

New Secrets

chapter eight



by
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Codes: MF exhib oral light

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Preface

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

In this chapter, Rhea’s ulterior motives for being a referee become apparent, Andy spends some time with Scarlet and he gets a bit of help when doing a personal favour for Olivia. Ray is the talk of the Christmas Disco, Sarah plans Operation Debauchery and Rhea objects to Grace’s date.

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 VIII

For the first few days after the Parents' Evening *débâcle*, Rhea was quiet and subdued; she took considerable pleasure in showing Mum that she was doing her homework, but as with so many things Rhea did, she turned it to her advantage.

Rhea made great play of the fact that Simon helped her with her work, and it was a common sight to see Simon before they did their morning paper round, as well as in the afternoon – and often in the evening. They would work in the dining room for an hour before going upstairs to Rhea's room and I was certain that they were not always being academically productive.

Mum was surprisingly relaxed about it, and I think she was secretly glad that Rhea was not considering blowing something up or getting herself expelled. In essence, she was doing what a teenage girl should be doing, although I wondered whether Simon's parents believed that he had run away from home; he can't have spent much time at his house any more.

I did not witness it, but I became aware that Rhea and Mum had several chats about her school parents' evening, and Mum made Rhea write letters of apology to half her teachers. I know this irritated my little sister tremendously, but she did not moan about it to me; I had overheard her chatting in her bedroom to Simon. From what she had said, a lot of the letters were as stoic and as unrepentant as she could have gotten away with, but they seemed to satisfy Mum and the headteacher.

My sister had also managed to persuade Mum that if she was being talked about when Mum had to see the headteacher every Friday for a "review" of Rhea's behaviour, then it was only fair that she should be present. I'm sure there was some logic there, but I also guessed Rhea was probably hoping to intimidate the headmistress if she was in front of her, and I also knew from when Rhea was suspended that this was unlikely to work, not that it would stop my little sister from trying!

Mum left for work early on Friday, and Sarah had been dropped off at the flat at 7:30am; Angela had a significant conference booked at her hotel and was arriving to oversee preparations early. Sarah was, therefore, bundled into the car and had stuffed her school clothes into her rucksack. She had been driven in her dressing gown and nightdress and confessed she had put the flimsy garments on to travel, which surely boded the question, why she didn't just get dressed?!

Sarah said Mum was not surprised to see my half-naked girlfriend on the door step as she went out, and Rhea was leaving to go to the newsagents, and Sarah bounded into my room while I was still half-asleep. Sarah shook me awake gently and kissed me on the lips before shaking her bare ass at me and walking out of my room.

"Sarah," I called and heard the tinkling of wee hitting the pan. I wiped the sleep from my eyes as Sarah walked in from the bathroom, her hair slightly wet and her body glistening in the half-light. She took her nightdress off and jumped into my double bed, curling up to me. "Ooohhh," she cried. "Fresh sheets."

"Yesterday evening," I told her, and she wriggled her hips.

"I love sex in fresh sheets." I licked my lips and raised my eyebrows at her, but she just giggled. "You know I love sex, and I love you. And I have a spare hour. Course I want to

get ... you know." She went coy and shook her hair. "And you took my out to buy me some clothes which is soooo cool. Hell Kev wouldn't even buy me the Hawaiian skirt, and you've bought me half my wardrobe." She went quiet for a few moments and looked up at me. "Mum thinks you are good for me," she admitted and then blushed. "And that I am good for you."

"Does she?" I asked, fidgeting in bed and she nodded.

"Oh yeah. Says that I am smiling much more, and she likes my new clothes. I like them too."

I reached over and kissed her on the lips, snogging her passionately as our hands explored each other's bodies. It was erotic and arousing, and I smiled as I hugged her, holding her warm body tightly into mine as she gently squeezed my globes.

We broke and looked into each other's eyes. I wiped the corners of her mouth, and she giggled and put her head on my shoulder. "I want to know," she told me. "What attracted you to me?" I gave an embarrassed laugh and hummed.

"Well ummm ..." I licked my lips as I thought and sighed. "Ummm ... I s'pose so many things."

"Like what?" I felt her hands glide down my body and come to rest at the base of my cock which she squeezed slightly. "Well."

"Ahh that," I told her. "Your touch."

"But you didn't know my touch when we first met." I gulped and perspired as her hands clamped around the base of my cock and she twisted the shaft as it came up. "Well?"

I sighed at her touch, and she just released her grip, allowing my erect cock to bob freely and danced her fingers along my chest. "You," I snapped, and she laughed at my heightened state of arousal.

"Seriously! I loved," she told me slowly and danced her finger up my chest. "How you looked after me. How you walked me home and taught me to bowl. How I felt you were a great guy with a warm heart."

I gulped. "And now?"

"And now, I think you're amazing," she cooed. "When you want to be. But me, what was special about me? You had Abi."

"I never had Abi," I replied and then sighed. "I don't know," I admitted. "Your smile, lights up the room. And you were always fun and exciting. Maddening at times. More like a cross between Rhea when's she being good and Paula when she's being exciting and it really excited me."

Sarah giggled, and we kissed again. My hands ran all over her body, and she cooed appreciatively as my lips nibbled at her earlobes; they were strangely erotic for her.

Sarah sighed and hit the "snooze" button on my alarm clock. "Come on," she whispered. "No time for foreplay."

"I like foreplay," I moaned, but Sarah shook her head as my fingers found her moist crack.

She pushed them away and then pushed me back as her legs came over my body and her crotch nestled against my erect cock.

She used her hands to guide my manhood into her tight maidenhood and sighed as she slowly rocked back and forth; sparks of power shot from my loins and it felt phenomenal. Sarah smiled at me, and I moved my hands up to touch her breasts, but she grabbed hold of my wrists and pinned them to the bed by the side of her.

It felt fantastic to have Sarah on top of me, and she adjusted herself as she controlled the penetration. She groaned as she exhaled, smiling at me. "You OK?"

"Yeah," I muttered breathlessly. I felt her release her grip on my arms and put her hands behind her so she could lean back and rock. I moved my left hand to her clit and began to circle it with my thumb.

She took a deep breath and gasped, panting and crying out as her agitated body slid up and down my slick cock in a slightly weird motion; it was moving about inside her, but I couldn't see it go in and out like most other positions. It was weird but felt lovely.

Sarah was crying out as she gulped; I was nearing my climax, and I think my teenage partner was too. I closed my eyes and groaned, my thumb working overtime on her clit while she increased her pace of bouncing around my cock.

I gasped open-mouthed as my body shivered and shook. Sarah saw me and smiled, jerking her hips forward forcefully that cause me to cry out. "Oh sh--" I muttered and felt a wave of intense pleasure sweep through my body as several waves of cum were squirted inside Sarah.

She resumed her gently rocking but was crying out herself as my thumb whirred on her pearl. She squealed loudly, and her body quivered as she came with a jolt and a smile.

We looked at each other with wide grins and panted, getting our breath back. "Good morning love," I muttered, and Sarah laughed.

"Yeah Good morning. I love my Kama Sutra book," Sarah said proudly. "That's got some silly name, but I liked it. And it's good for waking up, right."

"Yeah," I muttered, thinking back to Abi's demands of "rough sex" in the morning, and my girlfriend with ruffled hair, just giggled. She climbed off me, leaking my semen down her legs and she reached for the empty box of tissues. "I've had a cold," I told her honestly as she looked at me. "I've not been ... y'know."

Her eyes narrowed. "Mr Williams. If I find you've been up to no good ..."

"I haven't," I said honestly with a smirk. "You think my body has the energy for wanking when you are wearing me out?"

Sarah's smile turned into hysterics as I made a silly expression at her, and we took it in turns to have a shower – our shower was not quite big enough for two! "Look," Sarah told me as I came back into the room and held out her new jeans and red T-Shirt that had a little rabbit on the front. "I am doing what you suggested," she pointed out as she held the T-Shirt I had purchased for her from the market.

"Good," I replied and kissed her on the lips. She chastised me for daring to get dressed into "designer" stuff – the Calvin Klein boxer shorts drawing her ire – and to avoid any

further claims of hypocrisy I changed them, but Sarah looked good in her outfit.

She had a natural flamboyance that just radiated from her and could be dressed in a bin bag and I would still find her sexy. She didn't need to try so hard to be attractive, and I just loved her tight jeans and T-Shirt; it accentuated her figure nicely.

We came downstairs just as my sister had arrived home from her morning job, and put her bag on the dining table. "What dya want?" I asked as I took out a third bowl. "Shreddies? Weetabix?"

Rhea snorted as she entered the dining room and I passed Sarah a full bowl of cereal with a cup of tea. She took her coat off and threw it on the floor, before squinting. "Ricles, with cream and strawberries, a yoghurt and a cup of coffee with Baileys and a vodka to go." I cocked my head and my sister grinned. "OK. Ricles with a coffee please. And be quick about it!"

I poured the cereal and added the freshly boiled water to a third cup containing instant coffee granules and some milk before passing it to my sister and picking up my own breakfast.

Sarah was giggling and pointed to my sister's discarded school bag; lying open in Rhea's bag was a pornographic magazine, the lewd display of the well endowed woman prominent.

"I had no idea," Sarah said pointing towards it as Rhea came back around the table. "Does Simon know or is this preparation for the threesome he probably wants?" I reached into the bag and held the magazine aloft.

"Oi," she yelled running to me. "That's mine."

"What the hell is it?" I asked, and Rhea smirked.

"Oh come on," she replied with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Surely you know what they are."

I sighed. "Is this from the newsagents? Rhea, you will get done for stealing. Just wait until _"

"I didn't steal it," Rhea interrupted and scowled. "We bought it."

"You bought it?"

"I am not answerable to you," Rhea said firmly and picked up the magazine and bag, walking towards her room with her breakfast on a tray.

"But you are answerable to Mum," I reminded her, and she stopped. Rhea looked at the inquisitive faces of Sarah and me, and just groaned. "Especially after the parents' evening, I am sure she would be very interested."

"Simon and I buy them for a fiver a pop and flog 'em at school for two or three times that. OK? Now will you leave me alone ..."

I gasped. "But Rhea, that's illegal."

Rhea smiled instantly. "Oh. Thank you."

"That was not a compliment," I told her firmly and suddenly felt as if I was a parent. "When Mum finds out she will go ballistic," I added, and Rhea just shrugged. "And you are on report. Can you just imagine what they will say when they find out." Rhea's face was unmoved, and I groaned. "They are itching to expel you."

"Look, we ain't doin' no one no harm. Mr Parker just lets us get on with it in the morning, and we can easily get them away and put the cash in the till. He doesn't see it, and he can see his stock shiftin', so he's 'appy. The boys at school, well they get tits and pussies as that is what they want. And I'm earning a bit of cash, Mum won't let me work in the club. Everyone wins."

"This is hardly better then stealing the school test," I thundered, and she just held out her hands.

"No one is getting hurt. And we cleared over a hundred quid pure profit this month. How cool is that?"

"Wh ... wh ... why can't you just get a job like everyone else?" I didn't need my sister to answer that; she did it as much for the fact that she wasn't supposed to do it, than for the money.

