbling to her feet and reaching for the toilet roll.

"You dirty girl," she screeched, and Grace stared at the crucifix around her mother's neck.

"I'm old enough," Grace spat at her mother who stood over her nearly naked daughter.

"Dirty, filthy child," her mother squawked, looking at Grace with furious eyes. "He's too old."

"He is not too old for me," the teenager shouted, her eyes fizzing dangerously. "He's ..."

"He is," her mother implored. "And you said, you were ill."

Grace puffed and looked at Nigel frantically pulling his underpants up his legs. "Well," Grace started. "We never get any time alone. We never get to see each other. It's just sex," Grace wailed. "And I am old enough to choose my boyfriends."

Her mother shook her head and waved her finger in Grace's face. "You will not do this in my house," her mother yelled and grabbed hold of the redressed Nigel. "Get out," she shrieked at him as he grabbed his trainers and was shooed out of Grace's bedroom. "You are not welcome in this house again Master Clark."

"Mum," Grace yelled, her matted pubic hair clearly visible and her younger brother appeared outside the doorway gasping when he saw his half-naked sister. "Leave him alone."

Grace ran, and put herself between her mother and her boyfriend, as Kateřina guided Nigel to the front door. "Get out," she cried. "And stop touching my daughter. It's not right," Kateřina ranted and Nigel tried in vain to protest his innocence. "And get in," she told her daughter as Nigel was thrust outwards onto the side street.

Grace fell out of the house as she tried to stop her mother, in front of an assorted group of teenagers playing football against the brick wall, and all eyes turned to the bottomless girl. "Leave him alone, it's just sex," Grace wailed to the neighbourhood, but her mother dragged her in from the street and threw her daughter back towards the stairs.

"You are in so much trouble," she shouted. "And wait 'til your father hears." Grace snorted and glared as her mother stormed out towards the restaurant.

"Grace," a meek voice asked and her youngest brother appeared. "What happened?" The twelve year old boy stood in the doorway and Grace snorted.

"I was caught shagging Nigel," she moaned and Jakub bit his lip, looking at his twin sister, Emma who appeared from the lounge.

"So you are grounded now?"

Grace shook her head and strode upstairs, intending to pack a few clothes and treasured possessions. Where she would go, she wasn't sure, but she needed to be out of Manchester. By the time her mother reappeared two hours later, Grace would be gone, en route to seek her fortune.