

NEW PLEASURES



By
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Preface

This story is the first core book of the “My Horrible Life” world.

“New Pleasures” is set from June to October 1998.

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

All stories should work well on their own but I believe there is more to be gained from the unfolding characters and plot lines to read it them order.

I shall try and keep to a regular posting schedule and will upload all stories to StoriesOnline.net, asstr.org, Feedbooks and my website. Completed stories will also be uploaded to Amazon Kindle, Smashwords and FirstyFish, where their internal policies permit but some instalments may be absent where the content is not compliant with their rules.

Please provide feedback to me, either by e-mail, Twitter or website review, whether you enjoyed it or not; I like to be told and it is the only payment I ask for.

Kind regards, John D

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Prologue

"Mummmmmmyyyyyyy!" My niece left my side ran the length of the driveway and threw herself into my sisters' arms, who stood in the archway to the little village hall with a broad grin.

"You two aren't very brown!" my pregnant little sister yelled as I walked up the road with a poorly-wrapped box in my hands, and then passed it to her.

"Yeah. Funny that. Given I've been in Reykjavik not the Maldives for the last two weeks, it's too not much of a surprise," I said as I embraced her, although her head barely reached my chin. My four week Scandinavian tour had been amended by my little sister to include a fortnight looking after her Kafkaesque daughter but I had enjoyed taking her around the Atlantic island, although I wished Rhea could have joined us.

"You said it had a beach," she replied as we broke still commenting on our lack of appropriate brownness.

"It does but, oh never mind, it's good to see you again. Iceland's great but it isn't home. How are you?"

Rhea looked up at me. "Fine. Had my twelve-week scan last week. It's all good."

"What did they say? A boy or girl?" I asked and she rolled her eyes.

"Not until twenty weeks, but I'm telling you it's a girl," she reminded me and I stretched an arm over to her partner to shake his hand.

"You OK?" I asked the anxious, tall, gangly man next to my sister.

"OK thanks. Good flight?"

"Of course! Always is in Business Class; you get the sexiest stewardesses," I joked and the gentleman smiled weakly. "Although that might just be true of Icelandair. Gorgeous, shapely..."

"Yes spare me the details," Rhea interrupted and I gave her a grin.

I looked around my diminutive sister. "Where's Mum and Julie?"

Rhea looked up at me. "Julie is still in Japan and is staying there; Mum isn't happy," she replied quickly and then showed me inside the little village hall, leaving her partner outside.

"So you and Simon, still together?"

"Yes," Rhea replied smarmily.

"And is he still in the spare room?"

Rhea sighed and giggled. "No. He is in my room as of last night." I giggled at her and she raised her eyebrows. "No sex, well not last night. But the spare room is full now as I took the liberty of inviting someone you've not seen for awhile," she admitted as we got to the second set of double doors.

"Who?" I asked and then froze. There were more than a couple of people she could have chosen to invite, but I had guessed who Rhea would have brought down before I saw her sat on her own at the back of the hall. She brought back plenty of vivid good memories but a ton of dark recollections came flooding back instantly at the same time, and I felt my stomach lurch the moment I clapped eyes on her.

"What is she doing here?" I asked the moment my eyes saw her. Obviously the years had changed her slightly but she was still the same person who had hurt me and I had callously and deliberately upset out of pure spite, all those years ago. I felt a spasm of guilt

like I always did when I was reminded about that fateful day.

“She is here because I invited her,” Rhea told me firmly, “to my daughter's fifth birthday party and she's come from the other side of the country to be here today. She should have been with Angela but rearranged it at the last minute.”

“For Izzy's birthday? I don't think so, Rhea,” I replied as dismissively as I could. “Well at least...”

“She's come for you too and is very nervous and scared. She took some tracking down but Simon helped, obviously. She's single too. And, like you, I think she's unhappy in life”

“I'm not unhappy in life, Rhea, what a...”

“You are. Everyone knows it. You have a string of failed relationships; you drink too much. You are always miserable.”

“I do not drink too much and she is not single. You might have forgotten, my little sister, but she got...”

“Yes, I know she did, but it didn't work out,” she interrupted me and she put her arm around my waist.

“Now that's a surprise.” I said coldly. “Out of all the people who I've ever loved, Rhea, why her?”

Rhea leant into my side as I stood staring at her. “Because if it wasn't for you Si and me would be on the streets with a baby, and well, you two always did have something special. She was the only one of your girlfriends who was any good at keeping you happy and you loved her. And to be honest I am fed up you moping round the house all the day feeling sorry for yourself.”

“Yeah, my house, Rhea”

“OK, it's your house, but it's my home. And it's not good for Izzy and for Si. Ever since you and Amy split and you sold your company and you've been drinking way, way too much. And I'm really worried about you. Mum is too. And Zoe and Ezra don't like coming to the house now because they say it just depresses them to see you like that. They got you out of trouble when you went off the rails at Uni but we're all scared, Andy; we just don't know what to do,” my baby sister said, and looked up at me with tears in her eyes.

“I'm fine, Rhea. Honestly. Anyway since Fi and me sold the business, I'm semi-retired now, and...”

“Oh hark at you, semi-retired,” Rhea interrupted forcefully, mocking my words. “You're 28, not 68. Your business partner didn't retire went she got minted, she is off doing something. Something else. You used to be like her and you need to be like her again.”

“I was never like her.”

“You were. And to do that, you need to be happy again, and at the moment it's clear you're not. You might not like to admit it, but she made you happy,” Rhea said, firmly pointing into the hall.

“Yeah, well, a lot of people made me happy over the years, but a lot people didn't do to me what she did.”

Rhea shrugged and looked up. “And you made her happy and you were hardly blameless when you split, not to mention what happened afterwards.”

I exhaled deeply through my teeth and glared at her. “You know you can be really....”

“Wonderful. Insightful. Awesome. Going to such extreme lengths for her brothers' happiness and well-being?”

“Irritating. Interfering. Stubborn.”

“Oh go on, go speak to her. Please. For me?” Rhea pleaded and her eyes opened wide as she peered up.

“OK, I'll have a chat,” I reasoned and she smiled. “I don't know what good it will do.”

“Oh, and she is staying in the guest bedroom all weekend and you're on the same table for the meal. Oh, and I promised you'd take her for a....and for god's sake don't look at me like that!”

“Well a lot of acrimonious things were done and said, Rhea. You might have forgotten but I doubt if she has, and I certainly haven't.”

“No I haven't forgotten bro, but it was a long time ago. If I can forgive Si for his indiscretions, you can certainly forgive her. What was the bollocks you used to tell me, 'time heals everything' or was it 'water under the bridge'?”

I gave a sigh and looked over at her twiddling her long hair. She watched me and tried to read my thoughts. “You've missed her terribly, just admit it. You've never been truly happy since you split and neither has she. She told me last night. Neither of you have managed to move on, in what, how many years? At least part this weekend on good terms if nothing else but it's up to you. I have given you the choice, but I think you want to talk to her.”

Rhea was right of course but I couldn't just sit down and pretend nothing happened all those years ago. I felt my stomach lurch again as she looked round and I wiped my eyes.

“Si and I split up a few times over the years but we always got back together but as much as we tried not to admit it, there was something special between us. At times I've wanted to, really wanted to never to see him again, but underneath I couldn't be without him. Is it really different with you and her?”

I grunted, she was right of course. But just when did my baby sister understand me better than I did?

Of course, she wasn't always wonderful, insightful or awesome ...

Chapter I

I know I was lucky to have the teenage years that I had, and there any many men and women who would have happily traded their experiences of growing up with mine. I have met several of them over the years, but my life in Aylesbury was as complicated, exasperating and confusing as much as it was exhilarating and enthralling.

My parents split up when I was seven. My father was a property developer and I hardly remembered him when we left. I am fortunate that I did not witness endless rows and fights between them, but then I am not sure my father was at home often enough for them to occur. He was too preoccupied with his business to be home much and eventually it got too much for Mum who gave him an ultimatum that he did not take seriously.

My mother, two sisters and myself left Staffordshire for a small town thirty miles outside London shortly after the divorce. My mother had purchased a nightclub with a flat on top and it was a shock moving from a leafy six-bedroom house with five acres of land to one that possessed a fire escape and only a window box. I sulked for days after we moved, in the way only a seven-year-old can, but my younger sister, Rhea, soon beat it out of me.

That is not to say that Julie, my elder sibling, appreciated my gloominess but I have always got on better with Rhea than Julie. Rhea is only eighteen months younger than me and was as much of a tomboy as any girl I ever knew. She could climb trees and play football better than most of the boys in her year and along with her staunchly independent personality, confident demeanour and ultra-determined nature earned her a certain, unenviable reputation amongst her teachers and peers of being “trouble.” This did not seem to bother her at all, and instead started to play along with the characterisation given to her and her inability to stay “out of trouble” was to be a hallmark of her entire life.

As I grew up Rhea and I realised that the club was actually a lap dancing club. The female half of the species was becoming interesting rather than irritating and I acquired an interest into the innards of my mothers' business. She was resolute that a twelve year old should not understand the workings of such establishments and with the flat being almost completely self-contained I barely got the chance to sneak a peek inside the venue. However, many of the visitors to the flat were sexy, confident women and both Rhea and I got used to being around them.

I didn't know any different but conversing with the opposite sex, especially young, beautiful women, was never a problem; even though in later years this sometimes occurred with an unwanted erection hiding in my shorts.

Moving away from my friends was hard and I did not make many new ones at my new primary school. Friendship groups at the school were well formed by the time I rolled along in 1989 and I found it hard to make any close friends to replace Euan and Oliver that I had left behind.

It was when I was ten that I met Ray, a calm and quiet boy who was the exact opposite of me. We attended the same Scout group and moved up from Cubs at the same time. His father was a photographer and understandably, he had adopted the art of the camera as one of his personal interests. I was given my fathers' camera when we moved – a Nikon F-501 – that my mother probably would not have trusted a primary school child with if she knew its true value, but then given it was her ex-husbands, maybe she did and just did not care. I was instructed to take good care of it, which I did, and in the Summer Ray and I would regularly go on bike rides around the Chiltern Hills with our cameras.

Being at different schools, the only time Ray and I would regularly meet would be Monday evenings at Scouts. By the time we were twelve, Ray and I would often stay at each

others' houses on Fridays – the host alternating between us most weeks. My younger sister, teased Ray mercilessly about everything but he was fairly short, shy and a bit podgy with freckles covering his nose and Rhea sensed a weakness in his reticent and self-conscious personality that her extroverted, confident nature loved to exploit.

Ray lived in a five bedroom house in a small, leafy village not far from Aylesbury and his father had set up a dark room in the spare bedroom. Ray and I were allowed to use it to develop our films and I tried it with his help a couple of times, but the prints I produced were poor and Ray was far better at it than I was.

It was the Summer of 1994 and I was twelve. Ray had been dropped off by his Dad at around six and my elder sister, Julie, had bought three pizzas from the local pizza restaurant. We had hired Home Alone 2 and Wayne's World from the Blockbuster in the town, and were going to enjoy a good night in. Julie had also, unbeknownst to our mother, invited her boyfriend round to enjoy the pizza (and he probably had plans to enjoy other things as well).

Kevin McCallister had barely touched down in New York City when the proverbial hit the fan. The boiler for the showers in the dressing rooms at club had exploded and our mother appeared from nowhere with a troupe of women via the (normally locked) interconnecting door to the club who needed to get changed in our flat.

To say she was unimpressed with Julie sneakily inviting her boyfriend to the flat would be an understatement and it is one of the few times I have ever seen her lose her temper. When the shouting started, Ray and I slipped unseen upstairs and out of sight, neither of us wishing to get caught in the crossfire between Julie and Mum. It took twenty minutes for the row to end, by which time both Rhea and Julie were in their bedrooms, my mother was downstairs and Ray and I were playing Sensible Soccer on my Atari ST in my bedroom.

I heard her, before I saw her, coming up the stairs. I turned around to see the flash of red in the crack of the door before disappearing out of view. I leaned back in my chair and was treated a glimpse of a scantily clad dancer going into the bathroom.

Ray clearly hadn't noticed as he proudly shouted, "What a goal, right round the 'keeper." I jerked my attention back to the computer game for a moment.

"Did you see that?" I asked him, ignoring the action replay. "The girl."

"What girl?" he replied, a look of confusion on his face. "Did you see that goal?"

I paused the game and pulled open my door from ajar to open and peered round it. It took a few seconds but then she emerged from the bathroom.

What must have been two seconds felt like a lifetime, my introduction to the infinite wonders of the female form that have stayed with me forever.

She elegantly stepped into the corridor oblivious to the two twelve year old boys anxiously watching from the doorway down the hall. She was straightening her skirt as I looked her up and down.

She gained four inches from her heels alone, the delicate glossy black shoes tightening her calves. Her black fishnet stockings criss-crossed over her toned, tanned legs stopping at her jet black garter a few inches from her crotch and the end of a bright scarlet Hawaiian hula skirt that cannot have been more than five inches long. Her black lingerie was clearly visible underneath, but hidden enough to suggest and not reveal its' delights.

Her bare midriff was punctuated with a glistening pierced belly button and then her lacy black bra that hid little and accentuated her cleavage wonderfully. Long, wavy red hair cascaded behind her shoulder that contrasted with her pale skin and black lingerie.

"Wow!" I heard Ray cry out softly behind me as the dancer walked back down the corridor.

Her curvy hips swayed from side to side, her hair and skirt swinging back and forth with the motion. Her long, powerful, elegant strides towards us etched forever in my memory. She smiled as she passed my door, the fear of being caught watching long since evaporated.

“Hiya boys,” she said smiling as she passed, her Scottish voice alluring and welcoming.

I scrambled to the door, as best I could with my rapidly acquired hard-on, to watch the dancer disappear down the stairs.

“I gotta go to the bathroom for a moment,” Ray uttered but I dragged him in the opposite direction.

“Let's go downstairs,” I demanded and bounced down the hall, half dragging my friend with me to the top of the landing.

There was close to fifteen dancers in our front room, getting changed or unchanged. We sat on the top step of the stairs motionless for a few seconds surveying the sight beyond us.

A couple of the dancers were nude nearest the end of the room and we could clearly see their pubic hair, or lack of it. A few were dressed in lingerie or outfits. Black girls, mixed-race, white and one oriental girl. Some tall, some short. Mostly thin except one of the naked girls who was buxom with a full figure.

“Just like I always imagined,” I told Ray in a whisper.

“It's better,” he replied in a low voice and turned the light off at the top of the stairs so we would not be seen by anyone looking up.

We ogled and watched the dancers change for fifteen minutes, spellbound in awe. The red-haired dancer sat down on the couch and I could barely see her, but I began to understand the variance and wonder in the female form more in that quarter-of-an-hour than any biology lesson ever could.

We were lucky in that the downstairs lavatory, at the time, also contained a small shower and it was these facilities that were being used more than the one upstairs. A couple of times we were ready to run back to my bedroom when a naked, or nearly-naked dancer walked towards our viewing platform.

We saw my mother, fully dressed emerge from the club via the interconnecting door and look our way, so we scrambled back up to my bedroom and out of sight; she had been to check on us just before we saw the dancer and didn't want her to make another appearance.

We kept sneaking out for a peek of the changing dancers that night until we were seen and my mother came to have words. I know she didn't believe our excuse of wanting to get a drink but she couldn't disbelieve us and, so consequently, we escaped any punishment or tongue-lashing for our ogling of her employees, although she didn't seem too cross or surprised. I didn't quite understand her leniency at the time but I wasn't going to complain.

The dancer fulfilled all of my fantasies for months afterwards. By no means was she the most attractive girl we saw that night, but she was the most sexy. For me, she defined female perfection in a way I could not explain. Maybe it was the fantastic body, or sexy clothes, or her smile that caused to have so much of an effect on me. I did not know for certain, but for the first time in my life I began to masturbate regularly, and as a result of that beautiful red-haired girl, my organ took plenty of abuse on an almost daily basis.

I found myself almost always horny when I woke up and often when I went to bed, and naturally navigated my thoughts and memories to that blissful Friday night. When my

classmates had managed to find or procure a dirty magazine I found the pictures phony and false instead of alluring and erotic.

Unlike me, Mum and my sisters had never been shy about their bodies and it was not uncommon for any of them to walk naked in the house when getting changed or coming out of the shower. Surprisingly (at least when I told Ray), I did not find this arousing in the slightest; the thought of seeing Julie or my Mum in a sexual sense had always been a scary proposition for me although Rhea and I were not averse to hearing Mum having sex with her boyfriends at night or in the morning.

I found this embarrassing, I never quite knew how to look at Mum afterwards, especially if she was scantily dressed or naked shortly afterwards and Rhea took great delight in teasing my awkwardness outside the earshot of Mum and Julie.

Ray and I talked very little directly about what we witnessed but our memories were there whenever we talked about girls and I desperately wanted a repeat performance. Alas, the shower rooms in the club never did break down again and our lounge was never again converted into an emergency dressing room. At least, not while I was present.

Unfortunately, after that night my mother was no longer keen for my elder sister to look after myself and Rhea, and she started using babysitters again. I resented this greatly but could not really object when a dancer, unfortunately appropriately attired for childcare, would watch us. I longed and hoped for the red-haired dancer would one day come around but she never did. Although, they all wore sensible clothing that left plenty to the imagination, there can surely be few teenagers who grew up being looked after by strippers!

Of course knowing that they were exotic dancers added to their appeal and I fantasised repeatedly. I got used to talking to them before I went to bed, and even got some of them to help with my homework. I was always impressed by how much they actually knew and told Ray that when I was older I would marry a dancer. They were sexy, smart and very pleasant; what more could anyone want?

I was thirteen when my mother started dating Julian, a lawyer in his late twenties from London. It started occasionally at first, but then became more regular when he would turn up after dinner. In hindsight, I probably should have given him more of a chance to fit in to the family and I now realise how hard it can be for adults to relate to teenagers but I disliked him almost immediately and resented him having any control over me.

Ray's elder sister, Jenny, thought it was a protectiveness of my mother coming through but, even now, don't think it was. I liked Mark, her boyfriend before Julian. He never treated me as a child, even though I was only eleven at the time and never tried to be my friend, or my parent. He was just Mark. He came round, cooked curry, beat me at cards, let me drink some of his beer and even ride in his Ford Cosworth Convertible. But it was probably the reason why I liked him, was the reason why my mother ultimately didn't. He was just too easy-going. Julian was the opposite; he was a patronising control freak. He tried to stop me doing anything I wanted to do and the natural rebel in me rose up against it.

My uneasy truce with Julian, if it ever really existed, was broken one evening when I was fourteen. It was a Friday at the end of July and there was a special event on in the club. Consequently, Julian was in the flat, although my mother had long since given up the premise that he was there to babysit and in truth he was simply there to watch the television and screw my mother after she finished work for the night.

I can't remember the exact reason for the disagreement but it started when I got myself a bottle of beer from the fridge. Julie was staying the night at her friends (or more accurately, her boyfriend's) and Rhea was on Guide Camp, as was Paula, my girlfriend from next

door, and so I was the only person in the flat. I had spent the entire day with Ray and his neighbour in Missenden with our cameras, just to be out of the flat and away from him.

"I am the adult," he shouted at me, "and you will do as you are told!" He reached forward to grab my wrist to underline his point but I knocked it away and stormed towards the door, grabbing my camera bag as I went. I replied to his demands that I "will come here" with a suitable expletive and a slam of the front door and set out for the train station to get to Stoke Mandeville – Ray's home village, just to calm down if nothing else.

I felt the uncontrollable rage, the tightness across my shoulders and anger welling up inside of me and I knew if I didn't get away from him I would say or do something I would regret. From past experience, I knew that while I did not often lose my temper, when I did it my hotheaded actions often made things ten times worse with caustic and malicious comments and occasionally destructive and violent behaviour.

I had a few character flaws – an ability to lose my temper spectacularly was one but then I shared this with my younger sister, and to a certain extent, my mother. I also had a shyness around the opposite sex when it came to romance. I could happily chat, laugh, play and even initiate conversation with girls, but I always had a block when it came to asking them out. I missed out on a few dates because of it as I could not pluck up the courage, or was too scared of the rejection.

I had fantasised about murdering him with a kitchen knife, an act that had been fuelled by my reading material at the time, a large number of autobiographies and stories about real-life murderers and while I doubted that I would seriously go through with it and do it, it did no harm to remove myself from Julian and the knives while I was in such a dark, angry mood.

Ray and I had a good chat in his garden. His house had glorious views of the sunset over the hills and I never tired of watching it, but that day's setting sun was aglow with incredible, vivid colours. I finished the film and slid it into a pouch in my camera bag. Ray's dad offered to give me a lift home, but I declined it mostly because I didn't want to get home too quickly and meet Julian again but also did not want to be an inconvenience to Ray's parents.

My train arrived at Aylesbury a little after eleven and I idly wandered the streets of the town. The streets were fairly busy with pubs closing and the clubs starting to get going so I was hardly alone as I picked an indirect route from the station to the Club. Not particularly wanting to start another row with Julian, I elected to come in via the back way and climb the steel fire escape. This led past the kitchen and to the top of the stairs outside my bedroom, where I could come in via the spare key and I could then go into my bedroom without having to walk past him sat on the couch.

There was little light in Exchange Close – the yard at the back of the club - and the moon was not visible over the buildings but I had been in and out of it several times over the years and knew where the pavement was. The rickety old fire escape creaked as I climbed it, but was soon level with the kitchen window and crept up to the locked door at the top. It took me a few attempts to slide the correct key into the Yale lock but it soon swung open and I quietly entered the landing. The door swung back effortlessly and I cushioned it against the palm of my hand to stop it from making a noise as it closed.

Then as I held my breath, I heard it. Squeals and mewing from downstairs over the distinctive tones of Oasis. I tentatively stepped a few steps down and peered underneath the ceiling. I was not prepared for what I saw.

Julian, naked from the waist down was leaning over a naked girl with long blonde hair, that was obviously not my mother. I watched as he buried his face between her legs, and I instinctively reached for my camera, remembering to load a new film first. I was concerned

that the lighting might not be great for such photography but I could hardly load a flash, and did the best I could, somehow managing to hold the camera steady and zoom in despite my hand shaking uncontrollably.

By the time I had finished the film, Julian had impaled the girl on his erect member and then squirted his load over her stomach of the girl, who I recognised as a dancer from the club, and I hurriedly left the stairs for the sanctuary of my bedroom.

* * * * *

Ray was kind enough to develop the film the following day. I could hardly send them off to BonusPrint or take them to my local shop and I was not expecting them to come out too clearly anyhow. Ray was good at what he did, and gave me two copies at school on Monday. I asked him to keep one as "insurance" although what I was insuring against I did not know or even want to consider.

Indeed, it took a few days for me to be able to get Julian on his own long enough to show him the photographs. I had rehearsed it my head repeatedly and the exchange between us always ended with Julian reduced to begging and pleading with me, and me issuing an ultimatum. I wondered if I should demand he leave the family but then realised that if I showed my mother the photos he would do that anyway, and in the end decided to demand that he simply leaves me alone.

While I know what I wanted to achieve, I am not sure what I really expected to achieve from the photos but knew I could not do nothing when I had them in my possession. As bravely as I could muster, I threw the two dozen black and white pictures on the table in front of him that following Thursday. He had papers strewn around him and appeared to be preparing for a court case in London the following day.

"What's this?" he asked, dismissively barely tearing his eyes from the page as the photos slid across his legal paperwork. I bit my lip for a moment, trying to pick the right words. In my mind, I had not planned for him to show indifference at the production of the incriminating evidence. Anger and fear yes. Violence even, but not a total lack of interest. He was completely nonplussed by them.

He didn't wait for me to respond and put his paperwork to one side for a moment. His face dropped briefly when he saw the first image and then a smirk flashed across his face.

"You little shit!" he exclaimed his face grinning as he leafed through the first few pictures. I shifted uncomfortably at the table and bit my lip again. I was not prepared for amusement either and half-wanted him to explode into a ball of rage. I knew – or at least I think I knew – what to do.

"I think they came out rather well, especially considering the lighting," I heard myself saying nervously. My heart was pumping furiously and butterflies were fluttering in my stomach. I leant against the back of the chair, for support and my eyes narrowed

"Yeah, very good. I'm sure your mother would be very proud," he sneered in his patronising voice. I felt my insides lurch for a moment, the subject of Mum was something I had tried not to think about. "Sneaking up and filming me, covertly. It's a sick way to get your thrills."

I stared at him, dumbfounded for a moment. "I'm sick?" I asked him incredulously. "You are the one cheating. What would happen if Mum saw these?"

He gathered up the photos in his hand and slid them back across the table at me and then shrugged his shoulders. "Why don't you find out? You go show her those; and why you are there, perhaps you could also explain why you decided to creep up on me and photo me and the lovely Chloe. Listen kid, I'm telling you, you haven't got anything there that can

hurt me”

He looked at my shocked, and puzzled expression and picked up his page from the table.

I thought for a moment and glanced down at the photos that were still on his paperwork. I could see him watching me from behind his document and, for the first time that evening, felt slightly unnerved. Surely I had all the trump cards but why did I feel like I had just been outmanoeuvred? I just didn't understand: if proof of his cheating wouldn't break up his relationship then what power did I have over him?

I felt his smugness from the other end of the room and lent over the chair to pick up the pictures that were sprawled across a couple of his letters

“Of course, I expect your employers would love to see these,” I thought out loud.

“Respected solicitor, big name clients, would love to be represented by someone who screws teenagers.” I saw him put his page down and look at me in my peripheral vision. I was staring at the upturned picture and noticed the grass green logo of his employer in the corner. “I mean, do Feltmann and Co like the idea of employing someone who does that? She's a dancer isn't she? I think I have seen her before. Prostitute too, on the side sometimes.” Julian glared at me but said nothing. “It's all very, very murky” I told him in a serious voice and rubbed my sweaty hands together. I realised that I had found his weakness, the fearful look in his eyes said everything I had hoped for, and I hummed. “Of course, if I have nothing here that can hurt you, what have you to fear?”

Julian jumped up from the table, his chair flying backwards onto the tiled floor. He opened his mouth to speak but nothing came out. His eyes narrowed as he thought and then started in a low menacing voice, “If you think, if you think you can blackmail me...”

I didn't let him finish and simply shook my head. I felt supremely confident across down at him, and perhaps for the first time in my life, I felt invincible.

“No. I know I can blackmail you, if I want to,” I corrected him. “Now you can keep those, I have plenty of copies if I need them. And if you leave me alone, I'll keep them safely locked up.”

I strode out of the room, his eyes boring at the back of my skull as I left.

I knew Julian searched my room when I was at school the following day. I had placed a couple of hairs gently over the cupboard doors with tiny pieces of Blu-Tac and these were broken when I returned after school. It was a trick that Rhea had taught me previously (she also showed me how to get around them with ease but that's another story.) The room had been examined carefully and methodically with everything put back, and I did not think Julian would be able to be so devious, but the proof existed that he had.

I tried to rationalise the conversation over the coming days but couldn't make any sense of it. Julian had steered clear of my presence but I wasn't sure if that was shame, embarrassment, fear or a mixture of all three. I liked the idea that he was scared of me but was rather glad of him not being around me to care too much.

I needed to talk it over with Ray. He had an unerring knack of seeing things in a different light and so, the following weekend, travelled to Stoke Mandeville on the train. Being the hot day it was, both of his sisters were sunbathing and Ray was busy watching the football on television with his Dad. Fortunately it only had a few minutes to go to Full Time and was rather relieved when we escaped to the sanctuary of the garden from the oven that was his front room.

We both sat with a cold drink at the end of the garden and I recounted the conversation with Julian. He looked thoughtful and then told me to wait for a moment while he went inside. He emerged with the set of photographs and we leafed through them.

"It's definitely him. No excuse of it being mistaken identity," Ray said as he passed me the last one.

"Well, it's definitely our flat, and he looks nothing like his brother. No it's totally him but he didn't seem fazed at all. It didn't bother him until I mentioned the legal angle."

"It doesn't make sense," Ray concluded and we had been so engrossed in the photos we had not seen Ray's elder sister come up the garden path.

"Something interesting?" she asked causing us both to jump. Our guilty faces said more than words could have done and she looked down at the images in my hand. "Naughty photos!" she exclaimed, loud enough so that we would panic but not so that anyone else could hear. She giggled at our facial expressions and looked down at the now upturned pictures in my hand.

Ray recovered first and told her that they contained Julian and this caused Jenny to smirk even more. "You been finding naughty photos of your mother," she asked suggestively and then stopped. "That is a little bit freaky, you know?"

"No. I took them.....and they aren't my mother but they are of her boyfriend."

"Oh...Ohhhh," she uttered, the implications of what I had said dawning on her.

"Sit down, and I will tell you." I gestured at the grass and the bikini-clad seventeen year old sat down cross-legged. I desperately needed some perspective on the previous couple of weeks and had known Jenny for as long as I had known Ray. She was very much like Ray but considerably more experienced in the world and would certainly be able to put things into perspective.

I then told her how I had the photos, and what had happened when I confronted Julian. She nodded appreciatively as I recalled my tale and then leafed through the pictures.

"I don't get why your Mum wouldn't be upset with the pictures. It's cheating, right?" I asked and Jenny looked back at one of them, humming in thought.

"Well yes. But maybe no. Maybe your mother and step-dad..." I winced at this but let her continue without correcting her "...have an open relationship, or are swingers. Maybe your mum is happy with it."

I looked at her as if she was mad but let her words sink in for a moment before speaking. "I don't think so. I have never seen Mum bring anyone back, or Julian for that matter."

Jenny smiled but replied to my denial. "Well I don't think they would publicise it. They would have to be discrete. You weren't supposed to see them that night, right? Does Julian have a house of his own?"

"Flat in Little Chalfont" I said without hesitation.

"And does your Mum ever stay there?" Jenny asked

"Sometimes" I admitted. "But not often. I just can't see it. I don't..."

"...want to admit your mother has a sex life?" Jenny continued for me. "She is quite sexy, even at her age."

"But..." I started, unsure of where to finish the sentence but Jenny cut across my unfinished sentence.

"You said yourself, when he saw the photos, he smirked and didn't care when you said you would show them to your mother. He did care when you talked about his employer. He obviously doesn't think your mother would care that he was screwing some dancer. Either that or he is a good actor."

I thought back to that evening and shook my head. "No, I think he was sincere." I told her.

"There was nothing to make me think he wasn't being honest."

"Other than the fact he is a lawyer," Ray added and I agreed with him. Jenny shot him a look and his smirk disappeared.

"Well, maybe you are right," I conceded and Jenny leafed through the photos again.

"He isn't that well endowed," Jenny told me and passed me the last photograph I took on the night.

"Strangely enough, I hadn't looked." My flippant comment however, did have an honest basis and I peered, for the first time, at Julian's manhood.

"And he shaves his pubic hair," Jenny continued.

"So does the girl....," Ray added, "and she IS well endowed."

Jenny and I laughed at Ray peering closely at the photograph. "So what are you going to do?" Jenny asked me as she picked up the images and passed them to me.

"Nothing. Julian isn't being an arse and I have no desire to cause any upset. If he really can fuck other women then there is nothing to be gained from doing anything with them."

"You should give him all the photos and negatives, you know. You had no right to use your camera in that situation."

"Are you kidding?" Ray responded for me. "You heard what he said."

Jenny stopped him. "I'm just saying. You shouldn't keep them."

"I'll think about it," I promised her and downed the remainder of my lemonade.

True to my word I did think about it and spoke at length with Paula, and he did end up with all of the images and negatives. He split up with my mother a few weeks later and when he returned to collect the last of his possessions from the flat, he cornered me in my bedroom. It was an uneasy conversation and I felt a slight degree of sadness I didn't expect. He had become more easy-going and relaxed around me since I had spoken to Paula and Jenny, and had become reasonably bearable. Suffice to say, I had no need to retain the images and knew he would always be scared of them if I didn't give them to him.

I did however inherit his dozen or so books of erotica that he left in the guest bedroom bookshelf unbeknownst to my mother or sisters and I found that by sliding out my bottom drawer of my chest of drawers would leave a three-inch space underneath between the bottom of the drawer and the floor that provided an ample place to hide them.

Since that day, my relationship with my mother improved dramatically. Gone were the rows and arguments and replaced by more adult compromise and negotiation. I hadn't realised that often when I rebelled against Julian, my mother often got involved, and with Julian not being there improved things massively. I began to be treated like an adult far more and I became happier with life in general.

It was a change that Dad also noticed. He had moved up to the Lake District after the divorce and had acquired a sprawling lakeside estate. While I know Mum did not publicise to my sisters and I the financial contribution he made to his children, it was not inconsequential and a lot of the extra-curricular activities that I did were definitely funded directly, or indirectly, by Dad.

Julie, Rhea and I used to spend the half-term breaks in May or June, October and February with him as well as a few days at Christmas and he would often visit us at Easter. He was dating a Spanish divorcee, a few years younger than Mum and while she never outwardly displayed any hostility towards us, she was cold and indifferent around Rhea and myself. I was a little unkind and wondered what a broke Spanish divorcee would

want with a multi-millionaire almost ten years her senior, but Dad was happy.

I had a good week with Dad in October 1996. The weather was pretty good, and we went canoeing and walking together, away from Julie and Rhea. We talked candidly and openly and I felt a connection towards him I had never experienced before. I began to realise what I had missed for the last fourteen years and half-resented him for not doing this sooner.

At the end of the week, he took me to the local town and got me to open an account at the Midland Bank. He promised to pay in a small sum of money on a monthly basis, that he called a stipend, until I finished education in lieu of pocket money. I did not understand why he chose to do this at the time, but he later admitted that he thought that I had gone from "a boy to a man" in the intervening few months and that I could not be truly independent unless I had my own bank account with my own source of income.

Dad's "small sum of money" was not so small to a fourteen year old and he gave me a "pay rise" every birthday. This generosity continued until I left full-time education some seven years later and paid for quite a few of the things I would do in this time.

* * * * *

I saw a lot of Ray over that year; our GCSE exams were approaching and we were in a number of classes together, so it made revision and coursework easy. In May Ray split up with his girlfriend Rosie, that sent him into a foul mood for a week. They had been dating for two years and was his first partner so he took it pretty badly.

It was not easy for me either. I had always got on well with Rosie, she was warm and gentle, and we had a mutual friend in Zoe, who went to Grove House Primary School with me. I had known Zoe for years and we had always got on well, despite being complete opposites and our friendship being mostly conducted at school or the odd trip to the town centre. However, as Rosie was often with Zoe, I had to subconsciously choose between Ray and her while at school. My friendship with Zoe was very robust and would easily handle a few weeks of mild avoidance so I chose to spend it with Ray as he nursed his rejection and bruised ego.

My relationship with Paula, who lived above the florist next to the club, ended permanently when her family sold the shop and moved to Bournemouth at the beginning of June. Paula's father had family in Dorset and Paula's grandfather was ill so the family decided that they needed to be closer to the unwell fellow. She had done her GCSE's the year before and was halfway through her A-Levels so she had no final exams to really worry about and announced she was moving and then moved within a week.

To say I was devastated would be an understatement; I saw her every day and we were very close: she was as much a best friend as she was a girlfriend. She worked hard at school and a lot of her work ethic rubbed off on me over the years much to my mother's delight, and our evenings together doing homework was the main reason why I did so well in Maths. Paula was always very patient when helping me, guiding me through the logic and the reasoning. This, of course, gave little Rhea ample ammunition and we were teased relentlessly, especially when we used to be in my room with the door shut, but I never rose to it when Paula was present.

Mum changed the bedroom furniture the previous year in Rhea's and my bedroom as the old bed, desk and cupboards had been there since we had moved in and were looking a little tatty. Unexpectedly, my request for a double bed was granted with Rhea also benefiting from Mum's generosity. I enjoyed spreading out at night and in the morning, but also began to imagine the possibilities with Paula.

In the two years of dating, we had only ever kissed and got naked together, except for a

couple of sessions of mutual masturbation. We spent the sum total of a few nights together when her house needed repairs and she had to stay in my room as well as a few days when she accompanied me to the Lake District to see Dad, but we never went any further. Neither Paula nor I were really ready for that and we were both happy with what we did.

When she left I came home from my first exam, Mathematics, to see her family finish loading up the big wagon that would transport their life to the South coast. Paula was tearful and I had to do all I could to avoid crying myself. I felt an emptiness as we parted; she really was my best friend as well as my girlfriend and I felt a double-loss as the removal lorry carefully drove out of the car park at the back of our property.

Ray and I had our final exams on different days, so when I finished my GCSE Economics on one hot Summer lunchtime in June 1998 I couldn't tempt him to celebrate with me. He had Geography that afternoon and German the following day, so I could hardly blame him for wanting to cram in some last-minute revision. I was slightly, however irrational it was, annoyed at him, but this was mostly because I was still smarting over the loss of Paula. I sauntered home with the intention of grabbing an ice-cold beer from the fridge and playing on the afternoon on Need for Speed 2.

I re-evaluated my plans the moment I entered our hallway at street level. The hot stuffy air and overwhelming heat nearly knocked me back into the road and I spluttered. The difference between the street and my home was extraordinary. The gentle breeze, though barely noticeable, had a significant effect and made the Summer tolerable. I resolved to go inside, to get the beer, drop off my school bag and then head off to the park; the PlayStation could wait until the temperatures dropped twenty degrees or so!

I was not expecting Mum to be in the flat as she was usually at work but not only was she sat on the sofa, but a petite redhead who I recognised was sat opposite talking. She was not Mum's close friend, a teacher who lived on the other side of town called Alicia Wright, but she was certainly familiar and I said seen her many times before.

"Hiya," I called out cheerily as I reached the top of the stairs and walked into the lounge.

"Hiya love," Mum replied and I nodded towards the red-headed girl, racking my brains for her name which had temporarily escaped me.

"Sorry, we'll be gone in twenty minutes. The flat was just a bit more comfortable than the office."

I nodded. "S'ok. It's baking out there. Do you want a drink?"

"Angela, what do you fancy?" Mum asked the petite girl and it instantly clicked in my mind. I surveyed her intently; she certainly had a good figure and an inviting smile.

"Water please," Angela replied and Mum asked for some of the fresh orange juice out of the fridge.

I opened my beer first and downed almost half of it immediately. Its coolness felt so refreshing against the back of my throat and I felt a cold tingle cascade down my stomach with a shiver. I let out a satisfied sigh.

I was in the middle of filling up a glass with Orange Juice when Angela appeared at the kitchen arch.

"Can you make that two waters?" she asked and her eyes narrowed when she saw the small bottle of lager on the table top.

"Do you want one?" I asked pre-empting the question but she shook her head.

"Ya'll right."

"Sure? It's nice on a day like this."

“Better not, how are you?” she asked and I filled another hi-ball glass with cold water from the tap.

“Yeah fine. You?”

“OK. I'm moving flat so everything's all over the place,” she told me nonchalantly as I carried them in on a tray to Mum, putting the drinks on the coffee table.

“Cheers love” Mum said dismissively and returned to her conversation.

“She can stay for as long as she needs to. I think she'll fit right in and obviously we'll do whatever we can to help. I had a friend once, a long time ago mind, that went through...”

I pondered staying and listening to the conversation for a few moments but given that I was expressly prohibited from being involved with the Club I left the room to retrieve the remains of my beer. It didn't sound too interesting anyway.

I finished my refreshing beer and went back to the lounge. I needed to get out of the flat, it was too hot and thought a walk in the park might not be a bad idea. I might meet a couple of people from my classes but at least it wasn't as hot as in my airless abode.

I stopped in my tracks the moment I saw her, sat directly opposite me as I walked in from the dining room. Mum was sat next to her and the red-haired girl had her arm around her.

She was in her early twenties or late teens and had long brown straight hair that reached halfway down her back. She smiled weakly at me and I looked into her brown eyes. She had been crying, her eyes were red and puffy but there still an incredible warmth to her.

She was simply stunningly beautiful, and I felt nervous. Why?

I heard my mother speak but didn't register what she had said. She waited for more, and then the girl spoke in a soft Scottish voice.

“How was your exam?”

I almost panicked when I realised she was talking to me. “Oh yeah, fine.” I sniffed. “I'll be back later,” I told my mum, not taking my eyes off the girl. She was not looking at me anymore and was adjusting the hem on her yellow summer dress. For a moment, I saw a flash of lacy underwear and, using all of my resolve, left the room.

“Be back by five, love.”

I returned four hours later, having met up with a couple of the girls from my Economics exam by chance. We fed the ducks in the park and then chatted over a Coke in a coffee shop before I returned home. I still wondered what had come over me. I never had any problems talking to Paula or any of the girls at school, or even Ray's sister who was very hot and the subject of many private masturbation sessions (although obviously something not discussed with Ray. He afforded me the same courtesy and never talked about my sisters despite the fact that Rhea unintentionally – or probably intentionally - flashed him several times over the years.)

I was both disappointed and excited to find the girl still in the flat when I returned. Mum was busy dishing up spaghetti when I returned and the girl was leaning against the table.

I stopped in the archway of the lounge and acknowledged her presence with a small nod of the head.

“Set the table please,” Mum asked me but I didn't compute her words, instead looking at the girl in the corner.

“Andy!” Mum called out shaking me from my thoughts.

“Sorry, what?”

“Ahhh; is he being all shy?” asked my younger sister in a babyish voice as she sauntered into the room and I went to respond, but the presence of my mother meant I didn't trust myself to say something that I would not get punished for and ignored her comments. I was used to her teasing anyway.

“Set. The. Table. Please” Mum repeated exasperated. I dragged out four forks, the table mats and placed them on the table. The girl and my mother had stopped talking as I entered the room, and it was a bit unnerving.

“How was your exam?” Rhea asked. “Geography wasn't it?”

“Economics,” I corrected her. “It is Ray that does Geography”

Rhea giggled. “How did it go?” she asked as she sat down at the table.

“OK I suppose.” I muttered as I sat down adjacent to her.

“You said it was fine earlier,” said the Scottish voice from the corner of the room.

Mum gestured for the girl to sit at the table and she sat opposite me.

“Well fine....OK.” I muttered as she adjusted herself in her seat.

Rhea was insistent about the exam. She had to finalise her choice of GCSE subjects and was thinking of Geography and Economics as two of her four elective choices. Quite what the exam in 1998 would tell her about her exam in 2000, I was not sure but she seemed genuinely interested in my day.

We had been eating for a few minutes when I felt the slightest of touches on my bare legs. It made me jump at first and I choked.

“Just a piece of strong garlic,” anticipating the question and stared down at the remaining pasta on my plate.

“I used the crusher,” my mother explained taking my explanation as a slight and I continued eating, my eyes not leaving the girl directly opposite. She withdrew her leg immediately but said nothing. Why was she so introvert?

I didn't say too much after that and after Rhea had got bored of interrogating me on my GCSE exam, the girl and my mother began talking. I was hoping that she would reveal something about her, I didn't even know her name, but instead the chatter was mostly limited to television and fashion, and it was my mother that was considerably more talkative than the mystery woman.

Rhea even joined in when they began talking about jewellery, and the girl showed Rhea her silver necklace that she was wearing which contained a little charm of the Loch Ness Monster.

“Where did you get it?” my sister asked. “It's very pretty.”

“My brother works in a town called Dumfries and there is a workshop that makes them for you specially. I have all sorts from there”

“So you asked for this exact design?” Rhea passed the silver chain back to the girl who put it back around her neck.

“It is one of my favourites. I have matching ear-rings, charm bracelet, anklet and...” She froze and flashed a look at my mother. “...and, well, all sorts.”

My attention was drawn to the furtive look and she straightened in her chair, sweeping her long hair back.

“Who's for ice cream?” my mother said changing the subject. I don't think Rhea noticed but I wondered what the girl was set to reveal to cause the change in behaviour.

* * * * *

“Honestly Grace, Angela said I could crash on her couch for a few days until we move in,” she implored of my mother. “You don’t need to go to any more trouble for me.” My mother shook her head.

“It’ll be no trouble, Abi. I promised Angela we would look after you, especially after what you have been through.”

“Thanks, but you really don’t need to. As I said earlier, we could be a fortnight without a flat.”

“I know I don’t need to, and it is not a problem. I want you to stay with us. A bit of family life would probably do you good, wouldn’t it?”

“But...” Abi started and Mum wagged her finger at the girl.

“That’s why we have a guest bedroom. It’s yours while you need it. Now that’s the end of it.” My ears pricked up at this. I stood within earshot of the conversation drying the last tumbler but out of sight, listening in on the chatter as best I could. What was it about this girl that intrigued me so much?

“Are you sure your children won’t mind?” she asked, her voice wavering.

“Julie is never in, she is always at her boyfriend’s house. Rhea will be glad of the female company and Andy, well you saw him earlier. Don’t know what you did to him.”

“That’s what I am scared of,” she murmured and Mum shook her head.

“He’s fine. Honestly. Stay for me, please? I’ll feel really bad if you didn’t. Let us look after you,” Mum begged

“Well, if you are sure,” the elegant girl finally conceded. I wondered why it taken so long for my mother to get her own way and it was not often that she didn’t, but then I didn’t know how much the girl knew about Mum. Experience had taught me that the best strategy in those sorts of circumstances was to attempt a negotiated agreement or to generally concede earlier on, and save the energy for the more important arguments. “As long as you let me make a contribution towards upkeep”

Mum scoffed and grinned, “There is no chance love. Look, I’ve known Ikenna and his family for a long time, it’s the least we can do.”

The girl hesitated for a moment. “You said you were short on staff this week. At least let me do a shift or two”

Mum shifted slightly and lowered her voice. “Are you sure you are up to it?”

“Oh yeah, of course. I’ve got to start again some time so that’s, um, that’s not a problem. I’d love to”

“OK. I’ll get Andy to help you in with your belongings,” Mum offered.

“Angela parked it out the back. Is that a problem?” asked the girl and my mother shook her head.

“You might get blocked in, but that won’t be an issue unless you need to leave before 3am.” The girl nodded and grabbed a set of keys from a handbag on the coffee table.

“Andy, can you help Abi bring in some belongings from the car”

“Yeah, sure,” I replied, not too keenly and waited at the top of the stairs.

“I’ve only got a couple of bags,” Abi told Mum. “I can manage.”

“Nonsense,” Mum replied in response and I followed Abi down the stairs towards the front door.

“So, if you don't mind me asking, why are you here?” I asked her as we hit daylight and turned down the road.

She hummed for a moment. “It's, well, something I promised your mother I wouldn't mention.”

“Why?”

She looked at me for a moment and shook her head. “Well I'm going to be working with Grace and where I am due to stay won't be available for a few days.”

“I don't get it, why did my Mum say she would look after you?” I persisted.

“She did?”

“Yes, in the lounge, she would look after you, especially after what you have been through.”

Abi looked behind us and continued walking. “She doesn't need to. I can look after myself,” she replied, her tone of voice sharp and unwavering. “And can't you change the subject?” There was a serious finality in the voice to the request.

“Sure...” I replied, but I didn't know what to say.

Abi beat me to it, and said “Aylesbury looks nice” as we turned into Exchange Road.

“It's all right I suppose. You've never been?”

“Never.”

“I'll show you round tomorrow.” I offered. “All my friends have exams to do, so I'll be kicking my heels” I told her.

“You don't need to do that” she said but I shrugged.

“Offers there, I'll have little else to do.”

She stopped outside an off-license and she asked. “Do you mind?”

“Sure,” I replied and watched her through the window selecting three bottles of wine and then pay for them in cash. Her bag clinking, I held open the door for her.

“You do know that they serve alcohol in the club?” I asked her and she smirked.

“I can't really go down to the club to get a glass of wine to sit in front of the television with, can I?”

“True. And off-license prices are a lot cheaper than what Mum charges,” I added and Abi gave a titter.

Exchange Close was not that well lit and the buildings shaded the yard from most of the natural light but I guided Abi across the tarmac to the eight or so spaces behind the club. The bar manager, Ikenna Asuni was outside emptying a crate of empty bottles into a bin, and the noise echoed off the buildings and made it sound a lot louder than it should have been.

“Evening” I called out and he greeted Abi warmly as we picked our way to Abi's car. Ikenna had been the bar manager at the club for years and Mum had frequently told me he was her most important employee. His family were Ghanian and he ran the club in my mothers' absence. How did he know Abi?

“Is that your Nova?” He asked Abi in his deep voice and she replied that that the little white car was her's. “Susie. She will be arriving soon and she will block you in, unless you move it.”

“I'm not going anywhere tonight but I'll move it if it is in the way.”

“Oh it's fine unless you were going anywhere,” he said waving his hand dismissively. “Oh, and I noticed earlier, your tread on your driver's side rear is a little worn.”

Abi looked at her tyre but the tread was impossible to make out in the available light. “My MOT said it was getting a bit worn a few months ago. I am going to replace it with the spare as that hasn't been touched”

“If you come see me tomorrow afternoon, I will change it for you before I start work.”

Abi shook her head and replied. “That's kind of you but I can change a tyre.”

The bar manager nodded his head towards Abi and said his goodbyes. Strewn across the back seat of her car and in the boot, Abi had one suitcase, four boxes consisting mostly of books, a ghetto blaster, a potted plant, a large toy bear, two coats, three carrier bags and two unopened bottles of Vodka.

“We are so going up the fire escape” I told her looking at the amount of stuff in her car. “Mum hates me using it; she says it is not safe but I am not carrying this round the block. She can piss right off.”

“Well we can leave the books in here. No point carrying them” she said and I heaved one large suitcase from the boot of her car, dropping it onto the tarmac gently.

It took two trips before we had assembled Abi's belongings into the guest bedroom. We left the books in her car, and two of the three carrier bags – that seemed to consist mostly of shoes. As expected we were gently admonished by Mum for using the fire escape and she even threatened to confiscate my key but her objections withered when she saw how much stuff Abi did have.

“I am sure it was less,” Abi admitted to her as I placed her plant on her dressing table. It was a reasonable size and had a number of beautiful red flowers that arced out of the bushy plant.

“Its an Anthurium,” she informed me as I stared at it.

“A what?”

“Anthurium. I love its beautiful flowers and heart-shaped leaves. It was a present from my brother and I just couldn't leave it behind. Not with ... ummm ... him anyway.”

I waited for her to continue but she didn't. She peered at the plant herself, deep in thought for a few moments and then shook herself back to the present.

* * * * *

Mum left for work at just gone 8pm, promising to pop back during the evening to make sure Abi was “OK.” Rhea was in the middle of doing her homework on the dining room table, and required my help (or the answers) when completing her algebra. I was a little surprised when Abi sauntered over and explained the principle of balancing equations far better than I could. It wasn't that I didn't know, Abi could explain the principles better and translated my Mathematical explanation to Rhea into a language that my little sister could easily digest.

By the time 9pm rolled around Abi and I were both on the couch. We had been watching some television that Abi had chosen and I was barely paying attention, choosing to read 1984 instead. Ray had lent me the book after I told him that I had enjoyed Animal Farm the previous year and had only just got round to starting it. Abi seemed to be not at ease in my presence in the flat and was certainly tense, but I didn't know who she was, why she was here or what she was doing; and I didn't feel confident enough to ask.

She was cold and kept glancing at me, nervously. “Hiya,” called a cheery voice from the interconnecting door and Mum appeared from behind me. “I've brought you this.”

Mum walked into the room and put a small bottle, no more than six inches high, of cocktail. "Oi, don't I get one?" I asked as I looked up and Mum shot me a disapproving look.

"No," Mum replied coldly and looked at Abi. "We have got them in to try. See what they are like."

Abi thanked her for the drink and I got sent in to retrieve a bottle opener from the kitchen, which riled me even more. She flashed me a nervous smile, but barely said anything to me as Mum disappeared and I settled down with my book.

She finished the small cocktail fairly quickly and I saw her glance a few times towards the kitchen. I guessed she wanted to get herself a glass of wine and I did not know why she did not go and just get it. Was I the reason, I wondered and this annoyed me. If she was going to stay for a couple of weeks then she should at least learn to speak to me.

"Have I offended you?" I asked putting my book to one side for a moment and she looked at me and shook her head. "Well it's just that you have not spoken to me all evening."

"You're reading," she replied defensively.

"OK. Let's play a game?" I told her as Rhea went upstairs. If I had to guess, she probably wanted to ring her boyfriend before going to bed and did not want an audience by using the phone in lounge.

"Err ... well ... you don't have to keep me occupied. You're reading" she floundered.

I put my leather bookmark that I had been twirling around my finger into place and placed the book on the table. "Only 'cos you were watching the box." I zapped the button on the remote control and the adverts flicked off with a "vlip."

She grimaced as the picture disappeared and then turned to face me. "How long have you been reading it?"

"A few days. I meant to leave it until after my exams but started it on Saturday. It's good though."

"Where are you up to?"

"Winston and Julia have had their rendezvous in the Church."

"The rest of the book is very good, you will like it."

I nodded in appreciation at her comments, glad that she had at last spoke some words to me and looked over at the cupboard.

"Board game?" I asked her and Abi flicked her hair back. She was still tense and wooden, unlike the graceful warm smile of earlier.

"Do you play Chess?" Abi asked me and walked over to the stash of games in the corner of the room.

"We have a set here somewhere" and rummaged around, extracting a tatty board and a black bag of wooden pieces that I set up on the dining table.

Abi opened the fridge and took out one of the bottles of wine. "You want some?"

"Cheers," I replied and Abi selected two of our large wine glasses and split two-thirds of the bottle between them.

"White first," she told me and sat down, taking a gulp of the cold white wine. I moved a pawn forward two places and passed play to Abi.

She surveyed the board and did exactly the same move.

"Copying me!" I told her and she dismissed me with her hand. I moved my Knight forward,

which she then copied again.

“Quit copying me!” I laughed and gulped another mouthful of alcohol.

“Well it wasn't a bad move,” she replied defensively and I moved my Knight forward again, so that it could take her Knight if she didn't move it, with my piece protected by my pawn.

“Well I'm not copying that. It's a lousy play.”

I grunted at her and she smirked, moving her pawn forward to threaten my Knight.

“So, tell me, what is it like growing up next to a strip club?” she asked tentatively as I looked over the board.

“It's nothing special. I mean, I don't get to go in, I've been in twice in ten years – and both of them was when the club was closed. I don't get to see the girls, drink the alcohol or anything.” I paused and took her Knight with my Knight that was quickly taken by her Queen.

“As I said, lousy.” She raised her eyebrows and shifted in her seat. “But it is different? Not everyone lives in a large flat in the town centre above a strip club.”

“Yeah, it's different I suppose. We used to live in a large house with a big garden. That was good, but there is so much less space here.”

“There is enough space. It is surprisingly big.” I played my pawn in front of her Queen and she moved her knight forward. I then moved my pawn on the right side forward two and she gave a hollow titter.

“Never have I had check so early in the game,” she gleefully told me and swept a bishop across the board to threaten my King. I growled at her and did the only move I could. I moved my bishop to block her move. Her Queen then moved several spaces across the board to the bottom left of the board and I had to move my Queen to protect my King.

“Check again!” Abi called out and moved a bishop, which she then retreated when I moved my King.

“Say goodbye to your Queen,” I told her and took her Queen with mine, which was subsequently captured by her Bishop.

“Feel better?” she asked playfully.

“Much better” I told her sarcastically. “So about you? Tell me.”

Abi tensed for a moment and made eye contact with me. I could tell there was as much fear and apprehension in her eyes as there was inquisitiveness in mine.

“I'm Scottish,” she told me evasively.

I took a gulp of my wine and lent back. “Is that all there is to tell?”

Abi shifted in her seat and pulled a face. “I know very little about you”

“Like what? You know my name, I don't know your surname. Or your age. Or anything about you. All I know is that you are Scottish, work in the sex industry and have some intimate jewellery.” I replied slightly aggressively.

Abi snorted but before she could respond I added “Oh, and you've read 1984”

“I might not want anyone to know anything about me. Does this bother you?”

I smirked and took another sip of my wine. “A little” I answered honestly, staring at her brown eyes.

“Why? There is nothing about me that you need to know anyway, and in a few days I won't be here.”

I stared at the chessboard thinking of a reply to her question, and idly moved my Rook to threaten her Bishop which she retreated across the board. "Maybe I just want to know who I am spending time with?"

Before I could respond, she answered for me. "Or because you want to know who it is who made you tongue-tied earlier?"

"You noticed then?" I admitted, my face blushing for the first time that evening.

Abi laughed. "Yeah. Yeah, I noticed. Your mum did too."

I bit my lip and looked down at the glass of wine. "Sorry. I didn't mean to"

Abi was smiling at me. "Quite a complement actually. It's been a long time since I've been able to make someone speechless. Out of work anyway. Angela thought it was very sweet actually and your mum said she had never seen you like that."

I blushed. "So it's natural then, for me to want to know who you are. You are staying in the bedroom next to mine"

Abi was still smirking at me and leant forward onto the table. "The young dominant male, scoping out his territory, ready to pounce..."

I gasped at her, and shook my head. "No ... it's just ..."

Abi cut me off by laughing. Her face lit up beautifully, the first time I had seen her magical smile properly since she arrived.

"I've spent most of the last four hours trying to work out where Mum knows you from," I admitted to her and Abi tentatively urged me to continue. "I don't know. For a start we know nobody in Scotland. Mum was born on an RAF base in Germany and my grandparents were English and Czech. My aunt is English and you are not my cousin. My uncle lives in Czechoslovakia. Family connection unlikely, agreed?"

Abi nodded, her face still smiling. "I am not related to you."

"Good. I had worked that bit out. So then I started thinking friend of the family and have been racking my brain for someone who we know who might be in Scotland. Then I remembered Mum's school friend, Annie someone. Now Annie lives in Manchester, but her brother moved to Aberdeen and he had two girls. All very plausible and would certainly explain the fondness Mum showed. Minor problem there though"

Abi raised her eyebrows at me.

"I met them a few years ago and you aren't them. Or one of them"

Abi giggled. "I can honestly say that I met your mother for the first time, a couple of months ago at a Christening."

"A Christening? I don't remember going to a Christening. Whose?" I replied instantly.

Abi smirked. "You weren't there so you wouldn't. And today is the second time I have met her."

I threw my arms up in surrender. "See. And I don't believe for one moment that Mum would invite a new employee to stay in her family home. She likes to keep work and home reasonably separate, so there is something that makes you special."

Abi looked at me. "Which is?"

"I don't know," I told her abruptly waving my arms around. "If I knew how you knew Mum then I'd know what it is."

We were interrupted my Mum returning with two bottles of green cocktail and smiled when she saw Abi and I playing Chess.

"You talking to her now then?" Mum teased and Abi rubbed her leg up and down mine.

"Sort of," I replied and Mum put the two bottles on the table in front of us.

"See you've opened the wine then. How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine," Abi answered her and Mum grinned.

"Whose Christening were you at where you meet Abi?" I asked and Mum grinned.

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because I don't know and she won't tell me."

Mum glanced at Abi and smiled. "Well you will just have to ask nicely." I grunted in annoyance. "But Andy, you look after her. And if you want something to eat, there is a cracking pizza place opposite." Mum put a ten pound note in front of her and gave Abi a look. Abi shook her head but Mum left before Abi could return the cash to her.

"So I've got to look after you and ask nicely. Please," I joked.

"I'll tell you if you tell me why you were tongue-tied."

Abi bit her lip as I awaited for her to respond but when she didn't tell me I continued. "I know there is a kind of aura about you that I can't describe. I felt it the moment I saw you."

Abi blushed and shook her head. "There isn't"

I rubbed my chin in thought. The wine was making me more a lot more candid than I would normally have been and I returned her gaze looking into her eyes. I would not normally have had the courage to be so open but the alcohol was giving me Dutch Courage. "You have...ermm...the most amazing smile. And it's infectious." Abi smiled and I gestured towards her. "You're entire face lights up when you do. There is a genuine warmth there. It's captivating; entrancing almost. It's just perfect."

Abi wiped her right eye with her hand and nodded.

"I've...er...been told bits of me are amazing, but never my smile" she said, her voice still soft and quiet.

"Well, I'm not going to pass comment on those bits of you."

"You would have to see them first," she replied and watched me squirm for a moment.

"So anyway, whose Christening where you at?" I asked, dragging her back to the original subject matter.

"Daniel."

"Daniel? Who the hell is Daniel?"

Abi beamed at me. "You've no idea, have you?"

"No, help me out a bit, please!" I gazed at her and she grinned.

"And miss you trying to guess. Never! Anyway, what do I know about you? I didn't even know your name until lunchtime."

I sighed in frustration. "Oh come on..."

Abi grinned at me and flashed her captivating smile.

"OK. Have you seen the Silence of the Lambs?" I asked.

"Of course, it's a classic."

"Then you will know about the Latin term, quid pro quo."

"Yes. I am well aware of a number of Latin terms."

“You tell me something and I will tell you something, quid pro quo,” I explained.

Abi nodded, “OK. Of course, there are some things I can never tell you.” I sighed a bit and she shrugged. “You said yourself, there is something different which is why I am being treated differently to other new employees. Well it's that and I can't discuss it.”

I stared at the board for a moment and then moved a Pawn two places. Abi responded by castling her Rook and King.

“Why are you here then?” I asked her as I moved another Pawn.

“I am here to work in your mother's club, as you well know. Who is your girlfriend?” Abi took one of my Pawns with her Bishop.

I moved a Pawn forward one and then admitted I did not have a girlfriend any more.

Abi took another one of my Pawns with her Knight and I asked her “who she knew in the club?”

“I have a good friend who works here, and I now know the owner.”

“What good friend?” I asked, and she shook her head.

“My turn ... what happened to your last girlfriend?”

“Why are you obsessed about my girlfriend?” I asked her defensively and moved my Knight to the middle of the board.

“I'm trying to make you blush again. It's cute” she admitted playfully.

I briefly explained Paula's departure. It was only three weeks previous and fortunately the exams took my mind off of it somewhat but I was keen not to dwell too much on it as I missed having her around the flat.

“So where do you wear your intimate jewellery?”

Abi stared at me for a moment, her mouth slightly open.

“Quid pro quo! You are trying to make me blush! It's only fair”

Abi snorted and moved her Knight that I threatened with a Pawn.

“I have necklaces, anklets, bracelets, earrings, a belly button piercing and I want to get my clitoral hood pierced but I haven't yet. You know where the clitoris is?”

I rolled my eyes, and felt my dick stiffen. “Yes, I know where the clitoris is.”

“Well that sets you aside from most of the male population then,” Abi added flippantly and smiled as I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. She drained the last of the wine from her glass and refilled both of our glasses from the last of the bottle.

“Why?”

“Why what?”

“Why have your clitoris pierced?”

“My turn,” she said, dismissing the question and put my King in check again, which I moved. Abi took my Rook and I moved a Pawn out of the way. She took my other Knight and smiled.

“Describe your perfect woman, your fantasy woman.”

“My fantasy woman?”

“Every guy has one. Your perfect woman.” Abi drained her glass after she spoke but kept her gaze fixed on the fidgeting sixteen year old in front of her.

I grinned at her. "I thought I had already described you as perfect. Who else could it be?"

She raised her eyebrows and gestured. "Come on"

I recounted the tale of the dancer coming out of the bedroom and how it became ingrained into my memory, the confident dancer being absolute perfection in my mind.

"So you like strippers then?"

"I didn't say that," I replied sheepishly.

Abi grinned. "You have used the word `perfect` twice this evening to describe two people. One was the exotic dancer you ogled and other was me, a stripper"

"OK, you got me." I admitted and gulped the last of the wine in my glass. "I blame Mum, she keeps introducing me to these women!"

"Another bottle?" Abi asked and retrieved the second bottle of wine from the fridge. The rosé was in a bulbous bottle but she poured two generous glasses of the pink liquid and sat back down to assess my latest chess move – my King towards the centre of the board. She moved her Knight to threaten my Bishop, which I moved. I then threatened to take her Bishop which she moved back to her back row, in two moves but then returned it to be near my King and used her Knight to put me in check.

"How long are you staying here?" I asked her and she shrugged.

"In the flat, a few days hopefully. In Aylesbury, I don't know. A few months, maybe more. We'll see."

Three times I had to move my King and three times Abi placed my King in check before I used my Rook to protect it, which was duly taken by a lowly Pawn.

"It's only a matter of time," Abi told me.

"I know. You are good at this game."

"So, what's the most outrageous thing you have ever done?"

"I clandestinely took photographs of my Mum's boyfriend cheating on her and then blackmailed him with them. Does that count?"

Abi let out a deep breath. "That's, well that's not what I was expecting"

"In a good way or a bad way?"

She thought for a moment and hummed. "A bit of both."

I thought for a moment, and then realised that I had told a complete stranger, and Mum's friend, a secret I had not even told my own mother about. "Yeah, I'm not overly proud of it but Mum doesn't know. Only Ray and his sister know about it so please don't say anything to her."

"I won't," Abi promised but I was not sure if she would keep it.

"Tell me about your last boyfriend." I asked her as we traded pawns and she froze. "You asked me about Paula."

"I, I'm sorry Andy. I can't," Abi told me and wiped her eyes. "It's the thing I can't discuss."

I nodded. So this is why she was here. She split up with her boyfriend and came running to Aylesbury. Well somewhere's loss in Aylesbury's gain, I thought.

Abi stared at the chess board and within two moves it was checkmate.

"You win," I conceded. "Fancy a go on the PlayStation?"

"Sure. Anything so you can win."

"I'll beat you at cards if you want."

Abi smirked. "I don't lose at cards, especially Poker. No PlayStation is fine. I think my brand of Poker isn't appropriate at the moment." I looked at her inquisitively as I packed the chess set away. "Strip Poker," she whispered at me as she got up from the table. I felt my cock tingle at the thought.

"I'd, I'd like that," I admitted and instantly regretted it. I had not drunk this much alcohol for some time and I forgot how much it loosened my tongue.

Abi stood in the archway between the lounge and kitchen and turned her hair framing her smile wonderfully. "I'm sure you would."

* * * * *

Abi and I drank all three bottles of wine, and we were still up playing on the PlayStation when Mum returned to the flat at 2am. She didn't say anything in disapproval, despite the empty wine glasses and discarded bottles in the kitchen.

"Aren't you two tired yet?" she asked at us, smiling, as I overtook Abi on the final bend.

"A bit," I replied, slurring my words slightly. She grinned at us leaning as we swerved around obstacles, staring at the screen and walked into the kitchen. Abi pushed me playfully on the couch as I crossed the finish line, milliseconds ahead of her.

"You were so...lucky," she exclaimed. I had beaten her at almost every game we played for most of the evening although my victories were a lot closer as my alcohol consumption had risen.

"So that's ... what ... 27 victories for me, and how many for you?" Abi pouted at my taunting, her face radiant and flushed. "One?"

"Two. I got you on the line a few minutes ago."

"That was a draw, totally."

"Pah!" Abi scoffed and playfully pushed me on the couch.

"I'm off to bed," Mum called out from the corner of the room, a glass of water in her hand. "And don't be too late."

Abi looked at me as I navigated the menu, "I better go as well. I've had a long day."

"One more race?" I pleaded, my fingers over the Start button but she shook her head.

"I'll fall asleep on you," she warned.

"I don't mind," I instinctively replied, speaking before I had thought.

Abi giggled and stood up out of my reach. "I bet you don't. But thanks for this evening. It's been fun. I've, um, really enjoyed it."

"Yeah, me too. Are we going 'round town tomorrow?" I asked her as I switched the games console off. She hesitated and the alcohol gave me a confidence I didn't normally possess. "Come on, you're good company. I'd be bored and lonely otherwise. Please."

Abi blushed and bit her lip.

"Come on, I insist" I said, and a smile flashed across Abi's face and she nodded.

"Yeah, OK."

"One more thing." I asked her as she got to the bottom of the stairs.

"What?" she asked.

"I still don't know your full name."

Abi smiled. "Abigail Isobel Kennedy"

"Well sweet dreams, Abigail. I'll see you tomorrow"

She flashed me her inviting smile, turned on her heels and disappeared. I leant back against the lounge wall and watched her disappear up the stairs.

What had just happened?

* * * * *

I had not reset my alarm from the day before and was awoken rudely at 7.45am. My half-asleep, partially-hungover self initially tried swearing at the buzzer before opting for the well rehearsed smack with the eyes closed in the general direction of the noise. Unfortunately, I had only managed to hit "snooze," and so nine minutes later, I was re-awoken by the same headache-inducing sound which stopped the moment my arm extended far enough towards the source of the unwelcome cacophony to knock it onto the carpet.

I eventually emerged from my bedroom at 9am and sauntered downstairs in just my pyjama shorts. I had slept naked – as I always did over the summer, but would not achieve approval if I wandered around naked, especially with Abi in the house (although this was something Rhea did with impunity and knew she would not stop for such a trivial reason.) Mum was at the dining table reading her newspaper when I entered the room and she surveyed me.

"Hangover?" She enquired as I traipsed past her.

"Not really," I told her truthfully. "Probably shouldn't have had quite so much though"

Mum snorted. "I'd say, three bottles of wine between you. Not to mention the cocktails." I tensed and waited for the dressing down I didn't get the night before, but surprisingly, it was not forthcoming.

"It was over five hours," I eventually replied. "And I was celebrating the end of the exams."

"It's fine, you're an adult now. Just don't do it too often, OK?"

"Yeah, I know."

There was silence for a few seconds while I poured myself some cereal, and then she spoke again. "You seem to be getting on well with Abi, well after you opened the wine anyhow."

I froze for a moment. I was getting on well with her, and there some aura about her, I could not explain. I thought I tried to explain it the previous night but had only managed to embarrass myself although I was prepared to chalk my candidness, overconfidence and inappropriateness to the alcohol.

"Yeah, well she's cool." I sat down with my bowl of Shreddies opposite her and she looked over at me.

Mum smirked and put down her paper. "Well it's good to see you smiling again; you've been down since Paula left"

My stomach lurched for a moment at her name and I thought for a moment. "Well, I did spend half my time with her" I reasoned.

"Have you written to her yet?" Mum asked and I nodded.

"Last week, and the week before, and the week before that." Mum shook her head gently.

"It's only natural to be upset when a close friend goes away suddenly." She paused and gazed wistfully into the lounge. "I had it happen to me but you do have to move on."

We sat in silence for a few moments until I spoke. "I know. I still miss her but Abi took my mind off of her. She was good company."

"She is. But she has just had a really tough time, so be good to her. Keep an eye on her for me"

"OK. What happened?"

Mum shook her head and told me that she was not telling me. I grumbled at this but she was resolute. "And I don't want you upsetting her. She is fragile at the moment." My mind flashed back to the previous night. She didn't seem fragile or upset once we opened the wine but then I was hardly experienced with the opposite sex.

"She seemed fine last night after we, um, had a drink."

Mum hummed. "She is a strong girl. That's very obvious but just remember she is still ... vulnerable."

"OK. I get it. I'll be fine, we are only going to look around the town." My mind flashed back to the previous night and I grimaced.

"What?" asked Mum and I shook my head.

"Oh, nothing." I quickly added. I did not want to admit to my mother what we had discussed twelve hours earlier. "I'll take a cup of tea up to Abi," I told her

"No, I'll do it. She might not be decent. And for three bottles of wine, I think water might be better."

* * * * *

I showered and got dressed in shorts and T-Shirt. I had managed several games of Need For Speed when Abi appeared. She had had a long chat with Mum, I could hear them talking when I went to the toilet, and I hoped that it was not about the previous night. Mum said nothing when she returned to the lounge and did not look angry so I assumed that my conduct was not discussed.

Abi was as beautiful as ever; her face beamed as she saw my smile and I flicked off the console mid-race.

Abi, was dressed in a short white sleeveless summer dress, filled with large bright pink, bright red and brown flowery patterns. The V-shaped neckline came into the middle of her bust, so her rounded, shapely breasts were partly on display. She wore a necklace, so the pendant nestled at the base of her throat, drawing eye attention to her bust.

The dress finished about half-way between her waist and her knees, but rose as she descended the stairs.

"You look good," Mum told her as she reached the bottom of the stairs.

"Amazing," I added and Mum shot me a knowing look.

"Are you coming back for lunch?" she asked and I looked at Abi who, after consulting the clock on wall shook her head.

"It's 11am now. I won't want anything really till gone three and by then we might as well wait until dinner. What do you think?"

"I'm cool with whatever."

Abi strode over, her heels adding a couple of inches to her height so that she was tall, if not taller than me.

"Are you OK in those heels," I asked Abi as we stepped into the sunshine. The door locked as it swung closed and I turned right past the locked doors of Abi's new place of work.

"I'm fine. I can't work in a lap-dancing club if I can't walk in high heels"

"True." There was an awkward silence for a moment. "Look Abi. I hope I didn't say anything to embarrass you last night. I think I probably had a bit too much to drink."

Abi smiled at me. "What bit?"

I stuttered for a moment but Abi continued. "The bit where you asked to play strip poker with me or the bit where you asked about my clitoris?"

I yelped in embarrassment. "Ahh, well I was actually thinking of the bit where I called you perfect."

"I'd kind of forgotten about that. So what do you want to retract now you are sober?"

"What answer gets me into the least trouble?" I asked and Abi chuckled.

"The truth."

"This street was built at the turn of the century," I teased and she grinned.

"Let me guess, you got drunk, said something that you didn't mean."

I shook my head. "Alcohol always makes me say what I am thinking, irrespective of whether it is a good thing to say"

Abi squeezed my hand and giggled. "I don't totally believe you but maybe I should get you drunk more often."

"Not drunk, just ..."

"Merry then. It had a good effect on you."

I hummed. "You weren't so bad yourself," I replied and Abi sniggered in amusement.

"So what are you doing with me today?" Her voice oozed seduction and charm and I distracted for a moment as carnal thoughts whizzed around my brain. "Your Mum said you were looking forward to taking me out"

"I thought we'd go have a look in the town centre first, then go for a drink and an ice cream at a nice little café that overlooks a park with a lake. Feed the ducks and then wander round the park. I'd like to take you to woods but I doubt we'll have time."

Abi laughed at me as I finished. "I bet you'd like to take me to the woods."

I groaned. "Very good. Wendover Woods. You can see for miles. It's beautiful up there."

"I'll take your word for it."

"No, I want to go up there with my camera again this Summer. We'll take a picnic if you like."

We crossed the road at a break in the traffic, and I led her by the hand across a small car park leading to a small dark alleyway.

"First you want to take me to the woods, and now you are taking me down dark passageways," Abi quipped.

"It leads to the main square," I replied defensively and squeezed her hand gently.

"Aye, and I bet you tell all the girls that." We rounded a corner with a kebab shop on it and saw a bright chink of daylight up ahead.

"See....the main square"

Abi was not too impressed with Aylesbury from a shopping perspective but loved its worldly charm. The Roald Dahl Museum in the centre of the town she was particularly attracted to, having read his books as a child. Apart from a lingerie shop that she dragged

me into there was little to interest her although she did purchase a Happy Anniversary card for her brother.

As we left the town centre, I stopped off at an independent bakers, which was without customers. "Hello Andy," the stout woman from behind the counter called out warmly as she adjusted some bread on display. "What can I get you?"

"Hi. I don't suppose you have any stale bread I can half-inch from you for the ducks?" I asked cheekily.

"Ahhh, coming for freebies. I should have known!" The woman stepped from behind the display noticing Abi for the first time and extending a hand warmly. "Oh. I didn't see you there. I don't think we've met. Sandra"

"Abi."

"I've got some bread that my new assistant dropped on the floor this morning so you can have that. I don't think the ducks will mind."

"Cheers Mrs A" I called out and she disappeared for a moment and returned with a large carrier bag containing two loaves.

"You can have them," she called out as she passed them over to us but I left a couple of coins on the counter. I did not think it was right to take it without contributing to her business in some way; it was something Mum always liked to instil in me that there was no such thing as a free lunch.

"Thanks," I called out as we left and Abi did likewise.

The park was much cooler than the town centre and the lake in the middle attracted all the ducks, swans and geese. We sat down on the only spare bench and I opened the bag passing Abi a large loaf.

Within seconds we were surrounded by hungry, greedy water birds squealing and squawking noisily.

