

New Secrets

chapter Five



by
JOHN O

Credits and License

Codes: MF hand oral flirt

Copyright © John D 2012

John D has asserted his right to be identified as the author of this work in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1998. This piece of work is fiction and is adult entertainment and contains material of an adult, explicit nature. If you are under the age, required to view this legally in your jurisdiction, or are easily offended by sexual explicit content or language do not continue reading. The characters in this story are fictitious, and any similarities to any persons, alive or dead, places or situations are purely coincidental. The actions described in this story are not endorsed or condoned by the author.

It should be noted that the age of consent in the UK is sixteen, and there are no graphic descriptions of any sex act containing characters younger than this age for titillation. There may be some characters under the age of sixteen in the book, but any sexual activities they may partake in, are not described in any detail, so there are no underage participants in my erotic sex scenes. It is on this basis that this work is released so that it complies with all relevant legislation. This work may not be uploaded to any website or jurisdiction which where the material contained within violates either the law of the land or the usage conditions of the site.

This work is released under the Creative Commons license Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported (CC BY-NC-ND 3.0), the full text of which can be obtained from the Creative Commons website. The story may be freely distributed providing the text remains unmodified and contains the preface and these credits attached. The story may not reproduced for commercial purposes, or for profit, without explicit permission from the author.

The front cover for this book was taken by swo81 and is released under the Creative Commons license at the following address: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/photoswo/7288978930/in/set-72157629939088446/> The photographer does not endorse this work.

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 spends a week in France before reigniting her feud with Nathan, Sarah and Abi conspire to create an adult film club and Andy has an unusual request from his girlfriend. Andy buys Donna flowers, Rhea attends a referees’ course and Zoe meets someone in the club she really didn’t expect to.

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!

John D

December 2012

Web link: <http://www.johndstories.co.uk>

Twitter: @johndstories

Email: johndstories@gmail.com

Chapter VI

“Do you hear that?” I asked Mum as I put my bowl in the sink. Mum looked up and shook her head.

“No, what?”

“Silence,” I said with a giggle. “Why can't Rhea go on an exchange ever other week?” Mum laughed and turned back to a paper in her hand. “You OK?”

Mum hummed and then smiled. “Oh yeah. It's the result of our Council inspection.”

“Oh,” I said with a concerned voice, and she gave a titter.

“It's fine. We passed. I was speaking to their inspector, and I think he wants us to get more involved with a few community projects.”

“Community projects?” I muttered, and Mum looked over at me.

“Yeah, sexual health and the like. It's a sponsorship thing. Well a bribe really. They let me run this place and give me a license, and I give them a bag of money each year in licensing. But to keep the objectors quiet they want me to sponsor a project here or there. Oiling the wheels really.”

“That's not good,” I murmured. “I mean, isn't that corruption. Can't you go to the Police?”

“They are good 'round here. I know all sorts of councils that cause merry hell, you hear some of the stories when I speak to them at the conferences. Aylesbury Vale are quite good really, so if they want me to fund a sexual health project, that isn't too much of a problem. I can write it off my tax bill anyway.”

I gave a smile. “So it is going to be in the club?” I asked, and Mum gave a wry grin in return.

“I doubt it,” she muttered with a coy grin. “Might be, it's a volunteer thing. I'll see. We could certainly host it in the club if the charity running it wants it to be.”

“Pity. I never learnt anything useful from the sex-ed classes.” Mum looked up at me.

“Yeah, my dancers taught you everything you know.” She watched me splutter in embarrassment and grin at my red cheeks before turning back to her paper. “I should be worried y'know.”

I sat down with my drink and picked up the newspaper, glancing at the headline, before looking up at her. “Why? It's just normal to have the odd relationship when you are a teenager. And I've found someone I like now, and you say we make a good couple.”

Mum smiled and looked back up at me with raised eyebrows. “I wouldn't put it like that,” she said with a grin. “But you seem happy, and you are being mature and sensible about it. I just wish you had your Dad round here as well.” I frowned at her, and she snorted. “Not like that! It's easier for me to bring up Rhea and Julie on my own, it's harder with you.”

I stared at her. “Rhea is easier to bring up than me? Yeah, thanks Mum,” I said a little aggressively and she cocked her head. “This is Rhea who was suspended last month for

beating up the rugby team captain. And Julie is slowly excommunicating herself from the family.”

“Extracting, maybe,” Mum corrected me. “If you want to use long words at least use the right ones. And I didn't mean it like that. I think a male figure in your life would be good for you.” She sighed and picked up her report. “But go on, get ready for school or you will be late.”

“College,” I told her. “If you are going to use words ... I'll go.”

I was late as I pondered what Mum had said; did she genuinely believe Rhea was easier to raise than me? I tried to rationalise it, but it such a ridiculous statement: I worked, had friends, never seriously got into trouble and just did my own thing without causing any problems. Rhea was, well Rhea: a dramatic whirlwind that caused trouble wherever she went and Mum was always moaning that Rhea was turning her hair grey.

I was still in my own dreamland when I sat down at Miss Edwards class behind Zoe and Sarah. Sarah smiled when saw me and I reached over to give her a kiss that drew a silent rebuke from my old lover at the front of the class, but I just gazed over the school and college from my vantage point next to the first floor window.

Zoe, as expected, moaned at me when I asked in the study period that directly followed Maths if we had any homework and then admitted that I had been daydreaming. “I don't want to know what about,” she said a little unkindly and I just looked at her and then Sarah.

“Not that,” I muttered. “Something Mum said which I think was a little unfair,” I replied and then sat down to look at the work that had been set.

Miss Edwards was certainly a lot lighter with her homework load than Mrs Buckingham whom she had replaced earlier in the term, and all three of us had completed the work by the time the bell went to signify our final lesson of the morning.

By the time I had day-dreamt through General Studies, Sarah dragged me off to town to get lunch with the promise of a “dinner date.” I didn't need to be Einstein to work out whom we were lunching with, and Abi was waiting for us at a small café near the park.

“Pity the park café is closed for the winter,” Sarah moaned as she sat down and rubbed her hands.

“Shall we order first,” Abi suggested and we each asked for sandwiches with various fillings before the gleeful, scheming Sarah grinned and giggled. “We've had an idea,” she started. “We think this will be so much fun.”

“What?”

“A film club.”

“A film club?” I asked at Sarah who giggled and looked at Abi.

“Well yes, look I've looked at our diaries,” Sarah said. “Thursday you finish at two, as does Zoe and Ingrid. I finish at lunchtime. So thinking go 'round to Abi's and watch a classic film.”

“A classic film?” I asked, rolling my eyes, but Abi just beamed as Sarah shifted.

“OK. A classic adult film. There are so many good films we ain't ever seen, so I was thinking, we all stick a pound or two in, we could get the video hired, and some popcorn or something.”

“And you think Zoe will want to watch this? You must be off your trolley,” I replied and Sarah rolled her eyes.

“Yeah well, she overheard me talking to Ingrid and sort of invited herself. Thought it was a great idea and even suggested The Sound of Music as a classic film.”

I groaned, but Abi just smiled. “We were thinking of Showgirls for the first night,” she said, and I just raised a smile.

“Come on, with me and Abi,” Sarah teased and I just grinned. “Oh and loads of other pretty girls.”

“I thought Showgirls was supposed to be a bit shit,” I stated, and Sarah gave a tortured expression.

“Well I want to see it.”

“It is pretty poor,” Abi told her and then me. “But it is OK to amuse an afternoon away with. Was never going to win an Oscar.”

I sighed with Sarah looking at with pleading eyes. “I'll make it worth your while,” she promised, her eyes looking at me seductively.

“Oh OK then,” I said, making it sound as though I had just been persuaded to do something I didn't want to do, when all I had agreed to was to spend the afternoon watching soft pornography which a bunch of horny and sexy women. Sarah beamed.

“Excellent, and lover boy,” she cooed, running her hands down my chest. “No changing your mind.”

That wasn't likely!

* * * * *

I always enjoyed Tuesdays, it was my busiest day with four lessons and then I got to clean the club. Going to work wouldn't be most people's idea of fun, but I normally arrived at around quarter past two and was just finishing as the first of the girls were arriving.

While I was spoken for, I still found the seductiveness of the dancers somewhat alluring and quite enjoyed the snatched conversation I got before going to watch Sarah and her football training.

I found some of the dancers a little brash or over-the-top with their lewd behaviour but had a pleasant conversation with Adriana and Belle. I recognised the brunette Adriana despite her being relatively new at the club, but I couldn't place her; I suspected she was a friend or acquaintance of Julie.

I liked the way Adriana, and Belle behaved around me as they treated me as an equal: I was sixteen, and certainly ruled by hormones, but they greeted me and spoke about everyday things around me – their car, the weather, their shoes hurting or the television soap they recorded. I was never patronised or spoken down to, and they rarely teased me,

I felt like an adult.

I had to run to the football pitches as I was running almost half-an-hour late, and came to a skidding halt by the side of the wet pitches, surveying the girls running around to find the dirty blonde hair of Sarah.

As I walked down the line of spectators, I wasn't totally aware of where I was going and almost tripped over someone with an outstretched leg. I looked down to see a familiar face and groaned. I suppose it had to happen eventually as Donna and I couldn't avoid each other for ever and she glared in my direction as if I had done it on purpose. "Oi," she snarled and then as her eyes focused. "Oh, it's you."

"What the fuck are you doing here?" I asked instinctively, and Donna groaned and looked at me with fierce eyes. I suspected she was there to watch Sarah, but my girlfriend hadn't mentioned it and I did wonder why she had travelled all the way from Stoke Mandeville.

"Because my sister is playing," she replied haughtily. "Not that it is any of your business." I looked over to the pitch and saw the frame of Lena struggle to bring the ball under control before lofting a pass towards no-one in particular.

I snorted, and Donna's eyes narrowed. "Just asked," I muttered and sighed. She was being moody and rude to me again, and I stood next to her because it was closest to where Sarah was deftly controlling the ball and hitting passes back across the field.

"Do you have to be so close to me?" Donna asked as she turned to look at me. "Can't you go somewhere else?"

I glanced over at her, before looking away back to Sarah miscontrolling a wayward pass and watching it roll away from her. "Fuck off, I'm not in the mood for your moodiness," I told her angrily and heard a huff from the side of me.

"So rude," she muttered, and I sighed loudly.

"Yeah, I am fucking rude, get used to it," I snapped, and a few parents looked at Donna and I. A big breasted, large African lady turned to face us and looked at her daughter.

"Donna, is he bothering you?" She asked in her ethnic drawl. I took a deep breath; I had done little wrong, and here was her mother asking if I was bothering Donna, when it was clear if she been listening that Donna was bothering me! I wanted nothing to do with the wretched girl.

"Errr," I called to get her attention feeling Rhea's influence surge through my veins. "No I'm not. Your daughter is bothering me actually. Now can both of you please shut the fuck up, leave me alone and watch the football."

The woman turned to look at me, her finger outstretched and in my face. "You not use that language to me, or Donna, you hear me?"

I pushed her finger away and stared at her angrily. "Leave me alone," I said slowly and Donna glared. "And I don't know what it has to do with you."

"He's so rude Mum, he is nasty and ..."

Donna trailed off as I snarled at them both, swore at them and relocated five metres up the field, feeling the heat of the stares from Donna and her mother.

I was honest with Sarah as we walked back and told her what had happened; she wasn't impressed, but she knew how aggressive Donna could be and that she didn't like me, and I removed any annoyance of my behaviour with a kiss on the lips and the promise of pizza when we got home. "Still need to sort her out unless you don't want sex," she reminded me and I groaned.

"You mean, you were serious?"

"Of course."

Sarah, not normally in agreement with anything Rhea had ever said, had decided to apply the "girlfriend tax" to the pepperoni on my pizza with the promise that I could get a "tax return" that night.

Sarah was keen to try "doggy" with me, she had obtained a Kama Sutra book from somewhere and had circled the many positions she hadn't tried with me, which was most of them. It all seemed mostly variations of a theme, but Sarah looked at me coyly and grinned. "It'll be fun," she promised and who was I to argue, happily skipping the outstanding homework to drag Sarah up to my bedroom into a 69 position.

The soft lips of Sarah danced over my cock as I kissed and caressed her moist folds before she knelt forwards on the bed and guided my dick into her lubricated pussy. She groaned appreciatively as I rocked back and forth, crying out loudly and passionately with every thrust.

It was not a new position for me; Abi and I had done "doggy", but I told Sarah to put her head on the pillow as I thrust into her and she gasped every time I rammed my manhood into her.

She certainly felt a lot tighter than she usually did, and my cock was getting a lot of friction as it slid into my teenage girlfriend, but she was gasping and grunting with every thrust.

