

New Secrets

chapter Five



by
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Credits and License

Codes: MF FF light hand oral toys

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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 has her sword confiscated, Kevin turns up to plead for Sarah’s forgiveness and Olivia has an unusual subject for Andy to photograph. Meanwhile Rhea has a further battle with the headmistress, Sarah is demanding and Andy tries to make amends to Donna.

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 V

Sarah was ordered back to her house that Sunday night and her father picked her up from the flat; I think her parents thought that either she would be sick of me, or she would want to spend time with her family. I missed her, and as strange as that sounds, I had got used to waking up with her warm body pressed against my skin.

I also missed the morning kiss and cuddle, the sex, the smiling and the glorious playfulness. I was without Sarah for twelve hours, and it pained me.

Rhea, of course, was thoroughly sick of Simon – at least that is what she claimed – although neither Mum nor I believed her. Mum had to drag her out of bed and demand that she come down for breakfast as Rhea had slept through three alarms.

Mum scowled at Rhea as she came downstairs, holding a knife and a sword in her hands. “Rhea, would you like to explain why I found this in your bag?”

“No,” Rhea admitted honestly and my naked sister crossed her arms. “Would you like to explain why you've been a nosey bugger?” my sister said without a trace of regret in her voice. “It's mine.”

“They are weapons.”

“I know,” Rhea cried. “The knife is for protection and the ...”

“Protection? Oh my God,” Mum slumped into the chair and Rhea snatched it from the table. “Put that down,” she screeched and Rhea shook her head.

“The next time that slimy little runt tries to ...”

“Rhea, put that down! You are not taking that to school, and I am going to give your father such a rollicking. He never listens to what I have to say. I told him to take it from you.”

“Oh, I think he mentioned that while we were away. The whole not listening thing. Said it was his biggest regret.” Mum flinched at these words, but Rhea just snarled. “But this is mine so get your paws off.”

“Rhea,” Mum shouted. “I am telling you as your mother.”

“I am not five,” my little sister shouted. “Now leave me alone.” Mum got up from the chair and held onto the sword. Rhea tried to push past her to grab her claymore, but Mum pushed her back. “Give it back!” Rhea cried. There was a pause as Mum shook her head. “Fuckin' give 'em back. I ain't messin' with you now. Give it back or ...”

Rhea was stopped mid-flow by a furious mother slapping her errant daughter. “Don't you dare threaten me,” she warned abruptly and Rhea stood stunned for a moment. “I am your mother, not a school friend, and I will be treated with respect.”

Rhea snarled. “You fuckin' go through my things, and you want to be treated with respect. I don't believe you. Here's an idea, you stop being the hypocritical cow ...”

I wisely decided that it would be a most excellent time to depart the room and as I was dressed, left the flat to go to college. I arrived in the Common Room twenty minutes before I needed to be present. Sarah was sat on a table with Zoe and called over to me as I

entered.

“What's this I hear about a nightclub?” Zoe asked, and I looked at my girlfriend who pursed her lips and looked up at me apologetically.

“Ahhh well ...”

“You two ...” Zoe moaned. “Just you two are so ...”

“Ahh but you love us,” I told her putting my bag down. “Twas the holidays.”

“Does Grace know?” I let Sarah answer that one and traded some of my unspent spending money for three cookies and three fizzy drinks. Zoe groaned when I passed her a biscuit and a can of cola, complaining about calories, but we ignored her objection, and I sat down.

“Nice trip though?” I asked Sarah, and she nodded as Zoe bit into the chocolate biscuit.

“Awesome. We must go hiking again some time in the rain.” I laughed at her, but Zoe smiled.

“Yeah, it's umm ... really majestic to see storm clouds gathering and lightning and ... ahh ... it shows you the power of God.”

“Or weather systems,” Sarah added and Zoe returned to her biscuit with a sniff; her religion was important to her, and she didn't like it when anyone was so dismissive of her beliefs.

I can't deny it was weird being back at college, but I soon settled into some sort of rhythm again. Sarah told me that she missed sleeping with me, so I suggested coming over to her house and staying the night after our lessons which she gleefully accepted.

I left Mum a message and grabbed a few clothes as we stopped at the flat en route to the station, and in the mid-afternoon took the train to Wendover. Sarah's mother, who usually worked at home on Mondays, had been called in to work and Sarah was quite liking the idea of having the house to herself.

I hadn't put any of this detail in my scribbled note to Mum, just telling that I had a “hardcore Maths project” to work on, when the only “hardcore” thing I was working on was certainly not Mathematical.

Sarah passed me a few pieces of paper as I came into the room and I sat on the bed. “What d'ya think?” Sarah's latest erotic story – involving some pirates who had “captured” a naïve young girl and then subjected her to all manner of terrifying, yet strangely enjoyable acts of debauchery – was not going to win a book prize, but it had the desired effect and I was sufficiently turned on for her games.

She could have achieved the same result by stripping, kissing me or even a degree of lurid chatter, but Sarah never did anything easily and just sat down next to me, stroking my thigh as I read her latest masterpiece.

Sarah blew me a kiss as she stripped out of her College clothes and took out her smooth sex toy from the drawer. “Are you OK?” Sarah asked as I watched her and then shrugged. “Well we can't have fun with your clothes on.” I felt suitably chastised and undid my belt, allowing my trousers to fall to the ground before throwing my shirt into the corner of the

room.

Sarah cooed and passed me her favourite sex toy. "Hang on!" I moaned. "Don't we ... you know." My naked girlfriend scowled at my attempts to get more kisses.

"You know how to kill a moment," she moaned.

"What moment?" I mumbled as we hugged briefly and she nodded towards Eric, her pet name for her vibrator.

"Come on now," she moaned and threw herself onto the bed. Sarah was truly becoming extremely insatiable, and I knew my brown-haired beauty wanted sex when she "enticed" me back to her house, but I had no idea how demanding she would be. She was almost treating me like a sex machine!

I lay across the bed, and the orgasmatron put his lips on Sarah's soft folds; she tasted as heavenly sweet and musky as ever and I wrapped my tongue around her clitoris. She cried out and I slid my mouth organ up and down her slick runway, listening for her sounds of intense arousal before gently positioning her red sex toy at the entrance of her slippery cunt. She gave an audible groan as I slid it in and began to impale her, sliding it in and out forcefully with a twisting motion.

She threw her head back and jerked her body in tune with the rhythm of the sex toy hammering into her hole. My flushed girlfriend grabbed the duvet and curled her toes, moving her legs as my tongue darted over her button and my hands pushed the plastic phallus in and out of her.

I turned the vibrator on low and then continued my actions; Sarah was crying out with every thrust and panting like a dog, her face screwed up. I moved the switch on the sex toy round to the maximum vibration and increased the speed of my thrusts, pushing it in as deep as I dared and rotating it as it came out.

The air was thick with the smell of Sarah's arousal and the sex toy often rubbed against my chin as I withdrew it, I angled it a bit further down, and Sarah's body – already moving – started writhing in sheer ecstasy. Her hands came to rest on my head as she ground into my face, pushing my lips further onto her lips.

She cried out lustfully and aggressively, calling my name to an empty room and then howled as her body tipped her into a powerful climax that caused her entire body to shudder and climax. I didn't stop thrusting the sex toy into her, and as her legs quivered, she cried out again and again, each orgasm stronger than the last one. Her muscles tightened as each wave of pleasure hit her, but there was almost no time between them and she allowed my lips to continue kissing and licking her clitoris.

The last time, she screamed loudly, panting desperately between each lustful scream as she swore into the room and then burst into weeping cries.

She used her hand to flick me away, and I threw her red sex toy on the floor before going up the bed, and inserting my cock into her moistened, and stretched hole. I barely made contact with her, and she had thrown her head back and had grabbed hold of my buttocks squeezing them and pushing them towards her. This pushed my cock deeper into her, and she cried out as I made gentle rocking moves.

Sarah sounded extremely satisfied with each thrust, causing a loud "ooo" or an "aggghhh"

to come from her vocal chords as she exhaled. She moved her legs on top of my back and squeezed her vaginal muscles as I rammed my erect manhood into my teenage girlfriend; it felt phenomenal.

“Oh Sarah,” I muttered into her ear; I was nearing my climax and the point of no return, and slowed down my thrusting somewhat, so I didn't come too soon. Sarah was squealing and kissing me and I wanted her to reach another orgasm, but I was feeling too aroused to last too much longer.

I bit my lip and could take the tension no more; I started jack hammering into her, pushing in deeply. Sarah's eyes flew open and she gasped open-mouthed at me, panting dramatically. “Andy,” she squealed. “Oh fuck fuck. Oh ...”

I gulped and squeezed my buttocks; I needed to come, but I desperately held on, pushing deeper and deeper, my pelvis rubbing against her clit and her body shaking.

I groaned and screwed up my face, pushing my cock in one last time and allowing my body to come into her. I rocked back slowly as I held my breath and then grunted, before panting into her neck.

We kissed, and she rubbed my back. “You're wonderful,” she muttered and I smiled at her.