"I do have a job," my sister told me. "At the newsagents!" My sister was gong to get herself expelled, and I knew I had to tell someone, but Rhea made idle threats and disappeared to her bedroom.

Sarah told me to lay off my sister as we walked to College. "Victimless crime," she told me a little sanctimoniously as we reached our College. "Just let it go."

"No. 'Cause Rhea will be suspended, Mum will get upset, Rhea will get upset because Mum's upset. Not victimless."

"Yeah ... but at least she isn't hiding explosives in bonfires or kicking ex-boyfriends in the nuts," Sarah replied with a smirk. "She's moved from one racket to another. At least this one just comes with a telling off and not a jail sentence."

I sighed and pushed open the door to the Common Room, and walked over to Ingrid and Zoe chatting with Ray. "That's a nice top," Ingrid told Sarah the moment we sat down. "Is it new?"

Sarah beamed and looked at me. "Andy got it for me," she replied and pursed her lips.

"Oh, it's very nice," Zoe added. "And if Andy got it, I bet it was expensive." I spluttered, and she cocked her head. "I know how much you spent on two dresses."

"Ahhh ... you see, that is different. I have some nice, expensive clothes for special occasions and cheaper clothes for messin' around in." I looked at Sarah and just smiled. "But it doesn't matter how much it cost, she looks great, right?"

Zoe nodded. "Yeah," she conceded. "It's nice."

Sarah smiled sweetly and looked at me. "I don't s'pose your generosity will extend to a cup of coffee and lunch? I've left my purse at home."

I smiled and hummed. "For a kiss of course."

Sarah put her hands on her hips. "After what you had this mornin'," she barked and then giggled at the horrified faces of Zoe and Ingrid. "Sorry," she muttered and I passed her my wallet.

"And I'll be a coffee too," I told her and she disappeared off to buy two drinks. With my money.

Suddenly, I understood Dad's comment of having to pay for a girlfriend!

* * * * *

I noticed the closer we got to Christmas the more excited some of the dancers – and indeed the staff got. Susie, who had asked for a new set of motorcycle leathers from her boyfriend was getting bouncier and more gleeful as time ticked by, whereas the likes of Juggs seemed almost non-plussed by it all.

I couldn't say I was excited, or any more excited than usual; I had a girlfriend to buy for (like last year) who was going away (a bit like last year when Paula left on Boxing Day) and whom I was becoming increasingly in love with (like last year). I wanted more than I could hope to receive and would have Rhea winding everyone up, like last year.

Christmas 1998 was going to be remarkably similar to Christmas 1997, only this year I was going to be allowed to go to the club's Christmas Party whereas last year Paula, and I had to make do with our own celebration in the lounge while Rhea fought with us for control of the television.

Zoe was especially excited about the festive time of the year, and I was becoming increasingly amused by her; she had concluded that Christmas showed people what the true meaning of Christ was about and then got annoyed when I pointed out that all the festive holidays showed was that the human race adored materialism, decadence and lust.

I got a kiss from Abi as she sat down and Zoe scowled at me. "It's just a peck," I told her, ignoring that it was a little full-on for friendship and Zoe just held her hands out.

"Not my business," she muttered, and I was glad she recognised this; I could see Sarah ringing me up to shout at me for a kiss I didn't ask for or was expecting.

Mum started the meeting with a clap of the hands and showed us the latest brand of "troublemakers terrorising the neighbourhood."

"What, no Rhea?" I asked, and a handful of people, including Mum, broke into a titter.

"If she comes here then she will be in trouble," Mum said firmly. "As will you, if I see you when we are open." There was a little bit of jeering and then Mum turned to the subject of wages – there would be around a 5% increase in wages from January 1st (this drew a loud cheer) and she rubbed her nose passing out personalised letters to each of us.

After everyone had digested their new salary and a few people moaned – most notably Juggs as it wasn't generous enough – she turned to the subject of the Christmas Party, telling us the exact date, time, dress code, and that she had a surprise lined up for us all. I saw Zoe's eyes twinkle, and I just knew it would be a most unsuitable for her. "If anyone sees any ex-member of staff, let 'em know," Mum told us. "I'm not writing to them, but they're invited." I made a note to talk to Gemma aka Miss Edwards when I next saw her.

I waved at Zoe as she went to leave and then ran to catch up with her. "Has Simon said

anything to you?" I asked. "Bout magazines?"

"What magazines?" Zoe enquired immediately and she studied my expression. "No. Why?" I smiled at her as I thought; if I told Zoe about Rhea's money making ploy then she would have words with Simon who would be able to scare Rhea. This way, neither Mum nor the school needed to have any knowledge of Rhea's illicit scheme.

"They are buying pornographic magazines under the counter at the newsagents and selling them on at a profit at school," I said calmly and Zoe gasped.

She gestured with her hands. "You're joking. Please tell me ... I'll kill 'im," Zoe thundered.

"Just ... don't tell him that it came from me," I asked Zoe. "And please don't tell Mum. Rhea's in enough trouble already."

"I keep tellin' you, you need to sort her out," Zoe said firmly. "She listens to you."

I scoffed; just, what planet was my friend from?

* * * * *

Rhea had, at first implored me to go and watch her referee her first match and then asked me not to go. I wondered if this was reverse psychology from Rhea or if she genuinely was no longer interested but decided that it would be amusing to watch my little sister officiate a bunch of ten year-olds and so after I finished cleaning the club, I wandered down to the playing fields where two schools were set to battle it out on a Saturday lunchtime.

I was, I think, the only person watching who had no interest in the match and almost giggled when Rhea strode out in her black officials uniform. She looked so respectable; appearances were so deceptive!

She beckoned the captains to the centre of the pitch and gave them a short lecture before tossing the coin, and the blue team (the home school and top of the league) opted to kick off. She smiled at the assembled crowd, nodded towards the two parents running the line, started her watch and blew her whistle.

To say I was surprised at Rhea would be an understatement, she allowed the game to flow, and didn't show anyone a yellow card, let alone a red card. They were young kids, but an immature Rhea would happily have had the match descending into mayhem. The teams played competitively, but she "played advantage" when she could and didn't make a single mistake. I was mildly impressed and for a moment thought that the parents' evening and resulting fallout had improved her behaviour somewhat.

However, Rhea being Rhea, meant that trouble was never that far away, and the flashpoint came midway through the first half. The home team's striker theatrically threw himself to the ground in the penalty box, and despite calls from the home school on the touchline, Rhea gave nothing.

"Oi," a parent shouted towards my sister. "Oi. Wake up ref. That was a flamin' penalty," he bellowed towards the referee and he turned to his friend. "That's the problem, all these liberal do-gooders. Girls don't understand football. It's political correctness gone mad putting a little girl in charge."

I closed my eyes and counted to three; I wanted to let him know that Rhea was my sister and that she was doing a good job, but realised that me starting an argument on the

touchline would mean I would be the butt of Rhea's jokes for weeks to come.

He continued his assault against her, by shouting onto the pitch whenever she came near him; his booming voice clearly telling her, that she was getting “all the bloody decisions wrong” and his catcalls echoed around the pitch. Rhea blew up as the ball went out of play and instead of heading for the players strode over to the mouthy parent, her eyes fizzing with rage.

“This,” she called out, holding the game's first yellow card aloft and pointing towards the car park. “This is a warning. Shut up and watch the game or I will send you to your car.”

The man grunted and stared at Rhea open mouthed. “You can't do that.”

“Watch me.” Rhea yelled at him, and he spoke, his arms gesturing wildly over the pitch.

“You should be watching the game love. That was a penalty, and that was a—” Rhea held up her yellow card to the second parent and then looked at them both.

“This is your last warning too, you hear me?”

I had to suppress a smile; only Rhea could turn up to referee a match and then yellow card the crowd. Sarah joined me a few moments later as Rhea sent off a parent and then awarded a free kick for diving – much to the annoyance of the home team. Sarah had been playing her own match just down the road and was muddy in her football kit – but she looked sexy and beautiful, and we kissed.

“What's she doing?” Sarah asked as Rhea blew up again and strode over to the home team bench. I could hear her clearly as she berated the home team manager for jeering at the opposition's player. I would like to say that Rhea was measured and calm, but the language she used would make a Glaswegian army captain blush, and even Sarah pulled a face. “Bit uncalled for.”

I wasn't going to defend my sister on that charge, but the game progressed well until half-time, and she drew further ire for awarding a penalty against the home team and then allowing another goal against them to stand; I don't think she was wrong in her footballing decisions but I knew she was just storing up trouble.

The home team's manager strode onto the pitch as he claimed handball for the second goal and Rhea showed him the red card, followed by their team captain (for protesting) and then two other players, for reasons I did not see or understand.

It was not Rhea's finest moment, but she drew the half to a close as dozens of furious parents tried to argue with her. “You do know you've upset a lot of people,” I told her but Rhea shrugged.

“Really?” She asked. “Cause they want to bully the referee?” I looked around me as people pointed towards her.

“Have you got a vendetta here?”

Rhea shook her head and then whispered in my ear as she left. “You mean that Nathan's father just happens to be the coach at this school. Never.”

I groaned, and dreaded the second half, but Rhea did referee it with some impartiality – but the home team were down to eight men and tired quickly. She gave them a last minute

penalty, which was justified, but they still lost 9-1 and she left the pitch to a barrage of boos.

"Shall we go home?" I asked her after she got changed, and Rhea shook her head. "Cause I think you are about to be lynched."

"I'm off to see Simon," she said gleefully and then looked at me and Sarah. "And I know what you two are going to do. But I think that went fairly well."

"You think?" Sarah asked incredulously, and Rhea nodded.

"Yeah. Dealt with all the silliness. And what's better, I'm their ref for next week as well." I groaned, but Rhea just smirked at me. "Oh come on, they bully the referees and get away with it. That's why all the other referees hate coming here. So what they don't like me? I've got thicker skin than that."

"I think you're right," Sarah agreed with her. "Some of the abuse was disgusting." I spotted the coach of the home team striding over towards us and sensed there would be trouble. I was right as he barged past me and confronted Rhea, shouting at my fifteen year old sister.

"I dun-know what you're playing at Missy, but that was a bloody disgrace out there! My boys are crying that room."

"You're right," Rhea told the man. "It is a disgrace. How I was abused, harangued and argued with by your players and your parents. What are you teaching them here? Don't they have any respect for the officials? And diving in the penalty area. Not gentlemanly conduct, is it?"

He looked at her with incredulity and pushed her in the shoulder. "Your performance ..."
He started, but I took umbrage with his maltreatment of Rhea and pushed him away.

"You don't start laying hands on fifteen year old girls," I warned him, and he stepped back, clearly sizing me up.

"I'm going to speak to the League Secretary on Monday," he warned. "This ain't over."

"Excellent," Rhea told him with a snarl. "You do that. And I will be telling him of the abuse I suffered. And ..."
I cut my sister off from her rant and pushed her away before she could get into any more trouble. Sarah escorted my sister from the playing fields and away from the pitches before we doubled back on ourselves and headed for the flat. It was starting to rain and Sarah took cover in a shoe shop, before buying a pair with my bank card.

By the time we got back to the flat, my bank account was down by over fifty pounds, although Sarah did promise to pay it back and we sat down to do our homework after she had a shower.