She started cursing and whimpered. I felt myself nearing the point of no return and gripped her hips to ram her body back onto my cock. Her hair was a mess as we increased our pace and her whimpering became mewing and squealing.

"Andy," she cried, panting and I gulped.

"I'm gonna ..." I started and squeezed my buttocks. I felt the stream of semen leave my cock and splatter against her insides. I mewed and grunted as wave after wave of cum was injected into her, and we slowed down.

After I unloaded into her, she lay on the bed panting with the odd groan. "You like that position then?" I asked with a smile and Sarah groaned.

"Yeah, we can do doggy again," she told me and got up to clean up.

* * * * *

Sarah and I had snatched fumbleings in the morning, but after a couple of normal, uneventful days in which we went bowling and then had a kick around in the park, we had the grand opening of The Film Club. I had decided it would be unfair to let Zoe watch it, and we tried to sneak away, but unfortunately, our conservative friend had overheard us talking and followed Sarah and I out of the college gates.

She groaned when she found out that we were watching Showgirls and suggested a couple of more "suitable" films, but she was outvoted by Sarah, Abi and myself.

"It's not that bad," I told her. "It's very tame really." Zoe, despite her vocal mutterings of annoyance still stayed as she said she would be bored and made herself comfortable while Sarah was in front of me, resting her back on my chest and wrapping my arms around her.

I think secretly she may have had some curiosity as to the nature of the film and looked forward to watching it but remembered her reaction in the Summer; Zoe was confused and watching a semi-pornographic film would not help matters.

Abi teased us when the dancer stripped and ground herself into the lap of a male patron suggesting that Sarah does that to me, and Zoe was surprisingly quiet. I saw her look across a few times and watch as I kissed Sarah's neck or played with her nipples through her thin blouse and bra in the darkness.

Sarah ground her hips against my pelvis and laid back as much as she could, before stroking my thighs and then touching my crotch. We didn't want to be open about our fumbblings, and Abi had turned off the light, but I could see shapes and movement from the glare of the screen reflecting in the room and suspected that neither Zoe nor Abi would want to see Sarah, and I get too amorous.

Showgirls wasn't particularly erotic or arousing, but it was an enjoyable film and as the film finished Abi stopped the video and turned on the light I saw Zoe's cheeks were certainly flushed.

"Do you two want a room?" Abi teased as she watched my hands dart over Sarah's body. "You've been fondling each other since the film started. You can have mine if you really need to do something."

We both stuttered and Zoe snorted. "You two are so immoral," she exclaimed. "Touching each other over a porno."

Abi smiled. "That wasn't a porno."

Sarah nodded. "Yeah, I am a bit disappointed with it, I thought you'd see more."

"See more?" Zoe exclaimed and grunted. "You saw all of them. All the umm, the wobbly bits."

We laughed at Zoe who just shook her head. "Yeah, it's the wobbly bits that are the most fun," I joked, moving Sarah's chest with my hands and Zoe crossed her arms. Abi stretched and yawned.

"Working tonight?"

"Yeah, they've ummm ... it's wet T-Shirt night and it's good fun!"

"Shall we go then?" I asked Sarah and looked at my watch. "It's nearly four thirty. If we hurry ..."

Sarah giggled. "Yeah I know. Before your Mum gets home."

Zoe tutted. "She is so going to get pregnant," Zoe moaned to Abi, who looked at Sarah.

“You OK for protection?”

Sarah scowled at both of them and pulled my arms tighter around her. “We are fine. Or I am fine. OK?”

“If she gets pregnant, I expect you to stand by her,” Zoe told me in a firm voice.

“I am not going to get pregnant,” Sarah snapped. “People are always saying that. “We don't have that much sex, do we?”

“Not nearly enough,” Abi teased as we left her house. Zoe scowled at us slightly as we kissed and then held hands, but we conversed with our friend about all manner of things. I could tell Zoe was uneasy at the obvious fondling Sarah was doing, but I had no objection to her wandering hands! Sarah had an unquenchable lust, and while sometimes it irritated me, I was also getting more sex than anyone else I knew and had no reason to want to give that up.

Zoe waved goodbye to us as we got to the top of my road and Sarah almost dragged me along it until we got to the lounge. “Where are you going?” Rhea moaned as Sarah pulled me past my sister en route to the bedroom.

Sarah pushed me towards the stairs and looked at my sister. “Ya know where we are going?” Rhea groaned and made a snide comment only for Sarah to rub her hands. “OK, Rhea. If it is unacceptable for Grace's kids to have a sex life, we won't. But then we shall also come clean to her 'bout Lancaster.” Rhea swore, but Sarah giggled and dragged me into my bedroom.

“Happy?”

“Very,” Sarah cried and frantically undid her buttons to her blouse. “We only got half 'n hour,” she moaned and gulped. “God that film was hot and crap.”

“Really?” I asked. “I didn't think it was too hot.”

“What is this?” Sarah moaned. “A film review? Come on.” Her tumbling brown locks surrounded her face and she pushed them back, her genuine smile creeping through. She tugged at my clothes with her long fingers and cocked her hair to one side.

“I can do it,” I warmly chastised her and looked at her underwear-clad body. “You're hardly naked too.”

“Yeah, but ...” Sarah moaned and I grabbed her by the top of her arm, throwing her face-first onto the bed, and unclipping her red bra one-handed as she lay on the duvet. Sarah giggled as she threw her underwear onto the pile of clothes that were neatly folded on my chair.

I kicked my trousers and boxer shorts across the room, so they hit my wardrobe door and congregated three feet away from my shirt and socks. Sarah giggled and pulled me onto the bed, wrapping her tongue around mine and kissing me on the bed. I drew the curtains with my hand and then wrapped it back around her.

It felt incredible, Sarah's lips were soft and luscious, and I ground my hips up against the girl who was caressing my back, and she moved her head to one side. I nibbled at her earlobe and fidgeted, turning her in the bed so that my chest was against her back.

She ground her body against mine, and I reached around her flanks to cup her right breast while she moved her head up to allow me to slide my hand underneath her neck to fondle her other orb.

This position gave me access to her neck which I gleefully kissed and gently sucked, causing her to purr in satisfaction. She reached around and touched my erect member, and I sighed as she ran her fingernails along the shaft. Little sparks of enjoyment danced along my loins, and I gently nibbled at her earlobe.

She began to rock her hips, pushing against my erection and she wiggled herself, gasping and sighing as I pushed her body into mine and my cock nestled in the crack of her rear. I could feel her breathing becoming more ragged as my fingers danced over her nipples and she put her hand on my thigh. I moved my hand from her breast and began pawing at her chest, her mons and then slid a finger into her crevice.

Her sigh went to an expectant moan, and the smell of sex already hung in the air. Sarah parted her legs to allow me to better access to her genitals and I located her clitoral hood, pressing gently against it.

She gave nasal hums and started to pant, her body becoming flushed, and her runway damp with her excitement. I felt her body start to buck as I pressed down on it, making circles against her button which she clearly enjoyed.

She reached around for my cock and began pumping, turning so that she was lain on the bed, rather than me spooning her and my cock pointed at the ceiling. She smiled and began pumping it, her hand enveloping the shaft and her thumb rubbing the sensitive glans at the top.

It felt heavenly – Sarah did know how to look after horny young men – and I increased my rubbing of her little pearl. Our arms rubbed against one another, and she looked at me with a lustful glance. Her face was a mixture of concentration and excitement as I felt myself nearing the point of no return.

Sarah was pumping hard with strong, powerful strokes while her thumb was rubbing circles in my pre-cum over the glans. I wanted to fuck my girlfriend, and so I stopped her and pulled her left leg up. She moaned at me that it “hurt” but she was lain on the bed and I slid over the top of her.

My cock nestled against her ass crack and towards her pussy and she had to help in. I had wanted “doggy” but instead my cock found its way into her as she lay face-first on the bed. It felt tight and warm, her maidenhood gently sucking my cock as it slid between her thighs and into my girlfriend.

She gasped and groaned. “You OK?” I asked instinctively, and she bit her lip.

“Yeah,” she panted. “It’s ... well it’s different.”

It did feel different for me; it was different sensations and I was conscious of squashing her, but she wasn’t looking uncomfortable. Instead, she kept her legs together as my knees were either side of my lover and pounded into her pussy.

She gasped and groaned, cried and moaned, but I was nearing my point of no return extraordinarily quickly; Sarah had played with me to get me excited beforehand, but the position was so tight and so luscious that there was no way I could have resisted coming

quickly.

I unloaded into her, and relished the aftershocks as our bodies came down from the sexual highs. "I want you to promise me something," my naked lover asked as she cleaned herself up. "It's not much."

"Sure," I muttered and smiled at her, gently cupping her breasts in my hand and licking my lips.

"I want you to not have a wank until Christmas."

"You what?" I asked, blushing. "Christmas?"

Sarah sighed and looked pleadingly at me. "It's ... I like the sex and I like the intimacy. I don't want you playing with yourself and using up all the sexual goodness." I spluttered in laughter, and Sarah smiled. "I mean it. I think it will be cool if the only times we come is with each other." She smiled sweetly at me, and I grunted in acknowledgement. "Is that a yes?"

"Do I have to?"

"Yes," Sarah told me with a grin. "And I promise not to use Eric." I chortled at her as she blew a kiss at me.

Sarah was collected from our flat by her mother a few minutes later, just as Sarah was still getting dressed, and we were nearly caught. In practice, I am sure Angela knew what we were doing, and I kissed Sarah passionately before she got into the car in Exchange Close, saying hello to Ikenna as I trooped back up the fire escape.

The more I thought about, the more I was certain that she knew but said nothing. But then, I also knew she was a swinger and had not divulged this to Sarah!

* * * * *

I kept my end of the bargain and even though I was horny on Thursday evening and Friday morning did not relent; it was not usual for me to be so desperate to masturbate, but now that I was thinking about it, it was hard to put it from my mind.

I didn't have a class in the first period and was idly touching my cock as I lay in bed half-asleep but stopped myself before I did anything; this meant I was extremely aroused, horny and desperately wanted my girlfriend in the room.

All I could think about was Sarah and her infectious smile and almost jumped on her the moment I saw her approach the Common Room. Ingrid was a little annoyed that I had abandoned the conversation I was having with her so abruptly, but Rosie took my place, and I took Sarah outside and into a little foyer that was empty.

I put my arms around her, and she grinned as I tried to kiss her. "Horny?"

"Very," I admitted and she shook her unkempt hair back. "I'm thinking of you this morning."

"Great," Sarah replied and traced her finger down my face before blowing me a kiss.

"Sarah," I called out as she turned to leave. "Can't we ... you know?"

“No,” she said seductively. “And if this is what you are like after a mere twelve or so hours ...”

“I’ve been thinking about it,” I snapped. “You’ve made me think about it by telling me not to do it.”

“And ...? Maybe later.”

“But we got ten minutes,” I pleaded, and Sarah’s grin turned to a scowl. She walked back to me and tapped me on the nose.

“No trying to coerce me,” I was told. “Kev did that, and I don’t like it.”

“Sorry,” I mumbled, crossing my legs slightly. My young lady cackled and disappeared into the main common room. She did her best to tease me during the ten minutes we had before class, sliding her hand up and down my thigh and then openly felt up my crotch. Zoe scowled when she saw.

“Can’t you ...” She started and shook her head. “I don’t know why I ask.”

“Actually,” I told her with a smile. “Sarah was in my bedroom last night, and naked, and she kept her legs together,” I told her, and Zoe just rolled her eyes.

“Why do you tell me this?” Zoe asked, as the bell went. “Do you think I need a running commentary of your life?” I didn’t get a chance to answer, as I had to go to Physics – without the teasing Sarah.

I saw her again in my next lesson, and just as Maths was going to start, she sat down next to me, pressed her seat into mine and put something in my hand. “I don’t need it,” she whispered, and I unfurled her underwear underneath the desk. She winked at me, and I had trouble concentrating on Miss Edwards as Sarah’s hands moved everywhere out of sight of my ex-lover.

Zoe never once moaned at us, we were being discreet although Sarah knew exactly what she was doing. I wondered if I truly knew what I had taken on with her, and suspected I could disappear off to the toilet and knock out a crafty one without her knowing.

Sarah doodled over a scrap piece of paper and drew naked men and women copulating while subtly making rude gestures and by lunchtime was eating an ice lolly with large long licks that was clearly designed to arouse – the raspberry pink lolly going in and out of her lips seductively. “What?” Sarah asked as I groaned.

“So this is the idea?” I asked. “You get me to refrain from self-pleasure and then withhold sex and then tease.”

Sarah whispered in my ear. “I haven’t withheld sex,” I replied. “You just haven’t asked properly.”

“Well how do I ask?”

Sarah giggled. “You know how to ask,” she replied with a giggle and looked at me.

“OK. Sarah, can we have a quickie?”