“You're wonderful too.”

Our cleaning up was interrupted by a loud knocking sound and shouting from the front of the house and Sarah ran onto the landing naked and around the stairs to stare out of the window that looked over her front garden.

“It's Kev,” she said and turned to me by the stairs.

“Sarah, please talk to me,” he yelled, and I rolled my eyes.

“I'll get rid of him,” I muttered, looking at Sarah's body language; she seemed a little worried and perplexed, and I knew how controlling her ex-boyfriend was.

“No,” Sarah shouted and gripped the side of the bannister. “I'll talk to him,” she said in a low voice and wiped her eyes.

“You OK?” I asked, my heart sinking. Was Kev going to signal problems between Sarah and me? Sarah shook her head and sucked in her lips.

“It's just, I've not seen him since we split up,” she replied. “It's just it still hurts.” She grabbed a dressing gown, and I put my boxer shorts on, my cock erect again and showing clearly in the underwear I was wearing.

I took a deep breath and followed her down the stairs, this was not something I wanted me or Sarah to be part of. She unlocked the front door and held her hand out that I took and we stepped onto the small porch.

“Sarah,” Kevin called, his piggy eyes in his glasses staring at my girlfriend from the gravel driveway. “I'm so sorry.” He clapped eyes on me, my erection and then Sarah. “Oh no,” he called. “You haven't.”

“Haven't what?” Sarah asked, and Kevin stared at me.

“You've stolen her. You don't –”

“I've not stolen her,” I snapped instantly. “You threw her away.”

“And you've had sex with her. You bastard ... you've tainted her ...”

“I'm not an object,” Sarah screeched at us, and I squeezed her hand.

“You've spoilt her.” I made a step towards him, and he backed off for a moment. “But Sarah, talk to me. Alone?”

I puffed out my chest and went to speak when Sarah gripped my hand and shook her head. “No. For months, I wanted to split up but never had the courage, Kev. It's over.”

“You don't mean ...?”

“I do. I don't love you anymore . You were a bastard over the Summer, and I ... I don't want to see you again.”

Kevin gulped, and I stared at him. “OK, you heard the lady. Now piss off,” I barked at him with a poorly disguised smirk, but Kevin apologised to Sarah again and pleaded for a second chance.

Sarah stopped me from walking over to him, and wiped her eyes. “You know if you had asked me about having an open relationship I probably would have said yes,” she admitted, looking straight at his expectant face. “But I need to be with someone I can trust. And that person is Andy.”

He gulped, and Sarah shrugged. “Then please give me another ...” I stepped forward to stop him and squeezed Sarah's hand. Sarah shrugged, and he looked at me and snarled. “You're a nasty piece of shit, stealing another guy's bird. I'm gonna ...”

“Oh shut up,” I shouted angrily and stepped onto the drive, the gravel crunching underneath my bare feet. “You had Sarah, you cheated on her and pushed her into my arms. I didn't steal nuttin'. Now fuck off before I give you a hidin'.”

Kevin looked at Sarah gently shaking her head and snarled at me before turning on his heels. He reached the end of Sarah's drive and turned to shout across the gravel. “I know where you live,” he shouted at me. “I'm gonna ...”

“Fuck off!” I yelled and made a move to chase him, but Kevin used his short legs to carry his piggy body as fast as he could run and the much-loathed boy scampered away from us.

I turned back to Sarah whose eyes were streaming and held out my hands, pushing her face into my shoulder rubbing her back. “I didn't know he would ...”

“S'ok,” I told her and pushed her back inside the house. “Come on, I'll give you a massage.”

I put Sarah on her bed on top of three towels and got some hand moisturiser from the bathroom (it was either that or olive oil from the kitchen!)

Sarah didn't notice, and I just made lazy circles in her skin with the white liquid as we talked about her ex-boyfriend. She was keen to tell me that her he meant nothing to her

know and I should trust her, and I did, but I just knew that a part of her still liked him – no matter what denials she offered.

It was only natural. I never stopped pining for Paula seconds or days after we split up and I didn't think that love, feelings or any sort of emotion could be turned off as if it were a tap the moment the person decided they didn't want to experience them any more. All I would have to do, is work at our relationship relentlessly, to show Sarah that a partnership with Andy Williams was far better than anything Kevin could offer.

Sarah purred as I glided my hands over her naked body and as tea-time approached I told her to have a shower while I got dressed. Sarah and I cooked tea for ourselves and Sarah's parents, and her father arrived a few moments before Angela did at around 6pm.

They both looked tired, and we served steak and chips with baked beans, grilled tomatoes and lettuce leaves (Sarah's idea). Sarah's parents were keen to talk to us, and we told them about the Maths homework that we didn't have, but they seemed OK with us being together – even when Sarah told her mother that I was staying the night.

I received an annoyed phone call from my mother after tea, and I took it in the garden. She was vexed that I hadn't asked permission before going off to sleep at Sarah's house, but I did point out that she wasn't home and that I had a lot of homework to do. I could tell she didn't believe me, but after spending a night apart, Sarah and I both wanted to spend time with each other.

Sarah's mother was not so keen to let her daughter and I run off to Sarah's bedroom and close the door at 8pm, and I knew that any shenanigans I got up to would get relayed, so we did all our outstanding work on the dining table while I made pots of tea for everyone as I took breaks more often than Sarah.

It was certainly noticeable that I could do the Mathematics work far easier than Sarah could – something that she was not keen on – but it took us until ten in the evening when Sarah and I were sent to bed in separate rooms.

We kissed on the landing as Angela covertly listened in. “See you in the morning sexy,” I whispered into her ear. “And good night.”

Sarah smiled. “I'll see you first thing in the morning,” she promised back and I had no doubt she would!

* * * * *

“I don't believe that fucking woman,” Rhea shouted as she threw her bag on the floor. “Can you fucking believe what that twisted, incompetent, moron has fucking done now?”

Sarah cocked her head and looked up at my angry sister and slightly worried Simon behind her. “What's up?”

“Fucking, stupid, fucking, fucking, ahhhh,” spat my incandescent sibling. “Headmistress only goes and moves us to the spanner set in Maths.”

“Spanner set?” I asked, and Rhea rubbed her face.

“Yeah, full of fuckin' spanners. 'Cause she's made a promise to keep Tiny Cock and me separate to fuck knows everyone and it means one of us has to change class in Maths. And the only other class that's on that fits into our timetable is the spanner class. And

guess who gets moved? Me and Simon.”

“Well that's not fair,” I muttered, and Rhea nodded.

“Yeah, but because I'm the one that was suspended, I'm the problem. And Twat Features is the victim,” Rhea yelled, moving her hands furiously. “So I get moved. And get this, I go to see the incompetent piece of fucking cuntin' twattery and where is she? She's only hiding from me.”

“Hiding from you?”

“Yeah, can you believe that?” Rhea looked at me expecting an answer, and I hummed in agreement. “Apparently she's gone to a funeral. Convenient, if you ask me. It's not on.”

Sarah looked at me as I suppressed a titter at my deadly serious sister. “Maybe you should ask for Mum to see her.”

“Do I bollocks, not after what she did to my weaponry. I can fight this one on my own. I want to knock several shades of shit out of the nasty fucking cunt.”

“Rhea,” Simon called and looked at his girlfriend with pleading eyes. “Please don't use that word.”

“Cunt? I'll fucking give you cunt,” Rhea screamed. “She is a fucking cunt. And I am going to knock that fucking cunt into next week,” Rhea yelled and took a glass, filling it full of Mum's vodka before sitting at the dining table. “Bang out of fucking order. She's never liked me, but I'll get her. Just you watch. I'll get the witch. If she thinks I am going with all the spanners who can't count to twenty she's in for a fucking shock.”

“Rhea,” I called to get her attention, but she stared into the tumbler.

“It's 'cause that fucking tosspot's dad is on the Governor's. Well it ain't right, and I'm being treated as a fucking piece of shit on her fucking shoe just 'cause she's getting dirty knees in front of the twat's cock.” She looked at Simon and hummed. “I would say slashing her tyres for starters, but he reckons we should tell Mum, but Mum'll be no good here. We need to play dirty. She's playing dirty, so I'm going to play dirty.”

“Rhea---” I repeated in a more ominous tone. “Don't do anything stupid.”

“Like get caught, I won't,” Rhea replied instantly with a smile creeping over her face. “No, that's it.” She waved her glass towards Simon and then glanced at me. “What we need is two metres of duct tape, a knife, some newspapers, a small bomb, and ...”

“Rhea,” I shouted, and she cackled, grinning wickedly.

“Ahh, no, I've got it. I'm going to complain to the Governor's. And what's more, I shall be going to my old Maths class until my appeal against that cuntery is heard.”

“You know, that last sentence Rhea, with the exception of the language, was almost mature.”

Rhea hummed and looked at me with a smirk. “And if it doesn't work, I'll firebomb her office,” she said as she got up and downed the vodka. “And you, not a word to Mum.”

I had a suspicion Mum was going to find out sooner rather than later no matter what Rhea

did.