"They ARE hungry," Abi shouted over the din of bird noises. "You'd think they had never been fed"

I broke off bits of crust and tossed them into the water, causing three or four dozen birds to descend on the same point in the water.

"I like coming here, but it can get a bit busy in Summer," I told Abi and she nodded. "It can be so tranquil at other times though."

"I used to have a little park down the bottom of my street," she reminisced. "But not so many ducks"

My thoughts were interrupted by the voice of a little girl a few feet away. "Can we feed the ducks Mummy, please, please," she begged watching Abi and I feed them. I looked across at the source of the pleading and saw a young child no more than four with her mother.

"We haven't got any bread," the mother replied. "Next time."

The young girl looked forlorn but did not create a fuss and looked out over the pond. "Next time," she repeated.

I got up from the bench and walked over to the girl who was no more than ten feet away. "Is it OK?" I said holding out the remainder of my loaf to them and the mother nodded.

The young girl eagerly took the bread and began to pick pieces from it.

"Thank you," the mother said and then prompted the girl to do the same.

"Do you want some of mine?" Abi asked when I sat back down.

"No, you're OK," I said leaning back and stretching out against the warm wooden bench and watching the little girl toss bits of crust into the air. Abi broke up and threw the last of the bread into the water for the assembled pack to fight over.

"You know, it's been years since I came to feed the ducks. No-one has taken me since I was a little girl and I've never had the time to come myself," Abi admitted and leant back against my shoulder so that my arm was around her shoulder and her head rested against the crook of my neck.

I froze for a moment but then pulled her closer to me. I had not cuddled a girl for weeks and I forgot how warm and complete it made me feel. Abi looked up at me and smiled.

"It's be a long time since I've felt so ... calm" she admitted. "I've never had the time to do this. Just sit and watch. It brings back so many memories."

We sat there in near silence for fifteen minutes, before getting up and going to the small café. It was busy, but not full, and I bought Abi and I an ice-cream each and a lemonade. While I was paying Abi went to the toilet and then found a little table in the window with three seats and adjusted the chairs so they looked out over the pond.

"Cheers" she said lifting a small glass of lemonade from the tray and a vanilla ice-cream.

"Cheers" I replied, discarding the tray on the floor and draining half my glass in one gulp.

"Thirsty"

"Very. It's hot"

Abi and I gazed out over the pond and watched two women playing frisbee.

"She isn't wearing a bra," Abi said as a tall blonde woman jumped up to catch the disc.

"I thought that, but didn't want to say anything."

"Clearly no vodka in that lemonade then," Abi teased as I surveyed the multitude of people in front of us.

"Oh shit!" I exclaimed under my breath as I glanced across the park.

"What?" she asked, clearly worried at having heard my expletive.

"It's Jez," I replied annoyed and nodded towards a lanky kid on a skateboard coming up the path to the café. "He thinks he is my friend and he is a right royal pain in the arse."

Abi laughed at me, sucking the last of her lemonade through her straw.

"Let's hope he doesn't see us," I muttered, but it was already too late.

"Andy!" Jez called out the moment he entered the café, his voice carrying to every table. A few people looked over, but he was oblivious to this and sat down on the other chair. "How ya doing?" he asked but didn't wait for an answer. "Jus' 'ad me German exam. Fookin' impossible it was."

He summoned over the assistant and ordered himself a lemonade and looked at us to order another. "We're fine," I told him. "We need to shoot soon."

"So who's this?" he asked pointing his dirty fingernails towards Abi.

"I'm Abi," she said calmly and softly.

"Jez. You from Wales?" he told her and then took the drink from the waitress in return for a couple of coins.

"Scotland," Abi said, somewhat indignantly.

Jez did not seem to notice the tone of Abi's voice. "So watcha upto?"

"Just showin' Abi 'round town," I answered before Abi could.

"Good deed and all that. You new 'round here?" Once again Jez did not wait for an answer and continued. "Yeah, I thought so. Don't trust him though. The guys a total bastard. Ya know he messed wiv me Eye-dro-chloroformic acid in Chemistry so when I dos the experiment it go everywhere. And who gets the rap? Me. Utter bastard!"

I smirked at him as he spoke but Abi replied before I could. "I've had a great day. Come on lets go."

"He's only being nice 'cos he wants to get in ya knickers," Jez called out as got up. Abi smiled at him, her eyes flashing.

"What knickers?" she asked him. "Why would I want to wear them?" She walked out of the café without waiting for a response from the dumbfounded teenager.

"What was all that about?" she asked me as we walked down the ramp.

"I was going to ask you the same question." I countered and put my arm around her. I looked back at an open mouthed Jez in the window of the café and Abi turned and blew him a kiss.

"You're evil," I told her and she leaned in close to me.

"OK. He is a pain in the arse. He tags along, too loud, copies from you. Always borrows money, never pays it back. There is nothing good to say about him."

"So what did you do to him in Chemistry?"

"Nothing. Well nothing really. Teacher told us to get some acid from the back of the room, and he got the wrong one and I didn't tell him. Instead of fizzing nicely, it fizzed rather rapidly. And then it overflowed all over the place. Teach went ballistic, but he blamed me."

Abi nodded. "Why didn't you tell him?"

I dismissed her. "I don't know. I was fourteen. I know I should've, and I suppose he does nobody any harm but he can be irritating and I suppose he had wound me up too much that week, so I sat back and watched. Does that make me an utter bastard?"

Abi grinned and held my hand. "A little. But then we all make mistakes and upset people, especially at fourteen. I should know. I've spent my whole life making them. I suppose we've just got to learn from them and put them right."

I sighed and moved my hand from across her back to her palm. She squeezed it slightly and we walked in silence until we reached the flat door. "So, I meant to ask, are you wearing any knickers or are you just winding him up?"

Abi walked in as I held the door open and waited for it to swing closed.

"Have you had a good day?" She asked, ignoring my question.

I nodded. "Very much so. It's been fun. I've enjoyed myself."

She smiled and wiped her right eye. "Me too, but that's a hell of a question to ask a girl, you know?"

"Well you started it," I told her and she pushed me against the corridor wall, her body touching mine. She grabbed my wrists and slid them down to the hem of her skirt before pushing them up again, riding her skirt up to her waist. My hands felt soft bare skin and I turned my hands to cup her ass. I slid them over, expecting to feel it against some lingerie or G-string but she was bare.

I immediately felt my cock twitch in anticipation and as my hands glided across her silky smooth rear, she tilted her head and planted a long, lingering kiss on my lips. I could taste

the sweetness and sharpness of the lemonade on her lips and felt my body stiffen in expectancy. What was Abi doing? What was she doing to me?

She smiled at me as she pulled her head away and adjusted her summer dress, my hands falling away.

“Why?” I asked, shocked at her brazen behaviour.

“Why didn't you notice?” she asked me softly and I shrugged. “Lots of other guys did, I saw them checking me out as we walked through the town and the park. If you had spent any of today ogling me then you would have noticed. I gave you plenty of opportunity.”

“I-I-I thought we just walking 'round the town” I stammered, not sure what Abi was getting at.

“We were, and I had a great time. I didn't think I necessarily would, so thanks for that,” she said genuinely.

“So what does me not ogling you, mean? Why is it significant?” I asked confused.

“What do you think it means?”

I thought for a moment and sighed, what did it mean? She wanted me to look, or she didn't want me to look? She obviously chose not to wear any knickers to get someone's attention, and if that person was me, why didn't I notice? “I don't know” I eventually said.

“Good,” she said cryptically with a broad smile, flicked her hair back and ascended the stairs dragging her dress up to display her shapely ass as she went. I watched in wonder as climbed the stairs and disappeared into the flat.

Not for the first time in my life I felt out of my depth, but Abi was in a different league to me.

Chapter II

“Ray rang for you. He said could you ring him back before four,” Mum told me as I entered the room. I was still dazed from Abi’s admission only a few seconds earlier and barely registered Mum spread out on the couch scribbling over some paperwork, let alone compute what she said.

I jerked my head towards her when I noticed her presence and she clapped her hands together to get my attention.

“Ray rang for you. He said could you ring him back before four,” she repeated, her eyes bearing into me. “Honestly, you’ve been in a daydream all week.” I ignored the pointed criticism and thanked her for passing on the message. “And don’t natter for ages, it’s peak rate,” Mum warned me as I picked up the handset and dialled Ray’s number. His mother answered and passed the phone to Ray.

“Hiya Andy,” he said breathlessly – he had obviously ran to the ‘phone. “A few of us from German are going bowling tonight. D’ya fancy it?” I hesitated for a moment and he continued. “Four girls, three guys, we want to even up the numbers. And it will take your mind off of Paula.” I thought for a moment about Abi, who had achieved that quite successfully, but then wondered if I needed something to occupy my mind from the thing that had distracted me all day, but chose not complicate the matter in voicing this convoluted array of deliberations and simply agreed to meet Ray and the rest of his German class at seven; he promised me that I knew most of them anyway.

“I’m going to seeing Ray later with some schoolmates, bowling,” I said to Mum as I put the receiver down.

“Don’t be too late,” she warned me and I nodded in agreement. While technically I did have a curfew of 11pm, as I had finished my exams I knew I would not get into trouble if I was a little later as long as I was back in the flat by the time Mum got back from the club and didn’t get into any trouble.

“I won’t. We are just going bowling, I doubt if I will be later than ten or eleven to be honest,” I admitted and wanted to speak with Abi, not least so she could explain what she meant at the bottom of the stairs, but Mum sensed my desire to go upstairs and thwarted it with a simple request.

“Make yourself useful and double check my ledger,” she asked me and passed me a large book and calculator. I groaned, but she shot me a reproachful glance so I sat down and began working through them. I had done it before and it wasn’t an arduous task, just checking that the incomings and outgoings matched her calculations for the month, but it was time-consuming and dull.

It took me forty five minutes to double-check over 500 transactions but eventually I agreed with her total at the end. Abi came and joined us on the sofa half way through and I lost my place when I looked up and smiled at her but only had to redo that page. I could see her playing with the hem of her skirt in my peripheral vision but I did my best to ignore her deliberate distractions and got on with the task of balancing Mum’s accounts.

“You know, if you need someone to work in the office ...” I started but Mum cut me off.

“You know I don’t want you in there,” she told me firmly. “It’s no place for a child.”

I didn’t notice the implications of her tone of voice and continued. “I’m not a child,” I said indignantly.

“I don’t care, Andy, no.”

"Well you said yourself I need a Summer job," I suggested to her and she glared at me with an unwavering determination.

"Andy, the answer is no. It's not happening," she replied staunchly, her body language displaying a firm and resolute immovability. I huffed and placed the ledger on the coffee table between us. "Anyway, I don't need an office administrator; I have one but I have to check this for myself. It's called running a business. And taking on and paying staff I don't need is not a good way to run one. The only vacancies I have at the moment are for a few more dancers and for a cleaner. Why don't you go see the new owners of the florist if they have a vacancy as you used to work there."

"A cleaner, you said? Before the club opens?" I asked, a bit too much excitement in my voice and she sighed deeply. Her eyes narrowed at me, fizzing dangerously.

"Andy. You are not working there."

"Why?" I argued my voice raised and my hands gesturing. "Give me one good reason."

"Because you are sixteen and I say so. It's my business, so that the end of it."

It did seem so unfair that she wouldn't even consider me. Instead I had to compete with hundreds of other school and college kids in the area for temporarily employment when there was a ready made job on my doorstep, within the gift of my mother. I searched around the room for inspiration.

"What could possibly be so wrong about it. It's before anyone else gets there, right? It's not as though..."

"I've told you, it's not up for discussion," she shouted over me and I gave another deep sigh. She stared at me and collected her ledger from the coffee table.

"Abi," I continued and Abi looked up from her book.

"Please don-ne drag me into this," she told me firmly and her head shaking.

"Please can we talk about it because you are just dismissing me without hearing me out. Abi, please help me here, as an independent opinion."

Abi looked across and shrugged her shoulders. "I don't want to get involved, but ..."

Mum raised her hand and stopped Abi, then looked straight at me. "Don't involve Abi in this," she warned me but Abi continued.

"Perhaps it's better when you're a bit older."

I stared at her for a moment, ignoring the grin on my mothers face. "You're supposed to be on my side," I whined and Abi closed her book.

"Oh, I thought you wanted her 'independent opinion'?" Mum enquired and looked at me.

"I do, but ..."

"... but only when it supports you?" Mum finished for me. I opened my mouth to speak but Mum interrupted "So far, instead of showing that you could work for me in an employer-employee relationship you have just thrown your toys out of the pram. Is this what would happen tomorrow if I spoke to you as your manager?"

"No, that's not what ..."

But Mum interrupted. "So why start now?"

"I wasn't!"

"You were, now that's the end of it," Mum told me and I let out a deep breath. It did seem so terribly unfair but there was little I could do about it.

Abi looked over at me and sighed. Andy, you need to think things through before you speak," she said tentatively. "If the club needs an extra cleaner, well in my experience vacancies like that are often snapped up pretty quickly as turnover is quite high so it must have come about very quickly, and this has probably caused a bit of a problem; other members of staff having to fill in or work extra hours, right?"

"Probably." I grunted, shrugging my shoulders as I did.

"So you need to ask, 'I know you don't like me going into the club, but why not let me do it for awhile and see how we go. It'll help you out and I could do with the work; even if it is only for a few days or a week or two. Please think about it'? There is no pressure there and you are much more likely to get the result you want."

Mum smirked as she spoke. "Instead he got on his high horse and behaved like a ten year old."

Abi smiled at me and raised her eyebrows expecting a response, but I slouched into the chair, knowing I had been well and truly outmanoeuvred. Arguing with one woman was bad enough, but two? Well that's not fair, is it?

"On that note, I'm going to make some tea," Mum told us and got up smiling and patted me on the shoulder.

"I thought you might help me," I murmured to Abi in a low voice after Mum had left.

She took a deep breath and gave me a grin. "I just have," she whispered, her eyes twinkling, and with that Abi went into the kitchen to help my Mum prepare tea.

Why was Abi so cryptic?

* * * * *

I was ten minutes early for the bowling, but this didn't bother me. I wanted to run through the days events in my head and sat in the foyer staring into space.

I liked Abi; I liked her a lot but I just didn't understand her. One moment, she is confident, and the next flirtatious and always fun and exciting. I didn't speak too much to her over dinner and felt guilty for it afterwards. I was not upset or angry with her, but I still did not understand what was so magical about her, and that summed up Abi in my mind perfectly. She was perfect, but she was also enigmatic. I could not have predicted the last couple of days in my wildest dreams, but I wondered if I would still like her so much if everything she said and did made perfect sense to me and I could predict her every move?

I was snapped out of my thoughts by Ray bounding in through the red double doors of the bowling alley followed by a few girls.

"How was German, mate?" I asked him as he came up to me.

"Ahh, fine. Sarah and Donna reckon the town hall is das rathaus but I reckon it is a feminine nominative noun. I hope it's feminine not neuter or else I've made a ton of grammatical errors."

I smiled. "In French we only have the two genders"

"Bah, I know! So how was Economics?"

"All right; who's coming?"

"Well Donna, Lisa and Sarah obviously; we came on the train. Just waiting for Jodie, Terry and Jez."

"Jez, that lanky streak of excrement?" I exclaimed and he laughed.

"He always did get on your nerves, didn't he?"

"I saw him earlier. He was, well, Jez. Interrupted a perfectly nice afternoon," I grumbled.

A mixed-race girl stood directly behind Ray and peered round as I spoke. "Jez is all right, isn't he Ray?"

Ray looked at me tensely. "Andy and Jez had a bit of a falling out some time ago. It's best not to, umm, well best not to discuss it," he said tactfully.

The girl stared at me awaiting an explanation and I shrugged my shoulders. She shook her head, "And they say its' women who are the bitchier sex," she replied dismissively.

I chose not to respond and resumed my chat with Ray, "I was thinking of going up to Wendover Woods this week while the weather is good with the Nikon. You fancy it?" I asked and Ray nodded.

"Sure."

"Two boys running around a wood together. Kinky," the mixed race girl continued and I laughed.

"You are welcome to come if you want, it's just a breath of fresh air and some photography."

"Oh. I don't have a camera," Donna admitted and I fidgeted for a moment.

My silence was interrupted by a loud, distinctive voice. "How ya doin' fellas ..."

Jez was warmly greeted by some of the assembled throng but I remained seated to stay out of his eye line and looked up at the ceiling. I am not sure I would have agreed to come if it involved spending two hours with Jez which is probably why Ray omitted it during our earlier conversation. I could cope with him in small doses, but any significant length of time, and he would irritate and annoy me. He was a male version of Rhea, only a tad more frustrating and lot less dignified, if that was possible!

"Exam. Fook me. Impossible, right? I got a 'D' at most I reckon."

"Shall we go in?" I asked. "It is seven."

"Andy, where's that bird ya wiv earlier?" Jez shouted, his voice echoing in the foyer.

Ray shot me an inquisitive look. "Well, she isn't here," I replied stating the obvious and gesturing around me with my open arms. "Shall we ..."

"I wanna know right, how this fella gets himself this piece of skirt. She's 18, fit as fuck, awesome chick. Short skirt too; and no fookin' knickers. What bird goes out without her trollies on if she's not goin' to get stuffed right. She was fookin' oozing sex. Massive jugs. Welsh ..."

"Scottish", I replied instantly and everyone turned in my direction.

Jez grinned as I spoke, somewhat satisfied that he got a reaction from me. "What?"

"She is Scottish, not Welsh. And she told you that, but you probably weren't listening, right?"

"Too fookin' right. No bloke would listen to her; every guy in the park was watching her as she walked. No bra either and you copped a feel as you left. I saw. Everyone did. Anyhow I wanna know how you gets her. 'cos she ain't from school. And if I had a bird like that she'd not leave the fucking bedroom, you know what I'm saying? My cock'll be red raw"

Jez didn't seem to be embarrassed by his candid chauvinism and instead seven pairs of eyes looked at me. "It's probably because of that attitude that you don't have a 'bird like that.' Now shall we, err, go and bowl?"

"Sure," replied Ray biting his lip and then smirking.

It was a Friday night and the bowling alley was fairly busy. Ray had booked but it was a bit last minute and we had lanes two and fifteen which meant I was, thankfully, at the other end of the bowling alley to Jez, who was revelling in his role as the storyteller.

Quite why my non-existent relationship with Abi was so interesting to everyone I did not know and I only really knew Ray and Lisa from the seven other people in the group – although a couple of the others were familiar – but everyone lapped up Jez's stories despite their clear exaggeration.

His one-sided two minute conversation with Abi earlier in the day was morphing into something more considerably significant in the retelling. It was obvious that Jez was stretching the truth to breaking point, akin to a journalist on a cheap tabloid, but he had always liked and revelled in being the very centre of attention and his tale of this model with loose morals was interesting enough to captivate attention – especially when the male subject was someone who had not expressed much interest in the female members of our year group.

“If you tell people you are going out with a super-fit woman, they probably won't believe you and think you are a sad fantasist. If someone else tells everyone you are going out with a model then suddenly it is awesome and you are a stud,” Ray told me reading my mind as I tied my bowling shoes opposite the mouthy Jez.

“I'm not going out with her,” I told him and a smile flickered across his face.

“Well at least you're not thinking of Paula.” I felt a momentarily pang of guilt in how easy it had been to put her out of my mind but shook this from my thoughts as I laughed and looked up at the monitor above us. Why should I feel guilty in moving on with my life? It was Paula who had made it perfectly clear that a long-distance relationship wouldn't work and she was the one that had decided that we must part on good terms now rather than bad terms in a few months time.

“Well I wasn't until someone mentioned her.”

“Oh yeah, sorry. You heard from her?”

“No, not for a couple of weeks. We spoke on the phone a few days ago and she wished me well for the rest of the exams but I've not had a response to my letters.”

“Letters? How many?”

I looked sheepish for a moment, “three.”

Ray shook his head, “What the hell have you had to tell her in just three weeks to put into three letters?”

I shrugged my shoulder and looked out over the bowling alley. “I don't know. All sorts really.”

“You so need to find yourself a girlfriend. That's not healthy to keep brooding over her,” he said as he got up and patted me on the shoulder.

We had just been set up on the lane computer by Donna who had tapped away at the console next to the chairs and I was the last to go – Donna, Ray, Sarah and then Andy. “So who is she then?” Ray asked as we waited for Donna to catch up and tie her laces.

I sighed. “I'm not going out with her, she is not my girlfriend.”

“OK, I get that. Who is she? Is she eighteen? Has she got a boyfriend?”

I thought for a moment. In truth, I didn't know how old she was. “I don't think so. I think she is a little older. She certainly has the confidence and elegance of someone older than eighteen.”

"Oooo! Someone's smitten," Donna teased and I glanced over at her still tying her laces.

"Can I just say, Master Ashton that I am amazed that you managed to get four girls to come tonight. I mean, bowling shoes hardly ever go with whatever outfit they've chosen and obviously this exposes the narcissistic streak within them," I baited Donna and her eyes widened, staring back at me.

"What's narcissistic mean?" Donna asked Ray

"Vain," he responded and I didn't elaborate.

Donna puffed out her chest and she grinned. "So is she fit as fuck?"

I went red again, and sighed. "Well ... she's"

"Awesome?" Donna enquired, smiling as she spoke.

"Well, yeah, OK. She's awesome," I told her, my cheeks still burning red.

Ray raised an eyebrow at me. "Short skirt?"

I thought back. Given it was a summer dress, it technically wasn't a skirt so I shook my head but Ray could see the look on my face and he raised his eyebrows.

"No knickers? No bra?" Donna enquired, her face lit up expectantly.

I sat back in my seat and shook my head. "That is very, very private. I can't answer that."

She smirked knowingly. "That's a yes then. What did you do to find out?"

I could feel myself blushing even more than before but stuttered a reply. "Well if I say she was fully attired you won't believe me and if I say she wasn't you'll want to know much, much more so can we abandon this now? I really don't want to talk about Abi."

Ray was persistent. "Abi? Don't recognise that name. Oh Mum said you came into her shop for stale bread to feed the ducks and you were with a girl she didn't recognise."

"You went to feed the ducks with her? That's quite romantic, really," a small voice from the end of the seat uttered. "No one has ever taken me to feed the ducks."

"Me neither," Donna agreed and Ray shrugged at me. "Did you cop a feel though?"

I buried my head in my hands; I hadn't felt Abi at all, at least not in public but didn't want to get into a conversation about Abi at all. "Can we please bowl. There is nothing to talk about with Abi and me."

"Ahhh ... rejected you?" Ray teased.

I puffed my chest and asked Ray "What makes you think I've asked?"

Donna answered for him barely suppressing a giggle, "because she is fit as fuck, wears short skirts, no knickers, no bras and has massive jugs"

There was a gaggle of laughter and even I couldn't contain my smile. "OK. Fucking bowl" and Donna got up to bowl a six followed by a single.

Ray fared little better with a five and two but Sarah got her ball in the gutter twice. I felt a little guilty when I hit a strike first time out.

"Knocks 'em down, just like with all the ladies," Donna ribbed.

"Are you going to take the piss all night?" I asked playfully, my arms outstretched as I walked back to the seats, and Ray laughed.

"I was thinking of taking a break for a couple of minutes around 9:30 but pretty much, yeah," she replied, grinning.

"Can't you control her?" I asked Ray and he sniggered.

"Come on love," Ray said seriously. "If we continue he'll only storm off home to her." I shot him a pained look but he continued. "Actually mate, why didn't you bring her along?"

"What, and subject her to you lot?" I grinned. "She is way too refined to meet you riff-raff."

Donna and Ray looked at each other. "Come on mate, we aren't that bad. Sarah's very sweet, Donna can be polite when she wants to, and I was nice to Paula."

"You were not. You and Rosie cheated with a marked deck when we played Strip Poker," I replied a bit too quickly and Ray went bright red.

"Rosie always cheated at everything when I played her with Zoe," Sarah added and I remembered that there was a fourth person with us. She was being quiet at the end of the seats and hardly saying anything as Donna and Ray teased me. If I was her, I would have felt a tad isolated.

"Well that was Rosie's idea," Ray responded quickly and Donna looked at him, her arms folded. "Anyway, you weren't complaining at the time."

I had an instant memory of a naked Paula in my bedroom surrounded by a nearly-naked me albeit with an almost fully-clothed Ray and Rosie. It was the first time I had ever seen her naked and it was a powerful, erotic memory that at the time had induced plenty of frantic teenage masturbation.

"Dreaming about Abi?" Donna taunted, trying to guess my thoughts. "So why didn't you bring her?"

"Can't, she's working" I replied abruptly without thinking.

"On a Friday night, where does she work? In a bar? Supermarket? Where?" Donna asked.

I saw Ray's eyes flash and Paula disappeared from my mind in an instant. Not many of my friends knew about my mothers' business and certainly didn't publicise it, but as my best friend he obviously knew, especially given the fact that he had been party to the naked girls in our lounge a few years previous. "You don't mean ..." he started and I interrupted him with a steely glare.

"Ray." I said firmly, my eyes unwavering and firmly warning him to be careful what he said.

"What?" asked Donna innocently, looking at both Ray and me in turn.

"You are joking, aren't you?" He asked. "You are joking? Please tell me you are joking."

"I didn't say anything!" I stammered in a response. "And neither will you."

Ray thought for a split-second and tilted his head, eyebrows raised. "Well that explains, quite a lot!"

"Explains what?" asked Donna impatiently. "Will one of you tell me?"

"Nothing," I told her and she looked at Ray imploringly. "It's your turn"

"Ray, tell me!" Donna demanded.

I stared at Ray and he shook his head. "Nothing. It's your turn," he said sullenly.

Donna stared back at me and got up. I shot Ray a look asking him to keep quiet but it didn't register.

"Does your Mum know?"

"Will you shut up?" I whispered firmly at him.

"OK, but that's totally mental and a bit cool. I hope you know what you are doing."

"Right, I am not going out with Abi. Understand that. I am not doing anything."

“At least she should take your mind of Paula,” he told me and I sighed in resignation.

Donna was trying to listen in on our hushed conversation, and therefore scored a measly three. Ray did barely any better before Sarah managed just one. I tried not to gloat after my turn but a “spare” wasn't bad at all.

“You are very good at bowling.” Sarah told me as I sat down at the opposite end of the bench to Ray and Donna. They had cuddled into each other whispering intently and it was not difficult to notice a closeness between them. Paula and I had always been careful to ensure our public displays of affection and closeness did not isolate or embarrass anyone we were with, but Donna and Ray did not seem to appreciate that they were ignoring Sarah and myself.

“I used to come most weeks. Sister was on the bowling team until she got thrown off and she used to come to practice so Paula and I tagged along, but luck helps,” I told her and she sighed.

“I very rarely come bowling. It's quite expensive for Donna and Zoe isn't allowed out very often. And me and Lisa prefer football, it's cheaper.”

“I would have come if you asked me,” I told her and she gave a wry smile.

“But I hardly knew you, did I?”

“You were in my Maths class?” I corrected her. “In Year 8 and 9? Used to sit behind Zoe and me.”

She smiled. “Well yes. Apart from that. I could hardly ask you to go bowling with me?”

I hummed, choosing not to answer her question. “And I know Zoe fairly well, she was at Grove House with me. We were good friends. I know she isn't fond of bowling but you know, I'd have happily have gone with you.”

Sarah gave me a slightly pained look and we returned our attention to the bowling.

Donna and Ray improved their throws to register a nine and eight respectively so when Sarah got up I followed her.

“Here, I'll show you” I said and picked up a different colour ball. “You appear to be struggling with the 12lb, try the 10lb.”

She smiled and nodded, her long straggly light brown hair moving gently as she did so.

“Put the ball down for a minute. When you bowl, your left foot should be next to the centre dot here,” I told her pointing towards a little mark on the wooden floor, “and your right foot just behind your left foot, like this.”

I demonstrated without a ball and she watched. She tried it and I told her to “bend her knees but keep her body straight and then release the ball.”

She practised it again but her arm was a jerky movement not a smooth sweeping bowl.

“Here, shut your eyes for a moment,” I told her and she froze. “Trust me.” I went behind her and told her to bowl and when she did guided her hands in a smooth motion with my right hand and used my left hand to steady her, placing it on her stomach.

“And again,” I told her and gently moved her arms with her motion.

“Try it,” I told her and stood back and watched as her ball rolled perfectly and hit a strike. She turned round, beaming.

“He doesn't miss an opportunity, does he?” Donna asked Ray. “Feeling up poor Sarah too.”

Ray smirked. “Well, he has a reputation to uphold. We best not tell Abi.”

I picked up my ball and held it up. "Best not to try and wind me up when I have a 16lb ball in my hand."

I didn't hit a strike but a spare wasn't too bad and I sat down, comfortably leading.

"Thanks," Sarah said and put her hand on my knee.

"You're welcome."

Donna seemed to enjoy teasing me all evening although I didn't really mind. I seemed to have acquired a reputation, albeit temporary and unfounded, for being good with the fairer sex. I wished it were true, but knew it wasn't and I suppose Donna did too or else her baiting wouldn't have been funny.

Sarah and I got on very well. I doubt if even a week ago I would have had the confidence to engage in such conversation with someone I barely knew but it was as if my alter ego who had been dormant for the previous sixteen years had decided to take centre stage for the evening. I suppose, when Donna and Ray kept telling me I was a charmer, I started to feel supremely confident, not to mention what the divine Abi had done to my confidence earlier in the day. I behaved as Donna and Ray expected with Sarah and instead of Sarah feeling uncomfortable with my approachable and chatty demeanour, she seemed to warm towards me and was funny and talkative all evening.

Meanwhile, Ray and Donna were clearly an item – or at least going to be – and in between the joking and sniping they practically ignored Sarah and I for large parts of the evening. If I had not have been there Sarah would probably have been a gooseberry, but this probably explained why Ray was so keen for me to come. In all the years I had known Ray, he had never been inconsiderate, even when he was with just Rosie and myself, and I did uncharitably wonder what delights Donna was promising him for later in the evening!

We were all done by 9pm. I had bowled a fair few strikes and posted three respectable scores – 155, 163 and 141. This was easily enough to beat Ray, Donna and Sarah although Sarah posted 135 in the final game which was a very good score, especially for someone with her experience and was leading up until the final frame.

As a group, we ambled over to the bar in the corner of alley to get lemonades. They would not serve us alcohol as we were too young and were not stupid enough to ask, although I really fancied an ice-cold IPA on the warm night.

My love of beer came from the weeks away at my father's house. He was an active member of CAMRA and he began to introduce me to proper beer and I found I enjoyed it, especially on a warm day but Mum would only buy it for me occasionally and I was too young to get served away from the flat (and not stupid enough to try).

The cool lemonade quenched my thirst nicely and I sat down at the table.

"We saw you touching Sarah up," Jez started from the other side of the large table and Sarah blushed.

I laughed, "I was not touching her up"

"It didn't look like that to us," a short boy next to Jez replied.

"Well, I didn't, I was showing Sarah how to bowl"

"It didn't look like that to us either and Sarah definitely had a smile on her face," Donna added and Sarah gave her friend a push on the shoulder.

"Come on mate, we all saw the hands a-wandering," Ray told me, and Sarah and I both blushed.

"He did that earlier with that Scottish girl."

"Her name is Abi," Donna told him and he nodded. "And we don't know if she has a boyfriend but they are not going out. Or so he claims."

"Can I have her phone number then?"

I laughed and looked at him. "She'd eat you alive."

"Well that's a chance I am happy to take," Jez joked.

Donna giggled and Jez quickly moved the conversation onto his winning score. This suited me fine and I said nothing to interrupt his ego in full flow. We chatted as a group for 20 minutes or so, and I noticed Donna and Ray leaning into each other again. They were holding hands and not making any attempt at disguising or hiding their attraction to each other.

Sarah slipped out from her seat as she finished her drink. "You OK?" I asked her and she nodded.

"I'm just going to ring Mum," she told me. "She likes to come and pick me up."

"Oh, where do you live?" I asked, a little disappointed she was leaving so early. I did not fancy being alone with Ray and Donna, or going back to the flat to be on my own. "You came on the train, right?"

"Wendover."

"Why not just take the train back?" I asked. "Ray lives in Mandeville and he travels back there."

Sarah fidgeted slightly and spoke in a quiet voice, "She doesn't like me travelling back alone at night. I mean, I did get a return but it's getting a bit dark now and she won't like it."

"Look, I'll still walk you back. It's no trouble, I don't fancy going back to an empty flat, to be honest."

Sarah hesitated behind her seat. "You don't need to. I'll be fine."

Donna, who was listening in, leant over her chair, "She says yes she'd love you to. She hates disturbing her parents in the evening, don't you?"

"Donna, do you mind," Sarah said to her friend in a stern voice. "Andy lives in Aylesbury."

"Do you normally speak for her?" I asked Donna and she nodded with a wide grin.

"It's much, much easier this way, you'll see," Donna told me and winked. She looked at Sarah who relented and held out her hand.

"Come on then, if you want to."

"Be careful though, Sarah," Ray warned, his eyes sparkling mischievously. "He's sex mad!"

"I am not sex mad!" I replied, a little too loudly so the rest of the bar looked round at us.

"You are. Even Paula said you were constantly thinking about it."

"You going back to ya bird?" Jez interrupted but before I could answer Donna replied.

"She's working but he won't tell us where."

"Bet you it's a pub or a club somewhere..." Jez replied.

I looked up at the ceiling. "Two hours. For fucks sake; why are you interested in Abi?"

Jez grinned sheepishly, "cos she's the sexiest thing outside my Dad's secret magazine and video collection."

The table roared with laughter and I couldn't help but join in.

"Anyway," Sarah added from behind me, her hands on my shoulders as she leant over, "you are very cute when you are embarrassed. It's entertaining."

"Good to see that I have some use then!" I grumbled and drained the last of my lemonade. I stood up and walked around my chair.

"Before we go, can you just tell them if you're wearing knickers or not, 'cos these rumours, you know" I asked Sarah jokingly, not expecting a response but she giggled.

"I am wearing knickers," she said. "And a bra."

"That is true," Donna added. "She got ready at my house and I saw them. Little lacy red G-String."

"Donna!" Sarah squealed. "Will you behave!"

Donna nodded and turned back towards the table. "Little hearts on them. Just the sort of knickers you wear for someone to see. Or remove."

Sarah squeaked, and pushed me towards the door. "Come on, lets go!"

"I think you might get lucky Andy," Donna called out and I smiled at Sarah who hurriedly making a beeline for the exit with me.

"You know you are very cute when you are embarrassed," I joked and smiled at her. "You OK?" I asked as we got outside the bowling alley into the cool fresh air of the Buckinghamshire twilight.

"I'm fine. I will have a word with Donna about explaining my underwear to my German class 'though but she is like that. She doesn't mean any harm by it. What about you?"

"Me, oh I'm fine," I told dismissively. "Just a bit of fun."

"Donna 's a bit relentless though."

"Maybe. I don't mind too much. I get worse from my sister. Who is going to object to being characterised as smooth and confident with the opposite sex? It's not true, but it does my ego no harm so I don't mind."

Sarah shrugged. "Well if you weren't there I'd have been on my own as Donna and Ray were enjoying each others' company a bit too much."

We crossed the road and turned off towards the station.

"I'm sure you wouldn't have been the odd one out," I said with a little more conviction that I believed.

"Hmmm, I'm not sure. Well I'm glad you are confident. Not many of our class would have offered to take the train to the next town so I get home safely," Sarah told me.

"No maybe not. But there is a selfish reason there also. I really don't want to go back to an empty flat. I'll just torment myself with my thoughts," I admitted and she nodded as we walked into the station entrance.

"So who exactly is Abi? If you don't mind me asking."

I took a deep breath and sighed. "I'd say she is a friend but she is more than that, maybe. Or not even that. I don't really know."

"That doesn't make any sense," she replied eventually and we sat down on the empty platform.

"I know. Tell me about it."

"So what was that all about when Ray said it was mental." I tensed up and then stalled.

"You don't have to tell me," the softly spoken girl said and I nodded. I needed to speak to

someone, and someone I barely knew – a real outsider was just perfect. It felt right that I could tell her and there was nothing wrong about what I was going to tell her, just that some people didn't like the idea of lap-dancing venues.

"Have you been down Castle Street at all?" I asked and she looked surprised.

"A few times."

"Describe it. What's down there?"

"A few galleries, bakers, florist, pub, newsagents." Sarah shrugged.

"Anything else?"

Sarah thought for a moment. "I can't remember."

"There is a lap-dancing club there, on the right-hand side as you come from the station". I paused to let Sarah digest this and then continued. "My family owns it. Well Mum does. Dad is in the Lake District"

"Right," she said tentatively.

"Well Mum has always been super careful about my sisters or I knowing or seeing anything that goes on in the club. It's a bit difficult as we live in a flat above it, but she would never let us see anything that went on. It was a bit frustrating, to be honest, especially when you hit puberty and have all the hormones buzzing 'round"

Sarah giggled knowingly and I continued.

"Well, yesterday I had my last exam, came home at lunchtime and there is a girl in the flat with Mum talking and she is drop-dead gorgeous. Late teens, or early twenties. Scottish accent which I love and I am tongue-tied. I couldn't speak to her. Anyhow, she is staying in the guest bedroom for a few days until her flat is sorted and I'm still not able to talk to her. There is an aura about her. Mum goes to work yesterday evening and nothing much happens until Abi gets a bottle of wine open and we share it over a game of chess."

Sarah grinned. "Alcohol. Loosens inhibitions"

"Quite. Anyway, we are playing. Well she is winning and I mention something I probably shouldn't have done. I tell her that she is perfect which was the alcohol short-circuiting my thoughts to my voice box"

Sarah laughed at this point. "See you are a charmer" and I bit my lip.

"Well I'm not really but she was touched by it but I did kind of mean it."

"How long had you known her at this point?"

"A few hours. Yes, I know. It sounds mad. It's sound mad to me trying to explain it but there was a great spark between us. She flirted a little with me, even when the subject of Strip Poker came up"

"You played Strip Poker?" Sarah asked incredulously and I shook my head.

"No we didn't. We then played on the PlayStation and got pissed. Mum came home and didn't shout or anything. She didn't seem to mind that this girl and I had drunk three bottles of wine."

"My Mum would have gone crazy."

"Yes, mine would have done, well should have done – on past performance anyway – but didn't. So that was a bit strange. Get up this morning and spend the day in town. She is dressed to die for, looks absolutely stunning but I don't really notice."

Sarah raised an eyebrow at me and I shook my head.

"I just didn't. It's like being in a bit of a trance. She captures my attention perfectly from her personality. I barely noticed the short dress once we stepped outside the flat. It's sounds implausible but it's true. We do a bit of shopping, get some bread, feed the ducks. She cuddles up to me afterwards on the park bench and I just felt so..."

"Satisfied? Content?"

"Yeah. Just it's perfect. We have an ice-cream in the café, Jez comes in. Tells Abi that I am a bastard and am only trying to get into her knickers. She replies, 'what knickers?' Hence, the, questions earlier."

"Ahhh, was she wearing any?"

"I'll get to that, because we left after that and ambled home. Got through the front door and she pushes me against the wall and then guides my hands to her arse and pushes her dress up. I can see nothing as she is between me and my hands, pressing up against my body, but I can feel no fabric just bare skin."

"Wow," Sarah said and the train came into the station. As Aylesbury was the terminus it stayed for a few minutes before travelling back down the line towards London so we got on but did not expect it to move immediately. I sat opposite Sarah by the window facing her and let her continue. "You're not gay then?"

I rolled my eyes and opened my hands. "No I am not," I replied indignantly, "although every red-blooded guy was staring at her."

"So what happened next?" asked Sarah impatiently as I sat down.

"Nothing really. I asked her why, and she said if I had been paying attention to her body all day I would have noticed."

"Fair point," Sarah conceded on my behalf.

"Totally. But that's what I don't get. I didn't notice. I wasn't looking. She did give me every opportunity but I was paying attention to her, not her knickers – or lack of them. She asked me what I thought it meant by me not looking and I said I didn't know."

"Did she explain?"

"No. She just said 'good'. So I am more than a little confused."

"Maybe she was just trying to see what your ulterior motive for wanting to take her out was," Sarah suggested.

"I don't have an ulterior motive," I told her and Sarah nodded.

"I know but maybe she was just checking."

"Maybe. Anyway, later, I'm arguing with my Mum. Basically, I want to work in the club ..."

Sarah shot me a look, "... I bet you do."

"As a cleaner. So I'll be done long before any of the girls turn up. Unfortunately, no lap-dancing girls or sexy waitresses or whatever. Just cleaning but Mum says no, so we are having an argument. Abi sides with Mum which I don't get and then says she has helped me."

"Hm... Sarah murmured.

"Quite. So I am here. Abi has confused me. I have known her for less than 36 hours, spent more time thinking about her than I have been with her. She is everything I think I want in a partner, have a really good spark with but I don't know if that's the start of a good friendship, a partnership or if it is just a flash in the pan. I have not felt this way about anyone before. Not even Paula and we dated for two years." Sarah's eyebrows leapt when

I mentioned Paula. "She lived next door. She was my best friend. We went on dates. We kissed. We played strip poker. Alone, and with Ray. She slept in my bed a few times. Mutual mas... a few things. She left earlier this month to go to Dorset."

"But you never felt anything special towards her?"

"I thought I did, but it was different, In a weird way I loved Paula as she knew me better than anyone but I'm not sure I ever truly fancied her, if that makes sense. With Abi, there is a real spark there. I felt it on the park bench. Butterflies in my stomach as she cuddled up against my chest. But I don't know what to do? It sounds irrational. It is irrational, I know this."

Sarah smirked. "Do you think it is infatuation or love?"

"I don't think it's, well I don't know. It can't be love, I barely know her."

"You have no romance," she teased. "Ever heard of love at first sight?"

I shook my head. "I just don't know. You can see why I don't want to go back to the flat and brood?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't want to do anything until Abi is ready to move into her flat. If I do, and she doesn't feel anything then she would be uncomfortable around me and the flat and it'll be unfair."

"That's quite cool"

"It gets me out of making the decision for a few days anyhow. Coward, I know."

"No. I know the feeling. Feel guilty about it?"

"A bit," I admitted and the train jerked into life.

"So she is a stripper then?"

I nodded. "And very flirtatious too"

"I bet she is. So this explains why she is drop dead gorgeous and why she is very sexy and everything. You have the hots for a lap-dancer. Doesn't every guy dream of going to bed with a lap-dancer?" she added.

"Maybe. I know being flirty and saucy goes with the territory but we didn't even walk down the street without holding each others hands. That's a sign surely?" I added and Sarah raised her eyebrows and looked down at her lap. Unbeknown to me I had placed my hand on hers as I had been talking.

I withdrew it immediately. "Shit, sorry!"

"See, you are sex mad!" she said with a smile on her face.

"Obviously, but we used to have dancers in the flat to babysit. They were never flirty or sexy, just normal people. Actually I think a lot of them were Uni students as they used to help with my school work."

"You used to be babysat by strippers?" Sarah asked incredulously.

"Well, yes" I replied sheepishly. "Is that really strange?"

Sarah thought for a moment and nodded. "Yeah. Did they wear the lingerie sets?"

I laughed. "No. Not a single one of them. Mores the pity. I would have liked some real help with some of my Biology homework but it never materialised. Not in reality anyway"

Sarah smiled knowingly. "Ah, the filthy dreams"

I went red immediately and grinned. "So young ladies don't have them then"

"Not for female strippers, not normally, no," Sarah replied quickly.

"Normally?"

Sarah smiled and then changed the subject. "I think Donna is smitten though"

"Oh you noticed?" I said a little condescendingly and Sarah grinned. "So how well do you know Donna?"

"She's one of my best friends. We go back since I started school. How long have you known Ray?"

"Years. We were in the Scouts together. From what I saw," I reasoned, "I think she will wear the trousers in that relationship. Rosie was a lot more placid and calm."

"Yeah, Rosie is. She is Zoe's friend really but I know her, and is just so shy and quiet. Donna is the exact opposite and she doesn't normally get on with shrinking violets."

"I wouldn't call Ray a shrinking violent but he thinks before he acts or speaks. He's a very methodical person."

"And you?"

"I get told I'm impulsive. I do act on gut instinct too much, I know that but I try not to"

"But you aren't doing so with Abi?" Sarah replied.

"Can't afford to." Sarah grinned at me and the train approached Stoke Mandeville to a standstill. "I don't want to ruin anything. So enough about me, what about you ..."

"Weren't we talking about you and your love life?"

"I don't have a love life any more. That's what is so depressing. Anyway, it might take my mind off of it."

Sarah smiled at me, "there is nothing to tell"

"Well you live in Wendover so your father is either in the army or owns an airline"

Sarah laughed, "It's RAF Halton not the Army"

"Sorry, in the RAF or owns an airline"

"No, we sold the airline last year. We only own the merchant bank and the football club" she replied flippantly. "I was saying to daddy on the yacht last week..."

"OK I get it, still about you?"

"Are you drop t'is?"

"No"

"OK I have an elder brother, Paul who is off to Uni this year. My mum runs the Landmark Hotel towards Buckingham and dad works as a senior manager in London. Grandfather in the army although now lives in Missenden"

"Any boyfriends?"

"Sort of"

"Doing better than me then"

"You want a boyfriend?" Sarah enquired flippantly. "You said you weren't gay!" I groaned.

"He is called Kevin and I met him in London. He lives in London so I have to travel to see him so it's difficult and is causing a bit of tension."

"Now Bournemouth would be difficult. I could cope with London."

"Hmmm..." Sarah grinned at me.

The train glided into Wendover station and we departed, alighting from the carriage and walking over the bridge.

"Did you get a ticket?" Sarah asked and I shook my head. "The ticket office was closed so I can pay at the other end, which is also closed this time of night. I'll probably get a free ride back as well."

"Fare dodger!"

"Maybe."

We set off down the road towards Sarah's house and she surprisingly took my hand. I glanced across at her and she shrugged. "It's dark and scary," she reasoned and we walked in relative silence.

St James Way was a short road, no more than half a mile from the village centre but was lined with a dozen or so large five-bedroom detached houses. Sarah walked up the road and I was about to wish her good night but she tried to beckon me in. "Come in. Have a coffee at least. Ten minutes, please"

I looked at my watch and then at her. Her house was behind a couple of large trees and a hedge with a six foot high wooden fence. I could barely see it, but I knew it would be impressive.

"Look, I haven't this much fun for a long time and you don't want to go back to your flat and brood, do you?" I smirked at her and hummed. What was she offering exactly? "Half an hour. Promise! It's just so early for the night to end," Sarah pleaded.

OK. I don't want to miss the last train out of Wendover. It's the best part of seven miles. I like walking but, well ya know."

"Last train is at half eleven", she implored. "It's barely nine thirty"

"OK. What did you have in mind"

"I have loads of games. Or we could watch telly, I have one in my room. Or just chill, listen to some music. You've walked me back home, at least make it worth your while."

Sarah's house was impressive. The little manicured lawn at the front had a bench on it and the house covered in ivy. I knew there was hundreds of these houses in Wendover and the local area, but this was still far grander than our flat.

Sarah opened the front door and we walked into the hallway. She called out to her mother to say she was home and then dragged me half way up the stairs when her mother appeared. She was not much shorter than Sarah possessing a similar build, body and hair to her daughter.

"Sarah!" a warm but firm voice called out and we heard the lounge door close.

"Yes," she guiltily answered from the stairs.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm just going upstairs."

"You know the rules," her mother said sternly.

"I'm sixteen," her daughter whined.

"Yes I know that, I paid for the party, remember?" her mother reminded her, coldly.

"It's not fair! Paul brings his girlfriend home and you don't mind. I can even hear them having sex in the morning. I just want to chill out and relax with my friends."

"He is eighteen, you are not."

“But...”

Her mother extended a finger, and wagged it at her. “I don't care. I know what sixteen year olds are like. I know what Paul was like at sixteen. I know what I was like.”

“I'm surprised you can remember that far back,” Sarah murmured and her mother took a deep breath.

“Look, Sarah, why don't you bring down what you wanted to do and we can go sit in the dining room, or conservatory or wherever,” I suggested.

Sarah wailed at her mother. “I want some privacy. Why do you have to embarrass me?”

“There is nobody here,” her mother told her and waved me down. “Paul is in Newquay and your dad is working.”

Sarah grumbled and then asked me to wait in the lounge. The lounge was immaculate, bright blue carpet and bright white walls. A brick built fireplace was not set in the wall but a couple of feet into the room and with the chimney made a great focal point. I stepped around the fireplace and sat down on the sofa on the far wall. Pictures of Sarah, always smiling, and an older boy were dotted around the room.

“Thank you,” her mother said as she closed the lounge door. “I don't think we've met. Angela.”

She held out her hand and I shook it. “Andy.”

“Sarah can be so stubborn when she wants to be but then you probably already seen that.”

I grimaced slightly. “I've only really met her tonight” Her mother's demeanour changed slightly so I nervously continued. “It was the German class social but I know a few people from other classes so tagged along.”

Angela's smile returned in part. I could see her mind was whirring as to who I was and what my intentions were, and I felt as though I was being assessed or measured. I wondered briefly how I would compare against Kevin or against Paul's partner and whether I should care. Deep down I knew I would do, as I didn't want anyone to have a bad opinion of me, but in truth I didn't really know what my intentions in being here. I suppose I was here as Sarah had pleaded for me to spend a bit more of the evening with her, and that I didn't want to be alone with my thoughts in the flat, although her petulance on the stairs made me wonder if she would really be much fun.

“You live in Wendover then?” she asked, snapping me out of my musings.

“Aylesbury.” I pre-empted her questioning and so pressed on. “Sarah said you didn't like her travelling home alone so I've walked with her. I'll take the last train back to Aylesbury.”

“Won't your parents mind you getting back so late?” she asked, her eyes narrowing at me and I shook my head.

“No. Last train will get me in before midnight and I only live 'round the corner from the station,” I replied and then stopped aghast, hoping that she was not about to ask whereabouts I lived. Admitting that your family lived on top of, and ran, a strip club would give some people a bad impression and I had always been aware of the need for discretion.

Angela's and my thoughts were interrupted by Sarah. She held a couple of board games in her arms but my attention was drawn to her clothes. Or lack of. Instead of her shorts and T-Shirt there was a purple nightdress. Her arms were covered, and her neckline covered everything but it was short. Very short, just a few inches below her waist.

“Sarah!” warned her mother when she turned.

“What?” she asked

“That is not appropriate....”

“...Mum! Can you stop embarrassing me please. My T-Shirt and shorts were sweaty and uncomfortable. It's not unreasonable to change into something more comfortable,” Sarah interrupted. Her mother didn't seem too happy and went to speak but Sarah glared at her.

“You can go in the conservatory,” her mother told her and Sarah walked passed me, through the door to my right and I followed.

Neither Sarah nor I closed the conservatory door, we didn't dare, and Sarah put two boxes on a wicker chair. There were over eight chairs in her conservatory that looked over the expansive garden and Sarah offered me Chess or Scrabble.

“Scrabble,” I said, the memories of Abi's complete victory still fresh in my mind.

“I'm a little annoyed with you,” she said as she laid out the game.

“Looks like it,” I quipped and she grinned.

“If you hadn't of interfered we'd have had some peace and quiet in my room”

I stared at her and shook my head. “The only thing that would have happened is that I would have gone home and you would have got a bollocking,” I replied. “I had such an argument earlier with my Mum. Parents can't lose. They don't. They might not win, but they just defer victory.”

“Rubbish,” Sarah snorted and shook back her wavy hair.

“It's like turning up to a battle with swords when the other sides have guns, missiles and aeroplanes. No point starting a fight when negotiation and compromise will get you a partial victory.”

Sarah stared at the board and then at me. “So you never get into arguments then?”

“No I do. And I know it's pointless. But it is easier for me as an outsider looking in than it is for you. Save your arguments until you really need a victory.”

She eyed me suspiciously but didn't continue with her thoughts on her parents.

“Pick your tiles,” she told me passing me a velvet bag and I selected seven letters – the blank, a K, an I, two O, a Q and an M. I surveyed the board for a moment. It is difficult to use all seven letters in one go, but with nothing on the board it was possible, surely.

I spent a minute thinking and looking at my letters before opting for KIMONO.

“Nice,” Sarah said and put WRONG over the O in KIMONO.

“A nice few points here”, I uttered and put down OZONE to which Sarah responded with ALLOW and I added FOA to, to make FOAL.

Sarah started giggling. “I can't. Oh I can't resist” she muttered and put down FANNY.

“You can't have that!” I told her and she reached down and brought up a dictionary. “Give it here”

Sarah passed me the dictionary and I leafed through it to the correct page.

“I can't see it,” I joked with her but Sarah's eyes sparkled.

“Maybe you should be looking at rather than ignoring the ladies with no knickers on then?”

“Like yourself. I had noticed but wasn't going to say anything.”

Sarah bit her lip coyly and I laughed and then took four letters from the bag. I left the

dictionary on my lap deliberately and put DA to the Y in FANNY to make DAY over a triple-word score.

Sarah put down JAGRA and I pulled her up. "It's a word" she countered and I picked up the dictionary.

"If you can tell me what it means you can have it," I told her with a smirk as I located it.

"What it is, not what it means, surely?" she replied, a smile flashing over her face. Somehow, I got the feeling she knew what it was. "It's Hindi. It's a state of consciousness."

"Hmmm ..." I grumbled and put the dictionary down, picked up my letters to make KITES. Sarah put down PARVE

"It's Jewish food that contains no meat or dairy" she told me as she slotted the E into place and her mother appeared.

"Do you want a drink?" she asked and Sarah readjusted herself subconsciously to make sure she was totally decent.

"I'm fine, thanks", I said and she glanced at the board.

"Who put that word down?" she asked pointing into the corner of the board.

"That was me," Sarah answered sheepishly.

"I did protest but it is in the dictionary so..."

"...so it's allowed" Sarah finished for me. "But he did protest as he did not like my fanny! Can you believe that?" I pursed my lips together, trying hard not to giggle.

"If you are going to be lewd then Andy can go home and we have that chat about how sixteen year old girls should behave," Angela threatened and Sarah groaned.

I waited until her mother had left the room and stared at her. "What?" she asked, not noticing the disapproval in my eyes.

"I'm saying nothing."

"Pah!" she said and added S and Y to ALLOW to make SALLOWY.

"Impressive" I told her and then exchanged all my letters. Suffice to say Sarah won. I managed TWAT and she added GOO alongside it, but she won by over 100 points.

"Strip Scrabble, we agreed, right?" she teased her eyes glowing.

"I'm not sure your mother would approve."

Sarah looked sullen for a moment as she packed the game away leaning over to turn on the radio beside her. She grinned at me and stretched her arms and legs.

"Tell me about Paula," she asked and I shrugged.

"What is there to tell. She was my best friend and my girlfriend. We spent almost every evening together doing homework, we went walking together most weekends and used to run the florist together every Saturday."

"Wow. That's basically living in each others' pockets," Sarah murmured and I grinned.

"Yeah we did. We did everything together. As I said she was my best friend."

"Everything?" Sarah asked her eyebrows raised.

I laughed at her and nodded. "Yeah everything. Well obviously we didn't go to the bathroom together or anything but we were always with each other. She even went up to the Lake District a couple of times when I went to stay with Dad for the week. Mum thought we were besotted with each other but she was a really nice person who had similar

interests, at a similar age and lived next door. Of course we were going to be friends although Rhea, my little sister, didn't like Paula's sister. I didn't like her too much either but they really disliked each other."

Sarah smiled and shrugged. "There is no-one 'round here my age. I used to know someone down the end of the road but I don't see him any more. You are lucky living so close to town."

"I think you're lucky having all this on your doorstep," I told her and pointed to her garden. "Our garden is limited to a window box."

Sarah smiled at me and looked out, "I suppose. I wouldn't mind living a bit closer to school. Donna and Lisa live in Mandeville and that's a few miles away and Zoe is in Aylesbury."

"I know, she lives a few minutes walk from me."

"And Jodie and Ingrid live on the other side of Aylesbury so that's miles away."

"I have that now as well. Ray is in Mandeville. I don't have Paula next door any more. I mean, yeah I have loads of people I know in Aylesbury but my close friends are five or hundred and five miles away."

Sarah smiled as I laid back in my chair. "You have Abi, she is next door to your bedroom."

"She is next door, true, but we are not going out and I don't know if I will see her much after she moves into her new flat."

"You need to ask her out on a date then," Sarah told me and I grinned.

"Yeah, well. If I have the courage."

Sarah scoffed. "What's the worst that can happen?"

I thought for a moment. "I don't know. It'll be awkward if she says no and I will be upset. And pride, and ..."

Sarah shook her head. "... men!"

"No, just. It's not something to enter into lightly. I don't want her to be uncomfortable and I don't even know if she likes me."

"She wanders around Aylesbury with you without any underwear, flirts with you and you wonder if she likes you or not. I'm telling you now, every guy I know would have noticed, stared, got embarrassed and then ogled. So why not you?"

I spluttered. "I don't know. I've asked myself the same question."

Sarah smiled. "Is it because you are immune to it, all those beautiful, lovely babysitters you had over the years."

"It was only a couple of times a week and I am not immune to the curves and charms of beautiful women. I just wasn't expecting it so I wasn't looking. Paula was very beautiful but I rarely noticed, so to speak. I was happy with her, even when we were cuddling up to each other. Dating and kissing just wasn't that important to her so it wasn't to me."

Sarah grinned a bit and then smirked. "A bit personal, but I am guessing from what you said earlier you never had sex with her."

My eyes widened at her. "That's very personal."

"A bit of an inappropriate question, maybe," she said quickly but continued. "But I can see from the look on your face that it's true. Maybe if you had then you would have seen her differently."

I shifted in my seat uncomfortably and she smiled. "Yeah, that's maybe true. We did a few

things but they were mostly alcohol induced and more out of intrigue than passion," I admitted. "We even managed to share a single bed for a whole week and nothing really happened."

"Whoa. How long had you been going out?"

"Err ... a year, a year and a quarter maybe. It was at the start of the year, just before my sixteenth birthday."

"Were you not tempted?"

She grinned at the smile on my face and I nodded.

"A little, but it was up to her. Their kitchen got flooded so her parents moved into the spare bedroom, Paula moved into my room and her sister moved into his Rhea's room for the week, which was fun. I was supposed to sleep on the floor but I don't reckon anyone thought I would. It was really nice waking up next to my girlfriend and cuddling her but if we did anything it would have been up to her and she made no moves. She was happy and so was I."

Sarah shook her head. "I've never had that, I've never woken up along side someone but ..."

"You should, it's lovely. I just felt so content and happy. It was January as well as so sharing body warmth made it very snug."

Sarah grinned and I changed the subject to the song on the radio. We talked about our exams for twenty minutes and then I got up to go.

"I better get going", I told her. "It's nearly ten thirty and I have to get back to the station. Sarah nodded and escorted me out of the conservatory. Her mother was still in the lounge but the volume was noticeably lower on the television.

"Goodbye, Mrs Bailey" I said as I left.

"Bye Andy," she replied and Sarah walked me to the little porch where I put my shoes back on.

Sarah hugged me on tiptoes and I put my arms around her. She felt so soft as we touched. "Thank you for walking me home."

"Can I take your phone number?" I asked as we broke apart.

Sarah passed me a piece of paper from her pocket. "I was hoping you would ask for it," she admitted.

I gave a wry smile. "I want to take Abi to Wendover Woods over the weekend. Sunday probably. Ray said he'd come and if Donna changes her mind, get her to come as well. Picnic. Bottle of wine. You up for it?"

Sarah nodded eagerly.

"I'll ring you," I promised and scribbled my number on a sheet of paper by the door.

* * * * *

I heard the door shut and two sets of feet on the carpet. I knew what I needed to say and waited until Abi and Mum were in the lounge. I had been thinking on the train and as much as it pained me, I had been wrong earlier and needed to make amends.

"It's gone two. You should be in bed," Mum said when she saw me.

"I wanted to say something, but I want to be allowed to finish," I told her. "Abi was right."

Abi grinned but my Mum stayed motionless. "Something happened tonight. I basically did

to Sarah what Abi did to me. I intervened in an argument and sided with the parent..."

"It's not about sides ..." my Mum started but I stopped her.

"Let me finish, please. I ... agreed ... with Sarah's Mum because she was right, or she was less wrong than Sarah. And Sarah was a little annoyed with me. Unfairly, I hasten to add, but she was irritated at least. But what I did was agree a compromise.

"But we haven't said," Mum interrupted.

"Will you let me finish!" I exclaimed at her and she sighed. "I know that. But it was far easier to see it as an outsider looking in. So I replayed the conversation we had earlier on the train coming back. And I was wrong. I can see that now. For a start I shouldn't have tried to drag Abi into it, so I am sorry for that. And ultimately, it is up to you and I know that"

"Did he say he was wrong?" Mum asked Abi, her face smiling.

"I think he might have done," Abi told her and she smirked. "I'm not sure."

"Well I knew I was right."

"OK I admit I approached the subject badly, I reacted badly and I know why you don't want me to work there. I have to respect that and behaving as I did, well it didn't help."

"No, it didn't" Mum responded firmly.

"But at the same time, you just dismissed the idea because I'm your son."

"You are sixteen," she said in an exasperated tone. "You don't even know ..."

"I understand why you don't want me there. I don't agree with it. I could run off to Gretna Green and marry someone. I could be a father. I can join the army and be trained to kill. I can do all these things. But as I said, I know it's up to you and I shouldn't have reacted as I did. So I would like you to think about it, let me have a week or two to see how I get on."

Mum nodded and then gave me a hug. "I'll think about it," she said. "I'm still not happy with it though. Now I'm off to bed. Night."

Abi waited until Mum was up the stairs and looked at me. "Much, much better. Well done."

I nodded. "Well that's one little problem sorted." I resisted the urge to mention that the big one in my life was staring at me, and got up. "Oh...and you know I saw Jez today at bowling and he described your little stunt to ... well everyone really. He described you as ... '18 years old, fit as fuck, awesome girl. Short skirt too. No knickers. Fuckin' oozing sex. Big tits."

Abi laughed as I described Jez's description of her.

"And you know I got asked about each individual point, whether it was true or not."

"So which ones did you say were true?" she asked as I walked up to her.

"Don't you know?" I asked, looking into her brown eyes. Abi shook her head.

"Good," I replied and was chased up the stairs.

Chapter III

"You seem in good spirits," Rhea said as I danced around the kitchen to the tune on the radio while making breakfast. "Is it still Abi?"

"It's ABBA" I replied in a deadpan voice and Rhea snarled at me. "No, it is not Abi. Well not completely Abi. Tea?" Rhea shook her head as I poured the steaming brown liquid from the teapot into individual cups.

Mum appeared the moment the last cup was full and I smiled. "Tea? Freshly made. I was going to bring it up with the newspaper."

"You bloody weren't, I'm reading it," moaned Rhea.

"You are in your nightclothes, you need to get dressed" I reminded her and she pouted at me. "Or at least, I think that was once sold as a nightie instead of a T-Shirt"

Rhea looked down at her clothes and shrugged. "I like it, and it's not as though I need to be staid or prudish in my own home."

"Do we know why he is in such a good mood?" Mum asked Rhea, as she took the drink from me.

"No. But I think it has something to do with Abi ..." Rhea teased.

"... or Sarah" Mum added and I thought back to our conversation the night before. Did I mention Sarah? I think I must have done or else how else could Mum have known.

"Who's Sarah?" Rhea asked before I could respond.

"He went out with his school year so maybe someone from there." Mum told her, ignoring me standing a few feet behind her.

"Do you mind. Private life," I uttered but Rhea got down from the table, her ass clearly visible as she went and returned with a bound A4 document.

"It's his yearbook," she teased and leafed through it.

"That's mine," I protested but Rhea ignored my protest. "Shouldn't have left it on the table then. Sarah or Sara?"

"Definitely Sarah," Mum replied enjoying my discomfort.

"There is one, Sarah Bailey, page 28," Rhea muttered as she leafed through it. A colour picture of a girl, smiling intently at the camera emerged, and Rhea grinned. "She'd put me in a good mood as well," my little sister teased.

"I didn't realise you were a lesbian," I uttered without thinking and Mum shot me a disapproving look. I took a deep breath. "Just so you know. I went bowling with her. Sarah has a boyfriend in London. We bowled and she beat me at Scrabble. That is it." I told her omitting the portions of my evening that would interest Rhea the most.

"He lies," Rhea goaded me in a deep, trailing voice.

"Of course, we could talk about what happened when I returned home and went to use the phone at 10pm," I added. I had not been home at 10pm, nor gone to use the phone, but I knew (because I knew Rhea) that she would have been talking to her boyfriend until late into the evening. Rhea went red and excused herself to get dressed. "I'm thinking of going up Wendover Woods for a picnic tomorrow with Ray and Abi and a couple of other people," I said, deliberately leaving Donna and Sarah out of the equation by name for the moment, "if everyone is up for it. Could we, er, take a couple of bottles of wine?"

Mum looked at me. "Who are the couple of other people?" she asked, sensing my

discomfort.

“People from school. Just ummm, you know,” I replied evasively.

“No I don't know, who?”

“Donna and her friend” I admitted. “Donna is going out with Ray. I think anyhow.” Mum looked at me inquisitively, so I added. “OK, Donna and Sarah.”

“I should be a little worried by this. It's either can you please take two girls to the woods with loads of alcohol or can Ray and you take three girls to the woods with loads of alcohol.”

“That's not quite what I said ...”

“... but it's what you meant. What do Sarah's parents think?”

“Sarah was very interested when I suggested it.”

“I'm sure she was. That's not what I asked,” she replied, tapping the sides of her drink as I squirmed.

“It's just I promised Abi I'd take her to Wendover Woods. You know how peaceful and tranquil it can be this time of year. Ray and I wouldn't mind going back, we might take our cameras. Sarah is dating a guy in London and her best friend is Donna so it'll be innocent, harmless relaxation after working very hard for our exams. It is not what you think.”

Mum stared at me, trying to read my mind. “Why is it I always get suspicious when someone uses the line 'it's not what you think'?”

“Bad choice, maybe. You've always said, if I want to be treated like an adult, I need to act like an adult and thought it would be a good way to pass a nice summer afternoon.” I reasoned. “And anyway if Abi comes, she is a responsible adult.”

“It is not Abi's job to babysit a bunch of sixteen year olds,” Mum replied firmly and I nodded.

“OK. Well will you please think about it? As I said, it'll be nice way to end a long walk I have planned”

“There are a lot of things you want me to think about at the moment,” she moaned but I ignored her objections and I thanked her as I left the room with the drink for Abi.

Abi was awake enough to thank me for the hot drink but not conscious enough to converse fully. She joined me on the couch sixty minutes later, showered and dressed. She was wearing shorts and T-shirts, which showed off her figure and legs wonderfully but left much to imagination.

I explained my plans for the following day and Abi, who was doing a shift that night, was happy to go but didn't want to leave too early. I phoned Ray who said he'd come and then tentatively dialled Sarah's number. Within two rings, Sarah answered excitedly.

I asked her to get Donna to meet us at the car park in Wendover Woods for 11am and then set out to go to the Supermarket.

I was lucky in that my father paid a generous stipend into my account every month and that I barely touched it. I never disclosed to my friends how much “pocket money” in essence I got, although I did use this to pay for my stationery at school and do odds and ends. When Paula lived next door I often used to help in the shop on Saturdays and still had a tidy sum left over from that. It's not that I would intentionally not spend money but I often did not see value in what I was supposed to pay for stuff that interested me and rationalised that I would find a better way to spend the money at a later date.

With my Solo card in my wallet I headed for the local Sainsbury's and bought twelve bread

rolls, two big bottles of pop, two packs of ham, two giant bags of crisps, pork pies and a Victoria sponge. Back home, I made up the rolls and wrapped them in cellophane, and put the pies and the pop in the fridge to cool.

It was gone lunchtime and after grabbing a banana I asked Rhea, who was watching television where everybody was.

"Mum's out walking and Abi went to mend her car," she replied without looking up from the screen. I walked to the top of the stairs and opened the fire escape door to see Abi was bent over the wheel of her rusting vehicle.

"Let me give you a hand with that," I shouted as I came down the fire escape and she shook her head.

"I can manage," she told me as she stood on the wrench to loosen the nuts.

"Looks like it" I teased as I sat on the bottom stair of the fire escape, peeling the banana.

Abi shot me a dirty look and leaned forward on the wrench but it would not budge.

"Here, let me have a go," I said as I finished the fruit. Abi was sweaty and frustrated at the car nut for not budging and her hair, normally so immaculate, was untidy and ruffled.

"I don't need your help Andy," she snapped aggressively. "I've been driving for three years, I can change a goddamn tyre."

I backed off immediately as she spoke. "I'm only trying to help," I muttered, the ferocity of her response taking me by surprise. Abi had always been so calm and relaxed in everything she did and I didn't expect to see her be so vicious. I didn't like it.

"You think because I'm a woman I can't change a tyre. Is it a man's job?" she asked patronisingly.

"No Abi, you are struggling. Let someone help you 'cos you clearly can't do it."

Her eyes narrowed and she took a deep breath. "Go away," she spat back. I was fortunate that Mr Asuni interrupted the stand-off with a crate of empty bottles that he put in a big bin. As he did it, he winced and squeezed his shoulder.

"Hurt yourself?" I asked and he nearly jumped out of his skin.

"Andy," he greeted me in his deep accent. "Didn't see you there. Yeah, I overstretched myself on the weights last night. Shoulder kills now."

"You want any help?" I asked looking at Abi and he nodded.

"I've got a couple of crates that need to go if you wouldn't mind. I'd get Hugo to do it but it's his day off"

"No problem," I gleefully said, my eyes not leaving Abi. "Not everyone is too proud to accept help"

The two crates were heavy but I managed to carry them from the bar area, down the corridor and into the yard where Ikenna and I tipped them into the large crate.

"You couldn't give me a hand with a large bottle of whisky, could you?" he asked and we went back inside to one of the bars. The bottle was twice as big as the bottles I'd see in the supermarket and weighed so much more. It needed someone to hold it place while Ikenna clipped and screwed the support in, but when we'd finished, it hung nicely on the wall with the optic on the bottom.

I carried some glasses for him and reached up to put them on the ledge above the bar, and then moved the Hoover to where it is stored as opposed to where it was left.

"What are you doing in here?" a familiar voice asked from behind me causing me to jump.

“Just helping Ikenna,” I started indignantly but Mum interrupted me.

“Oh, I forgot you hurt your shoulder. You done?” she asked.

I turned to the bar manager who nodded and thanked me.

Abi was still struggling with the wheel nut when I returned but she didn't even look up at me. I went up to her car and tugged at her arms.

“I've told you to go away,” she warned but I tugged at her shoulder.

“Come on Abi, please. Stop being so awkward, let me have a go.”

She shook her head and gave the wrench a kick. I watched the wrench leave the immovable wheel nut and arc in the air before landing firmly against my shin. I cried out in sharp pain and stumbled back against the wall.

“Fucking hell Abi, What you do that for?” I shouted at her, when my Mum and Ikenna appeared from the doorway. Abi stood there motionless, in shock muttering.

“What happened?” Ikenna asked and I looked down at the large cut at the top of my shin.

“The wrench slipped and smacked me in the leg.” I lied and sat down on the bottom of the fire escape rubbing my painful shin.

“Are you OK?” Mum asked Abi; I spluttered in indignation. Was Abi OK? She was the one through her stubbornness and aggression that caused my anguish.

“I'm so sorry,” she cried and Mum looked at the wheel.

“They're difficult to get off when the garage put them on aren't they?”

Ikenna looked at me wiping the wound with a tissue and smirked.

“I'll get the first aid kit,” Ikenna said and disappeared inside. He returned with the little green box but Mum as “the qualified first aider” applied the bandage. I tried to do it myself but she was insistent that she had to do it and I was to allow her to do what was required.

I looked up as Mum bandaged my wound to see Ikenna get a tool from his car, a wrench with a telescopic handle. He attached it to the wheel nut, extended it by three feet and then gave it to Abi. “Try that.”

Abi easily loosened all the nuts in seconds and she thanked him, her voice barely rising above a whisper. Ikenna and Mum went inside a few moments later and I watched in silence as Abi jacked up her car, and swapped the tyre, dropped the car back to the ground, tightened the nuts, and inflated her new tyre. She didn't look at me, but kept wiping her eyes.

The pain in my shin subsided as she replaced her tyre and I rubbed it a couple of times, wincing as I did. I knew I would have a massive bruise there the following day but there was no lasting damage. “See, it's not too difficult to accept help,” I told her icily when she returned from giving Ikenna his wrench back. She didn't respond and locked her car.

“Andy, are you OK to go up there?” she asked as took my first step up the fire escape.

“I'll be fine” I muttered, slightly annoyed at her sudden concern now and not earlier when blood was pouring out of my leg.

“Look, I am sorry. I didn't mean to hit you with the spanner,” a tearful Abi said when we reached our landing.

“I know you didn't. We all get frustrated,” I found myself saying reasonably. I was annoyed with her, but for some reason I didn't want to stay hostile with her for very long. “But I honestly just wanted to help you know.”

"I know. I just don't like accepting help from ..." Abi stopped mid-sentence and wiped her eyes. "I didn't mean to ..."

"I know you didn't. Don't worry about it. I hope it's not too bad tomorrow or we will get asked questions."

"Am I still allowed to go tomorrow?" Abi asked, her eyes widened.

I touched her hand and squeezed it gently looking into her eyes. "Don't be silly, of course you're coming," I told her, my gaze not leaving her soft eyes. "You're forgiven. This once," I joked and she chuckled. "...and you're still perfect even though stubbornness is a very unendearing quality," I added, although I wondered later exactly what Abi did to make me so laid back about the whole affair.

If it had been anyone else there would have been hell to pay.

* * * * *

"Your girlfriend rang for you" Rhea called when I walked down the stairs.

"What girlfriend?" I asked and Rhea smirked. "Oh very good," I replied at my little sister and pulled out a crumpled up piece of paper from my pocket.

Sarah answered breathlessly within a few rings and squealed when she heard my voice. "Andy. Look, Mum and Dad are going shopping in Aylesbury for some garden furniture and I need to nip into town but don't want to spend all afternoon with them. Do you want to meet up for a coffee? I've rung Donna and Zoe, and both of them are out. Lisa's busy and Ingrid is still away, so please say you'll meet," she implored.

I hummed for a moment, more for dramatic effect than really considering her offer. "Nice to be the fourth best choice," I mulled and she spluttered.

"Fifth actually. Well it's just ..."

I laughed and spoke over the top of her. "Yeah, of course. I'm at a loose end this afternoon anyway. What time?"

"We are leaving now. Can I meet you at the park in twenty minutes?" she asked and I agreed. I asked Abi if she wanted to join us but she declined as she needed to make some alterations or repairs to a small bundle of clothes she had under her arm.

Sarah took closer to thirty minutes when she bounded over and took my hand as I waited on the park gates. I noticed her mother eyeing us as Sarah held out her hand and we walked towards the town centre.

"Mum said she will meet me at the park at five, if that is OK?" she told me and I acknowledged her. "I just need to get some new boots."

"So I've been dragged shoe shopping?" I moaned and Sarah grinned.

"Not quite," she replied and turned into a sports store, going to the back of the shop. She looked through some boots on the display, turning over a black pair of football boots and then looking at a red pair with white stripes.

"What do you want those for?" I asked and she turned to face me grinning.

"To go swimming in, of course." I tutted at her and sat down on the one of the chairs when a female attendant came over to assist. "I like the look of the new Predators" she told the shop assistant. "Do you have them in red in size seven"

The shop assistant disappeared for a minute and then returned with Sarah sat down. She had pulled out a pair of red football socks and put them on and then put on the boots. She couldn't walk in them but waved her feet around and pointed her toes.

"They feel awesome. I'll take them," she said and took them off. "Lovely balance."

"So how much are they?" I asked and Sarah grinned.

"Just over one hundred pounds," she replied and I spluttered. "OK, but they are the best football boots on the market. Beckham and Zidane and ... oh forget it!"

