

New Secrets

Chapter Seven



by
JOHN D

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Preface

This story is part of the “Growing Pains” world. This is the nine chapter book that shows Andy’s relationship with Sarah blossoming while Rhea still has problems with Nathan. Andy gets closer to Scarlet, Grace has a date or two and Abi has a revelation that changes everything.

In this chapter, Zoe and Andy get taken to dinner, Sarah and Andy unintentionally exhibit themselves to half of Year 10 and Sarah is given stripping lessons by Abi. Andy takes a single friend to a photo shoot and Zoe is disgusted when Abi and Sarah choose an explicit bondage film for their film club. Scarlet is doing well in her acting career, Sarah gets new clothes and Rhea has Parents’ Evening to worry about.

I would like to thank my wife for her understanding while writing all of my stories. Alas, as I choose to remain semi-anonymous I cannot name her!

Please let me know what you think of the story; I cannot hope to improve as an author if the readers don’t tell me where I succeeded and where I failed!

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Chapter VII

Zoe had barely stopped pacing up and down the living room carpet, much to Rhea's glee. My little sister didn't know too much about Zoe's uncle and Zoe happily filled in the details for her and Simon, while she ranted for almost an hour.

"And he is so perverted. And he is going out with a University student. And ..."

"He isn't that bad," I told Simon. "Good fun, good sense of humour. Kind heart."

"Kind heart? He films dirty stuff." She screwed up her face, and I reached across to the television to flick the PlayStation on.

"Let's have a race," I suggested but Zoe wasn't interested; in the end I got Rhea to have a game – on the condition that I lost, but our hollering was loud enough to make Zoe's rantings impossible to be heard, so she stopped.

Neil appeared in the doorway of the flat with Mum late-afternoon and he looked at Zoe and Simon – now racing each other. They hadn't noticed him, and I saw a smile come over his face as he watched his niece and nephew battle around the course.

He leant against the doorway rubbing his nose and caught Zoe's eye as she crossed the finishing line. "Hiya Simon."

Simon looked up and bit his lip. "Hi," he muttered.

"Coming for tea as well?"

"I got to get home," he told him, a little nervously and looked behind him towards my sister. "We are going at five."

Neil tried hard to smile, but everyone in the room knew that Simon's excuse was just that – an excuse – and he was somewhat apprehensive about spending time with his errant relative. "Sure," Neil said with a wave of the hand. "Next time."

"Yeah," Simon said, a bit too quickly. "Next time."

Zoe was still apprehensive herself but had rung her mother to say that she would be eating here and without too much fuss, we left the flat in near silence. I asked Zoe if she wanted to be alone, but she shook her head and grabbed hold of my hand.

We settled for the Italian restaurant on the corner of the road, and we were sited in an alcove at the back. Neil took one look at the menu and hummed. "Only Lanson," he moaned when he saw the sole entry under Champagne.

"It's not right," I teased and looked at Zoe. "We come and every time we want a Mow-ah and Chandon, and we just have to make do with a Lanson."

Neil shook his head. "A Pol Roger wouldn't go amiss," he said as he licked his lips. "And it's Mow-et not Maw-ah." I blinked, and he smiled. "The company may be French, but the founder was Dutch." Zoe fidgeted and looked up at him.

"Any chance of just getting the normal stuff for a change? Or even just a bottle of wine? Or water?"

Neil smiled. "You haven't changed," he told her. "You are so like little Emma. Bossy, self assured."

Zoe's shoulders dropped, and she crossed her arms. "You have subjected me a live sex show."

"Yeah and don't tell Sarah," I joked "She already wants your job!" Zoe's frown eased, and she picked up the menu. Neil did ask if they had any non-listed champagnes – and subsequently ordered a Tattinger from the four bottles behind the counter. Zoe shook her head, and I ordered a calzone, Zoe requested a salad and Neil asked for the most expensive pasta dish on the menu.

The waiter asked for the payment for the champagne up-front and Neil passed him three notes to cover it and the meal. He looked a little flustered as the millionaire opened his bulging wallet but took the money and gave us funny looks all meal. It was noticeable that our food arrived remarkably quickly and was of an excellent standard!

Neil was keen to wring some conversation out of Zoe and poured her a glass of champagne although she was hesitant about taking. "And you can't drink, you're driving," she told him firmly, and he gave a titter.

"I can have two."

"Two?" Zoe cried. "One!"

"OK then. Only if you drink the rest," he replied with a smirk, and then looked at me. "You two drink the rest." Zoe groaned, and he shrugged. "Unless you want me to have an accident."

Zoe bit her lip and sighed. "You can be so difficult at times," she moaned. Neil and I had a glass and a half each and Zoe must have had around double that. We didn't have a starter, but all had a main course, dessert and then coffees before Neil refused any sort of payment towards the bill.

"It's good to see you," he said airily and then took a deep breath and pulled a small bag from his pocket. "I got something to show you." He passed the package over to Zoe who peered inside. "I go to the Maldives in two weeks and am taking that." Zoe took out a small cube, and I knew instantly that it was a ring.

"An engagement ring?"

"I am going to ask Emma to marry me." Zoe cooed as she opened the box and rubbed her face. "It's fifty grand of love there," he told her and could see Zoe wanting to tell him that love and money shouldn't be in the same sentence. There were easily a dozen diamonds in a floral pattern around a big diamond and numerous even smaller ones dotted around. "When we get back they'll be an engagement party if she says yes. You come?" Zoe was transfixed by the diamond ring and blinked. "And if she says no, I'll let you have it," he teased.

Zoe's hands were shaking, and she put it back down on the table. I asked him why he carried it around with him, and he chortled, replying that Emma was cleaning his house while he was away and didn't want her to find it. "I'll come," she whispered hoarsely and passed the ring box to him. "You gonna tell Mum?"

"She won't come," Neil told her and ordered us dessert wines with our coffee as the waiter

walked past. The wine was sweet, but Zoe drank hers all too quickly and then took Neil's from him as he was driving. The tall pornographer just smiled at her, and we walked back to our flat; it was dark, and I took him around the side to get to his car; the rest of his entourage had come in two minibuses that had driven up separately and had now departed. "I'll drive you home," he offered Zoe and opened the door to his Ferrari.

I shook hands with him and watched as my slightly drunk friend fell into his car with glazed eyes. She was quiet and was doing just as he suggested. Zoe was very easy to control when she had had a drink, just like when she got drunk in the Summer holidays which was a stark difference to the excitable Sarah or her exhibitionist brother.

Mum was waiting for me as I came up the fire escape and told me to sit down on the sofa. "Been drinking again?"

"Only a glass," I moaned. "Zoe's uncle took us to the restaurant." She wiped her hands on her top and stretched her legs on the sofa.

"Well I did say you were grounded, didn't I?"

"I'm an adult," I moaned. "I can't be grounded." Mum's expression hardened, and she rubbed her hands.

"But you can be sacked," she said firmly, and I just groaned.

"OK, I'm sorry. But Zoe asked me to go and she doesn't have a good relationship with her uncle. I was going out to help someone else." Mum snorted and I crossed my arms. "Will you relent over Tuesday? I like to see Sarah play football."

"Yes," Mum contemptuously muttered. "If Sarah is allowed to attend." I huffed and got up, scowling, and Mum waited for me to get to the bottom of the stairs. "If you stopped drinking when you shouldn't, I wouldn't have to punish you."

I sneered; I was an adult, way too old to be "grounded." Life was not fair.

* * * * *

I was just finishing the last of my morning coffee when two faces appeared talking to each other. Zoe was slightly pale, and they crossed the room to talk to me. "Hiya. How are you?"

"Fine," Sarah bubbled and felt in my jacket pocket. "I need a drink and ..." I passed her two pounds coins and looked at Zoe. "Strong black coffee?" Sarah enquired and she nodded, before slouching in the chair.

"I bet you know what happened," Zoe muttered and looked at me.

"Ummm ... well, I reckon you were a bit tipsier by the time you got home and your mum wasn't too impressed with Neil."

"She hit him," Zoe said – her voice quiet and muted, and she wiped her eyes. "For me drinking alcohol and ummm ... well just coming to her house."

"Wow. Shit. That's bad."

"Yeah," Zoe muttered and took the steaming drink from Sarah's hand. "And I blame you as

well as him.”

“What? For making you see your family. I'm such a bastard!”

“No,” Zoe cried. “He might be my uncle, but he's ... immoral.”

“Then you know why we get on so well!”

Zoe snorted. “And why did I have to drink all the champagne?”

I was saved from answering that by the bell, and we trooped off for registration and then Miss Edwards's Maths class. Unsurprisingly Zoe looked pale and barely contributed to the lesson. I generously made two sets of notes from the examples when I saw Zoe struggling and gave them to her afterwards. “I've got English now,” my blonde friend moaned, and she dragged her feet as she ambled towards the English block.

“We have a free,” I told my girlfriend. “And the General Studies before lunch. We could sneak off to the cinema, or we could ...”

Sarah giggled. “Or we could find an unused classroom,” she suggested and pulled me through the rain towards the playground and around the side of the hall.

“Where?”

“Music.”

“Why?”

“Because there is no glass in the doors,” she told me as she ran into the downpour. “You want to get caught?”

“We could just go back to my flat,” I suggested, and Sarah looked at me with wet hair plastered to her head.

“Take a risk,” she teased and we entered the Music block which was suspiciously quiet. She put her ear to a door of a practice room. “It's empty.”

“Sarah,” I cried, but she pushed open the door to the glorified stationery cupboard, and we entered the white-washed room. A window opened out onto the playground of the school next door, and I saw Rhea dressed in her PE skirt stretching with Becky and a couple of girls I didn't recognise. Sarah closed the door and pushed me onto one of the two chairs.

She smiled and kicked off her shoes, her trousers and then pulled her knickers down, glaring at me. “Come on. We've not all day.”

“So romantic,” I teased and undid the shoelaces holding my footwear on my feet. Sarah groaned as I tucked my socks into my shoes, and pulled my trousers down.

“Come on,” she hissed. “You could've left your socks on.”

“Is this a good idea?” I asked as her fingers reached the waistband of my boxer shorts.

She sighed and stared into my eyes. “Can you feel it? The thrill of it all.” She was right, of sorts, as my boxer shorts reached my ankles, I felt butterflies in the pit of my stomach. We were risking a degree of trouble from the College by having any sort of sexual relations on the campus, but that didn't stop Sarah; she was insatiable and had a wicked gleam in her

eye.

Sarah touched me on the nose and started grinding her hips into me, slowly unbuttoning her blouse. She bit her lip and gave me a sultry look. "What are you doing?"

"A striptease," she said gleefully and pushed her blouse off and then sat on my lap, rocking back and forth on my thighs. I unclipped her bra and watched the fabric fall away as she turned around again.

She was naked, except for her red socks and she looked wonderfully sexy; I cooed at her, and pulled her onto the carpet. She kissed me as I lay her gently on the floor and smiled at her. "Does Miss Bailey require a kiss?"

Sarah nodded and pouted, but I gently parted her thighs and kissed the top of her smooth sex. She sighed and pushed her hips up further and allowed me access to her moistening slit. She smelt and tasted just as I remembered and passionately licked her slit up and down. She whimpered and ground her hips back into the thin blue carpet.

I parted her legs with my palms and lay down on the floor so that my legs were touching the wall on the other side of the room, and ran my tongue around her sex. She mewled and panted as my fingers slid up into her slippery hole and pressed against her vaginal wall.

I sucked on her pearl, massaging it with my lips as my fingers energetically flicked and pressed against her insides. She moaned louder and grabbed my hair, pressing my face into her cunt. "Oh yeah, oh ... oh agggghh," she exclaimed with every exhalation and gulped, swearing loudly and vocally.

One benefit to the practice rooms was that there was a degree of sound proofing to them but anyone listening in at the door would know exactly what Sarah was experiencing. I felt a knot tighten in my stomach but couldn't stop, Sarah would not forgive me!