Sarah hummed and shook her head. “No.” I threw up my hands in despair, and she

grinned. "Ask properly. Make it so that I cannot say 'no.'"

"OK Sarah please can I go down on you and finish with doggy?" I asked and heard a grunt from behind me. Zoe and Ingrid stood behind me, and they had their arms folded as Sarah burst into laughter.

"What do you think girls?"

"Not in school," Zoe snapped. "And no, can't you ..."

"If he promises you a good time," Ingrid interrupted, and Sarah blew me a kiss.

"OK, come on then," she told me and grabbed my hand, pulling me towards the door to the common room and looking behind her shoulder at me. "Well if you want to shoot your little ..." She trailed off into giggles as Zoe and Ingrid watched us, but I didn't care. Sarah had teased me and had put me on edge all morning, and I needed to get intimate with her.

I did not understand how she did it; it was only fourteen or so hours, but her playfulness had increased the desire in my trousers to unbearable levels. I almost marched her back to our empty flat, and Sarah went past my bedroom door, causing me to groan. "I need a wee," she told me. "Unless you want me to pee all over you."

"Go on then, but be quick," I demanded of her and watched as she wiggled her hips towards the bathroom. Sarah returned a few moments later, naked, and put her clothes on my chair. I didn't wait for to get settled and kissed her, my hands caressing all over her body as I kissed her neck.

"Andy," she called out but I was kissing her bust, sliding down her body and pushing her up against my cold wall. "Andy, aren't you forgetting something?"

My gazed met hers over her bare mound, and she giggled. "What?"

"You are still dressed," she moaned but I just ignored her, and my lips touched the top of her crevice. I pushed her legs apart, but she resisted. "When you are naked!"

I groaned but threw off my T-Shirt and clothes as quickly as I could and returned to her neat mound. She was giggling and laughing at my predicament, and I was clearly desperate, but I just wanted to taste her sweet juices and pound my cock into her. I wanted Sarah.

Sarah allowed me to part her legs and pushed her hips forward as my tongue made contact with her little pearl. It was not overly moist or wet, and I wrapped my arms around her waist as I knelt up to orally pleasure my lover.

It was not the most comfortable position, but I didn't care and slid my tongue around her crack until she started groaning and then returned to her pearl. I felt our juices rolling down my face and the musky scent hanging in the air, lingering on the nose like a fine wine.

She held the back of my head as my tongue swirled around her button and she gasped and groaned, pushing her back against the wall and her hips towards my tongue. She gulped, cried out and I felt her legs shake around my ears. I gently rolled my tongue around her clit as she climaxed, crying out as did and then closed her eyes. She pushed my forehead and I sat back down, looking up at her like an obedient puppy. "You want me now?" I smiled at her mischievous look and nodded. She giggled and then turned around. "Then kiss my butt!"

"What?" I asked and remembered Abi's love of all things anal, but Sarah just cackled.

"You want to do me, then kiss me." She pushed her rear out towards my face, and I gently parted her cheeks. It felt weird, but was in practice no different to what I had experimented with Abi and very briefly with Sarah. I squirmed and put my face into the rear of my lover, and my tongue made contact with her anus, causing her to squeal. "Not there," she whimpered but my hand came around to touch her on her clitoris and I kissed her buttock, flicking it gently. "Oooohhh," she cried. "That's quite nice."

I didn't get to do much more, despite knowing that if Sarah was Abi she wouldn't have let me stop. For Sarah, it wasn't as she remembered and pushed me away after twenty seconds or so. She pulled me by the hand and led me to my bed and then pulled me on top of her.

My erect cock slid into my horny girlfriend with ease, and I gave a satisfied grunt as I pushed deep into her. Sarah's eyes widened as I jack-hammered into her, slamming my body into hers as hard and as forceful as I could manage; I needed a release and our bodies made a satisfying slapping motion.

This was as rough as I had ever been with Abi and Sarah was squealing and crying; she clearly enjoyed the passionate, lustful abandon I was showing, but it was her fault.

In no time, I found myself at the point of no return and ejaculated deep inside Sarah who beamed at me. We kissed passionately, and she reached for some tissues. "Can you manage a weekend without me?" She asked with a smirk and ran her hands over me. "Or will I need to come around?"

"I can manage if you don't tease," I replied. "But I think for fairness I should confiscate Eric." Sarah's eyes widened, and she shook her head.

"No. Not a chance." We laughed, and I hugged her. "He is my most important possession ... but I have taken the batteries out ... as promised!" Sarah rang Zoe from my mobile as we got dressed and giggled down the phone. "Yeah, we've finished ... Yeah I know it wasn't long, we were both in the mood ... well don't ask such silly questions then if you don't want to know ... bowling?" Sarah looked at me and grunted. "Yeah we'll be there ... of course I don't need to ask, he's just got his end away, he needs to do what I tell him." Sarah cackled and looked at me again. "Bowling in fifteen minutes," she told me and watched as I put the T-Shirt over my head.

"OK, but Zoe and I have the team meeting afterwards," I warned her and after beating everyone at bowling, my blonde colleague and I wandered back to the club.

"Be careful," Zoe warned me as we went to enter the club. "I don't think either of you want little Andys or Sarahs," she told me, and I sighed.

"Sarah is on the pill," I replied instantly, and Zoe's eyebrows shot up.

"Yeah, and she only needs to miss one." She gave a sigh and looked at me. "I know what you two are like, and you know I don't approve, but you two are my best friends so I can accept it. But I don't want you two to get pregnant!"

I smiled. For the first time, Zoe was talking about Sarah and I having sex, and there wasn't a lecture attached. "Sure," I told her. "We are careful."

"Of course, you could practice abstinence," Zoe started, and I groaned; I knew it was too

good to last.

* * * * *

Rhea took the drink of lemonade from me and kicked her legs underneath the table. Mum had dropped Rhea off at home after collecting her from the airport before going on to see Ikenna: his wife had had an accident and Mum was concerned. Bored by the flat, she came down to pilfer a drink while I finished off cleaning the club, and she peered onto the stage.

“So how was France?”

“Bloody awful,” Rhea replied as she climbed up onto the raised platform. “All my exchange student did was speak French, and want to hold hands with 'Phil-leep.' She is infatuated with him, like a dog on heat. Much like you with, well, any of them, really.”

“Yes ... Thank you Rhea,” I muttered. “So her speaking French isn't unexpected, you were in France.”

“Yes I know that. But her English is awful. She needs to work on it, so what better than to speak to me. In English. But all she did was to give me a hundred different ways of saying she loves Philip. In French. I mean, do I look like someone who can speak French?”

I chose not to answer her rather pointless question and just nodded and smiled at her expectant face. “So you and Simon?”

“No fucking privacy. Really did my head in. We got a few minutes here and there, but nothing to really do anything. Apart from once.” I saw a twinkle in her eye, and she grinned. “But very hard to have sex in the snow,” she muttered. “It gets everywhere. Bloody cold.”

I gave a titter and Rhea's eyes narrowed slightly. “Well I think you are too young anyway.”

“Ah ha, actually no. The age of consent in France is fifteen. So we didn't break any laws whatsoever,” Rhea said triumphantly. “I was perfectly well behaved.” Rhea looked at herself and shook her head. “Actually, I don't know how that could have happened,” she told me with mock seriousness, and I couldn't help but laugh at my sister as she jumped down onto the carpet and came and sat by the bar which I was cleaning.

“So sex in the snow, not recommended then?”

Rhea laughed. “Hell no. I got a numb arse, and it was so cold he could barely get it up. Why is the male dick so weak?” I muttered a rebuttal, but Rhea just stretched and looked straight at me. “It's the first part of the body to shrink when you're cold, when you're frightened, when you're anywhere but in a warm, safe room. That's fucking cowardice, bro.” I sighed, and Rhea grinned. “And to think you call it a manhood, do you really want that to define masculinity?”

I sighed at her and threw her a cloth. “Wipe the bar, you've spilt lemonade,” I told her and watched as she mopped up the remnants from her glass. “So what exactly did you do?”

“Very little, both her parents are rampant Christians, so her thought of me being alone with a ...” Rhea gave a theatrical gasp as if to underline her point before continuing, “a boyfriend was quite alien. I tried to explain about blow jobs, but I think it got lost in translation.” I looked over at her with raised eyebrows and she just shrugged. “And did you

know that French chemistry labs have no exciting chemicals, not even in the easy-picked locked cabinets? I mean, I was looking for even a touch of magnesium for the Bunsen, but there was fuck all. I had to make do with burning her pencil which was just a bit dull really. And the English lessons, what bollocks! I had to explain to the English teacher that 'Hello, how are you today? It is a fine morning isn't it,' is not how English people talk."

"What did you say?"

"Well I think the very popular, 'Hi, the weather's shit,' is an improvement."

"Or just 'Hi'?"

"Don't be silly. I also had to explain in history that for some reason when the British conquered the French we had let them keep their language, but they didn't understand."

"They didn't?" I asked caustically. "You do surprise me."

"Yeah ... Les Britanniques ont toujours merveilleux conquis a la Francais avec une parfaite aisance. Les Francais sont des lâches et autant l'utiliser comme un ..."

"Rhea!" I barked, and she just giggled.

"French history teachers have no sense of humour. Much like the English ones." Rhea downed the last of lemonade and put it on the counter, "same again," she barked and then hummed. "Actually I'll have a beer."

"No you won't," I told her and poured her another lemonade without thinking which she begrudgingly accepted after complaining that she had not drunk anything all week.

"Oh I had some fun in Art. Maths was dull, but get this, they finish school at two thirty. That was pretty awesome." I sighed and put the last of the cloths away and nodded towards the door.

"I've finished now," I told her with a smile. "We can go back to the flat."

"Oh, I've got something to do," she muttered, and before I could ask what she was planning to do, she had jumped down from her chair and left the club.

It was unfortunate that neither Sarah or Zoe was around and so I had to contend myself with watching television; I wanted to go and see my girlfriend or at least speak to her on the phone, but her family were visiting her grandfather in Great Missenden and all I had to amuse myself with was some text messages.

Rhea arrived a little later as I was getting bored of the games console and she shook her head when I asked her if she wanted a game. "No, where are all your girls?"

"Out," I replied, barely caring about her jibe.

"Ahh, and they left you. It's the age you see."

I scowled at her, taking my eyes off the screen so that my car crashed into the wall and tutted. "I am sixteen. I am not too old."

Rhea smirked. "Oh, and if Mum asks I was here all evening."

"Mum has been in and gone out," I lied and Rhea's face dropped.

“Oh shit. She said she was out all evening at Ikenna's, and I was to get a ready meal out of the freezer.” Her eyes showed an annoyed and frustrated look, and she looked into the dining room and then back again. “I mean, don't you hate it when parents are unreliable. What's the point in her saying she will be out all evening if she isn't? It's really gonna fuck with my alibi if the parent gets useless.”

I smiled at her and then pursed my lips together. “So, what have you been up to?”

“Oh nothing,” Rhea replied airily, blatantly lying and then glanced at me. “Honestly nothing too bad. I just don't want to be guilty by association.”

“Or guilty by action?” I enquired with raised eyebrows. Rhea's demeanour didn't change, and she just huffed. “It's OK. Mum hasn't been home, but I am not going to lie to her to save your sorry ass.”

Rhea's scowl deepened, and she strode off to warm up a Chicken Curry before returning to the lounge. This normally would not have been allowed; Mum never let us eat dinners away from the dining table but with parental discipline not able to be enforced Rhea sat down with me on the sofa.

“So what have you been up to? Is this Simon?”

Rhea shook her head and shovelled in a forkful of rice and then looked at me. “It's not Simon. Simon and I are fine. Better than fine actually, it is good.” I hummed, and she just smiled at me with a toothy grin. “He likes me, and I like him. It's all good.”

“He's a nice lad. I still don't put you two together.”

“Ahh well, that's because you just see the likes of Sarah as a good girlfriend, so you have no idea about relationships.”

I sighed. “Will you leave her alone.”

“No,” Rhea replied dramatically, spitting a few pieces of Pilau Rice onto the carpet. “Absolutely not, she is a rampant prick-tease, and I really don't like her.”

“I accept your boyfriend, I don't cause you any problems,” I replied, a little aggrieved at Rhea's hostility towards my girlfriend. “I don't give you any grief.”

“You daren't,” Rhea said with a smirk and then shrugged. “And I haven't caused you any problems. I don't like her, but I am letting you work out for yourself that she is a nasty little bitch.”

“Rhea!” Rhea scowled at me and returned to her curry. “If you are going to be rude, then ...”

“Then you'll what?”

“I'll tell Mum you've been out all evening.” Rhea snorted and then stared at me, waving her madras-covered fork in my direction.