Sarah paid for her ludicrously expensive football boots and we returned to the June sunshine. "So, I presume they aren't just for a kick in the park?" I asked and Sarah smiled. "Football or Rugby?"

"Or Hockey or Lacrosse or..." Sarah needled and I huffed at her. "Football. I am on the Under-17s at Aylesbury Vale."

"Oh right. I didn't know."

"I know. I didn't tell you."

"What else, didn't you tell me?" I asked and she smiled at me.

"A few things."

"Are you sure you don't own an airline?" She sighed and I looked at her. "Like how you can afford over one hundred notes for some boots for a kick about?"

"Do swimmers go swimming without a costume?" She asked and I nodded.

"Might make swimming more interesting if they did," I quipped and she groaned at me.

"Well I need boots to play football and they are the best I can get."

"For a hundred pounds they should score goals themselves," I joked.

"You sound just like my father. And that's scary," Sarah teased and I laughed. "Can we do something for me please?" she pleaded and looked up at me with an expectant stare.

"Can we go and feed the ducks?"

I gave a hollow small laugh and Sarah looked at me. "Please?"

"Sure. Haven't you been before?"

She nodded. "But not since I was little."

I did not want to beg for bread for two days on the trot from Ray's mum and instead we stopped off a little corner shop and bought a couple of cheap loaves. Sarah giggled when I did, thinking it was quite comical paying for good bread to feed the ducks but I asked her if she wanted to go and feed them then what else would we feed them with?

Sarah and I sat on the same bench I was on with Abi and we threw the bread into the water for the ducks to fight over. They were not as hungry as when I was with Abi, as the park was fairly busy and I reckoned that they had been well fed in the previous few hours.

Sarah giggled with glee as the geese and then the swans came over to tussle over the crumbs and crusts of the loaves and then we walked up towards the café.

"You should get your boyfriend to take you to Hyde Park," I said as we sat down in the window.

Sarah gave a snigger and gazed out over the park to the pond below. "Chance would be a fine thing," she murmured and I looked at her in surprise. "Yeah, sorry to bring it up but doing this has made me realise that Donna is right."

I looked at her in surprise. "I'm confused. Donna is right because we fed the ducks," I asked her and she sucked in her lips in thought.

"Feeding the ducks. It seems silly, it is such a simple thing to do, a great way to spend

time with someone and is relaxing. I wish we would do it.”

“We have done it,” I said and Sarah rolled her eyes.

“Me and Kev.”

“Ahhh,” I said, realising what she was talking about. “Well have you talked to him? It can't be that hard to arrange,” I replied, not sure where Sarah was taking this conversation.

“No, not yet. I can't bring myself to.” Sarah stopped and looked out of the window, focusing on a small child throwing bread at the ducks. “I spoke to Donna about it and she said I should dump him but I dunno. Maybe it's a male thing.”

A male thing?” I asked perplexed and Sarah puffed a couple of times in thought.

“OK, umm, maybe you'll understand. You told me 'bout Abi. I see Kev two or three times a month. He often books a hotel for the day so we only ever spend it in bed. I am in the room thirty seconds before he is feeling me up and all he is ever talking about is my body, what I am wearing or not wearing. He is obsessed and I feel cheap. It feels we are just so ... one dimensional”

I nodded and let her continue.

“I do love him but I would enjoy being with him more if half the time we went to feed the ducks in Hyde Park or go shopping or even just a picnic by the river. I've been to London several times recently and barely seen anything other than his cock and the inside of a cheap hotel in the City. I mean there isn't even the flirting or teasing and barely any foreplay. That can't be right, can it?”

I shook my head. “No. I know it's a bit different but Paula was way more important to me as a friend than as a girlfriend. You need to tell him what you are thinking.”

“I know I do. I ... I ... I just don't know how. We had a massive argument when I saw him last weekend as I didn't want to spend all day in a hotel room and he said I didn't love him. I mean, he was still going on about it on the phone just before I went bowling. I do love him, and I do like him. We have been dating for over two years and he really is my first love. So I don't want to upset him. It started fine at first, I'd go down with Paul and his girlfriend so we would spend time in each others' company without the sex. And then when we went down alone it was great. The sex was exciting and taboo almost. But it has just become all we do and the friendship isn't there any more ...”

“... and you feel empty?”

She took a long sip of her lemonade and looked back over the park.

“Well maybe that's it. I have my friends for this and my boyfriend for my other needs. I don't know. It just doesn't feel right any more. I think Mum suspects anyway. She was asking me if I was having sex with him the other week.”

“And you denied it, of course,” I guessed.

“Of course I denied it. Not a conversation I want with her. I never want to talk to her about sex,” Sarah replied agitated and quickly, sinking into her chair. “Anyway, you and Abi. Any further?”

I rolled up my trouser leg to reveal the bandage that I peeled back. Sarah squealed and then asked how I came by such an injury. She barely believed me when I told her the story of Abi and the car tyre, and then looked at me forlornly. “I suppose that means you won't be asking her out then,” she told me and I shrugged.

“One act of frustration doesn't change what I think about her,” I admitted and her face contorted somewhat. “Just as your frustration with your boyfriend doesn't alter what you

think, surely?"

"But kicking a big metal wrench at your shins for trying to help her?"

I took a deep breath. "It's irrational, I know. I was annoyed at her, but I wasn't angry. I should have been, I know, but I wasn't. I would have been with just about everyone else, but I wasn't with her. I just don't know."

"Donna's right, you're smitten!" Sarah finished her drink and looked across at the counter. "Those scones look nice" she muttered and the cogs in her brain turned. "You share one with me?"

I dug in my pocket for some change and gave her a couple of coins that she tried to reject but I made her take. She came back with two halves of a scone, topped with jam and then clotted cream.

"I'm going to need to do so much exercise," she moaned and then began to devour her half.

As we left the small café, I held the door open for a young girl with a pram and Sarah's face lit up. "Hiya Anna," she said and peered into the pram. "How are you?"

The girl, who looked as old as me, smiled and greeted Sarah. They exchanged small-talk and Sarah doted over the baby girl in the pram before leaving.

"Brothers ex-girlfriend," Sarah explained and I hesitated for a moment before asking if the baby was related to him. "But they broke up three years ago," Sarah added. "Pity, she is a nice girl. Year above us at College."

We started walking around the park when she spotted Jez, Jodie and a couple of other people she knew with a football on one of the four five-a-side pitches. She gave me a sly and pleading look and I grinned.

"Let me guess, you want to try out your new boots?" I speculated and she nodded.

"Thanks, come on," she said dragging me across the field towards our playing classmates without waiting for a response.

Jez welcomed us as we approached in his own inimitable and unique style. The ground was soft and springy as it had rained a couple of days previous but it was not muddy and was perfectly playable in my trainers. Sarah however, wasted little time in unboxing her new boots and replacing her white ankle socks with her thick red socks and brand-new footwear.

She took a moment to admire her new purchase, crooning over its smooth tongue that went back over the laces and colourful sides.

"Are we going to join them, or are you going to be vain all day?" I asked her and she smirked at me.

"But look at them, they are a work of art."

I held out my hand and pulled her up from the ground. Jez commented on her new footwear as we went up to him and Sarah glowed and boasted as he immediately recognised the boots. As someone who had never got too much satisfaction from material possessions – a trait my mother had instilled in me from a relatively young age – I felt a little bit lost by her love of the hideously expensive boots and her enjoyment in others revelling in her possession of them. She was being self-loving and egocentric, and it was not a trait I felt particularly comfortable with or found attractive.

I ignored Sarah's exultant demeanour and we finally settled down to kick the ball about. When Jez asked whether I played football, and I confessed I did not play very often, which

they scoffed at and put me in goal. I did not mind too much as my shin was still a little sore and while I would happily spend hours passing and kicking the ball, I was not going to be as good as people who did play and train regularly and as a result of which had Jez and another boy who I did not recognise, but identified as Paul, as my “defenders.”

Sarah's purred with her first touch, on the half-way line, and passed it immediately to Jodie, a few yards away. When Jodie returned it, Sarah drew her right foot back and connected with the ball, it striking the top of the boot by the laces and arcing towards my right viciously.

I stuck a hand out, more in hope than expectation, and the ball smacked against the crossbar with a thunderous smack. It bounced down onto the goal-line and I instinctively wrapped my foot around it and kicked it down the pitch.

Sarah grinned as I did and retrieved the ball from Jodie and dribbled past Jez on the right. Jodie called out for it, and she lofted the ball towards her but Jez's friend kicked the ball up the pitch.

“Love me new boots,” Sarah called out and ran back to retrieve the ball.

I was beaten several times over the next 45 minutes, mostly by Sarah who revelled in her new football boots, taking swerving shots from twenty or thirty yards from the goal. When she did not do this, she would happily dribble with the ball and commit the defenders before sliding an inch-perfect pass to her team-mate.

Jez and his friends called time at quarter past four. Jez and Jodie needed to go to their respective homes and everyone but Sarah wanted to call it day. She looked forlornly at Jez, and after failing to coax him to stay for another half-an-hour begged to borrow the football.

Eventually she agreed with Jez to borrow it, as long as Jez could call by my house (without checking with me) the following morning to pick it up. I gave my consent to these arrangements when Sarah pleaded, and then reluctantly passed my address to Jez. Sarah began trying tricks and long-range passes across the pitch with the new boots, cooing and gasping dramatically with every touch.

She was a lot more accurate with her passing than I was, and I watched as she concentrated on every strike of the ball so that it arced perfectly in the air and landed within a few feet of me. By ten to five, she reluctantly put her trainers back on and boxed up her boots.

“I think you're in love,” I teased and Sarah grinned.

“They are wonderful boots. Do you think I might need them when we go to the woods?” I rolled my eyes and she laughed. “OK, I'll wear trainers.”

We walked around the park for ten minutes and then I waved her goodbye and sauntered back home. I was suddenly intrigued by her admission that all was not well with her boyfriend but I wanted Abi. Sarah was enjoyable company certainly and there was a glow about her that just exuded playfulness, but Abi was mysterious and wonderful.

There was still something very inexplicable about Abi I could not explain and she captured my attention perfectly but then in a weird way so did Sarah. Was I really that sensitive to a bit of harmless flirting? Were my emotions so easy for a girl to snare? Was I really that cheap? I wondered; I had never really seen girls in that way too much before as I always had Paula, but something had been awoken inside of me.

Rhea was in one of her typical moods and taunted me before I had barely reached the lounge about running off to see Sarah. It was going to be a long night, if she was going to keep that up and I put the football next to the television.

* * * * *

Abi disappeared shortly afterwards and only reappeared to go to work with Mum. Mum returned home briefly at 10pm to send an indignant Rhea to bed and to ask me if I was OK. My wound was sore but I had had worse over the years falling off my bike, and I had never had a cuddle from a beautiful girl afterwards.

I woke up at 8:30am, got showered and dressed in blue shorts and a red T-Shirt. By the time I got downstairs Mum was reading the newspaper at the dining room table and Rhea was sprawled over the sofa watching MTV in just her dressing gown.

“No singing or dancing today?” Rhea enquired. “Did Sarah turn you down, or are you bored already?”

“Oi! Learn some respect for your elders and betters, little sister,” I teased and walked into the kitchen. Three bottles of wine stood on the kitchen table and Mum looked up at me.

“These are for you,” she said her voice oozing with disapproval.

“I thought you only wanted me to have one?” I replied and she shook her head.

“I did. But I asked Ikenna whether I should let you have any and he said he thought you would be fine as you had 'sound head on your shoulders' and went and bought you one to thank you for helping him yesterday. In the meantime I got you one from the cellar and Abi bought you one to apologise for hurting you with the wrench. So they are all for you.”

I looked at the three bottles and smiled; one was a big 1.5litre bottle and there was two much alcohol really. I did suggest taking three and it is what I wanted, but Abi would probably drive and wouldn't want to drink much and neither Ray nor myself were big drinkers.

“I'll take two, if that's OK. On reflection, three probably is too many, and we'll only drink it if it is there,” I reasoned, much to my mothers' unhidden relief, and she left the room to go upstairs.

I packed the picnic bag with our food and added the two ice blocks from the freezer and two of the three bottles of wine.

While I was packing the last of the picnic bag, I didn't hear the doorbell or Rhea answer it and Jez appeared in the doorway, dressed in a navy tracksuit.

“Dude. You live next to a strippers' club,” he told me as I walked towards the lounge.

“Yeah, we know,” Rhea answered for me as she returned to the sofa.

“But that's fookin' mental. They take their keks off and everyfin',” he continued and Rhea smirked.

“Strippers? Taking their clothes off? You sure?” she asked in a patronising voice. Jez didn't quite understand and ran his dirty fingernails through his dirty blonde long hair.

“But,” he tried to reason and Rhea jumped up from the couch.

“You mean through this door here?” Rhea pointed at the interconnecting door and smiled. He looked at her and then at me.

“Dude, that's ... well ... fookin' crazy as fook. That bird with the big jugs, she from there,” he asked, pointing at the door and Rhea rolled her eyes.

“Abi? Yes, although she is sleeping next to Andy,” she told him before I could say anything. I shot her a look but she just shrugged. I could tell she had the bored, mischievous demeanour that so often preceded an act of wrongdoing that got her into trouble, but guessed that she would probably enjoy tormenting the chauvinistic Jez and knew how entertaining she could be.

“Your ball,” I said passing his football to him and he barely registered.

“Don't tell me you're one of those nancy boys who plays football?” Rhea asked in a dismissive tone.

Jez shrunk visibly and shrugged. “It's not nancy love, it's a man's ...”

“Bollocks! Rugby is a man's game,” she started and lurched forward grabbing the ball. “If you think you can take it off me, you can have it.”

“Rhea!” I called but she had backed onto the sofa. Inwardly, I smirked at my baby sister, I was going to enjoy watching her torment my classmate but tried to reason with her.

Jez leapt onto the couch and with lightning reflexes, she sidestepped his move and then threw the ball across the room into the dining room. I went to retrieve it, and Rhea pounced on Jez, tickling him, who was surprisingly receptive to her fingers.

“Nancy boy, ticklish,” she shouted above his cries for assistance and squeals of discomfort.

“Rhea!” Mum called from the bottom of the stairs, her hair wrapped in a towel, and body barely concealed with another one. “What are you up to?”

“Just showing Andy's friend why he's a weakling,” she replied, her legs either side of his waist, who was sprawled across the couch, his head half hanging off the sofa.

“Well leave him alone,” she warned and Rhea stood up, and stepped over the flustered Jez. I saw his eyes widen immediately as she moved and instantly understood why. She was wearing a dressing gown, and nothing else. Not only in the struggle did her belt loosen, but Jez got a perfect view up her gown as she got down off the sofa. Knowing this, I am sure she deliberately hovered for a second or two as his eyes lingered on her unfettered genitals.

Jez got up and looked over at Mum, who was scarcely dressed any more dignified. He backed off towards the door. “Cheers, mate,” he mumbled and almost ran down the stairs.

“He's too old for you,” I told Rhea the moment he had left the room.

“I don't know what you mean,” my soubrette of a sister replied in mock indignation and I grinned. Just what would Jez tell people this time? Rhea really did know how to put her foot in it, but I sighed, retrieved my camera and went to wake Abi.

* * * * *

As expected Abi chose to have an extra hour in bed and drive rather than get up and take the train and then walk up the hill. She came down at 10.15am dressed in a beautiful dress. I had warned her the weather was due to get hot again – the heatwave of the last three days showed no signs of abating – and she must have searched for one of the shortest dresses she had. The greyish-blue dress was sleeveless, had a ruffled trim that plunged down low between her breasts, displaying plenty of cleavage and was several inches above the knee. Her long brown hair was as straight and flawless as ever, shimmering in the sunlight filtering in through the window as she tilted her head towards me.

“Wow. You look good,” I told her and she beamed.

Rhea looked up. “What will Sarah say?” she asked me, mischievously.

“Er, after your antics earlier, you are in no position to speak.”

Rhea turned up her nose at me and smiled. “We could probably ask her what she thinks Andy, what do you reckon?” Abi answered and passed me some sun lotion. “Will you do my back please?”

“Yeah, OK,” I said nervously and Rhea grinned.

“It’ll be massage lotion next,” she warned and after I had applied and rubbed in a generous amount of Factor 20 we left to go to the car with the picnic and my camera.

The roads were clear and we arrived in Wendover Woods car park fifteen minutes early. The car park was relatively empty and we were able to park under some shade as Abi reckoned that the car would be excruciatingly hot if we didn’t when we returned a few hours later, and she was probably right.

Donna and Ray arrived a few minutes later and climbed into Abi’s white hatchback. We had relocated her books to the boot but they did have to sit next to my camera and the picnic bag.

“You’re Abi?” Ray asked, his eyes on stalks. Donna was dressed in a pink sleeveless top and short brown shorts which made her look sexy but she was not going to turn heads, especially with the elder girl sat in the front with me. Donna didn’t seem to mind or notice though and shook Abi’s hand as she turned around.

“So Donna, Ray,” I said grabbing their attention once they had made their introductions. “What part of Jez was right and which part of Jez was wrong?” Donna looked at Ray who didn’t want to answer. “Come on Donna,” I goaded and Abi shot me a disapproving and embarrassed look.

“Does Abi know which bits you agreed with?” asked Donna and Abi shook her head.

“Now this I do want to know,” Abi teased and Donna continued.

“Amazing. Agreed with amazing, didn’t you?” Abi squeezed my knee and I smiled at her. “Big tits, that was one, wasn’t it?”

“No, I didn’t” I cried out and Abi turned to me.

“Are you saying I haven’t got big tits?” she asked in mock surprise and I shook my head.

“No ... I just ...” I stopped when I noticed the smile on Abi’s face that was reflected on Donna’s. “I just can’t win this one, can I?”

“No. You can’t,” Donna replied triumphantly.

Sarah saw us a few minutes later and we got out of the car; Ray had not seen fit to bring his camera so I carried mine while Ray carried the picnic bag. Sarah was scowling as she came across the car park carrying a small rucksack, but she looked wonderful. Her sleeveless white crop-top and incredibly short denim skirt accentuated her figure and tanned body wonderfully.

“Sorry I am late,” she said removing her sunglasses. “Mum threw a hissy fit over my dress”

“You do surprise me,” I said instinctively and Sarah’s scowl turned to a smile.

“She thinks I’m coming up to the woods to meet loads of guys with evil intentions, I know she does. It’s pathetic!” Sarah moaned, offloading her frustrations.

“I’ve not got evil intentions, mine are just nefarious. What about you, Andy?” Ray joked.

“Sinister, but not evil I think.”

Sarah pouted and then saw Abi. “I see what you why were tongue-tied,” she admitted, a little too loudly. “She’s just beautiful.”

Abi blushed and then asked me, “what have you been saying to them?”

“What I have I said to Donna and Ray, or to Sarah? Sarah was told things in ... great confidence,” I said emphasising the last two words before continuing, “... as was I. Now shall we get going?”

“So what did you tell her?” Abi asked me in a hushed voice as we meandered towards the path going into the woods.

“Err ... nothing,” I replied elusively and we set off deep into the wood.

“Where are we having lunch?” Ray called out and I looked at Sarah and Donna.

“I thought about near Boddington,” I said. “What do you reckon?”

Donna and Sarah shrugged in ignorance but Ray's eyes flashed. “In the trees?”

“Yeah,” I replied knowingly and he nodded.

“Nice one. I think they'll like it.”

Sarah and Donna scrutinised us for any clue of what we were up to but neither of them had the courage to ask.

The walk was mostly downhill from the car park and we took an indirect route. The trails around the woods were well signposted and well marked so we followed them and headed towards Boddington Fort on the south side of the woods.

The sun was hot and unforgiving and I was glad that Sarah had considered that we would want water on our walk and had packed several small plastic bottles that she distributed to four very grateful walkers!

Inevitably, Ray and Donna slipped back to be together and to talk privately while Sarah and Abi were happy to talk about things that did not include me. I tried to join in, but in the end settled on admiring the nature around me. I had always found Wendover Woods a very calming and enjoyable place to be and preferred it to talking about fashion, make-up or boy bands.

We met a few walkers going in the opposite direction and a couple of cyclists. A few gave Abi, and to a lesser extent Sarah and Donna, a second glance as they passed, which given their states of dress, this was to be expected. It was a hot day, and if they had worn much more they would have been baking.

The walk down towards the abandoned Fort was pleasant but the trees either side of the path excluded any view of the Chiltern Hills and there was little to photograph that I had not already taken in my previous visits. Film was too expensive to be snap-happy, particularly when I had to pay for it myself.

I enjoyed the walk in my own thoughts. I gazed at the two girls in front of me – Abi and Sarah. They were so alike in many ways but so different in many others. They were both teases – or at least they had been with me – and they were both sexy but whereas Abi was secretive and alluring, Sarah was impulsive and playful.

Abi, who had been quiet on the journey up had relaxed considerably and by the time we were nearly at the fort I called out to them to stop. “Close your eyes,” I told Abi and Sarah who shot each other furtive glances.

“Last time he said that to you, he felt you up,” Donna told Sarah and she smirked.

“You need to close your eyes too. Its only about 50 metres walk but it is nicer this way.”

Donna shook her head. “I'm not getting touched up by you,” she replied in mock indignation.

“I thought I'd leave that job to Ray,” I replied quickly and Ray went bright red.

“Come on. Trust me” I told them and guided Abi and Sarah through the break in the trees and along a dry river bed for around 20 metres and then helped them up to my right and through another break in the trees. I had to keep reminding them to keep their eyes closed, but within a couple of minutes, and no stumbles later, we arrived at our intended

destination.

Ray was some way behind and I looked round at the location I had chosen. It was as beautiful and tranquil as ever. For as far as the eye could see - which because of the trees was no more than 75 metres, there were bright blue bluebells covering the forest floor. Big Ash and Beech trees were growing out of the blue carpet and I could hear a woodpecker in one of the trees above.

"Can we open our eyes now?" Abi asked impatiently.

"Go on. You first Abi," I said.

Abi took a deep breath. "It's beautiful!"

"It brings back some memories," I admitted and Sarah peeked.

"Wow!" she exclaimed and looked around. "You'd never guess it was here, would you?"

I shook my head. "Ray and I found it by accident when we went hiking up here in the Scouts. I like to come every Spring but the bluebells are normally here until the end of June."

Sarah smiled. "It's a lovely spot for a picnic"

We were interrupted by Donna's whooping. She slipped climbing out of the riverbed and had seen the bluebells long before she reached us in the middle of them.

Ray smiled at me and I took the picnic bag from him. In the top of the bag I had packed the picnic blanket and I passed one side to Sarah and shook it.

"I don't want to sit on them," Sarah admitted and I sniggered at her. "I'm serious."

"Well why not sit on the blanket instead," I told her smiling. "Anyway, they'll be gone within a week or two, and there is nowhere else to sit"

"Yeah, but, they are so pretty"

"Sssshhhh...straighten it out." Sarah reluctantly helped spread the blanket near the base of one of the trees to avoid as many of the delicate plants as possible.

Donna and Ray sat as close together as possible while Sarah sat opposite me with her back to the tree. She pulled out a bottle of wine from her rucksack and I couldn't help laughing.

"What?" she asked. "Well, Mum said I could take one."

"Probably because she didn't know about these two," I replied and held up my two bottles of wine."

"Nice one," Donna added appreciatively.

"Sarah, we'll open yours last" and her face fell slightly. "If we don't get round to drinking it, it will do you no harm with your mother to take it back unopened."

Sarah nodded and we started opening the food. I passed round the cups and the bottle of wine Abi had bought me which was empty by the time I had poured some for myself.

"To good friends" Ray called, raising his cup

"To getting away from parents," Sarah called, raising hers above the blanket.

"To the bluebells; they are lovely," Abi added smiling at me as she did.

I looked at Donna and she shrugged. "To finishing exams"

"To good times" I toasted and we swigged from our cups.

"So, what are your memories of the bluebells?" Abi asked and I looked at Ray.

“Oh, we found this on a Scout hike. We had to go to several points as quick as possible in the woods so we just went as the crow flew using a map and compass and stumbled across this”

“Two lads. In uniform. Alone a wood.” Donna started and I shook my head.

“What else?” Abi gently asked and Ray shrugged his shoulders.

“It was where I first kissed Paula,” I admitted looking around the trees and my mind flashed back. I looked away from my companions and stared into the distance, my voice going quieter. “It was, well, perfect and over there. We just smiled and ... happy times.”

Abi smiled as I wiped a tear from my eye; I hadn't thought about Paula that much but being in one of “our” places brought back more memories than I wanted to admit. “You're quite romantic at heart, aren't you?” I went bright red and Abi grinned. “My first kiss was behind the cycle sheds.”

“Mine was under the clock at Marylebone Station.” Sarah added.

“In my garden,” Ray told us. “Girl from next door.” We looked at Donna who took a big sip of her wine.

“Nowhere as interesting. It was at a school disco. I'd had too many E-numbers as he was gross.”

We laughed at her and finished the food; it was clear that we started to feel the effects of the alcohol as we got louder and more giggly. I felt happy and liberated and rested back on my hands watching my companions.

Abi was happy to explain what happened in a lap-dancing club and Ray, Donna and Sarah were eager to listen. Sarah kept fidgeting in her seat, so much so that her short denim skirt had risen up. I could see her underwear perfectly – a lacy pale pink G-String that was only just covering her labia.

Over her mons, the G-String ruffled and it was clear that she trimmed or shaved her pubic hair. I tore my eyes away, feeling guilty at looking but Sarah leant back revealing even more. I felt my dick stiffen and pulled my hand over my lap. Did she want me to look, and if so, why? I felt a little self-conscious and in an effort to do something other than look at Sarah's barely covered pussy, I rummaged around for the second bottle of wine that I had opened for myself earlier, and poured the remainder into the empty cups.

“To Abi's dancing,” Ray started. Abi blushed and added her own:

“To tolerant friends”

“To escaping from parents,” Sarah started, moving forwards in her seat.

“You've had that one,” Donna told her quickly.

“I want it again!”

“To loving relationships,” Donna toasted and looked at Ray. Sarah scoffed at her friend who stuck her tongue out in disdain at her mocking.

I held my glass out, “to being able to see Sarah's sexy underwear as she is wearing a short skirt.”

Donna howled in laughter as Sarah quickly adjusted herself.

“You might have told me!” she squealed.

“I just did,” I wisecracked, laughing at her embarrassment.

“Were they the red lacy ones?” asked Donna. “She always wears them when she is meeting her fella”

Sarah's eyes beseeched me not to embarrass her further and I took pity on her. "I-I-I couldn't possibly say," I responded tactfully.

"Oh come on!" Donna cried.

I turned to face and as calmly as I could, I replied "It was a most, uplifting, sight for those fortunate enough to see it."

"I bet it was ... uplifting," Donna joked.

"I couldn't possibly comment."

"Can I just say I think it is pretty funny it is not the stripper showing her underwear," Abi added.

"Ahh ... well actually Abi," Ray started and Abi gasped. "They are pretty nice blue ones."

"Abi. You wearing underwear?" I teased and she smirked at me.

"That's private," she squealed and everyone looked at me.

"If you wanted it to be private, then why did you tell Jez?"

"Well, he was being mean to you and I thought it was the best way to shut him up."

"You certainly didn't do that. He barely stopped talking about you, although I think Rhea has topped you." Abi looked at me expectantly and I explained about her "wrestling match" earlier.

"She used to do things like that to me as well," Ray added. "The amount of times she'd come out of her room when I went to the toilet, naked and wink at me. Or come downstairs with her dressing gown open at the front. She kept trying to feel me up and tell me that I was the one for her and stuff. It was really embarrassing."

We laughed at him. The alcohol had gone straight to his head and he bit his lip as he realised how candid he had been. "Well, she's like that. She has no shame."

"She came in when I was in your shower once, blew me a kiss and left," he replied indignantly.

"And did you object?" Sarah asked and he went bright red.

Donna pushed him playfully and he spilt some of his wine on her. The second bottle of wine was drunk as quickly as the first and we began to pack up.

"Where are we going now?" Sarah asked but Donna replied.

"Can Ray and I meet you at the car park in a couple of hours?"

"I kind of guessed you might," I replied coyly and we agreed to meet at 3pm at Abi's car as I packed the picnic bag away.

"I'd love to come here again," Abi told us. "It's one of the most beautiful and serene places I've ever been to."

"It's only like this for a few months really – April, May and June," I told her and picked up two of the flowers, giving one to Sarah and another to Abi. "Mementos."

"Andy," Sarah called as I picked up the picnic bag. "Have you used your camera?"

"Not yet"

Sarah sat down in the middle of the bluebells and flashed her seductive and gorgeous and playful smile, framed wonderfully by her cascading light brown hair.

I fished out my camera and took a couple of pictures of the energetic 16-year-old. Abi adopted a similar pose, and I knew if I got closer I could get an upskirt picture, but I

wanted to get these developed in colour by sending them off to be developed, and that meant that they could not be explicit in any way.

Instead, I captured pure beauty. Two radiant and elegant girls smiling genuinely at the camera in a bewitching and stunning location. I had not taken a classier, and more appealing, picture for years.

The walk back to the car went via the Fort. From the viewpoint, the entire of the Chiltern Hills was mapped out in front of us and we could see for miles.

We reached the car by ten to three and Abi had insisted that we drop Sarah off in the town at least, given it was a good two or three miles from the car park to her house. The talk was good natured and light hearted; the alcohol being walked off stopped any sexual banter which suited me. The girls were amused by much of the local wildlife with squirrels causing the biggest reaction. You'd have thought they had never been to the woods for a gentle walk before!

Abi advised Sarah to stop fighting with her parents so much, just as I had done, but I could tell that she did not want to hear or believe what the more experienced girl was telling her. Sarah was just so stubborn, but did that just add to her appeal?

Not surprisingly Ray and Donna were not waiting for us, and for the first time I heard Abi moan about Wendover Woods – the toilets in the car park were “a bit disgusting” although Sarah and I had no complaints.

Ray and Donna reappeared fifteen minutes later and we said our goodbyes. They did not want a lift into Wendover, or Stoke Mandeville where they lived, preferring to walk down themselves and spend a little more time together.

“It's sweet really, but bloody annoying. I can't see her without Ray being there,” Sarah muttered. “He's just attached to her.”

“I'm going to have the same problem with Donna,” I told her and she grinned.

We stopped at the end of the St James Way and Sarah and I got out. I gave her a hug and told her to ring me later in the week as I wanted to see her. She smiled at this, and promised she would, and then skipped off towards her house.

“How long until you ask her out?” Abi asked me as I sat back in the car.

“She has a boyfriend,” I replied instinctively.

“Shame.”

“No, I like her a lot, but I very much fancy someone else,” I said too instinctively and Abi looked at me.

“Who?” She asked as she started the engine.

“Someone else,” I replied tersely and then set about changing the subject.

What I have to go and let my big mouth get me into trouble again for?

* * * * *

The flat was empty, when we got in, although Abi had been left a message by Mum to ring Angela. Abi came into the kitchen when she had called to tell me that she could move into her new flat on Tuesday.

“But that's less than forty-eight hours away,” I grumbled but Abi didn't notice the dejection in my voice and smiled.

“I know. Isn't it cool!”

“Yeah, I'm happy for you,” I found myself saying but I knew I didn't mean it. Abi had been a

breath of fresh air for me. She had been good company, exceptionally seductive and was genuinely positive about all that she did. She, quite simply, made me happy – except when she was kicking tools at my shins – and I felt a sort of emptiness about the thought of her not being around the flat.

“You haven't asked where I will be living,” Abi noticed and my mind snapped back to the present.

“Where?” I asked automatically.

“Chadwick Street, 81.”

I thought for a moment, trying to place that address. “Isn't that near the Park?”

“On the other side of the park, near the College.”

“I'd be walking past the end of your road every day, won't I?”

“Hmmm mmmm.”

“So I could visit you, maybe.”

Abi's eyes flashed. “I sort of hoped you would want to. I didn't choose the location, Angela did. And it is close the club, but I'm very happy with it. And you are the only person I know in Aylesbury.”

My smile returned and I looked at Abi beaming. “You fancy a game of chess?”

* * * * *

Mum returned at 4.30pm and we had a quick tea. Rhea had still not given up on teasing me, especially after finding out that I had spent half the day cavorting in the woods with Sarah and Abi but Mum eventually put an end to it when she could see that I was getting irritated. From past experience she knew I was happy to be mocked and teased to a degree, but could also lash out and say things I should regret if baited too much; Rhea did not always know when to stop.

Julie was still at her boyfriend's although Mum did mention she would probably come home that night or the night after as she was going on holiday and needed to pack. The amount of freedom that Julie got seemed disproportionate to mine, but whereas I would fight and negotiate for the liberties that I wanted, Julie used do what she wanted and cover her tracks. The few times she got caught doing something Mum disapproved of, they were seen as infrequent transgressions when they were anything but isolated.

Abi had been roped into working as one of the girls had called in sick for a private function; the club was almost always closed on a Sunday but occasionally opened for an exclusive private function if the entire club was hired out, so I was left alone with Rhea for the night. I was not too disappointed, as I had hoped to go for a twilight stroll along the canal with Abi but not long after we arrived home it got noticeably cooler and then the heavens opened: our walk could wait.

Rhea and I agreed a truce and I set about beating her at cards. She whined briefly about the game and then asked to play another game, only to begin the cycle of losing again. After I had beaten her for the sixth successive time (at the sixth different game) she was ready to quit when Mum appeared with a tearful and an unexpected visitor.

“Sarah!” I shouted and the dripping wet, crying girl ran towards me into my arms.

Chapter IV

Mum watched Sarah and I embrace in the dining room and then briefly nodded. "She came up to Troy and asked for you," she explained referring to one of her bouncers. "Is everything OK?"

Sarah turned and nodded to her, the wet dirty blonde hair stuck to her anxious pale face. "You need to get dry," I told her and fetched a dry bath towel from the airer and passed it to her. She took off her bright red summer coat and revealed her clothes from the hike, a white top that was, due to the weather, completely see-through and her soaked denim skirt that was glued to her skin. She dried her hair and I tried not to look at her figure-hugging clothes as she wrapped the navy towel around her shoulders.

"I've got to shoot but I'll be back by nine for a little chat," Mum said ominously to us.

"What's up?" I asked her the moment Mum had left the room. Rhea looked on, but didn't say anything and just gleefully watched from the lounge, listening in on what Sarah had to say.

"I've left home," she admitted, and I guided her to a chair at the dining table where she burst into tears again.

"You're not knocked up are you?" Rhea asked excitedly bounding into the room.

"Annabella missed a period and thought she was pregnant. Her mum went ape but it turned out she wasn't."

"Rhea!" I spoke firmly, glaring at her, but my little sister didn't understand we needed some peace.

"Of course, if it's a girl, would you name it after me. Rhea is a great name, although I'm not so taken with Kateřina. Rhea Sarah Bailey, what dya reckon?"

"Rhea, please! Go and phone your boyfriend or something."

The terrorist sneered. "So your parents have chucked you out when they found out you've been at it to get knocked up. Was it an orgy, or just with 'im. Mum is going to go so crazy when she finds out," Rhea teased enthusiastically, her face lighting up like Blackpool promenade.

Sarah raised a wry smile through the tears and I turned to my sister. "Sarah is not going to be a mother. Well not yet, anyway, why don't you go away and phone Nathan, Rhea. Or do some homework. Or just be anywhere but here."

Rhea ignored me and swung on the archway to the dining room, her facial expression alive with mischief, "or of course it could be drugs. Have you been smoking or snorting them. Or maybe she's split up with her boyfriend you say she has and has come for a kiss, cuddle and screw?"

"Rhea!" I barked at her. "In the kindest possible way, please, just, fuck off!"

Rhea looked hurt for a moment, and got her book from the table. "OK. Oh, and he fancies you rotten by the way," she called out to Sarah who smiled weakly.

I waited until Rhea had left, and turned to Sarah. I took her hand in mine from across the table and looked across at her red, puffy eyes. "So, what happened?"

"Mum knows about the hotels in London. She found a receipt or something in my room from the hotel when she did the washing today."

"Aaaa," I replied stoically. "That's probably not good."

“She started shouting at me, saying I had been deceitful and was acting like a slut and ...” her voice tailed off as she burst into tears again and I squeezed her hand. “...she said she didn't want a daughter like that and so I ran out of the house into the pouring rain.”

“Didn't she follow you?”

“She went to, but I shouted at her in the drive that I hated her and wasn't staying at home with her and ran off down the path behind the back of the park and she didn't see me.”

She looked at me waiting for a response but I did not know what to say. “So what are you going to do?” I asked and she shrugged.

“I don't know. I tried Zoe's house but she wasn't in and Ingrid is away. Donna's mum would say no and I can't remember Kev's address. You were the only person whose address I could remember and could trust, I'm so sorry ...” she wailed and burst into tears.

“Do you need to stay the night?” I found myself saying, not fully digesting why she chosen to come here, and she looked up through the tears.

“Can I? Will your mum mind?” she asked, wiping her face.

“I'll ask. I think she will be OK with it for one night.”

Sarah nodded and thanked me squeezing my hand as she did. She looked so vulnerable and defenceless huddled up in the towel, her drenched clothes and exhausted look made her look more like an unwanted vagrant than a loved daughter. “Does your mum know you are here?” I asked and she shook her head. “Does she think you are at Donna's?”

Sarah looked up meekly from the towel. “She doesn't know where I am, and I don't want to tell her.”

“You do need to ring her,” I said calmly, looking at her tearful face. I had never had to deal with a girl this emotional and upset before and felt helpless. I didn't know what to do for the best and felt my insides churn as I looked at her.

“No!”

“No Sarah, please. You need to ring them,” I implored of her and she shook her head. “For me?”

“I'm not ringing her. I'm not speaking to her. I hate her.” she shouted through her tears, her arms gesturing wildly and emotionally.

“I'll ring her then,” I told her and she glared at me.

“You do that, but I'm not speaking to the bitch. I never want to see her again,” she told me, tears once again pouring down her face. “She said some really nasty things to me.”

I picked up the receiver in the lounge and could hear talking initially. I had to persuade Rhea to stop her phone call from the upstairs extension and I dialled Sarah's phone number while she glared at me from the dining room.

The phone had barely rung when it was answered by a stressed voice at the end.

“Evening, Mrs Bailey. It's Andy, Sarah's friend,” I replied to her diminutive greeting. I was not quite sure how to tell her that her daughter had arrived soaked and shivering at a lap-dancing venue and was currently cuddled up in my dining room crying and referring to her as a 'bitch.'

“It's not a great time, Andy,” she told me quickly.

“I know. Sarah's here,” I responded before she put the phone down.

“Oh thank God,” she muttered quickly. “Is she OK then?”

I looked at Sarah and replied that she was fine. I gestured Sarah over but she stubbornly

refused to come to the phone. Angela heard the exchange between us, and sighed deeply. "I'm not going home," Sarah shouted at me with a firm degree of finality and I returned the receiver to my ear.

"Did you hear that?" I asked and Angela replied that she had.

"Is your mum or dad there?" she asked, eventually.

"Err ... no ... Mum's had to go back to work."

The voice went quiet for a moment, and then asked, "So is Sarah staying with you tonight or do we need to come and get her?"

"If she needs to stay the night, it's not a problem," I found myself saying.

"And she wants to?" Angela asked. I peered over at Sarah and gestured her to come over but she refused. In the end, I shouted across our lounge the rhetorical question of whether she was staying here or going home, to which she screamed she wasn't going home "to that bitch."

"Well, we'll give her breakfast and come back to Wendover tomorrow." I stared at Sarah questioningly who looked away. "We'll ring before we set off. Or at least one of us will. Promise."

There was silence for a few moments before she continued. "Could I get your address please?" she asked. "I want to know where Sarah is."

"Sure, it's Castle Street in Aylesbury."

"Don't tell her where I am!" Sarah interrupted. "She'll come for me."

I ignored Sarah and continued, "It's Castle Street, number 22."

Sarah got up. "Right, well I can't stay here now" she whined and walked around the couch.

"Sarah!" I called out. "Sit down"

"SHE KNOWS WHERE I AM" Sarah shouted dramatically waving her arms around and turning towards the door.

"SIT DOWN" I yelled at her, pointing at the sofa. Sarah stared at me for a few moments in shock and then threw herself onto the leather couch melodramatically. I glared at her, annoyed at her petulant attitude and childish behaviour. I did like her, and she was good company but she was also being very immature and my patience had finally snapped; I did say I had a temper on me! I took a few deep breaths. "Sorry," I said, continuing my conversation on the telephone. "It's a little red door."

"Right, thanks. I am sorry about this."

"Honestly, don't worry. Do you want to speak to Sarah?" I asked and Sarah shook her head.

"Do you think there is any point?" Sarah's mother asked somewhat flippantly and I hummed.

"Probably not." I admitted and finished the call with giving Sarah's mother our phone number and said goodbye.

"What is wrong with you?" I spat at Sarah, my frustration with her not diminished. I didn't mind her turning up out of the blue but her melodramatic attitude and unyielding anger towards her parents had made a bad situation considerably worse.

Sarah shrugged. "You weren't there."

"OK. I know. You fall out with your parents. It happens. I've done it. You decide to get

away from them for awhile. OK. That's fine. But to refuse to let them know you are safe? When were you going to tell them? Tomorrow? Tuesday? How long were you going to let them worry about you? Think you might have been raped? Or murdered? Or injured? How long were the Police going to be searching for you?" I asked and Sarah sat motionless as I shouted at her, my hands gesturing aggressively at her. I took a deep breath and turned away from her, counting to ten in my mind. In hindsight, shouting at a crying woman was probably not the best thing to have done but I felt frustrated.

"I'm sorry" she muttered in shock and then burst into tears. I turned back and looked at her. She seemed so vulnerable, tears streaming down her cheeks and her hands shaking. "Please, don't hate me!" she wailed.

"I don't hate you. Far from it. I'm just a little exasperated with you!" I said, sitting down next to her and putting my arm around the crying girl. "Go on. Go get cleaned up. Bathroom is halfway down the corridor at the top of the stairs."

Mum reappeared a couple of minutes later, looking worried. "What's up with Sarah?" she asked. "It's nothing serious is it?"

I briefly conveyed Sarah's story and then described my conversation with her mother.

"Well I'm glad you phoned her parents," Mum said calmly. "So where is Sarah sleeping then?"

"Well I told her mum she could stay here."

Mum's eyes widened as I spoke and she tilted her head to one side. "And when exactly did you ask me?"

I fidgeted and told a white lie. "Yeah sorry, I was put on the spot a bit."

Mum exhaled and sighed. "I don't mind her staying Andy, but I would have liked to have been asked before you made promises."

"Sorry"

"So where is she sleeping in the flat?"

"I was hoping if Julie doesn't come home tonight I could put her in Julie's room."

"Julie and Oliver are downstairs, having a drink. I have just been talking to them." Mum interrupted our chat by turning to and engaging with Sarah who had arrived at the foot of the stairs. "You OK?" she asked and Sarah nodded.

"I fell out with my parents when I was young as well, and ran away. It's all part of growing up," Mum soothed and Sarah smiled meekly. She looked scared and worried, her arms cocooning herself tightly in the large towel and her eyes just peeking out over the top of the navy cotton. "Things will work themselves out in the end when you've calmed down and talked it through."

"Well failing that, I'll set a bed up on the couch although the spare duvet is on Abi's bed. I know the sofa is not very comfortable but it's only for one night," I said to Mum as she returned her attention back to me.

"Can I not sleep in your room, with you?" Sarah asked and I looked at Mum.

"It's OK Sarah, I'll sleep on the sofa, let you take my room," I told her.

"I don't want to turf you out of your bed, and I don't mind sharing," Sarah pleaded. "I've had to share before on camps and stuff. I don't mind." Mum went to speak and Sarah licked her lips. "And I'd rather not be alone. Please, Andy."

Mum looked at me intently and I shrugged. "I don't mind if you don't, we'll get a nightdress off Rhea as I don't think you've packed pyjamas and I'll wear shorts tonight. If Mum is

comfortable with it ...”

Mum hummed and sent Sarah upstairs so she could talk. She turned to me when we were alone. “I’m not,” she said and sighed deeply. “Do you think it’s a good idea?”

“Sarah has a boyfriend so nothing will happen.”

“Andy, that’s not entirely what I meant. Do you think it’s a good idea?”

“Well it’s not ideal I know, but Paula stayed for a few nights in my room when those pipes leaked.”

“Yes, but you were dating, she was more mature and you slept on the floor?” I shot her a sheepish look and her eyes widened. “Huh! Should’ve guessed you didn’t,” she murmured and smiled.

“Well ... hmmm ... OK. Do you trust me not to do something I will regret? I didn’t with Paula.”

“Andy, it’s not your behaviour I am concerned about. It’s always been what you say, not what you do that gets you into trouble. It’s Sarah that I am worried about. I mean, what would her parents say if you asked?”

“They probably wouldn’t be overly happy about it to be honest, but it’s only for one night.”

“And how long have you known her?”

“A few years, she was in my Maths class in Years 8 and 9.” Mum looked at me and I shrugged. “Well only since Friday really.”

Mum’s eyebrows rose for a moment, and she put her hand on my shoulder. “Well, it’s up to you.”

“Me?”

“Yeah, when I was not much older than you I was living away from home and making choices on how to live my life. You keep telling me you’re old enough to make your own decisions so it’s about time you did. She is your friend but just make sure that whatever happens, you both can and do face up to all the consequences.” she warned and I nodded. “I mean it, all the consequences.”

“I will,” I promised.

“No Andy, both of you.”

Unfortunately, I knew exactly what she meant.

* * * * *

Rhea was happy to lend Sarah a nightdress but only after she continued with her baiting.

“I’m not sure I have anything that will fit an expectant mother” she teased, flicking through her wardrobe.

“For the last time Sarah is not pregnant, Rhea.”

“Does Mum know?” she asked ignoring me. “Is it a boy or a girl? Oh, will you have a shotgun wedding? Can I be a bridesmaid?”

Sarah laughed and even I couldn’t stop smiling.

“Honestly, Rhea, Sarah is not pregnant, why do you think she is?”

Rhea passed Sarah a red silk nightdress and looked at me. “Well, why did Sarah appear in tears unexpectedly and she has only known you – according to you – for only three days! Why come to you? It has got to be ‘bun in the oven’ time. Stands to reason. Even

Annabella thinks so, I've asked her, and she knows."

I buried my face in my hands and groaned. "Rhea, two things. One, even if Sarah conceived on Friday, when we met, then there is no biological way for her to know she is pregnant inside forty eight hours. OK?" Rhea scowled. "Secondly, Sarah and I have not had sex, or even kissed, so there is no way for me have got Sarah pregnant. Now, if you still believe that I may have got her pregnant, I am more than happy to ask Mum to have that little birds-and-bees chat with you so you can understand the little mysteries of how the human body works and where those little baby things come from," I said patronising her and her scowl turned into a frown.

Rhea pouted at me. "OK you made your point," she grumbled as we left her room. "You still fancy her though. You'd kiss her if you could. I've seen the way you look whenever her name is mentioned, you go all weak and gooey-eyed."

Sarah smiled at me as Rhea spoke. "Good night Rhea!" I called and we left.

"And don't keep me awake having sex all night," she shouted as I shut her door. "I DON'T WANT TO HEAR BANGING HEADBOARDS!"

"I'll kill her. One day I'll bloody kill her," I mumbled to Sarah, who was grinning.

"Do you really go gooey-eyed at my name?"

"What do you think Sarah?"

"Oh," she muttered, her voice tinged with a little bit of disappointment that made me feel guilty for dismissing her question so brutally. Why did Rhea have to make my life so incredibly difficult?

I made Sarah ring her parents at 9.30pm to wish them good night. It had only been an hour since I rang but we needed to put Sarah's clothes out to dry for tomorrow and she was looking ragged and tired. Sarah resisted phoning her parents but I told her that I would sleep on the sofa if she didn't, so she quickly relented and bordered on civility when she rang, which was a definite improvement on our earlier conversation when she said she hated her mother. Having said that, her chat was short and very impersonal.

Sarah changed into Rhea's garment in my room but it was very short on her; it ended a couple of inches below her mons. It was bright red silk (or at least a silky material) with black lace trim at the top and straps. It had a split down the side that went up her waist to the bottom of her flanks. "You look absolutely incredible," I said as I came in from the bathroom having done my teeth and hiding my rapidly inflating member under the duvet.

"Thanks, but I don't think my parents would approve," she admitted and took a spare, unopened disposable toothbrush from me. I briefly tried to reduce the size of my erection by thinking of non-erotic thoughts but it was just too difficult: Sarah was sexy! She returned a couple of minutes later, slightly flushed. "Your sister!" she exclaimed. "She is ..."

I was lying in the bed facing the door as she closed it. "A nightmare, tell me about it!" I finished for her.

"She wants to know if I have dumped my boyfriend yet, or do I plan to do that after we've had sex? And she was walking back to her room naked, except for a pair of socks."

I laughed. "Julie's boyfriend will get an eyeful tomorrow then. Rhea doesn't know he is staying, and see, you are not the only one who has problems with their family." I quipped and she nodded as she climbed into bed. I had turned the main light off and just left on my reading light so Sarah's modesty was a little more preserved as she climbed into my bed but as she raised her leg to climb in, I caught a glimpse of a glistening, glabrous pussy between her firm thighs. It was enough to send a rush of blood back to my groin.

We snuggled up to each other and she rested her head on my shoulder. I felt her warm, silky smooth body glide up against me and I instantly felt a warmth shoot through my loins and a warm glow inside. Paula and I had often snuggled up against each other and I suddenly realised how much I missed it. I smelt her still-damp hair and put my arm around her.

"Thanks for putting up with me," she said, her voice soft and genuine. "I know I can be a pain sometimes. I just wish my parents were more like your mum." I stayed silent for a few moments and let her continue. "My mum would go bananas if she could see us now. Your mum just doesn't care."

I closed my eyes and breathed deeply. "She does care, and didn't just let me do what I want. She said we could share a bed if we could and do face up to all the consequences of our actions. It's very different from not caring." Sarah hummed in response so I continued. "Are you going to tell Kevin about tonight?" I asked and she shifted uncomfortably. "Your parents?"

"Of course not, don't be stupid!"

"Why?"

"Well they wouldn't understand."

"So you are happy to keep secrets from them. That's a consequence. What happens if Kevin finds out?"

"He won't, I'm not going to tell him and you won't, will you?"

"Of course not, but suppose he does?"

"We'll fight probably ..."

"Be upset because you kept a secret?"

"Maybe."

"Maybe?"

"Yeah OK, he'll be upset."

"You split up?"

Sarah shifted again, and peered up at me. "Maybe. I don't know. I hope not."

"So there is a consequence. As for your parents ..."

"OK I get it," she said burying her silky body into mine. "It's about ensuring I take responsibility for my actions. Mum's always banging on about it."

"Mum has always let my sisters and I learn from our own mistakes. If you tell a child not to touch the oven because it is hot and it will hurt, if they ignore you and do it, well, they won't do it again, will they?"

Sarah smiled. "Probably not"

"Quite. She stops me doing things I want to do that are dangerous or wrong or go against her red lines but other than I have a bit of freedom although Julie has much, much more. If I break her trust or do something I really shouldn't then there are consequences. And punishments for our mistakes are a lot less harsh if we take responsibility for our actions and admit them."

"So am I a mistake then?"

"Of course not," I told her and squeezed her. "Perhaps if I slept how I usually sleep then that would be a mistake."

"Usually sleep?"

"I normally don't wear anything in bed. It's more comfortable as a rule."

Sarah hummed and then asked. "When Paula stayed, did you wear anything?"

"That's for me and Paula to know only."

"You didn't did you?"

"That's private. Why are you so obsessed with Paula and I?"

"Because I find it interesting. I've always been interested in other people's relationships."

"There is such a thing as privacy you know," I told her and she grinned.

"I know. But you didn't did you?"

I sighed and looked into her eyes. "No, we didn't."

"Then how did you not have sex?"

"You don't have to have sex just because you are naked and sleep in the same bed."

She remained quiet for a moment and then asked, "are you going to tell Mum we slept together?"

"Slept in the same bed," I corrected her and she looked up, her eyes imploring me to promise to keep her secret. "I doubt your mum will want to speak to me," I answered, dismissing her question.

"You are joking, aren't you? She'll whip out her interrogation tools the moment we get near the house. She'll want to know why I ran off to you."

"Will you stop demonising your parents?"

She shook her head. "You don't have to live with them. Anyway, I don't want to face them on my own. I want you with me."

I was a little stunned. "Me?"

"I need someone. Please, and you spoke to her earlier."

"Of course it's up to you to tell or not tell them," I heard myself saying. "But I won't lie to them if they ask me." Sarah grumbled and adjusted herself so she was lying on her side facing me. She moved her left hand over my bare chest and over my crotch. "What are you doing?" I asked and she placed a kiss on my lips causing my penis to swell. "Sarah, you have a boyfriend" I whispered and she purred.

"Little Andy doesn't seem to care too much," she claimed and I groaned. She slipped her fingers into the waistband of my black shorts and gripped my rock hard cock, the first time a girl had touched it for months.

"Of course not, I have a very sexy girl in bed wearing something that wouldn't be allowed in the club downstairs."

"Not the first thing I've worn today that has caused a reaction though, was it?"

"You noticed then?"

"Of course I noticed. I wanted you to look."

"Why?"

"Ssshhhhh". She kissed me deeply on the lips, her tongue caressing mine as she did. She slid her hand down my cock and I felt a wave of energy sweep through my groin and tingle.

"Ahh, Sarah!" I sighed. "You're wonderful!"

She did it again and I felt my testicles tighten. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine that Sarah wasn't cheating but in the back of my mind I knew she was and stopped her. I felt guilty.

"I can't be responsible for you cheating on your boyfriend. We are borderline as it is."

Sarah sighed and looked up at me. "You're not responsible, I am. I want to do this, and in wanting it I've already cheated, but I don't care. I want to play with you and I want you to play with me. Stop thinking about it and just enjoy it."

"But ..."

Sarah put a finger over my lips but I shook my head.

"No Sarah," I told her breathlessly. "I want you to and I want to touch you all over, you know that, but I think it would be wrong. I'd be taking advantage of you and that's a consequence I can't face."

"But Andy," she whined and I kissed her on the cheek.

"No, as much as I want you to, your life is complicated enough. Let's not add to it."

Sarah turned her back to me, and grunted. I apologised, sure that I had done the right thing. I wanted her to touch me (which guy wouldn't?), but I also wanted a close friendship with her and it would be a bad start if I had taken advantage of her vulnerable state.

"Have you thought about what you are going to say to your parents tomorrow?" I asked her, changing the subject and she ignored me. "Well obviously you need to genuinely apologise to begin with," I started and she turned in the bed.

"I'm not apologising for anything," she replied fiercely.

"Sarah, please. You have to say sorry for your behaviour tonight."

"I don't want to apologise."

"You're not supposed to want to apologise. You have to apologise. You said you want the sort of relationship I have with my Mum, well, that's not going to come while you are running off and not telling them, is it?"

"You're getting annoyed with me again, aren't you?" she asked and I hummed.

"A little. You are being a bit demanding again and I don't think you are seeing it from their point of view. Your mum has probably been upset tonight asking where they went wrong because they are not happy with you and you are not happy with them."

Sarah fidgeted slightly and put her head on my shoulder again. "So what happens now?"

"I suggest we do what I promised my mum we'd do and go to sleep. We have a big day tomorrow getting you out of all the mess you've got yourself into, eh, Miss Bailey"

Sarah grinned and replied. "Miss Bailey, I like that"

"Yeah, so do I"

"Well whatever you say, goodnight, Mister Williams."

"Good night sexy." She gave a titter and I snuggled up with the duvet.

* * * * *

I had a dead arm when I woke up due to how Sarah had positioned herself during the night. I shook it for a moment with my right arm until it had some feeling in it and slipped out of bed. Sarah was still asleep and holding onto most of the duvet, so grabbing my

Oasis T-Shirt from the back of my chair to be more appropriately attired, I wandered downstairs.

"How's your pregnant girlfriend," Rhea asked as I entered the dining room and Mum looked up at me.

"Sarah, she's fine," I replied.

"Oh my god, you've got a girl pregnant? Mum, why didn't you tell me!" Julie squealed from the kitchen. "Don't tell me you were cheating on Paula before she left."

"No. I haven't got a girlfriend, pregnant or otherwise. It's Rhea's imagination," I said sharply glaring at my little sister. Rhea shrugged her shoulders and muttered something.

"He did say last night when in bed, 'Sarah, you're wonderful' though," Rhea added, her eyes sparkling.

I sighed and replied at her wind-up, "I did not. She has a boyfriend."

"And he goes all puppy eyed whenever he sees her."

"You've spent the night with her and she has a boyfriend. Nice work!" Julie teased and I grinned. "Are you sure she isn't knocked up?"

"No she definitely isn't knocked up."

"Oh ..." Julie said disappointed. "... I would have enjoyed being an auntie."

"Well I don't want to be a grandmother. Not just yet anyway, so you three better remember that." Mum told us pointing at each of us in turn and then returned to her newspaper.

Julie looked over to her boyfriend, Oliver, who was sat on the couch. "Unlucky bud, Mum says no to having kids. We better stop doing that trying thing."

He snorted into his drink and Rhea sniggered. She opened her mouth but Mum glared at her.

"Hiya!" I called when I saw Sarah appear. She was still wearing the very short red nightdress but didn't seem to realise or care that it was scandalous.

Oliver did notice the moment Sarah appeared. "Hey, Julie, will that fit you?" he asked and Mum looked up.

"Rhea, did you give that to Sarah?" Mum asked and Rhea looked sheepish. "That's too short even for you. I thought you'd thrown it."

"I thought it was a little short", Sarah added and tugged it down as far as she could, but this revealed her bosom at the top.

"I wasn't going to give them one of my good ones for them to have sweaty sex in it!" Rhea wailed. "And anyway he didn't seem to mind," Rhea replied pointing at me. I glared at her incredulously. "He was looking right at her pus-"

"Yes thank you Rhea," Mum cut across her.

"Just for your information, Rhea" I started. "I didn't have sweaty sex in it. It wouldn't suit me"

"Red's not your colour, is it?" Julie joked and Rhea frowned at me. Mum interrupted our banter by sending Rhea, whose nightdress was scarcely any less explicit than Sarah's, to get changed and I put my navy dressing gown that was drying on the airer in the dining room around Sarah to belatedly preserve her modesty somewhat.

Sarah thanked me and I poured two bowls of muesli and two glasses of Orange Juice that we both eagerly devoured in almost silence. Mum kept looking up at us but I knew Sarah

was deep in thought and I didn't want to interrupt her musings with pointless conversation. When Sarah finished her breakfast I sent her upstairs to get dressed. "You have first call on the hot water," I told her and she smiled at me warmly as she got up and thanked me.

"So, what are you doing today?" Mum asked as I cleared up the bowls.

"I thought I would take Sarah bowling, have a spot of lunch in Aylesbury before going to Wendover. I don't think heading back first thing would be a great idea." Mum nodded and smirked.

"You mean you want some time with her before she is grounded for weeks?" Mum suggested and I fidgeted.

"No, it's just that going back ..." I replied unconvincingly and Mum interrupted me by laughing. "What?"

"You. You are so transparent but you've dealt with this business with Sarah well. I'm proud of you."

I blushed. "Err ... thanks Mum," I replied, blushing, and rinsed the dirty cutlery.

"Andy," she called as I left the dining room. "I know you want to help Abi move tomorrow, but if you can start on Wednesday I'll give you a go on the cleaning job for a few days."

I ran and hugged my mother who was beaming at me. "Thanks!"

"Don't let me down, it's hard work."

"I won't."

* * * * *

"You alright?" I asked Sarah. I had expected my bedroom to be empty but instead she was sat on the end of my bed staring at the floor and playing with her hands. My dressing gown was around the back of my chair and her nightdress was barely concealing anything, with her shaved pussy and hairless mons clearly on display as I came into the room.

She looked around at me as I pushed open the door and stared into her eyes. She looked thoughtful and contemplative, the weight of the world on her shoulders. "What you thinking?" I asked her and she shrugged.

"I've been a bit of a selfish and demanding bitch, haven't I?" she mused and I sat down next to her, partly to bring her genitals out of my eye line and thoughts, and mostly so I could put my arm around her if I needed to. I hummed and she looked across at me.

"Thank you for last night," she said her eyes full of tears.

"But I did nothing," I told her and she smiled.

"I know. That's what I meant. I can't believe that you turned down uncomplicated fumbblings."

"It didn't feel right," I admitted. "Part of me wishes we had, you are very gorgeous and well, I'm not going to get it offered too many times, but I know it would have been wrong and we would be regretting it."

She smiled and leaned into me. "It's good that we didn't. It was wrong of me to try to tempt you"

I grinned at her. "Was that an admission of you being wrong?" I asked and she shrugged.

"Now go on or we won't get to go bowling. Get in the shower."

"That picture," she said pointing a poster on the wall behind the door as she got up.

"It's a very popular picture," I replied defensively and she smirked at me.

"It's a photo of a tennis girl scratching her butt!"

"True," I flustered, "but it's a photographic classic."

Sarah walked up to it and looked up at the picture shaking her head. As she peered up, her nightdress rode up.

"Err, Sarah, just scratch your arse and you'll recreate the photo," I joked and she giggled.

"Will you take my picture?"

"Do you want me to?"

"Yeah," she replied, with a playful edge to her voice. I pulled out my camera from its bag on the desk and framed the picture perfectly.

"Smile!" I called out and she laughed. The camera clicked and I wound the film on one.

"Right, now go shower," I told her and breathed deeply when she left the room. I had the chance to play with that bundle of playfulness and I turned it down. I may have done the right thing, but "little Andy" didn't think so. I needed ten minutes to release all that pent up sexual frustration.

I didn't dare do it in my bedroom as I didn't know how long Sarah would be. In fact, I shouldn't have worried as Sarah spent twenty minutes in the shower but when she finished I almost ran into the bathroom and locked the door.

I leant back against the cold tiles of the bathroom and closed my eyes. I could see Sarah in that fantastic nightie in front of my eyelids and gripped my hand around my erect member. I began to frantically slip it up and down the shaft. I felt nowhere near as good as when Sarah had done it earlier, but it didn't matter. I needed a release, a rush of sexual ecstasy that Sarah had so carefully tempted me with.

I involuntarily wiggled my hips as my right hand shot back and forth up the shaft over the glans. I felt my climax in no time, the pressure in my testicles rising and I instinctively held back, holding on to the sink as my hand pumped my cock as fast as it could.

I exhaled deeply and quickly, before holding onto my breath as my cum squirted out the end of my cock and onto the side of the bath and floor. Instantly, I felt sated and satisfied.

I needed, no, really needed, that release and it was all Sarah's fault.

* * * * *

Sarah phoned her parents at 10am and told them she would have lunch in Aylesbury and then be home. I didn't need to coerce her to phone and she sounded reasonably positive during her brief conversation. We said goodbye to my family, and Abi, and walked into the bright sunshine.

Sarah grabbed onto my hand the moment we hit the street and beamed up at me. "I mean it, thank you, you've been a real friend."

"You're welcome" I replied instinctively and thought back to the previous night.

The consequences of that night – none really. Sarah was happy and had not cheated (just!) and we were closer than before. I felt she had arrived in the evening as an acquaintance but was going to leave as a friend.

"What you thinking?" Sarah asked and I hummed.

"I'm just relieved we didn't do anything we shouldn't have," I replied candidly.

She gave a hollow laugh. "I'm not sure how I should take that."

"Well don't think about, just think how I'll beat you at bowling."

“Pah”

“I am sorry about Rhea. She can be quite, a, umm, well a handful really.”

Sarah snorted at me. “It's OK but I don't think she likes me.”

“She is mean and torments everyone but she means nothing by it. If she really didn't like you, we'd know. She is a terrorist when she gets going.”

Sarah hummed at me and smirked. “So you won't have to warn off any future boyfriends of hers then?”

“You're jokin', right? She is more likely to do that with my girlfriends!”

“Talking of girlfriends, you are right by the way, Paula is beautiful.”

I stopped and looked at her. “How did you know?”

“I saw a photo of her on your desk. I'm guessing it's her and it is a nice picture. She was smiling and looking very radiant.”

“Oh yeah,” I said, having forgotten that the photo was in my room and started walking again. “We took that when we went to Wendover Woods last Summer. Really nice day it was.”

“I can tell. Plenty of bare flesh,” Sarah said suggestively and I grinned.

“Yeah, well. It was a very, very hot day and we walked there and got the bus back. It's around ten miles all told.”

“I did think that skirt didn't go well with hiking boots,” Sarah admitted.

“Walkers don't care what they look like,” I told her and smiled as we crossed the road towards the bowling alley.

I did beat her at bowling. We played two games and although her technique had improved she was still no match for my more experienced play. Sarah was good company and the reflective, complicated and stropy teenager of the last fourteen hours was replaced with the energetic, confident and playful Sarah that I knew and adored.

I was happy to buy us lunch in a small café near the station and we took the train back to Wendover just after midday.

She was quiet on the train and I didn't want to disturb her thoughts so stared out of the window for the ten minute journey.

“Well say something,” she said as we disembarked.

“What do you want me to say?” I asked and she shrugged her shoulders.

“I dunno. What do I say to Mum and Dad?”

I breathed deeply. “That's up to you. What do think you should say?”

“I shouldn't have run off but they should stop thinking I am a child.”

“Hmmm.”

“Well what would you say? Help me, please.”

“Apologise and admit you were wrong to run off without telling them but you were safe and home now, and you won't do it again in future. Say everyone can learn from it, including you, and hope you can put it behind you.”

“OK. Yeah” Sarah begrudgingly admitted.

“Then tell her the truth. You have been in a sexual relationship and would have told her earlier but didn't feel able to but you have been taking precautions. I assume you have

been taking precautions.”

Sarah bit her lip. “Well sort of.”

“Sort of?” I asked and she shrugged.

“Well yes and no. When Kev can get condoms yes, otherwise we are just a bit careful”

“A bit careful! Aren't you on the pill?”

“Well no.”

“Why not?” I asked incredulously and then wished I hadn't. Sarah's private life was not really any of my business but she didn't seem to mind and ignored my intrusion.

“I can hardly go ask the doctor, can I?”

“Hmmm, well yes, you can. Julie did a few years ago. Mum found them in her room. She was quite OK about it as she was taking responsibility and doing the right thing. She just made an appointment with her doctor and she prescribed them.”

“And they don't tell your parents?”

“They aren't allowed, certainly not when you are sixteen anyway.”

Sarah was quiet for a moment.

“I can't just go on my own,” she thought out loud.

“Well take your Mum. Ask her to go with you. You know the whole mother-daughter bonding thing that's supposed to happen. Or maybe Donna?”

Sarah punched me playfully and went back to the original conversation. “So what about my behaviour? She doesn't like that.”

“Explain you are naturally flirtatious and you don't normally overstep the mark. We'll ignore last night though”

“Are you going to keep reminding me of that?” Sarah asked, her face grinning.

“Hmmm ... maybe!”

“Should I remind you that you turned down a free blow job from a, and I quote, gorgeous young lady”

“You didn't say blow job, you said uncomplicated fumbblings,” I muttered and she grinned, squeezing my hand.

“You might have got lucky,” she said airily and I hummed.

“Going back to your behaviour, maybe suggest a bit of give and take. And whatever happens don't lose your temper, or get overly emotional. You were worse than anyone else I know last night.”

Sarah grinned at me. “I'm not all that bad, surely”

“No you're not, but just as you are having to deal with this for the first time, your parents haven't had an emotionally charged and headstrong daughter to deal with either before. This is new to them as well.”

“They had Paul, and he was no trouble as they keep telling me.”

“Yeah, the clue was in the word 'daughter.'”

“Smart arse.”

“What was it you said, 'irrational bitch.'”

“Demanding.”

“Oh yeah, a demanding, irrational bitch.”

We turned into St James Way and looked straight ahead at her house.

“Wish me luck,” she asked dramatically as we reached her driveway. “Please don't go anywhere”

“I'll wait on the bench,” I told her, pointing at the wooden garden bench on her front lawn. It was hidden from the front of the house and driveway by a short hedge and faced out over the entrance to the drive. “I've bought my book, so I'll wait until you or your parents tell me to go. If you need me, I'll be here.”

Sarah wrapped her arms around me and then wiped her eyes. “Thank you.”

I watched as she went up to her front door to face the wrath of her parents and then sat down on the bench to finish 1984.

* * * * *

I heard very little shouting coming from the house which I took as a very good sign. I was expecting doors slamming and raised voices but the only sounds I could really hear were those of the birds and of the wind rustling through the trees. I finished my book and looked over at Sarah's house but could see no life. I thought about knocking on the door, but I didn't know what I would say or what use I would be.

I didn't know why I was even waiting for her. I thought I just needed to know she was fine, but the truth was probably different and I didn't want to admit it. I was there because, and only because, Sarah asked me to be and I probably wouldn't have done it for anyone else. Well almost anyone else, the playful and mysterious Abi having taken a backseat in my emotions for twelve hours was re-entering my thoughts.

I was stirred from my lustful deliberations by a door closing and Angela walking over me.

“Afternoon,” I called out nervously and she greeted me.

“Have you been there since Sarah has got back?” she asked and I nodded.

“She wanted me to be around in case of ... well she ...”

“I know. Can you thank your parents for keeping her safe, and making sure she phoned. Will and I were really quite worried last night until I spoke to you.”

“Will do” I murmured. “Is she OK now?” I asked and her mother nodded.

“She'll be fine. We are all a bit bruised by it all but she's fine.”

“I'll be getting back then. I have to help Abi pack as she is moving tomorrow.”

“Thanks again, Andy.”

“Could you ask Sarah, if she fancies it, I'd love to meet up with her go bowling or have a picnic at the weekend?”

Her mum looked at me, apologetically. “Sorry Andy. She's grounded.”

“Oh OK”, I replied. “I guessed she might be. Can I ring her?”

“Yes, you ring her. I think she'll like that.”

* * * * *

Abi had very little to pack and required very little help. She was still mostly living out of suitcases but did wash the few clothes she had worn.

Rhea was busy teasing Julie as she darted around the house. She had only been back from University for two weeks, and in the house less than 24 hours but had still managed

to lose half-a-dozen critical and important items for her holiday.

"What's she still looking for?" I asked Rhea as Julie shouted at the dining room in frustration and stormed upstairs.

"These," replied my little sister, and she held out two pieces of swimwear from underneath her top. "They are her bottoms to both of her bikinis"

"Has anyone ever told you that you are going straight to Hell?" I asked, laughing at her. Rhea stuffed the garments back up her top as Julie came storming down the stairs again.

"All the time," she grinned. "But then again so will big brothers who sleep with other boy's girlfriends, eh?"

"I didn't, Rhea. And as disappointed as that sounds, there is nothing you can wind me up about it."

Rhea's eyes flashed. "Oh I wouldn't say that. They'll be something."

"There is nothing Rhea. I don't even go gooey-eyed over Sarah," I told her. "I was very careful last night and Sarah and I did nothing we should not have done."

"I don't believe you, bro. And you do go gooey-eyed over Sarah. And Abi."

Abi and I had an enjoyable evening together. With Rhea and Julie around it was not as sexually charged as our previous time together but we played cards, watched a film and generally enjoyed each others' company. I wondered what she would say when I asked her out, if I had the courage. I just hoped she would say yes.

* * * * *

Abi had very little to pack and expected no help. She had loaded her car except for her big suitcase by the time I had got up, although she had the good sense to not refuse my assistance when I went to carry it downstairs.

Abi was excited about moving into her own flat. Mum was there to wave us off, even though we were only going around the corner and had bought her (or acquired from her club) a bottle of champagne to celebrate. Abi's new flat was converted from a house and occupied the lower floor of a period terrace. I looked up the road as she pulled in next to her property and imagined parking could be a problem if many of the residents owned cars but because it was a Tuesday everyone was at work and the road was almost empty.

I hauled Abi's suitcase in first as Abi unlocked the front door. She had obtained the keys from Angela the night before and they had already agreed on the bedrooms. Angela, as she had found and chosen the property, and then arranged all the paperwork for the flat would have the bigger room but both of them came with double beds and were of a decent size.

The entire flat was in need of some redecoration and Abi's room was covered with 1960s flowery green wallpaper and navy curtains. "I know what you're thinking," Abi said as I put the suitcase down in front of her cupboard in the corner. "It's no palace, but it's a home."

"I think it's cool," I lied but I was sure Abi saw through it. We emptied the rest of her car in less than ten minutes and then Abi offered me a guided tour.

To say it took even less time than offering it is unkind but the flat was small. The living room contained a brown leather sofa that seated two people, a fireplace that didn't work, a hi-fi and a small television underneath the two massive sash windows that looked out over the street.

The bathroom was covered in light brown marble effect tiles and contained a white bath, a shower over the bath, a white sink and a white toilet (that was practically touching the

bath). It looked smart, but it was tiny. The kitchen was long and narrow. I could foresee plenty of touching if two people needed to cook at the same time, given that there was no room to move past each other. The worktops were a decent size and the cooker looked fairly recent but it still needed some maintenance doing on it.

There was a shared communal garden outside and Abi's flat had its own wrought iron table and chairs but Abi searched my face for approval and it was, if nothing else, warm and homely. I nodded, it was a small flat, but its' diminutive size probably came at a diminutive cost, and Abi seemed genuinely happy with her new residence. She sought some sort of approval, and got it.

"Abi, there is something I need to ask you?" I said as she returned back from the garden. I felt butterflies in my stomach and my hands sweaty. "I couldn't ask earlier because it wasn't right. Please will you go out with me? I've never felt happier being with anyone before" I gushed, staring at the floor barely pausing for breath.

I watched her intently, hoping her magical smile would come back. What would she say or do? Tears welled up her eyes and she began to wipe them away.

She was crying. What had I said? I thought she'd be happy.

Chapter V

“What's wrong?” I asked and took a step towards her.

“I'm fine,” she replied through her tears and looked at me shaking her head. “Why me?”

“Because I really like you. And well you are, you're everything I want in a girlfriend.”

Abi scoffed at me, “I'm really not who you think I am. I am not everything you want, trust me. I have a lot of baggage and I will end up hurting you, and I don't want that.”

My heart was beating furiously and I searched around her lounge for inspiration. How could I express my feelings in a way that didn't sound pathetic and over-emotional? I sighed and pointed her towards the mirror on the wall. “Paula used to get me to do this and I can't explain this any other way. Look into it, what do you see?” She shrugged and I went behind her. “Who do you see?”

“I don't know, Andy. I see me,” she muttered and I saw her eyes well up again.

“You see your flaws. You see the things you hate about yourself. The things you would rather no-one else saw or knew.” Abi nodded meekly but didn't say anything. “I look in the mirror and see this beautiful girl. Confident. Smart. Understanding. Impossibly flirtatious and sexy. Incredible company and just complete perfection.”

“I'm not perfect, Andy. I'm anything but and if you think I am you will be disappointed,” she said tearfully.

“Sorry, I forgot modest.”

Abi turned round, her eyes full of tears. “I'm being serious.”

“So am I.” I wiped her tears from her cheeks. “I know you're not and I don't want you to be.”

Abi gave me a hug and held me tightly for a few moments. “I have many dark secrets in my life that you won't like so don't think of me like that. I want to be friends with you but I can't be your girlfriend.”

I felt my heart sink. “So you have issues, you have a dark past. It doesn't matter. I like you just the way you are.” I gulped and took a deep breath. “I've not known anyone like you. I just enjoy being in your company and I mean it when I say I really hope you stick around Aylesbury for more than a few months.”

She smiled and bit her lip.

“I like being around you too, but if you knew ...”

“If I knew what?”

Abi shook her head. “Coming here and meeting you, and Grace. Seeing Angela again. It's done me the world of good. I didn't think it would but I can't explain it. So I do want to stick around, but I have some things in my past and I need to sort them out.”