“Oh, and one more thing,” Rhea said as she re-entered the room and looked at Sarah. “I know what you were telling Simon in Lancaster.” A smile crept across her face as she looked at my girlfriend. “More of that, and I might start to like you.”

She grabbed hold of Simon and pushed him towards the stairs, and I looked at Sarah who shrugged. “I was telling Simon how to go down on your sister,” she admitted and then raised her eyebrows at my expression. “I think she will like it if he can do it properly and it might stop some of the venom.”

“But that's my little sister,” I moaned. “No matter how awkward she can be.”

Sarah giggled. “It's a great thing to give someone an orgasm,” she muttered and then scowled. “Oh, you don't think Rhea's still a virgin do you?” She asked with a gleeful and patronising voice.

“No,” I muttered. “I just don't want to think about it.”

“Poor, deluded, little Andy,” my girlfriend taunted. Sarah and I left to go to the football where she was certainly “on fire.” Every shot she made, she connected with excellently, and her passing was pin-point. I watched, almost in awe as she collected the ball in the rain, danced past six defenders and then slid the ball perfectly across the six-yard box for another player to tap into the empty net.

“It's the sex,” she whispered as we walked back to the flat. “And the love and the cuddles and ... just being with you.” I laughed as she explained her new-found awesomeness on the pitch. “I just feel ... on top of the world.”

I giggled at her, and she just smiled back as we made our way back home. I put our dinner in the oven, and we did our homework separately; I had Economics to do and Sarah had Biology.

We put our dirty plates in the kitchen sink and went upstairs at half-past nine. Sarah was bored and we had exhausted the entertainment the PlayStation could offer us, but Rhea returning with Simon and chasising me for spending time with “that prick tease,” hastened our departure so we could absent ourselves from her caustic barbs.

I watched as Sarah got undressed and she put her hands on her hips. “Do you mind?”

“Mind what?”

“Privacy?” She moaned. “It's not nice to be watched.” I waited for her to be stripped to her underwear and came up behind her, snapping her bra clip and kissing her on the neck. Sarah wriggled – more out of playfulness – but I was able to caress her titties and then slide my free hand into her panties.

“And what have we here?” I asked with a whisper. “You know my room is an underwear-free zone.”

Sarah giggled and licked her lips. “Does that mean I shall get punished?”

“I'm afraid so,” I told her pushed her forward with my body as my hands fell free. She landed squarely on the bed with a titter, and I yanked her knickers down to expose her bare ass, playfully slapping it a couple of times before she turned in the bed.

"I won't do it again," she told me with a smile on her face, and her brown hair framing her cheeky expression. "I love you too much."

"Well make sure you don't Miss Bailey," I warned and she looked at me.

"But you are still wearing clothes," she countered, and the naked beauty got out of my bed and tugged at my clothes. "Come on," she warned. "You can't get a girl naked and hold out on her."

Sarah was always at her most coltish when she uninhibited, and she was never more free when she was aroused and naked. I joined her naked on the bed and let my hands wander. We naturally adopted the "spoons" position and put my hands around her to play with her nipples.

She pushed back against my erect penis and wiggled her hips seductively as my hands squeezed and rolled her points between my fingers. I felt her hands move and slide in between us, gently pulling at my cock.

I kissed the back of her neck and nibbled on her earlobes; she squealed and groaned as I pulled her body back into me and my hands rolled over her smooth body, caressing and gliding over her glabrous, silky skin.

Her breathing became heavier and more laboured as my hands pulled against her belly and I squeezed her nipple. She sighed, and I moved my hand down to find Sarah gently rubbing her own clitoris. "That's my job," I whispered.

"Then do it." Sarah replied breathlessly, and my fingers replaced hers on the teenager's pearl. I slid my fingers up and down her slippery crack and circled her sensitive button. She writhed and wiggled in front of me, and started pulling harder and harder on my cock. It wasn't painful, but she had done much better when she was in an easier position to reach my manhood.

Instead, Sarah was reaching around herself to get to me, and I increased my pressure on her engorged clit. She groaned loudly and wiggled, squealing and squeaking as I applied constant pressure to her button.

She bucked her hips, and I whispered into her ear. "You OK?"

Sarah hummed with a high pitch nasal grunt and gasped before her body tensed and she gave a long groan. I waited for a few moments and then slid down the bed and buried my finger into her moist hole, rotating it as I slid in and out.

Sarah threw her head back, twisted her body, so she was lay on her back and closed her eyes, blaspheming loudly and began to buck her hips in the same rhythm as my thrusting. I replaced my middle finger with my index and middle finger and allowed my little finger to probe her anus while my thumb was catching her clit.

The effect was dramatic; Sarah screamed and thrashed, her hands no longer stroking my manhood as she pushed herself into the bed. Her pelvis almost bounced up and down on my mattress as my fingers touched all her buttons and she squeezed the edges of the bed. "Love you," I called out and she groaned.

"Fucking love you too," Sarah cried out and squealed. "Oh God!"

Sarah gave a few more low groans and then gasped, squealing loudly as she approached

her climax; it was a powerful orgasm as her muscles squeezed and tensed against my fingers intruding her personal space.

Her cries reverberated around our room as my lover's body tipped her into two tingling orgasms. She pushed my hand away and scooted down the bed to kiss me, but I threw back against the bed, so her feet were at the pillows and climbed on top of her.

There was no resistance as I entered her in the "missionary" position; Sarah was ready and looked at me with lustful eyes, mewling as my cock was buried into her well-lubricated hole.

"Oh Andy," Sarah whispered and kissed me as I slowly increased my pace.

"Yeah Andy," a voice above me called and Rhea stood there in her dressing gown. "Now what have I told you about faking your orgasms Sarah? I don't want to hear it."

"Rhea, get the fuck out," I yelled as I pounded into my girlfriend.

Rhea pulled up my chair and sat down. "We need to have words," she cried. "Cause you two are too loud and ..."

"Rhea, fuck off," I yelled and slowed down. Sarah was giggling and pushed her head back to look upside down.

"No ... now ..."

"Rhea," Sarah cried. "Please. Ten minutes, and then we can talk."

"If I hear you again, I am coming in with the camcorder," she threatened and slammed the door on the way out.

"I'll kill her," I moaned, and Sarah stroked my back.

"Don't worry 'bout her," Sarah teased and squeezed my cock with her muscles. "Have me!" How could I refuse?

We started again; the interruption had sent my arousal plummeting, but I don't think Sarah objected too much as I pounded for minutes into her. I felt a bit guilty as I am sure she was close to another orgasm when I came, but Sarah did incredible things to me as we had sex and I just grunted and groaned before pumping my seed into the little minx.

True to our word we did have words with Rhea; mine were mostly of the four-letter variety and I resolved to putting a lock on my door. Rhea should not be interrupting me in the middle of sex; that was most definitely inappropriate!

* * * * *

Abi sent me a "text message" the following day; I carried my phone around all the time, but I found typing out messages on the one-line display to be slow and time consuming, so I didn't send many messages and therefore received few messages in return. I had to press each numeric key that corresponded with at least three letters and some symbols to type out the message and by the time I had said what I wanted to say I probably could have rung the recipient.

Sarah was much better at typing on my phone, and most of my message allowance was

used by her and Zoe talking; Sarah longed for a mobile phone and I did suggest she get one but her financial situation was not as buoyant as mine and she had been exceedingly lacklustre about changing that with the addition of a job.

I suppose it was only to be expected that I was to be better off than most of my peers – I had a generous allowance from Dad and was earning a lot of money, and I wondered about getting her a phone for Christmas but knew I would probably be shouted at if I did: Sarah and Mum would suddenly decide that giving consumer electronics “meant something.”

I flicked onto the messages menu on the phone and read it by scrolling across. “Meet me at 4 2day. Luv A xx.” I glanced up at Sarah talking to Zoe and clicked reply. “Wrkg. Club? A” Abi replied that this was fine, and she made me jump a few hours later by coming up behind me and pressing into my sides.

She giggled as I squealed and blew me a kiss. I turned off the vacuum cleaner and picked up the cleaning bucket: I had intentionally left the sticky tables until Abi arrived as I could do it and have a conversation at the same time.

“What's up?” I asked as Abi sat down and moved all the beer mats.

“Nuttin',” she said and flicked her long hair behind her shoulders. “Wanna know how your date with Sarah went.” I smiled, and she bit her lip. “'Cause ya don't call, ya didn't write. Not even a postcard.” I felt a little chastised, but she stretched out and rubbed her hands.

“Sarah thinks you have taught me well,” I told her and she smiled back.

“Tell. Come on, I want details and ...”

“I am not going to kiss and tell,” I replied and Abi pouted at me.

“It's not kissin' I wanna know. How 'bout the ...”

“Abi!” I told her with a fierce glare. “It's good. Rhea was a pain in the arse but Sarah, just wonderful. We had lots of time to ourselves, and it was cool. Very good.”

Abi smiled at me. “Well at least your not chasing Vanessa or Gemma or ...”