We were still doing our homework in the evening, and Mum made us all some tea while Sarah phoned home and said she was staying at my house. I was always a little surprised at how easily Sarah's parent acquiesced to her requests on these matters, but I guessed they saw it as part of the growing up process; Sarah wanted to spend time with her boyfriend.

It did sort of surprise me: they stopped her from seeing Kevin and disliked him because, even by Sarah's admission, they had too much sex. What exactly did Sarah's parents think

we did when she stayed over?

As dusk gave way into night-time, Sarah yawned and put our Maths homework to one side. "I'm going up to bed," I told her. "Don't be too long."

"She won't," Rhea teased. "It's been two hours since she last fucked someone. Little slut needs it."

"Rhea!" I snapped. "Leave Sarah alone."

"Sure," my sister replied. "The moment you do."

"She stood up for you at the football match. Go easy!" I snapped and bade my aggressive sister "good night."

Sarah joined me in my room and slid into bed, discarding her fleecy dressing gown and waited for me to put my novel on the table. I turned to face her, and gave her a deep kiss, our tongues intertwined and our hands wandering.

I smiled at her expectant face and felt a powerful warmth and contentment as I gazed into her eyes. "Your sister," Sarah muttered. "She doesn't like me too much."

"Yeah, I know," I agreed morosely. "I don't know what you've done."

"She ... umm ... well Abi reckons she's got a good heart and that underneath her bluster is a nice, sweet little girl."

I snorted. "She's Rhea. She's just ... violent and twisted underneath."

"She isn't twisted," Sarah told me and leant back. "I've just had your sister tell me where I am going wrong. She thinks I am only interested in what I want and that I don't care about other people, but I'm not am I?"

"No," I said instantly but I could see where Rhea was coming from; Sarah was often quite self-centred or illogical when she got excited, and she had a tendency to have narrow-vision when other people's needs were concerned. I didn't find this attractive but on the whole Sarah was a sweet, lovely and beautiful girl that I loved. It was just a pity Rhea couldn't or wouldn't see that.

"And you know she has told Simon that if he wants to propose to her, then she would say yes, but only after her GCSE exams. Otherwise, it would mess up her plans."

I smiled at this; her exams were eighteen months away, but Rhea was already trying to dictate to her boyfriend what he was supposed to do around them. I couldn't see Mum being too happy at Rhea getting engaged to be married at sixteen.

"Anyway ..." Sarah told me and brought my concentration back to the present with a kiss. "I hope you are not too tired."

"Very tired," I teased and yawned before turning over, but Sarah dived under the covers and blew on my semi-erect cock. I groaned and tried to close my legs away from her, but she put her hands to stop me and then engulfed my cock in her mouth.

Like most of the male population, I love blowjobs and closed my eyes as Sarah's mouth darted over the tip and her hands spun around the shaft, rotating it in opposite directions. It

felt incredible and I sighed, pushing my buttocks up towards the mouth of my teenager lover.

She made suckling noises from under the covers and applied strong motions to my cock, swirling her tongue around the head and running it underneath the most sensitive parts.

I gulped and moaned, and two little eyes appeared. "Tired now?"

"No," I muttered and she ran her hands up and down my shaft. She slid up the bed to come on top of me, and we kissed, my hands running over her smooth skin and gripped her buttocks.

Our tongues caressed, and she rocked on top of me; she didn't weigh very much, but she felt electric as her body wriggled over mine. She looked into my eyes as we broke from the kiss and she kissed my neck, smiling as she reached behind her and grabbed my erect cock.

She slid herself over it as she began to right herself and I felt my cock glide into her slick hole. I grunted, and she giggled at me, rocking back and forth as my hands ran over her nipples.

She leant back slightly and put her hands behind her for support. I gazed into her inviting slit and pushed her folds aside so I could run my thumb over her clitoris.

She groaned, and her rocking – that was more of a twist – got more forceful and quicker. She gulped and cried out, her noises echoing around my room. It was incredible; I loved having Sarah – and before that Abi – on top, but her movement was steadily bringing me to the point of no return.

I gulped and cried out, warning my girlfriend, but she wasn't listening; my thumb on her clit was bringing her to orgasm. I came first, squirting my cum deep inside her and simpered as I did, gasping for breath as my body shivered and the tension inside my loins exploded.

I kept rubbing Sarah's button and she kept rocking on my cock; it wasn't uncomfortable, but I couldn't keep having sex with her! She gasped and grunted, her face twisting and her knees shaking. "Oh ... Holy ... Ahhh," she squealed loudly and gasped.

I felt her cunt twitch on top of my cock, and her legs quivered alongside me. I gave her a smile, but she wasn't focusing on me, squealing and crying out as I massaged her button.

We kissed, and she got up, my cum leaking everywhere and she smiled at me. "Shower?" She asked, and I gave a smile.

"Yeah," I muttered.

* * * * *

I received a phone call as I finished my cleaning tasks for the day on my mobile phone and answered it. Zoe had disappeared to go to church, and I was packing the last of my things away when "SCARLET H" appeared on the display.

"What's up?" I asked as I balanced the mop one handed while the other hand held the telephone to my ear.

"You free?" Scarlet asked, and I grunted.

“Yeah, why?”

“I need to go shopping and don't want to go on my own,” she told me and then sighed. “Eddie's got farm stuff to do, and I just need a guy's opinion.”

I laughed and told her that I was at the flat, and she told me that she would get Eddie to drop her off in Aylesbury, and we could take the train to London.

I went to get changed into some of my smarter clothes and squirted deodorant in places I was not used to squirting cosmetics; I did not want to meet the lovely Scarlet when I was less than fantastically well presented but wasn't quite sure why. I guessed I already saw her as a film star or celebrity!

Scarlet knocked on the door to the flat but Rhea reached it first and came with her arms outstretched. “A bird. For you,” she said rudely. “But hey, at least it's not that slapper. And she looks pretty nice. You fucking her?”

“Rhea. Leave her alone.” I barked at my sister as Scarlet blushed. My friend nodded towards Mum, and they made a quick bit of small-talk. I got the impression Scarlet did not used to do too many shifts at the club due to not always being able to commit to the times required, but her recent departure had been on good terms as Mum smiled cheerfully when she saw her and they spoke warmly enough.

Scarlet and I walked to the train station and bought a return ticket each to Harrow, chatting on the train. “I have been invited for dinner with leading director Todd Bryan as I've been shortlisted for a leading role in one of his productions.”

“Todd Bryan?” I muttered. “What's he done?” I felt guilty as Scarlet's excited face fell slightly, and I hummed, lying to cover my tracks. “I've heard of him. I just can't place him.”

“Sealed with a Loving Kiss, Robert's Mistress, Fire Down Below ...” Her voice trailed off as she gestured with her hands. “He's one of the top romance directors in Hollywood. Well Britain, but in film.”

I smiled at her and nodded. “So this film's about what?”

“Working title is 'The Ten Rules of Infidelity' and it'll be a series not a film. I will be mistress – or one of the mistresses. The main mistress, but Todd wants to see me, and I've been invited to his hotel for dinner on Tuesday with the casting director and I've nothing to wear.”

“Yeah, I remember Sarah saying the same thing,” I muttered and then realised that I had been lumbered with two lots of female clothes shopping in the course of a few weeks. This must surely mean that I had offended some great god and that the cosmic order was grossly unfair, but Scarlet just cocked her head and smiled at me.

“Well I am a bit short on elegant dresses and the like. I would ask Eddie, but he's busy, and I don't think he gets elegant. You know I found him ogling one of his farmgirls with dirty wellies.” Her eyes met mine. “I mean clothes on as well as dirty wellies, but it just wasn't a sexy look.”

“It gets lonely up there,” I teased. “On the farm.” Scarlet snorted, and I was grateful for our train arriving at the station. The main shopping centre at Harrow was somewhat spread out, but we left the main station and walked into St Anne's shopping pavillion and out onto the shopping street. There was a myriad of little alleyways and I remembered the little

jewellery workshop being down one of them at the end of the town, but Scarlet found a female clothes shop and started looking through the fabrics as we chatted.

I hummed over some of them; I still had plenty of Christmas presents to buy, but it was too upmarket for my tastes, and Scarlet's purse. She found a lovely little red dress in the next shop, but it didn't fit around the bust.

We spent a good two hours traipsing around the shops, but I didn't grumble. I did pick up the odd present for my family, but Scarlet was getting frustrated and annoyed. She knew that she couldn't afford any high-end designer fashion – and Harrow was not the place to buy it anyway – but she wanted to look elegant and sophisticated, and the clothes were not fitting or just too expensive.

I did offer to put some money towards it as her Christmas present, but she dismissed my offer, and walked past the charity collectors rattling their tins, into a department store. "If there's nothing here, can we go to London or Watford?" Scarlet asked, but if Harrow was too expensive then London would be as well. I muttered this thought to my friend as she found a couple of dresses and walked into the changing room with them.

She came back into the store wearing a long black dress and twirled in the mirror smiling. "If you want to play the part of a mistress," I asked. "Don't you want something more revealing?"

Scarlet shook her head. "It's why it's called acting," I was told but returned to the changing room to try on a much shorter black dress that emphasized her body shape much more. I preferred this and smiled. "You sure?"

I nodded. "It is my opinion that the shorter dress is nicer," I told her with a smirk. "Much nicer. I think it suits your smile better."

"OK," she said with a giggle and looked back in the mirror, turning around a few more times and tugging it down. "That's why I brought you." Scarlet then emerged from the dressing room clad in lacy lingerie and did a twirl in the secluded corner of the shop. "Yes?"

"Wow!" I muttered. "Yes, it's very nice. But does your underwear matter? I mean, it's just dinner right."

Scarlet gave a tortured smile. "The first scene of the film is my character stripping for the husband. They might want me to do an audition. You never know." My eyes widened, and the half-naked Scarlet stood in the shop with her arms on his hips. "Well I don't know. I am just assuming they might. They probably won't but I want to be prepared. It's a really big role for me. I've never been up for a role this big."

"Scarlet, you aren't going to his hotel to get fucked are you?" I asked as the middle-aged sales assistant appeared and she looked at me in disgust. "Yeah, sorry," I muttered as my friend sniggered.

"I'll go get changed," Scarlet replied with a grin. "Before you upset anyone else. And for the record, no! I'm a mistress not a prostitute."

The eyebrows of the sales assistant rose slightly and she turned away from us. "Sorry," I muttered, but didn't really mean it.

* * * * *

I waited for everyone to depart the room and walked to the front of the class to speak to Miss Edwards.

“Andy,” she called out as I approached. “What can I do for you?”

I looked back at the door and sat down at the chair in front of her battered desk and sniffed. “It’s ummm, it’s the Christmas Party at the club,” I eventually said and watched her tense. “It’s the last Sunday before Christmas, the twentieth. Be cool if you were there.”

She spluttered, and her eyes flickered towards the door and back to me. “It’s a little difficult,” she said with a scowl across her face. “I don’t work there anymore.”

I felt awkward, my heart was pounding in my chest, and I bit my lip. “I know, all the ex-employees are invited along with partners. It was in the, errr, in the team meeting. You did work there for a few months, and I said I would pass on the message.”