“That's fine, but that doesn't mean we can't go out, surely?”

Abi burst in tears and shook her head. “I'm sorry. I just can't be in a relationship with anyone right now. I just can't.”

I felt emptier than I had ever done in my whole life: what was wrong with me? I was keen to get away from Abi in some respects but Abi was fairly upset after I asked her out, so I stayed for longer than I probably should have done. She was suddenly very tense and apprehensive around me whereas before she was carefree and happy. She kissed me as I left and told me she wished things could be different but she couldn't get involved in a

committed relationship right now. I almost resented her a little for it, but always knew that she was out of my league. I hoped and aspired for something I clearly could not have.

I phoned Sarah when I got home. She sounded happier than I was feeling and said she wished she could be with me but I was glad her parents had grounded her, as I simply couldn't face her bubbly demeanour. I loved her for it, but I needed someone to talk to who knew me. I needed a Paula or a Ray but Paula was in Bournemouth and Ray came with Donna.

I needed a friend; what I got was Rhea.

"Turned you down, has she?" she taunted when she returned for lunch.

"Hmmm, yes. She said she didn't want a relationship" I found myself saying. I had been brooding on the sofa for two hours and not even turned the television on. Rhea's baiting nature disappeared immediately.

"Oh I'm sorry bro, did she really?"

I exhaled deeply. "Yeah, it's not to be."

"Do you want to talk about it?" she asked concerned.

"No, not really." I said getting up from the couch. "I just want to get away from it."

"You know, Becky likes you. I'd set you up on a date. She's got big knockers and everything."

I smiled at her. "You're OK Rhea. Thanks, but I want Abi."

"Or Sarah?"

"Yeah. Or Sarah" I found myself admitting, dreamily, but both of them were well out of my league.

* * * * *

Mum sensed that something was wrong but didn't ask and Rhea didn't tell, at least not while I was present. I spent most of the day idling around, and doing nothing much. I sent my film off to Bonusprint for developing and put a load of my clothes into the washing machine but I spent too long worrying about Abi.

What was Abi's dark secret? I pondered too much about this. Was she running from the Police? Unlikely. The mafia? Possibly, or was that me spending too much time watching the Godfather? Was she secretly pregnant? Probably not as to my mind she was too slim to be knocked up. Was she here as she was in trouble with one of my cousins? But most of all, why was I so sure that Abi was the person who could make me happy, and what would happen if Sarah was single again? There was a definite spark between myself and my classmate.

I knew none of the answers but it did not stop speculating about Abi. It dawned on me that maybe, just maybe, I had fallen for my image of Abi, a construction of what I thought she would be and should be. Perhaps, I was enchanted by a mirage that did not exist; possessed by Ruritanian fantasy that was no more real than the fairies at the end of the garden. Or was it possible that it was her flaws that attracted me, as much as her strengths, and that I wanted her not despite of her past but because of it? Perhaps I was attracted to her because she was complicated and worldly and not shallow and sheltered like so many of the girls I met in this affluent corner of the country.

At dinner Julie spoke excitedly about her holiday to the beaches of the Mediterranean and my silence was not noticed in between Rhea's wind ups and Julie's enthusiasm. Julie had purchased another two bikinis and Rhea's eyes lit up in excitement. I just hoped for Julie's

sake that they were going to be well hidden or else Julie would be displaying her worldly charms to everyone! Mum disappeared to work at 7pm but promised to be back early as she was taking Julie and Oliver to the airport early the following morning.

I was in bed staring at the ceiling by 8pm; it was easier than talking. I had never been rejected before and I felt disheartened and miserable; I just wanted to be left alone as I had no idea what to do.

* * * * *

The flat was empty when I got up and showered. Rhea was in bed, and Julie and Mum were en route to Heathrow. I got myself some breakfast and idled down to the Club, but Mr Asuni was not in and the back door was firmly locked. I sat on the bottom of the fire escape and opened my book to read.

Ikenna Asuni arrived a few minutes later in his black BMW and greeted me with his usual deep voice.

“You're keen,” he chuckled as he unlocked the back door and unset the alarm.

Ikenna showed me briefly around the Club and it was a lot like I had imagined. My mum had detailed what areas of the club I should be allowed access to, and which bits I was not – namely the stage, upstairs VIP areas and the changing rooms. The club had no sunlight (our flat was on top of the club) but Ikenna flicked a switch behind the bar, and a few seconds later the entire area was bathed in an artificial bright glow.

To begin with, I cleaned all the smaller round tables around the stage and wiped down all the chairs removing crumbs onto the floor and removing spilt drinks and chewing gum from the furniture. I repeated this on the dozen or so booths that surrounded the tables that were stickier and dirtier.

Ikenna helped me move the small tables on around the stage to one side then showed me how to use the industrial Hoover and carpet cleaner. He was busy sorting out the bars that were on a raised platform and after I vacuumed and cleaned the carpet around the stage, I did the same by the bars and then in the reception area.

Every few minutes I had to change the water in the carpet cleaner and Ikenna laughed when I suggested that this had never been done before. The water was black and full of dirt. As Ikenna explained, the carpet was cleaned three times a week and other things such as lights, skirting-boards, dado rails, walls and doors were cleaned weekly on different days. I knew I would earn my money but I did not mind; I was just grateful to be given the chance.

I was very careful to make sure I did a good job and not miss anything but was also keen to ensure that I progressed at a decent speed. I did not want to be seen as either sloppy or slow.

By 11am my mother arrived and greeted Ikenna but said nothing to me. She watched me for awhile polish the tables and then moved into the Office with Ikenna, who emerged twenty minutes later and showed me where the mop and bucket was and told me to do the same to the bar areas.

The other cleaner, Mrs Pollitt arrived shortly afterwards but already knew who I was and what I was doing. She seemed nice enough, chatting briefly after introducing herself as Estelle. I helped carry the vacuum cleaner and carpet cleaner up the stairs that lead around the stage to the upper floor and the VIP rooms as I did not think it was right to let a middle-aged woman carry such equipment on her own when I was able to do so for her.

I saw Mum disappear for an hour; she said she was having lunch with Alicia and I just nodded as she left, returning just as it reached 2pm and I had finished. Ikenna and Mum

checked what I had done looking meticulously at the tables and then the carpet. Apart from a small spill underneath one of the tills, an area of the bar I had intentionally avoided, they found no fault and even joked that if I stayed they would need to get new tables as I would “polish the varnish off.”

Mum thanked me for my hard work and I left. I was glad of the four hours I had spent in the club as it had taken my mind of Abi completely but I was back to worrying about her again and I was not sure what would stop me.

It was Ray; he had come to the flat and left a message with Rhea that Donna, her cousin and himself were planning to watch Deep Impact at 4.30pm in the cinema's cheap viewing and that my presence was demanded at the pub opposite from 3.30pm onwards after he had finished working at his mothers' bakery.

The pub opposite, the White Lion, was a popular haunt for cinema goers but by the time 3.30pm had come around my mood had deteriorated dramatically. Rhea's ceasefire had well and truly ended and by 3pm I was shouting at her across the lounge. Rhea rarely cried or got too upset, but by the time I left she had barricaded herself in her room to avoid me and I felt more angry and vicious than ever. I was sure I would pay for it later, but didn't care: Rhea was not the only one who was allowed to get angry.

Ray saw me at the bar, without his companions and cheerfully greeted me. He had known me for long enough to know when I was not in a happy mood, but my lack of reciprocation towards his lively welcome did not seem to register with him. He chatted cheerfully and enthusiastically about Donna, a smile barely leaving his face as he spoke. I know now that it was selfish and petty, but I almost resented his happiness given that the person I wanted was so unavailable; I didn't want him to be so cheery.

The pub was not busy but the serving girl at the bar was not only slow but also managed to ignore us three times and serve newer customers before us. “Oi,” I shouted aggressively to get her attention when we were ignored for a fourth time. “Are we bloody invisible or are you just blind?” She looked around nervously and I continued. “Ten minutes we've been here waiting for you!”

“Mate,” Ray said calmly.

“Is there a problem here?” a tall middle-aged guy in a black shirt asked behind us. He had been collecting the empty glasses and stacking them in the corner of the bar without paying attention to anyone else before.

“Actually there is. We've been here for ten minutes and totally ignored while she fannies about ...”

“Andy, calm down, it's fine,” Ray interjected, putting a hand on my shoulder that I instantly shook off.

“You better calm down or you won't be getting served as I'll be throwing you out,” the barman said menacingly in a deep, firm voice. He pointed to a sign on the wall that read “Rules of the Inn”. “We have rules in here for how to behave and if you can't then you can leave.”

I was about to respond when Ray sent me outside to sit on the one of the outdoor tables and chairs while he got the drinks.

“What was all that about?” he asked as soon as he returned to the table with two lemonades and a packet of peanuts. I did not explain to Ray about Abi or Rhea's baiting, and he did not ask any further when I brushed off his question. He started talking about Donna and I tuned out of the conversation, nodding occasionally and staring out at the wildlife over the canal.

By 4pm there was no sign of Donna, or her cousin and 4.20pm I was getting more than a little frustrated. The cheaper priced tickets only existed for the afternoon viewings, due to the decreased number of people visiting the cinema, and if we weren't at the box office within five minutes we wouldn't get in.

4.25pm came and went and so did 4.30pm. At ten to five, Donna appeared with tall light haired girl who she introduced as her cousin Astrid, by which time I could feel I was on a short fuse. I felt exasperated and wound up. I could feel my shoulders being pressed towards the ground and a tenseness in the back of my neck.

"Fathers side" Ray mouthed to me in explanation as the short half-caste black haired girl stood next to the exact opposite of her cousin.

"Sorry we're late," Donna said as she sat down with a Coke. Astrid climbed in next to me also with a drink and a packet of crisps.

"It's my fault," Astrid simpered her face full of Cheese and Onion crisps. "I just couldn't decide what to wear. I was going to wear a little black skirt but it just made my bum look massive and ..."

I could feel my frustration boiling over as I brushed off a crumb of crisp that Astrid has spat over me. "You don't think it's got anything to do with the crisps then?" I asked with a faux calmness and she stopped.

"What?" asked Donna.

"You thinking a particular garment makes you have a fat arse is at all related to you having a fat arse because you stuff your face with crisps?"

Donna stared at me, open mouthed. "That's so rude."

"Oh, and turning up an hour and twenty minutes so we miss the film, isn't rude then?"

"Andy, look, if you don't want to ..." Ray started but I ignored him and looked at Donna.

"...and then turn up and blame it all on some ill-fitting garment made by children in god knows what sort of sweat shop for a dollar a day or something when the truth is because you stuff your face with crisps and..."

"ANDY!" Ray shouted, cutting off my rant.

"Sarah said you were so nice. She is so wrong," Donna screamed at me hysterically and I shrugged.

"Well I like Sarah, she doesn't turn up late and behave like a spoilt bitch ..."

I didn't finish as Donna launched her Coke towards me and hit me squarely in the face.

I stood up shaking my T-Shirt and she stared at me. "You know what, fuck you. Fuck the film. Fuck..." I shouted, waving my arm at her and stepped over the bench. Ray leapt up from his seat and I clenched my fists. I could feel the anger inside my welling up, the frustration from Abi coursing through my veins and anxious to have an outlet.

"I warned you," cried the barman taking strides towards me but I ignored him.

"Go on," I told Ray, staring at his confused gaze. Donna tugged at his shirt to sit back down and glared at me.

I felt an arm on my shoulder and turned to see the barman pulling me. "Get out. That is not the language I want in my pub. You're barred." I shook my shoulder and he pushed me towards the gate in the corner of the beer garden.

"And fuck you too" I shouted at him, my eyes glaring at them and left, kicking the pub specials board into the flowerbed as I went.

* * * * *

Rhea and Mum both looked suspiciously at me when I came in, Coke in my hair, T-Shirt and arms. It had dried on the way home, was very sticky and uncomfortable and I just wanted a shower. They said nothing, but I knew I would be quizzed later.

I felt bad for the way I had reacted to everything. I had been completely unreasonable and knew it. Part of me knew I was doing so at the time, but also part of me didn't care. Donna and Astrid had been unfair also, but what had Ray done? Or Rhea?

To her credit, Mum didn't ask any questions over tea and Rhea was still bruised from our shouting match earlier in the day, to even try and talk to me, so we ate in near silence, which suited me.

Sarah rang not long after Mum had gone to work and asked to speak to me. Rhea hesitated before passing the phone to me and then left me alone unprompted, although I suspect she was just at the top of the stairs listening in.

Donna had phoned Sarah immediately she returned home and relayed my antics from the pub, with Ray's account of the previous altercation, and she immediately asked if I was OK and what had happened but I was not in a talkative mood and she sensed that. I told her I was fine, had been unreasonable (as had Donna) and regretted what I said. It was nice hearing Sarah's voice again, she sounded so reassuring and calm, and I wished she was with me but knew that it was better she wasn't and made my excuses after a short time; I just needed to be alone.

* * * * *

I opened up the club with Mum at 9.30am the following morning. As well as vacuuming the carpets, wiping down the chairs and tables and cleaning the bar, I also had to wipe down the intricate dado rail that ran the length of the club. This had accumulated a large amount of dirt and grime over the previous seven days and the cleaning cloth I was using was filthy by the time I had finished.

Mum was happy that I had cleaned the areas I was responsible for to an adequate standard and thanked me. "Andy," she called as I jumped down the steps into the main area to leave. "Are you planning to see Abi today?" I froze and then shook my head. What did she know about Abi and I? Why was she asking? "Abi was very upset last night and she wants to speak to you."

"She knows where I am, or has she suddenly forgotten?" I responded quickly and coldly. I didn't mean it, but felt if Abi wanted to talk to me then she should do it to me rather than through my mother. That was the behaviour of a twelve year old.

"She needs to speak to you when you are ready. She has gone through a tough time recently and we are all very worried about her. Please go talk to her." I groaned. "For me?" she implored. "Abi needs us. She needs you. It's tough for her."

I huffed at her. "OK. I will see her."

Mum smiled. "It's just you liked her enough to ask her out. It seems a bit silly that you don't want to see her now she's a bit upset. All she wants to do is be friendly."

"OK," I blurted. "I get it."

"Cause you've looked after her so well," she continued. "And I think it would a be nice gesture to go and see her, she'll be at home this afternoon."

"Right," I snapped and grabbed my wallet and keys from the side. Mum grinned and I couldn't help feeling that I had been manipulated.

* * * * *

As much as it pained me to admit Mum was completely right. I very much did like Abi and I was being a "sore loser" in the dating game. She made me laugh and feel good about myself; she was certainly sexy and flirtatious. Why was I being cold to a lovely and sexy female stripper who just wanted to spend time with me?

I had rehearsed me asking Abi out in my mind and I had just expected her to say yes and flock into my arms if I had the courage to do it. My brain might have told me that I was a hundred to one shot, but my heart told that I was destined to go out with her. I thought she had been flirty so she would get my attention and that she wanted to date me.

I, of course, was wrong, but if I wasn't going to get a date out of it, would a friendship with Abi be such an awful consolation prize?

I barely had to knock when Angela answered the door.

"Oh, hi Andy" she called. She smiled when she saw me and had her jacket and shoes on.

"I didn't realise you didn't have heating," I joked nodding towards her clothing and she smirked.

"I presume you're here to see Abi?" she asked and I nodded. "Well tell her I'm going to see my nephew and then gone to the shops, and ... umm ... be easy on her."

"I have been," I muttered defensively.

Angela gave me a wry look. "She's not had a good couple of days, keeps getting very weepy and I am a bit scared about her. We all are. Just treat her gently." I felt a little chastised but knocked gently on Abi's door and heard a "come in" in response.

I tentatively opened the door to see Abi sat up in bed, topless and reading a book. Her hair cascaded over the side of her face and covered her ample and beautiful breasts perfectly.

"Andy," she shrieked and bounded out of bed to hug me. I was tongue-tied as she threw her arms around me, her naked body pressed against mine. "I'm so glad you came."

"Mum made me." She looked up at me, her eyes welling up. "But I wanted to. I didn't know if you wanted to see me."

Abi squeezed me tightly. "Of course I do, I just wanted to give you some space, after ... what happened." There was silence for a moment as I hugged her tightly. "I didn't want to upset you. I s'pose I should have handled it a bit better."

I pursed my lips. "I'm ... I'm fine." She looked up and we parted from our embrace. "Abi, I don't think you're wearing any knickers."

She laughed and shrugged. "I don't care."

I felt my dick begin to stiffen but thanks to pants and shorts I don't think Abi noticed.

"I'm having a duvet day," she rationalised and I nodded.

Abi climbed back into her bed and I sat on top of her duvet. It was too warm to be in bed and clothed and I did not think it to be appropriate to try and jump into bed naked with her.

"Are you sure you're OK?" she asked breaking the silence.

"Yeah. A little disappointed, but I understand. I really do like you, you know that and if I can be friends with you. Spend some time with you. Well that's not all bad, is it?" I told her, looking at my hands and not her exposed bosom.

Abi listened and shrugged. "I do want a friendship with you and I wish it could be different but I have just come out of a really, really bad relationship and I can't be in another one just now. I mean, I do like you and I knew you liked the look of me. I saw it in your eyes the moment you walked into your flat."

I smirked nervously. "Tell me about it. The first time in front of anyone I've been lost for words. I can't explain it"

"No. And I teased you. I know I shouldn't have but I've always liked teasing and flirting but I just didn't feel comfortable doing it again until we went to town. I've not felt so relaxed for months but I didn't expect you to ask to date me. I suppose I was the girl you mentioned in the car outside Sarah's."

"Yes, you are. Although I didn't think I'd have the courage to ask."

"I didn't think you'd be stupid enough to want me."

"Abi, stop being so hard on yourself. You really are a ... nice girl."

Abi gave a hollow smile and shook her head. "I'm not. You only want me because I am a stripper!"

I scowled. "No. I want you because I think we would make a good couple and I just love spending time with you. And because you a wonderful."

Abi blushed and shook her head. "I'm not," she said with a derisive grunt.

"Why not? Why do you think you're not?" I asked her, a little assertively, and she pointed towards the big bruise on top of my shin. "So you lost your temper. I got barred from a pub yesterday because I was in a foul mood." She looked at me with raised eyebrows and I added. "You don't want to know, but Ray and Donna aren't speaking to me anymore and I did kick the pub specials board into the flower bed. Things got to me."

Abi took a deep breath and looked away from me. "I didn't want to tell you this. At all. But Grace thinks it might be a good idea to tell you. She thinks you might understand, but I don't want to but ..."

"Tell me what?"

Abi took a deep breath and bit her lip, wiping her eyes. "Something," she gulped and sighed. "Promise me you won't think any worse of me."

I promised, my heart thumping in my chest; she paused for a moment and her hands started shaking. I tried to hold them but she took them off me and stared down at them.

"You know I was born in Scotland and I had a good life there. I started working for a solicitor called Margaret Partridge when I failed to get into drama school and things were going well for me. Then one month, she died and my boyfriend cheated on me and left. I met Angela at Margaret's funeral. She was dating Margaret's son at the time and she invited me down to Birmingham after we had spent a fortnight together."

I looked at her and she shrugged. "It was a complicated estate and Eddie – Margaret's son – had his hands full. In Birmingham, Angela introduced me to lap-dancing clubs as easy way to make money and I enjoyed it. It's fun and well, reasonably safe. She liked it as she could work it 'round her degree."

"There's nothing to be ashamed about that," I started but she put her hand on mine.

"Please ... let me finish. Well I met this guy, Gavin. He was nice enough at first but things got a bit nasty after I moved in. I knew he was cheating on me, but I felt trapped. Angela moved back to Watford after Eddie found out about her lap-dancing last Summer and I started doing shifts at a massage parlour for a bit of extra cash."

"A massage parlour. Where you do massages?"

Abi spluttered. "Where I get fucked for money." Abi burst into tears and I scooted up to put my arm around her.

"That's well ... a bit unusual ... but not totally ..."

She buried her face in her hands and started sobbing, my arm still around her body. What was I supposed to do? I felt just as helpless with Abi as I had done with Sarah. I waited until she had finished and asked her. "What's wrong? It's fine?"

"You don't get it! I was a prostitute. A whore. That's why my family don't talk to me anymore, they found out."

I blinked; was I missing something? Half of the girls at the club had had sex for money at least once (Mum told me once when she was a little bit tipsy) and the cheap hotel nearby had a special couple of rooms for the girls who took "punters" home after a session at the club. If I had been asked, had Abi ever prostituted herself, I would have replied that it was very possible.

It obviously meant a lot to Abi. She didn't want to have told me, and while it would have been more of a problem to me if we were dating and she was "on the game," the fact that it was in her past, was just that: it was in her past. "It doesn't matter," I eventually said. "Loads of girls have done it, haven't they?"

"It does matter. Gavin forced me and took all the money I earned. Every blow job earned him more whisky. Every fuck more casino time. And when I wasn't fucking for cash I was being his skivvy or getting beaten. Not enough money and he'd start with the punches."

I looked into her eyes. "Abi ... I'm so ... I didn't know," I stammered and picked up her hand.

"I know."

"But, why didn't you leave?"

"I did but it took me months to build up the courage but something happened and I had to. That's why I am here in Aylesbury," she answered.

I looked at her as was a touch evasive and then took a deep breath. "This doesn't change how I feel about you. You still make me happy. You still make me laugh. You're still awesome."

"I'm still a prostitute. A stripper. I'm still hated my family and all around me, and I still hurt people trying to help."

I gulped. "If that's what you are worried about then I don't care and don't mind. I still want to date you if you want a relationship with me."

Abi shook her head. "I'm a long way from being able to have a relationship with anyone." She wiped her eyes. "Sorry Andy. Really I am. You're a great guy but I'm not for you."

"So what happens now?" I asked and she shrugged.

"I don't know. I didn't expect you'd to want to see me again after I told you."

"For God's sake, Abi!" I exclaimed at her. "I don't know why you think I'd think so poorly of you?"

Tears started streaming down her face again. "It's not easy understanding people after being beaten for several months for being useless and lazy." she cried. "I don't understand you at all."

"OK," I said with raised eyebrows and took my shirt off.

"Andy, what are you doing?"

"May I?" I asked and held out the duvet.

"May you what?"

I felt a twang of uncertainty in her voice and uttered, "join you. Cuddle up to you in bed."

“Cuddle up to me?”

“Yes, I like you Abi. Why is that so difficult to understand?” She flinched as I spoke. “I might have been annoyed and frustrated but I still like you. Now, may I?”

She nodded and spoke. “Of course,” she said and I slid underneath the duvet.

“You know, men in my bed never normally stay clothed for long. You're taking a risk!”

“I'd have expected nothing less,” I told her smiling and she put her hands on the back of my waistband.

“You sure?” she asked through her misty eyes and I nodded.

“I told you. Your past ... well it's just makes you, you.”

She slid them down, freeing my aroused cock and brushing against it. I kicked my clothes onto the floor and took off my socks.

I had only had a naked cuddle with Paula but with Abi it felt so much better. She pressed her warm body against me and I smiled. I couldn't resist rubbing my hands over her soft skin although every time I went near her breasts I felt a small shock of warmth hit the base of my testicles.

Abi turned and closed her eyes, giving me a deep kiss on the lips. I opened my lips and we embraced properly, our mouths intertwined and tongues massaging each others.

It wasn't my first deep kiss – and it didn't go on long enough to be a “snog” - but it just felt wonderful, almost heavenly. With Paula it was always a little bit forced – we did it because we thought we should rather than because we really wanted to. With Abi, it just felt right.

My dick became rock solid instantly and Abi felt it. We broke and she stared deeply into my eyes. Grabbing hold of my cock she began to glide her hands over it.

“Nice,” she squealed as she gripped my erect cock. I had never really known whether my manhood was “big” or not, I did not know enough to know and was not vain enough to want to compare with my peers in the school showers. Judging by the books I had read and the odd porn-film I had seen, it was not huge, but seeing Abi's reaction made me wonder if the erotic literature and pornography I had been exposed to was really that accurate, or whether Abi was faking a satisfied reaction to boost my ego.

“Are you sure?” I whispered and she sssshed me.

“Yeah, it's nice,” she whispered. “Just enjoy it.” She looked at me out of the corner of her eyes and grinned. “It's the best bit about having a whore for a friend,” she said with smile. “They love to make you smile.” She disappeared under the covers, pulling my thighs apart, before I could say much.

“You don't have ...” I started but my chivalrous resolve crumbled when I felt her warm breath over my cock. I sighed and then sensed amazing tingles all the way from my cock to the base of my testicles as her lips touched the top of my penis. I couldn't resist and had to lift the duvet up to watch. I have never had a girl put her mouth anywhere near my genitals before and I wanted to watch her as she my body feel things it had never experienced before.

I saw two blue eyes peer back at me as her mouth enveloped over my erect member. I sighed out in pleasure and then groaned as her warm, silky tongue glided over the sensitive head. I felt nothing like I had ever felt before, a feeling of such energy and excitement shooting through my loins. I pushed my body against the mattress and spread my legs further apart.

Abi's eyes met mine as she released my cock and stroked it a couple of times with her

hand, spreading the slick wetness from her mouth all over my erect member. I groaned as her thumb glided over the top of the glans, with so much pressure building deep inside my crotch. I had never felt this before and I sunk back in the bed.

“Oh Abi,” I groaned and she smiled before returning her lips to the crown of my cock and impaling her mouth down my shaft. I cried out, louder than before, scarcely able to comprehend the unbelievable sensations Abi was creating in my loins.

She bobbed up and down my shaft, her hair falling forward as she moved to brush the inside of my thighs. I barely noticed that my waist and hips bucked in time with Abi's rhythm and revelled in her experienced suckling of my genitals.

I could feel the pressure building inside me, and clenched my buttocks. My legs started to shake as Abi swirled her tongue around my sensitive head. I groaned and sunk into the bed even further. I recognised the feeling from when I used to play with myself and grunted. “Abi,” I cried. “I'm gonna--”

Abi increased her rate of swirling with her tongue, and began to pump my shaft with her hand. I felt a pressure behind my testicles I could not control.

“Abi!” I shouted as I felt my body release. Electric shocks flew up my body and a wave of indescribable energy cascaded to my extremities. Abi was relentless, sucking at my cock as it spurted several waves of my semen into her. Into someone else, for the very first time.

She waited until my body could offer no more, and circled the base of my cock with her fingers and glided it upwards. She looked at me, her face beaming and swallowed my deposit.

She snuggled back to me and went to kiss me again as I bathed in the warmth of my first ever blow job. I felt apprehensive kissing her after she had swallowed my semen but she pulled me closer. “If you want me to give you a blow job then at least kiss me afterwards,” she gently admonished me.

“Sorry” I muttered and then kissed her passionately, tasting a subtle tang on her lips. Our tongues intertwined for a few moments and we broke. “Thank you,” I said peering into her eyes. “That was, incredible.”

She smiled and kissed me on the forehead. “You're welcome,” she murmured and I felt her hands move across my stomach. “Anything for my friends.”

I tugged Abi closer to me and she put her head on my arm. “I've never felt anything like that before.”

Abi smirked. “I've never met a man yet who doesn't like a blow job or several.”

“And what about you?” I asked feeling guilty. I had been lost in my own pleasure I hadn't even considered Abi's.

“I enjoy making you happy,” she said. “But I will never say no to 69.” I thought through the term for a moment. I had heard it before, but couldn't immediately place the practice and Abi laughed. “Sorry. I ... er ... forgot. It's where both partners give each other head at the same time. You see the six and the nine”. Abi waved her hands in the air but I visualised the position easy enough and my cock went solid instantly.

“Well, if you never say no,” I started but Abi shook her head. “Please let me reciprocate ...” I asked and she looked into my eyes. I didn't want to take without returning something to her and the thought of kissing her genitals was a nice one.

“Do you know how to?” she asked and I shrugged my shoulders.

“Teach me?” I asked pleadingly. “Come on, you'd be the best person to show me,” I told

her and I saw a mischievously glint in her eye. "Please."

"I've never taught anyone before" she admitted and threw back the covers, spreading her legs slightly. I noticed her pubic hair for the first time and how Abi had trimmed but not shaved her mons to leave a nicely manicured V-shape. How short the brown hairs were and how they ended perfectly at the top of her slit. I ran my hands through her carpet and admired her. I had never taken the time to notice.

"You are going to have to get a lot closer than that," she joked as she looked at the awe etched upon my face. I blew her a kiss and slid down the bed so that my ankles were on the floor. Abi jiggled down slightly so her head was no longer on the pillow but her genitals were presented to me wonderfully.

She brought her feet up, and her slit teased open slightly.

"You can touch me you know, I won't break. I'm not made of glass," she teased and I tentatively held my finger out along the side of her hairless labia. I could see a dampness inside and eagerly touched it. "I was a whore you know, I am used to be touched." I groaned at her, but she peered down. "You said you knew where the clitoris was..." she murmured and I glided my finger through her damp patch and towards her clitoral hood. She moved my finger up slightly to a little ridge and I peered at it. She cried out and gripped the bed as I circled it with my index finger, putting pressure on it.

"Oh God!" she screamed and then told me to slow down. "That gets very sensitive. That's the one bit of me that IS made of glass". She panted for a few moments as ran my fingers up and down her crack slowly as I had one read in a book that caused her to mew repeatedly. "Right, do that with your tongue."

I felt an adrenaline rush as I nervously extended my tongue and it touched Abi's slick opening. I ran it up to the top of her labia, and around her clitoral hood, and back down to her perineum.

She muttered and purred as I tasted her sweet juices. They were slightly musky, ever so pleasant and unlike anything that I had ever had in my mouth.

She quickened the pace of her breathing and looked down at me.

"Two things....gently slide two fingers into me" she said and I took the index and middle finger and probed them at her opening. Her body eagerly accepted them into the warm cavity and I inserted them deep inside her. "Now curve them towards my belly button and stroke my insides gently"

I rotated my fingers inside her and she groaned as I did, but then cried out as I stroked the inside of her vaginal wall.

"Ahh ... ahhh ... now ... flick ... my clit ... with your ... tongue," she blurted out between pants. I slid my tongue up her crack and began flicking her engorged clitoris with the tip of my tongue.

She groaned and hissed as my fingers darted away at her insides and my tongue caressed her little button. She ran her hands through my hair and then clenched the edge of bed tightly with her hands.

Her grunting got higher pitched, her breathing ragged and her hips bucked against my fingers. She closed her eyes, and tensed her thighs. She shrieked and shrilled. She called out my name in excitement and I quickened the pace of my fingers rubbing along the inside of her pussy.

She squealed and cried in ecstasy, her high-pitched shriek echoing off the walls. Her thighs clamped between my ears and I sucked on her clit.

I felt her muscles tense around my fingers and squeeze them. They quivered as Abi's cries reached fever pitch. She yelled out as her climax hit her, her legs shaking and pulsating as her euphoric sensations crashed over her body.

She mewed gently as I sawed my fingers out her opening and gently licked her slit. She was content. Happy and content, and that is all I ever wanted for her. She beckoned me up the bed and I wiped my chin that was dripping with her juices.

I looked into her eyes and we our tongues met. We kissed and she pulled the covers back over us.

"I ... can ... see you have potential," she smirked and I laughed.

"It was good. I enjoyed it," I admitted. "I think I will like 69 too" and Abi giggled.

"It's a long, long time since I've come like that," she admitted and then stared at the wall. "But it's a long time since anyone has tried to." A tear formed in her eye, and I wiped it, but only managed to spread her juices over her face.

She looked up at me. "You can tell me you know" I told her and she shook her head.

"We better get up," she muttered after a few moments. "I got work to go to and I need a shower."

"OK" I replied, a little disappointed, wanting to hold her for a bit longer. I kissed her again and slipped out of bed, getting dressed.

"Andy," she started. "I do mean it though. I can't have a relationship with you."

"I know," I said. "I am happy with friends, honestly."

"Friends with an additional benefit or two?" she asked seductively.

I smiled. "If the gorgeous Abigail Isobel Kennedy wishes to engage in nefarious sexual practices with me, I might feel powerless to resist of course."

Abi smiled but continued. "You do understand?"

I nodded. "Yeah. I thought I needed to be in a relationship with you. What I think I need is to be in your company." Abi looked relieved and wiped her cheek.

"So you will still ask Sarah out then?"

"Sarah has a boyfriend" I replied. "She spent the night in my bed the other day and we did nothing other than cuddle goodnight."

"I know she spent the night in your bed. Your Mum moaned about it, but you like her."

"Maybe, but she has a boyfriend so it doesn't matter."

"I bet you anything you want she'll be single by September"

"You're on," I said with more conviction than I felt. "How much?"

"Money. I don't bet with money. A wager?"

Abi's eyes glistened playfully and I smirked at her. "What did you have in mind?"

"Well if I win, you can do all the cleaning and housework here for the week. The week before you go back to school I think. That's cooking, cleaning, washing, tidying. And you will be naked."

I grinned. "OK, you won't win. What do I get?"

"I'll be your slave for the day. You can do whatever you want from the moment you arrive to the moment you go home."

"Done" I muttered and then looked at the wall. "I do have one question though?"

“What, why you?”

I nodded. Abi looked at her hands and shrugged. “You know that my relationships with men, particularly recent ones, haven't been good. I either fucked or stripped or danced for their grunting enjoyment or was in a ... shit ... relationship that I had to run half way 'round the country to get away from. And then you turned up, bundle of hormones – I subconsciously expected you to see my body and just lust after it like every other eighteen year old guy I've met. But you didn't.”

“I'm sixteen” I told her and she nodded.

“I know that now, and that makes it worse. Or better. I thought you were eighteen until you had the row with your mum.”

“And I though you liked dancing and stripping? Or at least didn't mind it.”

“Oh I do. I love the thrill and the power and there are worst jobs. I mean, it is an aphrodisiac certainly and I sometimes get quite worked up doing it. I know I am just a sex object to the punters and I don't mind, but I don't like it, when I am being treated the same way at home. And that's it, totally. You were interested in being with me, but you were more interested in enjoying time in my company with me than ogling me. And it's made me feel good about myself again. I felt confident for the first time in months. If not years. But I never knew why you liked me if you didn't want to just get inside my knickers.”

I coughed. “So why today?”

Abi shrugged. “Women have needs and urges too. I don't want to be celibate, it has to be someone I like and enjoy spending time with. And you were insistent earlier on being my friend, despite my chequered history. I was so worried I had really upset you.”

I digested this for a moment and smiled. “I like being your friend, Abi” I muttered jokingly and she ruffled my short hair.

I smirked as she got of bed, displaying her nakedness freely. I eyed her womanly body, trimmed pubic hair, fantastic bosom and she snapped me out of it.

“Single track mind Andy.”

“Well don't be so sexy then and I'll stop thinking about it”. Not that either of those two things was going to happen any time soon.

* * * * *

“So you and Abi sorted now?” Mum asked as she dished up lasagne.

“Yeah, fine” I replied non-committally. “We're friends.”

“... and you are both happy?”

I nodded. “Yeah. Very. It's what I wanted, and it's what she wanted.”

She peered up at me and I nodded. “We chatted. She told me about her past, well some of it. I told her I didn't mind and that it didn't change how I felt about her, and then we agreed to be friends.”

“Well as long as you are both happy.”

“Yeah. I think we are. It's good”

Mum tensed up for a moment and asked, “And her past doesn't bother you?”

I shrugged my shoulder. “Why should it? We all have skeletons in our closet” I responded airily. “I very much like Abi, and her past is all part of her. And I like her. All of her, if that makes sense.”

Mum looked over at me as she put the empty lasagne dish in the sink to soak. "Yes I do," she said with a smirk. "But I told her you wouldn't care but she was terrified you wouldn't like her any more, think of her as dirty. You have made quite an impression on her," she said in a quiet voice. "She doesn't know anyone else in Aylesbury so she will need you."

Rhea could sense that I was in a better mood and began her teasing again but for once, she didn't irritate me at all and I even gave as good as I got. I think Mum was happy to leave for work that night, what with all the needling and goading, however good-natured that it was, that was going on between Rhea and I. This nearly culminated in Rhea being thrown through the kitchen window when she hid the remote control to the television and refused to give it back.

At 8pm I disappeared upstairs to use the phone in Mum's bedroom to phone Sarah. Although I didn't go into details, that would be too indiscreet – at least for a telephone conversation - she did realise that Abi and I now had a friendship that had a physical element to it. Sarah was happy for me but her being grounded had done little to improve her general mood although she was happy to tell me she had not fallen out with her parents again. That said, they had banned her from going to London for the foreseeable future and her boyfriend had, apparently, lost his temper when she told him. I wondered if my bet with Abi was really that safe?

"So was it Abi or Sarah you were screwing this afternoon?" Rhea asked when I returned downstairs.

"What?"

"Well you were either speaking to Sarah about Abi or Abi about Sarah. Given Abi is probably working, I reckon you went to Abi's, got your end away and then phoned Sarah."

I stared at her, shocked. "Rhea! It's very rude to listen in on other people's phone conversations. And you have a very active imagination."

Although, skills of detection would probably have described it better.

* * * * *

Mr Asuni was ready to let me in at 10am and I vacuumed the carpets, wiped the tables down, polished them, cleaned the bar, cleaned the doors and then hoovered and dusted the office. It was 2pm by the time I had finished, even though I had spent most of it daydreaming about Abi, and Mum looked around her, far cleaner nightclub.

"You've done better than I expected this week," she admitted and we slipped off to the empty Greasy Spoon around the corner for bacon rolls. "I thought you'd want to give it up after a couple of days."

I scoffed at her and she grinned. "My treat," Mum said as I got out my wallet.

"I'm earning now," I told her but she wouldn't accept any sort of payment.

"Abi seemed happier last night," Mum said as we sat down. I froze and looked away.

"Whatever you said ... or did ... well she was smiling all night. Never seen someone make so much money."

I went red and looked at my hands. "Well ..."

Mum laughed and took a gulp of her hot tea. "I never thought a child of mine would be embarrassed about sex!"

I looked around and then stared back at her. "I'm not embarrassed. There is a time and place, mother. This isn't it."

She grinned. "Yes, alright. But I do notice when a teenage boy sulks for a day, spends the

afternoon with a pretty girl and then is all smiles again. Not to mention what happens to the pretty girl.”

Was I really that transparent? “Can we change the subject?”

She shook her head. “No, I am being serious now. Be careful with Abi, for both of your sakes. I do worry about you.”

“Yes Mum, I know” I said exasperatedly. “We are not going out, we are just friends. And we didn't have sex.”

She gave me a knowingly look. “I never said you were going out or that you had sex.”

I sneered and she tapped the table.

“I was sixteen once, you know. I know things about Abi which you don't, and shouldn't. All I am saying is that don't get too attached to her. She is a great girl, very strong and feisty and I know you like her. I can see it in your eyes, but you are my son and I worry about you.” Mum paused and then continued in a lower, more sombre voice. “And Abi.”

“But you told me too.”

“I told you to patch up your differences and be friends. You both need each other. You are still pining for Paula and she is lonely. And you both like each other. But just don't get too attached. And don't get careless. I don't want baby Andy's just yet.”

I groaned. “We've not had sex Mum. Now can we drop this? I am not going out with Abi.”

“I'm just saying, be careful with Abi.”

I sighed. “So if I was being with Sarah, would that be any better?” I asked, somewhat flippantly and she shook her head.

“She's nice enough but she'll get you into trouble”

“Trouble?” I spluttered. “Sarah's a Grade-A student. She's anything but trouble.”

Mum took a sip of her drink and tilted her head onto her hands. “No? Can you imagine Paula running away ten miles from home in the pouring rain to hide from her parents and then turn up on the doorstep of someone she has only known for a few days?”

“No. Probably not.” I admitted. “But she is good company and I do like her”

“I'm sure you do. She's a nice girl, but she is also immature and self-centred.”

“Is there any girl I can see that doesn't come with a warning?” I replied and Mum shook her head.

“Of course not. That's the job of a mother, although your affections do appear to be easily bought.”

“My affections?” I asked her, perplexed.

“Well, Abi and Sarah, bit of flirting and you go all puppy-eyed,” she teased. “All Sarah had to do was flutter her eyelashes at you that night and you let her do whatever she wanted, treated her like a right little princess.”

“I did not,” I replied instantly but Mum was having her fun.

“Oh you did. Your affections are cheaply bought. You forget where I work and I see the flirting all the time to entice the punters. Abi barely needed to try and Sarah didn't.”

I was saved from having to respond to that comment by lunch arriving.

That afternoon was a team meeting. Mum called them every Friday afternoon at 3.30pm and they lasted for no more than an hour, but normally less than fifteen minutes. All

employees were expected to attend, and they got paid for it. They also got their weeks wages and those pay-packets unclaimed went into the safe for collection when the employee was next in work.

I sat on one of the tables that Mum had dragged together. By 3.30pm, Abi and Angela were there with at least fifteen other dancers. I knew Troy, a large muscular white guy who worked as a bouncer but had not met Dwight, an even larger black gentleman. A couple of the bar staff and Ikenna together with myself, Mum and Estelle completed the staff.

I deliberately sat between Ikenna and Abi – the two members of staff that I knew and neither of them minded. Abi chatted to a couple of the girls – mostly about lingerie – and I didn't join in but did listen with half an ear. The chatter was almost scandalous and was not tempered because of my presence. Not that I expected or wanted it to be.

Mum opened the meeting, by passing around some photos taken from the Police of troublemakers who had been barred from other establishments in the local area and who the bouncers and the dancers were to look out for. My heart leapt, half-expecting the White Lion to have sent my details around but as neither Abi nor my Mum mentioned anything and I could not see my mugshot from the photos I suppose I got worried needlessly.

Ikenna chatted about the offers the club had on that week. It all seemed frightfully expensive to me, but then paying for overpriced drinks kept me in wages so I could not object. They introduced Abi as Isobel and myself and we were greeted by everyone saying "Hi" and then Mum passed round envelopes containing wages for work rendered to Thursday.

Mum said she was drawing up the rotas for August and September and wanted requests for working days in a fortnight's time and also reminded everyone that she was still frantically looking for more dancers.

That closed the meeting and we all scampered to our respective banks to pay in pay-packets although a few of the girls went to a local café for a drink and a bite to eat before starting work.

I smiled. Twenty pounds a day was seriously good wages for just four hours work, especially for a sixteen year old. However would I spend it all? Or more to the point, on and with whom?

Chapter VI

Friday nights were always busy at the club and as such I had to spend longer lugging the carpet cleaner around the floor. Once again, it needed several trips to empty the filthy and jet black water, and if I had not cleaned it myself just a few days previous would have thought that it had not been cleaned for months. Just how did the carpet get so dirty?

Ikenna was his usual cheery self, having a conversation in his deep voice with whoever was closest. As someone who is not much of a football fan, the World Cup in France was passing me by but Ikenna had some money on Croatia to go far and for France to win and, by all accounts, his bets were doing very well.

Ikenna helped me move the tables, as before, and in return I helped him replace the two giant bottles of vodka that needed changing. I was in time to greet Mum at lunchtime, followed by Estelle and then Susie, the barmaid.

I had not noticed her before, she had always faded into the background, but she came in dressed in motorcycle leathers not acknowledging anyone's presence and disappeared to the staff changing room. She certainly suited leathers with her short black hair and imposing presence and looked every inch a stereotypical female biker.

"I've left my bike in the yard," she yelled as she re-emerged dressed in T-Shirts and shorts. "Shopping in town for a few hours."

Ikenna acknowledged and greeted her, and she crossed the floor to talk to him. "Gotta see this" she told him excitedly and lifted her T-Shirt up to her breasts to show a tattoo of a musical score on top of a dagger plunging into her waistband of her shorts and down towards her sex. "It goes right down," she announced proudly. "Aaron reckons it's one of the best he's ever done."

"Now that I do want to see. You've not seen Susie's tats, have ya?" Ikenna asked, slapping a hand on my shoulder. "Keep her sweet and she'll show 'em you."

Susie flashed me a smile and pulled her shirt down. I could see colourful drawings all over her arms and even at the base of her throat and she smirked at me.

"I've got them everywhere, baby." I was lost for words but Susie didn't notice and left.

"She's a character" Ikenna told me smiling and I set about polishing the bar. I couldn't disagree and briefly wondered if I would be any more attractive to the opposite sex if I had a tattoo. Abi might approve but Mum most certainly wouldn't.

Rhea was in the flat with a couple of friends when I reached the top of the stairs, sprawled out leafing through some magazines on the sofa as I entered the lounge.

"Your girlfriend called," Rhea told me.

"Which one?" I asked and Rhea's friends giggled.

Rhea pretended to think for a moment and then stuttered. "Not the one that isn't cheating on her boyfriend even though she begged to sleep with you the other night."

"Not Sarah, so Abi?" I asked

Rhea nodded and smirked. "Aren't you going to phone her?" she asked as I walked past the phone.

"Maybe. But not with you listening in," I replied and Rhea pouted.

I waited an hour before phoning Abi; I did not want Rhea to pick up the phone in the lounge and listen in on the phone call which I suspected she often did, and snuck into

Mum's bedroom to dial her. She answered it almost immediately and sounded excited when we spoke.

I felt as though I wanted to see her again, but did not want to presume anything. I wanted to try the "69" position certainly, and wanted to go down on her again – I had thought about little else in the previous 48 hours – but I had to remember she was my friend, not my girlfriend. Our relationship had to be built around the mutual enjoyment of each others' company not sex.

I suggested we go bowling or shopping on Sunday after I had cleaned the club and Abi murmured in quiet agreement. "Or we could just meet up for some more sex," she suggested matter-of-factly and I nearly dropped the phone.

"Abi!" I said in shock for her lack of self-control and I mulled it over.

"Angela is away for the weekend so I will be on my own and I need company. And I have so much to teach you. I like the idea of having a student."

I chuckled at her. "Why don't you just stay the night tonight? We can do whatever and mozy into town, and I clean the club in the evening. There will no-one there and I will have to open up anyway. Save you walking or driving home in the dark."

Abi pondered this, and we agreed if Mum didn't mind, then it was OK.

It was not, suprisingly, Mum who offered any sort of opposition to it when I suggested it. I did offer to walk home with Abi at 2am and come back the following day but she nodded in agreement when I suggested that Abi stay the night as Angela was away and I would open up around three in the afternoon to clean. The club would be closed on Sunday night so it did not matter when I did it.

Rhea, on the other hand, got worked up when she heard. First of all, it was unfair as her boyfriend was not allowed to stay over. Then, it was unfair as our vocal sex would keep her awake all night. I suggested that she not put her ear to the door and remain in her bedroom and this caused even more protest until Mum put an end to it

"Just make sure you make up the spare bed in the spare room. In Rhea's presence," Mum warned me in whispered tones as we retreated from my fuming sister and I smiled.

If Sarah could only see my mum and I now, she'd be green with envy.

* * * * *

Rhea had sulked for most of the afternoon, but she cheered up a bit when she saw that I had made the bed up in the guest bedroom. Clearly Rhea's injustice about Abi staying the night related solely to whether I shared my bed or not.

Mum was unerringly relaxed about Abi, and to a lesser extent Sarah, and I was concerned that there was something I wasn't being told, by Mum and Abi. Rhea snapped me out of my thoughts by presenting me with a pink slip after Mum left to go to work.

"Andy, please can you sign this?" she asked passing me a detention notice from her school. I looked up at her with a raised eyebrow. "It says parent or guardian and tonight you are responsible for me so you are my guardian!" Rhea responded, using her incredible powers of interpretation.

"I think it needs Mum's signature."

"OK. Well just sign it as Grace Hardy then." I turned to look at her with raised eyebrows again and she shrugged. "Oh come on Andy. I know you can forge Mum's signature. It just doesn't look right when I do it, I can't write in fountain pen. I can do everyone's signature, I was writing Becky sick notes last week from her parents but I just can't write in fountain pens no matter how hard I try." She hesitated and pursed her lips. "They've had enough

letters and signed forms to know Mum's signature so I can't just scribble it, and I know you've done it before."

I sighed and looked at the pink slip in front of me. "Mr Richards. Your favourite," I muttered to her and she shrugged. "Rhea and an accomplice were caught trying to abscond from school at lunchtime on Tuesday. A letter will be sent home by the Headmistress."

"A letter, Rhea?"

"Yeah, this one" she replied, pulling out a sheet of paper from her folder. "I think they wanted to talk to Mum so I also need a letter saying it has been dealt with and she doesn't want to discuss it further."

I laughed at her. "You need to speak to Mum and tell her, Rhea. It won't be that bad if you are honest."

She spluttered. "After the last time, I don't think so." Rhea snarled and I thought back to the incident, only a few weeks previous that had been traced back to her, when she had replaced the wallpaper on every workstation in the computer suite to one that displayed a naked woman with overly large breasts. The headmistress had, understandably, taken a dim view of this, especially as it was during her school's OFSTED inspection and Rhea had received two weeks of detentions and been grounded by Mum.

"Stop being caught then!" I told her and she crossed her arms.

"Are you going to help me, or not?" she demanded and I shrugged my shoulders. Rhea looked cross as I explained what would happen when Mum found out anyway and reluctantly, Rhea eventually begrudgingly agreed with me that she was not avoiding punishment, merely storing it up.

I went to bed at midnight with Rhea storming off a couple of hours previous. She had barely spoken to me all evening – she didn't like it when I was right and she was wrong.

I was woken up by the sound of the toilet flushing and looked at my clock. It was 2:55am and there was no Abi in my bedroom. I shook my eyes awake, jumped out of bed and looked out my door down the corridor. There was no movement outside, but I could hear voices downstairs and slung my dressing gown over my shoulders and walked down the corridor and stairs.

Abi and Mum were sat on the couch with a glass of wine each while the bottle, or empty bottle, stood on the coffee table. Mum had her back to me and as I walked into the room, blinking to adjust my eyes to the light she looked round and put a dog-eared piece of paper back into an envelope.

"Aren't you coming to bed?" I asked Abi and Mum turned to look at me.

"Andy!" She grinned. "Did you mean to show us everything?"

I looked down and went bright red. I had put my dressing gown over my shoulders, but not fastened it, so my cock, balls and everything were clearly on display. "Sorry," I muttered and tied it shut.

Abi laughed as I did and beamed at me. "Yeah, I'll be up soon. We're just having a chat."

"OK," I said wearily and blinked again. "You do know it's three in the morning."

"It's my fault, I wanted to show her something," Mum told me and I glanced at the discoloured envelope on the table.

"What?" I asked and Mum traced my eye line and picked it up. It was emblazoned with the word 'Grace' on the front but she shook her head to dismiss my question and not feeling fully awake wandered back upstairs.

I was awoken by my door being pushed open and a figure snuggling up beside me.

“Andy ... are you awake?” she asked quietly and I groaned as her cool body wrapped itself around my snug, warm torso. “Wake up. I've been dancing all night. I need you!”

I screwed up my eyes for a moment and looked across at the alarm clock. “It's 3.30am”

“Yeah, so. Your mum wanted to talk.”

I rubbed my eyes and stared into the darkness. “For an hour and a half?”

“Something like that. It helped, your mum is brilliant, but I am so ready for some fun. I've had one of those nights,” she replied and kissed me on the back of the neck. “Please tell me you're in the mood.”

Abi's hands slid over my body and she felt my stiffening cock. “Tell me why are you so horny?” I asked her and she broke from kissing my neck.

“I've done so many private dances and lap dances today. I got felt up in a VIP room by one of the other dancers. They wanted a lezzy show, but Alice got a bit too excited.”

As I turned to face her, she kissed me and then got up and swung her right leg over my head to present her crack to my face. I put my hands onto her thighs and guided her down gently onto me. My rod stiffened instantly and my eyes, adjusting to the tiny amount of light were pressed up against her globes.

Her fragrant scent filled my nostrils as I rocked my head back and inhaled her intoxicating smell of feminine arousal. My lips parted and touched hers, a few beads of her juices lingering on my tongue before rolling into my mouth.

She rocked slightly as she settled down and I brought my hands up. She was leaning forward slightly, and I slid my hands over her abundant, firm breasts, with my fingers resting on her nipples. She groaned and ground her hips down a bit further.

I extended my tongue and ran it across her slit, starting at her clitoris and extending back to her hole. The slickness of her runway, and the delightful, powerful taste only served to heighten my arousal. I wanted Abi to lean forward and wrap her lips around my shaft, but I liked the feeling of Abi being on top of me. I felt dominated, and safe and as she tried to lean forward, my hands held her back and brought her more upright, gently rubbing her nipples as I did so.

I licked her outer labia as I tried to avoid her clitoris. I knew from her house when I went for it she would climax and wanted to prolong her and my enjoyment. She moaned softly as I darted around her pearl, and into her hole with my tongue. She squealed when I flicked her perineum and then began to breathe quicker and quicker.

She ground her pelvis down onto my tongue as it flicked her perineum. I buried myself up to her crack as my tongue teased her clit and slid down her slit. I felt her juices running onto my face and then slid my tongue inside her hole. Her buttocks clenched as my tongue slid around her opening and quivered.

I felt her hands run down my body as I rolled her nipples gently between my thumb and forefinger: it was one of the few things I did with Paula who very much enjoyed it. Her crack was dripping and I started sucking her clit, stroking it with my tongue. I heard her squeal and then felt her muscles clench as slumped forward slightly. I did not stop massaging her clit with my mouth and she cried out, and again before I slid my tongue down her slippery crack.

It came to rest at her rosebud, and I flicked it gently. It was the one part of her that wasn't slick with our combined juices but my mouth was awash with our wetness that my probing and licking over her tight anus was soon causing it to be nice and slick; it was something I

had read in one of Mark's books and Abi tensed instantly.

"Andy," she called out quietly, but I feigned deafness and kept massaging her breasts.

I oscillated my tongue over her bud and then pushed it forward. She squealed and ground her butt into my face. I felt her hands move and touch my chin: she was playing with her clit! I probed her anus as far as I could and I felt her body tense up.

She squealed and her body shook; her legs quivered and her torso fell forward. I heard her muffled shriek and she slumped forward. Her breathing was ragged when she swung her leg off of me, her eyes glazed and face ablaze with satisfaction.

"I was going to give you a blowjob," she whispered, "but I need you inside me." She looked at me with puppy dog eyes. "Please."

She half pulled me on top of her and I positioned my cock over her pussy. Here it was, the moment I had been dreaming about for years – losing my virginity. I thought I'd be nervous or anxious, but I wasn't. I knew what to do, of sorts, and allowed Abi to guide my erect member into her dripping hole.

Her warm, slick canal snugly gripped my shaft as I slowly slid it up so our pubic hair touched. I felt unbelievable sensations all down my glistening cock as I pushed it as far as it would go, leaving it for a few seconds savouring the intense pressure Abi was applying to my sensitive organ.

I slowly withdrew it a few inches and Abi groaned, the look of lust in her eyes as my cock impaled her. I gently thrust forward and she mewed in pleasure; it was so intense and felt so incredible. All of my loins felt alive and there was an unbelievable, wonderful sensation at the top of my balls.

Abi slipped her hand over her clitoris while I slowly rocked my body in and out of hers. She squealed and shrieked a little more.

The air was full of the smells and noises of sex. I had closed my eyes as I instinctively began to pump into Abi faster and faster. I was panting furiously, the electric waves of ecstasy shooting from my loins. I could feel the intense pressure building. My testicles were contracting, and my legs began to shake.

I felt Abi tense her vaginal muscles around my shaft and as I plunged forward waves and waves of semen were pumped into her. My body shook as my climax reverberated around my body and I sighed loudly.

We waited for a few moments and then kissed, embracing wildly. She ran her hands over my back and gripped my buttocks as she broke our snog and kissed my throat.

It was intense. Far better than any handjob Paula gave me, or wank I gave myself. Better than the blow job a few days ago; I felt a connection to Abi that I knew was not there. It was an incredible feeling, an indescribable warmth and satisfaction and I couldn't stop smiling. Abi grinned at me. "Good?"

I nodded. "Amazing," I muttered and pursed my lips. It meant that I was no longer a virgin!

Abi and I cleaned up with the tissues I kept in my drawer for when I was feeling particularly horny. Abi found the symmetry slightly amusing, but she was soon cuddled up with me. "Thank you," she said, resting her head on my shoulder. "I needed that."

My mind was awfully with what had just happened. I had lost my virginity ... to Abi! I felt closer to her than ever before, but also slightly resentful. Why couldn't we date?

"I've not come like that for some time," she said. "I used to love my arse being probed gently but no-one has bothered. Mind you I used to like Simon sucking my breasts as well and no-one has done that for awhile or ..." Abi whittered. I hummed and she looked across

at me. "Are you OK?" she asked and I nodded and held her tight.

"Oh shhhh—. It was your first time, wasn't it?" I nodded again, the power of speech temporarily not with me. "I'm so sorry, Andy. I'm so selfish ... if I had thought, I'd have made it special."

"It was special," I muttered. "It was amazing. I've never felt anything like it. And I am glad it was with you."

Abi pressed herself into me a bit further and we kissed but she was tense and I felt guilty. What had I done wrong?

* * * * *

Abi and I had a shower each before going downstairs. The musty, unmistakable sound of dried sex was in my room and I opened the window to clear it. We heard a few shouts and I suspected that Rhea was being admonished for her transgressions earlier in the week.

Abi had brought a dressing gown from home, and with just dressing gowns on, we went down to the kitchen to make breakfast; I kept thinking about the night previous and barely stopped smiling. It was an incredible feeling and I felt on top of the world. I felt as though I could achieve anything.

Rhea was eating her breakfast as Abi and I came into the kitchen. She was at the opposite end of the table to Mum and was scowling. "Morning, cheery," I called out at her as I sauntered past and poured some cereal.

"I am not speaking to you," she said coldly as I sat down at the end of the table and I shrugged at Mum and Abi.

"Why are you not speaking to me?" I asked her, although I thought I already knew and she took a mouthful of her breakfast cereal.

"Abi, please tell my brother, that I am not speaking to him as I am now grounded until the end of term because of him." Mum spluttered a laugh and went to respond but Rhea continued. "And you know Abi must be a very light sleeper. Her bed hardly looked slept in. It's almost as though it hadn't been. Funny that?"

Abi held my hand under the table and we looked at each other guiltily.

"Abi doesn't weigh very much, does she?" I replied to Rhea who shot me another look. "It's not paranoia when everyone really is out to get you, right?"

"Stop winding your little sister up," Abi said and squeezed my thigh.

"Just giving her a taste of her own medicine."

"And did you give Abi a taste of your medicine?" Rhea spat back, her scowling replaced with anger.

"Rhea!" shouted Mum and Rhea looked.

"I heard them last night when I went to get some water. She was sucking him off all night." Abi and I shot each other a reproachful look that Mum saw. "It was disgusting!"

"At no point was Abi's mouth anywhere near my ..." I started but hesitated over the most appropriate word.

"...loins?" Abi finished for me.

"Exactly."

Rhea stared at me and shook her head. "You're lying Andy. YOU'RE FUCKING LYING. That slut had her lips ..." Mum shot up from the table and interrupted Rhea, who threw her spoon into the empty bowl and stormed off.

"I'm sorry, Abi. I'll deal with her. I'm not having that language in my house"

"Shall we get dressed?" Abi suggested and we were outside our flat door five minutes later, just as Mum and Rhea started up again.

* * * * *

I was quiet in town, pondering over the activities of the previous twelve hours. I felt more confident and holding Abi's hand, it felt as though we blended in like a normal couple, instead of a strange, abnormal pairing I felt when I first took Abi around Aylesbury. She was incredibly sexy and outstandingly beautiful, and would look like I was "punching above my weight" certainly, but the week previous it felt like a dream. Now it just felt like I was on cloud-nine.

The intensity of the sex had blown me away and I could think of little else. Abi, eventually got annoyed and then worried by my distant state and asked me as we sat down in the park with a drink each.

"Have I ruined it?" Abi asked as I looked out over the pond.

I realised what I looked like and held her hand. "No. Quite the reverse. It's quite a bit for me to take in," I admitted. "It was very ... passionate. Intense." Abi breathed out and snuggled up to me on the grass. "I meant what I said. I am glad it was with you."

"But Andy ..."

"I know," I cut her off. "I still think you are wonderful and you have been incredible to me."

Abi snorted. "I don't know where I would be without Grace and you." I looked down at her and she shrugged. "I hope you never know why but these few days have been so important for me and I've needed my friends."

We kissed briefly and saw a familiar face glide up the path in the distance towards us, on his skateboard.

"Quick ... Jez ... scarper" Abi laughed but the irritating classmate didn't spot us and we melted back into the town, still holding hands. Once again, Abi pushed me up against the wall as we came in through the front door and showed me that she had no knickers on but pushing my hands up her legs.

"Who needs knickers?" She asked and poked her tongue out at me as I chased her up the stairs.

* * * * *

Rhea apologised, of sorts, to Abi but I neither expected nor received one. She was in a furious mood all afternoon and after Abi left in her car, I was glad I was able to clean the club. It felt being there on my own but Mum joined me after an hour and I took a ten minute break with an ice-cold lemonade.

"You need to be more careful and discreet if you want Abi to stay the night again," she warned. "You left your bedroom door ajar. I shut it when I went to bed."

I froze for a moment and buried myself in my lemonade. "OK. I'll be more careful, in future."

"I don't want a repeat of Rhea's outbursts again. She will think it is unfair if Abi stays and her boyfriend can't."

"But she's ..."

"I know. But don't make my life harder than it needs to be" she asked and I nodded.

"Abi seemed to have a good chat with you last night." I said, changing the subject; I had no

desire to talk about sex with my mother.

"I. I ... er ... I had a friend, long time ago, that went through something similar. Sandy," she said slowly.

I screwed my face up. "You've not mentioned her before."

Mum wiped a tear away and spoke. "No. She died twenty years ago. Today." Mum wiped her mouth and then her eyes. "She would have been forty tomorrow. I still think about her." I was silent as she spoke; Mum was clearly reminiscing about a painful past memory but I did not know what to say. "You would really have liked her, she is a lot like Abi."

I hummed, and we drank our drinks in near silence and Mum thanked me for looking after our visitor as she was "vulnerable." So Abi gives me the most incredible night I have ever had, and Abi and Mum thank me.

It's a tough life, right?

* * * * *

It had been a few days since I had seen Sarah and was determined to try and see her on Monday, given that it was my day off from working at the club. I rang her up Sunday evening after Abi had left and although Sarah was in, her parents were out for the evening at a show, so she was unsure if she could go anywhere given that she was still technically grounded.

She sounded down when I spoke and her usual energy and enthusiasm wasn't there. I felt sorry for her and we chatted briefly but Rhea came back into the lounge and started listening in so we hastily arranged to meet at her house with a picnic and hope that her parents would let her go to Wendover Woods with me. Given their issue with Sarah was that of trust, I did not hold out too much expectation that they would relent, but we could hope.

I guiltily arrived in St James Way at 10am with the picnic bag. I had been to the supermarket and bought bread rolls, ham, crisps, drinks and a selection of nibbles but had not been back to the flat to prepare anything, as I was eager to get to Wendover.

I could not say exactly why I liked spending time with Sarah so much. She was, in some ways, very complicated but was exceedingly good company and I did fancy her something rotten. I loved her confident nature, but could not help but like the fact she could be a little bit vulnerable. She ticked all my boxes, just as Abi did.

Her mum answered the door and clearly was not expecting any visitors for Sarah. I groaned inside when she greeted me and asked what I was doing there having expected Sarah to talk to her parents before I arrived. Why did she have to make her life so difficult for herself?

"Sarah!" she barked and a half-dressed girl emerged from the stairs.

"Hi Andy" she called from the bannister rail and Angela beckoned me in.

"Sarah, what's going on? I said you were grounded," her mum asked and Sarah looked sheepish for a moment.

"It's just a picnic. I'm bored of being inside the house all day," she muttered aggressively.

"That's what grounded means. Until we can trust you...."

"But you ain't ever going to trust me...."

"Whose fault is that?"

Sarah looked at me and I stared back, eyebrows raised. "OK mine. But please. It's just to the Woods."

Her mum shook her head and told her to get dressed causing Sarah to storm back upstairs and slam her bedroom door with the immortal teenage line - "it's so unfair!"

"I'll need to have words with her," Angela muttered and invited me into the lounge. "Do you want a drink?" she offered as I sat on the chair. The television was blaring away in the corner and she turned it off with the remote control.

"I'm OK thanks. I've got some water in the bag," I replied and she sat opposite me moving her open folder to the table.

"I didn't thank you properly for looking after her the other night," she said and I nodded.

"It's no problem. Even Sarah admitted that she should have rung although she wouldn't admit it at the time. She was a little bit..."

"Emotional?" her mum finished for me and I agreed, reluctantly.

"I should probably apologise for shouting at her that night, but she was about to storm out of the flat to go god knows where in the pouring rain."

Angela grinned at me. "I heard. But then I heard Sarah was shouting as well." We talked for a few minutes about my exams and she seemed genuinely interested, probably as Sarah had told her very little about them.

The lounge door creaked open and Sarah's head emerged, quickly followed by the rest of her body dressed in a light pink plaid skirt and pink crop top.

"Now what do you two think you are doing today?"

"It's just a picnic. We are going to take a walk up to Wendover Woods." Sarah replied aggressively.

"I don't like being presented with a fait accompli, Sarah. Inviting Andy over before asking us. You do know what being grounded means, don't you?"

Sarah looked over from the doorway at me and I gave her another raised eyebrow. "Yes. You weren't here to ask when he rang. I am sixteen you know" she wailed. "I'm not going to an all night rave or taking drugs or anything. It's just spending time with friends"

"The friend you've known for a few days," her mum countered and I sank in my seat. "I am not happy about go gallivanting into the woods with some guy you've only just met. Especially after what you've been up to for the last year when we've not been watching you."

Sarah looked at her mum in disgust and disappointment and I could sense she was about to start an argument.

"Mrs Bailey," I tentatively asked. "would Sarah and me be allowed to have our picnic in the garden?" Angela stared at Sarah for a few moments who had thrown her hands up in exasperation at my suggestion.

"I think that is a good compromise," her mum told Sarah who shot me an evil look.

"We best make up the picnic then," I suggested warmly but her expression didn't change.

* * * * *

"You know you can be very unappealing when you are unreasonable," I told her as we walked out of her back door. It was not a huge garden and certainly well under an acre of land, but it was possible to be almost out of sight of the house and still be within her parent's premises. There was a number of flowerbeds and trees dotted around their land, but in the end, we settled for a large Willow tree halfway down the garden. I reasoned that the branches overhanging the lawn gave us complete privacy and we welcome the shade from day as it got hotter.

"I didn't know I was supposed to be trying to be appealing," she said coldly.

"You don't need to try," I replied a little too quickly and candidly. She smirked at me, her faux anger gone and held my hand. "And you know you are trying."

Sarah looked across up at me, still holding the three games she had brought out, as I put the picnic bag down on the grass at the base of the tree. "I am not," she said indignantly as we lay down on the hard lawn next to each other.

"Oh come on," I scoffed staring up at the branches. "Look at yourself. Very short sexy tartan skirt with nice long slit up the side, skin tight crop-top showing off loads of skin. The only thing you could have done to make it more alluring is to add some stockings," I teased.

Sarah blushed. "Well, I've got to ..."

"What? Cheat or just flirt?"

Sarah bit her lip at my chortling. "I don't want to cheat on Kev so stop saying that."

I raised an eyebrow at her and she looked at me seriously. "Sorry, but every time I see you, you are flirty and very sexy."

"It's not my fault if you want you to jump on me. You should stop being so horny," she said smiling mischievously.

"OK. Three questions. One, have you worn that outfit to see your boyfriend in London?"

Sarah blushed and nodded her head. "Two, what happened when you did?"

"I can't tell you that." I laughed at her blushing and she buried her face in her hands. "OK. He couldn't keep his hands off of me as we got to the hotel. He fingered me in the lift, and we only just made it to the room. Satisfied now?"

"I'm sure you were. And three, have you worn that outfit since? To London I mean?"

She shook her head. "I've not been, but I daren't, although he keeps mentioning it."

"OK, I rest my case. You're flirting and it is unfair."

Sarah bit her lip again. "On whom? I am not supposed to do anything about it, any more than you are."

I smiled at her. "I know you're not although I didn't jump on you when you stayed the night," I reminded her and she weighed this up for a moment.

"You admitted you wanted to."

"You made me very horny. I was desperate for, well," I trailed off and Sarah giggled.

"Then why didn't you let me do ..."

"Because it was wrong and even though I was itching for it, it was better to wait."

"Until I had left."

"Yeah" I muttered and her eyes widened.

"You didn't?"

"Didn't what?"

"Have a wank after I left"

I went red and bit my lip.

"You had a wank when you went for a shower didn't you?"

"You made me!" I responded and she giggled.

“Anyway you have Abi now. I know that. I have Kev”

“I don’t have Abi. I have a friendship, nothing more. She no more wants to be in a relationship with me than your mum wants you to go to London dressed like that. But I am happy with what I have now. I think it is better than what I wanted.”

Sarah laughed but shook her head. “Men! All the same. You have a friendship that gives you sex but no commitment. No wonder you are happy.”

I grinned at her. She was right I suppose, I did have it good but I had not considered my relationship (or non-relationship) like that. “So you are free to flirt then?”

Sarah shook her head. “Kev would go ballistic if he could see me now.”

“What the short, sexy skirt, skin-tight top and no knickers?” I asked.

Sarah nodded and then digested what I said. “How do you know about no knickers?” she asked.

“I didn’t. Well not until a few seconds ago! But I guessed you wouldn’t wear any. It’s Abi’s influence.”

“I’ve got to get your attention somehow, I like flirting.”

“You do, don’t you. Why?”

Sarah shrugged her shoulders. “I like being wanted.”

“And fancied?”

She went bright red again. “So do you ... you know?”

“What?” I watched her face blush.

She snarled at me. “Fancy me?”

I hesitated and picked at some grass on my hands. “I ... er ... I don’t think I really need to answer that.”

She beamed but I felt a little awkward. I had been a little too candid with Sarah. She knew I, along with half of our year, liked her, but I had made a promise to myself I would not raise one finger on her while she was dating Kevin and I wasn’t sure if it was a promise I wanted to keep. Or even could, if she came onto me, and I didn’t need to make my life any harder by encouraging the little minx.

“Tell me. I want to know,” she persisted.

I hesitated again and looked into her eyes. “You are one of the most beautiful girls that I know, but also the most argumentative. If you don’t count Rhea, of course.”

Sarah cocked her head. “Naturally.”

“I think your boyfriend is very, very lucky to have you and very, very silly to treat you like he does.”

Sarah looked down at the floor for a moment. “He does love me. I can see it in his eyes.”

“I ...” I started. I wanted to tell her that he clearly didn’t love her. That if he made her feel cheap and used he wasn’t much of a boyfriend. That he was not good enough and that I would treat her properly. I wanted to, but didn’t. I simply couldn’t do that to her and wasn’t sure in the Kevin vs Andy stakes, whether she would choose Andy – particularly with our friendship so new. I also wasn’t sure if I really wanted her yet; Abi was just as charming (although no less unavailable to me). “I am sure things will get better” I finished.

Sarah snorted. “Mum and Dad have refused me permission to go to London on my own so if Kev wants to see me, he has to come to Wendover or Aylesbury in future. He went

mental at me. Proper shouting as if it's my fault."

"But isn't it partly his fault as well?"

"Of course it is, but his parents won't let him outside of London so Aylesbury and Wendover is too far so at the moment, we aren't going to be seeing too much of each other."

"And I presume your mum isn't too happy with him ..."

"No. She isn't. She is still well annoyed with both of us and doesn't want me to see him anymore."

My heart leapt for a moment but I tried not to evaluate the ramifications for any potential relationship with Sarah if she was banned from meeting Kevin. The vacant look on my face disguised what I was truly thinking and I knew Sarah would be upset. "Not unfairly annoyed with you though?" I suggested and she nodded.

"Since I was fifteen I have been going down to London to get fucked in a cheap hotel telling my mum afterwards we went to this museum or this park, and we hadn't. And when my mum asked me if I was having sex a few months ago, I told her no. I can understand why she is a little annoyed, but I just want to get on with my life. I mean, what would your mum say if she found out about Abi?" she said changing the subject and I took the hint.

I thought through the last few days for a moment and then said. "She sort of encouraged me."

"No way," she cried out. "You're lying Master Williams."

"Actually, she did encourage me. To spend time with her, not to get laid, obviously, although she didn't mind about Saturday night and that was encouragement. Apart from Rhea kicking off."

Sarah shot me a look and I shrugged. "Rhea heard ... us! Mum wasn't too amused about that but other than that."

Sarah laughed and looked thoughtful. "I wish my mum was like that!"

"You've spent all the time moaning about that way you are treated when you are with your boyfriend and then want a parent to encourage you to get treated like that more often?"

"I want a parent who will let me make my own choices," she replied sullenly.

"I was told to go see Abi actually. It was out of choice but I was pressured into it."

Sarah pouted. "Ahhhh ... it's such a hard life. Getting a blow job with no strings attached or nothing required in return. Must be tough on poor Andy," she patronised.

"Who said there was nothing in ... um ..." I started indignantly but instantly wished I hadn't.

"Well ummm, shall we start on some games?"

Sarah stared at me. "Not so fast..."

"What?" I interrupted.

"Come on. What didn't you tell me?" Sarah persisted as she looked at me expectantly.

"Sarah. I'm not going to kiss and tell." Sarah turned away in disgust so I tickled her sides and she rolled back. "Do you want to play one of the games you brought out?" I asked and she sat up.

"Yeah, OK, Chess, Scrabble or Cards."

"Chess", I said and she duly set up the chess set while I found two cans of lemonade in the picnic bag.

"I'll warn you know, your mum will probably want to come and see you a couple of times today to make sure you're OK. Be nice to her when she does."

Sarah shook her head. "Why can't she just trust me?"

"Because in her eyes you violated that trust and she wants it restoring. Think of it as a little exam. You're good at those," I replied a little patronisingly and Sarah screwed up her face.

Sarah beat me at Chess three times and Angela did come and check up on us that morning. Sarah was pleasant to her mother when she did and by lunchtime we were both looking forward to our sandwiches. We nipped down to the house to use the toilet and then eagerly shared the picnic.

Sarah was very intent on fellating the mini sausages I had purchased seductively and even pulled my hand over as I picked up one to do so out of my hands.

"Naughty Sarah," I gently admonished her and she looked up cheekily. Her crop top had risen up to the base of her breasts exposing her ribs, stomach, belly button and waist nicely. She was hot!

We lay on the grass afterwards and talked. There was a clear sexual tension between us and we held hands while we spoke. I learned a lot about her family that afternoon but she was more interested in the strip club I worked in wanting to know every little detail (not that I knew much)

She begged to be allowed in while I clean one day and I said I would ask although I knew what the answer would be if I bothered. If Sarah wanted to go, she would have to wait until she was eighteen but patience was not her virtue.

I could have predicted Angela reappearing. Fortunately, Sarah had her feet to the tree trunk and not the garden or her mother could probably have spotted that she wasn't wearing any underwear and exactly how short the skirt was.

"I'm going to go to Aylesbury to do some shopping soon. Are you two going to be OK on your own?" she asked.

Sarah spun around and sat up, smoothing out her clothes as she did. "We'll be fine. Can you get me some more orange juice please," she asked and her mum nodded.

"Bet you she comes back in ten or fifteen minutes," I whispered after she had gone.

"Why?"

"Because she has just told you, you're having a bit of freedom. She wants to see what you do, which she can't do if she isn't here. So she will potter around for ten minutes and then appear and ask or tell you something. You think she has gone but she hasn't. Perfect caught in the act routine."

Sarah pondered for a moment. "When did you understand parents so well?"

"I don't. Well didn't. Paula was brilliant. She had her entire family wrapped around her little finger, and could predict them all with unerring accuracy. She studied people from a young age. She was obsessed with psychology and manipulating people. Social engineering, she called it."

"And some of it rubbed off."

"Plenty, but she was the expert. Anyway bet you anything you want."

"You don't know my parents. She won't. She says she is going and she won't care. She'll just go."