“You,” I finished for her.

“Completely unsuitable young ladies for your attention,” Abi told me deadly seriously, and I took a deep breath.

“I wouldn't say that. But I think you were right on the whole 'us going out' front. I don't think it would've worked in the way I hoped it would have.”

Abi giggled at me. “I always knew that.” I gulped, and she straightened her clothes.

“But you seem a lot happier from when I first asked.”

She gave a shrug. “We all have good days and bad days,” she mused. “I don't have many bad days 'round you that's all.” She let there be a pause, and she looked at my confused face. “Oh, you know I feel more relaxed 'round you.” I sniffed, and she raised her eyebrows. “So, 'bout this Sarah of yours?”

"I told ya ... I ain't kissin' and telling," I said firmly, and she rubbed the back of my hand.

"But if you had any problems you'd know to come and talk to me, right?"

"Yeah," I told her and she looked at me seriously. "Well you don't tell me all of yours."

"It's different," I was informed. It was good catching up with Abi, and I eventually teased from her that Angela was trying desperately to set her up on a blind date. Abi was resisting, but Angela reckoned that she needed to get out more, and I didn't doubt her housemate had her best intentions at heart.

"Abi," I called out as she turned to leave. "How was your first time you had it ... you know ... back there?"

Abi appeared flustered for a moment and looked into the corner of the room. "Well. He wasn't all that gentle. It hurt a bit. And the next time and the time after. But he learnt quickly" My face must have contorted slightly and she tapped the table. "Do you need a lesson from the old banger?"

"Errr ... no!" I replied quickly and Abi giggled.

"I think you do. Remember, what I told you. Grease the ..."

"Hole and the pole. I know."

Abi laughed. "And be gentle."

* * * * *

"We could have just found a classroom," Sarah moaned as I dragged her back through the town centre. We had decided to skip doing our General Studies homework for some kisses and cuddles, and my crazy girlfriend thought we should be doing it in school.

"Ssssh!" I told her and wrapped my hand around her waist as I unlocked the door to our flat.

"We need the keys to Abi's house," Sarah suggested which wasn't a bad idea, but knew that I could not ask the girl I asked out before dating my current girlfriend for keys to her bedroom so I could have sex with Sarah. It would not be fair, and although Abi had pushed Sarah and me together in the strongest of terms, it was still inappropriate. Furthermore, I had every suspicion that Abi would provide the keys, with sex toys, lubricant and a personal sex teacher if we asked!

We reached the lounge and Sarah turned and faced me, putting her hands over my shoulders and shaking her hips. "Come on, loverboy." I threw my bag into the corner and put my hands on her rear, kissing her lustfully and then trying to take her to the stairs to my bedroom when she stopped me. "Here, loverboy."

"Here?"

"Here!" She said assertively and then giggled, throwing off her coat and then unbuttoning her blouse. I stopped her and kissed her again, guiding her back onto the couch and then pushing her skirt up to her waist. She smiled at me and made a few comments as I slid her knickers down her thighs and then her ankles.

Sarah giggled at me and then looked into my eyes; she knew what I was going to do and I ran my finger up and down her slit. "Fuck the foreplay," Sarah cried. "Your mum'll be home any minute."

I knew this was probable, and Mum did not spend all day in the club, followed by most of the evening, but I guessed if she was out then she would probably arrive at a similar time to Rhea, and that if she did return, we would hear the door slam and have a few seconds to get presentable.

I took my finger and held it up to her nose. "Arousal," I told her. "In College. And what do we do with girls who have the horn?" Sarah licked her lips.

"We give them a good seein' to," Sarah told me and I smiled at her, lowering my face to her slit.

Sarah cried and mewed as I ran my tongue up and down her crack, holding onto the sofa and then pulled me up to face her after I took her to a shuddering orgasm through my clitoral kisses. She wiped my face and gave me a kiss on the lips as she fumbled with my trousers to free my erect cock.

She struggled with the belt, so I knelt on the edge of the sofa to undo it, and she used her feet to glide my trousers to my ankles. I was unable to move my legs apart, but fell back into her arms, and my cock nestled against her pussy.

She look at me with lustful, pleading eyes and we kissed as I buried my manhood into her, rocking back and forth as we made love on the family couch. Sarah squealed and moaned, and she gasped with every thrust into her.

Unlike Abi she did not squeeze her muscles as much against my cock but her hole was unquestionably tighter.

We kissed as I pounded into her unfettered pussy and she rubbed her hands down my back. I was nearing the point of ejaculation and increased my speed, jackhammering into the poor girl, who offered nothing but squealing encouragement.

Sarah gasped and gripped the sofa as I held onto my orgasm, desperately intensifying the sensation of desperation. My testicles tightened and I spluttered, before filling her cunt with my semen.

We lay for a moment panting and kissing and I reached for some tissues on the counter, wiping my cock and giving Sarah a kiss. "Don't I get one?" Sarah asked with an annoyed tinge to her voice.

"Sorry," I muttered and reached over when I froze.

"Andy," Mum called. "Is that you?"

"Quick," I hissed as I heard movement from upstairs and hiked my trousers up; Mum must have been in her bedroom all the time Sarah and I were having sex. "Come on," I whispered

"I can't," Sarah cried as I grabbed our school bags and her knickers, darting out of the room and onto the main staircase leading to the front door. "Andy," Sarah hissed, staying motionless. "It's leaking."

“Quick,” I told her and held out her knickers. “Mum’ll see us.” She waddled to the top of the stairs in a most undignified way as Mum’s footsteps got louder. I pushed her against the wall and used her knickers to wipe my semen from her crotch, but she hissed again.

“I can’t go to school with no knickers.”

“Sure you can,” I told her and dragged her down to the front door before Mum came into the lounge. I was sure there was little to incriminate us, but Sarah was scowling at me.

“I mean it,” she whispered. “I’ve got no knickers.”

I passed her the semen soaked thong and she screwed up her face, making a silly sound and I looked at her with a cocked head. “Well don’t moan then.” Sarah placed her favourite and soiled knickers into a plastic bag that she kept in her school bag. “And if you were a little less insatiable,” I told her with a grin.

“I think it’s called a honeymoon period,” Sarah told me. “And we are s’posed to be having sex every twenty seconds.” She giggled at me as we walked back through the town centre. We stopped off to get Sarah a new pair of underwear from a clothing superstore, and held hands. “I had a phone call last night,” she admitted as there was a lull in our sexually-charged chatter. “Kevin rang me.”

“Ohhhnnnn,” I muttered, scowling in annoyance. “What did he want.”

“The usual,” Sarah moaned and squeezed my hand. “I’m only telling you, so you know I am not keeping any secrets.” She looked up at me and licked her lips. “But you knew that he would. But I told him I am not interested and don’t want to see him again but he begged and ... well he actually begged, but I told him no.” I gulped; I didn’t like where the conversation was going, but Sarah saw my expression and giggled. “I told him I loved you, and he swore and put the phone down.”

“Really?”

“Yeah,” Sarah said with a grin. “And I’ve told Mum that if he rings to tell him that I’m busy having sex with you in my room, so hopefully he’ll get the message.”

“Right,” I said, laughing, but was still somewhat concerned at he ex-boyfriend’s inability to let go.

We had a spare couple of hours, so I took Sarah to the cinema; I was aware our relationship had consisted of an awful lot sex and soul-searching but remarkably little “going out” and I didn’t want Sarah to feel like she was with Kevin again – all girl, no friend – so we found a comedy that was due to start, and I exchanged an exorbitant amount of money for tickets, drink and popcorn.

Sarah moaned when it only came with one straw telling me that she would catch “all my diseases” but given that we kissed repeatedly all day and had unprotected sex, she was a little late to be worried about hygiene!

Instead we just sat in the corner and watched the film, cuddling each other as we ate a large bucket of sweet popcorn and drank a bucket of fizzy cola; the cinema might be good for my relationship, but it would probably give me Diabetes!

* * * * *

My phone call from Olivia in Lancaster had given my three evenings of work – a couple having “non-kinky” sex, some work for a guy wanting photos for a magazine and Olivia's niece who was doing a fashion course at University and needed some photographs of her work.

The first of the work was a “nice” couple in Amersham, and I had told my mother that I would be out for tea and left college at 2pm. We had arranged to start around four in the afternoon, but they lived a sizeable distance from the train station in a house that was almost in the next town.

I liked Dad's idea of me having my driving license more and more as I walked from the train station with a big bag of camera equipment slapping at my side.

I knew very little about the couple, other than I was to ask for “Savannah” and that I would need plenty of film. The house I walked to, backed on a small wood and was easily a four or five bedroom house. I felt nervous and turned around several times, expecting to see someone following me, but the road was empty.

“Rose Cottage” was a large building, but it was eerily quiet, as was the street, and my hand shook as I knocked stoutly on the sturdy black door. It echoed in the porch, and I waited. A young lady did eventually open the door, peering around the wood as she held it open a few inches. “Err ... Savannah?”

“Yes,” the voice squeaked and she cleared her throat. “Sorry. Andy?”