Miss Edwards slowly shook her head and pursed her lips. There was a finality to the look she was giving, and I felt more than a little annoyed with her. There was no reason for her to be cold and furtive. “I know I did, but I can’t go. Not now. I’ve, um, I’ve moved on.”

“You sound as though it was a mistake to work there,” I added with a scowl on my face and pocketed the pen I had been tapping on the desk.

Miss Edwards shrugged her shoulders. “It was.”

I snorted, grabbed my bag without replying and walked towards the door, before turning back to look at her. “Was I a mistake? And Sarah?”

Miss Edwards spluttered a denial and groaned. “Oh, I didn’t mean it like—”

“You did,” I interrupted with a new-found confidence. “You think I was, don’t you?”

Miss Edwards shifted, and suddenly I saw not a beautiful, elegant teacher but a deceitful, two-faced woman rubbing her nose. “We shouldn’t have done what we did,” she admitted after a long pause, and I just shrugged.

“Maybe not, but we did. But a few of the girls in that club I consider as friends and they are not ashamed of me, or the club. You worked there, Christine. As Gemma. You took your clothes off for money. I saw you. And I know about the tattoos and the one-night stands and the drugs and the—” Miss Edwards shushed me at my loud voice, and I just sighed. “I promised I wouldn’t tell anyone here, and I won’t. But you can’t pretend it didn’t happen.” I said to the horrified teacher sat rigidly in her chair and walked out of her classroom, leaving the door wide open.

Sarah asked me what was wrong as I strode into the Common Room and I took her outside to tell her, where we couldn’t be overhead. Sarah agreed with Miss Edwards and said that I was a little enchanted with Gemma. This might have been true, but I certainly disliked Miss Edwards, she was hypocritical and two-faced. Gemma however was nice. Why couldn’t we just be taught by Gemma?

“Because Gemma doesn’t exist and never existed,” Sarah snapped and held her arms out. “It was an act.”

“Abi isn’t an act,” I told her. “Or Scarlet.”

Sarah snorted and shook her head. "Well they are," my girlfriend replied, and I felt like I was being patronised. Was it really that difficult for Miss Edwards to be like Gemma? The well-meaning, confident young lady who had given me additional Maths tuition?

* * * * *

"Oh she isn't, is she?" Rhea asked, looking at me over the dinner table. "She is such a fucking slut."

Mum threw her fork down and glared at Rhea. "You do not use that language in my home," she barked and Rhea glared at me, hissing under her breath.

"Sarah is my girlfriend," I told her calmly.

"And she has every right to come to the Christmas Party," Mum added to me and Rhea scowled at me. "You are bringing Simon. Against my better judgement. I am only allowing it because Zoe is invited."

"But she is so ... ughh. I hate her."

"Well I don't."

Rhea waved her fork in my direction. "It will end in tears though. She will blow you off and run off with someone else or screw some guy behind your back. She is a proper whore and ..."

Mum interrupted my sister with another lecture and I looked at my sister with imploring eyes. "Please, just be nice. I don't say anything about Simon."

Rhea shovelled a fork full of the Risotto into her mouth and grunted. "Yeah well, he is boring at times, but he is not going to cheat on me, or make me unhappy."

I looked at my bowl and then at my sister shaking my head. "And neither will Sarah. Please Rhea, don't make me beg, you don't need to like her, just tolerate her."

Mum looked up and rubbed her hands together. "Rhea will be fine with Sarah, won't you?"

Rhea almost howled in annoyance at being told what to do and glared at me. "Please Rhea. For me."

"Bloody hate you," Rhea moaned and slid her empty bowl to one side, getting up and storming out of the room. I could tell she wasn't angry or exceedingly annoyed, she just didn't like being told what to do, and I had applied emotional pressure. I guessed she felt boxed in, she could not refuse to as I pleaded; Rhea was always crabby when she was prevented from doing something she wanted to do.

Rhea had disliked all of my girlfriends, or even female friends. My good friend Zoe was too prim and perfect, my Year 8 crush Lucy was too geeky and nerdy, Paula was too clever and wily, Sarah was too playful and energetic and Abi made me too sappy. In essence, Rhea would continue to find fault with every girlfriend I would have unless she learned that what I wanted in a girlfriend was not what she wanted to see in her brother's partner.

Fortunately, she didn't get to choose; all she had to do was just be polite, agreeable and put up with whatever came with me, and this clearly wound her up. "I only care because I care," she offered as an explanation a bit later and try as I might I could not convince her

that it was a bad thing. "OK. She grassed me up to Zoe 'bout the mags," Rhea admitted. "And now Simon's got cold feet. I mean, I don't want to work in a newsagent but it was the best way of running that little trick. But Zoe's put the willies up Simon, and she even threatened me. Can you believe it? Threatening me! Why can't you just find a girl that I don't hate?"

I gave a sigh. "Cause that girl doesn't exist," I told her with a smirk.

"OK. Then fuck Zoe. Loosen the frigid, up-tight bitch up. Just stop being so blind with Sarah. Please. As much as I hate you at times, you're my big brother and I just hate seeing you used like that." I almost saw a hint of begging in her eyes, but she knew there was no way I was going to stop seeing Sarah; she simply meant too much to me. "One day you'll see that I am right," she told me, but she was wrong. I just knew it.

* * * * *

Ray and I had to travel a bit further for our last gig – Olivia's niece – who was doing a fashion course in London and needed to prepare a portfolio or her work to go with the catwalk show she was doing.

I didn't really understand exactly what we would be required for, but we turned up at the pre-agreed meeting point in a north London street with no-one to meet us.

I had offered to my friend that this was his commission, and I would take one film of photographs to his three. I was feeling a bit sorry for him, and his split with Donna was hitting him hard, although he wouldn't admit it. He hadn't told me too much about it, just that they had had several frank discussions and they had decided that he was not for her. What Ray had said to lead the firebrand and him to this conclusion he did not say and I did not ask, but he had been very up and down for two weeks – despite his dalliances with Katy.

Ray initially refused my offer, but I knew he would get some enjoyment of what I had offered and he was a better photographer than me; our "WAM" shoot proved this. I had been through with him, exactly what I had done with the strippers as well as young Holly and he seemed as nervous as I was on my first photoshoot, and while he wanted to accompany me, he did not want to take the lead until I mentioned that it was a fashion student!

I had spoken to Lucille and asked if my "photographic genius friend" could join me, and after mentioning that we would split any fee, she reasoned that she would "get two for the price of one" which was a "good deal!"

The flamboyant Lucille arrived ten minutes after we were due to meet, flustered and erratically dressed. She had bright purple top, with bright orange skirt and then a bright blue tights and a bright red coat, all topped off with long yellow hair and bright pink nails. She looked like an explosion in the paint factory, but she held out her hands as he approached. "Sorry, sorry. I'm awful I know. Lost track of time."

Ray smiled at her. "Lucille?" I asked, and she kissed me on the cheek and then Ray. Ray's smile got a lot wider, and she rubbed her hands. "I got a dozen outfits to do. How long have you got?" She whittered for a while as we walked back to her house – a small suburban terraced property that she shared with two other girls and one of the girl's boyfriends.

The smell of marijuana was intense, and Ray coughed. Lucille immediately offered him a drink or “even a joint” to calm him down, but Ray and I both skipped the offer of drugs and opted for a beer.

Lucille opened the lounge door to a veritable mess of clothes and videos with two students sat in the middle. I grunted something that couldn't be understood – I was nervous, and my heart was pounding.

Lucille's housemates were warm and friendly; they offered me a spliff which I declined and then asked me about the camera and the shots we were taking. Lily and Zac looked like they were ready for bed – Zac was topless and wearing just his boxer shorts while Lily was only wearing a nightie, but they were curled in each others arms.

I felt overdressed and out of my depth, but the two students smiled and muttered about “not having any lectures” when I asked. Ray wasn't with me in the room; he was with Lucille in the kitchen, but I expected him to take the lead and didn't interrupt.

Lucille appeared just as I was explaining about Mum's strip club. Zac suddenly became intensely interested in what I had to say, but we were interrupted as my partner-in-crime with our host wanted to start.

“Lucille's putting together a portfolio,” Ray told me. “Got to have six to eight pieces of work in it from investigation to the real thing.” I gulped and listened to him, and he ran his hands through his hair. “Was thinking of getting the items on the peg, close ups and the like and then it being worn against a white background and then outside.”

I looked out of the window. “Got to be quick; it's going to go dark.” Ray gave a slight groan, and we chatted for a few moments about technical matters. Some of Lucille's work was “more intimate” but she had four outdoor items she wanted to include and ran off to her bedroom to retrieve them.

It was fun photographing Zac and Lucille in the park with the fashion student's clothes on. I showed Lily how to use the camera and both Ray, and I got some decent pictures in the afternoon light.

Lily was coy and shy, and I warmed instantly to her. She blushed easily and I had no trouble in flirting with her, but saw Zac look on as I did and eased back slightly; he didn't look annoyed or upset, just a little wary and I had no reason to cause trouble.

Capturing the items inside proved more difficult as there wasn't a single room in the house with plain, unblemished walls. In the end, Lily and I got the largest and least stained bed sheet from Lucille's bed and held it up on the kitchen wall as Ray captured the clothes as they were being worn.

I could see down Lily's tight and revealing top and she giggled as her boyfriend pranced about in the kilt-style outfit. I thought it looked ridiculous, but then I was feeling like I was from the Victorian ages, what with the liberal ways of the three students.

Ray and Lucille were getting on well, they were directing each other and making comments, but there was a flirtatious warmth present as they danced around each other. It reminded me of my early days with Abi as they just didn't stop smiling with each other.

I used up the last of my film on two outfits Lily was wearing, and Ray caught all the clothes, hung up against the sheet, focusing on a particular detail that Lucille wanted

illustrating.

We had to adjust the lighting and Lily, and I carried all the table lamps from the house and arranged them in a semi-circle around our photographic area!

I could tell Lucille was a little anxious and grabbed Ray's hand. "Can we do the intimate stuff in my room."

"Intimate?" Ray asked and smiled. "Sure."

"It's just underwear and ummm ... well I'd rather do it with just one of you."

I nodded and held out my camera to Zac and Lily. "I got a spare film. If you want some nekkid pictures I can do 'em and just sort out with Lucille 'bout getting 'em developed."

Lily hesitated and I could tell she wasn't comfortable with it, but Zac nodded. "Yeah, sure kid." His girlfriend grabbed at her drink and giggled. "On the sofa."

I was rather hoping to put the black-haired Lily into my portfolio, but instead she directed her boyfriend into getting undressed and then of obscene poses with his cock lying about.

She would move in and suck it gently before arranging his prominent erection into a pose and retreating from the scene. I managed to snap a couple of her touching his manhood, and she even wanted some close ups.

I eventually persuaded her to go down on him again and caught the moment as some pre-cum extended from her chin. It was not a perfect environment for photography, but my erotic photography skills had been coming on leaps and bounds recently, and it was a freebie anyway, just to pass the time.

Ray returned to the lounge with a very big smile on his face after I gave Lily the photographic film and I was sat having a drink with them. "Done?" I asked, and Ray nodded.