I sucked on her button harder and pressed against her firmer, causing her eyes to fly open and to push her head back. Her legs began to shudder, and she screamed out crying loudly as my lips brought her to a quivering orgasm and her legs pressed against my head.

She panted and squealed and then reached down to push my head away. "No," she muttered as I wiped my face and rubbed my hand on the carpet, before sliding up the floor to be in the missionary position.

I put her ankles on my shoulders and moved my hips forward to slide my erect, and leaking cock into her sopping pussy. She groaned as I made contact with her slick orifice and it met no resistance as it slid in.

She smiled at me, and closed her eyes, rocking her hips in time with my rhythm. Sarah squeezed my thighs as I powered into her unguarded cunt, but was whimpering and groaning with every thrust. "I love you," I whispered and she smiled.

"Ahh God!" She cried back and gulped as her breathing became more ragged. She was tight, and it felt unbelievable; my heart was still pounding due to the taboo of having sex in a classroom that looked out over the playground – although we were well below the window line.

We kissed as I pushed into her and dropped my hips slightly as I withdrew to change the angle slightly. She grunted and rubbed my back, but I was nearing the point of no return

and screwed up my face. I slowed down to try and prolong the sex, but Sarah was just too tight with her ankles to high heaven and it felt so good.

I grunted, and my testicles tightened; the pressure and tension desperate for an outlet. I tried to resist, holding on to my orgasm for as long as I could, and closed my eyes as I swore.

With a final thrust, I held my cock into her and squirted several streams of cum inside her. Sarah sighed and gave me a wide smile. "Love you," she muttered and I moved in for a kiss.

We stayed together, joined by my withering and leaking cock, for a minute, kissing and fondling as my body soaked up every last spark of sexual energy from our liaison. Sarah pulled out a small bag of baby wipes and cleaned herself and then me with a wet wipe that caused my cock to stiffen again. "Later," she teased and kissed the end.

Sarah got up and remained on the right side of the room, away from the window, but I saw her there, her damp hair frizzy and messed up and pushed her against the wall, kissing her. I was dressed in just my shirt that I had not taken off, and she wrapped her arms around me to return the meaningful snog.

We heard some laughing and tapping on the window and looked down to see a couple of Rhea's class coming towards the window; I had misjudged where I was kissing her and pushed her against the window and not the wall, displaying her bare back and rear to the Year 10 football class.

I frantically pulled the blind down (why didn't we think of this before) and hissed at Sarah. "Quick."

I tripped over putting my boxer shorts and trousers on, and slid my bare feet into my shoes, but Sarah had still not put her knickers or black trousers on and I just stuffed her knickers into her bag.

We ran out of the practice room and took a different route, but I caught sight of Rhea and Becky watching in our direction and we made it to the Common Room in time for us to get dressed properly.

We said nothing to Zoe, but Sarah moaned that she had "leaked" into her knickers during General Studies and I wrote her a love poem. It was a sickly sweet thing to do – and I knew I was opening myself up for ridicule, but it caused her to smile when I passed it to her.

Zoe was still feeling rough, so we walked her home at lunchtime; Emma asked me some extremely pointed questions about Neil. I think she suspected that I was complicit in her daughter getting too tipsy, but Neil had bought the champagne and poured it – not to mention the dessert wine and coffee liqueurs.

The rest of day skipped past; Sarah and I held hands as we walked back from town but had to spend the afternoon apart due our different lessons.

Rhea teased us as we entered the flat. "Is that ... no that isn't ... oh it is Sarah. Sorry, I didn't recognise you with your clothes on and not pressed against a window."

"Not us," I said instantly.

“What's not you?” Rhea asked instantly.

“We didn't have sex in the Music rooms.”

“Who said anything about the Music rooms?” Rhea asked, her eyes twinkling and Simon touched her on the knee. “It's OK. I've not told anyone,” she promised and giggled at our blushing. “Just as long as Simon and I get tomorrow afternoon to ourselves.”

Sarah and I nodded; I had to clean the club. “Sure,” I told her and offered her my hand to shake on the “deal.”

“Fuck off!” Rhea cried. “I know exactly where your hand's been.”

* * * * *

I was just finishing the last of the tables when Mum appeared with two women and a gentleman. “Well obviously,” Mum said, “I was planning to do this mid-afternoon. We can have everything on stage, the kids will get a drink each.” She saw the look on the youngest woman's face and added, “Lemonade of course. And get a bag with the materials in. I can get some of my girls around to talk if you want.”

The pair looked around the space and nodded. “It's better than the little hall we normally have to use,” the guy said and then turned to Mum. “And this would be funded by yourselves?”

Mum swallowed some water from her glass and nodded. “Of course. We've always wanted to give something back to the Community,” she sweetly said. “But Mr Jones suggested this fitted in quite nicely with our aims and what you would require.”

The gentleman took a deep breath and looked around. “I must admit,” he said. “I've never been in. I was expecting pictures of naked women and all sorts, but it's very tastefully decorated.” Mum bit her lip and the woman glanced over at me. “And clean. I mean we would need to clear it with our manager, but I can't see a problem. This room holds what? Three fifty? Four hundred?”

Mum nodded and gestured towards the bar, offering the three representatives from the charity a drink. “You said you had over a thousand kids you wanted to offer these presentations and videos to, I would need to run them on different days. I have a bouncer who I will get in, and I presume teachers as well?”

The gentleman nodded and then looked at his companions. I think Mum detected a desire from them to want to be alone for a moment, and said she would give them a few moments to talk. She walked over to me and asked if I was finished, and if I was, could I please put the lasagne in the fridge in the oven.

I nodded towards the three suited employees. “That sexual health thing, you holding it here?”

Mum gave a smile. “Possibly. It's a better venue, and it saves me money. The packs that they need to put together is ten grand, although I can put my logo on them alongside theirs.”

I gave a laugh. “So come here to learn about sex. Why not send your parents here for the evening?”

Mum forced a smile. "It's a voluntary thing for your age group so I wouldn't get so smug."

I laughed. "Ahh well. My mother spends all evening at the club anyway."

Mum pouted and gestured towards the back door. "Go on, Rhea will be home soon, and I need dinner on. I'll be home in thirty minutes."

"Sarah has football practice," I said, and Mum glanced over at me. "Can we have ours when we get back?"

Mum reluctantly agreed and I put my cleaning stuff back in the cupboard before running outside and up the fire escape. There was the unmistakable sounds of Rhea as I entered the house; she had been home alone since 3pm, and presumably had Simon with her. The screaming and crying as Simon did something to her, echoed down the corridor, and I gave a smile – she had the cheek to moan about me. I walked quietly down the corridor and tapped sharply on Rhea's door.

"Mum'll be home soon," I warned. "You might want to finish up."

I heard some swearing from the other side of the door and then Rhea chastise Simon for something. I skipped downstairs and put dinner into the oven before running out the front door to meet Sarah at her football club.

Sarah threw her arms around me the moment she saw me. The coach, a stout woman had Sarah do extra laps of the pitch as she was "out of condition" after Sarah had tired in the last few minutes of their recent game, and then had them passing the ball from one side of the pitch to the other.

It amazed me, Sarah never made a mistake as pass after pass, at least forty or fifty feet, landed at her teammates' feet with unerring accuracy. Every time she kicked the ball, she glanced over to me and smiled. The weather was beginning to turn, and a few drops of rain had fallen, but she clearly appreciated that I had come to watch her play football.

I liked to watch Sarah, she was a good player, but I saw a side of her I didn't usually see. Sarah was fairly confident normally, but on the pitch she was possessed with supreme self-belief and did everything in an assured way. She never even batted an eyelid as she danced around a tackle, or crossed the ball from one side of the pitch to another, just about everything she attempted, was executed with incredible precision. She was the best player on that pitch, and she knew it.

By the time Sarah had finished, the drops of rain had turned into a torrent of water. I didn't see Mark and asked Sarah about him. "Amy said her mother had a new bloke," she replied, and I just shrugged; I would almost have uncharitably guessed that.

I offered Sarah my coat, but she declined, and I had to get her to take it quite forcibly. She smiled as I slid it over her bare arms and she glanced at my moistening white T-Shirt. "Aren't you cold?"

"I'll be fine," I replied quickly before my teeth started to chatter.

I returned home with Sarah, who dutifully stripped at the bottom of the stairs and ran naked through the lounge (containing Rhea, Simon and Mum) towards the shower. Rhea gave me raised eyebrows as Sarah shot through and Mum joined me in the kitchen as I cut up some salad to go with the last of the lasagne, currently in the warm oven.

“Hey, bro, how do you do standard deviation?” Rhea asked as I chopped the cucumber and I glanced over at Mum filling the kettle.

Mum shrugged. “I missed that out of my education,” she said with a smile, and I promised my baby sister that I would show her later. Mum waited for Rhea to leave the room and watched as I started on the tomato. “How’s Sarah?”

“Oh, she is OK. Training was good,” I muttered. “Got some homework tonight though. Due in tomorrow.”

Mum gave a smile. “Well if your job is getting in the way ...”

“It’s not,” I snapped. “I just need to do it that’s all. Time management I think they call it!”

My mother chuckled. “I saw something I never thought I’d see when I got back home.” I froze, was Rhea still having sex when Mum walked through the door? There wasn’t shouting, so either Mum was relaxed about it, or they had already had their yelling. “Rhea was at the dining table doing her homework with Simon.”

I suppressed a relieved smile and Mum grinned. “Yeah, well it had to happen eventually.”

“I know, but I am used to having to bully her. She came home and just did it, with Simon. I’m amazed.”

I pushed my lips together to stop myself from laughing at my mother’s unintentional double entendre, but as I was hunched over the worktop she didn’t see or notice my strange facial expression. “I think I would be too.”

Sarah and I ate the lasagne, and I washed the plates while Sarah and Mum chatted; Mum certainly liked Sarah and there was no tension in the room. I knew Donna never actually got on that well with Ray’s family, and it caused a degree of problems, so I was lucky that my problems extended no further than Rhea.

I had some Economics work to do and blazed through it at the dining table while Sarah completed her Biology essay and by the time mid-evening approached Sarah gave me a wink. “Finished?”

I looked at the last Economics question. “Yeah,” I told her. “I can be.” I packed my belongings in my bag and left it by the side of the dining room next to Sarah’s schoolbag, and we hurriedly said goodnight to Rhea – still struggling with standard deviation and Mum, who had a night off work.

Sarah and I embraced the moment we closed the door to my bedroom and Sarah frantically stripped of her outer clothes. I undid her bra while I had my arms around her and she unclipped my belt, letting my trousers fall to the ground.

I ran my hands over her body and threw her onto the bed, throwing my T-shirt onto my desk, and she laughed as I jumped onto the bed alongside her. She took my erect cock in her hand and began to gently stroke it.

I put my finger on her slit, and Sarah moaned as I circled her button with my finger. She blew me a kiss and moved her thumb over my glans. “That’s nice,” I muttered when the door opened.

“Just one thing I don’t get with this standard deviation,” my little sister said as she burst

into the room. "Oh put that tart down, you've no idea where's she been."

"Rhea," I cried. "Get the fuck out."

Sarah ran her hands down my shaft, and I groaned as Rhea stood in the doorway. "Well I can wait," she teased and then her eyes dropped. "I only need you for two minutes."

"Get out," I snapped and Rhea slammed my door. Sarah took her hands from my manhood and shook her head.

"Go help her," she told me. "We got all evening. And she'll only go and moan to Grace."

"Sometimes I bloody hate her," I moaned; Rhea had interrupted my sex with my girlfriend for some basic Maths problem. I washed my hands and put my dressing gown over me but deliberately left my erect cock visible as a stark reminder that she had interrupted my love life.

Rhea was unrepentant as expected and told me "to put the bloody thing away," which I did as Mum looked on from the lounge. I guided Rhea through the three questions she couldn't do and then looked at her, muttering quietly.

"Can I go now?"

"Yes," Rhea hissed and I returned to the bedroom to find a naked Sarah with her hands on my portfolio.

"Can I?"

"No," I panicked; there were naked pictures of her mother at a swinging party in my collection that Sarah knew nothing about and guided my playful partner back to the bed.