“Yeah,” I muttered and she stared at me up and down.

“Sorry. I didn't expect you to be so young.”

I scowled at her implication. “Well I've photographed almost two dozen strippers, an orgy and the odd couple,” I said firmly, and the eyebrows rose slightly. I could tell she was nervous, but I had missed an afternoon of school plus travelled to a town fifteen miles away to see her, and I was a little annoyed my credentials were being challenged. I always took a few pictures with me and took out a small envelope of images containing Holly and a couple of the strippers. “A sample of my work.”

“Oh Olivia spoke exceptionally highly of you, the voice came back and she opened the door, still holding the pictures. I couldn't suppress a smile as I caught sight of her for the first time. She was around 5ft8in tall and was reasonably thin with long black hair that was tied into two pig tails with scarlet ribbon. The clothes she was wearing exposed her shoulders and was white at the top before going into black with red ribbon; it was a maid's outfit, and I felt a surge of excitement in places I could not control.

With Savannah dressed as she was it was hard to guess her age, but I thought she was in her late thirties or early forties, and she flicked through the photographs I had provided with her.

“I really wasn't expecting anyone so young.”

I looked her up and down. “So ...” I started. “What exactly did you want?”

“Ahhh ...” Savannah hummed and I felt a falling sensation in my stomach. Olivia had promised me that they were a “nice” couple, and I was hoping for some straight-forward sex. She gestured towards the kitchen and got me a drink of orange juice before sitting down at the dining table.

I took a sip of juice, and she rubbed her hands. "OK ... ummm ... it's a bit awkward really. Embarrassing."

"Why?" I asked instinctively.

"My husband is ... away," was all she could say and I did not know whether that was abroad working, in a prison or just absent. "And he's always had a couple of fantasies. And one is ummm ... dressing up. Um, in maids and ... well you get the idea. And the other is ..." She trailed off and looked at the wall, rubbing her hands. "It's ... well it's me with another woman. A younger woman."

I breathed a sigh of relief; I thought she was about to confess to golden showers or blood-letting or something that Rhea would watch when she broke into the video cabinet. "Sure."

Savannah looked at me and rubbed her hands. "There's a bit of an age gap," she confessed and rubbed her nose. "I used to babysit her. But ..."

"She's not under sixteen is she?" I asked instinctively as I had no desire to get myself jailed. Savannah shook her head.

"Oh no. She's umm ... well she's ... seventeen."

I ignored the nervousness in her voice and took out my camera, loading the first film. "Ready when you are," I said finishing my juice and checking my bag for all my lenses; I would need a few when we got down to the shooting.

"She's not here yet," Savannah confessed, and I glanced up at the door to see another maid's outfit hanging up. "She's coming after school." It felt weird to be talking to a middle-aged woman dressed up for sex while she waited for her schoolgirl lover, but it put Savannah at ease, and when she became more relaxed, I became more comfortable.

She was still a little jumpy and nearly leapt out of her skin when the doorbell went. I went with her when she opened the door and introduced myself to Ceri – a schoolgirl dressed in a blue uniform and with shoulder length dark brown hair.

Ceri was well proportioned, confident and smiling as I talked to her; I wanted to know whom I was photographing before I got down to it, and Ceri was happy to chat for a few minutes as she drank a drink.

She confessed that she had never been with another woman before, and Savannah rubbed her hands nervously. It was strange that neither myself or Ceri were anxious in the slightest as she discussed her large amount of homework, but Savannah was extremely unsettled.

Ceri's outfit was slightly different to Savannah's; there was no red embellishments on Ceri's costume but the schoolgirl still looked sexy, and I suggested a few photographs outside while they still had their clothes on.

Savannah moaned that it was too cold, but I enticed them into the garden in the half-light, and sited them near a tree in the middle of their expansive garden. I was grateful for the many light sources outside, but it was still far from perfect. Savannah groaned as I sorted out the light that her nipples were getting hard and sore, and I smiled when I saw her additional bumps in the thin fabric. "May I?" I asked Ceri who looked at me with a slightly startled expression, and I massaged her nipples through her fabric.

She fidgeted slightly as I did, but I joked that it would be weird if Savannah had engorged points and she didn't. It felt inappropriate, and after I had enticed some erectness, Ceri took over as I picked up my camera. The two ladies adopted a few seductive poses, but it was a biting wind and was glad to return to the sanctuary of the warm house.

Savannah's bedroom was more of an intimate boudoir but judging by the amount of wardrobe space, I guessed that this was not her main bedroom. She lit some candles, but I asked her to keep the light on for most of the sex scenes; it made the photography easier and as the purpose of my visit was to create photographs for someone else, she readily agreed.

Ceri was far more nervous now that they were getting "down to business" and her inexperience showed through reticence. I tried to capture a few close-ups as the two women fondled each other on the bed, and Savannah pushed Ceri back onto the pillows and slid her shiny black dress up to reveal some lacy underwear.

Savannah pushed them to one side to allow me to capture Ceri's trimmed, but not shaved, pubic hair and then slid them down to begin feasting on her schoolgirl lover's slit. Ceri was tense and emotionless, and I put my camera down, standing away from Ceri's eye-line to allow her to forget I was there, which seemed to work.

A few minutes later, Savannah's probing of her tongue had worked Ceri up into a mixture of squeals and groans. I caught several photos of Ceri's moistened genitals, of the scene from the side of the room, and of the teenage girl's body, as well as one from up Savannah's skirt.

I captured the teenage girl's orgasm just before I had to change my film and then watched as they did a "69" position – with both women giving oral sex, Ceri using a strap-on dildo to impale the middle-aged host, them both using a double-ended dildo and then of the two of them "scissoring."

The photo shoot finished as the two naked ladies kissed each other and I finished the last of my film. It gave me a few minutes to consider things downstairs as my subjects became reacquainted with their clothes – I certainly did not expect to be filming a lesbian couple, but both Savannah and Ceri were charming and sexy.

In fact, neither of them were lesbian; Savannah was certainly open to bisexuality but Ceri looked nervous and ill at-ease to begin with and was only gay for the day due to the money Savannah was offering.

I placed the five films on the worktop as Savannah entered the room. "So what happens now?" She asked.

"I've left them with the person who asked for it. Take it to Olivia and if you like the films, pay for them then." Savannah gulped and passed me a twenty pound note. "What's this for?"

"Train fare and stuff." I looked at her and looked at it. "Take it. And I'll pay Olivia your fee, unless you want it now."

"Give it to Olivia," I demanded. "When you like the photos."

"OK. Sure. Thanks." Savannah smiled, and I kissed her on the side of the cheek, before waiting for Ceri to come downstairs.

“Where do you live?” I asked the model, and she bit her lip as I packed my camera bag.

“Amersham,” she told me. “Near the train station.”

“I’m going that way,” I admitted and slung my camera bag over my shoulder. “Can I walk with you?”

She smiled at me. “Sure.” I watched as she got her coat on from the coat stand in the hall and slid her black school shoes back on. She was wearing a uniform and that made me think she wasn’t seventeen.

Savannah thanked us both profusely, and we waved at her as I walked down the road with her lover. Ceri told me that she wasn’t seventeen as we left the house; it was her sixteenth birthday the week before; therefore, she was in the year below me.

I felt somewhat relieved that she was over the age of consent, but I was annoyed with Savannah; why didn’t she just tell me the truth? I found Ceri extremely chatty and in the few minutes we had, she told me that she had a boyfriend who was older than her called Joe, and who had gone to Cambridge University in September, but she had been having sex with him for over a year. She went to the local girl’s grammar school down the road, but her uniform that she arrived in said this to me. She had two brothers, two sisters, three cats and a dog, her parents were divorced, and she also worked in the convenience store on a Saturday. She was a 34B, size six clothes, and her favourite colour was red. And she was very, very, very talkative!

“Do you want something to eat?” I offered when I could get a word in and Ceri smiled and nodded, We agreed to go to a little place I saw underneath the station and she began talking again.

Ceri reminded me a bit of Sarah, she was smiley and bubbly, but she exuded a degree of confidence. I asked her if Savannah did used to babysit her, and she just giggled. “Yeah, but a long time ago. She saw me at my sixteenth last week and suggested it, but my folks know her really well, so I’ve had to promise to keep it a secret.”

I screwed up my face a bit; it was a risk for Savannah to take, and I hummed, but the bisexual schoolgirl didn’t see and we turned into the small takeaway shack.

I offered to buy her dinner, but she refused and took a note from her purse. “I got a grand for doing it,” she told me as we both order Chicken Curry, rice and chips for the bargain price of £2.50, and we waited for it to cook. “I want to go to Uni, so I’m gonna pay it in to my bank. Told her, I’d do it again.”

I wasn’t sure what to make of this, but just listened as we sat in the bus shelter eating our dinner. She told me that she wanted to do it again – even for a tenth of the money - and I thought that she was probably undercutting herself a little, but “Joe would have to understand and might even watch.”