"Ok, I reckon Paula will beat your prejudice. Watcha bet?"

Sarah pondered for a moment. "Nakedness."

"Pardon?"

"I will strip for you if I lose. You can strip for me if I win."

"Sarah, aren't you forgetting something?"

"No, Andy. For once, I am not."

"Won't you ... you know ... regret it?"

"Maybe. If he finds out then yes but he has been a fucking cock these past few weeks so I don't care," she said forcefully.

"It's half one now. I bet by two, your mum will come back here."

"You are so on!"

I was fretting a little by the time five to two came, but with a couple of minutes to spare, Angela called Sarah from a few feet away to tell her she was going and would be "an hour or two". Sarah said goodbye and looked at me with a cheeky grin.

"Why do I wish I had brought my camera?" I asked her as she repositioned herself on the grass.

"Before I strip, what did Abi teach you?"

I blushed deeply and stuttered at her. She shrugged at me, her face smiling mischievously.

"Well ... we just did a bit of oral. That's all"

"Did you go down on her?"

"Sarah, it's private. I don't kiss and tell."

"Andy," she said seductively. "you know all about Kev and I."

I sighed. "OK. I went down on her and we had sex on Saturday."

"I've never had anyone go down on me," Sarah admitted, her eyes sparkling with lust again. "It's only ever been rough penetration."

"It's a pity. I really liked it. It's ... well, really good"

"Is that what Abi said?" she said with a smile on her face.

"Abi was too busy screaming. I, mean, I enjoyed it."

"Kev always thought it was disgusting."

"He's mad," I responded instantly and Sarah smiled.

"So, would you go down on me?"

"Er....boyfriend?"

She shrugged. "Oral sex isn't really cheating, is it?"

"So this is the Bill Clinton defence. It's not in the bible so it's OK" I asked.

Sarah nodded. "Completely. No penetration. Just a bit of oral is fine, right?"

My cock was tenting my shorts and I wanted to play with Sarah, but was this more about her beating her parents than liking me? "Are you sure Sarah?"

She slid her top off to free her ample bosom. Pert, ample breasts that bounced free. I felt my cock tingle and fixed my eyes on her.

"Oh Sarah, you're beautiful" I muttered. She leant across and gave a long, lingering kiss. She put her hands at the top of her short skirt and I took them off her tartan garment.

“Leave it on,” I told her. “You so hot with your tartan skirt on”.

“You mean I look like a schoolgirl?” Sarah giggled.

“You look awesome” She peered up at me through her cascading hair and smiled. We kissed again and I slid my hands down her sides, occasionally cupping her breasts or rubbing my hands across them.

Her ample tits more than filled my hands as I massaged them and her nipples were rock solid. I kissed her neck and her ear lobes and she sighed and rubbed my back as I did. At first Sarah almost seemed hesitant to kiss me with her tongue but as my hands darted over her torso and my mouth gently kissed her neck she lost her inhibitions and we kissed passionately.

I was leaning over her and she snapped her hand in my shorts but I shook my head gently and kissed her again.

“I wanna,” she started but I put my finger over her lips with a sssshing sound.

I ran my hands down to her skirt and took her left breast in my lips and flicked it gently, just as I would do with her clit. It was something Abi had mentioned and I peered up at Sarah intently as I did it to see her reaction. She closed her eyes and leant back on the grass.

“Oh Andy....stop teasing me,” she whispered and I moved onto her other breast. I moved my hands down to the hem of her skirt and lifted it up. She smiled as I did and I began to gently rub my finger up and down the outside of her slit and the inside of thighs.

She ruffled her hands through my hair and grinded her hips as my hands darted across her crotch. I took the hint that she wanted me to move further down her body and I slid down the grass so that I was lying on it and had my head firmly between her legs.

I caressed the inside of her thighs first, kissing and moving up to her crack and then back down. She leaned back, giving me as much access to her slit as I could need, but I was determined to make her wait. I delicately nibbled at her inner thigh, across her hairless mons and the outside of her lips. She groaned, grunted, bit her lip and sighed in aroused impatience as my mouth circumvented her sensitive area.

Sarah was definitely a different scent to Abi. She was sweeter and more fragrant. I added to her teasing by running my tongue up and down her slit before returning to her inner thighs. Sarah moaned loudly as I did and called me something quite unmentionable under her breath. By the time I had done this for the fourth time, she was definitely eager for my tongue to probe her inner folds so I parted her slit further than it already was and circled her clit with my tongue.

Sarah breathed out quickly and deeply, moaning as she did it. Her buttocks clenched for a moment and her nails dug into the grass. I slid my tongue up and down and then flicked her pleasure button gently, causing her to squeal.

I smiled to myself and gently moved my right hand level with her pussy, pressing against it. Sarah gasped and exhaled as my fingers slid down her slick passageway and I began to tease her wall with a “come here” motion, just as Abi had instructed.

As my fingers and tongue gleefully touched and stimulated her buttons her panting and squealing became louder and more frenetic. I buried my face into crotch, soaking my chin with her succulent nectar. She squealed and panted, her noises getting higher pitched.

“Andy!” she shrieked and I felt her pussy contract around my fingers, quivering tightly. Her muscles in her legs tensed around my ears. Her body shook slightly and I gave her clitoris one last flick before sitting up on my knees.

Her eyes oozed desire and fulfilment, her face was aglow with a deep, subtle smile. She

beckoned me over and we kissed as I wiped my face.

“Can you taste you?” I asked her and she tittered.

“That was ... incredible,” she admitted and pulled me closer. “You can do that again!”

I sat back on the grass and the half-naked girl reached over to the waistband of my shorts.

“Sarah?” I asked and she sshed me.

“My turn” she replied and freed my painfully erect cock from its cotton housing. She stared at it for a moment and then flicked the top of it.

A few warm tingles shot from where she touched it throughout my loins. I felt a warm pressure on the base of my testicles and I sighed as she rolled her tongue along my head, and then probed along the rim.

Sarah did not need to do much. The act of going down on her was enough to get me super-aroused and the fact that we were breaking the rules of her parents and her relationship with Kevin made it a taboo, which was incredibly arousing in itself. Her gentle nibbling and bobbing took me to the edge in record time.

She sucked in her cheeks and glided down my shaft. I exhaled sharply and warned Sarah but she did nothing but roll her tongue across my head and impale herself further.

“Sarah!” I called out but she simply quickened her pace.

I could hold out no longer and my body convulsed and buttocks clenched. Several waves of semen were pumped up my cock and into her willing mouth.

Sarah coughed and then swallowed. The little minx wiped my cock clean with a tissue and I groaned again as little Andy felt the sensations and started getting hard again: the joys of being a teenager!

I moved to kiss Sarah but she dodged my attempt.

“What's up?” I asked and she rummaged around the bag.

“I've just swallowed your spunk. I'm getting a drink before you kiss me,” she replied quickly and I pulled her to me, kissing her on the lips. She was reluctant, at first, but we were soon kissing affectionately.

“If you give me head I shouldn't be squeamish about kissing you,” I reasoned. “Abi taught me that.”

Sarah smiled. “It's just that Kev...”

“I'm not Kev. I'm Andy, remember?” I told her and we kissed again.

Sarah and I dressed long before her mother returned, and we had just washed our plates from the picnic when she came into the kitchen with several bags of shopping. Sarah helped her mum put them away and then she said goodbye to me.

She was nervous since we had come back in the house and I instantly felt bad about her cheating on Kevin. She might not admit she had been unfaithful today, but I was sure she wouldn't tell her boyfriend about our tryst and this confirmed that she knew we had done wrong.

I kissed her on the cheek and held her, thanking her for a lovely day and hoped to see her soon. She agreed, somewhat in a daze and we parted.

It occurred to me that neither of my two meetings with Sarah or Abi over the weekend was supposed to lead to any sort of sex. They were friends, not girlfriends, but it seems no-one bothered to tell them.

And who was I to complain?

Chapter VII

I was in the club first thing on Tuesday and cleaned it while it was empty, leaving as Mum turned up. It was a cold, wet day and didn't fancy walking 'round the town centre and contented myself with my PlayStation and reading. Mum asked me to cook some "tea" – egg, chips and beans – and the day was punctuated by Abi who appeared on Tuesday evening through the interconnecting door before the club opened and got my attention by kissing me.

Rhea turned away in disgust as a lingerie-clad Abi whispered in my ear and asked me if she could stay later. I readily agreed and she retreated back through the door, and locked it behind her.

"You're a dirty man-slut, bro," Rhea said from the other side of the couch. I raised an eyebrow at her and she shrugged. "You'll get herpes, you mark my words."

"Yeah, cheers Rhea," I muttered and she smiled.

"And then pass it onto Sarah."

I coughed and stretched my legs. "Although you don't believe me, I have not had sex with Sarah. And I won't while she has a boyfriend." Rhea scoffed and sniffed at me.

"Yah right," she said with a flourish. "I don't believe you."

"D'ya want a game of racing?" I asked and Rhea readily agreed, on the condition that she won. This was a little hard for her so she resorted to cheating by knocking the controller out of my hands as we played, followed by kicking me off the sofa and then pulling the controller out of the games console.

We were still awake at 10pm when Mum appeared through the interconnecting door and locked it behind her. As I crossed the finishing line, behind Rhea, I glanced over and Mum looked tired and ragged, with her cheeks ablaze and a weary, glassy expression in her eyes.

"Are you OK, Mum?" Rhea asked the moment she saw her and Mum nodded.

"Just not feeling too good. Going to bed," she murmured. "Ikenna is locking up. Don't stay up too late."

"OK. Good night Mum," Rhea and I shouted and Rhea turned to me.

"She looks proper fucked," she murmured. "I wonder if I can get away with bring Nat back tomorrow evening."

"No Rhea. I don't think you can."

"Bet I can," Rhea replied.

* * * * *

I was asleep when a warm, moist pair of lips surrounded my engorged cock and slid slowly down my member. The horny owner of the lips then began to suck and tease and I felt warm hands glide over my thighs and pubic hair.

"Hello Abi," I murmured quietly and sleepily and she peered up at me in the moonlight. She let go of my erect penis, swung her legs over my body and then presenting her loins to my face began to glide her tongue over my sensitive glans.

I ran my tongue along her slippery slit and she groaned. My hands caressed her flanks and then I cupped her breasts, all the time enjoying her wonderful touch on my member.

Abi pushed her body into my face and rocked back and forth as my tongue encircled her

clit. She groaned and mewed as I gently sucked on it and she doubled her speed going down on my cock. Her sounds got more nasal, and higher-pitched and using my hands I guided her to sit up. I liked it when she was sitting bolt upright, there was a more subservient feel to it, but also I liked giving Abi pleasure without directly receiving it in return. It felt almost like the "correct" way of doing foreplay but I had no idea why!

She bucked her hips as I gleefully devoured her clitoris. She put her hands on my stomach and began to tweak my nipples, just as I was doing to her. Her groans got louder and higher, as I quickened my pace, savouring her juices as I devoured her tenderest of areas.

She squealed, louder than any other noise she had made and her body tensed. I felt her pelvic muscles quiver and she held her breath, exhaling slowly. She flopped forward and her hair fell against my loins as she panted furiously recovering from her climax.

I leaned forward and touched her anus with my tongue and her buttocks clenched.

She rolled off of me and then pulled me towards her, kissing me on the neck and then the mouth. Abi grabbed hold of my globes and pulled me towards her. I looked into her eyes and slid my cock up her slit. She looked at me, her eyes imploring me in the moonlight to put my cock inside her.

I didn't disappoint her and as I gazed into her glassy eyes, I thrust my hips forward to slide into her slick entrance. She groaned as I buried it to the hilt and I began pumping away at her well lubricated hole. She groaned and mewed as I thrust into her, and dug her claws into my rear. I found this incredibly arousing and kissed her as I drove my member in and out of her hole.

I could feel the tightness, excited feeling in my testicles and clenched my buttocks as I quickened my pace. She dug her fingers in harder as I pushed my cock in as far as it would go, flesh slapping onto flesh.

She squealed as I could hold out no longer and flooded the insides of her with my seed. We kissed, panting through our noses and she wrapped her arms around me, holding me tightly.

"Thank you," she whispered and I smirked: it's tough when you get woken up by a blowjob and thanked for the privilege, right?

* * * * *

Abi and I woke up at around 9am and she kissed me, her hands gravitating towards my uncovered cock and then back up my body.

"I want you to do something for me," she whispered. "I want to see you play with yourself."

"Pardon?"

"I want to see you wank," she told me and I opened my eyes to stare at her.

"Why?"

"Because it's sexy," she said and placed my left hand on my groin. "And I only ever see it when the punters get pissed and go too far. I want to see you do it."

"And what about you?" I asked and she kissed me on the lips.

"I can take care of myself," she replied and I opened my right hand out and grasped my nearly erect cock. "I'll do the same," she whispered. I began sliding it up and down and she watched in fascination as my cock became erect and I slid my fist up and down my shaft. Occasionally I would stop pumping and just rub my thumb over my glans, glistening with pre-cum.

Abi's fingers delved between her thighs and she had a smug, satisfied look on her face as

her index finger glided over her delicate folds. I went to kiss her and she shook her head, blowing me a kiss instead. I stroked and pumped my cock, increasing in pace until I was ready to release my cum. Abi had groaned slightly as she played with herself and I closed my eyes.

I felt the cum surge up my cock and I spurted out, mostly landing on my chest. I glanced over at Abi and she smiled.

"I never tire of seeing a guy bring himself to orgasm," she said and I grinned at her, ever so slightly self-conscious now that the horniness had passed.

"What about you?" I asked as she brought her hands away and she sniffed.

"It's gone nine, come on," she said with a wicked smirk. "You watch me another time." I groaned, feeling that I had been slightly manipulated. I got cleaned up and went downstairs to eat some breakfast. Mum was still in bed and Abi had been in to see if she was OK, but she had a high temperature and was feeling dizzy and flustered, so Abi had given her some Paracetamol with a glass of water and promised she would make sure Rhea and I were fine.

This annoyed me a little bit, given that I was sixteen and didn't need Abi to watch over me, but Mum seemed happier that Abi was present and both Abi and I were barely dressed as we walked around the flat. I liked seeing her in one of my very old T-Shirts that barely covered her waist, let alone anything further south while my dressing gown only covered anything when it was fastened.

I heard Rhea come downstairs but she made a bee-line for the television and shouted out a "good morning" instead of coming to greet us in person. Abi wanted to take a walk together down the canal and I was keen to do something with her that did not involve putting one part of my anatomy in hers. I was conscious that our "non-dating friendship" had been purely sexual and Abi meant more to me than just sex. I needed to show it.

I was keen not to tell her this though as I did not want to hurt her feelings. I think she thought that we had the makings of a good, strong companionship and did not want to dent her shallow confidence by suggesting that I wanted to change course slightly. It would be far better to simply steer her towards some non-sexual activities when the opportunity arose.

That was not to say that I was tiring of the sex; quite the opposite! I was feeling unduly horny and loved exploring my sexual side with Abi but I also wanted to make sure that if the sex wasn't there, we would still have a solid foundation of a great friendship.

The doorbell rang and I called out to Rhea. "It's probably for you." I heard her grumble and then the sound of a small herd of elephants running down the stairs to the front door. She had a day off school as it was "teacher training day" and was certain that one of her friends, who would also be at a loose end, had called to see her.

Jez appeared thirty seconds later looking very red and surprised. Rhea was standing next to him wearing just a T-Shirt that stopped at her waist, exposing herself to everyone.

"It's not for me, bro. Although I think he was pleased to see me," she muttered with a wry smile.

Jez greeted me and opened his backpack, his hands trembling and took out a pornographic magazine called "UK Babes" that he passed across the table. "What's this?" I asked and he shook his eyes for a moment.

"Turn to page 24," he told me and I flicked through a dozen pages until I reached 24 and opened it out. Staring back at me, taking up a third of the page was a naked girl with large breasts, long brown hair and a lightly trimmed bush. She was standing against a tree, and

was smiling. It was Abi. A younger version of, but Abi nevertheless.

“Oh my God!” Abi shrieked and I squeezed her leg.

“Dude, you're screwing a porn star,” Jez announced loudly. “That's totally fookin' mental and well cool.” I looked across at Abi and saw a tear in her eye so I closed the magazine from the Readers Wives section and looked at the date on the publication – April 1998 – just a few months ago. “And you know when I said she is the sexiest thing outside my dad's secret porn stash, I didn't think she'd be in it, but boy she's so hot.”

I felt Abi tense so I put my arm around her. “Yeah, she is, she is very hot. She is also the most fantastic company and one of the smartest people I know,” I said more for Abi's benefit than Jez's.

“You know, when you wank one out because clearly you haven't got a girlfriend to look after you, do you need to have one of these magazines or can you do it without?” Rhea asked, a grin extending from ear to ear and Jez recoiled in shock at her direct questioning. He turned and looked at the floor, glancing at Rhea's pubic hair causing her to raise her eyebrows. “You're not going to get much of an answer from my cunt, now are you? I know I have lips down there but you want these ones?” Rhea put a finger underneath Jez's chin and lifted his gaze up to her eyes.

“Rhea!” I mumbled and she ignored me. Jez looked up at her expectant face and shook his head.

“It's well, only a bit of fun. We like looking at dem chicks.,” he muttered.

“Would you be able to talk to me, a bit easier if I took my T-Shirt off and stuck a staple through my belly-button?” she asked and Jez murmured. “It's a bit sad and hopeless if you ask me. Teenage boys desperate to see the odd bit of flesh. It's just so cheap and sordid.”

“Well, he's the one who is a fookin' pussy magnet screwing all the girls. And I want to know how he pulled ... her.”

I laughed as he spoke but it was Rhea who responded. “Bollocks! Andy, a pussy magnet? You are joking aren't you? It's only Sarah and Abi who he is screwing. You make it sound like he has a harem of girls lined up.”

Jez's eyes lit up as Rhea spoke and he glanced over at me. “You screwing Sarah as well? Fook man.”

I groaned in annoyance and went to protest but Rhea got in before me. “How would you feel if you knew that Abi did not know or gave her consent to that photograph appearing in that magazine? That she had been exploited. Used.” Rhea looked at the shocked face of Abi and stared at her. “I'm right?” Abi nodded.

“Ahh well ...”

“You don't fucking care do you? As long as you can get your little cock out and have a little play, you don't give a flying fuck whether the girls in that magazine wanted to be in or not.” Rhea replied for him. “I tell you. You ain't never goin' to get any pussy like that, is he Abi? I don't find it sexy at all, much prefer my men to want to get in the flesh not on the paper. It's all a bit sad.” Abi gave a brief smile at Rhea. “Now, I am leaving this sexual inadequate and I'm going to have a shower. Abi, could you scrub my back and do your massage thing,” Rhea said clearly to provoke a reaction from Jez. His eyes widened the moment Abi got up, as her long legs and arse were clearly on display below the hem of my old T-Shirt as she strode towards Rhea.

“Of course. I'd love too. And Andy, don't be too long,” Abi seductively told me and Jez, and we watched as my bottomless sister and bottomless lover walked out of the room, their hips swinging from side to side.

Jeze wipped his face and turned back to me. "Dude, you need to get me a date with your sister. She is totally hot."

"She is totally fourteen," I told him and he stood and stared at the archway where they went.

"Fook me. You teasin' me, right? She's seventeen at least. She is so fookin' awesome."

I grinned as he spoke and looked up at the ceiling. "She is, isn't she? But then Abi is awesome too and she really is the most incredible girl in every way."

"What about the chicks from the club. You know 'em right? Can you set me up on a date with one of them girls?" He implored and I rolled my eyes.

"No offence but sixteen year-old College students are hardly choice dates when they have the pick of any guy in the town. Anyway, I thought you were going out with Jodie," I asked and he shook his head.

"No!" Jez replied quickly. "I'm not. She dain't like me in that way."

I gave a Gallic shrug of the shoulders and looked at him staring at the front cover of the magazine on the table. "Oh well."

"Look I came to say we are all having a kick-around in the park if you fancy it later." I promised him I might join him after I've spent some time with Abi and he smirked. I escorted him to the door, half-naked and returned to the lounge to see Abi and Rhea at the bottom of the stairs, grinning like Cheshire cats.

"What did he say about you Abi?" Rhea asked rhetorically. "You are the 'most incredible girl as well in every way.' I think he's smitten, you know?"

"And even called his little sister 'awesome.'" Abi added and I gave a small grin.

"Are you OK Abi?" I asked her and she nodded.

"Just a bit of a shock to see it really. I didn't know or expect my past to catch up with me quite so easily."

Rhea put her arm around Abi's flanks and looked up at her. "If it makes you feel any better, you do look very sexy and to be honest, I am a little tempted me-self. If bro'll share you that is. It's such a classy picture though. I'm well jealous and as for everyone else, fuck 'em, right?" I saw a smile flicker across Abi's face as Rhea spoke and for once felt glad she was in the room. She dealt with Jez perfectly and her warmth and silliness was just what Abi needed. "And you can do me a favour. While that testosterone-filled ape cleans the club, we can go shopping. I need some new underwear and know the ideal person to help me choose."

"Is that wise?" I asked and Rhea shook her head.

"Come on Abi, let's get dressed and hit the shops. Retail therapy is just what you need."

I was left alone for the day as Abi and Rhea left the flat excitedly ten minutes after Jez left and, after explaining to Mum where I was, I collected the keys to let myself into the club to do my job. I had finished by one and there was still no sign of Mum or Ikenna so I locked up and wandered back up the fire escape.

I knew there was some ham in the fridge and went to get myself a sandwich when I saw Mum huddled up with a blanket on a chair in the dining room. She had a hot drink and looked pale and weak as I came in.

"You don't look well," I told her as I placed the keys on the table in front of her.

She groaned. "I'm fine. And Andy please don't leave those sorts of magazines around." I looked across at the copy of UK Babes on top of the newspaper and went to protest but

she continued, "I hate to see them in this house but you are sixteen now so I won't stop you having them but keep them in your room. I don't want Rhea seeing them"

"It's not mine, I was given it," I replied and she looked up,.

"So it is yours"

"No, turn to page 24," I told her and she sneered. "There's something interesting in it."

"I'm not interested." I picked up the magazine and turned to the "Readers Wives" page and put it down in front of her. "Andy, I don't want ... oh fucking hell Andy, that's Abi. Have you seen this?"

I rolled my eyes. "Of course I've seen it. I was given it, because it contains Abi."

"Has Abi seen it?"

"Yes, she was here when Jez, well when he came to give it. But she didn't know about it before it was printed a couple of months ago."

"Poor Abi. She really has been through the mill." Mum looked at the picture and I closed the magazine. "Did she know before?"

I shook my head and sniffed. "Proper shock to her, very down about it at one point."

"She does look very beautiful though, doesn't she?"

I froze for a moment and took the magazine and put it on top of the cupboards out of sight.

"Yeah. I said as much as to Jez, although he was more interested in Rhea. Called her 'awesome.'"

Mum took a deep breath and gave a hacking cough, before wiping her eyes. "Did he?"

"Yeah. He's a poor deluded soul. Or just desperate, maybe, I don't know."

* * * * *

Rhea and Abi returned an hour later, having been to Milton Keynes and with four bags of shopping. Abi smiled warmly as she entered the room and Rhea came bounding in.

"You better have spent your money not Abi's," Mum warned and Rhea puffed.

"Yes, I only spent my allowance from Dad," she blustered.

"So what have you bought?" Mum asked and Rhea gave a withered look.

"You look much better," Rhea told her with a smile.

"Rhea," Mum croaked. "What have you bought? I'll only see it when I do the washing, anyway."

"Do you want to still go for that walk?" I asked Abi who had a couple of bags of her own.

"Yeah, but you need to put this bag in your room and not open it, you promise?" I grinned as I took the bag, folding it over at the top before putting it upstairs in my wardrobe before we left with Rhea still fidgeting about showing Mum all of her purchases.

Abi and I had a nice walk along the canal towards a little village called Broughton, and although the pub wasn't on the canal, we had a nice drink in the snug before walking back. For the first time since she had rejected me and we started our friendship with benefits, we had just enjoyed each others' company. She was quiet at times as she thought and contemplated what Jez had exposed but did not really want to talk about it.

She was adamant she was not prepared to discuss Rhea's purchases that day so we eventually settled on a discussion about music. She was hardly an avid rock music fan but we could agree on some our tastes and just wandered chatting amicably.

"I want you to stay the night," Mum asked Abi the moment we returned. "If you want to that is. I mean, Angela's away, right?"

Abi nodded and looked at Rhea and me, expecting us to be the architect of the request but I looked blankly at her and Rhea was sulking on the couch. "Sure," Abi said surprised and looked at Rhea. "You OK?"

"She's confiscated my red lingerie set. The one I got free."

Abi chuckled. "Well I did warn you."

"It was my favourite," Rhea murmured disconsolately.

"How did you get it free?" I asked Abi and she looked at Rhea and then Mum.

"When I chose two sets and Rhea selected one from this little shop, Rhea opened negotiations and got some money off, and a free set."

Rhea puffed out her chest and folded her arms. "Actually, I got a third off the prices and a free set for Abi and a free set for me from their sale shelf. Small shop, business was slow. It was worth it to them to get money in the till and clear some stock."

I blinked and looked at Mum. "Get her to do your negotiation with suppliers," I teased and Rhea's eyes lit up. "Might get you a better deal!"

"If I negotiate a better deal then I can have my lingerie back, right?"

"No. You can have it when you are older," Mum told her and Rhea sat back and thought for a moment.

"Well I'm already four hours older than when I bought it, so that counts, and I can have it back?"

"Rhea," Mum said her finger pointing towards my sister, "don't be facetious."

"Well how much older? I am fifteen in two months time."

"It's see-through with a split crotch. You are too young for it."

"Can I have it when I get to fifteen?" Rhea asked and Mum rolled her eyes.

"No."

"Why?"

"Because it is not appropriate. You can have it when I think you are ready."

"I'm ready now," Rhea implored but Mum shook her head. "I know where you hide things anyway," Rhea told her crossing her arms.

"You take it back and I will throw it in the bin," Mum threatened but Rhea scowled.

"This is not fair," she complained. "It's mine. I bought it."

"You are not old enough," Mum thundered. "And that is my last word on the subject."

"Right, then I'll take direct action," Rhea said, her eyes fizzing with mischief and took off her T-Shirt to expose her bra that she unclipped to release her breasts and then slid her denim skirt down her legs with her knickers to display her pubic hair and pussy.

"RHEA!"

"No. I have no intention of wearing it everyday or to school but you don't trust me so I am going naked in the flat until you do. This is a protest."

"Sort of like a hunger strike only with clothes?" I teased and Abi suppressed a giggle at the serious face of Rhea.

"Rhea, put your clothes on now," Mum warned but Rhea shook her head. "We have visitors to this flat and when they come I don't want any embarrassment."

"Not until you return MY clothing that I bought with MY money. Either I am allowed to select all of my clothes or none of them."

"Shall we go upstairs?" I asked Abi as I could sense Rhea and Mum about to start shouting.

"Good idea," Abi whispered and we slipped out of the room just as my unwell mother squared up to my angry sister.

* * * * *

Rhea didn't get dressed, or get her underwear returned and ate her dinner naked. Mum was unimpressed and although she went to work after tea was still feeling ill. Abi kissed me before she left and Rhea made "ehhh" sound as she did.

It was weird playing on the PlayStation with my little sister naked but she didn't seem bothered at all by it and I have never found her sexually attractive anyhow; her rampant mischief making and violence ensured that my attitude towards her was not one of attraction but more of mutual respect with a sprinkling of trepidation and a dash of fear.

This was not to say I didn't love her, of course I did, I just always knew I had to watch my back as she was often up to something during the day and probably dreaming of being up to something at night. It was a reputation that was well-founded and of her own making.

I went to bed before Rhea with my little sister commenting that I was "getting my rest in" that I chose to ignore. How prancing around naked entitled her to pass judgement on my morals I do not know but in her own little world Rhea was always right and everyone else was either wrong or agreed with her.

Abi sidled up to me at 2am and kissed me on the cheeks. I was not totally awake and felt a body manoeuvre itself over me before the familiar sounds and feelings of Abi's mouth gently encircling my cock.

This woke me up nicely and I opened my eyes to see Abi's crack perched above my face. I let Abi know I was fully compos mentis by sticking my tongue out and running it down her slit. She shuddered when I first touched her but she positioned her pelvis so her genitals were nicely presented to me so I could give her the pleasure she wanted.

It was pitch black in my room and I ran my hands up and down Abi's thighs and gently touched her button that was protruding from its' hood with my fingers. I felt Abi shudder again as my touch hit her sensitive spot and rolled it in my fingers. She stopped spiking her mouth over my cock but I felt her warm breath on my glans.

I heard her moan and cry as my fingers darted over her clitoris and tongue lapped at her hole. She squealed and rocked back on her pelvis. A hand appeared to move my fingers away.

"Too much," she murmured at me and I set about flicking her hole with my tongue. Her sweetness lingered on my lips and I could feel her wetness drip down my face.

After a few minutes I returned to her button with my lips and sucked gently. Abi was perched up and sitting nearly bolt upright and I ran my lips along her slit and probed her hole and then flicked her clitoris.

I felt a hand grip my engorged member and she began pumping it, rubbing her fingers over the glans. I could feel the familiar build up of pressure in my testicles and groaned, but Abi was already orgasming and I clamped my lips over her button and sucked. She bucked and rocked as I did and then leant back.

She resumed her grip on my cock and began stroking it quicker than before. I sighed and flicked her rosebud while my thumb explored her slit while my finger danced over her mons. She groaned and I continued.

The ecstasy my body wanted was building and my testicles tighten and a spot inside my perineum tingle. My legs shook gently and with a suppressed moan, spurted my seed onto Abi's fingers.

I was breathing heavily when Abi told me not to stop and resumed my tongue worship of Abi's anus and rubbing of her slit that caused her to groan again. She climaxed and smiled as she climbed off of me.

She gestured for me to climb on top of her and she guided my recently spent member into her. I gave a warm sigh as she gripped my erect member with her muscles and I began to slowly rock in and out.

Abi groaned and hugged me tightly. I enjoyed the slow passionate sex we had and there was a warmth, a beautiful glow as I thrust gently in and out of her. I could feel the inevitable pressure rising and as I pumped in harder and harder, the intimate, slow sex was replaced by rough, lustful intercourse.

Abi sighed, panted and threw her head back; her breathing was ragged and her heart racing. As I reached my point of no return I came inside her and she groaned as my cum spurted against her walls.

We stayed there for a minute showering each other with soft kisses and then we got cleaned up, or more accurately, Abi cleaned us both up smiling profusely.

"I take it we do not care about the photo then?" I asked her as we settled down in my bed.

Abi curled into me and looked up. "I did, but I spoke to your mum tonight and it has put it in perspective a bit. It is a nice picture and Rhea said I should take it as a complement that they printed it."

"Rhea said that?" I asked, not thinking my little sister would miss the opportunity to cause mischief.

"Oh yeah. She said I should take some more classy pictures and send them in. She says if there is ogling to be done then I should get paid for it."

"Yeah that sounds like Rhea."

"And she said she could sort it all out for a twenty percent cut." I swore and Abi giggled. "It's OK, I'm not going to, but as much as I don't like it being there, I can live with it. There are worse things in life," she said with a grin and settled into my bed, putting her arm around me. "And much, much better things."

* * * * *

Abi passed me a can of deodorant when she got up and looked at her puzzled. "There are subtler ways of telling someone they need a shower, you know."

Abi chuckled as she wiped herself free of my semen that I had squirted onto her chest as part of Abi's waking up routine. "No. It's just I don't like your current one."

I looked at her and sighed. "I do."

"Andy, it makes you smell like a teenager."

I paused for a moment and grinned. "Well I am a teenager."

"Yes, I know that. But you shouldn't smell like a teenager. It's ... well off-putting. So I am taking your Lynx and replacing it with something a bit classier."

“Do I have a choice?”

“Do you like getting the benefits bit of our friendship?”

“Well yeah,” I replied a bit shyly.

“Then no. You have no choice,” she told me with a smile and cocked her head. “But you like me really, right?” I pursed my lips and raised my eyebrows, teasing her as I hummed in thought; she knew I didn't need to answer that!

Abi went home at 10am on Thursday and although I was a bit disappointed she left so early, I cleaned the club and then saw Ray without Donna in the afternoon, who was refusing to be in my company after the White Lion incident. It was good to see him and we had a kick about in the park before grabbing a drink in the café and I could tell he was a little annoyed with me for what happened. I did apologise but I knew unless Donna would accept my apology it would put him in a difficult position.

We returned to the flat to find a naked Rhea home from school and spread out on the couch.

“Jesus Christ!” Ray blasphemed behind me.

“Yes this is Rhea's hunger strike, in protest of Mum confiscating her new obscene underwear set,” I told Ray. “I thought she would have given in by now, but ...”

“Oh brother, so little faith in his little sister. But I see you have brought me prey.”

“Yes, very good Rhea,” I muttered but she got up from the couch and sidled over to the embarrassed teenager beside me. I grabbed her arm to leave Ray alone but she pushed me away and ran her hands down his flanks.

“Hello sexy. Long time no see. You've abandoned me for all these months,” she said alluringly, her puppy-dog eyes staring up at him. He backed away, but Rhea followed him, and I had to suppress a giggle as the look on his face, a toxic mixture of alarm and fear. Rhea put her arms around him and pulled him onto her as he reached the edge of the room and was penned up against the wall. “Kiss me, big boy. You make me weak at the knees. She put her hands on the inside of his waistband and he yelped, his hands trying to displace Rhea's. “I've not stopped thinking about you, all those times you'd want to see me naked. I love you Ray.”

“Rhea, he has a girlfriend now,” I told her but she cackled alarmingly

“I know. Leave her Ray, come to me. I want you, over the dining table. Come make my dreams come true, Ray. Love me big boy!” She reached over to kiss him.

Ray shrieked and pushed Rhea away. “Oh God. Andy, I'll see ya,” he cried and almost fell down the stairs in his desire to get away.

The moment he left, Rhea cackled and burst into laughter. “You know, Mum really is getting desperate.”

“What?”

“Oh come on, I know she told you to bring Ray back. She's already sent Troy and Hugo from the club up to the flat ten minutes ago. Just to try and embarrass me into getting dressed. I'm not going to give in that easily and I am a bit annoyed that she thinks I am that weak.”

I laughed at her. “No. Mum didn't ask me to bring Ray back. You've just scared the shit out of Ray for absolutely nothing,” I told her grinning. “Just think, all your efforts were completely wasted.”

Rhea thought for a moment. “What a ridiculous thing to say,” she replied looking serious

and speaking with authority. "How can scaring the shit out of Ray ever be never effort wasted. Don't be so bloody ridiculous!"

"Why do you make my life so difficult? I've got to explain this to him now."

Rhea smirked and threw herself down on the couch. "Cos I'm born to be wild"

"Just promise me one thing. Please don't do that routine to Jez. You might get more than you bargained for," I warned her and she grinned. Her faux bonhomie was going to get her into serious trouble with the wrong person.

* * * * *

"I hear you have been trying to embarrass Rhea into giving up her naturism," I asked Mum as she prepared dinner.

Mum chuckled. "Yes, didn't work though. She barely registered anything with Troy so I tried Hugo who is eighteen but she leaps onto the poor boy for a kiss, and starts tormenting him. I've never seen him so embarrassed." I laughed and explained what Rhea had done to Ray. "I need to do something with her. She'll turn me grey, but I want to know how my fourteen year-old daughter can make two of my employees of a strip club embarrassed and bewildered by being nude. I mean every day they see far more erotic and explicit things at the club but two minutes with Rhea and they can't handle it."

I grinned. "Do you think that maybe this is something that you both aren't going to win?"

Mum shook her head. "If she wants to be naked in the flat, it's her home and I'm not going to stop her. And as long as nakedness doesn't equal inappropriate behaviour it's up to her. Think of all the washing I'll save on. But she isn't getting her underwear back until she behaves like a proper adult."

Sarah rang on Thursday evening. I had put off ringing her as I wanted to give her space but did think about what happened. She asked me to come over the following day for a meal. Her parents were spending the day in London, watching a show in the West End and then staying the weekend, so Sarah was using her 48 hours of "freedom" to invite myself, Ray, Donna, Zoe and Kevin over for a meal that she was going to cook.

Obviously, I could not stay the night, and would have to catch the train back from Wendover, but this was not an issue and knew that I would meet Kevin for the first time. I wondered how guilty I would feel.

* * * * *

Sarah greeted me warmly at Wendover station mid-afternoon and already had two bags of shopping.

"Mum left me some money for food," she explained and refused to take any payment from me. "Kev will come in on the other platform in ten minutes"

"Do you want me to wait here with the shopping while you go meet him?" I asked and she kissed me on the cheek.

"And Andy, please not a word to Kev about Monday," she pleaded with puppy-dog eyes. "It would cause so many problems."

"I wouldn't dream of it" I promised with genuine sincerity. "Are you OK?"

Sarah nodded and smiled. "I enjoyed it. I mean, I really enjoyed it. But I know we shouldn't. It felt ... right, at the time," she said with a shrug.

"But not now?"

Sarah bit her lip. "It was great, and I really want to do it again but I know I probably shouldn't."

I raised an eyebrow at her and she dismissed it.

“Well I really enjoyed it too, but feel guilty about it. I still want to see you though, as a friend or whatever. But I will leave what happens up to you.”

Sarah smiled at me and nodded. “You just want another Abi,” she teased.

“Yeah, 'cause one's not complicated enough!” She laughed and I licked my lips. “Mean it, friendship's good,” I told her but wasn't sure if I meant it.

“Thanks, Andy. And for the purposes of tonight, Abi is your girlfriend. Please?”

“Why?” I asked, clearly exasperated.

“It'll make life easier” she promised.

“For whom, exactly?”

“Both of us, I promise”. She reached up and we kissed briefly on the lips. “I'll make it worth your while. Another time,” she promised. “You know I want to.” I raised my eyebrows and she gave a playful giggle. “You know I can.”

I watched as she skipped away over the bridge to the other side of the station and awaited the “London train.” Kevin was a small wiry, geeky boy with a rotund face who I took an instant dislike to. I guessed that this was because he was Sarah's boyfriend. A love rival: an imposter who did not care for her, but within ten seconds of him being in my company realised there was more to it than that.

“Andy,” I said offering my hand to the short boy who had his arm around Sarah. “How you doing?”

He looked at it, nodded at me, and muttered “I'm fine” as dismissively as he could.

Sarah did not notice, or did not want to seem to notice and introduced “her boyfriend” to me, dressed in a black T-shirt underneath a black shirt with thin white stripes and smart dark jeans. He sneered when Sarah told him I had helped teach her to bowl and glared at me as if me spending time with his girlfriend was wrong. I resisted the urge to say anything, but thought that it was strange he was getting protective over the girl that he treated like shit.

We left the station, and Sarah and Kevin were several paces ahead, hand-in-hand. I realised that it would be a long night unless Ray and the others came quickly. How was I supposed to tolerate Kevin and not lose my temper with him? If I did lose my temper what would I tell the condescending prick: “Your girlfriend was sucking my cock earlier in the week and I feasted on her clit to orgasm while fingering her twat. Are you still 'fine' now?” I took a deep breath. I would need all my self-control not to pick a fight with him this evening.

The reasonable part of my brain left them to walk back a few paces ahead of me. I knew Sarah wouldn't get too many opportunities to be with Kevin and that I should give them the time to be together, but the unreasonable part of me didn't want to be the gooseberry.

We arrived at Sarah's house and Sarah gleefully showed her boyfriend around her house. I could hear them giggling and laughing when they came downstairs. I had unpacked the food in the kitchen and laid it out on the dining table when Sarah returned.

“What time are the others coming?” I asked and Sarah looked up from Kevin to reply.

“Hour maybe. I better start cooking,” she muttered and picked up the big beef joint she had purchased.

“Want any help?” I asked, half-an-eye on Kevin who had sat down on the table and was leafing through some garish magazine with a naked woman on the front.

Sarah smiled and asked me to peel some onions while she took a pan and brought it to a high heat and then seared the joint – “to keep the juices in.” I made some beef stock while she added the meat, leeks, chopped onions, loads of herbs and tomatoes. I watched in wonder as she did this and asked her who taught her and she shrugged as she put the entire meal in a casserole dish in the oven.

“Grandma. Before she died,” she said and then set me to work on cutting up and preparing spring onions, cherry tomatoes, rocket, iceberg lettuce, cucumber, red pepper, celery, cress, spinach and some weird green and red fruit.

“What's this?” I asked her and she laughed.

“Have you never seen one before?” she giggled and Kevin looked up.

“You ain't never seen a Papaya? Where you from?” he asked dismissively and I clenched my fist around the sharp knife in my hand. Sarah put a hand on mine and looked up at me. I passed her knife and she cut up the fruit, separating the sweet pink flesh it from the tough exterior, and the many black seeds.

Sarah tossed handfuls of prawns of various sizes into a heated pan and I watched in awe as the dark grey twirls became a vibrant pink the instant they hit the sizzling skillet.

Sarah instructed me chop the “potatoes” into wedges and passed me several light red orange vegetables. “They're sweet potatoes,” she said reading my mind and I chopped them into large wedges that Sarah put on a baking tray and added to the oven.

She then had me making the Marie Rose sauce, a mixture of mayonnaise, Worcester sauce, ketchup, lemon juice and double cream that Sarah then whisked to make a sauce. Kevin, by this time, had moved onto his second magazine but I felt his eyes on my back.

Sarah topped and tailed the carrots and put them in cold water, along with cauliflower and broccoli.

“Don't you want to cut them?” I asked and she shook her head.

“I'll cut them on the plate. They won't retain their flavour otherwise” she replied.

“Can you actually cook anything?” Kevin asked me and I wished Sarah had not moved the knife out of my reach, leaving me with just a mayonnaise-covered teaspoon.

“Not as well as Sarah, clearly” I replied looking at her and she went red.

“It's just that she has spent the last hour teaching you how to cook. So much for helping ...” Sarah's hand touched the small of my back and I breathed.

Kevin was saved from a brutal death with a small, blunt piece of condiment-covered cutlery when the doorbell rang. I leaped towards the door before Sarah could move. “I'll get it.”

I greeted Ray and Donna but the mixed-race girl barely acknowledged me as she came in. “Are you still annoyed with me?” I asked her and she barely murmured. Ray smiled and I led them into the kitchen where Kevin had taken the spare twenty seconds or so to pull Sarah onto his lap to kiss her and then released her when we returned.

“Dude, you said her cousin had a fat arse,” Ray replied to my surprised look as we entered. “She ain't ever going to not be annoyed with you.”

“Don't you think it is a little petty, Donna? A bit childish, maybe?”

Donna put her hands on her hips and glared at Ray. “I'm childish now? Is it possible to see me without being insulting?” she asked, a somewhat angry tinge to her voice.

“What did you say?” Kevin asked me, his face lit up.

“He said my cousin had a fat arse because of all the crisps she ate. To her face and then got us all barred from the pub because he swore at the barman and kicked his sign over the hedge,” Donna replied aggressively, her hands animated as she spoke. “She only came along because I told her you were single and a nice guy. She got dressed up to meet you.”

“Oooh, that’s smooth.” Kevin taunted me and I shrugged me shoulders. I could feel myself getting annoyed and felt the familiar tightness across the top of my shoulders I got whenever I got wound up.

“Well she’s hardly my type and she asked for it. She was over an hour late and then started whittering about her clothes not fitting while shovelling crisps into her gob.” I responded sharply jabbing my finger at her. “Now I have apologised to Ray and if it really, really, really makes you feel so better I can apologise again but you can either let it go or not. But your boyfriend is still my friend and your best friend is still my friend.”

Donna huffed. “You were rude. And you are being rude again. Just because you were rejected by some tart doesn’t give you the right to be a cock.”

I stared at Ray who looked apologetic. “Abi is not a tart. I was not rejected,” I shouted. “And while we are on the subject of rudeness, what the fuck gives you the right ...”

“Whoa!” Sarah intervened and put her hand on my shoulder. I shrugged it off, staring at Donna who was still glaring at me. “I’ve not invited you here to shout at each other. Or you can both go home” she warned, a sharpness in her voice.

There was a tenseness in the room. “So who is this tart then?” Kevin asked Donna who had sat down opposite him.

Sarah shot me a glare as I breathed in deeply and moved my hands apart. I wanted thump him. If Sarah hadn’t been there and if he wasn’t her beau, I probably would have done. He was saved from another violent death when the doorbell rang for the second time and as I was closest to the door I went to answer.

“Andy, long time no see” a blonde girl dressed in a blue top and gray cardigan asked and I greeted her warmly, despite my outburst only moments earlier.

“Yeah, hiya Zoe. You look well! How was the exams?”

Zoe was a good friend for me at Primary School and in the same “house” as myself as well as being Rosie’s best friend from church; I knew her well. I took her coat and hung it on the peg. It was easier for my six foot frame to reach than her 5ft 8 inches, especially with the shoe holder in the way.

“Fine,” she answered. “I’m not sure I did enough revision on a few of them but I think I did all right. Yourself?”

“Oh OK. And you always used to do too much revision, Zoe. You forget how long I’ve known you!” I joked.

Zoe gave me a smile and I guided her towards the door. “They are in the kitchen,” I told her and Zoe walked through the door to where Donna was describing Abi. I saw Sarah greet and kiss Zoe on the cheek while I stood by the front door and considered making a break for it. I wondered what Sarah would think and whether she would care? I thought for a moment whether I trusted myself not to explode like I did in the White Lion. And if I did, what would it do to Kevin and Sarah? Did I really care?

“You OK?” a familiar voice asked me, softly.

“Yeah, I’m ... I’m fine,” I told Sarah, blowing through my pursed lips.

“Don’t let them get to you” she told me softly, and immediately I felt patronised. I was

getting annoyed with her now and this was not good.

I breathed in and screwed up my eyes. "I'll try not to," I murmured and walked past Sarah, and Zoe who was going upstairs, presumably to the toilet.

"So why is she a tart then, other than the no knickers, which is a pretty slutty thing to do?" Kevin was asking Donna.

"Why the fuck is everyone obsessed with my love life? What is it Donna, you jealous? Does Abi make you feel insecure?" I asked her the moment I walked in.

"What love life? This Abi bird rejected you, and I can see why." Kevin responded and I raised an eyebrow at him.

"Really? You sure about that?" I asked him aggressively and staring at his patronising face. "You sure Abi turned me down?"

"You said ..." Donna started.

"No Donna. I said fuck all to you. But for your information, no we are not dating but we are very much friends. Now is there anything else you wish to know or are you going to drop it as, I don't know, just maybe, it's none of your fucking business who I am seeing."

"There's no need to swear," Ray started and I shot him a look.

"I don't see why Donna, or any other fucker, is remotely interested in my love life. It's my life. It's private." I shouted at him, emphasising the swear word. Ray, of all people, knew when to steer clear of me and his attempts at an admonishment were unwise.

There was silence for a moment as I sat down and then Donna murmured. "So rude"

"And talking behind my back about me and Abi isn't?" I shot back at her.

Donna waved her arms and stared back at me. "Kevin asked who she was. Some cheap tart who gets paid to take her clothes off, walks around with no knickers ..."

I cut Donna off. "Right ... some cheap tart who your boyfriend spent an entire picnic staring up her skirt. Or had you forgotten that bit? But then looking at you that day I'm hardly surprised his eyes were wandering elsewhere."

"STOP IT!" yelled a tearful voice from the end of the room as Ray got to his feet. If he wanted a fight then I would happily have given him one. "If you are going to be horrid to each other then you can all leave."

Kevin, who had enjoyed watching Donna and I argue was at Sarah's side immediately with his arm around her, comforting her as she shouted through her tears. Donna glared at me and I fiddled with my fingers.

There was a tense silence for a few moments and Sarah regained her composure. "Andy, please apologise to Donna and Ray"

"What for?" I asked incredulously. Sarah stared at me until I uttered. "OK. Yeah sorry."

"Donna?"

"No way. No." Sarah's eyes pleaded with Donna, who crossed her arms and shook her head. "I'm not doing it. He is rude and nasty. I don't know why you like him."

I rubbed my face and told Sarah to drop it, which she reluctantly did, but neither Donna nor Ray conversed with me as Sarah prepared the prawn cocktail and I had to rely on Zoe's presence to have someone to converse to.

Sarah had laid out her dining room exquisitely with a large white tablecloth and six individual place settings with our names on them. Kevin was at one end of the table and Sarah was at the other, nearest the kitchen and Sarah had placed me between Donna on

one side and Kevin on the other.

We sat down in near silence and Donna moved her chair away from me as possible. "You know, we could make an effort, for Sarah" I told her once the host had left the room.

"I don't like you," she replied coldly and I shrugged.

"No offence but I don't particularly like you either and I am not going to get upset by you being a bitch. But Sarah will though, and she will also probably get upset by me reacting. It's your call." Kevin and Ray looked at Donna while she stared at me.

"Come on honey," Ray soothed at her and Donna scrawled up her face. "Think of it as Catch-22. You can't win this one, just lose."

"But I don't like him," she whined and I rolled my eyes at her immaturity.

"As I said, I don't like you either. But Sarah seems to like both of us, so it's up to you whether you want to spoil tonight or not."

"OK. Just don't be nasty again."

"Talking of being nasty, sorry about Rhea yesterday," I told Ray. "I didn't think she'd still be in protest."

Donna looked at Ray and then me. "What's this?"

"Rhea was naked when we returned to Andy's flat yesterday," Ray said tersely and Donna's eyes widened.

"There's something wrong with that family," Donna muttered and I glanced at my watch.

"So that's a whole thirty seconds you managed. Congratulations, Donna" I told her sarcastically. "We all knew you could do it."

"Well there is," Donna replied and I smirked.

"Right, when you meet Rhea, please her tell that 'cos I wanna watch the fallout."

Ray smirked at me and Donna looked at him. "What? Why's that funny?"

"Because you have never met Rhea. She'll tear you to shreds, won't she Ray?"

Ray spluttered in response, "Well I wouldn't er-"

"That's a yes then," I interrupted him.

"My brother is still a little scared of her two years after they left primary school. He said she was the only person he didn't want to be in a class with in Aylesbury Grammar," Zoe admitted and I shrugged my shoulders.

"Sounds like a tart and a thug to me," Kevin replied airily and I looked at him.

I took a deep breath and Kevin was spared as Sarah brought in the starter – prawn cocktail. Donna was good to her word and was civil. When Sarah went to get the main, I suggested to Kevin that he go and carve as he was the equivalent of the head of the household for the day, and liking this idea a lot, the vain twat left me alone for a good five minutes while he butchered the joint Sarah had lovingly prepared.

He did however give about two-thirds of the joint to himself and Sarah, and left myself with just scraps but I was not in the mood for another fight and said nothing. Sarah had prepared some chocolate brownies to go with a Clotted Cream ice cream she had bought in the town followed by freshly filtered coffee with a dash of cream liqueur.

Zoe and I volunteered to wash up and, grateful to be out of the company of Sarah, Ray, Donna and Kevin. I had no aversion to doing by myself but Zoe insisted she help and she certainly helped lighten my mood, once she realised that I wasn't going to bite her head

off. She was the one person at the dining table that I wasn't annoyed with in the slightest and we chatted amicably about school and College.

Zoe was good at Maths as well and had high hopes of getting an A* and certainly wanted to do it at A Level as well as one of the sciences although whereas I leaned towards Physics, she preferred Biology.

"King Phillip came over for gay sex" I muttered and Zoe nearly dropped the plate she was drying.

"What?"

"It's the only thing I can remember about Biology. It's for Kingdom Phylum Class Order Family Genus Species. The rest of the subject is just boring."

"Oh right," she said. "I prefer Keep Pots Clean or Family Gets Sick. My parents wouldn't like your one."

"There was also Kinky People Can Often Find Good Sex" I added and she shook her head.

"That's not much better," she muttered and I changed the subject.

In the half-hour it took us to clean and dry all the dishes I had learned a lot more about her than I had previously done. She had always been a friend, but there was a remoteness to her home life that she never discussed with me before. I was scarcely much better, Zoe still did not know about Mum, the night club or Abi, but given her conservative upbringing and faith I was happy to keep it that way. Despite her staid lifestyle, she a pleasant, relaxed girl with two younger brothers.

We returned to the lounge to see Ray lose at chess to Kevin while Sarah and Donna watched.

"I'll give you a game," I said as I entered the lounge, considerably more relaxed than before.

Kevin snorted. "Can you even play?" he asked and I counted to three in my head.

"Why do you think I don't?" I asked and Kevin screwed up his piggy little face.

"Well, you ain't the sharpest knife in the drawer," he said dismissively and I counted to five.

"Ain't? What is this word you speak? The word is 'aren't' or do you intend to continue to butcher and massacre our fine English language," I teased, mimicking his privileged accent and sat down. "Best of three, or will I have to beat you in one?" I asked and he shrugged.

"Best of three, if you want. But if I can't beat some bottom of the class pleb at a state school I'm in serious trouble," he muttered. I counted to five silently. Just think, I thought: My cock. Sarah's mouth. My tongue. Her pussy. That's better I thought, "Cock, mouth, tongue, pussy. Cock, mouth, tongue, pussy. Cock, mouth, tongue, pussy."

Unlike when I played Abi and Sarah and was beaten, I considered every move before making it, surveying every move he made. I played out several moves ahead and within a few minutes had his King in an elaborate checkmate.

He silently set up the second game, and my initial victory gave me undue confidence and I made a simple mistake that let him take my queen and win the game.

The third game was tense. I studied every move, desperate to ensure that I did not make a mistake. I wanted to beat him. I needed to. Every piece he moved, I analysed meticulously. I must not lose. Before long, I had both of his bishops and put his king in check and then checkmate.

"You were lucky!" he responded to my smiles.

"No, just logic and intelligence, mate" I replied calmly, much to his annoyance.

It was gone eight when we had finished and Zoe made a move to get her coat.

"I need to be home by 10:30 and I need to get to the station and then wait for a train," she reasoned and I decided that it would probably not be a bad time for me to go. I had managed to get through the day without losing my temper too badly and that I should probably not push my luck.

"I'll walk you home," I said to Zoe and got up also.

Sarah saw us to the door as I got my shoes on and Kevin came out with two bottles of spirits.

"Hey, Sarah. Look what I found. Fancy a glass?"

"Kev, they are my dad's. He'll go mad if we touch 'em."

"I'm only having one. Well Ray wants one as well," he said and disappeared into the kitchen.

"Thanks Sarah," Zoe said and hugged her.

I looked and felt guilty. "Yeah thanks. It was a great meal. And ... well ... sorry"

She shrugged. "You were no worse than Donna" she replied and gave me a brief hug. "I'll ring you Sunday" I smiled and watched as she gently closed the door.

"You really don't like Donna, do you?" she asked the moment we got outside Sarah's house.

"Not really. She holds a grudge about me being rude and then spends all day trying to offend me," I answered in return and guided Zoe towards the main road. "I'd prefer to deal with her when Ray and Sarah aren't there."

"Well, she's not that bad. She's just Donna really."

Zoe was just as hungry as I was and en-route to the station we stopped off at a takeaway and bought two kebabs.

"I'm never allowed these," she admitted as we both paid the couple of quid for our food. "How much garlic mayonnaise have you got?"

"A bit," I admitted as she made a theatrical wave over her nose and we sauntered up the road to the station. We had twenty minutes to eat our grub on the platform and it was a clear warm night. The setting sun lit up the sky which was awash with blood-reds and shimmering oranges and I quite enjoyed the walk up the road.

I could tell Zoe was itching to ask something and just as I had done in Aylesbury with Sarah, it took till we were kicking our heels on the station platform bench for her to ask who Abi was.

I tried to explain without detailing that my Mum owned the strip club she worked in and she was my lover but I left her more confused and she dropped the subject, turning our attention to her church.

While I was not religious, this was safer subject matter for me and I spoke quite freely. She was keen for me to come along to her church one Sunday and even promised to go for a drink in the café afterwards if I came.

I liked Zoe. She was refreshing as spending time with everyone else was just a bit complicated. She was the opposite and was happy to talk about mundane matters. We parted at the end of her road, without a kiss, or a cuddle. It was just a normal goodbye and

I watched her run to her house halfway down her street, leaving me to wander back with my thoughts.

The night had not been a disaster, but it could have gone far better. But it had done one very good thing for me: I no longer felt guilty about fooling around with Sarah. Fuck, I even wanted the arrogant prick to know about what Sarah and I had done. I wanted him to see us together, wanted him to see Sarah suck on my cock. I wanted Sarah to want me and for him to know it.

This “pleb” wanted Sarah. And on reflection, that probably wasn't good for Sarah. It wasn't good at all.

* * * * *

I saw the blue flashing lights outside the club the moment I turned into Castle Street and ran towards the entrance.

“Hey Troy” I called out to the bouncer, “What's happening?”

Troy smirked when he saw me and the small crowd around me listened in. “Alice was bumping and grinding into his face, and it was too much for the poor sod. His tickers gone”

“Shit!” I called out and he shook his head.

“He's alive but Alice is a bit shaken”

I saw Mum just inside and she came out with the paramedics and an elderly gentleman on a stretcher.

“Hi Andy. You home now?” she asked when she saw me.

“Just going up when I saw this.” Mum smiled at me.

“Yes, and there is nothing for you to see here,” she gently admonished me and I went upstairs to bed, wishing Sarah was with me and not Kevin. My mind dreaded to think what he was doing to her.

* * * * *

I spent Saturday in a bit of a daze. I never really quite woke up and took considerably longer to clean the club than I usually do, although Mum did say that it probably needed a bit more attention as they were busy the night before.

Rhea was still completely naked and up to her usual tricks by goading me when I returned. I was still on her hit-list for not being a master forger with loose morals and she took to hiding all of my shoes until I apologised and promised to help her next time.

I eventually located them all by tipping the unclothed Rhea upside down and threatened to throw her out of the fire escape or into a cold shower. She was probably certain I was joking on the first one, but not so the second and my shoes were duly returned.

In the evening, Mum took a dressed Rhea and I to a local pizza parlour. It had been awhile since we had gone out as a family and Mum wanted to celebrate the end of my exams, however belatedly!

I went to bed shortly after we got home and read. There was nothing else to do, and I thought about Zoe's offer for the following day. I wondered, what would I lose popping along to see her. I might just get to understand Sarah a little better, I thought. But I would go alone and set my alarm for 8:30 the following morning.

* * * * *

“Where are you trying to sneak off to?” My naked little sister asked surveying me dressed in my smart trousers and smart blue T-Shirt. “Is it some bird?”

Chapter VIII

“Church,” I replied seriously.

Rhea laughed. “No where are you going?” she asked persistently, not hiding any of her teenage body.

“Church.”

“No, you're not. The last time you were in church was my Christening and you pissed all over one of the gravestones. Mum and Dad were very embarrassed, they keep reminding you.”

I smiled. “Given that I was two you can't really blame me. I am off to Church.”

“You're not. Who are you going to see. Is it Abi? Or Sarah? Or ...”

“God?” I suggested with raised eyebrows.

“Andy ... tell me. I bet it's ...”

I cut her off. “Why don't you get dressed and I'll take you” I said with a glint in my eye that went unnoticed.

“You're not going to Church Andy. You going to see one of your birds,” she said, her eyes gleaming.

“Abi is asleep as she was working and Sarah is grounded. I am going to Church, but as you don't believe me, come along. I will take you if you want,” I promised her. “Just get dressed smartly. But be quick. I got to leave in five minutes.”

Rhea stopped and pondered this for a moment and then raced upstairs. I scrawled Mum a note and left it by the kettle before Rhea emerged in jeans and T-Shirt.

Rhea was insistent we were not going to Church and that this was a secret rendezvous with Sarah or Abi or even an unknown girlfriend. I smirked at her creativity but led her across Aylesbury, past our old primary school to the Church of St Barnabas. “Why so glum?” I asked her when she peered up at the place of worship.

“It's a Church,” she moaned. “You've actually brought me to Church.”

“I think you'll find,” I said smirking at her, “that this is exactly where I said we were going”

“But Andy. It's a Church.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Why?” she asked.

“Well you can repent for all your sins. And that'll keep you busy for the rest of the year!”

Rhea threw a moue at me but followed me inside the building to the sounds of organ music and I took two hymn books from the lady distributing them. Rhea snatched one of the books from me with all the ill grace she could muster and we sat at the back.

“Why we are we at Church?” Rhea asked as we seated. I scanned the church hall for Zoe and saw her at the front but she did not see me and the service began with that question unanswered. I didn't actually know.

There were many reasons I could give: I was certainly still missing the close confidante I had in Paula, and with Ray seemingly distracted with Donna, there was only one other person I trusted who could fill that void, and that was Zoe. Of course, with Zoe being close to Sarah, it certainly helped matters: I needed a friend who both Sarah and I liked, especially what with the problems with Donna. Mostly though, Zoe and I had always been

good friends in school and I just wanted to see her. What with the breakup of Ray and Rosie I had somewhat neglected her and wanted to make some sort of amends.

Rhea was clearly bored and spent most of the service kicking the hassocks hanging on the back of the pew in front of us. When it came to the hymns she adopted an unsuitable game of trying to sing it in an unusual voice that drew a few disapproving glances from the elderly woman directly in front. She even managed to sneak some inappropriate words into her recital of some of the hymns but no-one apart from me noticed and a jab in the ribs stopped her. I didn't fancy being thrown out of church in the same way I was thrown out of the White Lion. I was sure Rhea was destined to Hell, only I wasn't completely sure if that was as a torment for her, or a further punishment for Satan!

At the end of the service, Rhea wanted to leave immediately but I told her to mingle with the congregation for awhile outside and this irritated her further. She was only placated when I promised that I would take her to a café for lunch.

I waved at Zoe when I saw her and she came over. Rhea made a snide comment when she saw my friend but I ignored her. "I thought you didn't come to Church," Zoe said the moment greetings and introductions had been completed.

"He doesn't. He is here on the prowl," Rhea added before I could speak. I shrugged.

"I don't normally but you told me to come once to try it. Remember?"

"And you brought along your sister," Zoe replied, beaming.

"Yeah, she wanted to come."

"I did not!" Rhea replied indignantly. "You tricked me."

Zoe and I laughed. "I did not trick you. I told you I was coming to church and I came to the church. You wanted to come with me as you thought I was going to meet a young lady."

Rhea grinned. "And you did. You've come to meet her. Have you two come to confess for something naughty you did?"

I gave Zoe an apologetic look and she smiled. "It's OK. I remember your sister," she told me. "Everyone does."

Rhea pouted at me and tugged on my sleeves. "Right. Now you've met her can we get something to eat now, I'm hungry."

I looked at Zoe. "You fancy something to eat? Remember, café? You promised!" I teased.

Zoe shifted awkwardly. "I'll go ask Mum. She is doing Sunday school in a minute so I should be able to go."

Rhea's eyes bored into me the moment Zoe had left. "I knew there was a girl involved. You are a dirty, filthy rodent Andy Williams. Ever since Paula's left it's been one after the other. I'm surprised you don't just get a bloody conveyor belt to bring 'em up to your room."

I sighed. "Will you ..."

"You could have them strapped down, legs parted, all ready for you by the time they get up there."

"It's Zoe. She is Sarah's friend and my old schoolmate from Grove House. Met her for the first time in weeks on Friday. She is deeply devout, conservative and would deeply disapprove of Abi and the club so keep quiet. I used to see her loads but not so much recently," I told Rhea, answering all of her questions at once. "And she is not interested in me, and I am not in her."

"Oh good. Can we go bowling and get something to eat in there" she asked.

"You're grounded," I reminded her.

"Yeah, but if I am not occupied, I might say something ... regrettable. By accident, of course. Abi might just slip out." Rhea replied and I groaned. "But if we go bowling ..."

"Why do you have to make my life so difficult?" I asked Rhea with a scowl and she smiled leaning into me.

"Because I am your little sister. It's my job."

Zoe returned a few moments later with a tall wiry boy with brown hair and deep blue eyes, wearing a blue checked shirt and lightweight white trousers. He scowled when he saw me, standing next my little sister and I wondered what I had done.

"Mum said yes, but my brother has to come too. You remember Simon, don't you?"

I nodded and went to introduce Rhea but he spoke. "Rhea Williams?" he replied sharply.

"Oh you two know each other?" I asked and Simon nodded.

"I wanna go back with Mum. I am not spending an hour in her company," he said firmly and Zoe scowled at him. "She's evil."

"Whoa," I told him and looked at Rhea. "She's not that bad."

"Well Mum said you are to come so you are coming," Zoe told him sharply and he puffed. "She wants to do Sunday School in peace."

"You know I hate her, you know what I think of her. Why do I have to come along? Just so you can spend time with your boyfriend I have to put up with her? I'm not doing it Zoe."

Zoe wagged a finger at her brother and spoke firmly. "She used to be your friend, remember?" I tried to place him – I certainly knew Simon but he had grown up quite a bit since I had last seen him – but had no idea what my sister had done to upset him so much.

"Well I don't really want to be with you either," Rhea spat back and after much disagreement and scowling, Zoe and I walked out of the Church grounds with two frowning siblings behind us.

"I'm surprised he recognised you with your clothes on," I teased Rhea after two minutes of her sulking and Zoe looked at me in surprise. "Rhea is going naked at home to protest at parental discipline being enforced," I said, choosing my words carefully.

"Rhea having discipline? First time for everything." Simon muttered and Zoe and I looked back at the scowling teenagers deliberately walking apart from each other.

"Shut up," Rhea snapped. "Or I'll give you something to fuckin' whine about." Rhea rolled her hands into fist and held it out threateningly.

Zoe and I talked quite happily about Rhea's protest and then our exams on the way into town, but neither Rhea or Simon spoke a word to each other than Rhea demanding an apology for a previous incident between them. When this was not forthcoming, she kicked a stone that hit Simon on the shin, although she claimed that it was accidental. I could tell from her expression that I shouldn't believe her.

Zoe was happy to go the café in the bowling alley and then play a game, and as the bowling alley was situated not far from the Church so we didn't have too far to walk.

"Before we go in, what is with you two?" I asked Simon and Rhea, and Simon shrugged.

"Ask her" Simon replied quickly and I looked at Rhea.

"You know when I got suspended from Grove House ..."

"You mean, when you ran amok with items from that joke shop we found on holiday?"

Rhea smirked. "Well that little cunt grassed me up."

Simon shrugged. "I got asked who did it. They guessed it was you anyway. And there was no need to try and drown me."

"It was an accident," Rhea answered loftily with rolled eyes. "I told you before it was an accident. I just tripped and accidentally pushed you."

"You had me in a head-lock before throwing me in to the pond," exclaimed Simon. "And then held my head under the water." Zoe and I looked at each other apologetically.

"Is this really worth fighting over?" I asked Rhea and she nodded.

"I want an apology from him." Simon spluttered and I laughed.

"The moment you apologise to me for trying to kill me," he told her and Rhea screwed up her face.

"Rhea, please. Don't spoil a nice afternoon with pettiness. Let's go have something to eat and let bygones be bygones," I begged of Rhea but she shook her head.

"Not until he says sorry. I will be civil and forget the incident when he says sorry."

I groaned in desperation and admitting defeat we went inside. The café inside the bowling alley did decent hot food at a reasonable price and we sat down to order. Rhea and I ordered burgers while Simon got a hot dog and Zoe ordered a salad.

"Rhea, what exactly did you do to get suspended?" Zoe asked and Rhea went from kicking her chair to smirking with nostalgic memories.

"Oh, this was a Rhea classic," I told Zoe and Rhea slapped me on the arm.

"My story," she warned gleefully with an outstretched finger. "When we were on holiday we went to Filey, and we found a joke shop. I bought a few items that I used one day in my last week of school. First off, was the dog poo aerosol. It comes out and looks like proper dog shit so I put a few of those 'round the school before morning break and the teachers and dinner ladies were looking for a stray dog all day. I even excused myself to go to the toilet and put a nice turd in the teachers staff room."

Zoe laughed and even Simon smirked.

"I also put the Krap-Alot sugar in the sugar bowl but I am not sure if anyone used it." She hummed and smiled in reminiscence. "Then I swapped Mr Samuel's pen for an electric shock pen, you know, the dirty fucker from Year 6. God, I hated him and we all heard his screams during afternoon register." She smiled at this and Zoe looked at me with a shocked expression on her face. "Then there was Annie's chewing gum to turn her mouth blue. I threw stink-bombs into the playground at afternoon break."

"Weren't you seen?" Zoe asked and Rhea shook her head.

"I didn't want to get caught. I chucked 'em from the other side of the school, over the school building and down into the playground. By the time they had run 'round to see who did it I was back through the fire door I had propped open and was hiding in the girls' bogs"

Zoe giggled.

"Finally, I got some smoke-bombs and threw them into the boys' toilets only I was seen doing it." Rhea stared at Simon who looked sheepish for a moment. "And was grassed up by a filthy, stinking, nasty tell-tale"

"Yeah, but ... Rhea ... you must have expected to have been caught?" I told her and she shook her head.

“Everything was planned to the letter. I wanted the end of the school year to go with a bang.”

“It did go with a bang. Mum exploded,” I replied and Zoe sniggered.

“Yeah. But I would have got away with it, if I hadn't have been grassed up.”

“It was still two years ago. Don't you think it's time to let it go?” I asked and Simon nodded.

“No. I got suspended. Mum still brings it up now whenever I am in trouble. I should have had Tuesday and Wednesday to enjoy myself but was suspended for Tuesday and Mum took all my joke stuff away and I was grounded for the entire of the Summer Holidays.” Rhea looked defiant, but her mood had certainly lightened now that she got to be the centre of attention. She continued recalling her transgressions at primary school, some which I had not heard before until our food arrived. The burger was nice, but I gave Zoe some of my chips as her salad did not come with any and Rhea shot me a mischievous look.

By the time we had finished, and I had paid for the food, we wandered over to the bowling alley to set up a game. Zoe tried to give me some money, but I was feeling unusually generous and told her not to. She half-relented and bought us all a lemonade to drink while we were bowling.

Rhea hit a strike on her first ball that arced perfectly down the lane to smash into the ten pins and smirked at us, stroking back her long brown hair that had become displaced as she threw her ball.

“She used to be on the Bowling team, until she got thrown off of it for cheating,” I explained to Zoe and Simon as she sauntered back to the row of seats.

“That wasn't my fault!” Rhea claimed as she sat down on the spare chair next to Simon.

“Rhea, you and I both know that's an outright lie.”

Rhea smirked a little. “Yeah but, that Bruce was a smarmy, patronising bastard. He deserved it for the things he said about me.”

I turned to Zoe, smiling. “She sprayed baby oil or olive oil or something at the head of the alley of the opposing team. This guy turns to bowl, loses his footing and cascades down the runway”

Zoe laughed as I gestured with my hands.

“He deserved it. And I heard his fingers apparently healed quite nicely after a couple of months or so,” Rhea added.

I felt a little guilty when I got a spare and Zoe managed only four. Simon managed even less, hitting the gutter both times.

“Have you bowled before?” I asked Zoe and she nodded. “But it was awhile ago. Quite awhile ago”

“Mum doesn't like it so we don't go as a family,” Simon added. “Occasionally as friends but we prefer the cinema.”

“I'll show you. On your next go,” I promised Zoe as Rhea hit another strike. I managed nine and then stood behind Zoe and did exactly what I did with Sarah, guiding her arm and positioning her body. She bowled eight and then one.

“Go on, show Simon,” I told Rhea who shook her head.

“Not until he apologises,” she said resolutely. “He owes me an apology.”

“I'm not saying sorry. Not after she tried to drown me.” Simon replied and I buried my

hands.

“Rhea. It's two years ago. Come on,” but Rhea shook her head and Simon bowled a measly two.

I shot Rhea a dirty look and she shrugged her shoulders before hitting six pins, which Zoe and I both followed up with strikes.

Simon's ball hit the gutter and he, dejectedly, walked to the Ball Return for his second ball.

“OK, Rhea, I'm sorry I grassed you up,” he grumbled and Rhea looked up.

“I suppose I better show you then,” she replied and jumped down from her seat.

“Shouldn't you say something too, Rhea?” I asked and she shook her head. I glared at her for a moment and then she muttered something to Simon. She repeated what I had done with Zoe. I noticed that she was a little touchy-feely, happy to guide him repeatedly with her hands.

She watched him bowl eight and returned his smile.

Thereafter, Rhea became a lot happier and lot more enjoyable to be with. She won at the bowling by an absolute canter, which helped her mood and she conversed a lot more with Simon. They had elected to do similar subjects at GCSE and there was a strong likelihood they would be in the same classes, for some of those subjects at least, when they returned to school in September. As we walked back, Simon and Rhea were a few paces behind talking about some Maths project due in that week, at the end of term, and that neither of them had completed while Zoe and I made idle chit-chat.

It wasn't sexually-charged or flirtatious like my chats with Sarah, but Zoe was good company and it made a change having some sort of female companionship that didn't lead to sex of some kind. I enjoyed the sex, and I wanted it. But I also wanted female friends who I could be with where there wasn't that complication or tension.

We reached the Church and we parted. There wasn't the hug, kiss, or awkward goodbye just a standard parting of two friends, like Ray and I would do. Rhea and Simon, on the other hand, did hug and Rhea was still smiling when she got home.

Mum however, was not.

“I've just had Sarah's mum on the phone,” she said the moment I got through the door. “What were you doing on Friday night?”

I scrunched up my face in surprise. “We had a meal ... ummm ... six of us. Then Zoe said she needed to be home by ten, so we left at eight thirty, got something to eat from the kebab-house. I walked her home and you saw me.”

“No Andy, I was working,” she said dismissively.

“The bloke who had a heart-attack. I was there when the ambulance arrived.” Mum thought back for a moment and then nodded.

“Yeah sorry, that was Friday. That was what, ten fifteen?”

“Given that Sarah lives twenty minutes from the station and Zoe lives near our old school, eight fifteen - eight thirty would be about right?”

“Did you drink any alcohol?”

“No” I replied quickly and then thought. “Actually, Sarah put a dash of Baileys in everyone's coffee”

Mum looked exasperated. “Did you touch the vodka, whiskey or wine?”

I shook my head. “No.”

Mum stared at me. "Truthfully?"

"No. I didn't have any," I said quite resolutely and waved my hands in an animated fashion. "Sarah's mum wasn't there anyway so why is she saying that I did? When Zoe and I left we were sober. Why don't you ask her if you don't believe me."

Mum wiped her face and looked at me exasperated. "I do believe you, just Sarah's Mum came back today, to find four drunken teenagers in her house, all of her alcohol drunk and the place an absolute tip so she wants to know what went on, and your name got mentioned."

"Well I haven't been there all weekend. I was here and then I've been to church today," I replied a little annoyed.

Rhea, who had been silent the entire time spoke. "That is true. We have been to church. The smarmy basket tricked me."

Mum looked at me inquisitively for a moment and turned to look at Rhea who had just finished undressing. "Are you still doing that?"

"Of course. I fight for my principles," she said resolutely and she then turned back to me as Rhea ran upstairs, her clothes in her hands, and sighed.

"It's this Sarah again," she said strongly. "I said she was trouble. You stay away from her."

My heart sank. There was no way I wanted to stop seeing Sarah and blurted out, "It'll be her boyfriend that drank them all. He was there and he opened the whisky as we were leaving"

Mum shook her head and extended her finger. "She is bad news Andy. Mark my words."

I groaned and she peered up at me with raised eyebrows. She strode back to the phone, dialling a number on a piece of paper. Sarah's mum clearly answered as Mum spoke firmly that although I had been there during Friday, I was home by 10:15 and did not partake in drinking of her spirits. Mum also said that I had told her that Sarah's boyfriend was solely responsible for raiding the bar cabinet (which is not quite what I said) and that I had left as they started doing this. This seemed to shorten the conversation and Mum signed off pleasantly enough.

I got the keys from Mum and cleaned the club before returning at 6pm for our Sunday meal. Mum didn't speak much over dinner and I was left with my thoughts of Sarah, although the unclothed Rhea more than made up for my silence by telling Mum that I had dragged her down to Church to repent for her sins.