“You wouldn't dare,” Rhea replied with a derisive look and smiling, licked her lips. It would be wrong to say that I rarely spoke to Rhea as we spent most of the time bickering or squabbling, but I didn't often speak to Rhea as an adult; that evening was one of the first occasions when I did. We chatted for over two hours – Rhea told me about her and Simon,

how he made her happy and what he meant to her. I told her the same about Sarah although I could tell she didn't want to believe me, and we chatted about Julie and Dad. In all, it was an enjoyable conversation until I went upstairs at half-past ten to read my book.

* * * * *

I was never surprised to see Simon at our door, but he looked slightly preoccupied as he muttered towards me, striding up the stairs to "see Rhea" the following morning.

"Rhea," he called as he reached the lounge and looked at my sister, half-naked on the sofa and watching television. "Did you go to see Nathan last night?"

Rhea turned and peered into the dining room, Mum had gone to see Ikenna and his wife in Hospital, before looking at me coming up the stairs. "Haven't you got somewhere to be?"

I shook my head. "No."

Rhea scowled. "I think you do."

"I don't," I replied. "So you went to see Nathan last night?"

Rhea spluttered and then looked at Simon, shaking her head. "Why would I want to go and see that little cunt?"

Simon puffed dramatically. "Answer the question, Rhea."

"OK. I did not see Nathan at all yesterday."

Simon rubbed his nose and looked at my sister. "Something tells me that I shouldn't believe you."

Rhea gasped and got up to face her boyfriend. "Can you please leave me alone, I want to commit murder," she asked me, and Simon pushed her back down onto the couch. "And then I'll bury his fucking body on the railway line and ... OK I will tell you again. I did not see Nathan last night, OK?" I sighed and went to leave; Rhea could have her argument with Simon on her own.

"You tried to commit attempted murder last night, didn't you?"

I stopped getting up from the sofa and looked at my sister. "Rhea?"

Rhea flounced and threw her arms down to her sides. "Can't you be more discreet? And no I did not try to commit attempted murder." There was a pause as Rhea looked at him. "I may have tried to commit murder, or committed attempted murder but not tried to commit attempted murder. That just doesn't make sense."

"Rhea, what the fuck did you do?" I asked her aggressively. I was worried and slightly annoyed, Rhea had been up to something, and this was rarely a good thing. I thought I might have been covering for her to have been out to the pub or the cinema to watch an eighteen-rated film, not to attempt to kill someone!

There was silence until Simon spoke. "Nathan and his family had their bonfire night last night, only when they lit it there was quite a shock. Rhea had poured on explosives or something."

Rhea grunted. "No, I didn't. Where the hell do you think I would get explosives from?" She scowled at him and looked at me. "It's bloody slander that is ... explosives, honestly! Did you hear that?"

"Well what did you do?"

"Explosives! Pah. Chance'll be a fine thing."

"Rhea, what did you do?"

Rhea puffed. "If you must know it was 30 litres of petrol."

"Where the fuck did you get thirty litres of petrol from?"

"Their car of course." I groaned, and Rhea rolled her eyes. "Don't tell me, you don't know how to syphon petrol off a motor?"

I grunted. "No Rhea, why? Is this still your petty grudge from the last term?"

Rhea turned to Simon and raised her eyebrows, "you know why I did it." Simon shook his head, and Rhea's eyes widened.

"It was nothing," Simon told her meekly.

"Oh, really?"

"Rhea? What is going on?" I asked. Rhea shook her head, and I took a deep breath. "Mum will be home in fifteen minutes, she was only dropping off flowers and a Get Well Soon card."

Rhea rubbed her hands together. "Right, well that guy there was beaten up by Nathan in France and stripped naked in the snow. Now he thought I wouldn't know, but I happened to talk to Philip to deliver a love letter from the fuckwit I was staying with, who wanted it delivered anonymously. And he speaks good English, so he told me."

I let out a deep breath and rubbed my eyes. "So you did what?"

"I umm, I visited his house, there was no-one in and their garage unlocked, so I syphoned the petrol into a massive bucket they had and tipped it over their bonfire, and I sort of hid all the fireworks inside."

"Oh my God," I cried and stared at my unrepentant sister. "You could have killed someone."

Rhea screwed up her face. "I don't think I am that lucky," she said with a solemn tone, and I couldn't quite tell if she was being serious or not.

"Right, shall we tell Mum when she gets home?"

"Andy," Rhea said, her smug expression disappearing. "Please don't tell Mum. You know she hates it when she thinks I've been up to something."

"You have been up to something!"

"It's the same thing," Rhea muttered.

I looked at Simon. "What happened?"

Simon glanced at Rhea who was glaring at him and then at me. "Well apparently the bonfire went up, and everyone pegged it inside, and before the fire brigade could get there, the entire bonfire exploded."

"Ahh that's the fireworks," Rhea added, quite unnecessarily.

"Right, and well a piece of wood got blown from the bonfire and cracked their patio windows. Nathan was telling everyone on his street, and Laurence rang me to tell me. I knew it had to be Rhea, and I think he does too."

Rhea looked at me. "See, no-one hurt. Please don't tell Mum, Andy."

I sighed, I was no grass and didn't want to upset my little sister, but what she did was foolish and dangerous. "When is your petty dispute going to end, Rhea? Is Nathan now going to try and set fire to you or Simon and are you going to retaliate by stabbing him? It has to stop."

"It will," Rhea replied, her eyes pleading with me. "It will, I don't care if he has a problem with me and taking it out on me, but not on Simon. And you know he has been spreading rumours about Becky because she is my friend. So please, don't tell Mum, she'll only get stressed at me."

"OK I won't," I promised but regretted it almost immediately. "If there was no-one injured, but I won't lie to anyone to cover your ass. You could be going to jail for what you did."

Rhea turned to Simon with a snarl. "And you. What did I tell you about lying to me?"

"I didn't," Simon replied instantly, shocked and Rhea got up pushing him against the wall.

"I asked you were you OK when we got to the airport, and you didn't mention Nathan and his punching." Simon pulled a contorted face and spluttered as Rhea pushed his shoulder. "In future, if he does anything, you tell me."

"And watch you do this?" Simon said, and Rhea waved her finger in his face. "This is why I didn't tell you. I don't want you to get into trouble Rhea."

"No. I wouldn't have done 'this' if you had been honest," Rhea told him and then looked at me. "I might be a bit of a witch, but I am not unreasonable, am I?"

Simon and I looked at each other, and I was quite glad to let him answer that one. Instead I took a look at them and disappeared downstairs to clean the club; I needed to do my work and I needed to talk to Zoe.

Zoe and I arranged to do the club after Zoe had been to church, but it was an hour until she was due and I just started work on it. She moaned when she arrived as I had "started without her," but I sat her down and apologised before explaining about Rhea.

Zoe was shocked more than surprised, clamping her hand to her mouth as I explained what Simon had told us earlier and she shook her head. "You need to tell Grace. And you need to do something," Zoe told me. "She will kill someone doing irresponsible things like that."

"You don't think I don't know," I snapped and immediately apologised for barking at her. "I

know, but it's Rhea. She'll just ..."

"Just what? Well you've had my opinion, it's up to you. But I shall tell Simon he needs to be careful."

"Well I tried to tell him that at the dinner party and I got shouted down."

"No, what happens when Rhea and him have an argument. Is she going to come 'round with a flame-thrower looking for revenge?" I shook my head, and Zoe glared at me. "You need to be responsible now. You need to make sure Rhea knows that she can't do things like that and get away with it."

In many ways, I already knew this. I had to stop Rhea being Rhea which was no easy task. I made a mental note to talk to her, but was interrupted by Mum coming up to me, and not noticing Zoe behind the counter spoke to me as I cleaned the tables. "Andy," she asked solemnly. "Is there anything you wish to tell me about your date with Vanessa a few months ago?"

I gulped and shook my head. "Do you think there is?" I asked with my heart pounding and she stared into my face, looking for any sign of weakness.

"Answer the question," Mum said in a determined, low voice and scratched the side of her head.

"But ..."

"Answer the question, you know what I want to know."

I gulped. "No," I said, my hands shaking and she glared at me. "No, there isn't anything I want to tell you."

She sniffed. "Vanessa was caught doing drugs last night in the changing room, so she's gone. Did she do them with you?"

I pursed my lips and shrugged. "Well ... no," I lied and Mum glared at me.

"I want the truth," she barked, and I shook my head.

"No," I cried out and she sighed, rubbing her hands together.

"Honestly?"

"Yeah," I sighed breathlessly. "Honestly."

Mum took a suspicious look at me and walked away, telling me that if she found out I had done drugs my life wouldn't be worth living. I could see Zoe's scowl from the other side of the club without looking. "Andy," my worrisome friend called and looked into my face. "You did, didn't you?"

I groaned. "Oh Zoe, just drop it."

She shook her head. "Oh my God. Andy, what is going on?"

"You heard me," I cried. "No. I didn't," I lied again, and she wiped her eyes.

"You need to talk to someone. You're going to turn into a sex-obsessed drug addict."

"I am not," I spat. "And do you really think I am that stupid?" I asked, and she sniffed.

"No. Impulsive maybe, but not stupid." She wiped her face and looked at me. "You need help Andy. Please."

"I don't," I snapped and she sighed. We spent most of the rest of the time with Zoe begging me to seek some sort of counselling or help for problems and then telling me to tell Grace what Rhea had done. I was very glad to get away from her nagging the moment I got to lock up, and waved goodbye to my friend.

I just wish Zoe realised that she was a friend, not a mother or a therapist.

* * * * *

Mum made up for abandoning us the previous night when she had to babysit for Ikenna as he visited his wife in hospital and took us out to the pizza restaurant in the evening, although no further mention of my drug taking was forthcoming.

I always loved pizza, and Rhea particularly enjoyed getting away from her problems of Simon and Nathan; I could tell by her bounce and smile. She even tried to get Mum to allow her to have a glass of wine which she almost succeeded at.

Sarah teased me at college the following day, rubbing her hands up and down my back and then kissing me with her soft and sensual lips. We debated finding an abandoned classroom, but there was none immediately available and Zoe appeared from nowhere rolling her eyes as we fondled each other.

"Can't you two have a day off?" Zoe asked, and Sarah shook her head.

"No, 'cause he does this thing with his ..."

"Stop it!" Zoe cried, and she spotted Ingrid and Rosie hovering by the Common Room. "If you two are going to be ... well I'm going to see them."

"Good," Sarah muttered the moment Zoe left and looked at me with a cheesy smile. "Well come on then, there must be somewhere."

"Yeah, my bedroom, after school."

"Don't be ridiculous," Sarah muttered and dragged me by the hand. There would be a few unused classrooms, but I had no desire to get caught having sex. All it would take would be a teacher arriving early for their next class from the staff room to catch us. In short, it was too risky, but Sarah thrived on the thrill. I had an awful feeling about this, but she eventually suggested the "Careers Library" and started running along the corridor towards the little room.

The Careers Library was probably the most underused room in the entire school and college combined; the Careers Advisor only came in once a week and the small room, stuffed with an obsolete computer and out of date University prospectuses was rarely visited.

Sarah pushed opened the door and smiled, shutting the blinds. "Come in," she hissed and looked around the twelve foot by fifteen foot room, putting her bag down on one of the three comfy chairs.

I followed her and glared at her. “So what exactly are we going to do?”

“You can go down on me,” Sarah told me and raised her eyebrows. “Ahh come on. You've not done it for ... how long?” I went to protest, and she licked her lips. “And I will return the favour.” I stretched my neck and rolled my head as I pretended to think and Sarah sniffed. “And I am feeling very horny at the moment, and most unsatisfied,” she teased. “And Abi gave me a Complete Satisfaction Guarantee when I selected this particular model.”

“Ahhh well ... that's ... umm ... that's what you get for trusting Scottish saleswomen.”

Sarah hummed and then rubbed her nose before holding her hand out, palm side up. “Maybe. But then, I thought that my boyfriend would not want me going around College with the 'orn?”

“But maybe the boyfriend is concerned that she has little self-control,” I teased and put my hands on her shoulders and pushing her into the blue chair. “Maybe she should learn to say 'no.’”

“Maybe,” Sarah told me as I knelt down in front of her. “Maybe, she just can't say 'no' when faced with such a great tongue.”

“In that case,” I said with a grin. “I better kiss your lips.” I undid the belt on her trousers and eased them down with her knickers tucked underneath my thumbs. I smiled at her shaven crotch, nestled neatly between her toned thighs and her blouse hanging down, which I moved gently out of the way.

Her legs parted the moment I went near her slit and she closed her eyes, pushing her waist forward for me. I gave an involuntary smile; there was something very ego-boosting to have a girlfriend that I could give satisfaction to – and so much so that she could not wait until we got somewhere private.

I loved the fact that Sarah was so insatiable, but knew it was partly due to the novelty-factor of a new relationship although part of me did wonder whether there was also a large degree of Sarah just being Sarah.