Lucille – now dressed in a psychedelic neon nightie – nodded and touched Ray on the arm. "I'd love you to come and do the fashion show next term," she begged. "I can't pay much, but it's fun." She winked at him and smiled. "There's a swimsuit and lingerie show. And I could make it worth it!"

"Olivia's got my number," I told her, but she bit her lip. I suddenly realised that she was talking to Ray not me and sniffed. "And I'd pass on any message to Ray."

"I've already got his number," Lucille replied and kissed him on the cheek as we left. She passed me the films and looked at me. "Could you drop them off at Olivia's on your way home?" She asked and shrugged. "I can go pick 'em up tomorra."

"Yeah OK," I agreed and took all of the films from her. Ray was quite talkative as we left the north London flat towards our station on the Jubilee Line. We had to change twice to get an Aylesbury train and barely stopped smiling.

"This is great fun," he mentioned for the umpteenth time. "It's awesome. Lucille is ..."

"She's out of your league," I replied, and he gave a coy smirk.

"I got her phone number." He waited for a moment and then took a deep breath. "Actually

she gave me her phone number. Wants more ... but how good is that? A five year old camera and some easy photos and I get to see girls like that naked."

All I could think of was that all I got to photograph was the contents of Zac's shorts, and although they most definitely weren't going into my portfolio, it wasn't a wasted trip. Ray was buoyant and happy, instead of morosely depressed and borderline suicide risk that he had been since he had split up with Donna. For a friend like Ray, I would have photographed a hundred cocks if it meant it cheered him up!

I walked to Windmill Street to give Olivia the films from the photoshoot, but she wasn't in and I left them with Emily. Olivia still owed me for the first two shoots that I did, and I got a phone call as I returned to the flat from her asking me to go and visit her the following day to collect all monies owed; it was an invitation I wasn't going to decline.

Mum gave me an annoyed look as I entered the lounge. "Have you been talking to Gemma?"

I thought for a moment and then blurted out, "Mrs Edwards?"

Mum looked around the flat instinctively and then sighed. "Yes, her."

I hummed. "Sort of."

"Why?" Mum asked with an exasperated tone.

"Because to tell her, she was invited to the Christmas party. But she didn't take it all that well."

"Well she rang me up to ask me to remind you that her working here was supposed to be discreet. You shouldn't go shouting it at your college, she will get the sack."

I groaned and my eyes narrowed. "I did not," I snapped. "I passed on the message. Discreetly."

"And what time do you call this? 8pm?"

"I know," I muttered and lied. "I got some dinner out." She sighed and grabbed her bag.

"If you are going to be late home I like to be told," she snapped, and Rhea chortled as Mum walked through the interconnecting door, and I relocated myself to the kitchen to address the small problem of my rumbling stomach.

* * * * *

The last Film Club meeting of the term was actually the penultimate week of term; Abi was going to spend a few days the following week at her brother's house in Edinburgh and so she wouldn't be around.

I had suggested to Abi, Sarah and Ingrid that we watch a less adult film and invite Rhea and Simon, not to mention Zoe. Zoe had still not forgiven us for the Story of O, a film that Sarah and I had both truly enjoyed and that had repulsed Zoe. I could see why, but found myself thinking about that film more than anything else in the few weeks which was something I could scarcely admit to Zoe, or Sarah.

Rhea had gotten wind of the Film Club and had asked some pointed questions, suggesting

that we were watching pornography and that this was being used as a pretext for an orgy. I knew Rhea was teasing but didn't want her to voice her suspicions in front of Mum and her to start with the extremely awkward questions.

Also, if Rhea was getting suspicious then Simon probably would have been as well, and this would only cause problems for Zoe. We, therefore, started a bit later than usual, after Simon and Rhea had finished school, and I passed round a few beers and glasses of wine as we settled down to watch a "classic" comedy of my choice.

Dad often joked I had been gifted with good taste, but we all agreed on the film, and thoroughly enjoyed Monty Python's *Life of Brian*. It was one of my favourites, of course, but Simon, Sarah and Zoe hadn't seen it before, and although Zoe called it blasphemous, I know she secretly enjoyed it as well.

Rhea cackled as we left the house and asked, "are you Biggus Dickus?" at a random boy walking past who jumped out of the way when he saw Rhea. Simon grinned as he watched the blonde boy tear off down the road and I squeezed Rhea.

"You frighten everyone."

Rhea smiled. "Cheers."

I hesitated. "Look, I gotta go and see someone." Sarah smiled at me.

"Who?" Faces looked at me, and I muttered.

"Olivia. Photos."

"Ohhh ... I can come," Sarah asked.

I groaned. "Oh OK," I told her and checked my watch. "It's only going to pick up some money." I waited for everyone else to leave us and then stared at her eyes. "No naked people at all."

Sarah pouted at me but took my hand and led me down the road; she reasoned that it was only fair as I watched her training and that was her hobby, whereas mine was photography.

In truth, I didn't actually see it as a hobby, just as a way of making a bit of cash on the side, but Sarah wasn't completely wrong and we walked to Windmill Street holding hands and chatting affectionately.

We knocked on the door, and Olivia eyed Sarah up with a grin. "Girlfriend?" She asked, and I nodded.

"Sarah," my confident partner told her.

"I know," Olivia replied curtly. "I've seen the photographs." Sarah blushed for a moment, but she welcomed us into her lounge and offered us a glass of wine, which we both took. "Nice pictures," Olivia told me and passed me some envelopes. "Heard about some guy called Ray."

"Yeah," I muttered. "I did check before I went, but he's ..." Olivia cut me off with a wave of the hand.

"I like him. I can see his style." She lit a cigarette and offered Sarah one, which I was grateful that she didn't take. She seemed slightly in awe as Olivia and I talked and I knew how susceptible she could be to suggestion when she was like that. "Lucille liked him loads."

I gave a grin. "Yeah well, they got on well."

Olivia smirked. "I know. I saw the photos remember." I scowled slightly as I hadn't and then thought back to the twenty minutes or so when I left them alone at Lucille's request!

"I do wanna know, why didn't you just do it?" I asked Olivia, and she snorted. "You know your way 'round a camera."

"I like your style," Olivia replied, pointing the lit cigarette in our direction. "You have a real talent behind the lens, and you get some good shots." Olivia's voice dropped slightly. "I can develop, but I am not so good at taking the damn pictures," she moaned. "I ain't bad, but for a final year project it needs to be stunning. And you've done that." She took another drag of her cigarette and then asked me for some more details about Ray.

She flicked through a lot of the photographs and showed me the odd few. A lot of Ray's shots that I knew of were "close-ups" of the dresses, but he kept them sharp and in focus. The WAM shots he did were clean and crisp, and Olivia asked me subtly for his phone number which I was happy to give her it.

I got three envelopes – one of pictures for Ray, one for me and a third envelope with some money in it. Sarah asked coyly about modelling and Olivia rolled her eyes.

"Not eighteen love," she told her firmly and I decided against telling either of them about the WAM shoot; I was not sure they were all eighteen, and I knew with Rhea's fake ID business and Sarah's lustful thirst, it wouldn't end all that well.

* * * * *

The College Christmas Disco – a whole month away from when Santa would be making an appearance – was being held in the big hall at the College, and we had "persuaded" Angela and Grace to allow my lovely girlfriend to stay in our flat overnight.

I had travelled to Wendover to meet up with Sarah in the morning before we got a lift into College (this was a ridiculous amount of travelling, but we knew would get what we wanted if we both asked, and we had forgotten to do it earlier in the week.) Sarah's mum was quite taken with the thought of having the evening to herself and I waited until Sarah had gone back upstairs to get her bookbag when I chortled at the middle-aged mother. "And I promise, if we have to come home, we'll give you a ring," I said with a grin. "So you can ... make yourself presentable!"

I had given Abi some money to get us some alcohol – a bottle of wine and some vodka, and at lunchtime I replaced two thirds of a bottle of Sunny Delight with the spirit. Sarah cooed appreciatively as she took a sip. "It's strong," she moaned, but we knew we would be stopped as we came into the college later with the vodka, and we wanted to take some alcohol for the "disco" to make it bearable.

I locked the alcoholic cocktail in my locker as the bell rang to signify the start of lessons and Sarah grinned mischievously. "And Sarah," I told her. "Don't get too pissed." Sarah promised she wouldn't, but I didn't totally believe her.

Sarah and I met up with Ray after lunch – none of us had any classes on a Friday afternoon, so we sat down at a small café as we divided up the photography money we had received – after I had taken the money out for what I had spent on films. Ray's eyes bulged at the amount, and Sarah teased him, but he was surprisingly resolute and unflustered, although I was still sure Rhea could make him blush if the opportunity ever presented itself.

After wandering back to our flat, having some dinner and getting ready, we were back at the College. Unsurprisingly, we were told we would have our bags checked if we brought any, but obviously we didn't need to, and together with the flamboyantly underdressed Sarah made our way into the College.

We got to the lockers just before the caretaker locked up the room and sat on a low wall outside the main building watching people come in. We had intentionally arrived early to retrieve the alcohol and waved towards our classmates when a few others arrived.

“Jez and Jodie,” Sarah said confidently. “She's coming and said she wouldn't wear underwear. Actually she said ... I am getting worried 'bout her. After what she said about Jez's dad. She is getting in way too deep.”

“I heard, Jez was telling me last week,” I added; Jez and Jodie's unorthodox relationship wasn't public knowledge, but I had no doubt that the news of Jodie screwing Jez's Dad with Jez's consent, would not remain private for too long. “Rosie's coming too. And Paul and Karen from GS. Karen said she have the house to herself when they get home and if Paul was nice they might ... you know.”

“Why didn't I know this?” Sarah thundered. “I can so give that girl tips.”

“Because you left class early,” I teased.

“Yeah, to get to Chemistry,” Sarah moaned. “Who else ...?” She hummed for a moment.

“Ray?” I asked Sarah as she took a swig of the vodka cocktail. “He said he was coming. And he had a date.”

“It ain't Donna. She's coming here with Danny.”

“Of course not Donna. They hate each other. Who's Danny?” I asked, and she pointed to a dreadlocked guy making his way up the path with Donna towards the music in the great hall. “He doesn't go to our school.”

We watched most of the people arrive from our vantage point and called over Ingrid and her date, Chris from Amersham, as well as Zoe who arrived alone. Zoe gratefully took a sip of the Sunny Delight, and I deliberately didn't warn her how strong it was, causing her to splutter. “That's so alcoholic,” she cried, and Ingrid put a hand over her mouth as she coughed.

“Ssssh!” Sarah yelled. “Mouth like a fuckin' foghorn.”

Zoe's eyes narrowed. “You do know it's a non-alcoholic night,” she moaned, and I gave her a smile.

“And ...”

“And ... it's so immoral.”

"Don't start this again," I wearily told her and took the drink from my troubled friend. "What you need is a boyfriend. How about ..."

"I don't want a boyfriend," she moaned, and I gave a smile.

"How about a girlfriend then. I know what you've been up to, our little strumpet," I teased. Ingrid and Sarah burst into laughter as I gave Zoe a funny look, but she didn't see the funny side of my joke and stormed off. "Testy!" I cried and swayed a little to the left. "Whoa!"