"I'm not sure I'm in the mood," Sarah teased and then got very much in the mood when I offered to go down on her. I positioned my pulchritudinous lover on top as I joyfully sucked in her musky scent. She relaxed her muscles and her weight came down a little more on top of me, but she smelt and tasted divine.

I always loved the experience of going down on Sarah, and she groaned loudly as I sucked on her exposed button. I ran my tongue up and down her slit as she leant forward slightly, and my hands played with her nipples and pushed up on her body to right her.

If Sarah made any effort to conceal her orgasm then she failed as she squealed and screamed just as loudly as ever, her hips bucking and rocking as my tongue swirled around her button.

I felt drops of our juices run down my face and soak into my chin and hair, but Sarah was gorgeous and fragrant. She leant forward to get a better grip of my cock and all I could see was her puckering rosebud; 69 does not give the best views!

I worked my tongue over her clit and feasted on her crevice for her to have three more climaxes, each one stronger than the last. Sarah tried to move off of me, but I used my hands to hold her down and slid my rolled tongue into her hole; she squealed and rocked her hips.

I felt so comfy and safe as I slid my tongue up and down her slick runway. She squealed and cried out, begging me to make her come. I knew she wanted me to suck on her clit,

but I deliberately avoided it until she was almost crying.

She leant forward and gobbled my cock into her mouth and sucked the tip with wild abandon. I cried into her shaven crotch and dug my finger tips into her thigh; it was an intense feeling and I was nearing my own climax in no time.

I extended my tongue and wrapped it around her pearl and then put my lips around it, sucking it furiously. Sarah squealed onto my cock and slumped against it, as her legs shock and her body tensed.

Her squeals were yells as her finger nails were wrapped around my thigh and I just kept sucking on her button. I couldn't make out what she was saying, but she was screaming in impassioned lust that I was causing.

I pressed my lips against her clit, and her fingers gripped my legs again and her rosebud flexed. I could feel her muscles quivering, and her cries filled the room, even through her thighs that were pressed against my ears. She moved her crotch away from me and looked down at my sodden face.

"Oh shit," she cried. "That was ..." I moved forward and slid my tongue down her sodden slit, but she just laughed and moved it. "No, I can't."

Sarah smiled and kissed the tip of my cock before sliding her hand down to the shaft and taking the tip in her mouth, sucking and swirling her tongue around it. My breathing became ragged, and I pushed back in the bed, enjoying the expert blow-job that Sarah was happily providing.

I sighed loudly as I neared orgasm and cried out to Sarah but, as usual, she just increased her pace and kept up with my bucking hips and bobbing cock. I felt the pressure in my balls intensify and gulped. I tensed my buttocks and gasped as I felt a pressure valve be lifted a few waves of cum be pumped into Sarah's teenage mouth.

She coughed as I finished; I think I must have hit the back of her throat, but she swallowed and just sucked the tip of my cock.

"Love you," I cried as another aftershock hit me and Sarah just giggled.

* * * * *

Ray tapped his fingers on the glass of the bus, and I snapped at him for the umpteenth time. "Calm down." He sighed and went to biting his nails and then fiddling with his camera case.

We had taken the "other" train out of Aylesbury that connected our town with the main line at High Wycombe – a large sprawling town on the Motorway just outside London, and was now speeding through the lunchtime Friday traffic on a smelly bus with a dozen poorly dressed people around us.

We were nervous as we both had all our expensive camera gear by our sides and Ray was worried about everything – he was in a strange town, surrounded by people he didn't like the look of, carrying his pride and joy in his hand and was about to start shooting for a sex shoot. My friend was a wreck!

We reached our stop in the west of the town centre five minutes later, and I pulled out a battered piece of paper from my pocket; I had some rough directions and we strode into a

small industrial estate, surrounded by vans, workmen and activity.

The little unit my “friend” had rented (or bought) was unlocked and we nervously strode into the large room calling out for “Mike.”

“Hiya boys,” a voice cried, and my heart pumping ten to the dozen spun around to see a bald man – easily in his thirties – dressed in a large T-shirt and shorts. “Come on through. You’ve got a change of clothes.”

“Yeah,” I said airily and put my backpack down. I held out my hand to shake his and he stopped, giving a wry giggle.

“Hey, we don’t shake hands in porn. I know where they’ve been!” I muttered an insincere apology, but Mike knew I clearly didn’t mean it and showed us through into the big warehouse.

He had “decorated” it well and had on three of the walls, brightly coloured sheeting on the wall and floors, with an assortment of bare wooden chairs, tables and other furniture. He told me that he was doing a “WAM” shoot, but I had no idea what it was, and Ray asked what I was thinking.

Mike blew air through his lips at Ray’s question and hummed confidently. “It’s for a splashing mag. Got this off me mate, it’s empty and got it for fifty notes.” He shrugged and smiled. “E’s security guard. Girls’ll be ‘ere soon. Wifey’s pickin’ ‘em up. We’ll do custard pies in faces, gunge over head. Messy wrestling. Dirty spanking, that sort of thing.”

“Oh, like mud,” I blurted out, thinking back to Abi in the mud wrestling pit. “That’ll be cool.”

“No mud.” He said. “We don’t use mud. It’s food. Been down to Cash ‘n’ Carry to stock up.” We watched as he got his camera out and looked at us. “Olivia said you took great photos. I’ve done it before, but they moaned at the quality, and I made a shit profit. I’m ‘oping you boys can bring ‘ome the bacon.”

“No pressure then,” Ray muttered, and I took out eight films from my bag. I had given Ray an overview of what I had done in the club, and with Holly at the Landmark Hotel, and while he heard but wasn’t sure he was really listening. His eyes kept wandering to Mike who was setting up the first set with a giant tub of baked beans and a seat.

Eight girls turned up a few moments later, and Mike’s wife came over and took the camera from him. Mike then walked over to the girls and introduced us as the “photographers who’ll make you famous.” This was stretching it a bit, but all of the girls were in tight shorts or T-shirts, and they looked sexy. They also didn’t look much older than us!

Ray licked his lips, and I told him to put his eyes back in! The first scene didn’t involve the baked beans, but he passed over two policewomen outfits to the two tallest girls – a blonde-haired girl who looked a bit like Ingrid and a half-caste girl with black frizzy hair (a bit like Donna).

Mike called us over, and we started taking photos, first of all with them clean and then as they traded creampie and then poured custard over each other. Mike was in his element, directing proceedings and the remaining girls sat around watching as “Donna” and “Ingrid” coated each other in custard.

I got “Ingrid” to sit in the chair and sit back, squeezing out the goo from her knickers and down her stockings while smiling at the camera, and Mike got “Donna” to coat her friend

with more food.

A redhead was then covered in a giant bucket of custard while dressed in a PVC catsuit, which collected in a paddling pool, which was then cue for "Ingrid" and "Donna" to join in.

The sexiest scene, I thought was when a girl was naked, covered head to toe in chocolate sauce and then spanked over a schoolgirl's knee, but we went through so much food and both Ray and I slipped in the mess.

Chrissie, Mike's wife passed the camera to Mike and joined in, gleefully stripping naked to get dunked in custard. She was a plump lady, and when chocolate sauce was added over the top she looked like a monster from the deep!

I felt myself getting very hard as two eighteen year old school girls battled it out with baked beans, and little orange pellets went everywhere, hitting Ray before they hit me. I got some good "action" shots of the two, but I was surprised by the sexiness of it all. It was a million miles away from sex – there was some nakedness but not all the girls were without clothes, and there was no penetration, just plenty of suggestion. I found it more arousing than some of the girls at the club doing their photo shoot, mostly because every girl being messed up was doing so with a giant smile on their face.

It looked fun, and I almost wanted to join in but knew that I couldn't. "Ingrid" was back from a quick shower and dressed in just cheap lingerie that was soon covered in green gunge. She had squirty cream sprayed in her shorts and then across her bosom before being thrown into the paddling pool of custard.

The lighting wasn't perfect and the slick bodies certainly reflected the light in all directions, but there was an attractiveness to it; shiny, smooth legs, covered with messy gooeey substances that just oozed sex appeal and sensuality.

Ray smiled at me; he was enjoying himself and was talking to a dirty young lady who then hugged him when he put his camera down. I couldn't help but grin and used up my film as Mike brought the shoot to a close. Ray and I had managed our film use well as I had told him how many pictures we had to take and Mike told us of how many scenes were left.

I didn't need a shower, but I wanted to change my trousers before we went home as girls ran back to the small portable shower in the corner of the room. I knew it wasn't cold water, but the heating must have been on its "last legs" as it was not overly warm judging by some of the squeals from the young ladies we had just photographed.

Mike took the five rolls of film from me with the three from Ray and put them in his little bag. He had two from Chrissie that was now busy washing her hair in the small portable shower in the corner of the room. "Better be OK," he mused. "Mag said they'd take all the pics if they're good." I fidgeted slightly, but I knew they should be of a good quality. I had paid attention to what Olivia had said and had confidence in my work.

"What's the deal here?" I asked as Ray joined the girls in queueing for the shower. They rubbed their naked bodies alongside him to mess him up and caught him disappearing between a pair of chocolate thighs and two pairs of custard breasts. Mike gave me a wry smile.

"They're college girls," he told me. "Mostly eighteen plus but ... well, that's what they tell me. They look it, and I try not to ask for proof, but they sign to say they are. But they get twenty, thirty, forty quid for four hours work, they jump at that. And then there's you two at

one twenty. Another hundred on sheeting and supplies. Fifty for the building. Furniture came from the tip. But I could sell these pics for upwards of a grand to grand an' half to mag. Maybe two."

I smiled at him, and he rubbed his hands. "A thousand?"

"Yeah," he said confidently and lowered his voice. "At least. And wifey wants to buy an 'ouse. Every little 'elps, as they say."

Mike was talkative and as long as I helped him to clear up I could chat. Ray – now clean and dry - was playing with his camera and talking to a half-naked girl while I pumped Mike for information.

I had spent some time around Neil Pollitt, Zoe's uncle, when we went down and learnt a lot from him as to erotic photography, but Mike was a small-time pornographer who made the small sums work. "Simply put," Mike told me. "Ya just nee' to work awt what ya margins are. I mean, we dain't do gangbangs and shit cos it's done to 'igh 'eaven by the pro's. We just do the niche shit."

"And it pays?"

"It pays big time," he told me. "Long as ya keep ya costs short and ya income long." I offered him Ceri's phone number, and he gratefully took it. I had no doubt that she would happily consider a photo shoot if it involved her being paid and Mike said he was always looking for new girls. I changed into my clean trousers before we were offered a lift back to the station, and we settled into the dilapidated minibus, both of us in between models – or "porn stars" to Ray – and made no attempt to be fine, upstanding young men. I tickled a long-haired girl who openly giggled and flirted while Ray was loud and brash; I had never seen him like that.

"You have great knockers," my awkward friend told the girl who's lap he was almost on which caused a barrage of laughter.

Was it any wonder he was single with charm like that?

* * * * *

Abi had promised us a particularly good film at the "Film Club" and there was an unusual amount of interest. Neither Sarah or I had heard of it, but Zoe told us that it better not be as bad as "Showgirls" and Ingrid had seen it and wanted to see it again.

I was a little surprised that the four of us could fit into Abi's room along with my Scottish friend and her house mate. Sarah had purchased some popcorn, but Abi didn't have a microwave, so she had to heat it on the pan.

The pan Sarah had put the microwaveable popcorn into had a spout (it was a milk pan) and I got hit by an incoming piece of exploding popcorn as I entered the room.

Sarah was genuinely amazed by the popping corn, and hadn't put a large enough pan, so the lid rose above the pan due to the expansion of our snack. "This is so cool," Sarah shouted at me above the popping. "I so want to do this again."

I left Sarah with the impending mess – I was acutely reminded of a fable called "The Magic Porridge Pot" only Sarah's tale would be the "The Tiny Popcorn Pan" but she returned into the lounge a few moments later with two bowls of slightly burned microwaveable popcorn.