Either way, she purred the moment my tongue hit her labia, and I gave broad, strong strokes of my tongue around her slit and along her runway. She gasped and groaned, but I had no intention of being in the room for a long time – the longer we were, the greater the chance of ending up in front of someone in authority with beetroot red cheeks.

I found her pearl and gave it gentle kisses as I slid my index finger into the mouth of her hole; Sarah was already aroused, but there was some resistance when I added my middle finger to it and pushed.

She groaned and pushed her hips out a bit further as my tongue flicked her clitoris and all four of my fingers touched her hole. She gasped and snarled, so I withdrew the other two and lined my little finger up against her anus. It was already “wet” from her vaginal fluids, and it slid in with no resistance.

Sarah panted and emitted strong nasal grunts as my two fingers sawed at her opening pivoting on my little finger in her butt while my tongue sucked on her button.

She strained and stroked my short hair before grabbing her tits and then the chair. Her face was a mixture of passion, flushed and red while her legs quivered and shook. I lapped at her jewel quicker and more forceful as she squirmed and cried out.

I felt her walls contract around my fingers and pulse strongly as Sarah's face twisted with lust and she held her breath before squealing and writhing. I slowed down as she got her breath and looked up, but Sarah put her hands on the back of my head and pushed my back onto her crotch. "No ... keep going!"

I smiled at her concupiscent pleading, but she was in serious danger of getting us chucked out of College and I just resumed my stimulation of her. She grunted and writhed a few moments later and insisted on "one more" which became three more.

The last orgasm had her legs kicking out uncontrollably, and her thighs clamping around my ears as her entire body spasmed. She screamed as loud as I had ever heard and I had to clamp my hand over her mouth which made her writhe more frantically, and her eyes bulge further.

I knew Sarah had experienced an extremely powerful climax but couldn't she be quiet about it?

Sarah threw her head back as I finished and she lay on the chair – an ominous wet patch on the seat spreading from the front of the chair to the back. "I can't move," she moaned, and I just shook my head. She wiped herself with a tissue in her bag, flinching as she had become "hypersensitive" and threw the moist tissue into the bin before getting dressed and smiling at the dampness we had created.

I had dried my face, but I wanted to wash it; I could smell the feint aroma of Sarah and didn't want to walk around all day smelling like a women's soggy bits!

Sarah kissed me and pushed me against the bookcase before sliding her hands down my shirt, into my trousers and cupping my erect cock. "He's very ready," Sarah cooed and sank to her knees to fish out my dick through the flies in my trousers.

"Ahh ... Sarah," I cried, but my girlfriend was not listening and just put her hand at the base of my cock before slowly flicking the tip of my manhood with her tongue. She was good at what she did, and was soon rotating her hand up and down my shaft while her lips sucked on the tip.

Sarah pushed her tongue underneath my cock and rubbed against the frenulum underneath the glans. She was looking up at me with wide eyes and grunted as she did, but I did my best to look away and close my eyes. If I saw her doing what she was doing, it would only make me come quicker, and I liked her blowjobs too much to spoil it by squirting too soon.

I sniffed and tried to regulate my breathing but kept sighing as sparks of lust came out of my loins alongside the increasing tension that was building. I tensed my buttocks, I could feel my climax coming and gripped the bookcase shelf as slid my hips forwards in time to her rhythm.

Sarah had talent; we both knew it and I grunted as I felt the point of no return coming. "I'm coming," I told her, and Sarah just applied so much suction to the tip of my cock as swirled her tongue over it. I could hold out no more, and my perineum tensed.

I let go to an audible groan as I felt several spurts of semen come up my cock and pump into Sarah's mouth. She coughed and spluttered, and the last few drops hit her blouse, but I wasn't really watching. I was slumped against the bookcase, panting.

“Sarah,” I called and she looked up at me, wiping her mouth with a tissue. “Love you,” I told her with a smile. She smiled back and licked her lips.

“Love you too,” she told me and grabbed a handful of tissues to wipe me clean. We looked around the room as we got our stuff together and left the dirty tissues in the bin, the room smelling of sex and an ominous wet patch on the red chair, to go to the toilets to get presentable.

* * * * *

There are many sights which upset me, but my sister with a black eye was one that made me incandescent. While Rhea was a dangerous, and unpredictable tornado, she was also my little sister, and as such I almost exploded when I saw her. “It’s OK,” Rhea said dismissively. “It’s fine.”

I breathed a sigh. “So just an accident?”

“Oh no,” Rhea said looking at me and she sauntered past. “Nathan did it. But I will kill him for it, so it’s fine.”

I was fortunate that I didn’t have to respond as Mum appeared, saw the bruise and pounced on my sister trying to make it up the stairs. “What happened?”

Rhea stroke her hair back and groaned. “I don’t want to talk about it,” she said quickly but was hauled back by our concerned mother and sat on the sofa. Her initial reticence and refusal to talk disappeared when Mum threatened to relocate her computer out of her bedroom, and Rhea sighed. “Nathan kicked off because of, well, because of stuff from France. And um, he got a lucky punch in, but not to worry, he will be needing to see a plastic surgeon when I have finished. I will sort it, do not worry. I shall be taking my rounders bat in tomorrow, and I shall be rearranging his face.”

“You will do no such thing,” Mum thundered, and I looked across as the doorbell went; I guessed it would be Simon and Mum thought the same as she told me that if it was Rhea’s partner, it was not a good time for him to visit.

It wasn’t, and the scowling face of Nathan and “the Witch” greeted me. She pushed passed me the moment I answered the door, and I called out. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

“She’s gone too far this time. That cow needs locking up.” Nathan went to come in, but I put a hand on his chest and pushed him out into the street. Suddenly I felt anger inside me, seeing him and knowing what he did to Rhea. I was always told that no matter what the provocation it was always wrong to hit a woman, and while I always joked about Rhea, Nathan had hit Rhea.

It was unacceptable. He had hit my sister, and all the anger and aggression I had felt was channelled through one moment. One hit. One punch, that arrowed out of me and smacked into his cheek. Nathan howled in surprise and pain, and I slammed the door in his face, just as the Witch had reached the top of the stairs; she hadn’t seen me smack her son with all the force I could muster. “Where do you think you are going?”

The Witch ignored me and I bounded up the remaining steps three at time; Nathan was hammering on the front door, but it was locked, and Mum shouted at the unwanted guest. “You see what your son has done,” Mum shouted and the Witch raised her arms.

"That girl tried to kill all of us. She put explosive on our bonfire." I saw Rhea wipe her face and look at the Witch.

"Your son tried to kill my boyfriend, in France." Rhea replied. "Hypothermia kills, and he was beaten up, left in the park and stripped naked. In the snow."

Mum gasped, and the Witch shook her head. "Nathan wouldn't do that. But you did try to kill us. You damaged our patio." The Witch took a step forward and grabbed Rhea by her blouse. "You could have killed all of us, you stupid cow."

I watched, almost in slow-motion as Mum moved in and pushed Nathan's mother away, her hand making contact with the Witch's face and Rhea shook her head, but the Witch screamed at Mum as she separated the warring women. "She admitted it to Nathan, tell her." She turned, expecting to see her son, but he was downstairs on the pavement, and I looked at her.

"He's outside. He isn't welcome here, especially as he tried to hit me as he came in."

Mum took another breath and looked at Rhea. "Did you touch their patio?"

"No," Rhea said, quite honestly. "I didn't do anything to their bloody patio."

"Did you put explosives on their bonfire?"

Rhea scowled. "Where am I supposed to have got explosives from? And if I had them, I would be putting them somewhere else. Somewhere very painful."

The Witch looked at Mum. "She's a liar," she thundered. "She did it Saturday afternoon between four and five when we were out walking the dog and going to the chippie. We know she did. She admitted it."

"Rhea was with me," I falsely told them. "You were at Ikenna's, she was with me. Telling me all about her trip to France." Mum looked at me a bit suspiciously and then the Witch erupted.

"You lie as well. I am going to the Police, this is attempted murder."

"Yeah, and I'll have him for assault and battery," Rhea shouted back and strode forward towards the Witch, who backed away from her, towards the stairs. "I am half his size and he resorts to hitting me, for what?" I saw tears in Rhea's eyes, and her fists clench. "I don't do anything to him, but he can't leave me and Simon alone. He is twisted. He has to try and spoil it."

Mum pulled on Rhea's shoulder, but the Witch looked at my angry sister and then at Mum. "This family is messed up," she said. Rhea's eyes flashed dangerously and without warning her right hand slapped the Witch across the face, leaving a red mark and the sound echoing around the flat.

The Witch squealed. "I want your son to leave me alone," Rhea spat before Mum pulled her back. "Tell him to leave us alone," she yelled, wriggling free of Mum's grip and grabbed her nemesis by the throat and pushed her against the wall. "Tell him to stop." The Witch stared at Rhea for a moment before Mum pulled her off of the woman for the third time. The Witch looked at Mum and promising we haven't heard the last of the matter left the flat, storming out of the room. I followed her down the stairs, hoping to catch up with her to trip her up, but she reached the bottom step, opened the door and then slammed it as hard

as she could muster with the paintwork splintering on the inside.

Mum strode to the phone. "I want to speak to the Police about this," she muttered, and Rhea took the handset off of her with a smooth move.

"It's fine," she promised through tears, but Mum looked at Rhea and then me. "Please, I don't want the Police involved."

"Right, and I want answers," she told us both and Rhea looked at me with trepidation. I had little to add, I had told Rhea I wasn't going to lie for her but did so when put under pressure, I couldn't backtrack.

Mum asked me again, suggesting that maybe I got my times mixed up, but I told her that Rhea was with me in the club, which was sort of true, although I detected a note of suspicion in her voice. Rhea was attacked when she was almost defenceless, it was cowardly and it had made me angry. I sort of felt sorry for Rhea, she was in an impossible position: on the one hand, she had her boyfriend being bullied by her ex-boyfriend and was supposed not to intervene and on the other hand, it was Rhea, and she was being wronged.

I did what I rarely did and lied to Mum: Rhea was with me and my sister pleaded with Mum to drop it, saying if the Police got involved it would get messy.

Mum quizzed me later on that night, I knew she didn't believe me, but with Rhea having an alibi, there was little punishment she could offer and except for seeing the Headmistress the following day, there was little she could do.

I was glad to escape to the sanctity of my bedroom. I always felt safe there and put myself a staircase away from unwanted questions and just lay back on the bed. I knew Mum would not believe me or Rhea and could ask Zoe if she thought my friend knew the truth. I wondered if I could trust Zoe to me discreet and decided that while I probably couldn't expect Zoe to lie for us, could I trust Zoe just plead ignorance.

I hoped so. But it was a seriously big risk to take.

* * * * *

Rhea patted me on the back the moment I walked in from college and grinned at me. "Nice one, bro."

Sarah looked over at Rhea who was smiling profusely while Simon was shaking his head. "You shouldn't be happy Rhea," he told her and Rhea pooh-poohed him.

"That punch you did on Nathan," she told me, and I screwed up my face. "When he came to see us."

"Oh that one," I said, remembering it and Rhea smiled as she sauntered across the room to hug me.

"I love my big brother," she said, more for dramatic effect and then looked at Simon. "That was some punch, all his face was black and blue and green. It was pretty breathtaking, I think I must have taught you well because it's been a long time since I've seen one that good. The trick is to get a lifetime's worth of anger into that one punch."

Sarah looked at me, I had explained everything that had happened as we had walked

home, but she gave me an expression of disapproval. "Ahh yes, well, he went to hit me," I replied, bending the truth to breaking point. "And he hit you. It was self-defence when you think about it."

"Yes I know, but, everyone is sorted. Nathan and his Mum can't do anything about the bonfire as they can't prove it was me. I, on the other hand, can prove Nathan hit me, and he has been suspended for it – for a whole week; it's pretty awesome. Mum can't punish me, and on top of that Nathan gets to look like he has done ten rounds with Chris Eubank. Its just win-win-and-win to Rhea. As usual."

Simon puffed and looked at me. "Ah, don't tell Zoe about this, please," I asked and Rhea grinned.

"Yes, well Simon has been bought off, his silence is guaranteed isn't it?"

Simon bit his lip and nodded. "Sort of."

Sarah giggled and put her bare hand on my forearm. "I bet I know how as well. Us women are pretty adept at buying people off."

I sighed and shut my eyes, "I don't want to think about it." I looked at Rhea and nodded. "But please don't put me in that position again."

"Of course I will," Rhea replied and I didn't doubt she was telling the truth. "But you are OK now, right?" I hummed, and she looked at her boyfriend. "And I know you are alright. Tell me, why do men love blow-jobs so much?"

I groaned. "Rhea," I shouted, and she just gave me a cheeky grin and spun around.

"Oh and I had my Governor's meeting this afternoon."