"You have definitely had too much," Ingrid teased and took the half-drunk Sunny Delight from me. I tried to protest, but the tall frame of the Scandinavian beauty towered over me and snatched the drink from my hands. I was feeling unnecessarily candid and woozy and left Sarah to go for a short walk to clear my mind.

I could not go home drunk to Mum; she would go mad at me, and Sarah and I did not intend to get totally hammered, just give us a pleasant glow.

"Andy," Sarah cried as I walked back from my short walk. "Ray's here."

"Oh right," I muttered and walked past Ingrid drinking from the Sunny Delight.

"No. Andy, you don't understand. He's with ... a girl."

I laughed at my drunken girlfriend. I saw Ray's girlfriend as soon as I entered the hall, as her bright yellow hair shone on the dancefloor. Her one-piece dress hugged her model-like body – and was an array of bright colours with a slit up both sides to beyond her waist. "Lucille," I muttered.

"Who's Lucille?" Sarah asked with an annoyed edge to her voice. "How do you know Lucille?" There was an accusatory tone to her voice and I blinked, focusing in on my friend.

"A girl we photographed for Olivia," I told her curtly. "But what's he doing with her?"

"Snogging her," Sarah moaned. "And why can't I come to photograph the girls?"

I sighed. "Because Ray is a bona fide master with the camera, you're not." Her scowl deepened.

"But I want to see naked ..."

"She wasn't naked," I lied and then hummed. "Well not completely ... look it's complicated. And Ray did most of that anyway."

"He's definitely got in her good books," Sarah told me with a snort; Sarah didn't like being upstaged and Lucille with her brightly coloured everything and beautiful body was turning every head in the room. "Are they fake tits?"

"How do I know?" I snapped a little wearily. "They aren't that big." Sarah simpered, and I glanced at Ray's companion. "I've seen her in underwear and ... well you know. And they aren't that big."

"Bet she's got chicken fillets then." I sighed at her rampant jealousy, but Sarah didn't hear, and I grabbed her by the wrist and took her onto the dancefloor.

I was no better than I was in Lancaster (and was fairly drunk then) but watched as Sarah's dress rode up as she spun around. We got a few glances as we danced and then went outside again to find our cocktail.

Ingrid had nearly finished it, and Sarah and I got a last few swigs in before Chris drained the bottle. "You're my best friend," Ingrid told Sarah in a drunken voice and both Chris and I looked at each other.

"I can take her back to her house," Chris moaned as he read my mind. "But I'm too drunk to drive. I gotta leave my car here."

"Back to yours?"

"I live in Amersham," he moaned, but Sarah convinced him to leave before any teachers saw Ingrid drunk and her parents was called. Ingrid moaned vociferously at this, but Sarah told her to either sober up out of sight or "piss off home" and we ambled back into the disco.

Ray and Lucille were obvious in their kissing, doing passionate embraces, just as Donna approached them and Ray clearly slid his hand underneath her date's dress. It was clear Lucille's underwear was skimpy or non-existent as the slit rode up and she giggled at him.

I guessed they had both been drinking, and they felt each other up passionately and lustfully. Her hands gripped his tight trousers and then squeezed his globes before running her hands down his shirt.

He smiled and kissed her before looking around the hall as the song finished. "Ahh," he muttered and took a few strides in my direction before stopping at Donna's table and taking some white fabric out of his pocket. "Yours I believe," he told his ex and held them out between his two fingers. The white knickers were "big" and the chatter fell silent amongst hushed whispers. "Lucille found them when we were in my bedroom. Thought they came from elephant at first."

"Fook me, they are massive," Jez cried as he smirked at his girlfriend (who dispensed some justice to his testicles as the crowd guffawed)

Ray smirked. "Lucille reckons all her underwear don't use as much cotton as this."

Donna leapt up and slapped Ray on the cheek before snatching the underwear from him. "How could you?"

"Easily," Ray told her. "After what you said."

"After what I said?" Donna cried out, and Ray crossed his arms.

"Oh yeah, 'cause I got angry when you cheated on me!"

Donna fidgeted and wiped her eyes. "No," she shouted. "I didn't! I just ..." She huffed, and closed her eyes as Ray scoffed at her. "Right ..." She stepped forward to thrust her fist into his stomach. He gasped and collapsed on the floor as Lucille ran over to pick him up.

"I'm sorry," I told a tearful Donna as she strode out of the hall.

"I bet you're lovin' this," she shouted, waving her arms dramatically towards me and I shook my head.

"Ray's being a dick," I told her in the corridor. "Whatever happened, you didn't deserve that." Her eyes softened for a moment, and she scratched her nose.

"No. I guess I don't." I looked at my adversary for a moment.

"What happened?" Donna sneered and told me that it was private. "Do you want a dance?" I offered, not quite sure what I else to say, but Donna refused. "I'd really like one to make amends."

Donna shook her head. "Goodbye Andy."

"Sure, Merry Christmas and all that."

"Yeah, Merry fuckin' Christmas!"

Getting Ray out of the hall to talk was no easy task, especially as everyone wanted to ask him questions about Miss Donna Williamson and the antics she had been partaking in, but I managed to grab hold of him to get my scheming friend into the corridor. "What?" Ray asked angrily as I pushed him up against the wall. "I'm only dancing."

"You deliberately upset Donna," I spat. "And she doesn't deserve it." Sarah hovered a few feet away, and I turned my head just enough to look at her and tell her that I would meet her back at the disco.

"Just ... well don't lose your temper," she warned me as she left.

"You don't know what she deserves," Ray replied the moment Sarah had left us and pushed himself free of my grip. "She's a bitch. And I hate her."

"And you hated Rosie when you split up. You don't think you aren't handling the whole breakdowns a bit badly."

"And what would you know?" He asked aggressively, and it was a fair point. I had barely spoken to Paula since we had split and no-one else had split up with me since.

"I know that upsetting someone deliberately is a cunt thing to do," I told him and his eyes widened.

"No offence, but you've deliberately upset people over the years. And you're Rhea's brother, and she is always doing it." He scratched his eyebrow and then ran his hands through his hair. "Lucille's nice. I like her and she's fun," he added in defence. "It's not just about making Donna jealous." He could tell I didn't believe him, and he sniped back at me, pointing out that he had been intimate with just four girls in his life and he's been in a relationship with three of them at the time; it was a statistic that I was hopelessly shy of.

"So what happened with Donna?" Ray swung his hips from side to side and muttered something to me, before replying that it was private and between him and his ex. "So that's why you just broadcast it to the entire College?"

"Yeah, well. She's a bitch. She deserved it." The brightly coloured Lucille put her head around the door. "There you are," she said with a bounce in her voice. "You ready?"

"Ready?" I asked, and Lucille gave a coy smile at my friend who's smirk could not hide what he was hoping to get from the evening.

“Ahh come on,” Ray told me. “You know how it is.”

Lucille adjusted her dress and held her hand out to catch Ray's outstretched hand. “We got a little hotel for the night. It's near you,” she told me.

“The Wellington?” I muttered, and Ray nodded.

“Earning now. It's great!” He gushed. I followed them out of the corridor and put my arms around my girlfriend from behind as she watched Ray and Lucille stride across the room.

“Where are they going?” She asked, and I snorted.

“The Welly,” I muttered. “They have a room.”

“But that's just for ...”

“Whores and punters,” I finished for her. “I know. I'll get Zoe to have a word with Ray. He listens to her sometimes.”

Sarah snorted her scepticism, and she was right; there was no way Ray would think that uncomplicated sex with a 21-year-old beauty would be anything other than awesome, but as satisfying as Lucille was, I just couldn't help but think there was something that wasn't quite right with her.

* * * * *

Sarah giggled as I felt her up; the music was still playing and we could hear the sounds of the disco in full swing, but Sarah pushed the door to the temporary classroom – built on the edge of the playground 25 years ago and still standing.

“Andy, I love you!” Sarah whispered into my ear as she felt up my appendage in my trousers. “And I've been thinking about you.” She tripped as we quietly entered the room, and she pulled out a condom. “I know I'm on the pill,” she whispered. “But I can't have cum leaking down mi' legs.” I gave a titter at her drunkenness and put the playful girl on the desk.

She looked at me, her beautiful, captivating smile captured in the half-light of the room and I pushed her dress up. “No foreplay,” Sarah told me. “I dain't want to be here all night. Just a quickie.”

“A quickie?” Sarah looked expectantly at me as I took the condom from the packet and discarded the wrapper on the desk. Sarah licked her lips and offered to “suck it on” but I was already rolling it down my shaft and I pulled her ankles towards me, sliding her along the table.

She pushed her head back and waited as I leant over her and pushed my cock along her slit; she was surprisingly wet but gently pushed against her. She guided me a bit further down, and I felt the warm glove of her slick hole envelop around my sensitive member.

She gave a drunken mew, and put her head back as I slowly pushed all the way into her, causing her to pant in satisfaction. I began to rock back and forth, our gentle screwing being drowned out by the distant sounds of Britpop from the hall.

She looked at me with a grin; she was certainly enjoying the taboo of having sex in one of her classrooms and I felt lust welling up inside of me. I was thrusting in and out with

strong, sharp motions, pulling on her legs as I rammed my sheathed cock into her unguarded pussy.

Sarah was squealing and writhing as the tension built up in my testicles; I closed my eyes as I pounded into her stronger and faster. I was nearing the point of no return and couldn't hold on much longer. I simpered at my wonderful girlfriend, and she gave a smile in return. "Love you," was all she said and with a final thrust filled the well of the condom.

Sarah lay back panting on the cold, wooden desk. "Ahhh," she panted and looked at me. I leant over to kiss her, and she bit her lip.

"Do you want me to ... you know?" Sarah shook her head. "But you didn't ..."

"A girl doesn't have to come every time," Sarah muttered and rubbed her eyes. "I'm fine. I just needed a quickie." I pulled the condom from my cock, full of my jism and Sarah passed me a tissue from her handbag. I rolled the condom into the soft paper, and Sarah took it from me, throwing it in the waste paper basket next to the teacher's desk.

"Shouldn't we throw that down the toilet?" I asked, and Sarah snorted.

"Cleaners'll be in tomorrow morning," she said airily as she jumped down from the table and straightened her clothes. We kissed, and I pushed her up against the thin wall, but after a quick embrace she released her grip and mumbled about getting back to the disco.

What Sarah did do, was to sneak condoms to Jodie and Rosie – as well as other people I didn't know – and point them towards the temporary classroom. She had a glint in her eye that oozed naughtiness. "Come on," I told her as we had one of the last dances. "You're sober enough to go home."

"Oh Mister Williams," Sarah teased. "I was hoping you'd never say that."

"Well Miss Bailey," I replied. "I thought you'd never be sober enough for me to be able to."

* * * * *

Sarah and I rarely missed the opportunity to be intimate – especially in the first few months of our relationship – and such an example was to be found the following morning.

Sarah was fast asleep when I woke on the Saturday morning, and I couldn't resist sliding down the bed and kissing her on closed slit. I thought briefly of leaving her alone – we had had sex at the disco, and when we got home, but something about her lying there made me want to jump on her. She didn't respond so I blew gently and then slid my hands up her closed legs, slowly parting them.