The Story of O – as a name – meant nothing to any of us, but we each put in a pound on the little pot on the television and sat down with a drink each and some popcorn.

Angela came into join us just as Abi wound the tape back and I settled in with Sarah between my open legs. She rubbed her body up and down and was quite glad when Abi turned off the lights. We were at the back of the room so no-one was directly in front of us and I was the only guy in the room, but Ingrid and Zoe were sat together with Angela and Abi both having the chairs.

It was a dark film and the first scene of “O” being told to remove clothes before going into the house, being subjected to pain and non-consensual penetration will live with me forever. Sarah gently rubbed up and down on my erect cock, and it was a powerfully erotic bit of cinema.

I felt ready to come but stopped her; I did not want to ejaculate in front of Zoe and Ingrid, and settled on watching the erotic movie Abi had procured, and gently rubbing Sarah's nipples before moving to her slit.

Sarah was exceptionally moist – and got considerably wetter as the film moved on and the experiences of “O” became more extreme. I was somewhat taken with the notion of handing over control of my life to someone else and lapped up the film, but couldn't do it as “O” did; it was too far!

We were all transfixed, and I happily played with Sarah as I always did on Abi's film club. She was especially moist and gave muted groans I pressed against the clit. She was unable to do much as she was leaning against my body between my legs, and I had both of my arms across her chest, pushing her into me but she put her head back and tilted it to give me a kiss.

I am not sure if Sarah did orgasm or just got very aroused, but she was quiet which was crucial and then kissed me as the film neared its end.

“Thank you,” she whispered and settled down against me. I let her “taste” herself on my fingers and then kissed her on the cheek, suckling her skin that caused her to giggle.

“Is that your copy?” I asked Abi as the film finished, and we got up to stretch our legs.

“Borrowed from Blockbusters,” she replied with a smirk. “And yes, I could see you enjoyed it!”

“It was a good film,” I replied, a little defensively and Abi smiled.

“It was,” Sarah agreed. “So erotic and so ...”

“It. Was. Disgusting,” Zoe interrupted. “And to see all that. How could someone do that to another person?”

“Well that's the point,” Sarah told her and then smiled at her shocked face. “Oh Zoe. You are so naïve.”

“I am not naïve,” Zoe thundered, and Abi and I looked at each other.

“You are naïve,” Ingrid replied. “You thought Ray and Rosie would be together for life.”

“Yeah, and that Sarah and I were being immoral and unnatural.”

“Oh don't start this again,” Zoe moaned and opened the door to the corridor. “You've watched a couple of porn films, but that was nothing short of violence and degradation and ... well I felt sick when she got that heated metal and put it to the poor girl. It made me sick.”

Sarah's eyes twinkled. “We could you know,” she grinned.

Abi allowed Zoe to leave the room and whispered in our ears. “Wait until the Summer and you can have a temporary one if you two get kinky,” she said, so I was barely able to hear. “It's called a sunburn brand, and it's where you make the design you want on some paper and cut it out. Then just lay down with all of you covered up except for that piece in the Sun and just that bit gets sunburnt.” We looked at her, and she shrugged. “We had long waits sometimes in the massage parlour. You talk about everything.”

I smiled, and we went into the open air. Zoe and the Scandinavian Ingrid had continued the row about the Story of O – it was one of Ingrid's favourite films, and I could see why; it was one of mine now. It was so elegantly done and showed in explicit detail the aspects of that culture.

Sarah had a glint in her eye, but we were not going to be able to do much and we held hands as Zoe moralised. “I so hope we go to see Satan if she is going to Heaven,” Sarah whispered. “It'll be more fun.”

“It'll be 'ot,” I joked, and we said our goodbyes at the top of the street. Rhea crossed her arms and looked at me as we came into the room. “What do you think to 'sexy' as a name?”

I spluttered and shrugged. “I don't know. What for?”

“For our daughter,” Simon added. They cackled at my horrified face. “Rhea's not pregnant, but she wants to call her first daughter 'Sexy.’”

I frowned at her. “It's an unusual name for a baby.”

Rhea smiled. “I know. But it is cool. Because can you imagine during the Ofsted inspection when my daughter is trying to firebomb the school and they ask 'who is that?' and then then headteacher replies, 'oh she is Sexy.' They'll be locked up. And then there is the boyfriend thing. And all sorts. It has so much potential.”

I turned to Simon. “I so hope Rhea never has any children.”

“It's OK. I don't want any,” Rhea said quickly. “Nasty, smelly, vile creatures. And you might end up with a little boy. Little girls are OK I s'pose but boys, eh!”

“Looks like it's up to us for the grandchildren then,” I uttered to Sarah jokingly, and she squeezed my hand.

“Yeah, who says I want children?” Sarah smiled at me and pursed her lips. “It's OK. I do and I know you do.” Her eyes sparkled and she squeezed my hand. “We could go try now, if you want!”

* * * * *

Sarah's assertion worried me a bit; I had not actually told Sarah that I did want to be a father when I was older, as in truth I had not given it much thought, but clearly Sarah had. I

put it out of my mind; why was Sarah worrying about such trivial things at sixteen anyway?

I wasn't sure how I would cope with young children and had had little contact with the little blighters but realised that if people like Mark could be a step-dad then I should have no problems being a Dad. I was road-tested quicker than I expected on Saturday afternoon. "Andy," Mum called out as she ran up the stairs. "Andy."

"What?" I replied, worried by the urgency in her voice.

"Andy," she cried when she saw me. "I need you to babysit."

"Babysit?" I interrupted. I was a little concerned by her panicked look.

"Yes, don't interrupt. Alicia's been injured. She's going to Stoke Mandeville."

"Oh," I replied, my heart beating furiously. What did I know about looking after children? "Can't ..."

Mum cocked her head, and Alicia's two children – Lily and Charlotte – emerged from behind her. "I got to go to the hospital, Horace is away. OK? Stay in the flat and use whatever you need in the freezer."

Mum looked at me for a split second and then ran back down the stairs. "Hi," I muttered to the scared looking children.

They said nothing and a half-naked Rhea looked into the lounge from the dining room. "Hey, did I hear you were babysitting? Unlucky."

I looked at the two children, they may have been twins but were remarkably different. "Do you want a drink?"

They shook their heads, and Rhea smiled at them. "We have lemonade," she offered. Their faces lit up slightly at this and Rhea then added. "And chocolate biscuits, you just need to take your coats off and come with me into the kitchen."

They looked at Rhea and then at each other, and the bigger girl, Charlotte, nodded and took off her red coat which I took off of her. Rhea, as it happens, didn't give them a chocolate biscuit, but the entire biscuit tin and I groaned.

"They wanted them."

"Yes, well an alcoholic wants beer but it is not a good thing to give it to them."

"And a sex addict wants Sarah and she does give it to you," Rhea replied instantly, and I rolled my eyes.

"What's a sex addict?" Lily asked, looking up from the kitchen, and Rhea grinned.

"Yes Andy, what is a sex addict?"

"I don't know. Perhaps Rhea could tell us."

Rhea turned to them and shook her head. "It's naughty words, but I shall not use them in front of you. Even if my big brother wants me to. But he likes naughty words as he is naughty. Silly Andy," she cooed and gave me a grin.

My bottomless sister, invited the two kids to play on the PlayStation, but they did not have the hand-to-eye co-ordination to play any of our video games and we didn't have any toys suitable for seven year olds. Rhea got up and looked at the video cabinet, scowling at it. "It's locked," she moaned.

I shrugged; Mum did keep the video cabinet locked if she thought we had would watch inappropriate films (she openly admitted having some containing adult, pornographic or explicit material) and Rhea disappeared, returning a few moments later with a couple of small metal tools.

I rolled my eyes, but Lily came over and looked at Rhea peering into the cabinet. "Do you mind," Rhea teased. "Tricks of the trade." Lily looked at me and I went to call her over, but Rhea giggled and got the seven year-old to sit down and listen. I went to protest, but Charlotte said she needed a wee, and I had to show her where the bathroom was, leaving Rhea to teach Lily some unsuitable skills.

I came back down to Rhea gently guiding Lily into picking the lock, and there was a clunk. "She's a natural," Rhea proudly explained. "Even Simon spent longer on his first lock." Lily beamed.

"Just don't tell Mum," I warned her and Rhea selected the first film she saw on the shelf – the Exorcist. I tutted, and Rhea then chose a more suitable film for our audience, The Little Mermaid.

Our young audience loved the film, and as it neared its conclusion I located a couple of pizzas in the freezer and put them in the oven with some French fries.

The two girls may have remained perfectly still and calm during the film, but the excess of chocolate Rhea had fed them gave them a sugar high as they sat down to eat the dinner I was providing and the excited chatter over dinner was enough to give me a head ache.

I left the washing up for later and got out the draughts board, offering a game to the quiet Lily, who passed and Charlotte took me up on it. It was tough teaching a seven year-old strategy and the rules of the game, but I allowed her to win the first couple of games and then beat her to show her where her weaknesses were.

Rhea teased me about losing, but she had found a bow and arrow set from when she was a bit smaller and was currently enticing Lily to shoot at her teddy bear perched on the bottom step of the stairs. "Be careful," I told them as Lily hit the wall and Rhea just cackled and retrieved the ammunition.

I put my foot down when Rhea retrieved her claymore and gave it to the seven year old who's eyes lit up although she was barely able to lift it. Rhea supported it as she swung it and I told my sister to put it away before someone – most probably me – got hurt.

Eventually, we settled down to watch another film, and I provided the girls with some popcorn, fizzy pop and a Disney video which we had to rewind (Rhea never rewound the videos when she finished with them!)

As the credits finished, there was a cough behind us and Mum stood there with Alicia, her leg bandaged up. I saw her glance over at Rhea who hadn't noticed and Lily finish her can of cola, burp and then scrunch up the can. The television went off with a flick of Mum's hand and Rhea turned to see her, only for Lily to burp loudly again. "Ahh, a natural."

Alicia gave a grin. "Teaching her bad habits, Rhea. She'll end up like you."

Mum glared at me. "I thought I left you in charge," she said with an annoyed edge to her voice.

"I thought that as well," I snapped back, and Charlotte promptly took four of my pieces. "But then you can't control Rhea, what chance have I got?"

"Oi," Rhea replied. "I am not a rottweiler."

"No," I said in a slightly aggrieved tone. "A rottweiler can be trained."

Lily looked up at her mother and ran to her, wrapping her arms around her. "So what have you been up to?"

"We watched a film, and then Andy made us pizza, and then we listened to music, and we played with bows and arrows and swords and then errr, we watched another film."

Mum looked at Rhea. "I thought I locked the video cabinet."

"And Rhea taught me how to open locked cabinets." Alicia burst out laughing, and my sister hissed at the little girl. Of course, Rhea still wasn't dressed, and her lounging on the couch was displaying all of her teenage attributes to our visitor; this did not go unnoticed. "And I want a big sword for Christmas!"

Mum took Alicia and the kids back to their house and returned ten minutes later, telling Rhea off for picking locks and showing Alicia's kids how to do it, and then I was reprimanded for allowing Rhea to do it.

"We only watched a Disney film," I replied. "And anyway, I didn't know she was breaking in until she was breaking in. And then it was too late."

Mum gave me a withering look, and I used the pause to ask what had happened to Alicia. "Car. Knocked over crossing the road as we went for a walk. There was an ambulance just 'round the corner so was there is no time, but I didn't want to take the kids to the Hospital."

"I s'pose not," I muttered and allowed our conversation to peter out. Mum came over and hugged me.

"I know I dumped them on you, but thank you for looking after Charlotte and Lily. It is appreciated," she told me and kissed my cheek. She gave a groan and then released me. "But I am needed at work; don't be up too late," she warned and I watched her leave the room and go through the interconnecting door.

Maybe having children weren't so bad after all, but only if they were kept away from their Aunty Rhea!

* * * * *

Abi and Sarah were both waiting for me as I unlocked the door to the club on Sunday and I looked suspiciously at them, but Abi just shrugged. "I've arranged it with Grace."