This caused a wry smile from Mum, who seemed not to have minded Rhea going gallivanting off to church when she was grounded. Our peace was shattered by the front door closing and steps running up the stairs.

"Look at this Mum ... I'm engaged!" Julie screamed when she reached the dining room, proudly displaying her diamond ring for all to see.

However, despite my elder sister's excitement, I am ashamed to say I didn't actually care too much. I was too worried about Sarah.

* * * * *

That evening, Mum seemed to forget all about Sarah, Rhea and me, and concentrated solely on Julie and Oliver. Mum rang Oliver's parents and invited them down for the night so we could "go out for a meal" and as they were due to fly out from Heathrow Airport that Saturday, it made sense for them to travel from Derby on Friday to Aylesbury, stay in the guest bedroom overnight and go out for a meal, before going on holiday.

Rhea, dressed in just an open dressing gown (it was a cooler evening and I think Mum had turned down the thermostat), inevitably asked if Annabella could come as well and Mum turned to me.

“Is there anyone you want to take?” I painfully looked at her and she shook her head. “No Andy. Not Sarah”

“Then no,” I replied coldly. “But she really isn't as bad as you think she is”

Julie asked inquisitively but neither Mum nor I would tell her, and shortly afterwards I went to my bedroom to brood.

Why did Kevin need to ruin my friendship with Sarah? It was so unfair that Mum wouldn't listen. I hated him more than ever.

* * * * *

Mum and I hardly spoke all morning. I was annoyed with her and I think she detected this and did not want to cause a scene. I wasn't rude or curt but there was an underlying hardness to my voice and an aggression that normally wasn't there.

The post came as I was making my sandwich. The film I had sent off from the trip to the woods had arrived and I gleefully opened the packet and filed the duplicated prints upstairs. When I got a film developed I often asked for two copies, it cost a couple of quid more, but the subject of the photographs often liked to have a copy.

This gave me a reason to go to Wendover and with Mum not around to object I walked out of the house with my sandwich and down to Aylesbury station.

I thought about little else on the train – all of a sudden two very charming, beautiful girls had wandered into my life – and they were both making my life unreasonably complex. That said, I wouldn't have changed either of them.

Sarah was a weird case, she seemed to attract problems to her – just liked Rhea – but was as flirtatious and bouncy as any girl I knew. I felt sorry for her as I knew she had told Kevin to put the alcohol down, but she had clearly failed to get him to listen. “I'm sorry Andy, she is grounded,” Angela said when she answered the door to me. “She shouldn't have invited you over.”

“She hasn't. Can I see her for five minutes?” I asked. “Julie has got engaged.”

Angela showed me into her familiar conservatory and called Sarah. Sarah had been crying, her eyes were red and she looked dowdy and dishevelled.

“What's up?” I asked the moment Sarah had closed the door.

“It's mum and Kevin and Donna and everyone,” she cried and I put my arms around her, holding her closely for a few moments.

“Do you want to talk about it?” I asked her and she shook her head.

“Not here.”

I fished out the photos from my bag and passed them to her. “I've sorted them out. These are yours.”

Sarah opened them and had to wipe her eyes. “This was so long ago.” I nodded and smiled.

“Not that long ago. But you've ... er ... had some problems since”

I told her about Julie's engagement but she seemed a little preoccupied, and before long Angela asked me to go home.

Angela apologised for ringing Mum but I told her not to worry and left her house to ponder.

I found it somewhat interesting that Sarah was upset about Kevin, but then rationalised that this did not mean that I was suddenly in with a chance of dating the complex girl. I just wanted everything to be easy and uncomplicated in my life, which was an impossibility with Rhea, Abi and Sarah all going out of their way to do the exact opposite.

* * * * *

Mum was not surprised and had guessed where I was when I returned home. She annoyingly repeated her warning that Sarah was “trouble” and that I would do well to avoid her. This definitely riled me, as Mum did not know her or know what was going on, and I replied to her aggressively.

“You know, about eighteen months ago, you and I used to argue a lot? When Julian was here. Everything I did was wrong?” I told her a little too firmly. “What I went through then, is what Sarah is going through now. Only it's not because of a step-dad she dislikes, it's because of a manipulative boyfriend” Mum, who was cooking as I spoke, passed me some bread to butter. “No, Andy, no-one can be that manipulative. What about taking responsibility for your own actions?”

“He is an absolute prick” I blurted out and Mum shot me a disapproving look. “Sorry. Well whenever Sarah and him meet he forces her into rough sex. Her parents found out about the hotels and that's what the fight was about that night. I met him on Friday and he was controlling and patronising and so up-himself even blaming Sarah for them not being able to meet. Sarah even told him to put the whisky back as we were leaving and he ignored her. It's him not Sarah”

“It takes two to tango,” she replied uttering one of her favourite sayings and looked up at me.

“I know. She knows that as well and she definitely regrets what's happening. But it's not physical pressure it's emotional and mental pressure. He has gone bananas at Sarah for them not being able to meet any more and says it is Sarah's fault and she is feeling a bit guilty because of it. If I could have got away with thumping him I would have done. What he is doing to Sarah is nasty.”

I felt the heat of Mum's glare the back of my neck as I buttered the last piece of bread.

“Only it is Sarah who is getting everyone else into trouble, isn't it?”

“She is going through a tough time at the moment. She can't talk to her boyfriend about it and doesn't think her parents will understand. Her best friend is totally preoccupied with her own relationship at the moment. The only people she has is Zoe and me, and Zoe probably wouldn't understand. So I know I might get my fingers burned but, if she needs me I want to be there for her.”

“Is she worth it?” she asked me and I nodded.

“Definitely. She is my friend. Just like Abi is,” I replied, my voice unwavering and eyes fixed on her. “And Ray. And Paula. They all have their foibles and their flaws. But they are my friends, just as they put up with my character flaws. She is my friend. You always told me to stick by my friends. So I will do.”

“You've known her for a couple of weeks, that's all Andy.”

“I know. But I spent so much time with Paula when she was here that I barely had time for anyone else. I didn't realise that at the time but we were always together and I get on well with Sarah and we shared a bed so I very much see her as my friend.”

Mum grinned and looked across. “I also told you to stay away from trouble,” she responded. “Paula was no problem. Sarah is a nightmare.”

"Then, I'll not be in the company of Rhea. To the best of my knowledge, Sarah has never been suspended from school. She is not bad news or trouble, she is just ... well ... Sarah."

Mum laughed. "You know, that makes no sense, but I think I know what you mean. I still think you'll be well advised to think about what you are getting into."

"Well she is grounded, so she probably couldn't come anyway" I replied a bit sullenly.

"It is probably for the best, anyhow"

I hummed; I didn't vocally disagree with her, but Mum was wrong.

* * * * *

I was awoken on Monday night (or Tuesday morning) by a warm body cuddling up to me.

"Hello Abi," I told her in my dreamy state and felt her soft hands glide over me.

"Hello, sexy" she replied in a pronounced and enticing Scottish accent that she put on deliberately for me. "Ah didnae fancy goin' back tae me cold flat aloon when there with a nice warm bed for me here."

"Let me guess, you are horny?"

"Knackered and horny. But mostly tired. Horny can wait 'til th' mornin'"

I snuggled up to her and held her tightly, and we drifted off to sleep together.

We woke in the morning still curled up. Abi and I were both naked and covered with the duvet when there was a knock at the door. Mum peered in when called and smiled when she saw us both.

"I'm taking Rhea to school and then going shopping in Watford. Don't spend all day in bed," she warned and shut the door. About five minutes later, Abi woke up and went to the toilet and returned to bed.

"Your Mum is away all day. Think of the fun we could have," she said mischievously.

"I already was," I muttered and Abi smirked at me. "Well you said you were horny."

"I always am at the moment," she replied and slid her hands down my body. "I don't know what's got into me but I can't stop thinking about it. I am turning into a right nympho."

"I don't mind," I muttered and she smiled at me.

We kissed and she grabbed hold of my member. "I need a hard, rough, dirty, loveless, slutty, filthy fuck before breakfast. Doggy-style," she muttered as we broke. I was fully erect and she slid her fingers down my shaft. I groaned. I loved it whenever she went near my crotch but I liked the idea of some rough, passionate sex.

Abi turned in the bed and I scooted behind her. I had read about doggy-style sex before and I was a little nervous, but mostly just horny. I positioned my cock at her crotch and she laughed.

"Not that hole" she cried and I positioned me at the mouth of pussy. She was moist already and my cock slid in without any resistance. We both groaned as I did and my body slapped against hers.

She buried her head into the pillows and I pushed my organ deep into her. She squealed and rocked back as I thrust forward.

Abi purred as I pushed. It felt so much more intense than from when we had sex before. Abi squeezed her muscles as I poked her dripping slit and it sent different sensations through me.

I no longer thought I was having sex with Abi. It was a nondescript pussy I was fucking and

I looked down my rod spearing the folds of skin. Abi groaned and cried as I thrust little Andy into her. She was playing with her clit and crying into the pillow.

“Harder” she cried. “Harder. Fuck me harder”

I grabbed hold of her waist and rammed her body against mine, causing her to yell out. I was grateful that Rhea and Mum were not in the flat as they would have heard Abi, screeching and yelling into the feather pillows.

“Oh God,” she yelled and I felt her pussy muscles quiver and legs begin to tense. I pounded her relentlessly as she orgasmed and felt the familiar heat in my perineum. I was building to a climax myself and grabbed hold of her waist again, thrusting into her with renewed passion.

Every thrust sent waves of delirium through my cock and this incredible feeling was coursing through my veins and overwhelming my senses; it was such an intensely powerful position.

“Abi ...” I murmured as I held onto her hips, my cock buried into her. I spurted several spurts of my juices into her and rocked back gently as I did. Abi's muscles pulsed nicely on my solid member and milked it as I withdrew.

Abi slumped against the pillow and I slid my hand down her leaking slit, rubbing my creamy deposit up to her clit and back again. Abi cried out as one finger slid inside her and the other finger skidded up and down her crack.

“Does it feel dirty and slutty to be coming with my stuff inside you?” I asked her as I began to encircle her clit.

“Fuck yes” she cried as my fingers darted over her button and her body quivered.

“You like it?”

“God yes!”

“What are you?” I asked my finger pressing gently on her clit.

“I am a....I am a....” she started and I removed my finger and slid it down her slit.

“Say it”

“I am a slut. A nympho. A whore....”

I put my hands either side of Abi's hips and brought her up. My cock was erect again and I positioned it over her dripping pussy and thrust it inside her. She squealed and groaned as I did it.

It felt almost as good as before, only a lot more slippery. I grinned as I rocked backwards and forwards at Abi's lustful cries. She urged me to thrust harder and deeper and, just as before, I put my hands on her hips and used them to pivot deep inside her.

This caused waves of mewling and panting from Abi who erupted into her third or fourth orgasm just before my slightly desensitised cock spewed a second wave of jism deep inside her.

I withdrew after a few seconds and wiped my cum-covered cock on a tissue. Abi was still buried in the pillows, with her leaking pussy thrust into the air for all to see.

“You OK?” I asked and Abi pushed herself up to get a couple of tissues.

“Yeah,” she said, a smile on her face.

“I really, really needed that,” she admitted.

We didn't bother having a shower, the sweaty smell of sex on us both as we ate breakfast.

We kissed, and fed each other before returning to my bedroom. There was a big wet patch on the sheet and Abi smiled.

"We better wash that before your mum comes home," she said and I grinned.

"When I've finished you can," I told her and pushed her back on the bed.

"You know, I'm not convinced you are the same sixteen year old who got tongue-tied when a dishevelled prostitute smiled at him," she teased and I smirked.

"Well, I'm not convinced you are the same eighteen year old who was too shy and scared to talk to said sixteen year old"

"Eighteen?" she asked. "I wish"

"I know" I replied and kissed her on the lips. "But you have the energy of an eighteen year old!"

She pulled me over on the bed and then climbed on top of me, her knees either side of my waist, and her nipples rubbing up against my chest. She kissed me again and began rocking her pelvis up and down my inflating shaft.

She sat up and swung her legs around my face nearly smacking me in the chops and then sat back presenting her crotch to me. "Will you."

"You know I love going down on you," I told her and she flexed her pelvis inches from my face.

"I know. And you'll be able to taste yourself," she said gleefully. "One day, I am going to get you to go down on me after you have shot your load."

I hummed. The odd residue of my semen I could stomach but I was not sure if I would fancy licking my deposits and swallowing, even if they came from Abi's twat. My day-dreaming was interrupted by Abi lowering her beautiful globes onto my face. Her succulent, red slit oozed juices and was enticing my tongue towards it. She murmured as it touched her outer labia and began to swirl around.

She groaned as it flicked across her button and then slid back down to her hole. I had conscientiously avoided this part but Abi was insistent and rocked herself so that her entrance was over my tongue. I tentatively, probed and felt my dick get harder. I could taste semen on Abi: my semen, and it was suddenly an arousing prospect.

Suddenly, the inhibitions I felt before no longer existed and I devoured Abi. Abi groaned and I felt a familiar slide of her hand down my shaft. I tensed my muscles and felt her tongue slip down my cock. It probed underneath my head and along the corona and under the glans.

My tingle underneath my balls grew to a warm throb and Abi used her hands to push my legs apart. She began to fondle my balls as I attacked her slit with renewed vigour, flicking her clit intensely.

Abi's tongue darted around my cock and she gently applied suction to the tip. I felt her hands cupping my balls and then dart along my perineum. I felt her apply pressure to the skin behind my testicles, and the warmth turned into a raging inferno.

I groaned and my muscles flexed in my leg flexed as she expertly sucked my cock and used her hands to play with my balls and perineum.

I put my hands on her thighs and pulled her pelvis into my face, sliding up and down her slippery slope. She rocked her hips as I probed with my tongue and began to flick my head with her mouth organ.

I felt Abi's fingers darting over my perineum and touched my anus. I clenched it

instinctively but combined with Abi's oral technique, this pushed me over the edge and I felt my body tense up.

Waves and waves of electric energy cascaded through me and my thighs quivered and toes sparkled.

I began pumping my release into Abi who gleefully took and swallowed every last bit. I felt drained and complete, but still flicked and sucked on Abi's clitoris. She slumped forward a bit and let her hair trail over my cock as she squealed and shrieked to orgasm.

When she was done, she moved her pelvis where my tongue could not reach and then cuddled next to me, kissing me intently and passionately.

"Are you trying to turn me gay?" I asked her in all seriousness when we stopped kissing, and she burst out laughing.

"What are you on about?" she asked through the laughter.

"It's just you want me to swallow my semen when I go down on you and you were playing with my arse"

Abi smiled. "I know. But that doesn't make you gay." She looked at my puzzled expression for a moment. "In case you hadn't noticed but I am a woman. Tits. Pussy. You know."

I flinched and felt silly, but she knew what I meant. "Yes, I know, it's just..."

"You enjoyed it, right? Well I know you did."

I nodded. "Yeah it was ... incredible"

She smiled. "All men like it. Some of them ... well a lot of them actually get concerned about being gay because of it. It's a bit silly actually". I flinched again. "So no, I'm not trying to turn you gay. I just am trying to make you have amazing orgasms."

"It's just ... its' not ..." I started shyly and Abi hugged me.

"You can be so cute when you get shy and embarrassed," she teased. "But I love you for it!"

I stared down at her. "You love me?" I asked and she bit her lip.

"Well, not in the way you might have wanted me to," she replied and kissed me on the cheek. "I am a long way from being able to be in a relationship with anyone, but I love sex. Well proper sex. I need it, but I don't want it with just anyone, there has to be a connection. And you are uncomplicated and caring. You are just what I need. Safe."

"I'm safe?"

Abi smiled. "Yes. I am loving our casual sex and friendship."

Abi and I cuddled for awhile until I fingered her to another couple of orgasms and then I went down on her and then we had warm, soft, loving intercourse before we got up and had a shower.

I had to clean the club and Abi, not wanting to be left out, came downstairs to keep me company. But I could not shake off the feeling that Abi touching my perineum should not feel that good.

* * * * *

I returned to the flat at around quarter-to-five. Abi was not working and had returned home in her car and I wandered up the stairs. I was not sure if Rhea and Mum would be home but they were and a naked Rhea, shamelessly sprawled out on the sofa, shot me a dirty look as I came in.

"Tired, are you?" she asked and I shrugged.

"Not especially, why?"

"We had to come back shortly after we left as Rhea left her school bag behind," Mum said, eyeing my reaction.

"I heard noises. Lots of noises," Rhea teased, her eyes sparkling.

"Well, they could have been anything," I replied dismissively and walked past her, my cheeks ablaze.

"Yes, because 'fuck me harder' has so many meanings," Rhea said flippantly. "So easy to get that confused with 'can you pass me the remote control please'. It's uncanny ..."

"Rhea!" Mum warned but she ignored her.

"Combine that with the sounds of rampant shagging, I'd say you were nailing the slut from..."

"RHEA!" Mum yelled, and my younger sister crossed her arms. "Leave us alone for five minutes"

Rhea left the room, dramatically, and Mum turned to me. "I told you to be more discreet" she warned and I looked at the floor.

"You said you were going out" I replied and she looked vexed.

"Well, just be grateful Rhea split up with her boyfriend last week or she'd be moaning rather than teasing," Mum warned and I nodded.

"OK. We did try to be discreet," I told her.

"I just hope you know what you are doing?"

I went bright red. "Well Abi didn't seem to complain," I said with a smile but Mum didn't return it.

"No, I mean emotionally. With Abi. And with Sarah"

There is no with Abi and there is no with Sarah" I told her and she shot me a quizzical look.

"You sure about that?" she asked and I nodded.

"Both of them have made it quite clear they don't want or can't have a relationship with me at the moment." I mused. "No matter, how badly I do"

"Well, be careful" she told me and I nodded.

"I am being"

"...and Andy, I've put your sheet in your room"

"Thanks" I replied, a little sheepishly. Why was I getting embarrassed about sex?

* * * * *

I arranged to meet Zoe the following day. Or more to the point, Zoe rang me and asked if we could meet, she sounded anxious and concerned so I readily agreed. I scooted down to the club at 9am and was done by one and ran down to the park to see her on the bench overlooking the pond.

"How ya doing?" I asked and she grinned.

"I'm fine. I saw your sister yesterday," Zoe told me as we sat down. "She was at our house doing some Maths homework with Simon."

"Oh," I muttered not sure where this conversation was going.

"She was rather ... explicit about you and umm ..."

"I know. It's ..." I squirmed and Zoe looked solemnly at me.

"It's none of my business?" My friend finished for me and smiled. "You've gone all red," she teased. "Why didn't you tell me you had a girlfriend? Who is she 'cause it's very sudden?"

"Zoe, we go way back, you and me."

"Of course. Ever since I moved to Aylesbury," she replied.

"What was that? Six, seven years ago?"

"Yeah. I remember going to a certain ten year old's birthday party and getting upset because the birthday boy wouldn't kiss me. You can talk to me."

"Well yeah, well what I was wanting to say is that whatever Rhea said you won't, you know, think any worse of me?"

Zoe sniggered. "I'm just a bit worried. You seemed really confused at the dinner party and I just wanted to make sure you are OK, Andy. I know how much Paula meant to you and I don't want you getting caught up in some rebound relationship."

I smiled and bit my lip. "Yeah I'm fine. I think it's sort of my fault you think I am confused. There is no-one home, let's go for a walk," I said and pulled her up. She questioned me as we walked through the town and eventually we stood opposite the club. It was closed, but the signage was clearly visible and the silhouette of a naked dancer was on the dark blue front.

"It's a strip club. What's this got to do with anything?"

"This is my home. We live on the flat on top and Mum owns the club."

"Since when?" I took a deep breath and looked at her. "But that's totally immoral," Zoe spluttered and I grinned.

"I thought you'd say that. Come on, I'll explain everything about Sarah and me and Abi." She hesitated as I went to cross the road. "There is no naked women or no immoral sights, I promise."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Because," I hesitated. "Because, I was always told to be discreet. Mum didn't want anyone to know. Why do you think you never came around to my house after school and Mum always used to take us to the park or cinema or wherever when you used to come 'home' with me?"

Zoe looked at me and then the club. "Does Simon know?"

"Yes, come on," I gestured calmly and Zoe followed me. Tentatively, I unlocked the door and she followed me up the stairs to the empty lounge and into the dining area where I got us both a glass of lemonade. "I'll tell you everything as it will make it easier than you hearing it in dribs and drabs from Rhea and Simon and Sarah and me. It will be far, far better and I want you to know. I can't talk about it with you if you are oblivious to what's going on," I told her and she sat down.

I explained about Paula, the nightclub, and me working in it, Abi staying and where she now lives and the fact she didn't want to go out with me, but we now had a "physical relationship." I told her about the picnic, the fight with Donna and Astrid and then Sarah running away from her parents in the rain and staying the night but omitted any of the details about the oral sex Sarah and I had had. That she did not need to know and I was

not going to be indiscreet.

She finished her lemonade and looked at me. "I don't get why you would chase after a stripper though. I always thought you would want someone intelligent and smart. I mean, you always spent time with the clever kids in our class."

"Abi is very bright and sharp. Most of the girls are," I told her but she wasn't convinced. "So anyway, does all this make sense?"

She thought for a moment and put her hands next to mine on the table. "I think so. But I think I should be more worried about you than ever now."

"Why?"

"Because you are having sex with a prostitute considerably older than yourself."

"Abi is not a prostitute and she is only five years older. And I said physical relationship not sex."

Zoe squirmed. "Rhea said..."

I looked up at the ceiling. "OK, sex. But she is a dancer. A stripper. Not a prostitute, and she is my friend."

Zoe hesitated. "Sorry, I didn't, you know. And why didn't Sarah tell me about her running away?"

"She is probably embarrassed about it," I responded quickly and Zoe sniffed. "Honestly, please don't worry about me, or Sarah."

"I will do. You shouldn't be having sex at our age. I've told Sarah the same thing but she won't listen ..."

"... and neither will I," I said grinning and Zoe grimaced. "It's not dirty or shameful, you know."

Zoe scoffed. "You are too stubborn, you will get hurt."

"I'm doing my best not to hurt anyone, but if I do get upset, I have my friends to help me, right?"

Zoe chuckled at me looking at her and put her hand on mine. "Of course. I'll always be around if you need me. Same for Sarah. I suppose you could do with Paula at the moment?"

I hummed. "Not really. If Paula was here then that would mean she had never left, and that being the case I would be confused about what I felt, between Paula, Sarah and Abi!" Zoe smirked at me and I explained. "I mean Paula was the best friend I had. She knew me better than anyone else, and she always gave me good advice. I mean, Ray did as well occasionally but he is a bit useless at times. But Paula and me sort of fell into going out. I never asked her out, it just sort of happened and she was always a better friend than a girlfriend."

"And you haven't replaced her?"

"Give me time. She's only been gone for a few weeks. She's was a part of my life for years. Just like Ray, or you," I gestured and she looked down. "Does it explain stuff now?" I asked, a little flippantly and she nodded. "And you aren't worried anymore?"

"Thank you, but I still feel worried about you, more than ever now. I think Sarah is too," she said as I walked over to the door with her.

"Sarah, worried about me? You sure?"

Zoe nodded. "When I saw her yesterday she kept talking about you."

“Oh really?”

“No Andy. She has a boyfriend,” Zoe thundered and crossed her arms. “You are not to go chasing after her. It's bad enough ...”

“I'm not and I won't,” I snapped. “I know that. Can I walk you home?”

Zoe nodded and I led her down the stairs.

* * * * *

I was at a loose end on Thursday. Mum had commandeered Abi to help her with some paperwork in the office as the part-time administrator, Jenny, had been in a car accident and was off work for a couple of months. I wondered if this was to separate Abi and myself but did reason that Mum had a business to run and the request was hardly unreasonable.

As it was a Thursday, my shift consisted of cleaning the dado rails, walls, bar area and tables, and I had no reason to go near Abi in the office until I had finished at one o'clock.

Mum was going out to get a sandwich from the local sandwich shop and as it was a nice day I said I would join her and eat mine in the park.

“I think I might have made Abi a bit embarrassed,” she admitted, the moment we got outside into the bright sunshine.

“You didn't tell her about Rhea overhearing us?” I asked and she looked a little sheepish.

“I thought she'd see the funny side of it, but went all shy and started apologising profusely saying it was all her fault, promising to leave you alone if that's what I wanted and that she didn't want to upset anyone. Really worried me actually, with a couple of things she was saying.”

I tutted and exhaled sharply. “Honestly mother. You're going to scare her away.”

Mum laughed. “Isn't that my job?”

“I think Rhea will beat you to it. And I reckon she'll be more effective at it,” I mused.

“Well, if it's any consolation, Abi knows I know what is going on now, and I told her that I don't have a problem with it as long as neither of you get hurt. And you are sensible.”

“I am sixteen, should you have?”

Mum pondered this for a moment. “The age gap should possibly bother me, but I trust you and I trust Abi. She's a nice girl, just be careful.”

“I know. We are careful” I groaned, opening the door to the shop open. “We are just spending some time and having a bit of fun. She doesn't want anything more and I'm fine with that, we are happy and she is one of the most fantastic of people I have ever met.”

“I still worry about you” she confessed and we ordered our sandwiches. Mum ordered an additional three, I presumed for Abi and Ikenna as well as an unknown person and I got a BLT.

“What about Rhea, do you worry about her?”

Mum grinned at me. “All the time. She's a bloody nightmare.”

We parted outside the shop and I went in the opposite direction, and met Sarah's mum at the top of our street. She greeted me nervously and I wondered if I had done something wrong. Was she trying to find where I lived? Had Sarah told her about the Willow Tree and she was here to complain to my Mum. I was snapped out of my day-dreaming by her asking me a question. Fortunately a lorry had just gone by and I feigned deafness and asked her to repeat.

"Didn't you say you lived on Castle Street?" she asked and I nodded.

"Little red door next to the florists" I told her and she peered down the road. "It's not got as big a garden as your property. We've got a window box."

Angela smiled and I asked her how Sarah was. Angela shook her head and replied "so-so" which I didn't take to mean that she was happy. I screwed my face up a bit and I think she noticed, but we parted as she had a pre-arranged appointment and I walked in the direction of the park.

A number of old schoolmates were playing football and I happily joined them. Greg and Stephen asked me about Abi and Rhea. Jez's news travelled fast while Wendy giggled when they asked. It was good natured and enjoyable burning off energy. By the time 4:30 came most of my schoolmates had left as it was just Stephen and Wendy left. We stopped off to buy an ice-cream and chatted idly. I reflected that with most of my friends looking to do the arts at A-Level or not go to College, I would be left with few people in my classes who I recognised and were friends with.

I just had to make sure my burgeoning friendship with Sarah continued to blossom, with or without the approval of Mum.

* * * * *

I returned to the flat at the same time Mum did and we walked up the stairs together to the sound of voices.

"Rhea!" Mum shouted the moment she reached the top of the stairs. My little sister, naked of course because of her protest, was with Simon, and they had their homework spread out on the coffee table. "Why are you undressed?"

Rhea looked round, her body leaning against her companion who was sitting in the corner of the sofa. "You know why I am undressed. This is a formal protest against the extremely unjust and brutal methods of parenting that I ..."

"Yes, very good Rhea," Mum interrupted and turned to Rhea's companion. "And you are?"

"He is Simon and he is helping me with my coursework," Rhea replied.

"I'm sure Simon doesn't want to see you naked?" Mum told her and Rhea looked up at him, smirking.

"I'm sure he'll live," she replied flippantly.

"I thought you two didn't like each other?" I asked and Simon shrugged.

"I don't hold grudges bro," Rhea told me and I snorted.

"Yes, you do. You are awful for it. You've got a little black book, voodoo dolls and everything," I replied jokingly and she screwed her face up.

"Well, we're cool," Rhea said and gave the stunned Simon a kiss on the cheek.

"I'm not. This is not the sort of behaviour I want from you, young lady." Mum told her firmly and Rhea shook her head. "It's completely unacceptable."

"So inviting someone into the flat when I am naked is wrong?" Rhea asked and Mum nodded. "Then why did you bring Troy and Hugo here when I was on the couch?"

Mum's eyes widened and she sighed. "To try and shock you into getting dressed."

"Well Simon is trying the same tactic then but it isn't working. But we'll keep on trying. One day it might," she said sarcastically.

Mum gave a deep sigh. "Rhea, you are the only person naked. It's not acceptable"

Rhea smirked. "I think he should join me. Show some solidarity but he won't even remove a sock. See Mum says it's wrong me being naked and you not, so get some clothes off." Mum sighed which caused Rhea's grin to deepen. "Come on."

"Right, Rhea, go and put something on to make you decent," Mum ordered and Rhea shook her head. "Either do that or Simon goes home."

Rhea groaned and got up from the couch, meandering towards the stairs. "Sorry, Simon," Mum said to the flustered boy on the couch. "She has no decorum"

He nodded and fidgeted. "She just went upstairs to go to the toilet and came down naked. Said she was being a naturist until she had got justice and continued with her Maths."

I grinned. "Any plan you had to exploit her embarrassment threshold is probably going to fail," I told Mum as she walked into the dining room. Mum nodded.

"I know. But I need to do something."

"You don't think she's taken your employees as role models a bit too far?" I asked flippantly and Mum grinned. "You know, all those attractive girls who used to come round to babysit us?"

"It's something I am now regretting," she jokingly admitted.

Rhea returned with her dressing gown on, but this was not done up and Simon still got a good view of all of her assets as she sat down. She had developed well and although would only reach fifteen the following month, could easily pass for someone of my age, or even older. She had well defined curves, and "B" cup breasts that, along with her supreme confidence and worldly charm, would make anyone assume she was far older and experienced than she actually was.

"Rhea, that's scarcely an improvement," Mum thundered from the other end of the room.

"Mum! Leave me alone, he's seen everything already. It's only you that cares."

"Rhea! Can we have a word?"

"Oh Mum! If you cared about boys seeing my naked, what do you think happened in the showers when I was in the rugby club?"

"You should have not been in the boys showers at the rugby club," Mum roared and Rhea gave a guilty smirk.

"Of course I was. You'd think with all the bare flesh you see every day you wouldn't be quite so prudish," Rhea told her flippantly and I saw Mum clench her fists in frustration. I darted upstairs, not wanting to bear witness to what would be, a loud and vocal argument between them. They were both fiery characters and when they started shouting at each other it was uncompromising.

I was called down by Rhea twenty minutes later and saw Zoe in the dining room talking to Mum. She smiled at me as I got downstairs, but Rhea was scarcely any more decent. I noticed Zoe was trying to avert her eyes and it tickled me somewhat; why was she so afraid of the naked body? Wasn't Adam and Eve naked in her bible?

We exchanged pleasantries, and she moved onto her real purpose for her visit. "I got a pair of tickets to Rockfest. I was going to go with Sarah but she's been grounded. Do you want to go?"

I nodded. Why not? When is it?"

"Hang on," Rhea said overhearing our conversation. "You don't know what it is, where it is or when it is. How do you know you want to go?" Rhea smirked for a moment and then chuckled. "Unless of course, my big brother has an ulterior motive."

"It is a rock festival that includes plenty of Christian Rock music. It is in Cambridge and is at the end of the month. I got given them from my cousin Jay. He bought them and then broke his leg so he can't go and I don't want to go on my own."

"Uggghhhh, Christian Rock. Shit, you must fancy her if you are going to that," Rhea teased and I gave Zoe an apologetic look.

"So what are we doing, staying overnight?"

Zoe bit her lip. "I wasn't going to. Mum said she'd take me and come back although we have to be out by nine."

"Why can't we take the train and stay over?" I asked and Rhea grinned.

"Just 'cause Sarah stayed the night in your bed. Honestly bro, you try it on with every girl! Although for an evening of Christian Rock that's worth what? About a hundred blow jobs surely."

I ignored her and turned back to Zoe. "I was thinking of a little B&B. They'll be loads in Cambridge. Single rooms or one twin room."

Zoe shrugged. "I'll ask Mum but I don't think she'll like me staying over, particularly sharing a bedroom."

"Ahh, you see, you don't tell her," Rhea helpfully added. "You say you have separate bedrooms and then just sleep in the double bed. Simple, really. It's not rocket science."

"Rhea. Isn't there some poor defenceless classmate you could be torturing?" I asked in exasperation and Rhea smirked at me. "Yeah, as Rhea said," I continued once Rhea had left us alone. "Don't tell her."

Zoe smiled and shifted awkwardly, "Well I'm not sure if I could afford it ..."

"How much do you want for the ticket?" I asked and Zoe shook her head.

"Oh no, Jay gave them to me."

"Well let me get the hotel room then," I suggested and Zoe tensed up.

"No. I couldn't."

"Oh come on. I've hardly seen you for weeks. It won't be much. We could take the train up, check in, get changed and then get something to eat, go out to the concert and then in the morning scout round Cambridge and idle back home. I'd love to spend an evening together and I'm earning now so it won't be a problem."

"Won't your Mum mind?" Zoe asked and I smiled.

"Of course not,"

"What makes you say that?" Mum asked from behind me and made me jump.

"Shit," I exclaimed in shock and Mum scowled. "Zoe and I going up to Cambridge in a couple of weeks to watch a concert and we're staying over."

Mum hummed. "Single rooms and I might think about it," she replied eyeing my response.

"Single rooms or a twin. Depends what is available at short notice," I countered and Mum smirked.

"Well..."

"Zoe and I are just friends," I pleaded and Mum laughed.

"Yes, well you say that about Sarah."

"And Abi," Rhea added, returning from the room. "But maybe he means it with Zoe."

"Yes, thank you Rhea. I thought I asked for some peace," I said abruptly and Rhea chuckled.

"Tickling Simon is no fun when he goes all red and gives in too easily. Begging me to stop is all very well and good but it has to be after a few minutes of some serious hardcore touching. Didn't you tickle him when he was younger, Zoe? He has zero tolerance."

Zoe shook her head and Mum sent Rhea out of the room. "Well anyway," I muttered returning to the original conversation. "It is just pop up to Cambridge, spend some time and come home the following day."

Mum weighed this up. "I'll tell you what, if you can convince Zoe's mum to let you stay over, then I will let you stay over," I smiled but Mum continued. "So long as you tell her the truth about where you are staying."

Zoe and I groaned and I looked at Mum but she smiled at me. "But..."

"No secrets, Andy."

* * * * *

I felt the familiar soft hand of Abi at 1am in the morning. "Hello gorgeous," I said and Abi climbed into bed.

"It was a slow night so Grace sent me upstairs and a couple of the girls home at midnight."

"But it's 1am?" I asked, focusing on my little alarm clock and she wrapped her arm around me.

"She wanted to talk first"

"About me and you?"

"Kind of. She told me all about Rhea today and really freaked me out. She knows about us having sex."

"Well, yes, of course, she told me," I replied and Abi looked up at me.

"You knew?"

"Yes, but she didn't have a problem with it."

Abi snorted. "Well I thought she did and so we sat down in the office with a glass of wine and talked."

"And?"

"She says that you and her and Rhea like me for being me and that she is not going to stop caring for me when all I am doing is having a sexual relationship with her son. And that you think the world of me and that you are a good judge of character and she trusts us both, but doesn't want to know about the details."

I was grateful it was dark as it meant Abi could not see my blushes and so I hugged her. "I do think the world of you," I admitted. "You know that. Now did you want anything?"

Abi sniffed. "Yeah, I want a cuddle," she admitted and shuffled herself back so my arms were embracing her tightly, before she slowly drifted off to sleep.

* * * * *

By the time Friday had arrived I was looking forward to it less than ever. I was going to be stuck with Mum, my elder sister and her boyfriend, her boyfriend's parents and my little sister and her friend. I knew I would have no-one to talk to all evening except Rhea and although she wasn't bad company I wanted Sarah, Abi or Ray to be there with me. I wondered if I was too stubborn by insisting that I be allowed to ask Sarah. If her mum said

no, then I couldn't be too annoyed, but as I wasn't even permitted to request her company. It was unfair.

"ANDY," Mum yelled from the bottom of the stairs but I ignored her. I was in my room with my door closed and was feigning deafness. It was unfair and my mood certainly reflected this injustice. I heard steps on the stairs and Rhea burst into my room a few moments later.

"Can't you knock?" I said in annoyance.

A surprisingly well-clothed Rhea ignored this and smiled. "Mum wants you ... now!" Rhea barked. I groaned and put my book to one side which was not fast enough for Rhea.

"Move it, move it. You slimy worm, come on, one-two, one-two, one-two. Move your sorry ass."

"Rhea shut up," I snapped and idly sauntered down the stairs.

"Sarah!" I called out from the other side of the room in surprise at the girl standing in the lounge. Angela stood in the doorway and Mum was beaming knowingly. Sarah had a little bag with her that she dropped as we hugged.

Chapter IX

“What are you doing here?” I asked.

“Mum said I could come for the meal. And she said I could stay the night,” she said excitedly and I looked at my mother who was smiling knowingly.

“I spoke to Angela last night,” she added by way of an explanation. “And I promised her that Sarah would be home by midday.” My eyes must have twinkled for a moment and she added. “Tomorrow.”

“Oi ... get a room you two” Rhea shouted from the sofa as Sarah and I squeezed each others' hands.

“You behave,” I shot back at Rhea who pouted.

“You first ... although that means she probably won't be staying the night then.”

“Rhea!” Mum warned. “Remember, that little chat we had.” Rhea groaned in annoyance and Mum continued, towering over my scowling baby sister who was twirling her long hair in her fingers. “Although if you don't want your new underwear and for me to impose a curfew again I will.”

“Ah, I did wonder why Rhea was dressed and being helpful,” I muttered and Rhea smiled.

“I'll be really helpful and I'll even go and find that little red nightdress,” Rhea started and Mum waved her finger threateningly in my little sister's direction.

Sarah waved goodbye to her mother, and then we ran upstairs excitedly to my bedroom. She put her case down by the side of the bed and then theatrically threw herself backwards onto my mattress, her mouth wide open and wavy hair cascading as she fell. “Freedom!”

“Mum didn't tell me you were coming,” I added as way of an explanation, ignoring her dramatic entrance. “I asked her and she said 'no.’”

Sarah looked up from the bed and smiled. “Whatever she said, my Mum asked if I wanted to go and if I did, did I want to stay the night and I was blown away. Your mum must know some sort of weird hypnosis or something.”

I smiled and thought back to my chat with her a few days previous. “Or maybe we just underestimated them” I said slowly.

“What?” Sarah asked as I worked through some things in my mind.

“Oh, nothing,” I replied dismissively and replayed the conversation in my mind, wondering how much of that chat was for Mum's benefit, and how much was for Sarah's parents.

“I don't care. I'm free now.”

“For eighteen hours.”

“Better than nothing.”

“Look, Sarah, I'm sorry about Friday,” I told her bluntly and she nodded.

“It's OK. I think we were all pretty fucked up that day.”

“Apart from Zoe.”

“Yeah, but she never is. Goody fucking two-shoes, who rang me last night to talk to me about me running away. How did she know?” I sheepishly looked away and Sarah sat up to swat me playfully over the top of the head. “I knew you'd have something to do with it.”

“Well, she came to see me as she was worried about me and it sort of came out. She was worried after the party.”

Sarah grinned. “Yeah, our party. Disaster that was. Kev was a bit of a cock to you and I let him and that didn't help. Donna was a bitch. Ray did nothing about her. You reacted to everyone's goading. Kev helped himself to spirits and got pissed. As did Ray and Donna, I didn't stop them. Kev and I had sex all over the place on Saturday. As did Ray and Donna. Parents not amused and it was just like when I was arrested.”

“You were arrested?” I asked her immediately, shocked at her confession. I had never even considered it, and I didn't know anyone who had been arrested before, at least not at sixteen.

Sarah giggled. “Oh yeah, I didn't tell you. I was fourteen. Mum and Dad went loopy.”

“I bet they did” I replied instinctively; I was stunned. “What did you do?”

Sarah bit her lip and looked straight at me. “I used to, sort of hang-out with a guy I knew from primary school, Ian. He and his mate got hold of a few bottles of vodka and he turned up at my house with it and Mum and Dad were working. So we went off to the park, and got a bit smashed.”

“And you were caught?”

“Ian and his mate were caught smashing a window on the park and someone called the police, and they sort of tied three drunk teenagers with three bottles of vodka with the report of theft from an off-license and the damage to the toilets.”

“Ahhh. Yes that might be a bit of a give-away,” I replied still in shock.

Sarah flicked her long hair back and tucked it behind her ears. “I spent the night in the cells, absolutely petrified, and Mum and Dad were so upset at me when they came to get me the following morning. The cops found copious amounts of weed on Ian as well so they got very interested. I was interviewed with Mum with a hangover. It was just awful. I was given a lecture by the sergeant but I've not got a criminal record or anything but was grounded for months.”

“I bet you were.”

“But Mum still brings it up whenever we have a row. I swear she thinks I'm about to do drugs or run off to the circus or something. I hate it, I was fourteen and I fucked up, but she brought it up when she came home. I mean things were sort of OK until Mum found several used condoms in the bin in the lounge and bathroom. Then Dad noticed his spirits were missing and all hell broke loose. I thought Dad was going to hit Kev but Kev said it was all you and Mum starts with the 'you're going to get a criminal record' routine and just started crying buckets.”

“Kevin said I drank the alcohol?” I asked, returning to an earlier part in Sarah's admission.

Sarah shrugged. “Oh yeah, I wasn't in the room at the time. I only found out later and told Mum but I think she had already rang your mum by then.”

I bit my lip. “Bit cowardly of him.” I muttered and Sarah said nothing. She didn't need to; her silence spoke volumes.

Sarah and I got dressed and ready together in my room. I had seen her naked before, so any sort of moves to protect our modesty or decency would be fake and almost unwarranted although I did my best not to stare and hid the unneeded compliment my anatomy paid to her. Sarah spent 45 minutes with a towel wrapped around her applying her make-up and, although I didn't say anything, I thought she looked prettier without it. She had a natural beauty and youthful exuberance that her cosmetics hid and toned down.

While we got dressed I updated Sarah on the antics of Rhea, that caused her much amusement, and the photo of Abi that drew sympathy in an equal measure. It was when I spoke about Jez that Sarah ears perked up as Jodie had moaned on coach to her on the last game of the football season that he had no interest in her. "Perhaps we should set them up," she suggested and I groaned.

"What is it about women that think they have to play matchmaker?" I asked and she shrugged.

"Don't you want to see your friends happy?"

"Jez is not my friend. And actually neither is Jodie for that matter. We could allow them to work it out for themselves and save everyone a lot of embarrassment and awkwardness and ..."

"I have an idea. Why not invite them 'round for a meal?" She replied, ignoring my reservations. "It'll be good. We could do it before results day or even earlier in August. Break the tension a bit, what dya reckon?"

"I reckon you were ignoring me, and don't want an easy life," I told her as she fished in her bag for her fragrant and citrus-smelling perfume.

"We could invite Jez and Jodie, Zoe and Abi, and Rhea obviously and Ray and Donna," she said thinking out loud. "Lots of people so it's not really obvious they are being set up. Jodie has had a bad time of it recently, she could do with a male friend who treats her with respect."

I spluttered. "Jez. Treat any girl with respect. Honestly, woman. And anyway, from what I've seen people being 'set up' usually got 'upset' if their matched date did not display appropriate enthusiasm," I told her, a little dismissively. "And anyway, Ray and Rhea with Donna and me. Did last week show you nothing, woman?"

"Well you two are going to have to sort yourselves out eventually," Sarah muttered and I shrugged.

"I think if you invite Rhea and Donna, I reckon there will be a fight before the end of the starter and I'd put my money on Rhea. She's just brutal."

Sarah pouted at me and then uttered "then you'll just have to keep your sister under control."

"Yes, and what planet are you from today?" I asked her flippantly and she grinned. "I'll manage to control Rhea if you can supply me with a tranquilliser gun."

Oliver's parents arrived while Sarah and I were still in my room and we were summoned down to meet them by Rhea bellowing from the bottom of the stairs. I had just put on my shirt when Rhea, annoyed by the lack of an immediate response, burst into my bedroom.

"Mum wants you downstairs. Now," she called hanging from the door frame.

"Can't you knock?" I moaned at her, and she flicked her long brown hair back, smiling radiantly at me. She was beautiful, but ever so slightly vicious as her greyish-blue eyes pierced into me.

"Of course, I can knock. I just don't want to. But then you could stop sleeping with other people's girls but you don't want to," she told me grinning mischievously.

Sarah spun 'round in her short evening dress, and grinned at Rhea. "Now where would the fun in that be, Rhea? I'd never get pregnant if we stopped doing that?"

Rhea poked her tongue out at Sarah and then disappeared. Oliver's parents were nice, standard, nondescript middle-aged people. His dad, Charlie, was a bank manager with a

retreating hairline and genuine smile. He towered over his diminutive wife, Sandra, who was a couple of inches shorter than Sarah, and probably didn't even reach Rhea's height. She was friendly and talkative, sat on the couch drinking a cup of tea, talking about the drive down and their impending holiday.

A few minutes later, Julie showed them upstairs so they could get ready and Mum disappeared to change. She seemed to be panicking somewhat, flustered by having so many visitors while Rhea seemed to be doing her best to get in everyone's way.

Anabella arrived shortly before 7:45pm when everyone was downstairs ready except for Julie and Oliver. Rhea groaned when she was told to get them with the complaint that they are "probably screwing each other again" that drew a sharp rebuke from Mum.

The Italian restaurant that Mum had booked, Osteria Alessandro, was only a two-minute walk away. She knew the owners well and we often used them when we had take-away pizzas or went out for a meal. They had a small function room upstairs and they had set up a large round table with nine places in the softly lit room.

Mum directed us to seats, understandably choosing to put Oliver's parents on the opposite side of the table to Rhea. I sat between Sandra and Sarah, who sat next to Annabella. Mum ensured that she had her two daughters either side of her, for different reasons, and we ordered drinks. Mum ordered four bottles of wine and the waiter poured both Sarah and myself a large glass of white wine as well as Rhea (which I thought was somewhat dangerous given the mood she was in.)

I ordered some mussels for starter, but could not convince Sarah to try them, who opted for the boring choice of tomato and basil soup. She seemed intrigued by idea of splitting open the shell but thought that they looked too repulsive to eat to even taste one. Given that a split mussel did not look completely different from her genitals and she was fairly keen for me to put my lips around them I did not think she should be quite so dismissive of their looks, but could hardly have voiced this thought in public!

"How long have you been dating?" Sandra asked Sarah and I as the waiter cleared the plates and refilled our wine glasses.

"We ... we aren't dating" Sarah added quickly and bit her lip.

Rhea, hearing this conversation from the other side of the table added, in her loudest voice. "They're just screwing each other, although she has a boyfriend and he is also screwing a stripper who has big ..." Rhea completed her comment with some semi-spherical hand movements near her chest and was dragged away from the table by a furious Mum.

Sarah and I went bright red at her comment although the rest of the table were laughing at Rhea's candid outburst as well as our obvious discomfort. "We aren't ... that's not true ... I'm not going out with a," I stammered and Julie smirked at me.

"I go away to University for a year and this is what happens," Julie teased. "There's no moral fibre in the young."

Oliver grinned. "Love, you're not exactly a paragon of virtue. On holiday you did like to spend time on that nudist beach."

"I had no choice," she replied through gritted teeth. "I left my swimming costumes at home."

I laughed loudly. "It was Rhea actually. She hid them that night you were going."

Julie's eyes widened and sparkled. "She did what?"

"You know Rhea," I added. "She is always up to something."

Julie looked and shook her head. "I'll kill her."

I shrugged. "Doesn't Oliver need to thank her first?" asked little Annabella from beside Sarah.

Rhea returned to the table a few moments later, looking subdued, and gave a muffled, half-hearted apology. Julie immediately asked Rhea about her missing bikinis and Rhea waved her hands at me.

"Nice one, bro. Tell them all my indiscretions"

"No Rhea, if we described all your indiscretions we'd still be here next week," I replied quickly and Rhea flopped into the chair. Mum shot me a look and I buried myself behind a glass of wine.

Sarah quietly asked me if Rhea had really been suspended from primary school as Zoe had mentioned it when they had spoken on the 'phone and I dutifully detailed Rhea's confession in the Bowling Alley a few days previous. Sandra roared with laughter as I described what she did with Simon in the pond and even Sarah could not suppress a giggle. Fearing a rebuke from Mum if she realised that I was exposing her younger daughter to being little more than a mischievous terrorist to her elder daughter's future mother-in-law, I changed the subject when she looked over at the hushed voices between myself, Sarah and Sandra.

The rest of the meal was nice and pleasant, especially with Rhea not goading or teasing anybody. Rhea had a glassy-eyed expression at the end of the meal, as did Sarah, that I put down to the two or three glasses of wine that they had consumed. I stopped after two as I could feel the overly-candid, excitable feeling I had with Abi returning and didn't want to say or do something that could get me into trouble; especially with Sarah staying the night.

We walked back in good spirits although Mum made sure the stumbling and talkative Rhea was in close proximity to her. When we got home, it was gone 10:30pm and Mum tried to send Rhea and Annabella to bed.

"Why do I have to go and they can stay up?" she asked pointing at me and I looked at Sarah.

"I was going to go to bed soon anyway," Sarah told me and I shrugged.

"Come on then," I said grabbing her hand and looked over at Rhea.

"Oh great. I get to listen to them shagging all night," she moaned and Mum waved her finger at her. "What?" she asked. "It was 'Fuck me harder' echoing around the place last time, it was dis-"

"Rhea!"

"What? I get kept awake by the sounds of those two slapping flesh against flesh and lustful groans and moans and..."

"RHEA! GET UPSTAIRS" yelled Mum from the corner of the room and Rhea sulked off, glaring at me.

"Not fair!"

I gave Sarah fifteen minutes to clean herself of make-up and get changed before I went up. I had a nice chat with Julie in the Lounge while Mum sorted out Rhea and Oliver spoke to his parents in the dining room.

Julie wanted to know about Abi (including the incident Rhea had alluded to) and Sarah but I would only give her vague details, much to her mild irritation. It was nice to talk to her as

she had spent most of her last year in Aylesbury at her boyfriend's house and all of the previous ten months at University, so I hadn't spent too much time with her, but Mum returned after fifteen minutes, looking exhausted.

"That girl will be the death of me," she moaned as she came into the lounge and went over to the drinks' cabinet.

"Whisky? Gin? What ya having?" she asked Julie and the Addison family who were coming back into the lounge. I said my goodbyes, wished the Addisons a good holiday and ran upstairs to get ready for bed.

Sarah was tucked into my bed grinning at me as I pushed open the bedroom door. I had already had a wash, cleaned my teeth and gone to the toilet, and just needed to get undressed and jump into my double bed.

"Just as well I was in bed, you didn't even knock," she said jokingly. "I could have been getting undressed or anything."

I laughed at her. "I think I saw everything earlier."

"I didn't know you were looking," she replied, her head cocked to one side.

"It's hard not to; sexy girl in my bedroom getting undressed," I joked and she laughed at me. I unbuttoned my shirt and threw it into the corner of the room behind my door and into a wicker basket. Sarah's eyes narrowed as I unbuckled my belt and coiled it on my desk.

"Well?" she asked as I stood in the centre of the room and then unbuttoned the waistband and kicked off my trousers.

"You've seen it all before, anyway," I told her and she smiled.

"I know, but I want to see it again," she answered and I flicked the light off and jumped into bed, to howls of grumbling. She flicked on my reading light but it was too late, I was under the covers.

I felt her hands immediately encircle my waist and although I could not see much in the darkness, there was a little moon shining in through my window to see a flailing figure in front of me. Her wavy hair tickled my chest as her hands pulled my boxer shorts down to my ankles and I carefully kicked them onto the floor.

Sarah's lips kissed the top of my inflating member and I gave an involuntary sigh. She returned to her pillow and put her hand on my chest.

"Well if I'm naked, shouldn't you be too?" I asked and she giggled.

"I already am. I packed some pyjamas but I wasn't going to wear them. They were for Mum to see only."

"Devious."

"I know but you mustn't complain." I rubbed my hands up and down her flanks. Her skin was soft to the touch and velvety smooth. I smelt her flowery, lemony perfume and she smiled as she looked up at me. She looked like she had removed all of her make-up and she was so much prettier, but it was something I could never tell her. She looked seductive and playful again. She was my Sarah.

She pressed her warm, naked body against me and closed her eyes. She pouted and we kissed, our lips touching for the first time in bed. She purred and opened her eyes gazing into mine. We kissed again, this time with tongues and more passionately. She rubbed her hands over my body and let it rest over my crotch.

"Am I going to have some fun tonight, or what?" she whispered and I pulled her tight.

"Only if I can taste your sweetness," I told her and she smirked.

"I was hoping you'd say that," she grinned and I slid over her kissing her neck and nibbling on her earlobe. She purred with every soft touch my mouth made with her skin and rubbed her nipples against my skin. I took her right nipple in my lips and rolled my tongue over it and she sighed as I did.

I felt her hips move against mine as my fingers traced their way down her body and over her hairless, smooth mons. She squealed as they nestled at the top of her slit and my lips sucked on her erect nipple.

"Oh Andy," she murmured as my fingers slid down her moistness. She was not dripping, but there was ample lubrication for my fingers to slide up and down her crevice, carefully skating around her clitoris. She spread her legs further to give me better access and I couldn't help but smile inside. I liked the way Sarah was eager to receive my fingers and tongue.

I alternated breasts and began to orally massage her left tit. My tongue meandered around her nipple and areola, often flicking her erect bumps with my tongue, causing her to body to quake when I did. She mewed, and purred as my fingers cascaded down her crack and when she began to sigh I touched her clitoris.

Her body convulsed with my touch, and she mewed nasally as she exhaled. She was crying out with every touch I made, taking short, ragged breaths. My lips sealed themselves against her nipple and sucked gently with my tongue rubbing against the tip of her nodule. My fingers oscillated over her clit, and her body rocked and bucked underneath me. She looked into my eyes peering up from her chest, and then she threw her head back against the pillow.

"Andy-" she squealed in a high pitch voice and then her body tightened. I felt little shivers course through her body and I quickened my pace on her clitoris with my fingers and she held her breath. Sarah shrieked as her climax hit her, squealing and breathing rapidly. Still breathing quickly, she body relaxed and she sunk into the bed.

I moved my fingers away from her clit, heading advice Abi (and before that Paula); after orgasming from clitoral stimulation, it was just too sensitive to touch. Putting two fingers together, I lined them up at Sarah's entrance and slid them in gently. I looked up to sense a reaction or approval but Sarah closed her eyes, and breathed in deeply, open mouthed.

"Oh, fuck," she squealed a little loudly and I slammed my fingers into her. She shrieked and moaned as my index and middle finger careered into her and my thumb glanced against her clit. My tongue and lips were swirling around her erect nipple while I softly rolled the other breast in my left hand.

She squealed in delight with every breath she exhaled, grunting incoherently as my fingers shot wave after wave of immoral pleasure through her loins. She bucked against my fingers and I sped up my rhythm, my digits experiencing no resistance as I sawed into her. Her body convulsed again and I felt her fingers dig into my back as she gripped onto me. Her ecstatic orgasm cascading over her, clearly stronger than the first, caused her to cry out loudly.

She pushed her pelvis up towards my fingers and I wiggled them inside her, rubbing her clit with my thumb. Sarah threw her head back and clamped her hands over her mouth to stop her from yelling out. Her muted mewling and quivering pussy vibrated against my fingers told me all I needed to know.

She reached towards my cock but I slid down the bed. I wanted to enjoy her first. Abi was great sex, but there was something different about Sarah when she orgasmed; it felt different. She also had a sweeter scent and I just had to taste it again!

I grabbed my pillows and slid them under her arse. She smiled as I did it and I licked my

lips. Sarah rubbed her thighs as I sized her up. There wasn't a hair on her, and her glistening, dripping, gushing pussy was all I wanted to taste. I slowly lay down on the bed, my feet resting on my chair and I nibbled on the inside of her thighs.

"Andy, don't tease me," she begged. "Just do it. Please."

I looked up over her mons into her eyes, full of desire, and slid my tongue over her pearl. It was poking out from its' hood and looked so desirable to me. I clamped my lips on it and sucked gently. Sarah groaned and mewed in content pleasure. Her hands settled on her breasts and she began to touch her nipples.

I took my slick fingers and pushed against her hole. It welcomed them and Sarah groaned as they slid in and then curled upwards to find her G-Spot.

"Oh that's good. That's, that's, that's, who the fuck taught you that," she panted and my fingers pressed and twitched over her vaginal wall. I lapped up her juices that coated my face. Her sweet, aromatic juices were heavenly and my tongue sucked and flicked her engorged clitoris.

Her squeals got higher and higher pitched as my touches took her closer and closer to orgasm. She shrieked and grunted every time she breathed out, and then panted.

I felt her body shake and she gripped herself. She moaned louder and louder, shouting and squealing into the air as my fingers doubled their intensity and lips gripped her sensitive clitoris. Her pussy tightened around my fingers and her buttocks clenched. As she relaxed, I stopped vibrating my fingers but did not withdraw them.

Panting furiously, she drew her hair back out of her face and looked at me. "Oh Andy," she muttered between breaths, her face ablaze with a beaming smile. I looked into her eyes, and slowly began to saw my fingers into her.

Her eyes widened and she groaned again, as my fingers drove into her. She gripped the bed as I fingered her to another orgasm. My cock was rock hard but I loved seeing her climax. She was so passionate when she did, her eyes filled up with lust and pleasure and I felt my stomach lurch. This was wrong, but it felt so fantastic.

I gripped the back of Sarah's thighs and pushed them forwards to expose her rosebud to my face. She sighed in expectation thinking I would slide my tongue up her slit but she tensed her buttocks as it probed her ass.

"Andy?" She called out but I slid my tongue up to her sphincter. She sighed and groaned as my tongue lapped at her rosebud, as she relaxed her muscles. I clamped my lips on her cheeks and let tongue run up and down her crack and over her anus.

She squealed, and using my right forearm to keep her leg up touched her clitoris with my thumb. She squealed and grunted as my mouth swirled against her bud. Her legs quivered and shook as I encircled her clitoris. She shrieked and yelled as her fourth orgasm swept over her and I looked up as her buttocks clenched. She was looking at me and reaching up touched my flanks, pulling me towards her.

She kissed me passionately, like no-one had ever kissed me before. She was lustful and hungry, desperate for more as she tongue explored my mouth and rubbed up against mine. She cried as she did and I felt her hand on my cock guiding it. Putting in a moist, warm, slippery place.

I gently pushed it all the way into her, darts of extreme ecstasy shooting out from my cock. She groaned, and exhaled deeply and breaking our kiss. She looked into my eyes, and blinked slowly.

"Go on," she whispered and I plunged it in again, rocking back and forth against her. I felt her body twitch under mine. It felt unbelievably good, my cock massaged by her youthful

and tight muscles that gripped and stimulated my shaft. Her slick, soaking hole caressed my cock as I plunged in for a third time and I felt back of my testicles tighten. Sarah tensed her muscles as we kissed. I could see lust and desire in her eyes. It felt amazing.

It felt wrong.

I felt my stomach lurch again. At this moment, all I could think of was our happiness and enjoyment but I knew deep-down that she would not enjoy this tomorrow. I had to stop it. I just had to, but as I slowly thrust my member inside her my resolve started to crumble. She was doing wonderful things to my cock as it careered down her hole. I couldn't stop it.

I had to.

"Faster," she murmured, unaware of the torment that was going on inside my mind. My little head was having an argument with my big head. In the end, my conscience had to win.

I withdrew, sending shocks to both of us and shook my head.

"I'm sorry Sarah. We can't."

She blinked, registering what I had said and kissed me, holding me tightly. As we broke, my cock still painfully erect, she smiled. She rolled over and pinned me to the bed, and then slid down my body until she reached my cock. Without stopping she had gobbled every last inch and frantically bobbed up and down on it.

I watched in awe as her mouth impaled itself on my member. I could feel a mounting pressure behind my balls and called out to Sarah but she just looked up. Her mouth sucked my cock, her tongue kneading my glans. She knew how to give oral sex and I was reaping the benefits. I gripped the edge of the bed and groaned. The pressure was getting too strong. My buttocks clenched and fingers tightened over the mattress.

"Oh Sarah," I called out, "Oh---"

I felt wave after wave of semen squeeze down my loins and spurt into Sarah's willing mouth who eagerly devoured every last drop. She milked my cock for any last offerings and then scooted back up the bed.

I went to kiss her and she flinched but then raised her eyebrows. "Oh I forgot," she murmured and I gave her the deepest, most loving kiss I had ever given to anyone.

We held each other for minutes, saying nothing just enjoying the silence, the warmth of our bodies against each other and sharing many, many kisses.

Sarah broke the silence by looking up at me. "You make my body do wonderful things," she said and I grinned.

"You make my body do wonderful things too," I told her and she smirked.

We kissed again and I retrieved the pillows from the end of the bed and snuggled up.

"Good night, sexy," I told her and she wriggled up against me.

"Good night Andy," she replied and pushed her ass back against my groin. "You know if we keep doing this, I will fall in love with you"

I froze for a moment. Did she say what I thought she said? I had felt a real connection to Sarah but her using the I-word when she was already going out with Kevin. That can't be right, can it?

But she only said what I was feeling. And with Abi as well, it complicated so many things. Just who did I want the relationship with? And who was I falling in love with?

* * * * *

Sarah and I wandered down half-naked at 10am. We had slept in and I had woken Sarah up by rubbing her tits with my fingers and then fingering her clitoris until she came. My cock nestled against her ass, and she came for a second time from my fingers oscillating over her clit, she reached back and stroked my cock.

We turned and faced each other, and kissed. She slid her hands elegantly over my phallus and my index finger probed her entrance. She came for a third time as I squirted my cum over her hands and body. She grinned as it glistened against her skin, the sticky, pearlescent juice of my loins drying on her body. We kissed again and she reached for the tissues to clean herself.

Oliver's parents had left, and Julie and Oliver had gone to London to see them off but Mum and Rhea were in the lounge when we materialised.

Rhea shot me a guilty look but I tried hard not to return it. We had tried to be discreet but Sarah was not silent when she orgasmed and Rhea may well have heard something.

"Ahh, the lovers join us," Rhea teased and Mum looked round. Sarah was only wearing a long T-Shirt, as was I, but when we walked, the motion of the thighs lifted it up to expose us. I didn't care too much, I was holding Sarah's hand and was on top of the world. "Is Sarah pregnant now?"

I ignored Rhea and kissed Sarah on the cheek. "Morning, you two. Don't forget I told Angela you wouldn't be late home," Mum warned us and I got us some breakfast. We ate in silence but Sarah kept looking up at me and smiling. I returned her smile and squeezed her hand.

We had a shower each and were at Aylesbury station by eleven. We had barely conversed about the previous night, we didn't want Mum or Rhea to hear, but I knew we needed to. We were both quiet on the train too, both lost in our thoughts.

I could see the look on Sarah's face as the countryside whizzed by and simply held her hand.

"Say something?" She said as we stepped onto the pavement in Wendover. "What are you thinking?" I shrugged as she held me hand and she spoke. "I meant it, you know. I will fall in love with you. Does that scare you?"

I breathed deeply and squeezed her hand. "Yes and no. I don't want anyone to get hurt, but I feel a bit confused. You and Abi. My friendships with both of you seems to have rocketed out of nowhere and it's a bit scary."

Sarah smiled at me. "I'm confused too. I thought I had a good, solid relationship with Kev until recently. Donna sowed the seeds of discontent; showed me where it was wrong and you've watered and fertilised them. I love Kev, I know I do, but I love what we have."

"And it worries you?"

"Terrifies me," Sarah admitted. "But last night, I wanted it, and I know you did. I know it's mad and wrong but I wanted you because treat me with respect. Kev rang me Thursday evening to say that unless we can find a way of meeting we will need to split up and it was up to me to arrange something as it was my parents that had the problem with him and it was my fault."

"I'm sorry Sarah," I uttered and she shrugged.

"Don't be, nothing you can do. So understand that I wanted to do what we did. I enjoyed it, and to hell if Kev finds out. I don't want him to but I'm not too worried if he does anymore. He can't dictate my friendships."

She pulled me close and we kissed deeply.

The walk back to her parents' house was easier after that. She explained that she was not sure about Kevin's attitude and needed to sort it out with him. He was her first boyfriend and she did still have deep feelings for him, but she reasoned that they were different people from two years ago. She wasn't sure if he wanted to do something to salvage their relationship.

I promised her that I would do whatever she wanted and would be there for her if she needed it and she nodded and squeezed my hands. "You know, Abi predicted you and Kevin would split up," I mused. "But I told her she was wrong."

Sarah stared at me for a moment. "You spoke about me to Abi?" she asked and I shrugged.

"Course," I told her. "She's my confidant. Well one of them. She said that I should ask you out and I told her I wouldn't 'cause the time isn't right. She said you'd be single by September and I disagreed so she made it into a wager"

"You had some stupid bet on my relationship failing?" Sarah asked with an annoyed tone.

"Well ... sort of. I have to be a slave to Abi for the entire day if you and Kevin split up before the end of next month." Sarah's facial expression turned from icy to laughter instantly.

"You think that I would manage to hold onto my relationship?"

I took a deep breath. "I don't think you are the sort of person who would give up easily, so I reasoned that you would make every attempt at making it work because you are such a wonderful person," I replied hoping that flattery would soften her mood so she wouldn't be too annoyed at me.

She sniggered. "You can stop grovelling now. I'm still a little annoyed that you would make my love for someone into a stupid punt."

I shrugged. "We just did. She might have forgotten though. Anyway, I was thinking about you and Kevin. I might have a solution."

Sarah gave me raised eyebrows. "Well, would your parents be OK for you going down to London if Zoe and I went with you?"

"Is this so you don't lose your bet, or are you feeling guilty?"

I hummed. "Neither, I am thinking of my friend in all this. It would be a shame if she couldn't see her boyfriend." Sarah squeezed my hand and asked me to explain. "Well, I am free on Mondays, so I was thinking of meeting Zoe at the train station and you joining us at Wendover and then going into London. Go shopping, or to the zoo or to a museum, or see the sights, have a picnic in Hyde Park, do a bit more and then go home. I will have Zoe or whoever so you and Kevin can have a little privacy and together-time, but you can't run off to a cheap hotel so everyone will be happy. Especially your mum."

"And you?"

"Me?" She looked up at me. "OK, well me as well. But ... you sounded so down whenever you talked about your trips to see him. It is quite sad really. Anyway, what do you think?"

Sarah nodded and hummed. "I think Mum will go for it" she said in the end. "In a week or two. I'll pitch the idea to Zoe, see what she says."

"Let me know what she ... well ... they say" I told her and she nodded.

"Oh and what exactly did you tell Zoe? I saw her last Wednesday and she was concerned about me and said you were too," I asked her and Sarah gave a tortured look.

"What I say to my friends is private. And she shouldn't be telling you."

"I had to tell her about Abi as Rhea had told them about Abi and I the other night."

"Ahhh, the 'fuck me harder' screaming. Thank god I'm not noisy when I climax, eh?"

"No," I muttered and we embraced as she reached the end of her drive. "Thank you," I told her. "It was a great night."

Sarah pursed her lips together. "It was, wasn't it?" I watched her prance down her drive, turn the corner and disappear into her house with a slightly heavy heart: I wondered when I would get to see her again, what with her being grounded by her parents.

I had a chance to ponder what had happened as I walked back to the little station at Wendover, hurrying to dodge the ominous looking rain clouds forming overhead. Sarah was, in a way, becoming more attainable for me than Abi and her lack of willingness about staying completely faithful to her boyfriend was certainly giving me some sort of hope. However, there was more to it than that; Sarah exuded a happiness and confidence that radiated into me when we were together. Even our arguing was little more than playful banter and I rarely stopped smiling around her.

I thought back to how far our friendship had come since the fateful day of the bowling. Sarah was not a quiet girl at school but I hadn't known her well and she was fairly shy at alley that day. However, the moment I travelled back and she came out of her shell she became a different person and was much more outgoing and flirtatious – a personality trait that she had exhibited with me ever since. Was I, however, much different? Did Abi's "tuition" instil a confidence in me that was missing before that was allowing me to flirt with Sarah?

All I knew was that being with Sarah and Abi made me happy, although I was still feeling very guilty about the previous night. How could I make it go away? I hated Kev and everything he did, but I didn't want to encourage Sarah to cheat.

The guilt had not completely left me by the time I got back to the club. I might not have liked Kevin at all, but sleeping with his girlfriend was wrong. I knew that and half-decided not to do anything with Sarah but also reasoned that it was Sarah's decision as well. I was single, it was Sarah who had to rationalise her behaviour but she wasn't too good at that, and what responsibility did I have to ensure she made the "right" choice? What was the "right" choice?

I had four hours to myself as I cleaned the club and the two emotions fought with each other in the same way they had done since Sarah came to spend the night with me. I was confused, and was still feeling perplexed about it when I stumbled into the flat, feeling a little sorry for myself. "Hello, trouble" said a familiar Scottish voice from the couch.

"How ya doing?" I asked and hugged Abi, reasoning that I should deal with the guilt of being with the taken Sarah by jumping straight into the unattached Abi's arms.

"I'm OK. Working tonight though" she muttered and I smiled.

"Does that mean you will be wanting a warm bed for the night?" I asked and she smirked.

"What so you can 'fuck her harder'?" asked Rhea who was naked again, and I grimaced.

"When are you going to let that go?" I asked her with flushed cheeks and she shook her head.

"I will be in therapy for the rest of my life. I will need years of counselling, brain enemas and some weird electro-shock treatment that as yet has not been discovered. I ain't ever going to let it go," she told me in a deadpan voice with a suppressed smile.

"I think she's missing her boyfriend," I said to Abi and she nodded.

"Nathan. Pah! You must be joking."

"He split up with her," I guessed telling Abi and Rhea's eyes widened.

"He did not split up with me." She spluttered through gritted teeth. "Tiny Cock said he'd dump me if I didn't have sex with him."

Abi's demeanour changed rapidly to one of concern. "Rhea, please tell me you didn't," she pleaded and Rhea nodded, a smile creeping across her face.

"Of course I didn't. He thought he was going to though, thought he backed me into a corner. And to be fair, his cock did get quite a bit bigger once I got going. Swollen you might say, and also lot blacker and bluer than before. A bit of a shock for him really." I laughed but Abi still looked worried. Rhea noticed this and continued. "Don't worry Abi. I wasn't going to be told what to do by anyone and he certainly isn't going to be able to take it when I say 'No.' And anyway, I'm told he is now able to sit down again. Mind you, he was still walking funny today. That Lizzie Harper has a lot to answer for, sleeping with half of Year 9. Now all the boys think they should be getting it on with their girls and, well, they don't have an entitlement."

I put my arm around Abi but she was still tense. "Does Mum know?" I asked.

Rhea shook her head. "You must be flaming joking! She knows Nathan and I are no longer an item but I wasn't going to tell her what my boyfriend tried to do. She'd stop me from going out."

I nodded. "You should. Let her know that you can sometimes use your uncontrollable ... Rhea-ness to good use."

Rhea shook her head. "I don't think she would approve of the violence."

"Maybe not. I thought you had sorted out the whole protest thing with Mum."

Rhea shook her head. "No. She still won't let me have the set back now as she says I wasn't demure enough for the meal and says that she doesn't care about me being naked in the flat any more. Bloody ridiculous."

"But you were dressed for the meal?" I asked and Rhea smiled.

"Yes. Mum, Julie and I negotiated a ceasefire for 24 hours. Julie and Oliver had words though when he was checking me out so Julie begged me not to cause her embarrassment but I think Oliver was a tad disappointed."

"So you are back to protesting again?"

Rhea hummed. "Sort of, I sort of like being naked. It's...fun and free ..."

"...and embarrassing for our visitors."

"Yes, that as well. When are you bringing Ray 'round again?"

"I'm not, he is too scared to come to Aylesbury let alone to our flat," I joked and Rhea grinned.

"Pity. I am just starting to miss him."

I laughed. Abi loosened up and we helped Mum make dinner when she came home. It was a good atmosphere in the kitchen with Rhea happily preparing buns and grating cheese, Abi cutting up potatoes into chips, myself preparing salad vegetables and Mum making burgers from minced beef, onion and herbs.

Julie and her boyfriend joined us for dinner before Mum and Abi left for the evening to go to the club. I played with Oliver on the PlayStation until Julie and Rhea commandeered the television and then beat him at cards before going to bed at 10pm; I think he may have been distracted. I had a distinct impression, I might be woken up during the night.

Abi woke me up by getting into bed, but did not speak to me until I asked if she was alright. She nodded and turned to face me.

"I'm a little tired," she said. "The club was very busy. Some rugby club do and they all descended on the club. I've done private dances all night and am just danced off my feet."

I smiled in the dark and kissed her on her neck. "I'll see you the morning then," I promised, wrapping my hands around her.

I woke up at the crack of dawn and looked over at Abi. She was lying on her back, facing up at the ceiling, and taking up more than half of the bed. I slid down the bed, and gently parted her legs. She didn't object and gladly opened herself. I gently nibbled the insides of her thigh until I had her groan gently and then slid my tongue up and down her moistening slit.

I saw a smile flicker across her face and flicked her clitoris, and again. It was just sticking out of its' little hood and was pleading with me to pleasure devour it. I glanced up at Abi and she sunk her buttocks into the bed. I flicked her clit again and then gently sucked it. Abi's breathing became stronger and quicker instantly. Her body rocking with my tongue as it probed and pleased her slit.

She grunted nasally and opened her eyes for the first time. She closed them again and let me probe and slide my tongue over her sensitive folds. She rustled her hands through my hair as she got excited and then pushed my face into her slit as she came close to climaxing. I devoured her loins as she came, her pelvic muscles tensing and Abi crying out. She looked up at me, and beckoned me up.

We kissed briefly. It was not as loving or as passionate as when I had kissed Sarah but she guided my cock into her pussy and I plunged forward causing Abi to gasp.

I was horny and lustful. I wanted to fuck Abi, and after devouring her crack, my testicles had pent up horniness it needed to unload. I was going to mercilessly slam into her, and I did. It was rough, loveless but lustful sex just as before and Abi's eyes widened with every powerful, enthusiastic thrust that buried my cock as far into her as it would go.

She could see and sense the pure lust in my eyes and I grunted with every powerful plunge into her. She squealed and grunted, and gripped my buttocks with her fingers. She squeezed them, digging her talons into my flesh, but the pain added to the feeling and I drove into her harder than before.

I felt her muscles around my cock quiver and compress, tightly gripping my rod as it plunged into her. I could resist no longer and with the force of the pressure in my loins too great, thrust inside her and allowed my testicles to empty.

I felt a wave of energy course through my body and reach my extremities and giggled as I caught my breath.

"What a wonderful way to be woken up," Abi said and kissed me.

"I know."

"I love rough sex in the morning. It shakes the sleep from you," she said grinning and we kissed before lying back in bed again, cuddling.

Abi was keen to talk to me about Sarah; she was adamant that Sarah clearly liked me and that I should let her know how much I liked her. I was reticent to do so, if she was so keen on Kevin then all I could do was ruin a good friendship which was something I was not prepared to do.

Abi interrogated me on my sex life with her, and smiled as I recounted the pleasure that we had brought each other. I think she felt a degree of responsibility for it, and given that

she had taught me a lot of what I knew this was not an unfair conclusion.

It was weird doing a “kiss and tell,” but Abi was keen to point out techniques and “things for us to try.” I wasn't so certain that a repeat performance with Sarah was such a good idea, no matter how much I wanted it, but Abi gleefully adopted the role of a sex tutor and lay looking into my eyes as we talked.

It was gone midday when Abi and I finally got around to getting out of bed. Mum had poked her head around my door in the morning to say that she was going shopping in Milton Keynes all day with Julie and Oliver, a few minutes after we had finished cleaning up from our sex, and we were advised not to be in bed too long.