Sarah stirred as I touched her body and she sank into the mattress, parting her legs as I gently pushed on her thighs. She muttered in her sleep, and I kissed the top of her thigh in the crease of her skin. She whimpered and squirmed, but her eyes remained closed as my tongue touched the intimate folds.

She didn't move, and I began to slide my tongue up and down her slightly moist crack. She made a few nasal sounds of quiet contentment, and I rolled her clitoris around my tongue before gently poking her hole. Sarah mewed and cried gently, I knew she was not asleep, but she was not totally awake. Either way, she was content and happy and allowed me to probe and stimulate her nether regions.

I sucked gently on her pearl and she began to groan, crying out, and her legs tensed and oscillated around my ears. She squealed, panting and rubbed the top of my hair.

Sarah mewed and cried out as she had one of the quietest orgasms I had ever heard from her. I looked up, and she smiled. "Isn't the first time I've been woken up like that in this bedroom," she teased and I shrugged.

"And it won't be the last," I teased. "Good Morning," I said with a smile.

Sarah and I kissed, and she ran her tongue over her teeth. "Morning," she cried and stretched. "I want breakfast in bed, served naked with an orgasm," she demanded and I groaned, grabbing my dressing gown. She objected, but I had no desire to subject my family to my naked body and erect cock; especially not when they were having breakfast.

Only Rhea was around as I went downstairs and after being subjected to her scurrilous teasing I returned to my room, complete with a tray of cereal, tea and a wide grin.

Sarah giggled as I threw off my dressing gown and walked over to my bed. "I better get something else too."

"Don't you want to eat first?"

Sarah scoffed and threw the bedclothes back and shook her head. "Hell no!" She watched as I sat on the bed and moved my face to her crotch, sliding my tongue up and down her slit. She took a gulp of tea as I did and made herself comfortable on the bed, pushing her legs further apart.

I ran my hands up and down her naked body and nearly knocked her cup of tea from her grasp. She giggled and I heard the tea get put down, and she pulled the bedclothes over me. It got very warm and dark as she did, and I didn't think she was cold, but I couldn't hear her making any sounds whatsoever.

I pushed my fingers against her hole, and they slid in as my tongue rolled around her button. I pushed my little finger against her bud and worked it in to the first knuckle, making circles in her entrances as my tongue sucked on her pearl.

My hands were getting tired, and I had no idea what Sarah was experiencing given the removal of external stimuli. I felt her legs and pussy quiver more than once, and she was gushing with her musky scent.

Sarah waited until my fingers were aching before stopping me, throwing back the bed linen with an exhausted look in her eyes. She pulled me up by the shoulders and kissed me as I pushed my cock into her.

She gasped and threw her head back. "OK?"

"Yeah," she panted. "Very, ahh that's good!" I made lazy thrusts into my girlfriend, building up a slow rhythm. I felt an urge to go faster, but I liked pushing all the way into the teenager underneath me, and taking it slowly.

Sarah was panting and crying out, writhing and wriggling underneath me as she came again. Her legs were wrapped around me, and her fingernails dug into my back as she squealed into my pillow.

I could feel myself reaching the point of no return and closed my eyes; Sarah nibbled on

my earlobes and I felt my loins erupt a violent tenseness that caused a wave of energy to cascade over me. I held on for as long as I could manage before blaspheming loudly at the grinning face of my lover.

“Good?” She asked.

“Yeah,” I panted. “Brilliant.” She looked over at her breakfast and giggled.

“I tried to eat it while I was being ... looked after, but it was too ...” I laughed at her, and we got up to have a shower, which resulted in more fondling.

I walked with Sarah to the station before getting a “baked slice” from a baker as I walked back; I had not actually had any breakfast at all, what with Sarah's lustful antics. Zoe had turned up at the club a few minutes after I arrived and she walked straight past me as I got the cleaning products. “Zoe,” I scowled but got no response. “Zoe, OK. I'm sorry. Are you going to talk to me?” She pushed past me to the tables, and I grabbed hold of her arm. “What do you want me to say?” I asked Zoe as she ignored me again. “I'm ... sorry! I shouldn't have called you a strumpet.”

“You know what I feel about that night. And it hurts when you say those things.”

“OK. I had some drink. You know what I am like when I get drinking.”

“You should not have been drinking!” Zoe snapped and shook her head. “And Andy ... what's this about Ray's girlfriend that you set him up with a porn star?”

“Who said that?”

“Everybody,” Zoe spat.

“Shit! I seriously wonder about some of the rumours at our College,” I murmured. “Porn star indeed! OK ... one, I did not set Ray up with Lucille and two, she is not a porn star.” I paused for a moment as Zoe digested the ferocity of my response. “OK. We did a photo shoot with her with some clothes on. And those of her friend as well but it's part of a fashion project she's doing. And Ray took her upstairs to do her underwear and other things. But that wasn't me and ...”

“Oh Andy,” Zoe simpered – her voice dripping with disapproval. “Why do you have to be immoral in everything you do?”

“Well perhaps you could have a word with Ray. You know he took Lucille off to the Welly for the night.”

Zoe sighed. “This is all your fault you know. All this sex in the school.”

“My fault! Hang on, I had sex for the first time in the Summer, which I think is after Ray and certainly after Sarah. Possibly Rosie and Ingrid. And Jez. And this is my fault. The rampant tide of debauchery sweeping our school is my fault as I held out.” Zoe glared at me, and I snorted. “OK Paula held out, but the point remains. Just accept we are all growing up, and I am telling you because Ray listens to you. More than he listens to me.”

“He doesn't,” Zoe snorted and stopped to retie her blonde hair into a bobble that had worked its way loose. “Not since he started going out with Donna. He's gone all crazy since the Summer and I am just so worried about y'all. That Lucille, she didn't look like she was good news at all for him and it is just a rebound relationship from Donna. And they

never last long.”

“I don't think it's a rebound thing,” I told her firmly. “Well not totally. You should have seen him on the shoot, he really liked her.”

“Well I blame you for getting him involved in all the pornography,” she said firmly. “That's you. And don't argue, I've seen the pictures.”

“These weren't,” I promised her. “It's a fashion project.” I came up to Zoe and grinned at her, putting my hands on her waist. “But I would love to photograph you,” I teased. “You'd look so beautiful.”

Zoe gave a predictable shriek and pushed me away. “You are never seeing me naked,” she thundered and returned to her cleaning. “And you are still not forgiven after saying those things.”

“Ahhh ... still love you though,” I called after her.

“What would Sarah say?” Zoe teased in return.

“She'd tell me to fuck you,” I said instantly. “She wants a threesome,” I said too candidly but Zoe just scowled and thought that I was teasing her.

“Don't joke about cheating,” she told me with a snarl. “It's not a nice subject.”

“I wasn't,” I replied.

“Sarah does not want a threesome. You two might be lacking morals but neither of you are that bad!”

How little Zoe knew.

* * * * *

Zoe's attitude towards nudity and sex was certainly starting to amuse me more than normal; there was no reason for her to be so reticent and shy towards us growing up and Sarah, and I talked about it on the 'phone that Saturday night; this soon descended into Sarah coming up with a five point plan to get Zoe “teenagered” and I was ordered to help put it into practice.

“Zoe has to be University-ready in eighteen months time,” Sarah explained to me and had this as her goal. I had no idea exactly what Sarah was planning – and she wouldn't divulge it, but Sarah was keen to start the following day – Sunday – when Zoe and I were cleaning the club and Sarah was at my flat by 11am the following morning.

Zoe and I often started post-church service at around lunchtime and Sarah woke me up with a wonderfully deep loving blowjob that had me gripping the edge of my bed, before I was given a moist slit to work my magic on.

I came once, and Sarah came at least three times (there is no fairness in the world) until the clock gave her no more time for another one. We were a sweaty mess and had to have a shower each before going downstairs.

By the time we were outside the club, we saw Zoe walk across Exchange Close holding a bag. “Might go swimming,” Zoe told Sarah when she asked.

“We are going bowling,” Sarah announced, which was news to me. “Come join us!” Zoe hummed for a moment and Sarah sneezed before recovering to tell her that she had vouchers to make it cheap.

It was warm, but not hot in the club, but Sarah made a considerable fuss and moaned as she went in; Zoe told her that she probably shouldn't be there, but Sarah sat down at the bar as I turned on the lights and put her jacket down.

“I'll be fine,” she told her. “In fact, I'll help, get to go bowling quicker. But I can't work in this heat with all my clothes on.” I groaned inside. “That'll be OK, won't it Andy?”

“There's no-one else here,” I told her and she raised her eyebrows asking me to play along with it.

“So perhaps you should strip down as well.”

“I'm not stripping down,” Zoe snapped and came into the room. “It's not hot at all.” Sarah was already half-naked before I had shut the door to the outside world and draped her clothes over the bar, standing in just her best underwear set – a matching pair from the Lake District. “Sarah!”

“It's fine,” Sarah told her and helped me remove all my clothes except for my boxer shorts, and then reapplied my shoes.

“We'll I'm not. I can't,” Zoe mumbled. She took her coat off and then straightened her T-Shirt.

“I'll do upstairs,” I offered, and Sarah shook her head at me; I think she wanted me to be prancing around Zoe, but Zoe had already seen me naked before and I think Sarah was being unfair. If this was Stage 1 of her plan to get Zoe to be “University-ready” then I didn't want to be involved in Stage 2; her friend was uncomfortable with us being attired as we were and Sarah was going out of her way to make her feel unsettled.

Zoe was conservative, we had always known that, and if she was uncomfortable with sex and nudity then it was her choice not ours to make. I felt as though Sarah was looking to change her friend against her will, and it was not right; were we any different to Zoe in trying to impose our will on other people? I would talk to my girlfriend later.

Instead, I took an array of cleaning products and started on the four VIP areas. I found a dozen stains that looked like male bodily fluids, a few used condoms in the bins and four pairs of knickers, not to mention over twenty pounds in cash, which I took down to the office and walked into the main bar area from the foyer.

Zoe – now dressed in just her T-Shirt and knickers – gasped and instantly covered herself up; Sarah was nowhere to be seen but called out to me from the toilets.

“Like the knickers,” I told her with a smile. It was a plain but brightly coloured red item that was racier than anything I had ever seen her in. “It's OK. I'll go do the office.”

Soft hands touched my rear as I bent over the office table to reach an item and she pushed down on me. “Hello sexy,” she cried. “If only I had a ... well from the Misty Beethoven.”

“Err ... no thank you,” I told her, but she had that glint in her eye. She was uncontrollable and wild when she wanted to be and pushed on my back so that I was pushed against the

cold desk before using her other hand to swipe my boxer shorts down and expose my arse to the room. "Do you mind?"

"No, I don't," Sarah told me and smacked it hard across the cheeks. I cried out in unexpected pain, and she rubbed her hand over it softly. "Stay there," she moaned as I went to get up. The initial pain wasn't strong, but it was more of the shock than anything else.

I clenched my buttocks. "What are you doing?" I asked, and Sarah giggled.