"Arranged what?"

"Nothing," Sarah squeaked. She coughed and gave a slightly nervous laugh. "Just umm ..."

well nothing much.”

“You’re a crap liar,” I told my girlfriend and then looked at my ex-lover. “Abi? What is going on?”

“Errr ... you heard the young lady,” my Scottish friend told me. “Nuttin’.”

“Abi, Sarah, you two can’t lie.” Sarah disagreed, but neither of them were anywhere near the Rhea standard I was usually faced with and then I stood in the doorway with my arms crossed and the key in my hand.

“OK, I’m teaching Sarah to strip.”

“She can strip,” I answered immediately and sighed. “Well she’s done it before.

“I want to learn from the best,” Sarah told me and we heard Zoe’s voice coming up the road. I unlocked the door and unset the alarm, telling the two to wait in the toilets and Zoe, and I would do upstairs together.

“You got half-an-hour,” I warned them, and Sarah thanked me with a kiss.

“Did I hear you talking to someone?” My suspicious friend asked as I smiled at her.

“No, just umm. Just my phone,” I told her and held out the bulky handset from my pocket. “Mum asking me. Could we, err, could we start upstairs first.”

“Yeah, sure,” Zoe replied as she came in and looked at me mistrustfully. I took a couple of deep breaths; why was I suddenly scared about talking to Zoe? I was doing what Abi and Sarah were doing, which is why I knew that they were lying to me.

I grabbed hold of our extensive tray of cleaning products and grabbed both the hoover and the carpet cleaner, taking them to the bottom of the stairs and then carrying the vacuum cleaner upstairs. “Why did your Mum want us to do these first?”

“Dirty,” I muttered and then saw movement in the toilets. “And she said she might be popping in downstairs in a minute.”

“OK,” Zoe muttered and I put the vacuum cleaner in the small corridor before retrieving the carpet cleaner. I heard the music come on while we were in one of the VIP rooms and rolled my eyes. Zoe looked at me with a questioning look, but we continued talking about more mundane things – Ray’s break-up with Donna the week before, Rhea’s continuing relationship with Simon, Zoe’s latest book or even just the music on the radio or the homework we had to do.

I was vacuuming each room and then cleaning it with the carpet cleaner, and while the rooms were used, they were not dirty, and I had to use all my persuasion to get Zoe to stay until they were completely pristine; they were of a much higher standard than usual and even the lights were gleaming.

Zoe shook her head. “Is an inspection due?”

“Had it,” I muttered as we finished the last room. Like last time we had an impressive array of lost property, including a card advertising escort services by Suzanna with a picture that looked remarkably like Cherry!

We put the last of the items at the top of the stairs and made a loud noise as we started to descend the steps; I was hoping Abi and Sarah had finished and the music had stopped, but as the stairs swept around to the right and above the stage, I heard Zoe shout.

“Sarah!” Zoe cried, and I looked to see a naked Sarah – except for some boots, crouching down and holding onto a pole as Abi directed.

“Oh hi,” Sarah called as she made a pelvic thrust onto the pole.

“That's good,” Abi said nodding. “Nearly finished.”

Zoe was at the foot of the stage in seconds and stared directly at her friend. “What are you doing? You can't be working here as you are too young.”

“Yes, I know,” Sarah cried as she sat on the stage. “I know that. I wanted Abi to teach me for ... personal reasons.”

“Personal reasons?”

“Yeah.” Her eyes flicked towards me, and I smiled at her. Zoe groaned and stormed off towards the toilets.

“I am doing in here, and I don't want to see naked people when I am finished.”

I looked at both of the troublesome ladies with a shake of the head, and Sarah grabbed her clothes scattered around the floor before I realised that they weren't her clothes at all. “Mine are in the back room,” she told me reading my mind.

“But you did well,” Abi told her. “A natural.”

“I'd like to work here,” Sarah mused. “I could do with the extra money.”

“You could get a job anywhere for the extra money,” I replied, and she crossed her arms.

“You sound like Mum. I don't want to get a job anywhere, I want to get a job at the strip club.” I sighed, and Sarah crossed her arms. “Well I want somewhere where I can have some fun!”

“It's not that fun,” Abi told her. “Gets very samey. Same guys, same dances, same being felt up, same everything.”

“It's so much fun,” Sarah cried. “I love it.”

I groaned; Sarah was spoilt at times. Working – at our age – didn't involve fun. It was menial work to get extra pocket money and pay for the things we wanted to do. The first step on the road to independence, but Sarah would continue to not have to work while her parents gave her a generous allowance.

I was a little proud of the fact that I worked for my money and although Dad put a very generous allowance into my bank account each month, it did not stop me from working. Indeed, the majority of my money was earned, and Sarah was a long way from being able to say that!

I shook my head and joined Zoe in toilets, who was moaning vociferously about Sarah and Abi; it wasn't my choice for Zoe to see them, but the way she shouted at me, she clearly

thought it was all my doing.

* * * * *

“Why do you come then?” I asked Zoe as she ranted about the depravity of the Story of O. “I mean, they are adult films. You don't like them, so why come?”

Zoe scowled slightly as we approached the top of Abi's road. “Well ... it's ummm ... I don't want to be on my own.”

“It's two hours. Just like when you wanted to see Titanic last year, and you went with Ingrid and Rosie and whoever. I didn't go 'cause it's ... well not my thing.”

“Well neither is Story of O and Beethoven and ... stuff.”

“This is a porn film. Debbie does Dallas is renowned,” I told her. “It's full of people ...”

“I know,” Zoe interrupted. “I just shut my eyes for those bits. OK?”

I burst out laughing, as did Ray, Ingrid and Sarah walking with us. “Zoe, what will we do with you?”

“Get her laid,” Ray crudely said. “In fact, I'll do it. Change your mind 'bout sex.”

“Sleeping with one girl does not make you a sex god,” Ingrid told him and he snorted.

“Two actually.” His crass and bold demeanour withered slightly when Sarah looked at him.

“Rosie said you hadn't gone ... you know.”

“No. Ummmm ... not her. Katy.” He pursed his lips and looked at me, and I shrugged. “The cute one from last week.”

“Oh Ray ...”

He smiled and wiped his nose. “She's the one who kept smiling and touching me.” Sarah shook her head at him, but he just shrugged, clearly enjoying being the centre of attention. “Ah we swapped phone numbers, and she asked if I could take some pictures of her, so Mum and Dad were out on Saturday, so she came up, took some photos in the garden, developed 'em and um we agreed a price.”

I stared at his overconfident demeanour. “That's prostitution.”

“Yeah,” Ray muttered. “Well it saves on having to get to know her. She was cute and nice but thick as two short planks. Who wants to spend time being nice to that? We had nothing in common really so quick photos, develop, she sees them as good and wants them so fuck in my room. I mean they were only black 'n' white, but she looked classy. Which she isn't.”

Zoe sneered. “That's so immoral and disgusting,” she railed.

“Twasn't,” Ray uttered and smiled. “She could suck a ...”

“I don't want to know,” cried both Zoe and me in unison. “And Ray be discreet,” I told him. “Or you won't be getting many other girlfriends.”

Ray sneered, but Ingrid agreed with us and told him to be less candid. I was somewhat surprised at Ray; he was always a bit shy and a very calm person, but Donna had certainly exposed a wilder streak in him, and he was certainly keen to maintain it despite her departure.

Ray needed a steady, calm girl to keep him a check – a strong figure who was fierce and uncomplicated like Zoe or Ingrid, but he was not going to endear himself to either of them by boasting of his overactive libido or chauvinistic attitudes.

We arrived at Abi's flat, and once again Sarah did her trick with the popcorn, scattering popped kernels to the four corners of the small kitchen. Abi was rarely flustered but came back looking a little stressed after Sarah forgot to put the lid on the pan and covered half of the kitchen in the snack.

We settled down with a small bowl of popcorn each, and Abi turned the film on. It was a lot more intense and erotic than Showgirls, the sex scenes were more graphic although the video was a little grainy.

Sarah cuddled up to me, and I openly danced over her labia with my fingers. Fortunately, her groaning and mewling was quiet and blended in with the television.

Ray was close to Ingrid and I saw him trying to touch her, but she resisted his charms much to my sadistic amusement. Zoe kept flinching and on more than one occasion I saw her close her eyes as there was a particular filthy scene – she was amusing if nothing else!

My attention, however, was focused on Sarah and the film, and I wondered if I could bring Sarah to orgasm without anyone (apart from Sarah) realising. I waited for the “threesome” scene with Lisa, Ashley and Hamilton and applied pressure on Sarah's clit.

My hand was openly down her trousers, but she had unbuttoned them to give me some sort of access and it was hot and wet in her knickers; she was either sweating, aroused or both.

Sarah pushed her rear into the carpet and put her head back on the chair. Abi was directly behind us and I am sure she slipped us a glance, but I knew she would not care, and I began to circle Sarah's clit with my finger. I heard her breathing become panting, and her body start to writhe. She bit her lip and squeezed my arm.

She pushed her legs together and sighed. I knew she was close to coming and took a number of quick, shallow breaths and screwed up her face. She pulled her pelvis into the chair and mewed before pursing her lips tightly. I could tell she was desperately fighting her climax, but I had a naughty streak in me, and I knew Sarah did not mind – she was a pure exhibitionist at heart.

“Andy,” she whispered, but I ignored her and increased my pace, pressing down forcefully on her pearl. She sniffed, and her legs shook slightly as her body tensed and her pelvis pulsed. I could see her screwing up her eyes and her face while her hand was clamped over her mouth.

She squealed too loudly for comfort, and I instinctively coughed to mask it before pressing gently and withdrawing my finger. Sarah was panting slowly and had a smile on her face. She blew me a kiss, and we watched the last few minutes of the film.

"Well that was another immoral film," Zoe told us as the credits rolled and we smiled at her. "It was advocating prostitution."

"There's nothing wrong with a bit of whoring," Ray told her with a smile. "It's the oldest game in town."

"It is so wrong. Think of Mary Magdalene and what the bible teaches us. She turned her back on it 'cause it was wrong, and she was forgiven. Prostitution is a sin, and it is wrong." She explained calmly but resolutely, and we looked at Ray who shrugged.

"Sure, wasn't it also taught that those of you with unblemished pasts can throw the first stone? You've sinned too."

"Yeah, like in the Summer," Sarah reminded Zoe who just groaned.

"Yes I know," Zoe snapped. "But Ray, getting a girl to have sex with you solely so you will take filthy pictures of her, it isn't right."

"Why? She was a shit fuck, so it all evens out. And as you said, throw the first stone when you are sinless."

"I am not throwing stones," Zoe told him with a scowl. "I just think getting a girl into bed as a trade demeans sex and it demeans you."

"Really?" Ray asked with a smirk. "Listen, every girl's got their price."

"I haven't," Zoe interrupted him, and Ray scoffed.

"A thousand pounds?" Zoe shook her head, and Ray raised his eyebrows. "Two thousand? Hundred thousand? A million? It doesn't matter. Every bird has their price, and I met Katy's."

"So what's your price for taking a cock up your backside?" Ingrid asked him, and Ray's face dropped slightly. "Every guy must have a price."

"I don't know," Ray told her. "Maybe ... OK, I don't know. I'll have one," he said airily. "But I haven't worked it out."

Angela patted Ray on the head. "He may be a bit of an arrogant prick with it, but he's right. Every guy and every gal have their price." Zoe crossed her arms as Ray crowed and then patted Zoe on the knee.

"So what's your price for a date then, gorgeous?"

"She's too expensive for you," I replied for my blonde friend and Zoe nodded.

"Quite right." Sarah and I got up and opened the curtains which the rest of the visitors took as their cue to leave. Angela smiled as Ray and Zoe continued their frantic discussion as they left the room and looked at me.

"You and Abi aren't blameless in that department," I teased. "But Zoe doesn't know that."

Abi cocked her head. "Does she know all what you have done?"

"Hell no," Sarah answered for me. "Not a chance. Not even I know what he's been up to!" Which was something I was quite grateful for.