We idled downstairs making idle chit-chat and I poured us some bowls of cereal. I was in my dressing gown, but Abi (not having brought any pyjamas) was just wearing one of my larger T-Shirts. I half-expected Rhea to be around but then realised she was probably with Mum anyhow. Rhea rarely passed up the opportunity to do any shopping, especially with someone else's Access card.

We were kissing when the door slammed shut and excited voices got louder and louder up the stairs.

“Oh hiya bro,” shouted Rhea as she came in.

“Where have you been?” I asked looking for Mum.

“Church” she replied and I laughed.

“No seriously, where have you been?”

She looked up from untying her shoes and looked at me through her long hair. “Church”

“Hiya,” said a gangly boy in the corner of the room, staring at Abi.

“Oh yeah. With Simon.”

I smiled. “So Nathan definitely history then?” I teased and Abi jolted me in the ribs.

“Simon is here to help me finish my Maths project,” she replied sincerely but I did not totally believe her. “You know, the project that is due in tomorrow and we've been working on all week.”

I hummed and Rhea's eyes flashed mischievously. “Abi on the other hand...” Rhea turned to Simon. “...this is the girl I was telling you about. No, not the one with the boyfriend, the other one. Committing sins of the flesh. It's disgraceful. You'll go straight to hell.”

“OK Rhea. You can drop the evangelical act now” I told my taunting sister and she cackled mischievously. Abi pulled me up from my chair so we could get dressed.

“By the way,” Abi asked, “does your new beau know what happened to the last one?”

Simon looked perplexed and Rhea answered for him. “Everyone knows what happened to Nathan. It was all over the school. I made sure of that,” she added loftily.

“I bet you did, Rhea” I muttered and left the room.

Abi and I had a shower each, kissed a little more, and she gave me a deep, long, slow blowjob that had me on the edge of my orgasm until I finally released into her mouth that she gleefully swallowed.

It was nearly 2pm when we went downstairs and, true to her word, a clothed Rhea and Simon were on the couch doing Maths homework. Rhea was lay against Simon's shoulder, her feet up on the sofa, but it was definitely mildly productive and they did have Rhea's project folder open on the coffee table.

“Please note the younger sister setting the good example to the feral brother,” she

murmured as I passed. I smirked at her.

"Please note the hard-working brother out to earn a living while the couch-potato sister languishes on the sofa" I replied and she sat up.

"Couch potato? I did rugby until last year"

"Yes, Rhea. But that's only because there wasn't a girls' team and you found out that you would have to roll around in the mud with 29 boys," I replied in a deadpan voice.

"Tring had a girl as well. As did Wendover."

"Yes and they stopped playing when they reached secondary school."

"No-one told me I couldn't."

"They were too scared of you" I muttered. "Have we sorted the naturism thing now then?"

Rhea's eyes flashed. "I'm not allowed. Mr No-Fun says if I take my clothes off he will go home."

I grinned and looked at Simon. "It was so embarrassing last time."

"What he means is, is that he got a stiffy and thought Mum saw it." Simon blushed but Rhea leaned over and kissed his cheek. "He goes very cute when he is embarrassed."

"Do you ever feel Simon, that if you ever go to Hell they'll never work out how to punish you?" I asked and Rhea chuckled to herself.

Abi prodded me towards the door. "Come on, you got some work to do" she reminded me and I grunted in resignation. "And leave poor Rhea alone."

Abi watched and talked to me while I cleaned the club. Saturday nights were always busy and there was split drinks and sticky tables everywhere. As expected, the water from the carpet cleaner was as dirty as Rhea's mind and it took several trips to empty before I had covered every square inch of carpet in the bar area.

Abi was in a good mood, and had even brought a couple of forms she needed to fill in for the Council as she had moved into a new property. She sat herself on the bar, with a glass of water and completed them while we talked.

I had finished doing the carpet, and lugged the big cleaner back to its home, and had started on the bar when I called out to her. "Abi," I asked to get her attention. "The next time we meet, could we do something as friends rather than lovers?"

Abi looked up at me from the form, her eyes narrowing slightly. "What do you mean?"

"Next time I see you," I said "I don't want us to have sex. I just want to spend some time where we don't, you know."

Abi brushed her long hair back and swept her hands through her face. "Well. Of course. I thought ..."

My stomach tightened at her confused face. "... I do enjoy it. I really do, but I also like spending time with you and I want a friendship as well as sex."

Abi stared at her paper and bit her lip, rubbing her hand on her chin. "Sure," she muttered and looked at her watch. "I think I better go," she said calmly and I jumped down to put my arm around her.

"No. I didn't want to upset you but ..."

"I'm fine, I'm fine," she said dismissively and I groaned.

"You're not," I replied pulling her closely. "You are so much more than a sexy goddess to me, I was going to suggest the bowling alley tomorrow? Or a film?"

Abi smiled and nodded. She began to fan out her papers and a small card fell out onto the floor that I picked it up. "Hey Abi. This is an invite to a birthday party."

"Yes, I know," she replied stoically, her body tensing and scowling at me.

"When is it?"

"I'm not going," she told me firmly and I shook my head.

"It's for your brothers' thirtieth. Why not?"

Abi puffed and glared at me, snatching the invite from my hand. "Don't you remember anything? My family ..."

"... know about the stripping and stuff, yes, but they don't hate you, they've invited you, look!"

"They do hate me; I'm not going."

"I'll go with you," I answered and she shook her head. "I've not been to Scotland for years."

"No. I am not going to Scotland. It's my choice."

Our argument was interrupted by Mum who called at us from the stairs to ask if I was finished, as dinner would be ready in twenty minutes.

"Mum, Abi has been invited to a birthday party. I think I should go with her, what do you think?" Abi groaned and put her hands on her hips.

"I am not going Andy," she thundered dangerously and grabbed her belongings. "I am not going at all."

Chapter X

Mum came down to look at the invite with a wry smile. "Why not dear?" She read the front of the card and nodded as Abi shook her head. "I think it is up to Abi," Mum replied, putting a hand on my lover.

"I was going to go with her, make sure she is OK."

Mum waved her finger at me. "I'm not sure about that, Andy. You are hardly good at staying calm in ... well in situations like these, are you?"

"But this is Abi's family. Abi, please, for me?"

Abi wiped her eyes. "Andy, could you go and check on dinner," Mum told me firmly. "Don't let it boil dry."

I sighed. "But ..."

"Go," she snapped, and then smiled. "I'll talk to Abi, but it is her decision and you respect that, right?"

"Right," I muttered and trooped off up the stairs towards the interconnecting door and a bubbling pan of rice.

* * * * *

"Hello stranger," whispered a seductive, silky voice in my ear as its owner gently caressed my neck. I looked up from the park bench to get caught in Sarah's wavy hair that she brushed back to kiss me properly, albeit from an upside-down position.

"Hello," I greeted her, smiling as we parted tongues. "You know we should stop meeting like this," I joked and got up. Sarah looped her arm in mine and we walked towards the cinema.

Sarah was in Aylesbury with her parents and had been given permission to meet me, so as we were half-an-hour early for the film, Sarah and myself ambled into the White Lion and went up to the bar. "One lemonade and what do you want?" She asked me.

I looked around the pub but did not see the barman who had banned me a few weeks previous. "Lemonade for me too," I said and put a five pound note on the wooden bar. Sarah scoffed at me as she had her purse out but with a gentle raise of the eyebrows, she reluctantly put it away with a "I'm buying the popcorn then" in response, which from my perspective, was still totally negotiable.

It was a nice day so we sat down outside by the canal and Sarah smiled at me looking around the crowded terrace and beer garden. "So where were you when you rowed with Donna?"

I pointed out a set of tables in the corner and Sarah grinned at me, playfully looking towards me out of the corner of her eye. "What?" I asked and she laughed.

"I have never known anyone to be barred from a pub at our age," she said. "You must be a proper bad boy," she teased.

"That is true. But then I don't know anyone who has been arrested at the age of fourteen. You must be a proper bad girl," I returned and Sarah smirked. "What time do you have to be back?"

"Bad girls don't have curfews," she joked.

"And bad boys won't keep to them anyhow."

"Mum said she will meet me at the station at six," Sarah eventually admitted and we began

chatting about our exams. There was a playfulness as we teased each other and drank our cold drinks and Sarah and I held hands across the table. We probably looked like lovers or partners, even though we were not, but there was a warmth and a connection that was plain for everyone to see.

“YOU!” I heard a shouted voice from behind me. “You are banned from here.” I closed my eyes and Sarah chortled at me. I turned to see the barman a few feet away and closing in on me.

“Are you serious?” I asked incredulously. I was not causing a problem, so why would he want to evict me now, especially as I had already drunk two-thirds of my lemonade?

“Get up,” he barked and then turned to Sarah. “And you too, Missy.” He went over to her and tugged at her shoulders.

“Get your hands off of her,” I yelled and the remaining patrons of the beer garden turned to watch. He glared at me as Sarah stood up but did not remove his hands from her shoulder, tugging her as she scrambled to her feet. “I said, get off of her.”

I could feel my shoulders tightening and fists clenching. He sneered at me as I breathed out aggressively and I picked up the nearest item to hand, the empty ashtray and held it in my fist. I made a jerking movement instinctively and he let go of Sarah to duck. Even Sarah flinched but the ceramic pot never left my hand and I threw it back on the table with the loud thud. “Now leave her alone,” I shouted at him, my eyes not leaving his face.

“Get out of my pub. You're barred. Both of you. You're trouble,” he barked and I glared at him.

“Trouble? We've come in for a quiet drink. We've caused no trouble. You've caused trouble by kicking off and manhandling my girl-” I stopped mid-sentence. I was about to refer to Sarah as my girlfriend and her eyes looked at me, willing me to continue. “My friend,” I finished, still shouting at the barman and Sarah sighed.

“Come on Andy, let's go,” Sarah implored, her face etched with concern.

“No. I want to finish my drink,” I told her but she gave a gentle tug of my sleeve.

“Do as the young lady says and don't come back,” the barman warned as I turned and I spun back around to face him.

“Or what? What will you do?” I shouted, my face inches from his.

“Andy,” Sarah begged me and I let out a huge sigh and we walked out of the pub, with me kicking the Specials board in anger across the flowers and it crashing with a splintering sound against the wall behind.

“Stupid, fucking, twatty cunt,” I muttered angrily as I did it and Sarah gave me a kiss on the cheek as soon as we reached the road.

“Calm down,” she soothed with a grin. “I've not seen you so angry since you shouted at me for turning up in the rain. You're a madman when you get angry. Just calm down.” She put her arms on my shoulders and rubbed my upper arms before kissing me again. She looked into my eyes and smiled. “You know, I'm banned from the pub too now.”

I let out a nervous laugh, but I was still annoyed, and we ambled across to the cinema that was unreasonably crowded. The film we wanted to watch, 'There is something about Mary,' was playing on two screens and we bought a ticket for the earlier screening as our trip to the pub being cut short meant that we could go and watch it in Screen 1 instead of waiting for Screen 2.

Sarah was quiet but insisted on buying the popcorn, and we got a big bag to share between us. Sarah smirked as we sat down at the back of the auditorium and she

whispered in my ear that this film, as a comedy, better cheer me up and I should relax.

We took a few handfuls of the popcorn and the adverts for the local businesses started. We had the obligatory old man standing in front of his carpet shop as the pictures of his business zoomed in and the crackles on the speakers as the poor-quality audio on his marketing material showed when there was an almighty bang from right behind us and the screen went black.

Sarah had jumped so much she had spilt most of the popcorn and the emergency lighting came on immediately. I looked behind to see a wisp of smoke coming from the projection unit.

I turned to Sarah. "Are you OK?" I asked.

"Fine," she replied. "What the hell was that?"

"Something up there," I muttered and the patrons of the crowded cinema were all looking at the wall behind me.

About ten seconds later, a flustered cinema employee came in and looked up. "Please can you go back to the foyer," he yelled and grudgingly we got up. Sarah glared at me as I muttered something under my breath and smiled.

"You need to learn to calm down," she whispered in my ear and I shook my head. "Don't take life so seriously."

"Well it's..."

"It's not a problem," she told me and kissed me on the cheek. "We'll watch it in the next screen or come back another day. I am sure we can find something to do for a couple of hours," she told me. "Aggression is such a turn-off Andy. You make me scared when you do."

I grumbled and we got up, walking down the stairs to the foyer, which was now packed with annoyed cinema-goers. The harassed cinema employee was busy directing the staff on the reception as we queued up for refunds. By the time Sarah and I reached the front of the queue, twenty minutes had passed, as my patience was wearing thin. The last two tickets for the later viewing had just been given to the couple in front of us and they refused to refund the popcorn as more than half of it was missing.

"Get me the manager," I told the poor girl and she looked around her.

"He is not here," she told me and I shrugged.

"Well go find him. And quickly."

Sarah looked up at me. "Haven't you calmed down yet? It's only popcorn."

"No. Stupid bloody prats," I moaned and a suited gentleman arrived behind the diminutive, skinny Sales Assistant.

"I'm sorry Sir," he said pulling me to one side so the Sales Assistant could continue to process refunds, "but as you've eaten more than half we couldn't give a refund. That is..."

"We spilt it when the projection unit exploded," I shouted at him. "Go and check on our seats. It's bloody everywhere." I gestured with my hands at him and he recoiled at my aggression. I was frustrated and annoyed: Sarah was restricted in what she could do given the level of parental discipline being enforced and they spoilt our afternoon and wanted us to pay for the privilege. They were being unfair.

"I'm sorry, but we've started to clean that auditorium now. If you had said so five minutes ago..."

"Andy, please," Sarah pleaded but I ignored her.

"We've been queueing for twenty-fucking minutes. If you hadn't have let us wait for twenty minutes while you are fucking about then maybe, just fucking maybe, you could have seen."

He shifted against a closed till having backed off from me and shook his head. "I'm sorry it's company policy."

I raised my hands up in annoyance and he immediately ducked, thinking I was about to strike him. I heard a noise and saw Sarah running towards the exit.

"I haven't finished with you," I warned him and went running after her. She had had a good ten second head-start, and played football so she was not easy to catch, but she was not looking behind her and slowed, leaving me able to catch up.

"Sarah," I panted, and looked at the crying girl who was leaning against a small wall outside a church. "I know they wouldn't give us a refund but ..."

"It's not them, it's you," she screeched and I put my hand on her shoulder. She shook it off and her eyes puffy, she turned to face me. "How many times did I have to tell you to calm down? It's not worth it."

"OK I'm sorry," I snapped exasperatedly and she shook her head. "But ..."

"No. No you're not," she yelled at me. "You're just a bully, you no better than the rest of them."

"What?" I asked and reached out but she pushed my outstretched arm away.

"Leave me alone, Andy," she said coldly and walked away leaving me standing there. "Just leave me alone."

"Sarah?" I called but she shook her head and was gone.

* * * * *

"You're in a bad mood," Rhea said as I stormed into the room and I glared at her.

"Not today, Rhea."

Rhea grinned, not noticing the look on my face. "Ahhh, has someone..."

"Shut up Rhea," I snapped.

"So which of your girls isn't sucking your..."

"I SAID SHUT THE FUCK UP," I shouted and Rhea looked over at Mum coming into the lounge.

"I don't want to hear that language in my home," she told me and I pushed past her and went upstairs. I regretted the exchange immediately but threw myself on the bed – why was I losing my temper so easily?

I stared up at the ceiling and wondered. There was no reason for me to be so angry with everyone and I just half-knew I was overreacting but there was an inane frustration inside of me that I just couldn't shake off. Mum came up ten minutes later and asked me what the matter was but when I wouldn't discuss it, I got a lecture about my behaviour. I sighed in resignation at this and made a mental note to apologise to Rhea, although she did bring it on herself.

Rhea was sat on the sofa when I came downstairs with Simon and she excused herself to go into the kitchen. I went to the phone and hovered over it for a few seconds thinking about what I was going to say to Sarah. How was I going to apologise to her and know she would accept it? I didn't know. I didn't even know if she was home.

My throat was dry with anticipation and Rhea came back with three tall glasses of red fizzy

pop. "Yeah, cheers Rhea," I grunted and she raised her eyebrows at me before returning to her friend on the couch, saying nothing to me.

I took a couple of long gulps of the drink and closed my eyes thinking about how I would apologise. I didn't want to lose her as a friend, I enjoyed her company too much and knew I could have dealt with it better but was she overreacting? But something felt wrong, during my deliberations, my throat felt tight. My mouth was dry and on fire.

It was agony, pure and simple excruciating pain. The back of my throat and mouth were burning. Not just burning, but on fire. A raging inferno. My stomach heaved and I grunted and looked at the drink in my hand.

Rhea was smirking, leaning over the back of the couch. "A whole bottle of Tabasco. You do not speak to me ..."

"FUCKING HELL, RHEA," I screamed and ran towards the kitchen pulling the nearest vessel – a pint glass – and filling it with water that I drank immediately. I repeated again and again and again.

Panting, I laid over the kitchen sink as I tried to exhale the fiery pain from my lungs.

"As I said," I heard a voice from behind me. "You do not speak to me like that. Next time you shout at me, you will be sorry."

I spun my head around, still panting over the sink "You've poisoned me. You fucking spiteful bitch," I moaned and walked off to find a bathroom. I felt sick. "I'll fucking get you for this."

It was rather fortunate I did vomit but the few sips I took burnt considerably coming back up – even after they had been diluted with water. I did not fancy the inevitable diarrhoea I would have had if I had not puked up the poisonous drink my sister had given me. Rhea was not remorseful in the slightest and the violent shouting match we had was interrupted by Mum who was far from impressed with Rhea's attempts at vigilantism. Simon was sent home, and Mum chastised Rhea for her "assault" on her unloved brother.

I tried to ring Sarah that evening but she told her mum that she did not want to speak to me and that she would not be coming to the phone, no matter how much I pleaded. I did not demean myself to stoop to begging and accepted that it was Sarah's choice but wished that sometimes she could be less dogmatic and more cooperative.

I had lost every chance I had at Sarah. I stared up at my ceiling and felt sick again, only this time it was not the Tabasco.

* * * * *

I slept little that night and went from despair to anger (with myself) back to despair and then to determination. I liked Sarah, I liked her a lot and my friendship with her might have been quite new but it was worth fighting for. I was still highly perplexed why I was getting so angry and what was different with my life than how it was a few months previous? Was it Paula? Was she the one that kept me sane? I didn't know, but I wanted Sarah as a friend, or maybe even as a girlfriend, and her not talking to me was not good for either.

I got up at 7am, showered and was at the Supermarket for 8am buying the biggest box of chocolates they had and a "Sorry" card with a little teddy bear on the front. I had a look at the flowers, but knew that the florist next door to the club would be open and they did better bouquets anyway.

I ambled back towards Castle Street and walked into the florist – I was their first customer of the day – and the gentleman behind the desk was busy wrapping some flowers in cellophane.

We exchanged greetings and I asked for a "big bunch" of flowers. I knew what I wanted but it had been a good few months since I worked in the shop and I had forgotten what to call them. Paula did most of that side of the business anyway, I just did as she instructed.

He smiled and looked at me. I felt the need to introduce myself as their neighbour and as a former employee and then set about describing what I wanted if not naming it. He made up a bouquet of white tulips and red Gerberas with a single dark red rose and a smattering of seasonal flowers. It looked wonderful and I exchanged it for two twenty pound notes.

The journey to Wendover was crowded as it was rush hour and I had to warn a fellow commuter when they leant against the flowers in my hand, but I took a deep breath and did not shout or lose my temper. I signed the card at Wendover station and agonised for awhile over what to write. In the end, I said what I wanted to say; "Dear Sarah, I am so sorry for my behaviour yesterday. I know I was wrong and please forgive me. I miss you already. Lots of love, Andy."

I began the short, torturous walk to Sarah's house. It was a nice day and didn't take long but it felt like ages.

I worried myself, what would Sarah say or do? What should I say? I began to plan a little speech in my head but kept rethinking and rewording it. I knew I had to apologise, she asked me to calm down and I lost it. I overreacted, plain and simple.

I knocked on the door to Sarah's house and her mum answered, her hair all over the place. She was getting ready to go to work and smiled when she saw me and beckoned me into the hallway with her hairbrush. I hesitated for a moment, but came in as she shouted up the stairs to Sarah.

"Tell him to go away. I don't want to speak to him," the stubborn teenager shouted from the upper floor of the house and still in her bedroom.

Angela sized me up. "If you go up, you promise not to row?" She asked and I shrugged.

"I don't want to upset her again. I did enough of that yesterday," I said quietly and wiped the tear away from my eyes. "Please can you give her these and tell her that I want to see her when she wants to see me."

Angela returned me a weak smile and I left the house. I ambled down the drive and got to the end of the road, wiping my eyes again and looking back down the road. I wondered if I would ever feel the need to see it again, and I felt sick to the pit of my stomach. Why did I mess things up with Sarah?

I leant against the sign for a moment, and retied my shoelace, and then set off back to the station in resignation that I had probably lost one of the most exciting friendships I had had for years.

"Andy" I heard a voice from behind me, and saw Sarah barefooted and running in her dressing gown tearing down the road. She got to me in no time, and noticed the smile on my face immediately. I was expecting a hug; I got a slap across my right cheek with all the force she could muster.

"Owww," I cried out as my face stung from her hand.

"That is for being such an unreasonable prick yesterday," she told me and smiled. She turned and gave me a lingering kiss on the other cheek.

"And that?" I asked and she looked at me still smiling.

"That is for realising it," she replied. "Have you had breakfast?"

I shook my head and she held out her arm. "Am I forgiven then?"

She turned to look at me as I went to hold her hand. "This once yes, do it again then no. I mean it Andy, you really frighten me. I keep wondering what would happen when you lose your temper with me. Will you hit me?"

I looked at her aghast. "I would never hit you," I said horrified, and she raised her eyebrows. "Come on Sarah, I would never, ever hit you."

"Maybe, but I was scared. I shouldn't be scared of my friends. Especially not of you." She watched my facial expression and straightened my jacket. "Come on, let's go have some breakfast and we can talk."

I followed her back into the house and her mum gave us a smile. She bade Sarah goodbye and I followed my friend into the kitchen where she poured two bowls of cereal and made two cups of tea.

"We have to talk is not normally the start of something good," I joked but Sarah only smiled weakly.

She waved her spoon at me as she sat down and looked at me. "Why are you so argumentative and aggressive at times, and so calm at others?"

I shrugged and looked at my corn flakes in the bowl I had just been given. "I dunno. I think it's a bit of a family trait. Rhea is awful for it."

Sarah nodded and narrowed her eyes. "She might be, but normally you are rational and calm but then you just lose it and I am terrified."

"Well I will try and hold onto my temper," I promised.

"You betta Master Williams. You are really calm when it comes to other people but the moment you have a problem then you go skitz."

"Well I never said I was perfect," I grumbled and looked at Sarah staring at me.

"No, I didn't either. Snoring I can cope with, threatening to hit a barman and then a cinema manager in the space of thirty minutes, I can't."

"I know ... I know, I went too far. I'm sorry."

Sarah flashed a smile and shovelled another mouthful of cereal into her mouth. "I know, now eat your corn flakes."

Sarah cleared the bowls away after we finished and put them in the sink before grabbing my hand as she left the room. "What are you doing?" I asked and she led me up the stairs.

She put her finger over my mouth and pushed me up against the landing wall, kissing me on the lips. "We have the house to ourselves all day."

"I have to get back and do the club," I warned her and she sighed.

"Really? Well I have a job for you, before you go."

Sarah walked into the bathroom and got a towel, a blue can and filled a bowl up with warm water. She guided me to her room opposite and put the towel on the single bed.

Sarah's room was long and thin, but still a good seven foot across and easily double that in length. The last couple of feet, the roof sloped so that it was only three foot high at the end, but Sarah's bed was underneath and a small window was in the corner of the short wall. She had a massive window alongside her bed, framed by dark yellow curtains, for half the length of the room that looked out over her expansive garden.

She had a couple of pictures on her built-in wardrobe doors and another couple of the white walls of football stars. I looked at them, and Sarah smiled.

"Zidane, Beckham, Shearer and Richard Johnson," Sarah explained spinning around.

“Richard who?”

“Richard Johnson. Watford midfielder. Awesome set of legs. I gaze at him every morning when I wake up. Just like you do with that tennis girl.”

I shifted awkwardly and Sarah disrobed. “Sarah?” I asked and she laid back on the towel.

“Shave me,” she said and I looked at her hairless crotch.

“Pardon?” I asked and she sat up smiling.

“I haven't shaved for a couple of days. I am thinking of getting it waxed as I am fed up of shaving every other day, but waxing hurts. I have a bit of stubble and it just needs shaving. Go on.”

I raised my eyebrows and knelt on the floor, next to the bed. I felt a rush of blood to my cock and took the blue can of shaving foam. “Well?” I asked

“Put a little bit on your hand and rub it over my pubic hair and down the sides,” Sarah told me and I squirted some of the white foam onto my left hand before smearing it over her genitals. Sarah cooed at me as I did, her expression expectant.

“OK,” I said and Sarah pulled out a razor and a small bowl of water from her bedside table, and passed it to me.

“Now glide it gently over my pubic area towards me.”

I put the razor on the top of her slit and slid it upwards but barely pressed down on it and left most of the foam behind.

“Press harder,” Sarah explained and I sighed.

“Well I don't want to cut you.”

“You aren't going to cut anything unless it makes contact with my skin.” Sarah took the razor off of me and did a stroke before returning me the razor and telling me to wash it in the bowl of warm water. I rinsed the razor and repeated Sarah's movements until her mons was bare. She leant back and slid her bottom forward, with her feet resting flat on the bed, instead of the floor.

“Now, take some more shaving foam and apply it down the sides.” My erection, already straining at my shorts was now bursting to escape from all of its cotton housing. I looked at her slit in awe and Sarah chuckled.

“Well I've never seen you so close and just looked at it,” I reasoned. “I'd love to photograph it, it's...”

“...full of stubble.”

I laughed and spread some more of the foam over her labia, trying to ensure that as little of the foam touched her sensitive, but strangely moistening slit. “You have been this close,” she reasoned.

“Yes, but I've never taken the time to look. Just taste.”

She giggled and instructed me to gently remove the hair and foam, and I pulled her skin taught. She held her breath as I slowly dragged the razor over her. I repeated this for the remainder of the foam and she pulled out some moisturiser and slapped a generous amount over her mons.

“See not that hard?” She told me, not realising the state my cock was in; the bed was helpfully obscuring her vision. I looked at her shaven genitals past the moisturised and glistening mons to the puffy red labia, happily exhibiting Sarah's charms to me. “I am going to have a shower, I need one, but when I return I need you to ensure that every hair has

been removed?"

"I looked," I told her and helped her to her feet.

"Oh no," she replied with mock seriousness. "That's no good. There is only one way to be absolutely certain. I need your tongue." My mind whirred with possibilities. Only twelve hours earlier I was scared that Sarah would never look at me again and now Sarah wanted me to explore her pussy with my tongue. I felt, and was, extremely lucky.

I exhaled sharply and Sarah kissed me before disappearing to the bathroom next door. I took the time to look around her room; she had an impressive array of salacious books proudly displayed on her bookshelf, next to an impossibly large amount of text books. There were two pictures on her desk of her playing football in a scarlet top and black shorts.

I recognised a couple of other girls in the team photo but I didn't think many of them went to our school. She returned five minutes later as I was flicking through an erotic story with her hair not wet, but her body glistening all over. She giggled as she saw what I had in my hand and licked her lips. "It's a good book," she told me with a smirk and grinned at my guilty, expectant expression. She walked over and without hesitation pushed me back on the bed, throwing the tatty book onto the floor.

Sarah rubbed her crotch and legs with her towel as I scooted up the bed a bit more, and then without a single thought Sarah threw her legs over my head and placed her vaginal lips on mine.

She was not as fragrant or as aromatic as before, the shower had washed away her muskiness, but her engorged labia had a welcoming aura about it and I planted my tongue up her slit. She clenched her buttocks and I put my hands on her shoulders before guiding her into a more upright position.

I had done this with Abi the night I had lost my virginity and I felt more secure and more satisfied when I was completely underneath Abi. I felt the same with Sarah; I liked her in this position.

Sarah didn't object. My fingers darted over her erect nipples as I flicked and kneaded her slick labia with my lips and tongue. Sarah groaned. She leant forward to undo the fastening on my shorts but I moved her hands away. I didn't want to spoil it by climaxing too soon and I was very aroused.

Sarah moaned in annoyance and then sucked in a deep breath through her teeth as my tongue located her clitoris and glided around it. She sighed and bucked her hips, grinding my head into her mattress relentlessly.

"Oh Andy," she squealed. "Oh fuck ..."

I sucked on her clitoris poking out of its hood and then glided my tongue down her gushing slit to her hole. I felt a wetness on my face as she pushed down. There was the faint taste of the familiar tanginess to her juices that I adored, her sweetness lingering on the nose like a fine wine, and I flicked her clitoris faster and faster. She squealed, her muscles contracted and she slumped forward.

I glided my tongue away from her clit and poked her hole a couple of times, before flicking her anus. She shuddered and froze.

"Andy ..." she called as the tip of my tongue quivered against her. She adjusted her body so it was out of my reach and I put my hands on her thighs.

"Let me," I told her loins, and guided her body back to my waiting tongue. I flicked her anus and rolled my tongue into a cylindrical shape and began probing her arse. She was tense at first, but as my fingers rolled over the breasts and rubbed her nipples she relaxed her

muscles and my tongue could do more than just glide over her bud.

She sighed and squealed. She pushed her body against my tongue and mewed. Her legs trembled and I kneaded her nipples quicker. She cried out and panted, more than Abi who had confessed she loved being "rimmed."

I delved as deep as I could with my tongue and curled the tip to poke the inside of her anus and her body shook, quivering. She lifted her body off of me as she did and turned to look at me. Her face was flushed and she was beaming. "You are a dirty, kinky bastard. And I love you," she told me panting. "Rinse your mouth out in the bathroom and come back."

I was still clothed but adjusted myself before leaving the room and washed my mouth out in the running water. My mind was alive with expectations and when I returned Sarah was spread out on the bed with a red tube in her hand. She smiled guiltily.

"Put this in me," she said and passed me the tube. I looked at it and went red. I had never held a sex toy before; I obviously knew what a vibrator was but holding one was almost unreal. Sarah looked at me impatiently. "You don't mind, do you?"

"No. It's fine," I reassured her. "I've just not seen one before."

The bright red object was about six inches in length and no more than an inch across. It was beautifully smooth and ever so slightly soft, like it was made of rubber-type material that shimmered in the sunlight.

Sarah smiled and closed her eyes as I positioned the rounded head of the sex toy and pushed gently. Her pussy greedily gobbled up the fake phallus and Sarah groaned open-mouthed as it slid in. She sighed as she exhaled and bit her lip.

"Now turn it on with the little knob on the bottom and go down on me again," she whispered and I looked at the sight before me. The gorgeous Sarah Bailey, one of the sexiest and most beautiful girls at the school was spread out horny and aroused, with a vibrating dildo slid into her. I touched my cock through my shorts but Sarah groaned impatiently so I slid the rotating circular black knob anticlockwise and the toy burst into life.

Sarah squealed and I lowered my head so that my chin rested on the toy and my tongue could flick her clitoris. Sarah groaned and moaned as I did so. I felt the vibrations through my chin and through her.

Sarah began to thrust her hips, she mewed as she exhaled, sometimes pushing her lips together so they were just nasal sounds. I tasted her juices stronger than ever. Sarah was reaching her climax, quicker than I had ever seen anyone do before.

Her fingers gripped the duvet and she howled in orgasm. I relentlessly kept sucking on her clitoris as she bucked and thrashed. Her muscles quivered against my tongue and I felt a tightness on the back of my testicles. What was happening to me?

I sat back on my haunches and looked at Sarah. I touched her vibrator and rotated the knob so it could go no further. The high-pitched squeal got louder and Sarah jerked in shock. I began to gently slide the vibrator in and out of her opening and she closed her eyes.

She tightened her grip on the duvet and rocked her pelvis in the same rhythm as the thrusts of the vibrating dildo.

"Oh fucking ..." she squealed. "Oh ... oh ... ohhhh," she breathed as her sex toy brought her closer to another orgasm.

I rotated the vibrator as it slid in, sweeping the howling plastic from side to side and I felt her buttocks clench. She yelled a high-pitched aroused squeal as another orgasm swept

her body. Her hands went to her crotch and she flicked her vibrator out.

She looked lustfully at me, and sat up. She put her arms around me and pulled me to her.

“Get on that bed. No fucking around,” she told me and unbuttoned my shorts to free my erect cock.

Without even seeking approval she enveloped my phallus with her warm mouth. I was already highly aroused, and wouldn't need much stimulation.

I didn't. The familiar pressure inside my perineum I had when I was ready to cum was there, and Sarah had lots of pre-cum to devour. She slid her tongue over my glans and by the time she had done her third circle of my head, I was gripping the mattress, ready to the squirt.

“Sarah,” I warned but she sucked in her cheeks and I began to pump my sticky semen into her grateful mouth. She swallowed it gleefully. I sighed in satisfaction.

We hugged and cuddled for awhile, our post-orgasmic glow clearly radiant. “I have never come like that,” Sarah told me as she looked at me. “I want that again and again.”

I smiled embarrassedly. “Well. You know where I am.”

“And I love kinky stuff. Kev won't so I never thought you would.”

“When will you learn that I am not Kev?” I asked, vexed at her inability to distinguish me from her useless boyfriend.

Sarah smiled and looked away. “Yes I know.”

“So am I completely forgiven?” I asked and Sarah nodded, her brown hair in a complete mess.

“You look after my crotch. You shave it, you kiss it and stick Eric in. Just look after me in the same way,” she pleaded with puppy dog eyes. “And then you'll be my best friend!”

“Eric?” Sarah's cheeks matched the colour of her vibrator and I twigged what she meant.

“You call your vibrator, Eric?” I asked and she gave a guilty smile. I shrugged and smiled.

“Each to their own, I suppose.”

Sarah kissed me and regretfully I had to leave; I had a job to do, but I left considerably happier: Sarah and I were friends again. She made me promise that I wouldn't lose my temper like that again and she promised to ring me. I spent the rest of that Tuesday cleaning the club and wondering what happened. I had really enjoyed my little tryst with the delectable Sarah, but felt a sense of longing that I could not have her more than ever. I wondered what Kevin possessed that I didn't that made her so uncertain of splitting up with him? A head start, I reasoned. And an ability to control his temper, maybe?

But Sarah was perfect, and I just had to have her.

* * * * *

Rhea shouted at me from the lounge and I poked my head around the kitchen to see what she wanted. I had had to break off my conversation with Mum – she was interested about Sarah but I recognised the gentle probing of an inquisitive mother with ulterior motives and was guarded about my responses. I had a sneaky suspicion that Mum had received a phone call but I did not know for sure.

“It's your third girlfriend. Or fourth. Or maybe fifth, I dunno,” Rhea said holding out the phone.

“Third?” I asked and Rhea grinned, accepting my confusion as a confession regarding Sarah and Abi that was not intended.

“Hiya,” replied a voice from the handset. “It’s Zoe.”

I looked at Rhea who had busied herself with her Smash Hits magazine. “Yeah hiya Zoe, what’s up?”

“Mum said I can go,” she said excitedly and my mind whirred for a few moments.

“To Cambridge?” I asked and she replied affirmatively detailing everything she had told her parents and that they had told her that they “trusted her implicitly.”

“Mum,” I called when Zoe had finished. I waited for Mum to appear and then asked, “Zoe’s parents have OK’d Cambridge. Can I go book now?”

Mum raised an eyebrow and looked at me. “And they are happy?”

“Yep, Zoe told them and they said they trusted her implicitly. Am I trusted implicitly?” I asked flippantly and Mum grinned.

“You can go to Cambridge, Andy. And we will leave it there,” she said and I promised Zoe that I would book a hotel.

“I know you are going to see the Spice Girls,” Rhea told me as I went to leave the lounge and return to the kitchen.

“I am not going to see the Spice Girls,” I replied and Rhea grinned.

“You are, bro. Everyone denies going to see the Spice Girls, so you definitely going to see ‘em. Because you deny it.”

“What sort of twisted logic is that?” I asked exasperatedly and Rhea smirked. “OK, we are going to see the Spice Girls then.”

“Always knew it, bro. You-a sad, sad, sad boy.”

* * * * *

I had had a restful couple of days from the hornier women in my life, and found that my libido, normally quite happy to go 48 hours without an orgasm was craving desperately for a release after a mere 24. I relented in the clubs toilets (I was supposed to be cleaning the establishment at the time) and reasoned that I was not the first horny gentleman to use the facilities in this manner.

I thought about Sarah as I leant against the cubicle wall and shut my eyes. Her gorgeous body, her playful smile, her wavy hair that she would flick back, her beautiful eyes that could melt even the iciest of hearts and her hairless pussy. I grunted as I released a steady stream of thick semen into the water below and felt a guilty shame immediately after I ejaculated and the horniness evaporated. I frantically flushed the evidence into the sewers, but wondered, why? I had never worried about wanking before.

Abi woke me up at just gone 2am on Friday morning. She had warned me she planned to join me, but I had not expected to be woken by the bright light of my bedroom.

Abi stood there, smiling at me as I struggled to adjust to the harshness of the light. She was wearing just a yellow skirt and her large 34C breasts brought a smile to my face.

“Sorry,” she whispered. “But I need those two bags I gave you.”

I pointed to the wardrobe and she slid it open gently, picking up the two bags on the bottom which she took out and put on the bed in front of me.

“You promise you haven’t peeked?” She asked and I assured her that they had remained unopened. I had forgotten them to be honest but didn’t want to confess this as she had obviously put some thought into their contents.

She took the biggest bag and emptied the contents on the bed. “These are for you,” she

told me and I looked at her in surprise. There were a couple of shirts, a couple of shorts, underwear, T-Shirts, a jumper and a couple of pairs of trousers. She pulled out a pair of black leather ankle boots from the other bag and passed them over.

“But why?” I asked and she grinned.

“Because you dress like a teenager,” she warned and I looked at her, smirking.

“But I am a teenager,” I reminded the topless stripper.

She sighed. “I thought you were a young man?”

I pushed my lips together and inhaled deeply. “Well I am ...”

“You work in an adult nightclub, you have two girls on the go and you dress like you are thirteen and shit scared of women.” I laughed and Abi put her head on her shoulder. “I'm not havin' it!”

“Really?”

“Go on, try this on,” she told me and passed me some blue striped boxer shorts, a burgundy shirt with a faint check pattern, a smart jumper and a pair of black jeans. I grinned at her, and slid out of bed, putting on the garments.

Abi nodded her head appreciatively and I put the boots on. “A million times better,” Abi exaggerated and I took them off. Abi made me try on all the clothes, and they all fitted nicely. She confessed she had looked in my wardrobe prior to going and then made me promise she could remove some items in return, which I agreed to as long as I could veto her choices if they conflicted with my favourites.

I thanked her several times; she had easily spent in excess of two hundred pounds on me but Abi reckoned that the extra money she made by being horny knowing that she had my bed to come to easily paid for it. I wasn't convinced but Abi refused to let me give her any money towards them saying they were a gift, which I was to accept graciously and without complaint.

Abi then asked me to turn away which I did. “I have a few items here so I can stay the night without having to wear the same underwear,” Abi told me, “but also a couple of items for you to enjoy.”

Abi told me to turn around and I breathed out in shock. “You just look ... incredible”

Abi was wearing a black fishnet basque with a lacy trim that displayed her bosom nicely. At the bottom of the basque were four straps (two on the front, and two on the back) that connected to her black fishnet stockings. A very skimpy black G-String completed the outfit that as Abi moved, I could see was crotchless.

Abi smiled at me. “I am going to give you, what I used to give to one of my punters in Birmingham,” she told me alluringly. “He used to cum buckets and always came back.”

“But Abi,” I told her playfully. “You know I'll always come back”

Abi looked at me out of the corner of her eye, her long straight hair framing her face. “I can't take that chance.” She smirked as she looked at my naked body and got up from the bed, turning around and sinking to her knees, kissing the top of my erect cock and then pushing my legs further apart.

She nibbled at the inside of my thigh, her tongue lavishing my sensitive skin with subtle kisses and feint bites. I bit my lip as I watched her, my Scottish lover gleefully enjoying the reaction of my cock. She took one testicle in my mouth and sucked gently.

I felt a vivid sensation as Abi rolled her tongue gently over my sweaty bollock. She allowed it to slide out of her mouth, and started my other ball, staring at me out of the corner of her

eye. I felt completely vulnerable as my most sensitive of parts was within Abi's snappers but she treated them lovingly.

I sighed as the heat built up in my loins – an intense itching bursting to be set free and she licked my shaft, twirling her tongue over the top. I groaned at her lustful actions and saw her triumphant expression peering over my pubic hair.

I sniffed and leant back, affording her more room, and she used her hands to push my rear further back and then pushed me onto my back, my knees hanging on the corner of the bed. All the time, her head was gently bobbing up and down over my glans and her tongue explored my sensitive tip. I croaked, and felt a powerful tension mount in my testicles, but Abi must have sensed it, and detached her amazing mouth from my manhood and looked up at me. She swung her legs over my body and, facing away from me, hovered over my erect cock. She cackled, looking over her shoulder, as she lowered herself onto me.

It was a slightly different sensation as Abi impaled herself onto my cock, and gently rocked back and forth. I sighed and pushed my head back onto the mattress, closing my eyes. Abi leant forward slightly and I felt a wet hand push my legs apart further and then slide underneath my balls.

Abi began to pressure my perineum, and gently cupped my testicles, squeezing them slightly as she rocked back and forth over my cock. I desperately tried to meet her rhythm, tensing my buttocks to lift my pelvis into Abi as she rocked back. It was a weird sensation, very intense and powerful but one where I was barely had any control.

I could not see Abi's face, I could not touch any of her “interesting” bits – just her clothed flanks – and everything was up to Abi, but Abi was excellent at what she was doing.

I groaned and tensed up, squealing slightly as I flooded her insides with several waves of cum. I pushed my body into the springy mattress and felt my buttocks quiver as I ejaculated.

Abi giggled as I slowed my rhythm, pushing further into her, but just savouring the last tingling from her lustful movements. I sucked in some air and Abi slid forward so my cock came out of her, and she looked down.

“You've got cum all over me,” she whined with a smile, looking behind her shoulder coyly at me and licked her lips.

I panted and raised my eyebrows. “Well get used to it,” I said with a smirk. “Cause I will be coming back.”

* * * * *

I had missed a couple of team meetings, firstly because of Sarah's meal and then because of the engagement party but I had just finished cleaning the club when various employees started arriving. Mum was not impressed that I had missed two meetings on the trot and told me that any other new employee, who had missed two of their first three team meetings but lived a one-minute walk away from the club, would have had a serious tongue-lashing for such aberration and I was strongly advised to amend my attendance record forthwith.

The thought of spending an hour with two dozen strippers was one that most sixteen year olds fantasised about, and I needed no encouragement to go, it was just circumstance and timed my cleaning of the club to finish at the beginning of the meeting.

Abi was the first to enter the club and treated me to a long kiss on the cheek that drew raised eyebrows from Ikenna and Angela, who were also arriving. Mum shot us a warning glance and I gave an apologetic look in return. Within a few minutes the room started to fill up with a few people looking lost or a little apprehensive but Mum welcomed them warmly

and guided them towards some seats.

I knew Mum had been particularly busy with interviews and auditions in the last few weeks and guessed that the increased attendance represented her increased workforce. At a guess there must have been double the amount of dancers crammed around the six tables that Mum had positioned as I cleaned the bar, and there were loads of new faces. Abi (or "Isobel") and I sat in discussion as they filed in, as I told her about my aborted trip to the cinema with Sarah, including being evicted from the pub.

Mum called the meeting to order and started with the introductions. As there were some new faces, she went and introduced everybody. I noticed some of the dancers had some very weird names – Abi had chosen her middle name as her stage name – but Autumn, Cherry, Scarlet and Juggs (who had a massive bosom) – were certainly more unique.

I had asked Abi before the rationale behind choosing a stage name and she had said it made it easier to separate your real life from your work if you have two distinct identities. Therefore, with the exception of her wage cheque, everything Abi did inside the club was under Isobel. To this end, Angela was "Heather." I did not get an alternative name, but if the big-breasted girl can be Juggs, then surely I could choose to be Godzilla Bumperballs!

As Mum went around the table and introduced the girls, she also mentioned their "speciality." Isobel and Heather were lap dancers and strippers but some of the girls just did one or the other and others did pole dancing or PVC dancing; it was certainly an education. As Mum came around to my right, my eyes met a familiar face – it was Ray's sister Jenny.

I almost blurted out her name in surprise, and she looked a lot fuller than I remembered. Mum introduced her as Jessica, the Burlesque dancer and I asked Isobel what Burlesque was. My lover gave a small laugh and went to whisper back when Mum enquired what we were talking about.

I saw Jessica look over at me and Isobel spoke, "he wanted to know what Burlesque was?"

There was a ripple of laughter around the table and I went bright red in horror. "I'll show him later," Jessica promised with a mischievous glint in her eye. "If he's old enough." This caused a few jeers around the table and Mum shook her head with an exasperated expression.

"Moving on," Mum said and continued her tour. She then came to the new rota and said she had hoped she had managed to accommodate every request. She had printed out a copy for everyone and I glanced at the one on my left being held by Isobel, who was working on Monday, Friday and Saturday nights.

"You're going to have a bit more free time," I told her and she smiled.

"I know. I might be working on Thursdays as well though but it's good. I was working too much anyway."

The dancers digested the rota and then Mum spoke again. The Thursday nights were set aside for special events or themed nights and the one the following Thursday was a mud wrestling competition that she needed volunteers for. Isobel's hand shot straight up as did Jessica's and Heather's.

She then announced that on the sixth of the following month the club would be hosting a troupe of male strippers for the female and gay audiences and that all staff were welcome to attend, "on the house as long as the male entertainers go unmolested." This caused some whooping from around the table and Isobel squeezed my hand. "I am so going to that, and you better be waiting for me when I get back," she warned me with a giggle.

Mum also spoke about their new Wednesday nights with burlesque, belly dancing, pole dancing and performers in PVC, Rubber, Latex and a heavily tattooed and pierced Gothic dancer. Mum said she hoped it would be "something different" and get a different set of clients into the club but I was watching Jessica. I wondered if Ray knew his sister was working here.

The meeting finished and I weaved through the chairs to get to my friend's sister. She had not worked an evening at the club yet and didn't have any wages to pay in, but I wanted to speak to her before she left. She agreed to chat and we waited until the club had emptied; I had given my cheque to Abi to pay in with a paying-in slip when we sat down and got a drink.

Ikenna and Mum gave me suspicious looks but we retreated to a booth out of prying eyes and ears. "It's good to see you again," I said and she nodded.

"You too"

"You look well, great," I told her and she smiled shaking her long blonde hair out of her face.

"You look good yourself," she told me and I smiled nervously.

"Yeah, Isobel bought me some clothes. Says I mustn't dress like a teenager."

"But you are ..."

"I know. Isobel says I mustn't look like one though."

Jessica grinned. "So you two close then?" I nodded and she looked at Mum and Ikenna on the other side of the club. "So you want to know if Ray knows?" She asked pre-empting my question.

"Well, yes." I answered, hesitating at first.

She grinned. "Are you going to tell him if I haven't?"

I leant back and eyed her. She had a mysterious quality about her, and while Ray was my friend (of sorts), it wasn't really his business. "I'm not going to ring him up and tell him but if he asks I won't not tell him. Unless you ask me not to."

"Ask or make it worth your while?" She asked coldly with raised eyebrows but I shook my head.

"No, ask. I am not the blackmailing type. That's Rhea!" I joked.

She pouted for a moment. "He doesn't know. And I don't want him to. I didn't know you would be here today, I didn't know you worked here to be honest."

"I've only recently started," I admitted.

"Well that will explain why you don't know what Burlesque is," the young dancer told me with a smile.

I hummed for a moment. "Didn't you promise to show me?" I teased and her face lit up.

"Maybe. I do need to practice more than once a week, but it'll be like dancing for my little brother," she avowed with a hesitant look. I rubbed my hands and stared at the blonde girl, thinking of how to respond.

"Little brother?" I asked. "I know I have known you for awhile but I've always thought you had a lovely figure." She beamed at my flattery.

"Yes, I saw you ogling me in the Summer when I used to sunbathe. More times than you will care to admit." I blushed at this and shrugged. "It's OK. I never minded. It was always so discreetly done, but I saw you."

I fidgeted uncomfortably and changed the subject. "So Burlesque? You do it at Uni?"

Jessica gave a wry smile. "There is an exotic dancing troupe in Warwick and I joined. It's good fun." I nodded, not quite sure what to say so Jessica looked at my surprised expression. "But please don't tell Ray. He's so, boring. Only Mum knows, and you now. He won't understand."

"I'm not going to run off to him and tell him. To be honest, he is barely speaking to me at the moment. His new girlfriend doesn't like me much," I told her and she looked almost relieved.

"So what is his new girlfriend like? I went back to Uni in April and he was going steady with Rosie, come back and he is going out with someone else. Never thought he would go through 'em that quickly."

I grinned. "Well Donna is a bit like Rhea, only more gobby and less violent," my baby sisters' little game with the Tabasco still at the forefront of my memory.

"Wow!" Jessica replied, chortling. "That's ..."

"... not a great mix."

"So why doesn't she like you?"

I paused for a moment, and then realised that Ray would probably tell her anyway if I didn't, so recounted the fateful trip to the White Lion with Ray, Astrid and Donna followed by Sarah's dinner party and Jessica had an uneasy smirk. "I know I was quite a bit of a cock," I summarised, "on both occasions but Donna has made up her mind she doesn't like me and there is little I can do to change her mind."

"You can't like everyone," Jessica suggested and then downed the last of the lemonade. "So please, not a word to Ray about the club," she asked for the third time.

"Of course not," I snapped. "I promise."

"Thanks, Andy," she said as she left the booth. "Oh and I will show you burlesque, one day. I promise."

Andy? Shouldn't that be Mr Bumperballs!

* * * * *

It was tough getting used to calling and thinking of Abi as Isobel in the club but nowhere else. When I called her to get her attention, or when I spoke about her, I had to not call her Abi but instead Isobel, until we were in the flat and she had to be Abi and not Isobel unless we were at her flat around Angela in which case she could be either. It was confusing but ever so slightly intriguing. Hence, Jessica was a Burlesque dancer full of seductive charm and wild intentions. Jenny was my friend's big sister, strictly off-limits and not to be the target of carnal thoughts in the slightest (well, at least not admitted to, anyway). It was almost schizophrenic in nature and as much as I tried to rationalise it, I just failed.

It seemed unnecessarily confusing, and as I wondered if I could consider other friends differently in different settings so that they take on different personalities and become different people, I realised that Abi was not the only one. Sarah around me was a flirtatious, confident and even girlfriend-like but with Kevin she became staid and subservient to him, and nothing more than a friend to me. She was leading a double life too and I wondered if I need to give her a pseudonym as well. What name would I choose?

Abi transformed from the seductive and naked Isobel into the horny and naked Abi at 2am the following morning and slid into my bed.

"We really should stop meeting like this," she teased and I grinned. "The amount of time

you spend you spend in my room, I should charge you rent," I taunted her and she squeezed my flanks that caused me to yelp.

"Then I shall charge for services rendered," Abi replied, and snuggled up to me. I sniffed and felt her warm body, running my hands over her elegant hips but she yawned. "Tomorrow," she promised. "I am tired."

* * * * *

I set about finding a hotel in Cambridge but as Mum did not have a Cambridgeshire Hotel directory or a Yellow Pages for that region, I went to the local library after Abi had left for home and leafed through their copy in the reference section. I selected four hotels based on their star rating and the fact that the adverts looked good. Our trip was less than four days away and although we had been and bought our rail tickets, I had been decidedly lacklustre over arranging accommodation.

Rhea had helpfully highlighted the park on the Road Atlas we had in the flat for me, but this was no laughing matter and despite her glee that we might be spending it under the stars, it was a very real possibility.

I returned home at gone 2pm and rang the first number on my list, to find that the Anchor Hotel was undergoing renovation and my second phone call revealed the Horse and Carriages was full. The small boutique hotel had a space but this was a double room and the Castletown Road Inn was not answering the phone.

Mum smiled at me as I put the phone down in frustration. "How do you know if those hotels are any good?"

I shrugged. "I don't. But the adverts looked nice," I replied and she reached down the side of the sofa for her red filofax. She leafed through it and passed it over to me.

"When I was in Cambridge for a trade conference last year, a fellow delegate recommended it. Try it," she told me and I dialled the number. Mum went out to make a drink and the Roseberry Garden Lodge had one twin room available for the following Wednesday, at a cost of £65 a night, but this included breakfast. They offered, for an additional £15 to have a bottle of wine added to the room, and so I instinctively arranged it for an evening delivery and promised to send a cheque to cover my reservation by first class post.

"Sorted?" Mum asked when she back and I thanked her, passing her filofax back to her. "Good. Just make sure you don't do anything stupid. I am trusting you," she warned and I immediately felt a little guilty about the wine.

Mum wrote out a cheque and told me that she would be deducting it from my wages the following week, and I had just sealed it up in an envelope when the 'phone went.

Rhea teased the person on the end of the line and I guessed it was probably Sarah with the gleeful looks she was giving me. "Oh, he is just coming over," she said. "He's stark bollock naked and he's definitely been thinking about you. I can see the ..."

"Thank you Rhea," I said, snatching the handset from her.

"Hi," a slightly breathless Sarah answered. "Do you want to go to the cinema?" She asked.

"Yeah, see what?"

"I don't know yet. But you aren't going to lose it, are you?"

I sighed. "No. What time?"

"Mum and Dad want to leave now," she told me. "Can you get dressed and be at the cinema in twenty minutes."

"I am dressed," I moaned. "It's Rhea teasing!"

"Oh," Sarah muttered, almost disappointed. "OK, see you in twenty."

* * * * *

Sarah and I returned a few minutes after we said we would. We had seriously underestimated the amount of local adverts the cinema would show at the beginning of the film and this added over half an hour to the running time. This meant that, at the height of Summer, we had to sprint through the town to get to my flat as soon as possible.

We burst through the doors at the bottom of the stairs and ran up to the lounge to be met with a quite horrific sight: Rhea was talking to Sarah's parents. Alone.

"Hi bro," she called out mischievously when we got to the lounge.

"Hi Mum. Dad," Sarah called out. "I'm not pregnant"

"And I'm not her girlfriend. Sorry ... boyfriend," I added.

Sarah's parents looked at each other in confusion. "Are you OK, honey?" Her mum asked.

"Yeah, fine." Sarah responded. Her hair clinging to her sweaty face. "What's Rhea been saying?"

"She has quite an imagination" I added as way of an explanation. "And she is always causing some sort of trouble. She's like that."

"I am here you know," she told me, indignantly, sweeping back her long brown hair. Mum arrived with four tall glasses of lemonade, having missed the previous exchange and looked inquisitively at us standing in the door frame, panting furiously.

"You better not be pregnant," her dad told her, having not taken his eyes off of the young girl holding my hand.

"I'm not pregnant!" she wailed.

"Andy, is there something you two wish to tell us?" Mum asked and Rhea smirked.

"OK. Has Rhea said that Sarah is pregnant?"

"No I haven't!" cried my little sister. "Although it was a very quick denial, bro. Is there something ..."

I shut my eyes and gave a titter. "I think we might just have dug ourselves a bit of a hole here. Shall we get cleaned up?" I asked Sarah and we left Sarah's parents to have their drinks in peace. With Mum; and Rhea.

Why did the women in my life make it so bloody complicated?

It took ten minutes to kiss, get cleaned up, kiss again and then go back downstairs. Sarah might not have been my girlfriend, but she was a pretty good imitation.

"I have been meaning to ask you," Sarah said as we were about to go downstairs. "Did you mean it when you said you wanted to photograph me naked?"

I chuckled. "Of course, but developing it is going to be a problem." Sarah looked disappointed but I promised her I would see what I could do; I just needed a way to get the film developed.

When we returned, Mum and Angela were busy conversing about business while Rhea was chatting to Sarah's dad about a film she probably shouldn't have watched. "Are you ready?" Angela asked to Sarah who was still holding my hand.

"Yeah. Mum. Andy and I were thinking. My football practice finishes at seven on Tuesday and it is only round the corner. Could I stay the night here please?"

Sarah's parents looked at each other for help. "Well. Have you asked Grace?"

"Andy thinks it's fine, we talked in the cinema."

"I'm sure he does. Have you asked Grace?"

"Grace, is it OK if I ..."

"Of course it is. You're always welcome here," Mum answered before Sarah had finished.

"If your parents don't mind. But we have had a chat, and when the Guest Bedroom is free we think it'll be a good idea for you to use that."

Sarah squeezed my hand and I nodded. "Sure, she says I snore anyway."

"Just think. All that peace and quiet," Rhea muttered. "that I won't be getting on Tuesday evening unless, can Simon stay?"

"No."

"But I promise to be clothed throughout"

"No."

"But ..."

"No."

"Ah, bollocks to you!"

"Rhea. Upstairs. Now," Mum barked and my sister sulked off.

"Not fair," she screeched from the landing.

* * * * *

I finished working in the club by one and Mum was sat on a chair with a lemonade, talking to Ikenna. They didn't even bother to check my work anymore as they knew I was doing a good job and Ikenna beckoned me to get a drink before leaving. He got up as I approached the table and I sat down.

Mum put her paperwork away and I approached a slightly delicate subject. "When you were asking me about Sarah in the kitchen last week, was that for your benefit, or for Angela?" I asked and Mum laughed awkwardly.

"Why?"

"Because Sarah turns up later that week and her mum doesn't mind that we are sharing a room. Something must have happened."

"That's, um, a private conversation between myself and Angela," Mum replied with steely determination.

"OK. Well I've been thinking about it and I have a theory," I said with a grin and Mum smiled.

"I thought you might have. Go on, let's hear it."

I hesitated and rubbed my chin for a moment. "Well, I think when you and Angela originally spoke you promised that you would find out what happened, which you did and phoned her while Rhea and I was there. But then you got thinking and probed a little deeper. I admit, I probably was too ... open ... so you spoke to Angela and told her what I said. Now Angela must be very concerned about Sarah or else she would not have asked a virtual stranger to find out what's going on. But then something else occurred to me."

Mum shot me a quizzical look and I continued.

"How many sixteen year olds are allowed to share their bed knowingly with not one but two

girls? Not many, so there has to be a reason.”

“Could it be that I have known you for sixteen years and think that, normally, you are responsible beyond your years? Perhaps I am happy to let you act like an adult and make your own choices and mistakes? Or could it be that as a teenager I was living away from home and making those choices anyhow?” Mum asked. “But if you think that you can't be trusted I can always review that decision,” she continued with a wry smile. I ignored this threat and persisted recalling my hypothesis.

“With Abi it is clear. She is vulnerable and you like the idea of her being with us rather than on her own. And you know we get on well and Abi is older and more mature. But with Sarah it is not so clear cut. It's the exact opposite. She is younger, more impulsive and irrational and isn't vulnerable. Unless there is something else about her, or her family. What? Angela must have said something about Sarah that means you don't mind us being together.”

I looked at Mum and she shook her head. “Nice imagination, but no cigar this time”

I downed the last of my drink and got up. “I can ask Sarah why her Mum is worried about her. She'll know,” I said and walked away.

“Andy!” Mum called and I looked back. “Don't ask Sarah,” she told me firmly and I held my arms out.

“Tell me then,” I asked and she looked around the room.

“Why?”

“Because I want to know,” I told her and walked back to the table. “And I should know.”

Mum gestured for me to sit down and I sat back in the chair I had just vacated. “First off, Angela and I do know each other. We are both members of the Chamber of Commerce and both work in the Hospitality arena so I have met her and do know her through that. I didn't know Sarah or her family but I did know her. Now, as you guessed that conversation was for Angela and William not me but you have to understand that Sarah's mum is very worried about Sarah.”

“Why?”

Mum tapped the side of her glass for a moment and breathed deeply. “After we spoke, I invited Angela here for a glass of wine that Thursday afternoon. She said she saw you in town, but you were distracted. She wondered if you would guess she was coming here, but you didn't ask me that night so I guess you didn't. We sat down I explained what was said and she was quite upset, as you can imagine. So we had another drink and explained that she was concerned that Sarah would follow in her, well do something stupid and run away from home at sixteen or seventeen.”

“Why would she do that? I mean, she only came to the next town to see a friend, was hardly running across the country to join the circus, was it?” I replied flippantly and Mum shot me a look.

“Well you know I left home at sixteen and ran away across Europe in the end, and that was caused by a row with my mother. Hormonally charged sixteen year old girls don't always make the right choices, Andy, particularly when there are boys around.” She peered over her glass and smirked. “And that's true for sixteen year old boys when they are chasing girls.” I squirmed in my seat a little at this and ignored the pointedness of the comment.

“But so far, she hasn't said she is going to run off at all. She had a row, I don't get why she thinks Sarah will want to flee across the country or Europe. There is something else, isn't there?”

“She was also upset that Sarah had not told her what you told me and thinks Kevin is controlling her. I must say, I agree, although your commentary of her relationship was a little biased, to say the least.”

I took a deep breath. “Nothing untrue in what I said.”

Mum nodded and played with her wooden beaded necklace hanging down between her breasts. “I told her that you and Sarah had shared a room that night but you had told me, and also Abi, that nothing had happened, and we had a nice long chat about you, and Sarah, and you and Sarah.”

“There is no me and Sarah” I told her and she nodded.

“I know, but Sarah's mum is at the moment very concerned about her and this Kevin thing isn't helping. She doesn't think she will listen if she tries to talk to her. So she wants to know what you are like. You two have got extremely close over the past few weeks,” she looked at me and waved her finger at me, “there is no point denying it, Andy we've both noticed. And Angela's noticed a change in Sarah as well. You have got close and that's not a bad thing. I don't suppose you've spoken to Sarah about the day she got home after turning up here?”

I shrugged. “I didn't think so. Sarah, instead of arguing that day was, according to her mum, genuinely remorseful and upset with herself. She came back and apologised, and neither Angela nor William were expecting it as they thought all hell was going to break loose. They thought Sarah was one step away from walking out of that door, so they think you must be a good influence on her, but what with your relationship with Abi.”

“There is no me and Abi!”

Mum looked at me, wide-eyed. “Really? You might not be dating but you don't exactly have a conventional friendship, do you?”

I agreed and she continued, “anyway, combined with your relationship with Abi, it just complicates things for us. Angela just wants Sarah to be safe and to be happy and she doesn't want to see her hurt.”

“I'm not going to hurt her but there is no me and Sarah for her to get involved with and there is no me and Abi for her to get jealous about.”

Mum raised her eyebrows. “There is a you and Abi and there is a you and Sarah. You have unorthodox friendships with both of them, which is fine. I've had them too over the years, your father was one for awhile but at your age and what's gone on with Sarah beforehand, it complicates things, for both of us.”

“So that's why we aren't sharing a room anymore?”

Mum breathed deeply. “There is more to it than that, but in essence, yes. Angela would prefer to know who you are before her sixteen year old daughter sleeps over on a regular basis in your bed. And we don't think she should be doing it while she has a boyfriend anyway.”

I shrugged. “Oh, didn't you tell her all about me then? I mean, she told you about Sarah.”

Mum smiled. “It's that biased commentary you gave about Kevin and Sarah, I gave about you. Angela needs to see what you are like for herself not hear it from your mother. But I told her about you and Paula, and you and Abi and what you were like. She wanted to know.”

I scowled in annoyance. “Isn't that a bit private?”

Mum smiled. “You don't have that many skeletons in your closet. Well not yet anyway. But despite the Abi complication, she still prefers Sarah to spend time with you than Kevin and

we both trust you two not to do something you would both regret. Or more to the point, we trust you not to do something with Sarah that Sarah will regret." Mum flashed me a smile and I felt guilty. Sarah was certainly not regretting her transgressions but I was.

"But," I started and Mum looked at me out of the corner of her eye.

"Anyway," she continued, ignoring my comment. "Angela got a taxi back but I asked her if Sarah could come and we would drop her off if she wished but she said she could stay the night if Sarah wanted. She needs to repair her relationship with her daughter and trust her a bit more, but knows that I would keep an eye on her if she is here and you won't take advantage."

I bit my lip. I was shocked and the level of scheming between my Mum and Angela was far more extensive than I had even begun to believe.

"It's tough when you have children. You look at them and want them to be independent and happy but at the same time be safe and you don't want to let them down. One day, you will understand, but I have told you this and I do not expect Sarah to be told," Mum warned.

"How can you expect me to keep this to myself? Sarah should know what her parents have been up to?"

Mum shot me a fiery look. "Andy, you have been told something in confidence. You have a responsibility to keep it to yourself." I hummed and she repeated her warning with me lost in thought.

"Hang on, you said you ran away across Europe when you were sixteen. You've not told me this before?" I asked, the confession only just registering.

Mum smiled. "No. I haven't." She looked at my vacant look and smirked. "And I have no intention of telling you what happened, either."

"Why?"

"Because it's private and you don't need to know"

I turned and she shot me a look to indicate that the conversation was over. "It sucks being an adult at times, doesn't it?" she murmured at me and I snorted.

It did indeed.

Chapter XI

The last weekend in July was baking and cleaning the club was airless and unbearable. The mini-heatwave had exploded into sweltering conditions and I was tempted to clean the club naked. Mum didn't object to me doing it topless and Susie, the tattooed barmaid blew me kisses as I finished on Saturday.

I was not joined by Abi at all during the weekend, she was having some quiet time with Angela and I didn't want to invade her space by turning up at her flat unannounced. Sarah was doing family things and I couldn't reach Ray so was stuck in the flat with Rhea.

Rhea had recently applied for a paper round and had been out at the newsagents for an "interview," which consisted of them trying to work out if she was reliable and honest. I could have saved them the trouble if they were allowed to ask siblings, but strangely this was not a selection technique they employed.

Although she denied it, Mum went on a date. She made sure we were OK on Saturday night, got dressed up and tried to slip out of the flat unseen but both Rhea and I saw her. She didn't mention it the following day and I didn't bring it up, although Rhea made a few rather pointed comments that were not responded to.

I don't quite know what I expected. I presumed that they ended up at the club for a drink but as neither Abi or Angela were working I could not ask to find out. It was, however, none of my business and I resolved myself with addressing the things that were – namely Sarah and our orgasms.

Sarah was not convinced that she should tell her mother that we had messed around with each other, and even I was not convinced myself but I reasoned that we were trusted and it could be viewed that we did break that trust, of sorts. I knew that it would come out eventually and wanted to discuss the matter on our terms. (Well, my terms.)

Sarah was rather embarrassed about the idea of confessing to her parents that she was sexually active with one of her friends and even joked about it on the phone, but Monday came and I travelled to Wendover. There was no other way, and Sarah should not be doing this on her own. She grumbled about my insistence but knew I was right deep-down.

Sarah met me at the door and we kissed briefly and nervously. "You ready?" I asked and she looked at me exasperated.

"Still insistent on telling her?" she asked me and I nodded. "We could just forget it and go for a walk to Wendover," she suggested with a sultry look but I shook my head.

"It's the best way. They need to know," I told her and she looked nervous. We had planned to travel back afterwards and tell my Mum the same thing but now that we were about to do the deed, our plans seemed scary.

She shook her head. "But they might stop me from seeing you," Sarah wailed and looked at me with big puppy-dog eyes. "You know what they said about Kev."

"I don't think so" I replied, dismissively but this was a thought that had crossed my mind. I led her towards the hall to the lounge and we knocked on the door. "Kevin is different, there's deceit and mind-control there."

Sarah's mum was working from home, as she did most Mondays, and had two piles of papers in front of her. She looked up as we came in and loitered near the doorway.

"Mum," Sarah called and Angela looked up. "There's something we need to tell you."

Angela dropped her pen onto her lap and stared at her daughter for a moment, her eyes flickering with concern. "You better not be pregnant."

"No I am not pregnant," Sarah answered indignantly. "Why does everyone keep thinking I am pregnant?" she asked and I shrugged. "Am I really putting on weight?" I gave a nervous laugh and squeezed her hand in reassurance. Angela apologised. "Andy and I ... we ... we fooled around when I stayed at his house," Sarah blurted out, looking at the floor.

Angela smirked. "I know. Grace told me."

"How?" I asked instinctively.

"On the phone," Angela joked and I stared at her.

"I mean, I never told her."

Angela smiled and gestured for us to sit down on the sofa opposite. "You didn't need to tell her, she knew."

"We weren't that loud, were we?" Sarah asked me and her mother laughed.

"When you have children you will understand. Now, I presume you are both OK as you are both here telling me with silly looks on your faces."

Sarah nodded and gripped my hand. "Yeah, I'm fine."

Angela looked at me for an answer as well and I nodded.

"And what about Kevin?" her Mum asked and Sarah winced slightly.

Her voice went cold, "what about him?" Her mum raised her eyebrows. "When he can behave like my boyfriend, I'll behave like his girlfriend" Sarah told her and she smirked.

"And Andy, what about Abi?"

"She isn't my girlfriend," I replied a bit too quickly and she raised her eyebrows at me.

"Well, as long as it is what you both want and you are being careful," she told us and looked back down at her work.

"We didn't have sex," Sarah replied and her mum smiled.

"I know, Grace told me." I sighed in exasperation. Angela put her work down again and leant forward to speak to us. "Grace and I have chatted about you two. We are both a bit surprised as it has both come out of nowhere. Sarah, you had or have Kevin and Andy you were chasing Abi. So we don't know what's made it happen but you seem happy in each others' company but ..."

Sarah looked at me and smiled. "We are."

"... but you both need to decide what you want. Sarah, either you want to be with Kevin or not, and if not you need to tell him and if you do, you need to tell Andy. And you need to tell Kevin what's gone on between you."

Sarah looked at her mother. "I sort of want both of them but they both have big flaws, so as much as I like them, I dunno." Her mother asked her daughter to elaborate. "Andy is too aggressive when he rows with people. He just loses it and it scares me. I've asked him to calm down but he, umm, won't, but he makes me happy. Really happy. Kev doesn't so much, well not any more. And he doesn't treat me with any dignity or respect but he is my first love and has always meant so much to me. But you've banned me from seeing him."

Her mother looked at Sarah for a moment and then me. "I have not said you can't see him, I have said you can't see him until you can be trusted. And Andy, who is it, Sarah or Abi?"

I shrugged, still digesting what Sarah had just said. "Well as neither of them want to be with me I don't have a choice."

Angela pursed her lips at me and raised her eyebrows but I felt nervous; I felt as though I had given the wrong answer but she rubbed her temples as she thought. "Oh really. Grace told me quite a little story about you and Abi. Unless you two decide what you want, one or both of you will get hurt as well as Abi and Kevin."

"We are just friends," Sarah implored and her Mum waved her hand at us.

"So the other day when Andy came around to apologise with the flowers, what happened? I know something did Sarah because your duvet was washed and pegged out to dry!" Sarah and I both looked sheepish and her mum snorted. "So you are not just friends and Sarah you are cheating on your boyfriend. How would you feel if he did that to you?"

Sarah sighed and her mum told us to think about what she had just said. As Sarah and I left the room, she thanked us for telling her. "What just happened?" Sarah asked as I closed the door behind me.

I shook my head. "Out of everything I thought might happen. That wasn't it," I admitted and gave Sarah a brief kiss.

Sarah and I chatted in her kitchen as Sarah made herself lunch and then ate it. Sarah was a little annoyed that I still hadn't made the effort to see Ray and I gave my dismissive Gallic shrug of the shoulders when I was being told something I didn't want to hear.

It seems that Donna had told Sarah that she was never going to be in my company again, which seemed a little melodramatic and extremely petty and unless I made some sort of amends with Ray, Sarah thought I would end up losing a friendship.

I wasn't so sure, Ray and I had been friends for years and I knew it would take something a bit more than a row with his girlfriend to change that but I was busy with Abi, Sarah and Zoe at the moment and Ray had Donna to occupy him. It would change when we were in College and in the same classes but any moves to establish cordial relations could wait until September.

* * * * *

"Mum," I called as I entered the dimly-lit club and she poked her head out from the bar. "How did you know what Sarah and I were up to the other night?" I asked and she smirked.

"I was sixteen once you know," she said as I walked up to her closing a till and then picking up a laminated card.

"Yes I know that but why did you tell Angela if you knew? Sarah and I were going to do it, but you had already beaten us to it."

"I know. Angela just told me. She rang me an hour ago."

"Ahhhhh," I cried as I buried my head in my hands. "Why?"

"Because she thought it was quite cute that you both turned up to tell her hand-in-hand and then seemed genuinely shocked that I knew what my child and his girlfriend were up to."

I hummed and spluttered. "She is not my girlfriend and we were discreet. You weren't supposed to know."

Mum grinned. "You weren't discreet Andy; when you play with her she is definitely not quiet and even Rhea knew what you were up to. No wonder you waited for Angela to leave her house the other day."

"I give up," I said theatrically and turned to leave.

"So, by the way, was I not going to get told by you and Sarah holding hands with silly

grins?" Mum teased. "I was looking forward to that."

"Yes, after we had told Angela. But you knew so there didn't seem much point in Sarah travelling to Aylesbury. Well I thought we should tell you after that chat we had the other day."

Mum hummed at me and gave a weak smile. "Well it is a bit late if Angela or I objected to you two messing around and I am not totally comfortable with Sarah staying just so you could get your end away."

"It wasn't like that! But it would have seemed a bit silly if Sarah and I had turned up naked downstairs in front of Oliver's parents and I asked for permission if I could go down on her?" I said facetiously.

Mum laughed. "I suppose so. But Angela is right, you two need to make up your minds what you both want or someone will get hurt."

I nodded. "I know but it is not up to me. Neither Sarah or Abi want to date me so I can't do anything. And anyway, the only person who would get hurt at the moment would be Kevin, and to be honest, I don't care too much about that."

Mum's smile evaporated and she looked at me. "So you think that Kevin and Sarah having problems or splitting up won't hurt Sarah and you won't feel guilty?" I stammered a little. "As I said, face up to all the consequences or learn to behave yourself. There are always consequences to every action you make. Don't forget that, either of you."

* * * * *

I ambled over to the playing fields the following day after dinner to meet Sarah. She was changed into the red and black football kit that she wore and blew me a kiss.

"Hey Andy," a voice from behind me called and I looked up to see a face from the past come running over.

"Oh, hiya Mark. How's things?" I asked. He gave me a weird handshake and asked after Rhea, Mum and myself.

"You see that girl over there, with the long ponytail," Mark said pointing over to a girl sprinting past everyone. "I live with her mother. Amy she is, and she's got a cracking pass on her."

I gave a grin. Mark didn't appear to be the sort of guy who could settle down and have children, I think he liked the idea of a ready-made family, but one where there were no ties. It seemed an almost futile existence and looking at him as a sixteen year old, he didn't look anything like the same guy who was in our flat four years previous.

"You local?" I asked and he grinned.

"Still got the same boozier as before."

"And the car?"

"Traded that. Got a Jaguar now." He pointed to a flash red car in the car park.

"Nice. And you letting Amy with her muddy boots get in your car?" I asked and he chuckled.

"Hell no. She's taking 'em off. Anyway where is Rhea?"

"I'm not here for Rhea. I'm here for Sarah," I admitted and he gave me a sly grin as I pointed out my friend do a slide tackle on Jodie.

"I thought that girl next door was your bird last time I heard?"

"She moved to Bournemouth," I answered quickly and not correcting him about Sarah.

“Shame.”

We chatted for a bit and I kept looking away to watch Sarah. It seemed weird to talk to him again but before too long Sarah had finished and she changed into her trainers and she walked back to the flat with her overnight bag, her clothes full of mud. Sarah asked who I was talking to and I explained about Mark as she seemed genuinely interested.

She smirked as I insisted that she disengage herself from her muddy kit in the lobby at the bottom of the stairs, and had left a plastic bag by the front door in readiness.