"Uh-oh!"

"No, it went fine. I asked Nathan's dad to be absent, and he refused, but I stated that my complaint was about his son and then enquired as to why he felt it was OK for him to have this rampant conflict of interest. So he fucked off, and a few of the Governors liked this. Then I said what Tiny Cock had tried to do, the fact that he bullied Simon and that he attacked me. They asked some nasty questions here, but I fobbed 'em off and then pointed out that I want to go to University to do Maths, and in the spanner set I don't get to do Advanced exam just Intermediate, so they are ruining my aspirations."

"You don't want to do Maths at Uni, do you?"

"Hell no," Rhea snapped. "But the bit about capping aspirations and ruining dreams worked. 'Specially when I mentioned the local paper and said I would keep fighting this. They called in that Wyatt bitch, and a compromise has been reached. I am no longer in the spanner set, back in my original set, and we will be sitting at opposite ends of the classroom to old Tiny Cock and his ... well ... his tiny cock."

"Seems a sensible thing to do," Sarah told her and Rhea gave a wry smile.

"Indeed. But don't worry he is still within airgun range. All I need is ..." Her voice trailed off to a barrage of cackling and Simon lurked.

"I'm not covering for you shooting him," Simon told her, but Rhea smiled and flashed a

grin.

“You know you will,” she said with a smirk. “You can do anal for a bullet.” He groaned, and my little sister led her boyfriend upstairs so he could be “bought off” again.

“Was that bought off or brought off?” Sarah asked with a smile, and I gave my stock answer: I didn't want to think about it. “Or do you think that there isn't much difference.”

* * * * *

I walked out of the common room and walked almost head-first into Donna, Rosie and Sarah. Donna was crying, and I instantly asked her what was wrong. “Like you care,” Donna snapped, and she shrugged.

“You have a point, I don't really ... but I am being polite.” Sarah sneered at me, and I muttered an apology of sorts.

“Ray has split up with her,” Sarah said curtly as if it was partly my fault. Perhaps I was being blamed in part due to my membership of the male branch of homo sapiens or if simply if I was Ray's friend and therefore must have been part of his decision-making process.

My face fell slightly; I knew how much Donna meant to him and while it simplified many things I couldn't have imagined that Ray was feeling too happy at that point. “Oh I'm sorry,” I muttered, but Donna pushed past me, and I looked at Sarah. “So that means that ...”

“Donna is still my friend,” she warned. “And I'm serious about the no sex in the New Year unless you two can bear to be in the same room together.” I groaned at this, but Sarah's sneer made it perfectly apparent she was serious. “Just try for me.”

I tried to find Ray, but when I could not locate my newly-single friend, ambled into town. Sarah was with Donna, and I felt it wrong to intrude. I got involved in a little kick around with Jez before finding some lunch and buying a small bunch of flowers from the market on the way back, which I gave to Donna to cheer her up.

Sarah almost beamed at me, and Donna begrudgingly took the bunch of red carnations. I started to feel a bit cynical in that I had exploited Donna's relationship breakdown to score brownie points with my own girlfriend, but needs must; there was no way I was going to allow my girlfriend to withdraw sexual privileges due to Donna's issues.

* * * * *

Zoe crossed her hands. “What you mean, a proper film?”

“Misty Beethoven,” Sarah replied. “Abi and I chose it yesterday.”

“Misty Beethoven. That doesn't sound too good,” she muttered. “Never heard of it.” I saw a wry smile from Sarah and rolled my eyes, guessing what Misty Beethoven was all about. Sarah elaborated missing out a number of key details and left Zoe wondering if it was possibly related to the great composer of a similar name.

She didn't have too long to wait, and along with Zoe, Ingrid joined us at Abi's house to watch the film, although she said she may have to leave a bit earlier as she was meeting a friend from Sweden in the next town. “I asked Ray if he wanted to join us, but he said no,” Zoe told us.

“Yeah I asked him the same question. Said that it was a bit mucky but he still said no. Don't know what's got into him.”

“Bit mucky!” Zoe cried. “You said it was about music.”

“The Opening of Misty Beethoven,” Abi exclaimed as we sat down as before and Abi turned on the video.

Zoe spoke first. “That sounds pornographic.”

Ingrid and Sarah giggled and watched Zoe as the film started. She huffed as Misty took a cock in her hands and started playing with it in the credits. “You tricked me,” Zoe moaned and saw Abi cuddle up to her.

“Sssshh,” Abi whispered and slid behind Zoe in the small lounge so her back was resting on the chair and her arms embracing my staid classmate. Zoe almost struggled at first, she was being cuddled by another woman while watching a sexually graphic film, I could tell she wasn't comfortable, but Abi was a genteel woman and her embrace was out of friendship, not lust, and the two girls got themselves comfortable and stopped fidgeting.

Sarah wouldn't stop shifting, and she had pulled my arms around her. I couldn't feel a bra through her blouse and unclipped a button to slide my hand inside the thin cotton to cup one of her breasts. I heard a mewling sound as my hand slid over her firm orbs and she grunted quietly when I started gliding it over her stiff nipple.

I guessed Sarah had removed her bra when she went to the toilet just before the film started and made a guess that she had removed her knickers as well, gently bringing my other hand down her body to slip inside her trousers that were suspiciously unclipped.

Sarah and I were sitting behind Ingrid and the cuddling pair of Zoe and Abi so they would need to have turned their heads round to watch us. In addition, the lights had been turned off, the oral sex Misty offering on the television offering the only illumination, so we weren't on a public display, but the thrill of the exhibitionism was real and I gleefully touched Sarah's mound.

It was smooth, as ever, and ran my fingers down her labia, she parted her legs, and gave another gentle mewling sound; my fingers swept over her slit and then located her pearl.

I could feel Sarah tense and then relax, pushing her body into my lap. I had not removed my underwear, so my erect cock was quite unreachable by my girlfriend, but that didn't stop her from trying.

I pressed harder on her pearl and rotated my palm over her nipple; she sighed and grunted. I couldn't stop touching her, I liked the idea of taking Sarah to orgasm in front of our friends and felt Sarah's leg twitch. I got ready to move my “bosom hand” in case Sarah made a sound, ready to clamp it over her mouth if required and swirled her clitoris around with my finger.

Sarah held her breath, I could feel her tense up and then her muscles quiver, she was nearing a peak, and I squeezed her nipple. She gripped my forearm and squeezed with all her might; it hurt, but I redoubled my efforts with my finger on her pearl, awaiting for the inevitable scream of ecstasy.

It came not from Sarah but from the television, and Sarah emitted a few choice squeals as a girl on the film was brought to a shuddering orgasm – I think it was Misty, but I was

otherwise distracted.

Sarah panted silently, threw her head back onto my shoulder and smiled at me. I kissed her on the forehead and gently withdrew my fingers, I would go back to her sensitive erogenous zones later when we had seen a bit more of the film. I didn't want to wear her out!

It was dark in the room, and as I squeezed the playful girl in my arms I glanced over at Ingrid, gently moving her hands in her laps and then at Zoe, not entirely being discreet at doing the same thing. Zoe may have acted scandalised by the opening sequence, but it was clear that she was very much enjoying the film.

In fact, the only thing at Zoe moaned about was in the final sequences when Misty donned a strap-on and took her male partner from behind. She shouted out that it was "too far" and Sarah leant back to talk to me.

"I can arrange," she promised, and I grunted.

"No thanks," I whispered back. "Unless you want to be single again." Sarah pouted at me, and Abi flicked on the lights. Zoe's eyes met mine immediately, and she stared at Sarah.

"That was disgusting," she told us. "Nothing but cheap pornography."

"No, be fair," I said with a glint in my eye. "It was five quid. It was very expensive pornography."

Abi laughed, but Zoe got to her feet, her cheeks red and eyes narrowing.

Ingrid looked up from her blonde hair and swore, glancing at the time on her watch. "I'm supposed to be in Amersham in fifteen minutes," she moaned, and Zoe looked up.

"Oh is that Amy?"

Ingrid nodded, and we thanked Abi as we left her house. Ingrid walked towards town at a fast pace. "Yeah, she is my old neighbour in Sweden. You'll like her, she is very charming. Her family moved over recently."

Sarah gave me a very short précis of Ingrid's life: she was born in a small town in Sweden but moved to Hertfordshire when the Swedish company her father worked for offered him a transfer to England. Their old neighbour also moved a few months ago, and the beautiful Ingrid was meeting up with them in the small town a few stops on the train.

"Why not come with me?" Ingrid offered to us, and we looked at each other as we practically ran to keep up with the Swedish bombshell.

"I've got no homework," I said and neither had Zoe. Sarah muttered about nothing she couldn't do on the train, and I used my mobile to send Mum a text, telling her that I was going out for the night and would be back a bit later.

Sarah and Zoe used my mobile phone to ring their parents and a few minutes later we just managed to get the crowded rush hour train to London that stopped at Amersham.

We were only ten minutes late, and the figure of Amy was waiting in the ticket office as we walked past the bustling queue of people. Ingrid threw her arms around her friend, knocking over a sixth former from a local school, who at first was annoyed and then smiled

as the Swedish beauty landed next to him.

“Sorry,” Ingrid muttered and helped the flustered boy to his feet before blowing him a kiss. “How are you?”

“Good,” Amy said a little abruptly and we walked over the road to a run-down pub opposite the station.

Amy was clearly over eighteen (or at least looked over eighteen) and guessed that we wouldn't get served, but the barmaid nodded towards me as we walked in and happily sold me a round of drinks.

The cheap ale they had on tap was not brilliant but was certainly drinkable, and before long Sarah had bought a round, followed by Ingrid.

It was not even 6pm when we stumbled out of the pub and meandered to an all-you-can-eat Chinese restaurant just down the road. They eyed us suspiciously as we walked in, but we were reasonably well behaved (despite the loud voices of Sarah), and we ate the food provided.

Sarah was exceedingly tipsy, and she kept sliding her hand under the table and even slipped her hand into my trousers. I could see the lust in her eyes and tried not to encourage her, I think she would have happily had me take her to a wood and fuck her brains out, but I was just enjoying a night out with friends and thought that Sarah should have been sated during *Misty Beethoven*.

I was always taken with Ingrid. She was one of Sarah's friends whom I liked, and after the *débâcle* with Donna, the easy-going nature of Ingrid was a lovely change. Ingrid laughed at Sarah's drunkenness and offered gentle teasing, but there was no maliciousness in her actions.

Sarah was certainly excited, and we walked back to the pub after our meal, sitting in the corner of the smoky room while Amy bought a round of drinks. Zoe was on the lemonade, but the rest of us were drinking alcohol, and Sarah nearly spilt my beer when my drunken girlfriend threw her arms out and shouted across the pub towards a guy playing pool in an adjacent room.

“Chris,” Sarah shouted and a figure emerged from the smoke.

“Sarah?”

I frowned at her, she had not mentioned this guy before, and Sarah edged her way over to the pool table. “This is Chris, I met him in the Summer on a train to London. And he looked up my skirt.”

“Oh,” I said, not quite sure what to say and Sarah introduced me. I felt a bit awkward, but Sarah was just excited and made Chris promise to come over to our table when he had finished his game of pool.

It didn't take long, and Chris sat down and looked at Sarah. “I thought you were sixteen,” he told her, and Sarah shrugged.

“Sssshh,” she replied, and he cackled.

“You're OK here,” he muttered and then introduced himself properly. Like me, he was fond

of his photography and was doing a photography course. After awhile, Sarah challenged me to a game of pool, and we staggered to the table.

It didn't take long for Chris, Zoe, Ingrid and Amy to join us, watching as Sarah and I played an entertaining game won by myself by being the luckiest. Sarah through me a moue and Chris played Ingrid, potting all his balls before Ingrid had even sunk one.

Sarah and Amy were both feeling a little dizzy so Zoe, and I took them outside for a breath of fresh air, sitting on a low wall overlooking a little roundabout and station. I was relieved to get out of the smoky pub, and Zoe looked at her watch. "It's nine thirty," she said shivering in the cold November air. "We should go soon."

Sarah was swaying, and I nodded. "Yeah, I suppose you're right," I muttered in response and looked towards Ingrid in the doorway. "Is Amy OK?" Amy looked up and nodded.

"Ya, it very warm in there." Ingrid grinned. "Are you coming back to my house?"

"Well Sarah and Zoe and I, we better head off," I told Ingrid and she looked at Amy and then Chris.

Ingrid bit her lip and smiled at Amy. "Could I crash at your house?"

I left Ingrid to sort out her sleeping arrangements, and we took Sarah back to the station, and towards Wendover; we were a little drunk, but Sarah was wasted.

Sarah slumped in the corner of the train and woke up as we got to Great Missenden, grinning at me, and then trying to undo my trousers. "Come on," she said breathlessly. "I ain't ever done it on a train."