* * * * *

I knocked on the door of Sarah's house at Saturday lunchtime having started the club with Zoe at the break of dawn. She was going away overnight to a religious happy-clappy camp and wouldn't be home until 5pm on Sunday, when we would clean it again (although I would start at 3pm and have it half done by the time she arrived.)

"She's not dressed," her mother told me as I was let in. "Had a shower after football but not got dressed. But then you like it like that." I blushed as she cackled at me.

"Are you telling me that any guy wouldn't?"

She smiled and shook her head at me. "It's OK. I'm only teasing. She's upstairs." I nodded in thanks and started walking up her stairs only for to call out to me. "I hear a friend of yours has been teaching my daughter how to do stripteases," Angela asked and I bit my lip, blushing a bit more.

"Ahhh ... well they sort of arranged that themselves."

Angela's expression burst into a smile. "You know. When I met you, I thought you were a delightful lad with good intentions."

I hesitated. "And now?" She wiped her mouth.

"I think you two get away with far too much," she told me. "You two are only sixteen, but you seem to forget that! But I ain't going to lecture. Just be careful where you let her go stripping!"

"Do you think I can control her?" I asked, and Angela licked her lips and nodded. "I didn't set her up for the lessons; she did that herself!"

"I think you both have more control over each other than you realise," she told me quite cryptically and then smiled. "And Grace thinks so too."

I shook my head, going to respond to the admission that Angela and Mum had been talking about us, but she chortled to herself and went back into her room.

I hesitated outside Sarah's door. I wasn't certain if I wanted to burst in and see her naked or be a gentleman and knock. In the end, I decided that it would be better to allow my girlfriend to keep her dignity and knocked loudly on the door only for Sarah to call me in.

She was naked, except for a pair of rainbow coloured socks and a sunhat. "What are you doing?" I asked, looking at the many piles of clothes on the bed.

"Sorting out my clothes." She told me and put the sunhat onto the bed in a particular pile before smiling at me. She must have gotten out the shower recently as her hair was slightly damp and was still frizzy and uncontrollable.

"So ... what does sorting out clothes mean?" I asked as I kissed her and then put my bag down on the spare bit of floor. I cupped her buttocks and the exhibitionist licked her lips and went back to her open wardrobe.

"I have so much shit," she moaned and took out a gray pinafore dress. "I mean, what was I on when I bought this?" She flung it over to the pile by the door and then took out another dress – this time blue.

“Wear it,” I told her, and she groaned before trying it on and saying it didn’t suit her. It was long and flowing, much like Abi’s green dress, and I shook my head.

“It’s fine.”

“Oh it isn’t,” she cried and wrapped her hands underneath it and threw it onto another pile next to me. “It’s for Jodie.”

Sarah also disliked a skirt that was too long (it reached her knees), a blouse that had one button missing and a T-Shirt that had a band that was now unfashionable on it; these too went in the donate or bin piles.

“And this,” Sarah cried, holding out a pair of denim dungarees. “What was I thinking of?”

“Wear them,” I told her, and she threw them over me onto another pile. I caught them and gave them back to her. “Try them on.”

“Why?” Sarah asked, her head cocked and her body language exuding annoyance.

“Cause you’ll look nice,” I told her and she scoffed throwing them back on the pile. I reached over, caught them and she scowled.

“Andy, they are horrible. I can’t believe I ever bought them and wore them. Now ...”

“Try them on,” I told her. “They are sexy.”

“They are not,” Sarah repeated and I had to remind her of Felicity Kendall. Eventually, she relented and put them on so that she was naked underneath. I helped her fasten the straps and she looked in the mirror making a sneering sound. “They are so ... babyish.”

“They are fun,” I told her and slid my hands underneath the straps to reach her nipples and touched them gently. She sighed and gasped, biting her lip as she watched me in the mirror playing with her. She took a few deep breaths as I nibbled on her ear and kissed her neck. “You’re sexy in anything,” I whispered. “But dungarees suits you, don’t they?” She took a few quick breaths and gulped, shaking her head but I used my hand to explore her chest and her body while kissing her. “Don’t they?”

“Oh God ... if you say so,” she muttered, and I put my hand inside her bottom half. “Later,” she whispered. “Please. I can’t come in dungarees,” she begged, but I laughed at her and pushed my hand lower. I had to bow my head slightly but reached her waist, where the clothes were tightest and touched her clit. “Andy,” she begged, but made no effort to stop me as I touched her pearl and began to apply pressure.

She was wet and horny and although she denied it, I could have whipped open her overalls and bent her over her desk, and she would have happily taken my erect manhood. I wanted to have sex on the bed, and this was impossible with her piles of clothes, so I was going to torment her in unfashionable clothes.

Instead, I pushed against her little button and watched as she screwed up her face and looked up and the ceiling, allowing me to kiss her neck. Her groans were loud and audible, and she parted her legs to allow me better access.

Standing up and playing with her was a wholly different sensation for both of us, but Sarah was happy to lean back a little as I fingered her towards her orgasm. I recognised the usual ragged breathing and crying out before looking up at her and withdrawing my hand.

She put her legs together and scowled at me. "Oh Andy," she begged. "Come on."

"You said you didn't want to come in your overalls," I teased and kissed her on the lips. She slapped me and pushed me against the bed and over her clothes.

"That's mean," she snapped and took off her overalls and threw them towards me. "I'm not keeping them now."

I tried to take Sarah's hand, but she was playfully annoyed with me and pushed me away, so I got up, grabbed her by the shoulders and threw her back onto the mountain of clothes, before kissing the tops of her legs.

She shook her head and tried to resist, but the moment my lips made contact with her labia, her opposition died. "You're not really annoyed, are you?" I asked as I put her dungarees underneath her rear to catch any moisture before kissing her clit.

Sarah didn't need to respond as I massaged her pearl with my tongue and then sucked gently on her engorged kernel. Sarah gulped and writhed under my touch and I moved my fingers to being aligned to her hole. Her body gladly accepted them and then I curled my fingers towards her ridged wall.

Her body tensed, and her muscles quivered as my tongue wrapped itself along her slick runway and played with her clit. She rubbed the back of my head and stroked my hair as she lay back on her clothing mound

"Oh Andy," she screamed as she neared her climax and her body tensed. I looked up to see her eyes glazed and her face flushed. I pressed harder against her wall and sucked hard against her clit. She squealed and gasped, grabbing hold of the clothes and bucking her hips into my face. She was ready to climax, and I squeezed her nipple with my spare fingers.

I felt herself come as her loins shook and shivered around my intruding finger before she cried out loudly. She looked at me panting and pushed my face into her crotch. "Keep going," she cried but I shook my head. "Later," I told her and held out my hand. She refused it at first, but I guided my girlfriend to her feet and kissed her on the cheek.

"If I wear you out now, they'll be nothing left for later," I told her and she screwed up her overalls and threw them into the corner.

"It's my washing pile," she told me and then smiled. "But only 'cause you like 'em."

I giggled at her and watched as she got out her next outfit - a black skirt and then went through the rest of her wardrobe. She had a PVC-style catsuit that she had bought the year before when in London with Kevin that I particularly liked, but at the end of it, she had two bin bags of clothes - and another bag of shoes to the bin - and another bin bag for Jodie.

I am not sure if Jodie - Sarah's friend from the football training - would want to be a charity case, but Sarah was adamant that she would accept the offer in the spirit it was intended. These were clothes that were mostly unworn, did not suit her or go with any of her shoes, or other clothes.

I did ask about the shoes in that she had the bottom of two wardrobes of clothes, but Sarah just shrugged. "Need that many. Each pair go with a particular outfit."

I washed my face and hands, and Sarah put a nightdress on, and we took the bin bags down the stairs to go by the side of the bin. Angela came in and sighed. "You need to go shopping now, poppet?" Angela asked, and Sarah nodded with a grin on her face. "Well it will have to wait until next month," she told her, and Sarah crossed her arms.

"But I've thrown out ... loads," she wailed. Angela sighed, and I squeezed Sarah's hand.

"But you've got a wardrobe and a half of clothes," I reminded her, and Sarah screwed up her face. I could see Angela looking torn and pulled Sarah towards the kitchen where I made a pot of tea. "You could get yourself a Saturday job," I told her, but Sarah shook her head.

"Don't need it," she replied and straightened her nightdress. I looked at her, and she shrugged. "I only get ... oh I can see what you are saying," she said with a snarl. "And you get money off your Dad so don't start."

"I wasn't," I muttered with my hands outstretched. "I just said that you could get a Saturday job and buy your own clothes."

Sarah scoffed. "Yeah, and I'd earn thirty pounds tops each day – that'll be half a dress if I'm lucky. I can't earn enough to buy what I want." I counted to three and didn't respond, but at that moment Sarah was extremely unattractive to me. If she disliked my temper, then I certainly disliked her sense of entitlement.

She expected her parents to fund her obsession with expensive clothing, and I noticed all of her clothes came with an expensive label. Whereas most of my clothes were bog-standard, hard-wearing normal clothes that came without a phone number price tag, Sarah seemed almost to demand the very best garments her parents' money could buy.

I couldn't quite see how to explain to her that she was wrong but in the end bit my lip and looked at her. "Let's go shopping," I told her. "Tomorrow. In Watford. I got until Zoe gets back at three."

Sarah scowled. "But Mum said I can't," she moaned. "And I've only got a hundred in the bank."

I smiled. "I shall buy you an outfit ... but from my shops. Not your fancy boutique places, normal shops."

Sarah groaned, and she scowled and tapped the counter. "I know what you are trying to say," she moaned. "That I am some sort of immature, demanding, rich kid who just demands designer stuff that I don't need," she cried and waved her finger at me. "But I am not. I just like to look nice."

I passed her a cup of tea and picked up another one cup for her mother. "You are pretty, you don't need expensive threads to look nice," I complimented her. "And the amount of clothes you have, do you really need any more?"

Sarah's voice broke as I left the room to pass Angela her cup of tea and Sarah and I went into the conservatory to play a game of Scrabble.

She wasn't annoyed at what I had said, but was certainly irritated by what she thought I meant, but I told her to try shopping in less salubrious shops and she just refused to countenance the concept.

I joined her family for tea that Sarah and I cooked. She was still only dressed in her nightie, but we easily cooked a Spaghetti Bolognese that Sarah splashed onto her white nightdress. "I need to throw it," she moaned. "Tomato won't come out." I glared at her, and she shrugged.

"It's a nightie," I hissed. "Who cares if it's got tomato on it?"

She scowled. "It's ruined. I better change it and throw it," she snapped, and I took the wooden spoon from the pan and smeared it across her chest.

"Now it's ruined," I told her, looking at her red streak across her breasts. "But you can still wear it."

Sarah flapped her hands. "I can't, it's ..."

"It's fine," I told her with a grin and kissed her. Sarah's resistance melted, and we dished up. Her father made reference to the nightdress – both the red stain and the fact that her daughter still wasn't dressed at six in the evening while we talked.

"We're out for the evening," Angela told Sarah, as my girlfriend cleared the plates away and dished a plate of ice cream each. I glanced at the imposing figure of Sarah's father, and he smiled at his wife.

"Sure," Sarah cried out from the other room.

"Away at Robert's," I whispered, and Angela blushed.

"No," Angela hissed and looked at William who chuckled at his wife's panicked face.

"He'll be there," he told me in a low voice. "But you don't know where we are going, do you?"

I nodded at his firmness as Angela watched. "And we aren't staying," she murmured. "We'll be home very late, but we'll be home." I smiled as Sarah returned with a bowl of ice cream each and sat down.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Andy's sleeping here tonight," she announced to her parents and her parents looked at her. "It's OK, he'll be in the spare room."

William looked at his wife, and Angela rolled her eyes. "And you, dear?"

"Oh Mum, you know I want a double bed," she begged.

"Well you want a lot," her father snapped and looked at me wriggling in the chair. "I warn both of you if Sarah gets pregnant they'll be hell to pay."