"Just playin'"

I felt the second hit far stronger than the first and cried out louder than before. "Fuckin' hell, that hurt," I shouted and Sarah smirked at me, holding a plastic ruler. "Sarah, what are you doing?" I asked, but already knew the answer. Sure, the Story of O was a dark film about bondage, masochism and sadism, but everyone into that culture must surely start somewhere; Sarah was playfully experimenting with domination, and I was being her partner whether I wanted to or not. "It's not nice."

"It's not meant to be," Sarah told me and pushed on my back again, but I resisted and turned around; it was strangely erotic and while being thrown over my mother's desk in a strip club while my girlfriend hit me with a 12 inch plastic ruler, should not appear to be an amazingly sexy experience, in a strange way it was.

Sarah grinned as I turned around, rubbing my red arse and sitting on the desk. "Sarah! Andy!" Zoe's voice cried, and we turned to the doorway. I scrambled to my feet and then instantly Zoe gasped again. "That's ..." I looked down to see my erect cock pointing directly at my friend and apologised, pulling my boxer shorts back up.

"It's fun," Sarah laughed and held out the ruler. "Try it. I so ..."

"Sarah!" I moaned. "I'm not being hit by all my friends." I think I probably blushed as Zoe stared at us open-mouthed.

"It's perverted."

"It isn't," my girlfriend told her. "You should try it."

"I'm not. And I didn't think ... you two are ... you're sick!" Zoe had a tear in her eyes, and we moved towards her but she pushed us away and stepped backwards. "Why ... just ..." She was spluttering and I grabbed her hand.

We sat her down in the office on one side of the desk. "We're not really into all that," Sarah confessed. "Well not in the way you think." She licked her lips and smiled at Zoe. "I saw it on that film, and it looked different and exciting. And I came into the room and saw Andy leaning over the desk and couldn't resist. It's fun and empowering, but I don't beat Andy up every day or ..."

"She doesn't," I told my friend, and we spent twenty minutes telling her that while were extremely sexual, and a bit kinky, we were not totally deviant. She didn't really believe us, but we apologised for her seeing it and finished cleaning the club before leaving for the bowling alley.

I could tell Zoe honestly didn't want to be in our company for much longer, but we persuaded her to come, and we both held her hands as we walked. "You are our best

friend,” my girlfriend said with a grin. “We both need you and ...”

“We know we're immoral,” I finished for her. “And we wouldn't let you see that on purpose. Sarah was just mucking about and you've seen me naked before.”

“That's true,” Sarah interjected with a giggly snort. “To be fair, you, me, Abi, Scarlet ... well most of Aylesbury have seen you without your kit on.”

Zoe gave a wry smile as we entered the bowling alley and I slipped Sarah a twenty pound note to pay for the games while I bought us a drink each. Zoe asked to pay for something, but we wouldn't let her, and both Sarah and I wiped the floor with her on the first game.

She seemed to have forgotten about the messing around she had witnessed and started moaning to me about Rhea; she had been caught by Zoe kissing Simon in an “overenthusiastic” manner. Sarah had to put her hand to her mouth to stop herself from laughing out loud.

At the end of the second game, Sarah disappeared for a few moments and returned with a young man whom she introduced as “Howard.”

“Howard's on the guy's football squad,” Sarah told us. “I just saw him and thought I'd introduce him.” I narrowed my eyes at her, but Sarah had a mischievous expression that oozed as if she was up to something. “He lives about ten minutes walk from you Zoe. And he goes to Church. And he ...”

“Sarah,” Zoe cried. “What are you doing?”

“Well Andy and I have to go now,” she told us, which I knew nothing about, and there is still a game left. Just enough time for you two to get to know each other and ...”

“Sarah! Is this a blind date?”

Sarah huffed. “Would I do a thing like that?”

“Yes,” Zoe and I replied in unison and Sarah crossed her arms as Howard shifted nervously.

“OK. I admit it. But Howard's nice and you'll like him. And ... OK, we better go,” Sarah finished as Zoe's frown turned more hostile.

“Did you have anything to do with this?”

“No!” I told her as Sarah grabbed my hand and pulled me towards the reception desk. We watched from a slight distance as we changed our shoes, and Zoe entered in Howard's name on the computer before bowling again. “What was all that about?” I asked.

“If she wants to be Uni-ready then she needs to be happy with people taking her on dates,” Sarah replied as we left the bowling alley. “And this is the first step.” I rolled my eyes at her and Sarah gestured with her arms. “OK. She has to be comfortable with dating – so that's new people on a one-to-one basis. Then it's nudity and sex.”

“I think Story of O finished her off,” I teased. “Not to mention our take on it.”

Sarah snorted. “I want her to be going to the strip club before she leaves for Uni and be watching pornos.” I shook my head, and Sarah squeezed my hand. “I want you to tell her

about the Coke and I am going to talk to her 'bout pot. Confess to her to what you did, when the time is right, and show her that drug use doesn't have to lead to degenerative debauchery and going off the rails and ...” Sarah waved her arms around.

“You know what she thinks of us. If she finds out I did take Class A's I'd be in so much trouble with her.”

“It's not Zoe that's the problem,” Sarah teased. “It's Rhea! And anyway, whatever Uni she goes to is going to be surrounded by drugs.” I groaned. “Look, we need to do something,” my misguided friend told me and then pursed her lips. “And you thought setting Jodie and Jez up was a bad idea, and look what happened.”

“Yes, she's screwing everybody and Jez doesn't know all of what she gets up to,” I firmly told her. “And anyway ...”

“Jez does know actually,” Sarah whispered with a smirk. “They are dirty little ... well anyway, you're missing the point. Our friend will be rocking up Uni in eighteen months time, and she is going to struggle unless we help her now. So it's drugs, sex, dating and alcohol.”

“Alcohol?”

“Yeah,” Sarah told me as we crossed the road to the station. “Alcohol. She doesn't really drink. Lightweight. And the time she did she lost all her inhibitions. It's needs to happen more regularly.”

Sarah could sense my disapproval and gave me a sneer as I tried to disagree. “I don't think Zoe will thank us,” I told her, but Sarah was being as awkward and as underhand as Rhea.

“She will,” Sarah told me as she boarded the waiting train. “She totally will. But not until she's at Uni.”

“You know, sometimes I really worry about you.”

Sarah giggled and held her arms out, and we kissed. “Don't,” she whispered into my ear. “It'll be fun. It can be our project. Operation ... Operation Liberation?”

“Operation Debauchery more like? Or Operation Immorality?”

“Fine, Operation Debauchery then.”

“Well as long as it doesn't involve Zoe hating us. And we are not giving her a live sex show.”

“No,” Sarah told me as the compressors on the train warmed up. “Not us. Maybe Abi though. Or ...”

“Sarah! Behave!” I barked. “Do you want me to walk you back?”

Sarah shook her head. “It's not remotely dark,” she told me and pointed towards the afternoon sky. “Go home and ring Zoe. I know you want to.” I looked at her, and we kissed, before stepping back as the doors closed and waving goodbye to young Sarah.

Sarah certainly gave me plenty to think about as I walked home. Both Sarah and I trusted

Zoe and treated her as a close friend. She was my confidante since Paula had left, but one that I had to censor what I told, which on reflection made her less of confidante. That didn't stop how I thought of her – a same-age, calm sister that I didn't have who was there to help me when I needed it.

For Sarah, Zoe represented something else. They were friends – very good friends – but on the face of it had very different personalities. For Sarah, Zoe moderated her more extreme elements, and for Zoe, Sarah pushed her boundaries.

In summary, Zoe was important to both of us, and I was somewhat concerned that our little exercise in making Zoe “University-ready” would backfire and hurt all three of us.

I stopped and rang Zoe when I got outside the flat on my mobile phone, and she answered immediately. “Don't you ever do that to me again,” Zoe thundered the moment she answered the phone. “That Howard is so ... is so slimy.”

“Why?” I asked instantly, and I heard Zoe puff.

“He kept telling me that my 'hair was nice' or that I 'looked lovely.' And I hardly knew him. It was ... ugggghh!”

“Whoa!” I muttered and then spent the next five minutes calming her down and reminding her that it was Sarah's doing before signing off and wishing her well.

Suddenly, I could see Sarah's idea much clearer; Zoe was annoyed because someone complimented her on her appearance. I heard Mum's laughter as I came up the stairs and opened the door to the lounge to see an unfamiliar man – easily in his thirties – with thick set hair and a bright red shirt leaning back on the couch.

“Hi,” I muttered and the man fidgeted, looking at Mum.

“Oh hiya babe, this is Ken, Ken you know Andy, right?”

I scowled and looked at him. “Sorry?”

“This is Ken Russell ... Rhea's English teacher.”

“Oh ... what's she done?”

Mum sighed and picked up her glass of wine. “We are going out for the evening,” she told me and held out her arms to show me her outfit; she had dressed up, but I hadn't noticed and didn't want to voice this. “There's a pizza and chips in the freezer for you and Rhea.”

“Right,” I muttered.

She watched as I walked into the dining room and I heard her talking to Ken. “So go on.”

“Rhea just stood up and told poor Dr Saloh that religion was 'just a massive game of men dressing up in frocks, abusing little kids, rape, bestiality and playing 2,000 years of Simon Says.' I've never seen him so shocked in all my life.”

“She's so difficult,” Mum moaned, and I heard the door slam shut as I poured myself a glass of water. I counted to ten; Rhea running up the stairs and seeing her English teacher in the room with Mum would not go down well, but I was not going to miss it for anything, and walked into the lounge to watch!

"Mum, can I borrow ..." She stopped as she reached the top of the stairs and looked into the lounge. "What's going on?"

"Nothing," Mum muttered and put her wine down on the table. "Nothing, just ..."

"What's he said?" Rhea asked, and Mum hesitated. "I did that alternative ending to that Shakespeare play as I was asked to and he didn't say what we could and couldn't do and ..." Mum put her hand up to silence the annoyed tone of my sister.

Ken nodded. "Yes you did, I very much enjoyed the dragon chase scene although I am not quite sure if it's the end to Romeo and Juliet that Shakespeare would have wanted, but it's different and I enjoyed it."

"So what are you here for then?"

Ken gulped, and Mum got up. "We are going out for the night," she told Rhea, and Rhea's eyes fizzed.

"You what? God sake, you are like thirty years older than him."

Mum gasped and glared at her daughter. "Six actually."

"And ... eh... my English teacher and my Mum. Oh my God!" Rhea squealed dramatically and screwed up her face. "I can't believe my English teacher is fucking my Mum. That's ..."

"Rhea!" Mum snapped and dragged my sister away from her blushing teacher. "That's enough."

"No Mum, that's way too much. Why are you doing this to me?" Mum shook her head and picked up her coat.

"Your dinner is in the freezer," she told her, and they left to go out on a Sunday night with Rhea telling the poor man that she definitely hated him and he was in so much trouble.

"Looking forward to it," he told her with a smile as he left.

"Remember, I know where you live," Rhea said with a degree of finality. "And I can hear everything. If I hear my English teacher banging headboards I'll get violent." I don't think Mr Russell doubted it for a moment.

"Hey, it's just a date," I told her, but Rhea crossed her arms and just said she had an appointment on her computer and went upstairs leaving me alone all evening. She clearly needed time to think it over!