"Sarah," I said firmly, and looked at Zoe glaring at us horrified. "Sarah, this isn't the place."

I was saved by the station of Wendover and we guided Sarah out of the station. She objected being guided by us, gentling touching the top of her shoulders as she walked down the narrow pavement that made up the main road. "I am fine," she squealed as Zoe, and I held onto her. "Honestly, fine."

"You aren't," I replied with a grin at Sarah's misplaced determination. "You've nearly fallen in the road twice."

Sarah grunted and then looked at Zoe and I. "You have spent too much time with her," Sarah alleged pointing at Zoe. "She is making you boring, always telling people to be sensible," she said in a mock high-pitched voice.

Zoe gasped at her, and I just held the arm of Sarah. Zoe and I were good friends as were Zoe and Sarah, but Sarah was being unkind. "Sarah, that's enough," I drunkenly said, but Sarah snarled at us.

"No it isn't. You are always together Andy. You like her more than you like me." I gave an audible groan, and Sarah stopped and turned to me. "You do don't you?"

"At this moment, yes, because Zoe isn't acting like a child," I quickly blurted out, and Sarah scowled at me.

"Fuck you, asswipe," Sarah shouted at me, swaying and her eyes glazed.

“Sarah, shut up. Let us take you home.”

Sarah threw her hands at us as we tried to help her. “Fuck you. Fuck both of you.”

“Right OK,” I said and backed off when Zoe called me back; I wasn't going to leave Sarah alone but was quite happy to ensure she got back to her house safely from a small distance.

“Your home is at the end of the road, lets at least get you back,” Zoe soothingly suggested, and Sarah snarled aggressively.

“Don't need any help.”

She did, and it took Zoe, and I a few minutes to practically carry Sarah back to 3 St James Way. Angela stood with her arms crossed as she surveyed the sight before her. Sarah was leaning on me and Zoe, and her eyes were glazed. She had vomit stains down the front of her shirt where she had thrown up in her driveway, and Angela gave me an accusatory stare.

“We went to meet some friends of Ingrid's,” I explained. “Sarah had a bit too much.”

Zoe burped as Angela rolled her eyes. “Sarah,” she barked, and my girlfriend swayed trying to focus on her mother and sunk her head.

“I'll go put her in bed,” I said, more of a suggestion but Angela shook her head and glared at her daughter.

“No, we need to have some words,” she said threateningly and guided Sarah into the hallway, and towards the dining room.

Zoe and I had an hour to sober up a bit more, and by the time we reached Aylesbury I was feeling merry rather than drunk. Zoe was able to walk in a relatively straight line and talk coherently but I knew I was going to be shouted at, the moment I got home.

Mum was waiting for us, her arms folded and turned off the television the moment we appeared at the top of the stairs.

“Andy,” she barked before I had barely got into the room.

“Oh hi Mum,” I said with a smile, hoping to try and diffuse some of her anger. It didn't.

“Sarah just threw up over her parent's new sofa because she's been in the pub all evening,” Mum said firmly at us. “What do you have to say?”

“She wasn't well,” I said in a calm voice and looked at Zoe. I reasoned that I was probably going to get shouted at, but was going to show that neither Zoe nor I were drunk, or had been ill. We may have been under-age, but we had been responsible.

Mum's eyes narrowed. “So what have you got to tell me?”

“Ahh well, yes, we went to the pub and had a meal,” I said quite calmly.

“And you were drinking?” Mum asked. “Ahh, how many? You look a bit drunk.” Mum's eyes narrowed as I prevaricated. “I'll ask again, have you been drinking?”

“We had a couple,” I lied. “Just a couple. We are fine.”

Mum took a deep breath. "You are underage. Both of you."

"But we look overage," I replied instantly and Mum folded her arms glaring at me.

"You are too young, as what happened to Sarah is why, you are too young."

"But ..." I started, and Zoe squeezed my hand.

"But nothing," Mum yelled. "You could have cost the licensee their license, their livelihood. Did you think about that?" I stammered, and Mum looked at Zoe. "Either of you?"

"Well it's just ... a couple of drinks," I offered as a defence and Mum stared at me.

"It's illegal," she said firmly. "Do you want to be barred from Pubwatch, again?"

I groaned and shook my head. "No," I replied with a dismissive grunt and Mum looked at Zoe.

"If you want to stay the night, the spare room is free," she told her. "But ring your parents."

Zoe hesitated, and I shrugged. "Best not to let them see you been drinking. I don't fancy the awkward questions."

Zoe nodded and walked towards the phone. Mum rolled her eyes and waved her finger at me. "Both of you, have a drink of water before you go to bed and then get out of my bloody sight."

I went to protest and suddenly saw anger and annoyance in her eyes that I had missed, and stumbled into the kitchen to get two pint glasses of water.

"Oh, and Andy. Separate bedrooms."

"Yeah, I know," I snapped through the dining room.

* * * * *

I awoke the following morning with a bit of headache but quite bearable and knocked gently on Zoe's door. I had provided Zoe with a nightdress and clothes from Abi's drawer that was mostly Sarah's stuff now. Both girls were of a similar height to Zoe, but Sarah and Abi were a bit thinner, although I managed to find a top and skirt that fit her.

Zoe moaned about the sheer nightdress, it was Sarah's and I could make out the line of Zoe's breasts through it, and passed her a dressing gown to put over her shoulders for breakfast. I was naked under my dressing gown although I suspect Zoe didn't know this.

"We better talk to your Mum," Zoe muttered, and I grunted, it was something I didn't want to do. Zoe looked at me and then Mum. "Grace," she called out as we walked into the dining room. "I am sorry that you saw me having been drinking last night," she said with a genuine remorse to her voice and Mum pursed her lips together. "And we were wrong to go drinking underage."

"You two ever, come in like that again, then I will take the jobs off of you, you hear me?"

I nodded, and Zoe answered. "Yes, of course. Thank you, Grace."

Mum gave a steely glare at both of us and sighed. "And Andy, you are grounded until next

Wednesday.”

“Oh, Wednesday?” I moaned. “But what about Sarah at the football?”

“From what I heard, Sarah is going to be grounded until the end of the sixth form,” Mum joked and I groaned, looking at the guilty expression on Zoe's face. “You are not old enough to get served. And you both knew it.”

“I know,” I replied snarling at her. I was annoyed; I was too old to be grounded, and I didn't get drunk, it was Sarah who was completely annihilated, not me and yet I was getting punished for it. Furthermore, Zoe would be getting off scot-free as her parents had not seen her. There was no justice in the world!

Zoe was annoyed with Sarah, and as we walked in, grumbled a bit about what Sarah had said the previous day. “She was drunk,” I offered as an explanation, but we would have a shared Maths class before lunch and could talk to her.

Sarah, as expected, was not feeling too good come our Maths lesson, looking very much like “death warmed up.”

“Mum went ape at me last night, and this morning,” Sarah moaned as she procrastinated about doing the work set by Miss Edwards. “I mean, I am old enough to have a drink.” Zoe grunted at her, and Sarah scowled. “Yeah, OK, Miss Goody-two-shoes, I suppose I had a couple more than you but—”

“Sarah, if you spent a little less time chatting, and a bit more time on working, then you might just do something today?” Miss Edwards told her, and Sarah turned back to her work.

Zoe and Sarah were still annoyed with each other when we walked into the common room, and Jez interrupted my attempts at peace negotiation.

“Hey dude,” shouted an annoying voice from the corner of the room. “Have you seen the new Maths teacher? She is F-I-T.”

“Hey Jez, you mean Ge ... Chri ... Miss Edwards?”

“Of course I fookin' mean Miss Edwards. Body to die for. I mean an ass that so hot, it's criminal, man.”

“She isn't allowed to date students, so she is definitely out of your range,” I teased, and he grinned. “And she's been here for weeks.”

“She wouldn't want to do any of us, despite you being the pussy magnet,” Jez replied, and I sighed. I almost wanted to tell him that I had her as part of an orgy but decided against it. I had promised Miss Edwards I would be discreet, and I was not the boasting type.

“I s'pose not,” I just replied and turned the bickering girls either side of me.

“Well I am not having my girlfriend and my friend fighting over something stupid,” I told them and Zoe sighed.

“She said I was dull and boring, and all sorts just because I am not an immoral harlot like her.”

“Harlot?” Sarah squealed and slapped Zoe around the face. Zoe instinctively pushed Sarah away and ran out of the room crying.

“What the hell did you do that for?” I asked Sarah a little aggressively, and Sarah snarled at me and just pointed towards the door.

“Go on, go after her. She means more to you than I ever will,” she sulked, and I went off to find my friend.

Zoe was nowhere to be found, and eventually found Sarah meandering out of the College grounds. “What the hell is happening to you?”

Sarah screwed her face up and went to snap at me, and I just instinctively held her cheeks and kissed her on the lips. She squealed at first but then as I slid my hands down and touched her waist she put her arms around me. “Now, what happened?”

Sarah grunted and nodded towards a wooden park bench on the grass, and we sat down. “It’s Mum. She just lost it with me, and kept asking why I couldn’t be more like you or Zoe or Sara-Jane.”

“Your cousin?” Sarah nodded and just shrugged. “And you spend so much time with Zoe now, she is working in the club, why couldn’t I have that job?”

“Because Zoe asked Mum, I had no idea,” I said telling the truth and Sarah looked at the flowerbeds before wiping her eyes. “I’ve known Zoe since I was seven, we were good friends at primary school and I’ve always got on well with her, don’t you think if I wanted to hit on her, I would have done so by now.”

Sarah scowled. “I know that, it’s just ... oh I don’t know. There is a closeness there.”

“It’s only been a few weeks,” I replied and Sarah gave me a withering look. “Honestly, I only have eyes for you. And Anna Kournikova, obviously.”

“And ...”

“And no-one else,” I told her firmly, and Sarah just grunted in that she didn’t totally believe me. “I love you, come on lets, go for a walk,” I offered and took Sarah’s hand.

* * * * *

It bothered me a little, I had used the word “love” properly with Sarah for the first time and not in the heat of sex, although she had asked me repeatedly if I meant it, I was certain I did.

I had a bond with Sarah that I had never experienced with anyone else, and our time together since the Summer, as well as our trip to the Lake District and Lancaster had ensure that. I felt as though she was the most important person in my life, and I had to tell her that.

Of course, Sarah was speechless at first, and I got the feeling she might not have told me that she loved me if I had not have said so first, which in itself was a worry – was my affection requited but my love not? Did I have feelings for Sarah that she did not emulate?

I worried about this all evening until Rhea barged open my door and scowled at me. “I’ve been shouting you,” Rhea said.

"I didn't hear you," I said genuinely, looking up from the bed where I was spread-eagled and staring at the ceiling.

"I don't believe you," Rhea replied instantly. "Ask yourself, is that likely?" I just sighed and asked Rhea what she wanted, there must have been a point to her barging into my room. "Your bitch is on the phone?"

"Sarah?"

Rhea grunted, and I jumped down from my bed and ran into Mum's room taking the phone off the extension and awaiting for Rhea to put the phone down in the lounge.

"Andy, did you mean it?"

I knew immediately what she meant, and I took a deep breath. "That I love you? Of course." There was silence, and she hummed. I heard her sniff. "Are you OK?"

"Yeah," she squeaked. "Yeah, I just needed to know." I gulped, and there was a silence between us on the line.

"Of course I do, I was very fond of you in the Summer," I started and just let the words come out without thinking. "I loved you then but not as a girlfriend, just as ... well you know ... and then since we've been going out, it just feels so magical and ... well you know this, right?"

Sarah took a deep breath, and I heard her voice break; it was a conversation I would rather have been having face-to-face. "Kev told me that he loved me, and he didn't. Clearly he didn't," she told me with a quiver in her tone.

"Well I am not Kev," I snapped, and my heartbeat quickened.

"I just wanted to know 'cause I love you too," she told me, and I sat down on Mum's bed. I smiled at the alarm clock, listening to my lover as she spoke.

We chatted for half-an-hour, and it was incredible to hear that the person I adored, felt the same way about me; it would have been heartbreaking if she hadn't said the same thing. Instead, Sarah was removed from the phone by her parents after we had chatted for "ages."

I felt on cloud-nine; Sarah had made me feel incredible and I walked downstairs to get a drink. "You love her?" Rhea asked as I sauntered through the living area. "And she loves you. Oh it's sickening."

I sucked in air through my teeth. "Have you been listening to my phone conversations?" I asked, and Rhea cackled. I knew she had been clandestinely earwiggling and grabbed hold of her shoulders on the couch and pressed them into the soft fabric. "Tell me." Rhea squealed and brought her hands up to push my face away and break my grip, but I knocked them away and peered over my sister. "Tell me, or I shall tickle you."

"I'm not ticklish," my sister lied and I chortled to myself.