Sarah frowned and sighed. "I'm not going to get pregnant. I'm on the pill. And anyway, what makes you think we're having sex?"

"Because I heard you three hours ago when I came home," William told her and took a spoonful of ice cream.

"Ahh no!" I cried and then shook my head. "Actually ... well ..." I could feel myself blushing and Angela put her hand on her husband's fingers, squeezing them affectionately.

"Leave 'em alone. Sarah is not going to get pregnant," she said firmly and glanced at her

daughter. "She won't make the same mistake we did." She was quite pointed with her comment, but Sarah looked at her mother for a moment before being shot a look to tell her not to ask the question she was going to. I told Angela as we cleared the dessert bowls away that she was welcome to stay the night with her swingers as Sarah would be "OK with me" but Angela just laughed.

"It's not Sarah being alone that worries me," she said and then licked her lips. "After a few hours bits of me get sore," she told me with a chuckle and then rubbed her face. "And make sure you look after my daughter!"

I promised Sarah was in safe hands, and we waved away Sarah's parents at eight as they went to the "theatre."

"Must be a long way away," Sarah moaned. "If they ain't gonna be back for hours." I hummed and kissed her, the red stain on her nightie now dried, and I pointed her towards the conservatory.

We watched television for awhile – the usual desperate Saturday night fare was mind-numbingly tedious yet strangely watchable – but before too long even Sarah got bored. She gave me a grin and told me to wait for a moment, and disappeared. I thought she was going to the toilet, but there was no flushing and I waited for a few minutes until I reached the bottom of the stairs and called up to her. "You OK?"

"Just getting changed. I'll be down in a minute," my beau replied.

"Do you want any help?"

"No," she squawked in a slightly panicked voice and I got myself a glass of water from the kitchen and sat back down in the lounge, flicking through the channels. I heard the staircase creak and looked up to see a hand come from around the door, and she turned off the "big light" in the room.

"Sarah? Do you fancy ..."

"Sssshhh!" She hissed, and her ghetto blaster was put into the room. I smiled as the "Hey Big Spender" came on and realised what she was doing.

Sarah strode into the room, her eyes staring straight at me and she flicked the television off with a flick of her hand. She looked fabulous – the tartan skirt and white blouse accentuated with some stockings and a pair of black high heels. Her hair was tied up and perched on top of her head, and she smiled at me, wiggling her hips as she moved to the music. I moved my hands forward to touch her, but she slapped them away and licked lips at me.

She bounded around the room, filled with confidence and energy; Sarah was in total control and I gulped as she maintained eye contact with me and moved her hands over her body. She kissed her finger and then openly sucked it, pushing it in and out.

She cocked her waist to one side and then spun around before sitting on my lap, grinding herself into me. I gasped and went to kiss her neck, but she got up before I could and turned to face me. She slowly unbuttoned the top button on her blouse, and then the second, slowly revealing a lacy white bra underneath.

I was transfixed and I had seen Sarah naked or topless so many times, but she was so much more alluring when she was stripping; I made a mental note to thank Abi for

teaching Sarah her craft, but Sarah was slowly unbuttoning her top – not rushing for anyone.

The music skipped onto the next track, and I desperately wanted to pull out my manhood and play with myself or get Sarah to do something, but I knew she wanted to build up suspense and tension.

Sarah spun around again and looked behind her, slowly allowing her top to fall from her shoulders. She blew me a kiss as the only thing I could see was her bare arm, but I was going crazy with lustful thoughts. I gulped and called out a compliment, but she ignored me.

Sarah pranced around the room a bit more – her white lacy bra looking delightful on her before she waved her hips in a weird motion. I took some deep breaths and watched as she unzipped her tartan skirt and arched her back, allowing the garment to fall and then puddle by her feet. She stepped out of it elegantly and kicked her shoes across the lounge before smiling at me and putting her left leg on my seat between my legs.

I reached forward to touch her, but she shook her head and slid her hands down her legs, taking her stockings with her. I could see the garter belt and knickers she was wearing, and she smiled at me as I watched her intently.

She draped her first stocking over my shoulder and then the other stocking was removed in the same way. Her garter belt was placed into my lap and she smiled at me, dancing a bit more around the room.

I was on edge, I felt a tension in my trousers and simpered as she sat on my lap, ground into my waist and didn't allow me to touch. She got up and put her finger underneath my chin to lift my eye line up from her crotch to her face before she unclipped her bra.

Sarah dangled her bosom in my face, and put her hands on the wall behind me as her body swayed to the music and her teenage orbs touched my face.

It felt heavenly and she pranced over to edge of the room before coming back and tapping me on the nose. She slid her hands all over her body and watched me intently, maintaining eye contact and made mewling sounds as her hands caressed her body.

She openly fondled herself and I put my hands in my lap; I wanted to do that to her, or myself, but couldn't. She watched me as her hands slid down her slender body and tucked into her white lacy knickers before smiling at me and pushing them down to her waist. She kicked them onto the chair opposite and licked her lips.

Sarah was happy to sway and move to the song until it finished, clearly enjoying the tension she was creating and desperate lust I was experiencing. She giggled as the music stopped and licked her lips. "So," she asked coyly. "How did I do?"

I grunted, and pulled down my trousers, exposing my erect cock. "This well." She laughed and rubbed her nose.

"It is good fun," she told me as I frantically removed my clothes. "And I really enjoyed it. Abi told me so much, and ..."

She stopped as I gave her a naked embrace and cuddled her, before pushing her onto the sofa. She resisted a little but lay down on the floor, and I just mounted her in the missionary position.

She giggled. "You are excited," she told me, but I already know that. "I am not sure if I should sleep with a punter," Sarah teased but I lined up my cock at her entrance and pushed forward.

Sarah was not super-wet, but she did not offer much resistance, and I pushed gently into her causing her to groan. She wrapped her legs around the small of my back, and I began to build up a rhythm; I was extremely aroused and desperate for a release, which I knew would not make me a fantastic lover, but Sarah had me worked up!

I pushed forward and increased my speed. Sarah gasped and smiled, kissing me on the shoulder as I concentrated on ramming my cock into her tight opening.

I needed that release, and I felt tension build at the back of my testicles. I grunted, and screwed up my face as my thrusting turned into frantic jack hammering.

Sarah whimpered and I knew that she would not orgasm before I did, but it was her fault and I sniffed before crying out and filling her with my seed. Sarah waited as I finished and I panted and then she kissed me on the lips. "It worked then," she teased, and I nodded.

"Yeah," I panted and moved my head back. "Sorry," I muttered. "Sort of didn't ..."

"I'm fine," Sarah told me and giggled. "I came earlier, you didn't."

I got up from the floor and pulled her up, and we walked to the bathroom next to her room. She bathed her genitals liberally, and we kissed as we took it in turns to go to the toilet; it felt weird to be kissing each other on the lavatory, but I was in love with her, more than ever.

In many ways, the day had been the best and worst of my girlfriend – she was fun and sexy but sometimes self-centred and unreasonably demanding. I was happy to enjoy the former but knew that I had to cure her of her materialism if she wasn't going to drive me up the wall!

We settled down in the spare bedroom and Sarah turned off the lights, kissing me and hugging me. She "allowed" me to caress and cuddle her, before going down on her and probing her G-Spot relentlessly until she had her umpteenth orgasm.

Sarah "demanded" doggy style as she came down from her powerful climax and I relentlessly pounded my erect cock into her soft folds while using her waist as a pivot and then slapping her rump hard. She gasped with every hit but was reaching underneath herself to touch her clitoris as I pounded my cock into her.

I came for the second time in two hours, and we collapsed on the bed, a mixture of sweat and bodily fluids.

"Love you," I told her and she kissed me.

"Love you too," she replied and smirked. "And so does every bit of me." I laughed at her, but we had a quick shower, and settled down together in each other's arms, exhausted.

I had set my alarm on my phone to wake us at around 8am, and we woke to find our clothes neatly stacked in a pile and a note on the top. "If you must do stripping in the lounge," Sarah read. "Clear up after yourself, you brazen hussy!" We both laughed, and I asked for the note to write a response, but I was somewhat grateful when Sarah refused to let me!

I reminded Sarah of her promise – that we would travel to Watford and look in “normal” clothes shops and she whinged at me, but I was relentless, and a kiss on her downstairs lips soon restored a cooperative girlfriend.

Wendover to Watford is not an easy journey, but there was a bus that went to Aylesbury and we then caught another one which went via every town, village, hamlet and settlement in two counties before reaching our destination. I was glad that I had awoken Sarah at a reasonable time as it took us until 10:30am to reach the shopping town of Watford and we disembarked.

I had chosen Watford as it was not resplendent with posh boutiques and fancy little clothes shops and Sarah was forced to look at more moderate shops.

At first she whined, and I took her onto a small indoor market that was full of clothes store. “It’s really crap,” she moaned and held out a polyester blouse. I conceded with her on this as a woman scowled at us, but held out a white crop-top that looked ideal. She held it in her hands, it was soft and then held it up to her, before agreeing that it wasn’t “bad.”

In the end, I persuaded her to let me buy it, and it cost me a grand total of £2.50. We added a pair of slimline skinny jeans from the market and a red jacket from a shop above us before she found a beautiful cocktail dress in a shop closing down.

I treated Sarah to two dresses, three T-shirts, a blouse, two pairs of trousers and a few pairs of knickers, as well as lunch at McDonalds and totalled it up on my phone. “So, how much?” I asked her, and she licked her lips and then looked at her bulging two bags of clothes.

“Hundred and fifty,” she guessed and rubbed the back of my hand. “And thank you, it’s really sweet of you but ...”

“Fifty one,” I replied. “Fifty eight if you include lunch.” Sarah scoffed, but I showed her my working. “And this proves that I am right. Have some really expensive clothes for going out, but every day College stuff and cooking and that sort doesn’t need to be top end stuff. And that way your money will go further.” She cocked her head and glanced down at her fries.

“Sometimes you can be so sanctimonious,” she moaned with an irritated lilt to her voice. We finished our lunch and ambled back to the bus station, passing a pound shop on the way. I darted in to get Sarah her last “present” - a bright red apron – that caused her to laugh, and we kissed at the bus station, on the bus and when I left her house – just as she started hanging her new clothes up in her wardrobe.

* * * * *

“Where do you think you’re going?” Rhea was stopped as she was about to leave the house with her claymore and was spotted through the dining room by Mum.

“School,” Rhea told her and tried to hide the six foot sword behind the back of her 5 foot 6 inch frame

“I don’t think so young lady.”

“Excellent,” Rhea cried. “I get the day off school.” She smiled at Mum who called my little sister into the dining room and asked her the obvious question. “Cause I hate Mondays,” she said in a deadpan voice. “So what I want to do is to shoot up the entire school, but as

you won't let me have a gun, I am stuck with a sword, but I reckon I can kill half-a-dozen teachers before Parent's Evening. OK? Excellent.”

“Rhea!” Mum shouted and called my errant sister back to the dining room as she went to leave.

“OK. It's for the school play. Year 11 are doing Camelot, and I mentioned I had a sword.” Mum sighed and groaned. “Yes I know,” Rhea said airily. “It's Camelot, set in the West Country, and they want a Scottish claymore. It's 400 miles out, I've said this, but the props team are insistent. I think they are useless, but what should I say?” Rhea spoke in a silly voice and used dramatic hand movements which made it clear that she knew she was being awkward.

“Rhea, you are not taking a violent weapon with you to school,” she said firmly, and Rhea chuckled.

“Mum, I take a hockey stick every week, and you don't care about that.” Her eyes sparkled. “And I reckon I've hit more people with it than hockey balls. Silly sport.”

I skipped past Rhea and shouted goodbye from the lounge; I had no wish to see Mum and Rhea row.

Ingrid and I sat down with a coffee each and Ray joined us for a drink. He asked me if there was any more photographic jobs pending, but apart from a fashion shoot for Olivia's niece there was nothing on the horizon; his wish for a repeat performance with the mucky girls from Wycombe would go unfulfilled, unless he arranged it himself.