I told her about Mum’s club before walking her to the top of her street. She asked me to add her mobile phone number to my phone before saying goodbye, but I didn’t know why I had blindly acquiesced. I was certain I wasn’t going to see her again, but something told me that I wanted to.

* * * * *

The following morning I was slammed my hands against my alarm and woke up bleary-

eyed. I focused on the time: it was 6am and what the hell was my alarm clock doing at 6am.

I tried to go back to sleep but yawned and stretched; I was awake, so there was no chance I was going to be able to sleep again and got up to go to the toilet, and then get some breakfast.

Given that it was so early I just slung a dressing gown over my shoulders and walked downstairs, making myself a cup of coffee and pouring some weird looking cereal into a bowl.

“Andy?” I heard behind me and turned to face the voice, and displaying all of my teenage attributes. Rhea sniggered, and even Simon gave a wry smile as I put my cereal bowl onto the worktop and fastened the belt. “What are you doing up?”

“Alarm,” I moaned and looked at her expression. “Went off at 6am.”

“Ahh yes,” Rhea squirmed. “Ahh well ... there's a story to that.”

“Oh I wish you wouldn't,” I moaned. “You used to do that all the time. Waking me up at 3am.”

Rhea sniggered and then smiled. “I was messing with mine, and when it did something stupid I checked it on yours,” she lied and I shrugged.

“So what are you doing up?”

“First day of my new job,” Rhea told me – a hint of pride in her voice. “Si and me are at the newsagents.”

“Cool,” I muttered and watched as my sister and her boyfriend leave the room. Something told me that she was up to something and that her newsagents job would end in tears, but it wasn't my concern and sat down on the sofa with a cup of tea to think.

I wondered what had made Sarah forgive me when she got angry with me and decided that it probably wasn't the flowers or chocolates or anything but a genuine, sincere apology. I wondered how best approach Ray and Donna, Sarah had teased me, and I certainly thought the sooner I made my first attempt the more time I would have with my other attempts as I knew Donna would not accept anything I had to say.

Ray had been avoiding me, but I made an effort to go and find him at the start of the day, finding him and Donna sat on a small couch at the back of the Common Room. “Hi,” I greeted them with unreasonable cheerfulness. “Good holiday?”

Ray's freckled face frowned at me. “Good, why?”

“Just askin'.” I hummed for a few seconds. “Cos ya ain't said much.”

“That's 'cause we don't like you.”

“Yeah ... about that.” Donna puffed out as I went to speak, and I played with my hands. “OK, I was a cock. A complete and utter cock. So I'm sorry.”

Donna snorted in incredulity. “You're sorry? Hell ...”

"I was rude to your cousin, and I took liberties with Ray's sister," I admitted and then rubbed my hands. "And I know I can't undo what's been done, but I can say sorry."

Donna sat open-mouthed for a moment at my contrite words. I didn't mean all of them, and I was sorry for the fact Ray wasn't talking to me rather than what I had done. If he had taken the same "liberties" with Rhea then I would not have reacted so negatively at all, and I didn't give a monkeys about Donna, but Sarah wanted me to make my peace with our dischuffed friends and a heartfelt apology was the easiest way of making up – no matter how insincere it was.

"That's ..." Donna glared at me for a moment and ran her hands through her hair; she was speechless.

Ray's face twitched slightly. "You were a cock," he told me, and I shrugged.

"Yeah, as Mum keeps telling me, teenage boys don't always think." Ray had a weak smile, and I took a deep breath. "Look, strictly between us three, I've got some work doing photographs of couples umm ... well as they do ... it. And I could really do with another pair of hands next week. It doesn't pay really well, but it ain't bad, and we'll split the cash, and I send the photographs to Olivia." Ray's eyes widened.

"That's ... wow! Doing what?"

I looked at Donna who flinched slightly as I spoke. "You OK Donna?"

"Why are you doing this?"

"Doing what?"

"Being nice," she muttered and then stared at Ray. "And asking for Ray's help. Why? Why not ask Sarah or that slut or ..."

I gulped and clenched my fists; Donna had no right to talk about Abi in those terms and I took a deep breath as she trailed off. "No-one takes photos like Ray. And it'll make it easier for us. And I reckon he could do with the money."

Donna eyed me suspiciously for a few moments and then got up. "You know what I think of him," she spat at her boyfriend and pushed past me. I gave Ray some raised eyebrows.

"S'ok," I said as his mind whirred. "I know she 'ates me. But the photographs. You in?" Ray promised he would think about it and with my best friend back talking to me, walked off to class. It was almost too easy.

* * * * *

Zoe was nervous at her first team meeting, but I told her she would be fine. We sat down, and the room soon filled up with three dozen or so women and just a handful of men. I noticed Jessica wasn't there, but I was greeted by most of the dancers and made small talk, and I think this made Zoe even more nervous.

I introduced her to a handful of the dancers, but Mum called order to the meeting and ran through the drinks promotions, known troublemakers and rota amendments for the next couple of weeks. She then introduced turned to us.

"And we have a new part-time cleaner..." Mum started.

“Hang on! Doesn't she get a pseudonym?” I asked cheekily and Mum grinned at me, her hands folded over her chest.

“Well you don't have one.”

“Yeah, but I want one,” I replied quickly and there was a room full of chuckles.

“So, what do you want?” Juggs asked, and I rubbed my chin in exaggerated thought.

“Hmmm. Well...”

“Rocky Thunderhose?” Juggs asked in a silly voice, and I nodded amongst the laughter

“Goldenballs?” Isobel suggested, followed by “Studmuffin”, “Jack Hammer” and “Longsword” from a few of the girls.

Mum looked at me smirking. “I quite like Goldenballs,” I said looking at my ex-lover from the end of the array of tables and she went red, her hands wiping her eyes.

“Well tough, you are Andy. And are you fine with...?” Mum turned to Zoe who nodded. “Ignoring the big-headed prat she is sat next to, this is Zoe.”

There were a few mutterings of “hi Zoe,” and the like and Mum then did the best bit of the team meeting – she divvied up the pay cheques into everyone's waiting hands.

Zoe hadn't started work, her first day would be the following day, but Mum had been through everything with her while I was away and had paid her for her time at the club as she was shown the ropes. Zoe gasped as she unfurled a cheque for twenty pounds and bit her lip.

“Wow, this is brilliant.” I noticed my pay packet was a little higher than I expected and Mum smiled at me looking a little perplexed. My hourly rate had gone up from five to five pounds, and fifty pence an hour, and I had to wonder if Mum had made a mistake.

“Promotion,” she said firmly as she fried off the eggs in the kitchen. I swung on the door and she looked over, her eyes surveying the fidgeting teenager. “If Zoe is working there, then you will need to keep an eye on her. So promoted you to senior cleaner.”

I thanked her and detected something else in her voice, waiting for her to say it. “And I was sure you would pack it in after a week,” she muttered.

“Ahh well, you don't know me as well as you thought you did,” I responded, and Mum hummed and cracked an egg onto the sizzling pan.

“No. I s'pose not.” She looked over and gave me a weak smile. “But then I always knew I would have problems if I had a son.”

“I'm no problem compared to Rhea.” Mum took a deep breath and sighed.

“Now that I do believe,” she muttered and I pulled out a bottle of wine from the fridge.

“You having some?”

“Of my wine,” she replied cheerily, emphasizing her ownership of the alcohol, and I generously gave her the biggest glass. Sarah appeared next to Rhea, who was scowling.

"What's the prick tease doing here? I sighed and offered Sarah a glass of wine which Rhea accepted for herself.

"This is my bloody drink," Mum moaned as I emptied the bottle and looked at Rhea.

"Daughter Tax," Rhea told her and picked up her glass. "It's what happens when you have a daughter. But, for a limited time only, I promise not to touch another drop of your alcohol if, and only if, I can have my weaponry returned to me."

Mum spluttered into her wine. "I shall see after Parents' Evening," she was told, and both Sarah and I laughed.

"You ain't ever getting it back," I teased her to utter disgust from my sister.

Sarah and I had dinner before getting on the train to stay at her house. We had planned to stay the night in my bedroom, but Sarah had a match the following day and had left her football kit behind, so we decided to travel to Wendover for the night.

I liked Sarah's room; her house came without an annoying little sister and her parents were just as relaxed about us on non-school nights as Mum was. When the weather was good we could sit outside in the garden, although it was getting a little dark for doing that in the evening now that November was on the horizon, and Sarah just grabbed my hand as we walked out of the station.

"You know Zoe is proper going at me," Sarah confessed. "About just jumping into your bed. She says ..."

"She works in a strip club," I reminded my girlfriend. "Just tell her that when she preaches." Sarah gave a small titter. "And anyway, she hasn't started on me yet."

"I don't want her to start on me," Sarah moaned. "And Donna's getting annoyed with Ray. I want you to sort out whatever problems you have with them."

"Oh the messing around with Ray's sister and abusing Donna's cousin you mean," I snapped and shrugged. "I know. He's just so passive... well Donna won't forgive me very easily, and I don't care no more. I got better things with you! I've tried to make up with Ray and he's fine, but Donna's just being awkward."