"OK, I will tell Mum about your Fake ID business." Rhea scowled and shook her hair free from her face before sliding down the couch and getting free.

Rhea looked and licked her lips. "I don't suppose it matters, when you put the phone down,

press 'mute' on the phone and then pick it up, you can hear them, they can't hear you."

"But Rhea?" I asked, not quite sure how to finish the question. "That's so rude and disrespectful."

"Shit, bro. You're sounding like Zoe."

"Rhea, it's wrong to listen in on other people's phone calls."

Rhea nodded with a cheeky smile. "I know, that's why I do it. But I am just looking out for you, she is a nasty, scheming bitch, and she is just playing you. You ..."

"Oh Rhea," I interrupted with a scowl and a tired tone of voice, I had heard it before. "Just leave her alone. How would you know?"

"How would I know about nasty, scheming bitches? Oh I don't know Andy, I can't think." I rolled my eyes, and Rhea continued. "She is playing you Andy. Just let her go and find someone nice, like Abi, or as much as it pains me, Zoe."

I took a deep breath and stared at my sister. "She is my girlfriend, and I love her. You are just going to have to accept her."

Rhea frowned and shook her head. "I shall do no such thing. I will never know what you see in her. It will end horribly and don't come crying to me."

"I won't," I promised and she just snorted at me. I licked my lips and looked at her. "Remember what Paula wrote in my Valentine's card. 'To love is nothing, to be loved is something, to be loved by the one you love is everything.' Just accept that I love her, and she loves me, and we are happy." Rhea grunted and tapped the table. "Do you love Simon, and does he love you?"

Rhea grunted. "I do not have emotions like love," she told me firmly but absented herself quite quickly; she clearly felt uncomfortable talking about emotions that she had no control over.

* * * * *

Rhea kicked the chair as she waited; I was just finishing cleaning the club on the Saturday and Mum was sorting out some paperwork in the office which needed doing urgently. "Where is that woman?" I looked up at her and took her dirty glass that once held lemonade. "It's 10:30 and I'll be late."

"Where you going?"

"Referees' course," Rhea told her and pointed to her bag. "I get to learn how to be a referee. In football, but it's a two day course – today and tomorrow. I'm doing it with Simon, didn't he say?"

"No," Zoe muttered and Rhea smiled. "It's this afternoon and tomorrow morning, and we pass our exams I will be in the junior leagues by next weekend. Looking forward to it."

"Do you actually know the rules of football?" I asked. "I mean properly."

"Is it because I am a girl?" Rhea asked with her arms crossed. "That I won't know what they are?"

"No," I stammered. "Just ... well ... you've not shown much interest before."

"I have," Rhea cried. "And it's laws not rules. Football has laws, which clearly I shouldn't know according to you 'cause I have a cunt, not a cock."

"I don't want to here that sort of language," Mum thundered from the doorway and holding some papers. "Now come on or we'll be late."

"Which is exactly what I've been telling you," Rhea moaned. "Honestly parents. Bloody disgrace."

"And Rhea. I do not want to hear complaints," Mum warned her. "This wasn't cheap so if you do this, you do it properly."

"Yes. Honestly. Why does everyone think I want to cause trouble with everything I do?" Mum and Rhea started to leave the room. "And don't forget we are picking up Simon."

"Yes," Mum muttered and they shut the door behind them.

"So ... what's Rhea up to?" I asked Zoe who just shrugged.

"Maybe it's something that her and Simon can do together," Zoe suggested, and I couldn't help feel that Rhea was up to mischief.

* * * * *

Mum gave me a gentle shake on the shoulder at 6:30am and I groaned and grunted. "It's Sunday," I whined bleary-eyed.

"Come on," she told me. "I did ask you to do it early today." Mum pulled back the covers to expose my naked body to the cool room and left the door open. She knew that I would scamper to close it, and then be out of bed, which was sort of what happened.

Mum had helpfully left the keys out in the kitchen with a note to "be finished by eleven" and I quickly ate my breakfast and wandered down to the club. I was a little surprised to see Zoe waiting for me with a scowl, she had been told to be there for 8am, and after I had snoozed for a while, had a shower and breakfast it was bordering on ten past.

Zoe was still a little embarrassed about getting drunk the previous Thursday, but we chatted amicably. Neither Zoe nor I knew why the club had to be cleaned by eleven and it had been an unusually busy night. I drew the short straw and meandered up to the VIP rooms with a strong stomach and a large bottle of disinfectant. I was always amazed by the amount of ominous stains or patches of unexplained coloured marks, and all four of the VIP rooms had such splashes.

I knew it was the responsibility of the lady or ladies who took patrons up to the rooms to ensure it was clean for the following visit, but the final dances of the night were always a little raunchier, such was the increased alcohol content and desire from the ladies to finish the night on a profitable note, followed by a rapid desire to leave on time. Thus, it was not unusual for me to find unwanted splashes where the gentlemen involved had either had insufficient self control to restrain their urges, or received assistance to fulfil their inclinations.

Personally, I could not understand the wish to want to do such acts in public; only a handful of people had seen my eruptions and I was happy to keep it that way. I also found

a purse containing over two hundred pounds, as well as several coins behind a cushion, a red thong and two unopened condoms. My haul was added to by Zoe who had found a watch under the table, and by the time ten thirty came the bar was loaded with a dozen items of lost property.

Zoe opened the purse and shrieked. I put down the mop and ran over and Zoe looked at me, opened mouthed. "This purse belongs to Miss Brown," she muttered and wiped her mouth.

"Miss Brown? Who the fuck is Miss Brown?"

Zoe pulled out an ID card and showed me. "My English teacher."

"Uh ... oh ... crap!"

"Oh my God, she is so young. This is so bad. This is so immoral."

I took a deep breath and passed her the vacuum cleaner, "the carpet is so dirty," I told her with a grin. "So your adult teacher has a life."

"But she is a woman," Zoe thundered. "It is a sin for her to do stuff with another woman."

I glared at her. "Yeah, what about you and Sarah?"

Zoe blushed and shook her head. "I was tempted, but I have repented. I can't look at Miss Brown again," Zoe sniffed. "I used to like her."

"Nothing has changed," I replied, and she looked at me. "Hey, maybe she just came to pick up her boyfriend and dropped it while she was here." Zoe forced a weak smile and shook her head. In the end, Zoe and I had a brief chat before we continued with our jobs: Zoe looked up to Miss Brown, and I had teased her before about it, but she was shocked.

In the end, there was an address on the card, so I suggested we wander round when we finished to see her and take the missing purse in person. Zoe seemed a little placated by this, and as we put the last mop away Mum appeared in the room, looking at her watch.

We said nothing about the purse, and she started clearing up the last few things rearranging tables. She didn't want any help, despite us offering and at 11am exactly Zoe and I left to go into the sunshine after I gave Mum back her keys.

Zoe was quiet as we walked the mile to Miss Brown's house; she didn't live too far away from Abi, and I tried to engage in conversation as we cut down the side streets but Zoe, in her denim dungarees and thoughtful expression, didn't want to talk.

We hovered at the bottom of Miss Brown's road, and I double checked the ID card, 4 Galsworthy Crescent. Zoe glanced at the road sign. "It's here," I said, pointing to a small semi-detached house with a battered car on the drive.

Zoe looked tentative, I think she felt scared, and I held her hand. "Come on," I told her, and we walked up the road and turned into Zoe's teacher's driveway.

"I'm not sure about this," Zoe muttered and I sighed, looking at her. I could hear the faint sound of noise in the property.

"It'll be fine," I promised her and pressed the doorbell before Zoe could change her mind.

Zoe hissed at me, and I felt my stomach lurch, I didn't know how Miss Brown would react.

"Just put it through the letterbox," Zoe implored me in a low voice and I pulled her wrist, so she was standing next to me. I heard footsteps and a chain sliding across and the door opening.

An unfamiliar person stood in the doorway, a young man dressed in a fleecy dressing gown who looked enquiringly at us. "Hi," I said in a high-pitched voice with a false confidence, my heart was pounding and I took a deep breath. "Ahh, is umm," I spluttered. "Miss Brown, she here?"

The man scowled slightly. "And you are?"

"Ahh Zoe," I told him. "And Andy. But she doesn't know me. But she does know Zoe."

"I'm her student," Zoe told her. "We need to, um, we need to talk to her."

The man bit his lip and looked at us up and down. I could see his mind whirring away if we were students then surely we had no right in interrupting his girlfriend's spare time, it was a Sunday after all. "Wait here," he said and called into the lounge for "Amy."

Miss Brown appeared, dressed an elegant flowing nightie that stopped a few inches below her mons and I bit my lip, glancing her up and down. "Yes?"

She looked at Zoe who elbowed me, but I was too busy admiring the vivacious young teacher to realise and Zoe spluttered. "Purse, we found it."

"Pardon?"

I was shaken to the present and took the purse out of my inside pocket of my jacket and passed it over. Miss Brown gasped and took it from me, checking the wallet for the money. "It's all there," I told her. "Well what we found." I looked at her and without emotion added. "In the same place we also found a stained red thong, two unused condoms and a handful of change, but we didn't know whether to bring them," I added, and the teacher rubbed her face. I glanced at the hem of her nightie, the action of her raising her hand had brought it up almost to the tops of her leg.

"You better come in," her partner suggested, and I saw Zoe hesitate. There was a glare from the teacher to her partner, but there was a part of me revelling in the discomfort of the young lady and I gave Zoe a gentle squeeze of the hand.

"Thank you, but we better get back." The teacher nodded, thanked us and took a ten pound note out of purse as a "finders fee" but neither Zoe nor I wanted to take it. In the end, Zoe took it and she thanked us closing the door.

"There is something weird going on," I muttered and waited for a moment and then darted onto their lawn, peering at the gap in the curtains to the front room. Zoe shouted behind me, but I was oblivious to what she was saying, gasping at the sight. In front of me, as naked as the day she was born, restrained, gagged and blindfolded was Vanessa.

Miss Brown came into the room and picked up a whip. I wasn't sure if this was consensual play from Vanessa or if Zoe was being taught by a crazed woman who had kidnapped strippers. "What is it?" Zoe hissed, and I turned to face her. "Oh my God, what's happened?"

“Nothing,” I told her, the look in my ex-lover's eyes had indicated that it wasn't fear, but I still wasn't sure what to make of it. We turned into Appleton Road and headed back towards the Club. I wanted to take Zoe out to lunch but had left my wallet and my keys in my bedroom, and had to hope that Mum was still at the club, or at home.

She was in the club, Rhea didn't answer the doorbell and the front door to the club was locked, so I swore and wandered around the back. Zoe had said she would pay for lunch, but I needed to get the keys from Mum to open up our flat to get my wallet so I could take her. We idled through the open door, which in hindsight should have been a warning that something was happening and through the club, to come face-to-face with a couple having furious and passionate sex on the stage.

Zoe jumped in shock and averted her eyes, we both gasped, and I glanced over at the myriad of people milling around the stage, there were cameramen, a director, a few girls, and countless other people standing around. And Mum.

She saw me and ran over as fast as her legs would carry her. “What are you doing here?”

“I need to borrow the keys,” I replied as Zoe left the room. “What's going on?”

“Hiya kid,” boomed a voice from almost behind me, and I turned to see Zoe's uncle.

“Oh hiya Neil.” I watched as Neil sprinted after his niece and looked at Mum.

“Well it was good money,” she said as if I had accused her.

“I am just wondering why you didn't tell me.”

Mum rubbed her hair and glared at me. “Cos I didn't want you to know,” she said and pushed me away from the debauchery.

“Yeah, it was my idea,” I moaned, and Mum snorted.

“Well you can ask Neil about getting a production credit then – location coordinator or something,” she said with a sarcastic air to her voice.

“I'd rather be a reviewer,” I muttered and walked into the daylight.

Zoe was being hugged by her Uncle when we emerged, I think she was glad to have seen him but the shock of seeing two naked people having sex so close up was a shock to her. “Can I take you to dinner?” Neil asked as they stopped hugging. “After I've finished my shoot.”

“I'm ... Oh ...” Zoe stammered.

“She will,” I promised. “Of course she will.” Neil looked at Zoe and then at me walking past him to join my friend holding up the keys to the flat. “You know how straight-laced she is.”

“I am not!” Zoe thundered and glared at her Uncle. “And you were going to come all the way to Aylesbury and not see me or Mum or Simon or ...”

Neil gulped; Zoe was right on that point, and she shifted awkwardly. “I was going to see your mother, but ... well I am not sure she'd want to see me.”

Zoe's expression changed, and she sighed. “I'll be two hours,” he promised. “We got a

couple of scenes in the club, the rest is in London, so I need to get it finished today. You be around?"

"I've got ..."

"We'll be upstairs," I promised and Zoe glared at me angrily before acquiescing.