“At least he is happy again,” Ingrid whispered in my ear as I watched Rosie's expression from behind us. I never really quite understood why they split up – other than just two people moving apart – but Ray was always a quiet and thoughtful guy getting on with everyone and rarely being at the centre of a big group of people. He seemed to have changed recently to being more outward and chatty, and I wondered what Rosie made of Ray's new found popularity.

My musings were interrupted by a warm pair of hands enveloping my neck and a warm mouth nibbling at my ear. “Hello sexy,” I told her and leant back to kiss my girlfriend.

“Hello gorgeous,” she whispered and giggled. “I'm in that mood,” she warned and I turned to see a pair of twinkly eyes. “Careers Library?”

It was a hard life!

* * * * *

Scarlet embraced me as I entered the little café and I gestured for her to sit down before asking what she wanted to drink; she had sent me a text message (I guessed Abi passed my number onto her) and she had asked to meet me for a drink, which I was only too happy to do.

I returned to table with a teapot of tea, two scones and a lemonade, and she sighed. “How am I supposed to drink all that?” I shrugged.

“Said pot of tea, that's what they gave.”

“And scones?” She moaned. “I got a figure to maintain. Don't you know the camera adds

pounds?”

“Scarlet, you are so thin, does it matter about one scone?” Scarlet gave a snort. “So how did it go? I've not seen you for a month.” Scarlet looked up as she poured about a quarter of the tea into a cup before adding milk and nodded, beaming at me.

“Brilliant. My role got bigger, the director added a couple of scenes in. Not sure if it will make the final cut, but it was cool.” I looked at her, and she bit her lip. “I was playing a prostitute, so I didn't wear many clothes all week. Well for a fortnight really. Dressing gown or naked. But Ben kept teasing me.”

“Ben?”

She looked at me and held her hands out. “Ben Shymansky. You know, the really fit guy who played the Doctor in that wartime film. Nominated for ...” Her voice trailed off as she looked at my blank face and she shook her head. “You are hopeless,” she moaned. “But he kept teasing me. He played the romantic lead, and I was the 'other woman.' And I had a fight at the end.”

“So when's it out?”

“It takes months from filming to release.”

“So Christmas?”

She shook her head. Six, nine, sometimes twelve months. Easter maybe. But I got an audition for some telly work next week. And I had one yesterday for a film.”

“Playing what?”

“It's a mini-series about a lottery winner, but the film was about parent's swinging and I would play the girlfriend of the son. It looks so much fun.” I looked at her, and she shrugged. “Yeah, there're some nude scenes, but I don't mind them.”

“It's good,” I told her. “I liked seeing you nude!”

Scarlet blushed a little. “You are sixteen, you like seeing everyone nude.”

“That is true,” I conceded and watched as she wiped her lips from the cream on the scone. “But you seem well happy.” She nodded and went quiet for a moment before telling me that Eddie was distinctly unhappy.

“He keeps thinking I'm going to run off,” she admitted as she poured her second cup of tea from the tea pot. “But I am not, I keep promising him but he thinks that I will. And I really missed him. I mean, we might not have been together very long but I missed him loads and spoke to him on the phone but he's ... well he wants me to be something I'm not.” She rubbed her nose and took a bite of her scone. “And I don't want to lose him, but he just needs to realise that I really want a proper acting career and I am working hard for it.”

I took a deep breath. “That's a shame,” I eventually replied. “I mean, Sarah already said she wants to work as a stripper before going to Uni – in the Summer holidays. I am not sure I want her to, but I'll just have to accept it if she does. But she's already got Isobel giving her lessons.”

“And what's wrong with stripping?” Scarlet asked with a wry smile. “It's the private dances

you should be more worried about!”

“Nothing. Well, I just worry about her at times. When she gets excited, it's like someone has poured Red Bull down her throat. She doesn't have the ability to moderate or take a step back.”

“That'll come with maturity,” the actress suggested. “Everyone is like that a bit.”

“You're not.”

“You didn't know me as a sixteen year old. Sarah'll be the same and Isobel said you two were good with each other. And I saw it at her flat.” I just looked at her, and she rubbed the back of my hand. “What happened to get you two together?”

I recounted the issue with Kevin, the trip to the Lake District and then back home while Scarlet just smiled and listened; she was good at that and told me that I had the beginnings of a wonderful relationship which I already knew. I was somewhat amazed by how many people kept telling me this as if it was something that I needed to be told. Dad, Mum, Angela, Scarlet and Zoe had all made comments to that order and both Sarah, and I were blissfully happy, we simply didn't need to be told it so often. I also told Scarlet about Dad's driving lessons and my new photographic enterprises which caused her to bite her lip. “I am not sure your Mum would approve,” she told me, and I smiled.

“Of course not,” I replied. “Of course she wouldn't. Which is why I haven't told her.” Scarlet laughed as I poured the last cup of tea into her cup. “I have some pictures of you in my portfolio,” I told her. “Gemma made me give her the ones I had of her when she became a teacher. I'd rather not get rid of the ones of you, but if you want them with your new career ... well I understand.”

Scarlet stared into my eyes for a moment and ran her hands through her brunette hair. “It's OK,” she told me. “I am not worthy of Hello or OK Magazine just yet. And I trust you.”

“OK, cheers. Umm ... well if you want them,” I found myself saying.

“It'll be fine,” I was told by the beautiful actress. “If I do make it then I won't have been the first actress to have done stripping and at least they are flattering!” I laughed, and we finished our drinks, and Scarlet grunted as we went to leave. “And Scarlet,” I called as she hopped. “Your name's not really Scarlet is it?”

She giggled. “No.” She waited for the inevitable question, but it wasn't forthcoming. “But I like it. I've always been fond of it. And you don't know me as what I really am. You know me as Scarlet.”

“I sort of do,” I agreed. “But I do like the real you. Very much so.”

She smiled and looked at the table. “I like you too,” she said with a grin and hopped again. “Now I am busting,” she moaned, and Scarlet hurried to the lavatory. It was her own fault: she did drink four cups of tea!

* * * * *

Mum opened the door and entered the room wearily; she had a tired, pained look about her as she did after every Parents' Evening – especially those about Rhea.

“Why aren't you in bed?” Rhea snorted and turned back to the television that went off with

a jerk of Mum's hand. "And you, Missy ..."

"Oh what?" Rhea asked. "Let me guess, some of the teachers are whinging, whining, moaning little ..."

"Rhea!" Mum snapped and pulled out a piece of paper from her pocket. "I am fed up with going to these and hearing nothing but bad things about you." Rhea shrugged.

"Then don't go. I don't want you to and you clearly don't get much from it, so don't go. I don't want you to."

"Shut up and listen," Mum barked. "Madame Dupois ..."

"It's French," Rhea wailed. "Who cares about French?"

Mum sucked in air and glared at her daughter. "I got asked why you picked this language as you clearly hate it."

"She is correct, I do hate it. It is a pointless language. It'll be dead soon, and I picked it 'cause I hate the German teachers. And the whole Nazi incident last year ... well ..."

Mum shook her head. "Well you do it properly. I don't want to hear tales of your writing assignments like you've been writing. And she said you haven't turned up to the detentions she's set."

Rhea sneered. "Oh them."

"Yes them!" Mum gulped. "Mr Rogers, Physics, refuses to do her homework, doesn't turn up and very uncooperative when she does."

"Yeah but he grassed me up over Nathan. What the fuck did he expect?"

"We both expect you to do your work. You are in school to learn," Mum shouted. "It's not good enough," she cried. "And Art, Mr Miller."

"I didn't set you up an appointment with him," Rhea replied instantly. "You had no business seeing him. I didn't want you to speak to him."

"I wanted to," came the response. "Rhea enjoys controversial pieces was the comment, and I now know about the painting you did of poor Lizzie Harper. What were you thinking?"

"Oh mum she's just a slut. We had to do something entitled "lips" and everyone thought it was brilliant. Even Mr Miller said it was well done if not a little ..."

"Just grow up!" Mum shouted, a tear falling down her cheek. "You are at school to learn. Just ... and Miss Reid, your IT teacher called you a nightmare says you are the most difficult pupil she has ever known."

"She is useless," Rhea told her, and Mum shook her head.

"She is your teacher," she barked. "Show her some respect. And poor Dr Slaloh, what the hell were you thinking of?"

Rhea shrugged. "Yeah well I didn't put the pigeon in the room before his lesson, and he can't prove ..." She trailed off as Mum scowled.

“Something about a question you asked.”

“Ahh shit. Yes! That. Well it was a perfectly reasonable question. If Jews circumcise babies then could it be seen as child abuse? I mean lobbing off little boys' cocks, that ain't right! So aren't all the Jews sex offenders?”

“He's Jewish,” Mum thundered. “How do you think he felt?” Rhea bit her lip and Mum took a deep breath. “Even the Chemistry lady, Miss ... Miss umm ...”

“Frobeyshire.”

“Yes her, said you were silly but clever, and she then said you were her favourite pupil despite setting fire to the gas taps and copper-plating her glasses.”

Rhea snorted. “Favourite pupil? I shall have to see about that.”

Mum grabbed Rhea by the shoulders and pushed her into the sofa. “Listen to me! Grow up. You stupid, little girl. That's all you are, a little girl. This is your education. You won't get a second chance at it. I had the headteacher tell me that you are going to get yourself expelled, and every teacher complains to her about you. She's had complaints from pupils, parents ...”

“Did she give you any names?”

Mum raised her hand and slapped my sister across the cheek. “Shut up!” Rhea grumbled and Mum glared at her, tears pouring down her cheek. “This is your education, and I was asked about whether the lack of a father figure in your life was proving detrimental. Your baby behaviour reflects on me.” Rhea gulped and went to speak, but Mum continued before she could interrupt. “It stops now. And what's this about the Governors?”

“Oh Mum. I dealt with it,” Rhea told her wearily.

“I know. I heard all about it. Why didn't I know?”

“Cause I didn't tell you. I don't need you to fight my battles.”

Mum seethed for a moment and scowled. “Of all the appointments you made only Chemistry, Geography and Maths said you would actually do work.”

“Mr Hall said I was good,” Rhea asked, and a coy smile came over her face. Mum's eyes darted, and Rhea just nodded. “Nothing about a field trip then?”

Mum glared at my sister for a moment and rubbed her eyes. “I haven't finished with this. You are grounded, and you are definitely not going to the Christmas Party unless I start to see some real evidence of you working at school young lady. I have been told you are on report, I've got to go in every single Friday afternoon to check with the headteacher on your behaviour. How does that make me feel?”

Rhea groaned and was sent to bed as she muttered the immortal teenage line. “So unfair.”

“And why did you have Mr Russell as the last appointment an hour and a half after the rest?” Rhea fidgeted, and Mum sniffed. “Almost as thought you didn't want me to see him.”

“I didn't,” Rhea snorted. “I was told to make an appointment by him.”

“All I got all evening was how difficult and disruptive you are and then I speak to him.”

“Oh I know,” Rhea moaned. “I didn't want you to speak to him. He is just ...”

“Very complimentary,” Mum interrupted. “Said you were his star pupil.”

“He didn't,” Rhea cried, her eyes widening. “I am not his star pupil. He can't have said that. That isn't fair. He's just so ... annoying!”

Mum sniffed and wiped her eyes. “He did. I heard a lot about your homework,” she told her daughter, and Rhea just snorted. “So why can you do it for him and none of the others?”

Rhea gulped. “He told you about that?” Mum nodded, and she gave a coy smile.

“He told me quite a lot about you. And that you are the most interesting of all his pupils. And does her homework.”

Rhea's eyes widened, and she clenched her fist. “Cause ... 'cause ... 'cause he is so awkward. He ...”

“He has the measure of you totally,” Mum told her with a feint smile. “So why can't all of your teachers say the same things?”

“Cause, I hate them, and I hate school,” Rhea said firmly. “If I could burn it down I would and ...”

But Rhea didn't get to finish that sentence as Mum dragged her upstairs for a “damn good hiding.”

From my impartial position, it was thoroughly deserved.