Sarah blushed and squeezed my hand. "Well I want you to make up with her. Hell you made up with me whenever you were a cock, it can't be that difficult." I sighed, and Sarah looked at me. "If Andy is not friends with Ray and Donna by December 31st 1998 there will be no sex in 1999 until he is. That gives you two months." I laughed and thought she was joking, but the look on her face said everything.

I tried to talk her out of it, but she was fiercely determined that she would not choose between her friend and her boyfriend and the only way she could make us talk to each other was to impose sanctions on me. It was unfair as I did not see what she was doing to Donna, but Sarah had made her mind up.

We reached her drive and she took out her keys, walking around the two cars parked there. I gave her a kiss before she unlocked the door and walked in to the hallway. She smiled at me and then scowled; there was a strange noise coming from the lounge as if someone was distressed or in pain. "What's ..." Sarah strode over to the door, picking up a shoe and holding it in front of her.

“Sarah,” I called out and held her shoulder. “Stay here.” Sarah grunted and ignored me, flinging open the door and gasping in shock.

“Mum!” Sarah cried as her eyes set upon the sight of her mother, dressed in a shiny red and black basque with black fishnet stockings and passionately sat on the lap of her husband. Angela turned around and swore in exclamation, pulling herself free of her partner, and covering her crotch.

“You were supposed to be at Andy’s,” Angela told her, but Sarah’s eyes didn’t leave her parents. I saw a flash of movement to my right from the door of the conservatory, and I realised that Sarah’s parents were not alone. I had forgotten (rather conveniently) that her parents were swingers and that Sarah did not know, and I didn’t think it was an ideal time for Sarah to find out.

Sarah hadn’t noticed, and I closed the door. “Leave ‘em alone,” I suggested and took Sarah’s hand. “Shall we go for a walk.”

Sarah muttered something, and I tugged at her hand. “Walk?” She murmured.

“Just going out Mrs. Bailey,” I shouted through the closed door. “We’ll be an hour or so.” Sarah sniffed.

“What? Yeah!”

Sarah was a little shocked by what she saw, but we walked down to a little newsagents and bought a drink each and then sat in the park talking. She wasn’t annoyed or angry, she just didn’t expect to see her mother dressed up in a PVC or rubber outfit with fishnets.

Fortunately, she hadn’t spotted the companion, or companions, in the conservatory, that was off to the right of the lounge, but she was still thoughtful. “I mean, I should have guessed,” she mused. “Cars on the drive meant they were home and when we have kids sure we’ll use any excuse when they’re out to have some fun.” I coughed, and she smiled. “And that’s not to say I am having kids with you. When we have kids in general,” she said clarifying her sweeping statement somewhat.

“Well, it doesn’t matter,” I told her. “It’s just sex. Hell Rhea’s come in, your Mum’s come in. We always get interrupted. Hell Rosie and Ray came in when Paula and I were messin’ about.”

“But why in the lounge?” Sarah rubbed her face and kicked the seat. “I mean, they’ve got a bedroom up there where they won’t be disturbed.”

“Variety,” I suggested and squeezed Sarah’s hand. “You know I came home to see Mum having a one-night stand in our lounge. She wasn’t expecting me back, so she just did what she wanted. Parents do that.”

“Oh, I know!” Sarah mused and then smiled. “But hey, it means we can do what we want.”

“I am not sure it works like that,” I told her, but Sarah scoffed and rubbed her eyes. She grabbed my hand, and I made sure we took the long-way home. When we arrived there was one less car in the drive and the two parked on the end of the street were missing – Sarah’s parents had been enjoying themselves!

Angela and William were both dressed when we arrived back, and the house was eerily quiet. I squeezed Sarah’s hand and Angela nervously called for her daughter from another

room, holding her arms outstretched to hug her. "Sorry darling. Your Dad and I love each other very much and ..."

I could see there was a little concern in her eyes over how much Sarah had seen. "Just a bit of a shock I think seeing her parents at it," I said for Angela's benefit, and she certainly understood what I was trying to say.

"I know you love each other very much," Sarah told her as they hugged. "I saw."

"Yes ... well. We weren't expecting you and ..." She looked at me and I touched Sarah on the arm.

"I can go if you want," I told her, but Sarah just shook her head.

"I don't care," Sarah told her. "But if that's the new rules, adults can have sex around the house don't be annoyed if Andy and me take you up on it." I blushed, but Sarah hugged her mother before Angela could respond and she smiled at her father. "Oh and Mum. That outfit. Doesn't suit you."

"Doesn't it?" Angela asked with a grin, and Sarah shook her head.

"No. So eighties." William gave his daughter a grin and told her to mind her own business, but this caused much amusement from his daughter.

Sarah had a lustful look in her eye and giggled as I kissed her at the bottom of the stairs. "If we ever have kids," she whispered. "We are not to fuck where they can see us."

"If your parents hear us talking about kids they'll kill us," I whispered back and tickled her on her flanks. "Shall we say good night?"

Sarah smiled at this thought, and knocked on the door to the lounge before entering. "Just making sure you are dressed," she teased when they looked quizzically at her. "Andy and I are going to bed now."

"Sure, night poppet," her mother called and she gestured towards William who got up to give her a hug.

"And Sarah," Angela told her as we left. "Where is Andy sleeping?"

"With me," Sarah replied and her eyes narrowed. "And after what you two have been up to today ..."

William glared at me, and I felt a little self-conscious but held Sarah's hand. "It's fine ... this time, but you ask. And I want him to sleep in the spare room if it's a school night."

"But ..."

"Errr ... English exam," Angela replied, and Sarah groaned.

"I went out with Kev and stayed out late the night before my English exam. Every time I have prioritised you before we got together over my studies she brings that up as a reason why I shouldn't," Sarah explained as we walked up the stairs. "I mean, I've tried telling her that you are different, but she won't have it." I gave her a smile, but she squeezed my hand. "But then if I got College in the morning I can sleep at your place, right?"

Sarah got undressed as she used the bathroom and I was treated to a naked girlfriend kissing me on the lips and rubbing her hands over me as I walked to the small room. She only had a single bed – which cause more moaning – but it was fine for both of us as long as we cuddled up. She had room for a double bed, but I suggested we move her little set of drawers to the other side so we could move her bed up by the wall and I snuggled up on the “wall side” of the bed.

Sarah snuggled in to me, and we had to spoon just to both fit on the mattress. My lovely beau giggled as my hands came round to touch her and pull her into me; I could feel her body heat and warmth against my chest and her hair tickled my nose. She wrapped it underneath her her cheek and grabbed hold of my arm that went across her, pushing it into her chest and mewling as I pawed at her. “I can feel little Andy,” she told me and cocked her neck so I could nibble on her earlobe; she liked that enormously and pushed her hips back against my manhood.

“I can feel big Sarah,” I told her and squeezed her breasts. She groaned in satisfaction as my fingers tweaked her nipples and she reached down to her own waist. I was hoping that she would play with me, but there wasn't much room for us to lay side my side and play with each other and so I pushed my cock into the small of her back.

I loved the feeling of her body warmth against me and moved my hands further down her body to explore her crotch; she parted her legs as best she could and I was able to feel dampness and heat.

She purred contently as my fingers nestled against her moist slit and found her clit. I twirled it around my finger as the girl in my arms began to buck and writhe, wriggling around and sliding against my body.

“Oh sorry!” Sarah cried and turned to face me, wrenching my finger away and smiling at me. “You gotta, oh well,” she blubbered and threw her hands onto my waist before lifting her left leg over my head. I saw her pert bottom come down, and I positioned her so that her hole was at the tip of my nose. I wrapped my lips around her button and sucked gently, sucking in her musky odour and sweet taste.

She panted and mewled, pulling lustfully as she exhaled. I used my hands to right her, and she took my cock in her hand and started tugging it gently, sliding her hand up and down using twisting motions to stimulate me. I was sighing into Sarah's sopping crotch and ran my tongue around her slit and flicked her pearl, causing her legs to flinch every time I did.

I could hear her sighing and groaning, and she began to buck, riding my face as if I was a pony taking her for a ride. The full force of her bore down on my skull, but I didn't care and just stared up at the view of her rear while tasting her bedewed crotch.

She cooed at my cunnilingus and kept stroking my manhood, her long fingers extending down my cock to touch my balls as her motions swept along the shaft. I kept sighing and panting on her sensitive clit, but she didn't care and as I felt myself nearing the point of no return, sped up on Sarah. I loved the taste and feeling of going down on her, and she just adored my mouth on her slit.

She whimpered and cried out, slumping forward against me and pushed her body into my face, covering me in our distinctive juices as she ground herself to an orgasm. I was already near a climax and Sarah just wrapped her lips around my glans and sucked.

It was too much, and I closed my eyes and savoured Sarah's heavenly touch as she

fellated me to my climax. My mind was too preoccupied to warn my lover that I was about to ejaculate in her mouth, and I simpered on my cunt, licking it out forcefully until it was too late.

She spluttered, and I felt some wetness dribble down my cock and into my pubic hair, but I felt Sarah grunt, groan, pant and then her entire body shook, her entire body bouncing onto my head and she squeezed my thighs.

Her orgasm echoed around her room, her legs pushing against my ears before she took a few deep breaths. I wanted to look at her, but all I could see was her rear and gently kissed her crotch again. She told me to stop, but I ran my tongue onto her hole and pushed up, causing her to squeal and grunt loudly; she was not ready for stopping yet!

Sarah bounced again over the top of me as my tongue probed her hole and then again as I flicked her oversensitive button. She pushed her body forward as I repositioned myself on the pillows and I looked up to see that her perineum was over my mouth.

Sarah stopped sighing and fidgeted as my tongue touched her anus, and probed her ring of muscle. I had both of her nipples between my thumbs and index fingers as my tongue happily lapped at Sarah's butt. She sighed and groaned, enjoying the anilingus I was giving her. Abi always loved having her ass kissed and as Sarah relaxed realised she was no different.

Sarah groaned and sighed, wriggling on my chest as my lips sucked on her anus and my tongue pushed against her ring. She cried out, laughed and then spluttered with delirium as my tongue explored her but with wild abandon.

It was dirty, I knew this, but it was partly due to the taboo nature of what I was doing that made it so thrilling. I knew that few people at my College would have thought of kissing a girl's rear to get them off but in my face was a writhing teenager who was proof that it was possible.

I flicked my tongue faster and faster across her butt until I heard her squeal, and her body shook. She got up to reveal that she had been "helped along" by her fingers on her clitoris and I tried to pull her back, but she stopped me.

"I'm tired," she moaned when I tried to touch her again, and I looked down to see a small pair of pleading eyes. "Tomorrow," she begged and got up. I had to use a tissue to stop semen spilling from my loins and we were soon settled back in her bed, cuddling again.

Sarah giggled. "That's nice," she purred as I just rubbed my hands over her. "I've not had sex with anyone in this room?"

"Kev?" I asked, and she shook her head. "No. I lost my cherry in some backstreet hotel in London. And then when he came it was the garden, lounge, parent's room."

"Parent's room?"

"Yeah, well they got a double bed and I haven't. I want one, but they said I didn't need one, but I do need one. Look." She gestured at us with her hands, and I kissed her again. "I mean, why can't my mum be like yours?" I hummed, and Sarah snorted. "If she found out that I had had sex at Abi's orgy or I really did have a ding-dong with Zoe, or anything ... she'd go skitz."

"Yeah, and Mum found out that I did Coke she'd go skitz. And if Zoe's parents found out

anything about her, they'd go skitz." Sarah laughed and rubbed the top of my thigh.

"I just wish they'd let me have a sex life. They really want me not to have one, I am certain."

"I don't think they do."

"Oh they do," she moaned. "They never do it I know, and it's why they need to spice up their life by doing it in the lounge." I went to protest but thought it best no to. Angela and William would probably like the idea of their daughter believing them to be closet puritans and just kissed her.

"Nighty night," I whispered. "And don't let the bed bugs bite."

She snorted. "Or the girlfriends who get too horny in the night."

It was difficult to sleep with Sarah in that position, and she tossed and turned a little. Our bodies pressed so hard into each other meant we had little freedom, but we managed it in the end.

I got up early on Saturday morning, and did the club with Zoe; I had to travel from Sarah's and got up without waking her, before getting dressed and having breakfast with Angela. Zoe was spending the day with her family before Simon (and Rhea) went to Lyon to be English exchange students. Rhea had been paired with, a sweet girl by the name of Jacqueline Ducrocq.

Jacqueline was sixteen, loved Hanson, had a brother and a sister (both younger), enjoyed comedies and spoke a little English, Italian, German and a few words of Russian. She did not have a boyfriend although liked the look of a couple of the guys in her town, and was a keen skier. She had long brown hair, and kept fit, hoping to be a vet or a doctor when she left her education.

I know all this because Rhea refused to read and understand the letters she was receiving and I had to help her compose responses. Simon corresponded easily with his exchange student, but my sister was the awkward one.

For Rhea, she argued that Jacqueline should make the effort to learn English as the French "are a bit useless" and "English is the better language." It was, therefore unreasonable for her to have to write in French back to the girl and so I compose the letter and let Rhea send it. It was definitely Rhea's influence, but I did feel the need to tell her pen friend that Rhea was quite vicious and very violent, which my sister dutifully posted. (I also told Jacqueline that Rhea had a wonderful and sexy brother, but this was intercepted by Rhea and amended by her!)

Personally, I though Jacqueline sounded quite sweet, but I wouldn't get to meet her until March. I wondered what she would make of the nightclub and whether Rhea would cause too many problems in France.

Zoe was her usual smiling self and I left her to do the tables downstairs while I went to clean the private rooms – they always got used on Friday and Saturday nights, and there were a few ominous stains on the leather sofas.

There was a sense of disgust that didn't come from the arms or shoulders, but the waist, and I wiped them down, keeping my body as far away from the sofa as I could; I must have looked totally ridiculous.

By the time I did the final VIP room, this was less of an issue, and I wondered if any of the girls were offering cheeky blowjobs at the end of the night to boost their earnings for the shift. One of the little rooms was full of grime and soap scum while the carpet returned black water when I ran the carpet cleaner up and down the length of the hallway. I knew my bedroom was directly above one of the VIP rooms and looked up at the light, wondering what fun I could have with a small hole drilled in the ceiling.

Zoe thanked me as I helped her move the tables, and we tossed a coin for who was going to do the toilets. I lost, I didn't mind and wiped the female toilets down first – they were still pristine from earlier in the week, but the men's toilets needed mopping, cleaning, wiping and freshening up.

Zoe bit her lip as I returned back to the hall. "I'll do them tomorrow," she promised, and I quickly checked the tables and bar were acceptable.

"We can do them together," I replied, quite enjoying the thought of actually talking to Zoe and not going off and doing our own thing. Mum arrived as we were finishing to inspect the work. I was just going into the changing rooms, and she thanked us after I finished, returning with two thongs that had been discarded. Mum rolled her eyes. "Alice and Juggs," she said looking at them, and I flicked them into the bin before going to wash my hands and joining Mum in her car.

Rhea crossed her arms in the vehicle. "So why are you here? I mean, you could be fucking Sarah or doing whatever you do."

Rhea was immediately chastised as Mum's car pulled out of the Aylesbury side street and purred towards London. I was trying hard not to think about the last 24 hours, and I glanced over at my sister.

"Because I will miss you," I eventually said.

Rhea sneered. "Boll-looks," she cried with a derisive sneer and got told off again from Mum.

"OK, I just wanna make sure you really do get on the plane to France."

Simon turned to Rhea in the back seat. "He hasn't put a bomb in your luggage, has he?"

Rhea hummed and stared at me. "I don't think so, probably put something else in though. Maybe some weed, or something."

"So when they ask did you pack this yourself, you can say what?"

"Rhea," warned Mum. "I better not get a call from Customs to say you have been detained."

"Honestly Mum," Rhea replied with a smile. "Do you really think they would arrest me?"

I chortled, and Mum shot me a look. "Be fair, of course they won't arrest her. I mean, they barely know her."

Rhea grinned and then flicked my ear as she realised what I had said. I complained, and Rhea got told off for the third time in as many minutes. The journey to Heathrow continued in much the same vein. Rhea would take umbrage with something someone said, moan or complain, and be corrected by Mum.

I suggested to Simon that he take the opportunity to ensure that his exchange partner was on the other side of the town and Rhea grinned. "Same street," she replied. "In fact, from what Froggy says, they are going out, so should see lots of each other."

Rhea was excited, she had not been on a plane for three years when Dad took Julie, myself and my nightmare sibling to the Mediterranean, and as Mum pulled up alongside the massive terminal, Rhea called out "Becky" and pointed to a teenager standing by the entrance with a teenager.

Rhea bounced out of the car, and Simon and I had to follow behind her carrying the bags. Mum gave her a hug and then looked at the teacher, eyeing Rhea suspiciously. I almost felt sorry for her, but then remembered what my French teacher was like and decided that belligerent foreign languages teachers deserved everything Rhea could throw at them.

Mum gave the resisting Rhea a cuddle before my little sister wheeled her case into the airport in one hand, holding onto her boyfriend's hand with the other. "It's her first time away on her own," Mum muttered as she got into the car. "I hope she is all right."

I gave a grin and bit my lip. "She'll be fine," I replied. "What's 'I need to be bailed out of jail' in French?"

Mum laughed and raised her eyebrows. "Je dois être mise en liberté sous caution de prison s'il vous plaît," she said with a grin. "But then, you are the one with the French GCSE."

I grunted and looked at her. "Yeah, but I wasn't taught how to bail my ass out of jail." Mum smiled and pulled away, glancing back over to the terminal. "But the real question is, how do you know?"

Mum glanced across and pursed her lips. "I've told you before, I'm not telling you anything from when I was a teenager."