She grinned at me and released her wavy hair from a hairband. “I suppose you better strip now as well?”

“I’m not sure my Mum would want to see it,” I reasoned. “And anyway, we are supposed to be deciding what we want not making them worry about us even more.”

“Well have you decided then, what do you want?” Sarah asked, her head cocked to one side and peering at me.

“I got rejected,” I told her. “So what I want doesn't matter, does it?” I replied quickly and with a touch of resentment in my voice. “It’s what you and Abi want. You hold the aces.”

Sarah’s playful look disappeared immediately and I felt guilty. “You don’t ...”

“Go on. Go get in the shower,” I interrupted the muddy, barefoot girl and she trooped upstairs while I put her dirty clothes in the bag and carried them into the lounge.

I felt guilty again. Why did I respond to Sarah like that? I suppose it was up to her to make a decision what she wanted and I couldn’t come between Kevin and her, but it was clear to me that Kevin didn’t love or respect her. Why flog a dead horse? But while my metaphorical Shergar was getting its rear whipped, I was left hanging, unsure of what I should do or feel towards her or anyone.

I couldn’t be angry at Sarah for long; I knew that I stood no chance of being with her unless Kevin and her split up. I poured her a lemonade and dug out a lemon to add a slice, filled the glass with ice-cubes and put the last Vanilla Slice on a plate for her.

This caused my consternation from Rhea who, not only had wanted the cake, but the fact I had made so much effort. “Giving her my cake and a fancy lemonade isn’t going to make her suck your ...”

“Yes thank you Rhea,” I said cutting across her as Sarah came down the stairs in a nightie and dressing gown.

“Hey, princess. Andy is seducing you with a Vanilla Slice. Although that’s not the last creamy...”

I tickled Rhea to stop her mid-sentence and she puffed at me. “I am not ticklish,” she warned and I stuck my tongue out at her and then resumed tickling her.

Rhea was strong and nifty for her age. She was agile and had soon squirmed her way out of my tickling and disappeared upstairs. It was what I wanted, to be alone with Sarah, but our peace was shattered after an hour on the PlayStation when Mum returned and sent us to bed, in separate rooms.

Oh, the injustice.

* * * * *

We got up at a reasonable hour; I was travelling with Zoe to Cambridge at 1pm and had to do the club first. I went into the guest bedroom and Sarah treated me to a wonderful, deep blow job and smiled as my sticky semen dribbled out of her mouth. In return I feasted on her clitoris, and stroked her G-Spot, and after a couple of climaxes, Sarah and I cleaned

up and went downstairs.

Rhea gave us dirty looks as we entered the lounge and made a pointed comment that drew a sharp rebuke from Mum. Sarah was happy to talk to me as I cleaned the club and even polished a few tables for me after I cleaned them. We ambled back up the stairs at just gone midday and Mum fixed us some lunch in the flat.

Sarah seemed to be a little distant as we got ready to leave; I wondered if she had wanted to come with us to Cambridge. Zoe had originally asked her before asking me and I suspected that she was feeling jealous.

Zoe knocked and was holding a pink rucksack in the lounge when I came downstairs holding mine.

"Got everything?" Mum asked and I grinned.

"No, I thought I'd leave everything behind and take an empty bag," I replied and Mum shot me a dirty look. "Yeah I got everything."

"Be good, both of you," she said and gestured me over for an unreasonable display of parental affection.

Sarah followed us down to the station and caught the same train to Wendover but she didn't say much, apart from wishing us a good trip as she got off.

Zoe and I sat opposite each other on the train. I had brought a book with me as I guessed Zoe would have done the same, but I didn't read it and instead we just made idle chat.

Zoe was relaxed and chatty, and I learnt quite a lot about her family that I didn't know previously, including why her Uncle Neil was ostracised from the family. She had often mentioned him as she was growing up as a threat her Mum would use ("if you keep doing that you'll end up like your Uncle Neil") but it was only recently she found out what her mothers' brother had done.

He worked in pornography, and had done so since he was eighteen producing hardcore material. In the 1980s he was arrested for obscenity and Zoe thought he did some jail time but wasn't certain. I chuckled at this but Zoe was not amused by him, and instead of talking about him like he was a black sheep, she thought of him as a pariah.

Zoe's mother grew up in a vicarage and her grandfather was vicar in London, so it was no surprise they found the work Neil did so abhorrent. I couldn't help but suppress a grin when I considered what the Matheson's would really make of everything that went on inside the nightclub.

We arrived at Cambridge station and walked through the town towards our accommodation for the night. I had copied a rough map from the road atlas and after only two wrong turnings and three pleas from strangers for help, we arrived at the small hotel.

The receptionist was an old gentleman and smiled the moment he saw me. "You must be Mr and Mrs Williams," he said and I gave Zoe a squeeze of the hand before she could correct him. I certainly didn't look old enough to be married, but it suited us for them to believe it especially with the alcohol I had ordered.

"How did you know?" Zoe asked, almost confirming the "marriage" in his mind and he smiled.

"We have sixteen rooms but only two arrivals scheduled for today. The other couple arrived twenty minutes ago so you must be Mr and Mrs Williams," he explained and Zoe gave a tentative nod. "I see the room has been paid for, but I need to swipe a credit card for the bar."

"We aren't using the bar," I replied quickly and Zoe nodded but the man hummed. "And I

don't have a credit card with me.”

“Well I will need a deposit of £100 then. We will return that to you but it is in our booking terms and conditions.”

I sighed and Zoe squeezed my hand. I felt that I was being railroaded into handing out money to the hotel. I took my wallet out and looked at him. “I will get this back tomorrow?” I asked and he nodded. I told Zoe to sit down on the chairs in the lobby while I sorted payment.

I passed my Solo card to him and he looked at his screen. “Also sir, the wine you ordered is not available, so I will have to charge an additional five pounds for the replacement. It's a three year old vintage sir, very fruity, and it is the one litre bottle.”

I groaned at him and asked him to ensure that the wine was chilled and in my room at 9.30pm with two glasses, before allowing him to charge £105 onto my debit card. This took money direct from my bank account but there was more than enough to cover it and I would get it back a few hours later anyway.

Zoe and I walked up to room five that had a nice view over a park and was spacious. We had a little en-suite peach bathroom on our right as we entered the room and a small wardrobe directly opposite, that we would not use and a large desk. Two single beds, no more than a foot apart was over a picture of a black horse galloping through some marshland.

“So I'm married now?” Zoe asked as I put my rucksack down on the bed nearest the door.

“I booked it as Mr Williams,” I replied defensively and Zoe was grinning. “I never said I was married.”

“I won't tell Mum what they have called us, she might just do one,” she warned and commented on the artwork above us as beautiful.

Zoe and I had showers, separately, and got changed. I had brought with me just some jeans and T-Shirt with a black shirt to cover my arms if it was cold.

Zoe wore a light gray vest top with short pale denim dungarees and I gave her a grin as she put a lightweight coat over her. “What?”

“Oh nothing,” I answered her dismissively. I did not want to tell Zoe that she looked sexy, she would be embarrassed, but there was a genuine authentic look that oozed “girl next door” and made me lick my lips. I shuddered; two months ago I would have never have thought of Zoe as sexy, what were my hormones doing?

We got a burger each from the fast food restaurant a few doors down from the hotel, and then made the few minutes walk to the venue – a large hall belonging to one of the newer Colleges – that was alive with garish posters. It was a reasonably modern building and my expectations of an imposing Tudor building with black timbered struts, a grand fireplace and battle-scarred gatehouse were somewhat inaccurate.

Zoe held my hand as we walked up the long drive, and the music and noise grew louder. We presented our tickets to a young gentleman in a bright yellow T-Shirt who returned our stub. There was a handful of people queueing alongside us and a few groups of teenagers on the other side of the temporary fencing that had been erected for the event.

“Anyone you know,” I said somewhat facetiously but Zoe surveyed the crowd.

“Possibly, I went on a camp last year, you know the one in Stevenage, and I reckon Sandra and Evie would definitely be interested. You'd like Sandra, she big boobs for a fourteen year old and was very much like Sarah.”

I groaned. “I have not come to Cambridge to find a girlfriend,” I told her and she grimaced

before holding my hand again. We walked past the groups of people and outside tables and chairs to the foyer of the hall. It was busy, but not packed, a couple of hundred teenagers milling around the stands and displays.

I noticed that the proportion of female to male attendees was around three to one in my favour, and was particularly taken by a lovely black-haired girl wearing a floral dress. Zoe read my mind and tickled my side. "I thought you weren't looking."

Unfortunately, half of the girls dressed very conservatively, that did little to enhance or accentuate their figures. While I did not come to a Christian event to admire and ogle it seemed almost wasteful for good looking girls to be so covered up.

A large stall had the initials WWJD over the top and I asked Zoe what this meant. He was selling bracelets and pendants with the initials and seemed to be attracting a large crowd. "What would Jesus do?" Zoe replied and I stared at her for a moment, comprehending her response.

"Pardon?"

"It's a question, what would Jesus do? It's to remind you to make the correct choices in life." I hummed. "Obviously you would know nothing about that!"

"Have you brought me here to lecture me?" I asked and she spluttered a denial. "Well don't then!"

We walked past the "Glad not to be gay!" merchandise stall, although the overwhelming majority of the vendors were not peddling questionable goods, and I was almost pleased to notice that the more extreme elements attracted the least amount of custom.

The band on stage consisted of one Gothic-looking girl on the vocals and a couple of long-haired guys behind and they struck out an upbeat and up tempo rhythmic song that echoed around the hall. Zoe stayed close to me but bounced along the music.

The Gothic band turned into a pop duo and then a weird Operatic ensemble before Zoe wanted to go to the toilet. Why she needed me to go outside the hall with her, I will never know!

"Are you part of the queue?" A soft, female voice asked from behind me. I looked around and replied that I wasn't and was awaiting for my "partner" to rejoin me from the toilets, the correct word escaping from my thoughts as I daydreamed.

"I saw her, she is very pretty," the girl replied and I turned around completely to face her. She stood leaning against the wall, her head cocked to one side. She had soft facial features, her smile framed by long, straight hair that glided to the top of her breasts.

"She is, but is only a friend," I replied and looked at her soft eyes, which she averted and looked down at my clothes. I took the opportunity to admire her body, she had a well-developed bosom and was wearing a short, very short brown summer dress with pastel green and white flowers. "And you're not so bad, yourself."

She smiled and flashed her teeth before stammering, "My boyfriend never saw it that way."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "I guess I wasn't his type. We got tickets together but he hasn't bothered to show up. We said we'd remain friends, but I don't know." I sensed a despair and disappointment in her voice that and felt sorry for her. She crossed her arms and looked down at the floor for a moment.

"You on your own then?"

She nodded. "Yeah. I was hoping I'd meet someone else that I know but there isn't so I

might go home soon.”

“You local?” I asked

“Waterbeach.” I stared at her blankly and she chuckled. “You're not local then. It's five mile up the road.”

“Aylesbury. It's fifty-five mile in that direction,” I said waving into the corner of the room and she grinned. “We are staying over in a hotel.”

“I knew you'd be up to something,” a familiar voice said and put her arm around my shoulder.

“Oh hi, this is ...” I paused, I hadn't actually asked her name.

“Laura.”

“Andy. Zoe.”

Zoe put her hand to shake Laura's hand and grinned. “He's nice, but does think with his trousers.”

“I do not,” I told her, slightly annoyed.

“Abi,” Zoe replied instantly and I shook my head smirking.

“She is just a friend. And a special case.” Zoe gave Laura a meaningful glance and I didn't pursue my attempts at clearing the unjustified slur on my good name, but explained to Zoe about Laura being alone. Zoe shot me a glance.

“You want to stay with us?” Zoe asked, and Laura looked at Zoe and my blank expression.

“That'll be great,” she replied enthusiastically and then queued up to buy the drink she was going to do earlier.

“Put your eyes back in,” Zoe whispered as I watched her ass wiggle to the front of the queue. “You are so predictable.”

Zoe, Laura and myself went back into the hall and a more upbeat act started. I enjoyed watching Laura jumping and dancing, her large breasts bounced seductively but Zoe kept shooting me furtive glances. I found the following musical acts much better to listen to, there were less evangelical messages and I am sure some of them were not singing or displaying a religious message at all.

The room started to get warmer as the evening progressed and by 9pm Zoe was ready to leave. The last act had been quite hardcore heavy metal and this was not what either of us were into. We went to bid Laura goodbye, but she said she would walk with us towards the station as the music was not to her taste either.

“So, who is Abi?” Laura asked as we cleared the main gate. “Zoe mentioned her earlier.”

I chortled at her and Zoe smirked at me, knowingly. “She is a friend. Just a special friend.”

Zoe nudged me in the back and Laura grinned. “How special?”

“Pretty special.”

“Am I not special?” Zoe asked and I nodded.

“Oh yeah, you're special, but Abi ...”

“She hides bits of your anatomy in her?” Laura teased and Zoe laughed.

“Yes,” answered Zoe for me. “And it's immoral.”

“Zoe,” I told her exasperatedly. “Mum owns and runs a lap dancing joint, where I work and my friend works as a stripper. Immorality is not my number one concern!”

Laura cooed in appreciation. "Wow! You don't strike me as your average Christian Rock fan."

"It's me that's the fan. Andy is here to escort me."

"Like me and Stu. He is the fan and we were supposed to meet. I'm, well, not the most devout of followers."

I smiled but Zoe noticed and didn't return it. "It's our hotel," she said as we rounded a corner.

Laura looked at her watch and sighed. "Just going to miss it," she moaned and I invited her to the hotel room for a drink. She hesitated and Zoe rolled her eyes, but Laura declined, although Zoe did swap e-mail addresses with her.

We got back to the hotel room and I looked at the bottle of wine in a bucket of ice on the desk. Zoe had gone straight into the toilet and hadn't noticed it, so I took the wine out of the ice and opened the bottle with the corkscrew on my pen knife, before pouring two glasses.

"Oh Andy," Zoe muttered with disapproval. "You know we are not eighteen. It's illegal." I grinned and Zoe rolled her eyes. "I am getting really worried about you. The sex, the anger management, the being barred from pubs and now buying alcohol. What's next? Drugs?"

I tutted; it wasn't the reaction I was hoping for. "I thought it would be nice to come and have a drink when we got back."

"It's illegal, I can't," Zoe replied stubbornly and I groaned.

"Actually, isn't it only illegal to buy it under the age of eighteen. I've done that so you will be fine to drink it. Oh, come on Zoe. Look, I've bought cards as well, or we can go for a walk in Cambridge and come back to the wine later."

Zoe smiled. "No, I want to rest but what else are you into Andy? I feel like you have changed so much in the last couple of months."

I sighed. "Honestly, I am sixteen. It is legal to have sex you know."

Zoe smiled weakly and looked into my eyes. "I know. It's everything else, you promise me you're not doing drugs?"

I tutted and sneered at her. "I am not doing drugs, I've never even touched them. What makes you think I am? I haven't smoked for years when we did it together, it made me violently sick if you remember."

Zoe gave me a smirk, taking the glass of wine from me. "Yes I do remember. I have never seen you so ill."

"Right, so I share the odd bottle of wine with friends and have the odd beer. What is so weird about that?"

Zoe sneezed as the wine bubbles went up her nose and grinned. "Out of all of my friends, it's you and Sarah who are most likely to go off the rails. You do things on the spur-of-the-moment and don't always think about the consequences. Either of you."

"Can we drop this, please? I am not overly comfortable talking about my flaws. Especially with you, who has none," I said and Zoe smiled.

"Sure, you can teach me poker like you promised, three years ago."

I grinned and we sat down on her bed. "Right many different variations of poker, and can be played either straight or as strip poker."

Zoe rolled her eyes at me. "Don't tell me you have ..."

“It was a long time ago. And it was with Paula. And once with Rosie.”

“Rosie? But she is such ...”

“...a cheat. Right, but we will concentrate on normal poker for tonight.”

I took the deck of cards and separated them, doing several ripple shuffles. Zoe watched as I did them slightly open-mouthed and I smiled. I did not think it was impressive but then I was taught how to do it by Mark many moons previous when he taught me a number of card games and I had had plenty of practice since.

I explained about the different hands and wrote them down in order on a piece of paper – Royal flush, straight flush, four of a kind, full house, flush, straight, three of a kind, two pair, pair and then card high. We started off with the Texas Hold'em where we got two cards each and then turned three over, to create a river, but this is more ideally suited when betting and we didn't have chips so we changed to Draw Poker where we each got five cards and swapped up to four of them once.

Zoe soon started to understand the rules, and with only two of us in play, it was inevitable that she would get decent hands regularly and beat me. It helped that I played with an open hand for most of the night and Zoe started enjoying herself.

We chatted amicably and I realised how important Zoe was to me. She was just solid and calm; the only real stable personality in my life given that Paula had left. She wasn't sexually flirtatious or enticing and we enjoyed each others' company without an overriding tension. After Abi and Sarah it was welcome.

She loosened up considerably with the wine but by midnight was tired and yawning, and we went to sleep in separate beds.

* * * * *

I went to bed wearing shorts but the room was airless and stuffy. I remember struggling to get comfortable due to the heat and tossed and turned. I was briefly woken by the sound of Zoe's voice saying something important but I spread out and dismissed it.

Zoe woke me up a few minutes later with a cup of tea and I sat up in bed. I was nude, I must have kicked off my shorts in the night and pushed the covers to one side. I also had my morning erection, probably caused by my dreaming of one of the many girls in my life, who went out of their way to make it difficult, and frantically pulled the covers back over me.

The pyjama-clad Zoe smiled at me and sat down on her bed. The TV has on but the sound was down and she was more interested in me than the box on the wall.

“Yeah, sorry about that,” I said blushing and Zoe grinned.

“It's OK. I did warn you but you were half-asleep and just rolled over to be even more indecent,” she replied.

“Well we don't have many secrets now anymore,” I told her. “And I have seen all my friends naked.”

“You haven't me naked,” Zoe countered and I suppressed a grin. “Mum would go bananas if you had.”

“No, that is true but I have seen Ray and Sarah and Paula naked. And I am more relaxed with nudity than you. I don't have anything special or different from any other guy you've seen.”

Zoe stared at me, and I realised immediately that she hadn't seen another guy with nothing on. I felt guilty for a moment, but also mildly amused. The images of the dancers

many years previous came flooding back but my exposure to Zoe was nothing like that. I got aroused by them and I looked to get sexual gratification. Zoe and I were good friends, with a relationship more akin to brother and sister or cousins. She saw me naked and was probably feeling guilty for looking. She shouldn't do, if it was the other way around and Zoe was asleep naked displaying herself would I stop looking? Of course I couldn't, curiosity is too powerful.

But I could not tell her this. I knew Zoe looked out of curiosity, and probably wanted to touch – not because it was me but because it was a naked person and it piqued her intrigue. I could often tell what Zoe was thinking and she had pangs of anguish and guilt peppered over her face. If I started to discuss it, she would descend into embarrassment and then guilt again. I knew her too well.

We had a cooked breakfast in the hotel after having showers. I was careful to ensure I closed the bathroom door afterwards but did notice Zoe sneaking a peak as I was getting changed. She was persistently curious, if nothing else and I wondered if when she got to eighteen if I could convince her to go to the club with me. Probably not, although I think it would do her good!

* * * * *

“Can I have my hundred pounds back please?” I asked and the receptionist as we checked out of the hotel and she shrugged her shoulders.

“Sorry, I can't do refunds. The manager is back at five,” she responded dismissively and I sighed.

“No. I had leave one hundred pounds behind the till as a deposit for the bar. We didn't use the bar, so can I have it returned. By five, I will be home in Aylesbury,” I made an effort to speak firmly and assertively but without getting aggressive remembering my chats with Sarah and Zoe.

“You can write to us if you don't want to wait for the manager to return then,” she said and looked behind us at the gentleman queueing.

“No. I don't want to write to you. I want my money back. Please,” I said assertively and she looked at Zoe and then myself blankly.

“System says we took a hundred but I can't do refunds. Only the manager can.”

I banged my fist on the counter and could feel the familiar tightness on my shoulders. This got her attention but before I could speak Zoe whispered in my ear. “Can I have the receipt from yesterday?”

I snorted at the receptionist and took the folded A4 sheet of paper from my trouser pocket. Zoe smiled sweetly at the girl behind the desk. “Please, tell me. What is your policy on selling alcohol to underage guests?” Zoe asked grinning and the receptionist licked her lips,.

Looking at myself and then Zoe. “We, well, we don't.”

“Oh it's just that this receipt, can you see this. Take a good look,” Zoe said smiling and showing the girl the paper. “You see that twenty pounds charge. And who paid it?” Zoe asked looking at me and I grinned.

“I did, by cheque and cash. Receipt says so. And well I'll be eighteen at some point in the future.”

The receptionist shifted in her seat and glared at Zoe. “It's irregular but is cash OK, sir?”

“Even better,” I replied, smirking at Zoe and checking the five crisp £20 notes into my wallet.

“Have you been having lessons from Rhea?” I asked her as we left the hotel. I got a playful punch in return.

We walked into Cambridge with our rucksacks and began looking through the shop windows. The station was the other side of Cambridge and we wanted to have lunch in the picturesque town before travelling back to London and onto Aylesbury.

We looked at boutiques and Zoe was keen to try on some clothes, but I didn't mind. I enjoyed her company, she was calm and smooth, gliding elegantly from one emotion to the next. There was no sudden changes in mood, or excitement levels. She was as far from Abi and Sarah as it was possible to be. She was just relaxed and composed at all times; she was, what Mum would call, a good influence.

We pushed open the door to a tiny clothes shop, filled with banners in the windows and situated on a narrow, cobbled side street. I ducked to enter the premises and greeted the middle-aged woman behind the desk while Zoe leafed through some of the dresses.

“What do you think of this one?” Zoe asked. “I think it matches my complexion.”

I looked at the green, floral ball-gown and then at her and shrugged. “Am I really the best person to ask?”

Zoe rolled her eyes. “It's basic simple, oh never mind.”

The woman appeared from behind the desk and began talking to Zoe. I tuned out of the conversation and looked out of the window and then at the lingerie sets in the window. I wondered if I could guess Sarah's or Abi's size, but with the plethora of different numbers and letters meant nothing to me and realised that my chances of getting it right were fairly small. Why couldn't women's underwear just be small, medium and large? Why did women have to make it difficult? All I wanted to do was surprise the two women in my life, and couldn't!

Zoe called me from the corner of the room, and looked at the red lacy lingerie set in my hand. “What's Sarah's size?” I asked and Zoe shrugged.

“How would I know that?”

“Well I dunno, but this is nice,” I replied and looked at her.

“I'd prefer those blue ones on the top,” she said and I reached up to pick up a set. They were of a blue silky material with little white dots, and a white trim. She admired the brief and full cup bra set, the brilliant electric blue in the clothing matching her deep blue eyes perfectly.

“What size do you want?” I asked and she blushed.

“I'll get them,” she replied and I smiled at her.

“You can't reach, shortie. What size?”

Zoe blushed and peered at me. “OK. 34B.”

I grinned at her and she raised her eyebrows at me. “I know I am not as big as Sarah or Abi but there is no need to give me that look,” she warned and I shook my head. I was going to make no such comment.

Zoe showed me two dresses, one deep red knee-length cocktail dress with a plunging V-neck and the other an electric blue figure hugging dress which looked considerably shorter.

“At least your underwear will match that one,” I said and Zoe puffed. She went behind a screen and tried on the underwear first but was too shy to come out into the shop to show me. I was told it fitted and that was all I was going to get. She put on the electric blue dress

and I persuaded her to emerge from behind the screen.

She looked amazing. I had always seen Zoe as a platonic friend, dressed in practical but not sexy or alluring clothes, but the dress accentuated her breasts, traced her hourglass figure beautifully and finished no more than half way between her waist and her knees. The dress was broken up with a spattering of sparkling diamantés in the middle and I was speechless for a few seconds.

“Wow. You just look ...”

Zoe blushed and grinned. “I do like it but I don't know if Mum will ever let me wear it.”

“It's amazing, Zoe. You look absolutely wonderful. Get it.”

Zoe looked at herself in the mirror and then at the Sales Assistant.

“I dunno,” she murmured and looked at me again.

“Your wooden necklace set doesn't go, but it is you.”

She went back behind the screen and tried on the other dress. It suited her, and she looked nice but it didn't take my breath away like the first one. Zoe however, preferred the longer length on the dark red dress and the baggier, more conservative approach. She looked at herself in the mirror and went back behind the screen.

“How much for them?” I asked and the assistant looked at me smiling.

“They are thirty-five pounds each. Underwear is twenty.”

“Do you have a discount for cash?” I asked instinctively, remembering what Rhea had said.

The woman looked at me and shook her head. “No. We don't I'm afraid.”

“If you are happy with eighty pounds for the lot, I've got that in cash. Bulk buy?”

The woman cocked her head to one side and looked at me through slightly squinted eyes. “OK. I'll take that,” she said and I counted out four of the five twenty pounds notes the hotel had just given me.

“Andy. What are you doing?” Zoe asked as the woman took the money from me, having reappeared from with them in her hand.

“They are for you,” I told her smiling and she looked at me aghast.

“I can't afford all,” she started and I shot her a look and put my finger over her lips to be quiet.

“Could we have them bagged please,” I asked and turned to my friend who was staring at me.

“Andy. I can't ...”

“Sssshhhh,” I told her and watched the woman bag up Zoe's new clothes.

Zoe scarcely waited until the door to the shop was closed before turning on me. “Andy. What have you done?”

“I said, they are for you.”

Zoe stared at me and bit her lip. “I really can't afford them, Andy. Please take them back.”

“No. It's your birthday coming up soon, so it's an early birthday present.”

“I can't accept ...” Zoe started and I sighed.

“Yes you can, my ferocious friend. Now can we get something to eat, I'm starving. And utterly bored of clothes shopping.”

“Yes, but I am paying.”

“Well, you don't”

“Andy,” she warned. “I can't believe you bought all of them. What's got into you?”

Zoe and I found a little coffee shop and ordered a salad (for Zoe) and a sandwich (for me), and two coffees. Zoe kept looking at me and the bag containing the dresses but wasn't very talkative. Eventually, I got irritated and asked her what the matter was.

“Because, you've spent way too much money. I wouldn't accept it from a boyfriend, so I can't accept it from you.” She waited for me to begin to speak and then wagged her finger in my face. “No arguments, Andy. We are going back with them.”

I shrugged. “I don't want you to take them back. They are presents, just accept them as your seventeenth birthday present. You're so difficult to buy for anyway.”

Zoe grumbled and put a potato in her mouth. “It's just so extravagant. It's not like you. What's going on?”

“Nothing's going on. I am happy, I bought my friend her birthday present. So just be calm and happy. I won't buy you anything else. Even a card, how's that?”

Zoe snorted. “Well like most kids I get pocket money and the rest I have to earn or get from my parents. I haven't got a Summer job and my parents aren't rich. I was thinking I might get a dress or the underwear with what's left of my Christmas money but I couldn't have afforded both and the underwear. So you have bought me stuff I could never have afforded myself. You can't be loaded either, so why the generosity?”

“I am earning. I get around one forty a week, plus money from my Dad and savings from the last year. I might not be loaded, Zoe but I can afford a decent birthday present for my friends.”

Zoe rolled her eyes at me. “You know flagrant shows of wealth make me uncomfortable. I liked you when you were stable. Paula leaving has a lot to answer for.”

I took a bite of my Coronation Chicken sandwich and rolled my eyes. Zoe was a good friend, and she looked good in those dresses. It was hard to find good presents her so I was glad I had got her something nice, even though it was more money than I had planned to spend. The entire trip to Cambridge cost me one week's salary but I was already significantly up on the month anyhow so wasn't concerned. Why couldn't Zoe understand this? I liked spending money when it had a purpose and her dresses did. What would she rather for her birthday, something she wanted, or something she didn't?

We talked pleasantly on the train back. Zoe confessed she was concerned about her brother as he was spending too much time with Rhea. I laughed at this but Zoe was serious and said he got too obsessed about girls and was always disappointed and then upset for weeks when he was turned down. She didn't want him to be rejected or depressed again but I reasoned that Rhea often knew what she was doing, even if nobody else did, or was remotely comfortable with it.

I told Zoe about my spat with Sarah but she already knew. Sarah had told her everything including my apology and Zoe warned me that there would unlikely to be a third chance if I lost my temper so violently in front of her again. I already knew this and confessed how much I enjoyed Sarah's company.

By the time we got back to Aylesbury it was 3pm and after walking Zoe home, and getting loads of thank yous, I went to the club to do my job.

There was a large circular inflatable paddling pool - about four metres in diameter – with a few inches of mud in it underneath the stage and a number of the tables and chairs had

been moved onto the stage from the floor. Thursday nights were busier now that there was alternative entertainment and I only just finished by 7pm.

A number of dancers were arriving as I clearing up and I got to speak to Isobel and Juggs and others. I was impressed by the intellect of Gemma who teased me about still doing GCSEs (she was at least five years older) but Mum sent me out of the room even though the club wasn't due to open for over 45 minutes just as I was beginning to enjoy myself.

"You'll be getting treated later," Mum cryptically promised me as I began to moan.

* * * * *

I felt a gentle hand on my shoulder waking me and I looked up to see Mum there. "Abi says please go to the club through the interconnecting door, just this once. And lock up and clean yourself up when you have finished," she whispered and I nodded. I shook myself from my sleep and sat up. She was still there, with raised eyebrows. "I mean it, just this once. It is as a favour to Abi, she thinks you will want to see it as you have to clean it up tomorrow."

"The mud?" I asked in my sleepy state and Mum cracked a grin.

"I mean it. This is as a total favour to Abi. I am not comfortable with this at all."

I nodded and reached over to my dressing gown, slinging it over my shoulder and walking through the interconnecting door that was propped open and thought it closed behind me. I had only been through the door a couple of times but it lead to a small corridor where the landing at the top of the stairs in the VIP lounges was straight ahead, and some stairs that go down to the performers' dressing rooms were to my left.

I walked gently to the main lounge to see Isobel sat on a chair wearing just a very skimpy bikini, in the dim lights.

"You look lovely Abi. Or is it Isobel?" She grinned at me and got up from the table. "Or will sexy do?"

"You can call me what you want, as long as you join me in there." I looked at the mud-pit and smiled.

"You look clean though," I responded and she nodded. "Have you actually been in there tonight?"

"I've had a shower. Well quite a few tonight." I looked at the roll of blue carpet that stretched from the pool to the dressing rooms, filled with muddy footprints and Abi smiled at me. "Quite a few of those are mine. We got hosed off in the pool but still needed showers."

"So what do we do?" I asked and Abi grinned. She passed me a flimsy garment and I stared at it in disbelief. "It's a ..."

"Leopard-print thong." Isobel replied and giggled. She mewed softly in appreciation as I slipped on the garment and put my dressing gown over a chair. It was warm in the club as it was Summer and I am sure the heaters had been on.

(I was once told by Mum that keeping the club warm was good. The dancers preferred it to be comfortable but also it made everyone a bit more relaxed and meant that they bought more drinks. This seemed a little cynical to me, but Mum assured me that it was normal, acceptable practice.)

Isobel took my hand and guided me towards the giant pit of mud. It was a light gray and looked clay-like. We both put a leg over the side of the pit and Isobel smiled at me as my feet made contact with the cool, gooey substance that consumed my foot eagerly.

"It's weird," I muttered and Isobel grinned.

"I know, but very sensual," she said and I moved my other foot into the paddling pool. I blinked and Isobel moved further away. "Touch the other side," she said and I stepped back. She eyed me and stuck her tongue out. "Ready, fight!"

Isobel lurched towards me and I sidestepped around the perimeter, but she stuck her foot out and I went head first into the mud. I felt the coolness and wetness of the clay all over my body as I sprawled into the pit and was aware of it meandering into my thong. It was strange.

Before I could stumble to my feet, Isobel jumped on my back and forced my face into the cool mixture for a moment. I shut my eyes but could not stop her from pressing my head into the mud and shook my head but to no avail.

Isobel held it for a few seconds and released me. I turned over and spluttered some mud out of my mouth. It felt earthy and gritty; not nasty, just not nice.

While I shook the dirt from my face and tried to clean my eyes, I felt hands over my thighs and Abi was removing my thong. I couldn't stop her.

She looked wantonly at my erect cock and her face glowed. I stumbled to my feet and slipped but managed to regain my balance.

"You won't win," Isobel warned me and I shrugged my shoulders. Isobel jerked towards me again but I staggered out of the way and allowed her to grip my shoulders but spun around and held her tight. My muddy chest was pressed against hers, and I slid my filthy hands down her beautiful hair.

Isobel clenched my buttocks and slid the large deposits of mud over my rear and then slid a finger up to my anus. I unclipped her bra and pushed her back. Isobel laughed as she hit the mud, and I dived on top of her chest. The mud came over her stomach and as I pushed her body down, it reached half way up her breasts.

"A two tone bosom," I joked and Isobel stuck her tongue out. Only her face and breasts were not covered in mud and grabbed hold of her breasts to smear the mud over them.

We must have looked ridiculous, two people wrestling in the mud but I reached down to slide off her panties.

Abi reached up with a handful of mud and slid her hands over my erect cock.

It felt heavenly. Wonderful. I was in ecstasy.

The cool aqueous sludge glided over my tort skin and oozed out of the sides of Isobel's hands as she gave my cock a couple of deft strokes. "Isobel, that's wonderful," I murmured and she gave a titter. She picked up another handful of the clammy, glutinous mud and threw it, before sliding her hands over my testicles and perineum. I leant forward to kiss Isobel and then thought better of it. We would just be kissing mud.

She pumped my cock a few times and I rocked back a bit on her. I tightened my pelvic muscles with the tension over the backs of my testicles. It was unbelievable.

I rubbed Isobel's nipples and she sighed in appreciation.

"I'm going to squirt over you," I warned her and she grinned.

"Squirt then. Mark your territory," she replied and blew me a kiss. She stroked her hands over the mud and slime and along my shaft quicker and quicker.

I felt my pelvic muscles tense and closed my eyes. I was at the point of no return. I closed my eyes and whimpered. Isobel ran her other hand along my testicles and I groaned and began spurting my juices.

Isobel grunted as I did, and I looked up to see three strings of semen reach from her chest to her face. Abi smeared the semen off of her face and grinned.

“Nice, isn't it?”

“Amazing.”

“It's just like a messy lube.”

I sat back on my haunches and closed my eyes, milking the last spark of my post-orgasmic glow. I climbed off Isobel and she squinted at me. I sat down next to her and she grinned.

“You think you're finished?” Isobel asked and I smiled.

“Well....”

Isobel put two hands on my shoulders and pushed me back in the mud. She reached for a towel on the stage and with the muddy garment wiped my cock and her undercarriage. My cock stiffened immediately.

“I don't fancy getting that up there,” she replied, smirking. “I had sex on the beach once and was finding sand for months afterwards.”

I smiled at her and she lowered herself down to my cock. “I'm going to enjoy this,” she admitted and I felt the familiar warmness envelop my solid manhood. We groaned as she rocked back and forth on it. I reached up and rolled her muddy breasts in my fingers.

Isobel rhythmically squeezed my cock as she pivoted on my rod inside her and she rubbed her hands up and down my shoulders and flanks. As I had only just had a release, I was some way from another one, and could sense Isobel was approaching her first.

I bucked my hips in time with hers, and oscillated my thumbs over her nipples. She moaned and simpered, before shuddering and squealing, crying out loudly.

Isobel looked at me through impassioned eyes and rolled her head back. “Oh Andy,” she squealed and her pussy quivered over my thrusting member. She gripped my shoulder tight and I felt her muscles clench and then shudder.

Isobel orgasming on my cock in a pool of mud, in a lap-dancing club was enough and as she gleefully rocked forcefully a few more times I felt my own orgasm surge from my testicles up my shaft and spurted into her.

Isobel smiled as I did and we hugged, the mud ensuring that we glided over each other effortlessly.

“You are amazing,” Isobel told me as we did an Eskimo kiss.

We were both lying down in the mud, face up when we were awoken from our peace by an excited and familiar voice.

“You dirty fuckers, literally this time,” Rhea said peering over us.

“What the hell are you doing here?” I asked and Rhea smiled mischievously.

“I was going to ask you the same question. But I know what you are doing here. All muddy except for between ya legs. Mum gonna go ballistic when she finds out.”

“Mum said I could,” I told her. “But you need to be in bed,” I told her.

“No fucking chance, bro. I want a go. It looks awesome.”

“No,” Isobel and I replied in unison.

Rhea jumped into the muddy pit in her short white nightie and jumped on top of me. I tried to throw her off but my hands could not grip her. Isobel went behind me and lifted her off,

but slipped and Rhea grasped her hand and pinned it behind her back. Using her right hand she pushed Isobel's face into the mud.

Isobel got free and swept Rhea's legs away.

"Andy, get out of the pit for a moment," Isobel told me and I stepped onto the blue carpet, mud dripping everywhere. Rhea and Isobel sized each other up and they swayed from side to side.

What Rhea possessed in guile, Isobel had in experience and height. When they met, Isobel picked Rhea up, but Rhea's kicking feet made contact with my lover and they collapsed onto the floor of the pit. I grinned, as Isobel wiggled out of Rhea's grip but my sister managed to grab hold of her neck and ram some mud into her face.

Isobel spluttered and Rhea grinned. "Submit to me," she told Isobel who coughed up some mud and Rhea launched a stinging smack on the rear of Isobel. "Submit. And beg for mercy."

Isobel refused and squirmed out of Rhea's grip, but my agile sister grabbed her by the hair and threw her back down into the mud.

Isobel squealed in pain but Rhea picked up some more mud and thrust it into Abi's pussy. "Beg for mercy."

"I beg for mercy," Isobel said and Rhea smiled.

"This is cool," Rhea said and stood up, her white nightdress clinging to her body and totally ruined. She shook her hair and I held out my hand to Isobel.

"Shall we have a shower now?" I asked and Isobel nodded.

It was weird showering in the club, at 3am in the morning with my lover and my sister, but the mud took some scrubbing and we took it in turns. It felt weird washing my little sister's back and legs, not to mention gliding the shampoo through her muddy hair but she hugged me afterwards and we sent her back upstairs to bed.

I grabbed my dressing gown and picked up the keys.

"Let's go back up to our room nekkid," I dared Isobel and she smiled.

"Naked?"

"Fire escape. Come on, you game? I got to lock up."

Isobel laughed and nodded. I looked at the room. It would take a lot of cleaning tomorrow and we walked out the back and to the back door. We tentatively looked out but seeing no one, leapt into the cold of Buckinghamshire night and I set the alarm and closed the door.

"Come on," Abi whispered to me and I grinned. I deliberately took longer to lock the back door and smirked at my lover desperately seeking to get out of the security light.

We scampered up the fire escape and past the kitchen window until we got to the door.

"Unlock it," Abi begged and I smiled at her and took her in my arms. I kissed her on the lips and threw her against the cold, closed door so I could rub my hands against her slit.

She squealed as the metal door made contact with her skin and returned my kiss. "Now let us in," she whispered and I unlocked the door and we went inside. I gave Abi my dressing gown and went down to lock the interconnecting door before returning to the insatiable stripper in my bed and begging for me to give her more kisses.

* * * * *

Abi and I had an argument the following morning. We had had our rough, passionate early-morning sex, and Abi had climaxed over my fingers and then over my spewing cock.

She wiped herself and kissed me, and then told me that I was “special to her.” I told her to go with Scotland with me and she refused and we both started shouting at each other.

We were still naked when Abi yelled in frustration and stormed out of my room downstairs, not worried about her nakedness. I followed her, albeit with my dressing gown over my shoulders and we continued our argument on the stairs.

I was annoyed with her, why couldn't she just go and try and make peace with her family. It was irrational for her to claim she had no family, when they were trying to reach out to her. She wanted to play the victim, and be the martyr, and it was this comment that caused her to get really angry.

“You know nuttin’,” Abi screamed at me as we burst into the lounge. Mum got up from the dining room and came running in.

“Oh, I know that your family want you to attend. It's tomorrow Abi.”

“I'm not going. And certainly not with you.”

“What's that supposed to mean?”

“You are a teenager. You don't understand.”

“I'm a teenager? You weren't saying that last night when you were begging to have me ram my...”

“ANDY!” Mum yelled. “Stop it, both of you. What's going on?”

“Abi, won't go to see her family tomorrow,” I moaned and Mum rolled her eyes.

“Well it is Abi's choice, but Abi, perhaps we could have a chat,” Mum said and guided the stubborn beauty up to her room for a private talk.

Rhea was still asleep when I went down to clean the club at 10am and apart from fifteen minutes for lunch, I had only just finished when the team meeting started. A couple of guys packed up the mud wrestling ring, but there was a ring of dirt that needed the carpet cleaner to shift and I had a number of tables and chairs to relocate.

Abi came down just before the team meeting and kissed me. “I'm sorry for shouting,” she said and I smiled. “Am I forgiven?” I nodded and hugged her. “It's just as well,” she said. “Scotland is a long way to drive with someone who is annoyed with you.”

“You mean?” I asked and she nodded.

“If you still want to come.”

“Oh Abi, of course I do.”

* * * * *

We left the team meeting out the back door into the August sunshine and headed towards the bank with our pay-packets. A fair few of Mum's employees had their accounts at the Midland Bank and there was a queue as Abi and I were one of the last to leave. Abi became Isobel again in the bank while she was chatting to a couple of the girls, and I spoke to the person behind me, Ray's sister Jenny, or Jessica. I still wasn't sure when it was appropriate to use the pseudonym and when it wasn't so was guided by the stunningly beautiful girls that used them.

I convinced Jenny to come and join Abi and myself for a drink but as Abi only knew Jenny through the club, we had to go as Isobel, Jessica and Andy. Jessica was also working at a bar in Aylesbury on Friday and Saturday nights, although admitted she made more money in a week at the club working six hours than she did working a fortnight at the bar for a total of 32, but wanted a legitimate “clean” income she could use to explain to her brother, father and friends alongside her money-making at the club.

We chose a small pub in the town centre and Abi ordered some drinks. I tried to give her some money but she pooh-poohed the attempt and I sat down with a packet of crisps and a pint of a local brewery's beer which was passable but quite a bit darker and heavier than I usually drank. Isobel and Jessica had a large glass of white wine each and we sat down to talk.

Jessica was working later and Abi claimed to have nothing in the freezer – and both of them wanted something to eat so they scanned the menu and selected a salad that they duly ordered when Jessica got a second round of drinks in.

I was feeling quite merry as I drank my second pint and listened in on the chatter. Isobel knew that Jessica was the sister of one of my friends but I did not elaborate further. Jessica spoke of the concerns she had of someone recognising her, and had spotted her ex-Geography teacher a couple of days ago but he had not recognised her and this had given her some confidence.

Isobel ordered a third round of drinks, paid for by me although bought by her when their salads came, although both Isobel and Jessica decided a third alcoholic drink would be inadvisable as they were working later and so we tried their non-alcoholic cocktails.

We stumbled out of the bar at 5:30pm and almost knocked over a pair of familiar faces.

“Oh hello Rhea,” Jessica said and my sister looked at me with Isobel and Jessica.

“Yeah hiya Andy. Women. Beer. I know what you are up to,” she teased and Simon, her companion, smirked.

“It's Ray's sister. You know my friend who you leapt on, naked?”

Jessica laughed. “You did that to Ray? Oh my god, what did he do?”

“Peg it out the flat,” I replied quickly and Rhea grinned.

“Well I thought he was a plant from Mum. Anyhow, why should he care that I am naked? Not my fault he is uptight, it's not natural.”

“What about Jez? And Hugo? And Troy? And Oliver?” I asked and Rhea snorted.

“Leave me alone. What do you think I am, made of explanations?”

Jessica grinned at the sibling teasing and we walked back towards the club. I was holding Isobel's hand and Jessica gave me a wry smile.

I went to bed at 9pm that night alone to refrain from any sort of sexual contact. Before she left, I let Abi select my clothes for the trip. After all, I didn't want to be accused of “dressing like a teenager.”

Chapter XII

Mum had given Abi and myself the day off completely and on Saturday morning I walked to Abi's house with my overnight bag and £100 in my pocket from Mum as well as a similar amount from my work at the club; I also had my cash card with me but I thought £200 should cover most of what I needed. I knew Abi would not take any money from me, so I resolved myself to having to pay for things when she would let me. In turn, Mum had told me to take the cash as she thought it was a good thing that Abi was trying to reconcile with her family and eventually confessed that she was much happier knowing that she was going, and that she wasn't going alone.

Abi had only just got dressed when I arrived and ate breakfast in silence while I loaded Abi's rusting car up with our bags. She sauntered out at 9:30 looking a little stressed but a quick kiss and cuddle restored the normal, smiling Abi and we got into the car.

We sang happily along to the radio until we reached Milton Keynes when Abi needed to stop and get some fuel; it was cheaper in the city than it would be on the motorway service stations. While she was filling her tank I went inside to "buy some sweets for the journey" and paid for the half-tank of petrol while she was replacing the fuel cap. I did not think it was fair for Abi to pay for all the fuel but she got annoyed with me when I would not accept payment from her and we caused a bit of a scene on the forecourt.

Many motorists turned to look at the elegant sexy 21-year-old girl berate the teenage boy who acted every inch her boyfriend, but appeared, and indeed was, an impossible mismatch. As I got back in the car I saw a similar aged boy in the front seat of a Range Rover staring at me, and I didn't need telepathy to read his mind: "How the hell did he end up with her?" I wanted to get out and tell him it was pure luck but Abi jerked her car into life and we rejoined the motorway.

It took until we reached Stoke – ninety minutes later – for Abi to be talking fully to me again. It was a little petty but I could tell she was a little on edge – a mixture of apprehension and annoyance – and I didn't try to initiate conversation; I just watched the countryside speed past from the outside lane.

I wished I could help with the driving but I was not even old enough to have my provisional license so there was no way I could and Abi needed a rest. We stopped at the rural service station for lunch and I insisted on paying for it. Abi was too weary from our last exchange to complain too vociferously and we ate in a furious silence.

I was already almost regretting the trip and Abi huffed at me as we walked back to the car; she had spent almost all of the journey irritated with me but at least if she was angry with me then she would not be wondering about meeting her family again.

It was a silly thing to argue about and I reasoned with her that we should share the costs of the trip. Abi pointed out that sharing meant we split the costs, not that I paid for it all. We squabbled and argued about this until I said that we should add up the total cost of the trip at the end of the journey, split it 50-50 and if one of us had paid more then they could be reimbursed.

She readily agreed to this, and we were talkative until we got to the Scottish Borders when Abi went quiet. I could see she was deep in thought. "I've not been to Scotland for over a year," she admitted as we raced past the road sign that indicated we were now in Scotland. "Not since ... well they found out"

I put my hand on hers and she smiled at me. "It's not going to be easy, but you'll be fine," I told her and she shook her head. "And if they didn't want ya there, you'd not have got an invite."

"I'm not so sure this was a good idea," she admitted and turned off the motorway towards Dumfries.

"It's a bit late for second thoughts," I told her and sighed. "But we'll be fine. I've not been thrown out of a pub for days," I joked, and then had to explain exactly what had happened the last time I went to the White Lion.

We arrived at the hotel at 5pm, having driven for over seven hours. Abi was tired, and she asked to be left alone for an hour to get a bit of sleep. I had slept little bits in the car so I wandered around the grounds of the hotel and then had a coffee in the hotel bar before waking her at quarter-to-seven.

Abi's reaction – once she had fully woken up - was one of complete panic that I had let her sleep for so long. She claimed, rather angrily, that she wouldn't be able to get ready in time but she was tired and was sleeping so well that I reasoned she would enjoy the extra forty-five minutes in bed. "Well, how long does it take?" I asked in all seriousness as she squealed at the time and I took my suit from its peg. Abi jumped into shower while I relieved myself on the toilet and then leapt out a minute later leaving wet footprints all over the tiled floor. I spent a leisurely ten minutes shaving, getting in the shower and then took a whole five minutes to dry, deodorise, put my shirt, trousers and jacket on, and finally slap on some aftershave. In all this time, Abi was still naked and doing something with her nails.

"Don't we need to leave in ten minutes?" I asked her and she looked across at me with an annoyed look.

"Don't start, Andy" she warned and returned to her nails. "For future reference, giving a girl less an hour to get ready for a party puts you in seriously dangerous territory."

"Doesn't take me an hour to get ready," I mused. "Can't you just, well, hurry up a bit?". Abi flung her hairbrush in my direction and threw me a dirty look. I picked up her book (I had forgotten mine) and started reading about a Parisian Prostitute. By the time she had plucked her eyebrows (and then pointlessly filled the space left by the missing hairs with a big black crayon), done her make-up and hair, and then got dressed, it was nearly half-past and we were due at the party.

"Did we get your brother anything?" I asked as Abi pulled her dress over her hips and she nodded.

"A bottle of single malt," she replied and pulled out a wrapped box from her bag. "It's a smoked one, very distinctive."

"Ahhh, how much. We need to add it to the chart," I asked and pulled out a sheet from my trousers. I had added the meal and petrol to the sheet as I sat in the café and she just groaned. "Come on, we agreed."

"Thirty five," she snapped and grabbed my hand to pull me out of the room. Abi and I argued over the directions to the party (I had the advantage of the map and Abi had the advantage of living in the same country many years ago), and so it was 8pm by the time we nearly ran over some sheep, she looked at the map and realised she was hopelessly wrong. "That's your fault," I told her. "If only you'd listened."

Abi sneered, snatched the map from me and started down a completely different road that I was advocating. We pulled into the pub car park that was almost overflowing and parked in the only space available underneath the pub sign and almost in the bushes. I kissed her before we got out of the car to "make up" and she straightened her dress. I could tell she was nervous, but looked beautiful in her backless long, flowing green ball-gown although she ignored my attempts at telling her to smile.

"You look beautiful," I told her and she wiped her eye. "You are beautiful."

We entered through some doors of the lively pub and walked upstairs to a large and well-filled function room with a long bar at one end. In the middle there was a dance floor and a DJ was playing some up-tempo music but at the entrance to the hall it was reasonably quiet. I looked into the room with Abi and took her coat, hanging it up with my suit jacket on the last remaining peg by door.

An overweight, pudgy woman in her late-20s came up to Abi, her expression and body language cold and unwelcoming. "Yer late. We wur thinking ye weren't gaun tae come," she told my lover coldly in a deep Scottish voice.

"My fault. We got lost," I told her before Abi could reply and she squeezed my hand. "You'd think the Scots'd know to put up some bloody signs."

The woman ignored me and turned to Abi. "And who's this?"

"Andy, this is my elder sister Moira. Moira, this is my ... this is my friend, Andy," Abi told her in a hesitant voice and the hostile woman curled her nose up at me.

"Eez too young fur ye but then ye always had a weird taste in men," she replied sharply in her local drawl. "And I bet eez doin' drugs with ya an all."

"Errr," I started, angry that I was being talked about by this pugnacious and bitter woman who did not know me. Abi squeezed my hand and I sighed. I looked at my pulchritudinous lover, a complete opposite to the repulsive, dumpy woman in front of us, willing my lover telepathically to move to the bar. I could feel the hostility coming from this woman, her sister, and immediately sympathised with Abi. I was glad when Abi ended the conversation and we headed towards the corner of the room. "You OK?" I asked my lover and she nodded. Abi put the gift-wrapped present and card on the large table at the end of the bar and returned to my side.

"Moira's never liked me much," she told me eventually but calmly. "She has stayed in the village almost her entire life. We had a ... well there's history, that's all."

"But she is your sister ..."

"You don't get to choose your family," Abi said curtly. "I wish I could, but I'm stuck with her."

"Like I'm stuck with Rhea. But if she was ever like that with me, they'd ... well I'd knock 'er into next week."

"You mean, she'd knock you into next week." I hummed at her assertion and saw her eyes flick around the room.

"Well if you need me to disappear for awhile just let me know, or whatever. I'll do whatever you need me to do."

Abi smiled at me but didn't respond. I surveyed the room, looking for someone like Abi, but there was no-one and it was almost as though she was an outsider. The beautiful flamboyance and natural beauty just wasn't present in anyone else at the party.

I got a beer and Abi got her sole drink for the night (as she was driving), a large glass of wine, and we sauntered to a free table in the corner. I could feel several sets of eyes watching us as we sat down and I began to see why Abi was nervous about coming; I felt like an unwelcome leper.

People were talking and muttering, fingers were being subtly pointed and we were the very centre of attention – although nobody wanted to look directly at Abi and I. It was weird and I wanted an escape route; the fire escape and the entrance were at opposite ends of the room and I subconsciously felt a little trapped.

Abi did not want to dance, and drank her wine in silence, humming along to the music. Every so often she would meet the gaze of one of the other patrons and look away but she was scanning the room for someone in particular. Moira's eyes never left our general direction; it was uncomfortable and I didn't like the foul woman. Just what had I done to draw her ire?

"Abigail!" said a deep Scottish voice from behind us. Both of us jumped and Abi spun round in her seat.

"Ma" she cried and jumped up, throwing her arms around the short woman who looked like an older version of Moira except with greying hair instead of the brown hair of Abi's sister.

"Ye look weel. Tis good tae see ye. Aye, it's bin tae long since ye came up tae see me," she told Abi, who hugged her in return.

"I know. But it's been difficult, Ma, after, you know. This is Andy."

I held my hand out and she sat down shaking it. "Ye from Birmingham?" she asked and I shook my head.

"Aylesbury. Well Stoke originally but now Aylesbury," I babbled and Abi's mum turned her attention back to her daughter.

"Whit urr ye daein' noo?" she asked Abi and Abi buried her face in her drink for a moment.

"I've left Birmingham. Living just outside London now. Working in a nightclub, sharing a flat with Angela, you remember her?"

Her mother tutted but a smile crept across her face and she hugged Abi again. "Yer nae running awa' again. Ah want yer phane 'n' yer address, lassie"

Abi smiled but her mother scabbled around in her bag and produced a pen and paper which she gave to her elegant daughter. While Abi scribbled her details down, her mother turned to me. "'n' whit ye dae?"

"Me?" I asked, in surprise. Her mother nodded. "I'm at College" I replied and her mother shot Abi an awkward glance.

"Andy showed me 'round Aylesbury when I arrived" Abi told her, saving me from any further questions and her Mum then asked.

"Sae whit happened tae that Gavin bloke ye wur seeing? Didnae lik' 'im"

Abi tensed up and froze for a moment and then told her mother she would tell her later. Abi and her mother, Shona, spent the next ten minutes catching up. I learned that Abi's dad, Iain, was contemplating retirement from the Police force the following year as he would be 55, Abi's brother Robert, who was thirty, was trying for a second child, another brother Graeme was selected as an SNP candidate at some forthcoming council elections and her youngest brother, Jamie, had just secured a promotion. Shona's only grandchild, Andrew, was doing very well at school and was in the rugby team as he was "tall for his age and very strong."

I noticed a ten year old whizz past a few moment later with a half-full glass of cola and appreciated the comment immediately. I was six foot in height but he was only a few inches shorter than me. It was strange, but there weren't that many tall women in the room – Abi was the only exception – and her mother was barely 5ft 3in.

I stayed out of the conversation between them but half-listened. Shona was proud of her family and relished the opportunity to boast about their achievements but whenever Shona went close to asking Abi about her life, Abi steered her away from the subject. A couple of times she looked across at me when she did and I realised that it was my presence that was stopping her. I knew, or thought I knew, what Abi was going to say but she clearly she

wanted a bit more privacy so I got up to give it to her. "I'm just going for some fresh air," I told the two women.

"Are you OK?" Abi asked concerned, but I just nodded.

"Fine. Just need some fresh air. We've been cooped up in a car and a hotel room all day. I'll be back in ten minutes and it'll give you time to catch up," I told her and Abi smiled gratefully. I walked around the bar and got to the doors at the top of the stairs where my jacket was hanging.

"O' coorse, he's ainlie gaun tae be eighteen" said a female voice from behind the doors and I stopped to listen in. "And a druggie as well. Ya see it'n the eyes."

"It's disgusting" said a thick Scottish male voice. "Always was trouble."

"Sheez some nerve comin' back. Ah ne'er wanted tae see her again. She's a clatty lassie. After whit she wis daein' fur a living. Brought pity on th' family she did."

"And it broke Dad's heart whin he found oot."

I stepped around the open door and saw Moira talking to a large, robust gentleman with short brown hair and facial stubble. He can't have been much more than 25 and his presence filled the corridor.

"Best not to bad-mouth someone when they are in earshot," I told Moira coldly as I walked into the foyer. Moira was clearly shocked at my brazenness and looked up at her companion.

"That filthy whore deserves everything she gets," he replied to me and then asked. "And what ya doin' 'ere?"

I shook my head. "I am here because I am invited. But who the fuck gives you the right to call someone you ain't seen for fuck knows how long a filthy whore," I yelled at them.

I threw my right arm outwards and pointed at him aggressively. I felt angry and the beer had given me an inappropriate confidence. "Ah'm her brother. She is trouble and she is a dirty slut," he spat. "She was whoring every night."

"I know what happened but you have no fuckin' idea ..." I shouted at her brother and stood eyeball-to-eyeball with him.

"Ah ye'r a bairn. Ye know nuttin'. Ah she's a druggie slut and she ain't welcome ..." he replied but I threw myself towards him knocking him backwards so he stumbled to the floor. My eyes flashed angrily and I stood over him shouting at him.

"Ah fuck off. Both of ya. You're family Abi can do without. The jealous, spiteful bitch of a sister and the vindictive twat of a brother," I yelled at him and clenched my fists. Both of them stared at me, and I retreated, and walked down the stairs, unaware of the handful of witnesses that had amassed behind me as I had attacked Abi's brother. I was expecting him to follow me and I wanted to hit him. Hit him hard. He was bigger and stronger than me and I might take a battering, but I had anger coursing through my veins and it needed an outlet.

Why did they think they could talk about Abi like that?

It was cool in the Beer Garden, especially without a coat or jacket, but I found the swings and with my back to the pub, swung on them looking out over valley and down into the river below. It took a few minutes when I heard a voice from behind me.

A tall thin man in his mid-twenties stood there with two pints of beer and held one out.

"Can I join you?" he asked in a soft voice; I hadn't seen him earlier in the bar so had no idea who he was. His accent was unmistakably Scottish but it was not as pronounced as

everyone else I had met. "Abi said you would probably be here."

"Cheers" I said, accepting the beer and he got on the swing next to mine. I wasn't swinging on it any more, just using it as a seat and he did the same.

"Jamie," he introduced himself, holding his hand out. "Abi's brother"

"Andy," I replied a little curtly. "I'm umm ... Abi's 'friend'."

"You know you've caused quite a stir. Not many people get to tell Graeme to fuck off or call him a twat and keep all their teeth," he smirked and I shrugged. "Especially not if their English."

"Well he was fuckin' asking for it," I replied, unrepentantly. "And if he wants a fight then he can have one 'cause he was havin' a go at Abi." I wished I had Rhea with me as she dealt with Jez wonderfully. She would have a field day with Graeme and Moira.

Jamie shook his head. "That's not a great idea, ya' know. Abi upset quite a lot of people last year, and Graeme and Moira, well, they don't forget easily."

"That's fair enough but they can't expect to bad mouth Abi and me, let me overhear it and expect me not to react."

Jamie smirked. "Listen kid, I would not expect Abi to be involved with anyone who couldn't stand up for themselves but don't go picking fights with her family. It will only hurt her in the end. And this is Robert's birthday party, we don't want no trouble."

I mulled these words for a few moments and squinted over the valley. Some birds were chasing each other down the river and I focused on them for a few moments until they disappeared from view. "I don't want to cause a fight or any problems with anyone but I would have thought he would have been happy to see his baby sister again." Jamie straightened his glasses and ran his hand through his short hair. "Especially as they haven't seen her for over a year."

"It is good to see her again. I did wonder if she would come even after I got her address from Angela but Moira and Abi, well they never liked each other growing up. You are asking a lot for her to suddenly be the concerned big sister now, especially after everything that had happened then and what happened last year."

"What did happen?" I asked and Jamie blew into the air.

"Well ... it's ..."

"I know about the massage parlour and everyone finding out," I said quickly and Jamie nodded.

"Well it was Moira that found out at Robert's tenth wedding anniversary do. Her last boyfriend told Moira, and she confronted Abi with some very unkind language, and Abi hit Moira."

"Ahh, yes I can see why Moira isn't fond of Abi."

"I tried to stop Abi from leaving but she drove off in a panic and that was the last we saw of her. I managed to get hold of Eddie, Angela's old boyfriend, who gave me a number for her and eventually she gave me Abi's address but I am a bit surprised she came."

"She didn't want to, at first. Mum and I had to make her," I admitted and he laughed.

"Making little Abi do something she doesn't want to. You must be good," he joked and took a sip of his drink. "So tell me, how did you meet Abi," he asked.

"It's a long story. She came to see Mum and I met her there. And we sort of hit it off," I said abbreviating the last couple of months as best I could.

Jamie hummed. "So she got seduced by an eighteen year old," Jamie teased and I shook my head.

"Not really. We are not going out. And I'm not eighteen"

"Oh sorry, Moira said you were."

"I asked and Abi said no, she didn't want a relationship. And I'm sixteen not eighteen"

Jamie smirked at me. "I wouldn't tell Moira that. She ... um ..."

"Might dislike me even more?" I asked and shrugged. "Don't care. She reminds me of the girlfriend of one of my friends. Nasty piece of work. And I'm sure Moira thinks bad things of me."

"Well let's say, I doubt you'll get a Christmas card this year," he joked.

Jamie and I spoke for around twenty minutes. He was a solicitor in Edinburgh and had recently been promoted, having worked on, and won, a suitably large case that generated a large amount of money for the firm. In turn, I spoke about my A Level choices and possible career options and he listened intently. I found him good company compared to the intensive atmosphere of the function room and actually quite liked him.

Once I had calmed down I got the impression that the feeling was mutual. He seemed quite easy-going anyway but there was a genuine friendliness in his voice and demeanour that made me at ease. I felt as though he was on Abi's side, and Abi desperately needed familial allies.

"You still out here?" Abi asked from behind us and I got up to see her with Shona. Abi had been crying, her eyes were puffy and red but there was a relieved look in her face and her body language was relaxed.

"My fault," Jamie said. "You know what I am like when I get talking."

"Can we go inside, please. It's bloody cold," Abi shivered.

"Of course" I told her and got up.

Shona said as I passed, "Ah heard ye made a wee impression oan Graeme 'n' Moira. Dunnae worry yirsel' about 'em. Ye nae goin' tae get 'em tae like Abi sae ignore 'em" she told me and I smiled.

"I will do," I promised and put my arm around my companion.

Jamie was insistent on me trying half-a-dozen whiskies, despite the best intentions of his wife and by the time we were ready to go I was completely drunk (the buffet barely soaking up any of the alcohol). Abi had introduced me to a number of her old neighbours and extended family but I had forgotten their names or who they were immediately after I was told, the alcohol content in my system not assisting with this task.

Abi's father, Iain, a serving police officer and ex-military man, joined us for the last couple of drinks. The first whiskies were quite fiery and scorched my mouth and throat but I began to enjoy them a bit more, especially if I sipped at it. Iain and Jamie involved me in the conversation and we caught various members of the family as they came past for a few moments.

Moira and Graeme avoided Abi and the table where I sat, after we returned from the Beer Garden which suited me. I did not fancy getting into another argument with them and, it appeared, they didn't fancy exchanging further words with me.

Jamie and his wife, Wendy, kissed Abi as we were leaving. They were staying in the same hotel as Abi and myself so we agreed to meet in the breakfast room at 9am, before I stumbled down the stairs out to Abi's car.

“Not too bad?” I asked Abi as we got into the vehicle.

Abi nodded and smiled. “No. Not at all. I'm glad I came. You were right about Moira and Graeme but I don't think they liked you.”

I snorted. “Should I care? I think not” I slurred and Abi tittered at me.

“I think you may have had one too many,” she told me as we pulled out of the car park.

“I have not had one too many. I have had several too many” I replied and grinned at her. “Anyway what goes on in a foreign country stays there, right?”

Abi smirked, kissed me and drove to the hotel via about a dozen detours. Abi still stubbornly believed she did not need the map!

* * * * *

We got back at around 11:30 and Abi made me drink three glasses of water. “You'll have a hangover otherwise,” she warned and I duly did drink what I was told to. “And if you have to get up to be sick, don't wake me up,” she warned and got undressed.

“Abi. You know you are beautiful,” I told her the naked girl and she looked at me.

“If you weren't so pissed, you'd get some fun. You'd get plenty of fun, but I do not sleep with drunks.”

“I'm not that pissed, look!” I said and pulled down my trousers to reveal a semi-erect cock.

“Goodnight Andy,” she said and climbed into bed. “Leave me alone while you're drunk”

I got undressed and snuggled up alongside her but she shook me off. She turned to face me, her eyes sparkling with fear and anger. “Seriously Andy, leave me alone.”

I didn't notice the warning and rubbed my hands down her flanks. “Can I not even have a goodnight kiss?” I asked. “Like wherever I want?” She turned and slapped me on the cheek.

Pain and shock emanated from where she struck me. My heartbeat quickened and I stared at her face as it towered over mine. “Leave me alone. I'm going to sleep” she said fiercely and turned off the bedside light.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. What was wrong with her?

* * * * *

I was awoken by some movement between my legs and opened my eyes to see Abi settling down between my thighs. She was naked, the covers pushed to the other side of the bed. She blew gently on my cock and it sprang to attention. Abi's eyes warmly looked at me.

She kissed the head of my cock gently and swirled her tongue over its head before looking up at me out of the corner of her eye. I groaned as she did, and she slowly impaled her mouth on my manhood, staring into my eyes.

Abi's warm mouth slid up and down my member, her tongue flicking my head as she reached her the apex of her stroke and then going in a bit further than the previous time as her mouth glided down effortlessly.

I groaned again and felt her hand touch my testicles and then slid a finger behind them. I reached down and ran my hands through her hair and grunted. She was watching me as she did it, the warmth of her mouth and the slickness of her lips as she bobbed up and down, I knew I could do little to resist much longer.

I grunted again and she pressed hard against my perineum. My body tensed up and I had the tightness and pressure all over my loins.

"I'm gonna ..." I warned Abi but she already knew I could not hold onto my climax for much longer. She began to slide up and down my shaft faster and faster. Her tongue rubbed against the underside of my dick while she brought her mouth down me and I screwed up my face.

The feeling was unbelievable and I resisted no more. With a grunt, I released and felt waves of semen travel up my loins and my cock swelled. Abi did not stop and suckled my ejaculating cock greedily as I spurted several times into her.

Abi continued to milk my cock, sending several aftershocks across my body and but then as I feel almost drained, she let my cock slip from her mouth and she peered up at me, her naked body enticingly sexy.

"What was that for?" I asked and Abi smiled up at me.

"Because I can. And because you are the best friend I have at the moment," she said with a smirk on her face. "And because I shouldn't have slapped you last night."

"You weren't wrong Abi," I replied instinctively, remembering the reasons behind the slap. "I should have left you alone so I'm sorry. You said no."

Abi smiled at me and her eyes twinkled. She was relieved. "Please, don't do it again. It frightens me when I'm with someone who is drunk and they won't take no for an answer. I know you are only sixteen but it is not OK." I nodded and apologised again, rather sheepishly. "Learn from it. Sex is not a right with me or anyone else you will meet in your life. Don't treat it like it is, although I'm sorry I hit you."

"I know. I'll behave in future," I promised and Abi smiled.

"Not behave too much, I hope," she told me and swung her legs over my body and snaked her pelvis up my chest. I looked at her presented slit and grinned. It looked gloriously inviting. I closed my eyes and kissed her lips. I tried to position her so she was sitting upright, but she wiggled her hips and slid my hands down her sides.

I ran my tongue up and down her slit, pausing to delve into her hole and glided over her perineum. She mewed as I did. Her hand wrapped itself around my erect penis and she gave a few gentle tugs of my rigid member.

It felt good as her experienced hands wrapped themselves around my inexperienced genitals and I could not help but cry out.

Abi bucked her hips as my tongue touched her clitoris; I sucked on it gently and tasted the sweet nectar of my lover. She was aroused and her musky scent filled my nostrils as I pressed my face into her soaked undercarriage.

She blew and panted as she adopted a quick rhythm and bounced off my eager tongue. She was crying out, loudly and squealed.

Without warning she shifted her weight from me and glanced over as she climbed off. She had a look of desire and passion in her eyes and she nodded towards her bag. "Side pocket. Get it," she told me and I got up and retrieved a large green dildo. "You seen one?" Abi asked, licking her lips.

"Oh yeah, Sarah has a red vibe," I replied and Abi gave a weak laugh.

"You know how to use it?"

"Well Sarah wasn't complaining when I did," I told her somewhat flippantly and Abi's face was one of excitement.

"That's me boy." I took the sex toy and looked up to see Abi spread out on the bed. I slowly made contact with her slick crevice and slowly slid the rubber phallus up and down

her slit. When it reached her entrance, I gently pushed the toy in and Abi screwed up her face.

"It's so big," she moaned and I stopped pushing. "Not so fast."

"You OK?" I asked and Abi nodded breathing quickly.

"Just getting used to it again. Go on."

I pushed the dildo in a bit further and then brought it back out again, gently thrusting it in and out of her, going a bit further every time, the toy making a slight slippery sound as it came out.

Abi was sighing every time she breathed out, her hips bouncing as I rammed the dildo into her tight entrance. I was rock hard, and wished Sarah was there to take care of me while I fucked Abi with a sex toy. Surely it can't be right thinking about other girls while I was touching Abi. Surely?

Abi didn't notice the look of worry on my face and was squeaking and gripping the sheets. I rammed the dildo up to the hilt and Abi's eyes opened wide as I twisted it inside her and then rammed it back in quickly.

"Oh fuckin', oh yes," Abi cried loudly and her muscles convulsed against my hand. I smiled at her and she gave me a broad smile in return.

I left the dildo in and kissed her clitoris. Abi groaned as I wrapped my tongue around her sensitive button. She squeaked again when, with right hand I began to pump the green phallus in and out of her again. She sucked in a lung full of air through her teeth and then exhaled noisily. Her body was bucking.

"Oh Andy, I love, I love, I love, oh yes," Abi squealed. I sucked on her clitoris and thrust the dildo into her as hard as I could and she gripped hold of my head, squeezing it for all she was worth with her thighs clamped between my ears. Her muscles quivered on my tongue and face was soaked with her juices.

She cried out, her orgasm clearly audible by everyone on the same hotel floor. She threw her head back and I twisted the sex toy from her well lubricated hole. She looked at me with a longing expression and I slid up the bed and positioned my cock over her in the missionary position.

"Oh Abi," I called, my cock tingling with teased excitement and expectation. I was already tight across my testicles and I could wait no longer. I looked into her eyes for acceptance and when she smiled rammed my cock into her inviting opening. Abi mewed as I buried my member to the hilt. The dildo had stretched her nicely and she accommodated my length being rammed into her with pleasure not pain.

I was desperate. I needed a release again so I began to jackhammer into her, my thrusts driving my penis into her as hard and quickly as I could. Abi's eyes flew open as my hips jerked forwards forcefully. She looked at me with lust and surprise. She bit her lip and wrapped her hands over my back before putting them alongside her. Her body was just keeping up with my rhythm and Abi closed her eyes, squealing in pleasure.

Her entrance squeezed over my cock as it pumped in and out of her and Abi squealed as her muscles shook. I felt my searing lust that gathered behind my balls emanating across my genitals. I groaned with every thrust, a joyful explosion of hot pleasure shooting down my cock.

Abi looked longingly into my eyes as she bit her lip again and her face stopped for a moment in shock. She was frozen. A few seconds later, I began to pump my seed into Abi. She shrieked as the waves of semen spurted inside her and I lay slumped against her.

"Wow," Abi said after we had kissed. "That was incredible." We lay panting for a moment, kissing each other passionately until Abi threw me off of her.

"Only got twenty minutes," she warned me. "Go get ready."

I trooped to the bathroom and looked at her open washbag. "Hey Abi. Why have got loads of condoms in your bag?" I asked poking my head from around the bathroom door.

She sighed and looked at me. "Because I don't want to get pregnant."

I looked puzzled and shrugged. "But you are on the pill, aren't you?"

Abi put down her hairbrush and looked at me. "Bit late to be checking, isn't it?" I went red and stammered. "Or is it just the girl's responsibility to arrange contraception?"

"No but you'd ..." I stopped talking and Abi cocked her head at me.

"So if I did get pregnant, what would you do?" I stammered for a moment.

"But you had a pack of pills on your bedside table when you stayed. That's the pill isn't it?"

Abi hummed. "Yes, but it's always slightly annoyed me that you've never checked though. It's not just up to me, ya know?"

"Yeah, but I saw them that first day, but never wanted to ask."

"Well next time, do ask!" Abi told me. "Contraception is your responsibility as well."

"So why the condoms, do you want me to wear them?" I asked and Abi gave a grin.

"I presume you have never worn one before?" I shook my head. "Then tonight, yes. We will."

"You have loads," I spluttered. "Why do you need all them?"

"I get given them. Every time I go to the doctor's I get given a bag full the moment I tell them I work in the sex industry," Abi told me. "I keep them around. You never know when you might need them. And they stop me from catching a disease."

"But I don't have a disease," I replied instantly and Abi looked back at me.

"And what if I wanted sex with someone else?"

I stammered. I had never considered this. I had always seen Abi as mine, but I could see this was purely irrational. "Well ..."

Abi laughed and came to give me a kiss. "It's OK. I've not found anyone and I am not looking, but one day I might be."

"You do know taking condoms to a family reunion is a bit ... well ..."

But I never got to finish the sentence as Abi flicked me over the top of the head and then kissed me.

* * * * *

Breakfast was a relaxed affair; we sat on the same table as Jamie and his wife, Wendy, while the two siblings teased each other. At the end of breakfast, Abi asked to talk to Jamie privately and they walked into the garden to chat. I was left with Jamie's wife who ordered a coffee for herself and a lemonade for me and we sat in the bar overlooking the gardens.

"Jamie is very worried about Abi," Wendy admitted as we watched them on a bench.

"He said," I replied and Wendy smiled. "But she is in a better place now."

Wendy smirked at me and looked back in the garden. "I thought she was working in a strip club."

I hesitated. "Yeah. It's the family business."

Wendy chuckled. "Well it's not what Jamie thought Abi would do when she was at school, but I suppose it is a slight improvement on what she was doing."

I sighed. "Whatever she was ..."

Wendy interrupted me. "Jamie said that you were very fond of her, very cute really."

"Cute?"

Wendy smiled at me knowingly. "Oh come on," she said grinning. "I know that look."

"We are just friends," I replied, which was fast becoming the most common phrase I was saying.

She hummed and looked at me, smirking. "I don't believe you. But you're a good-looking lad so I can see why I shouldn't."

I exhaled and bit my lip. "Honestly, we aren't dating."

"But you are doing something. You came to breakfast holding hands, and you're sharing a double room," she replied quickly and I buried myself behind my lemonade.

"Well, um ..."

"I presume your parents don't know everything about Abi."

"Actually Mum does. What should she care about?"

Wendy shifted in her seat and gave me an awkward look. "My partner before Jamie used prostitutes and it caused us to split up, so I have always felt uneasy around them." I shrugged and politely apologised but she just returned a tortured smile. "It's OK. But it's why I took so much time to trust Jamie when we started dating."

"I trust that ex-prostitute very much," I told her firmly and Wendy shot me a grin.

Jamie and Abi talked for two hours in the garden and Wendy and I had two more drinks (I paid for one round) before they returned. Wendy was a solicitor also, and very sharp. She admonished me more forcefully than Jamie had done for my row with Graeme and Moira, reminding me that it was not advisable to pick fights with the family of my lover. I sort of agreed, but was sorely provoked.

Jamie and his wife left at midday and as we had another night reserved we went walking in the hills. When Mum booked the hotel, she reasoned that Abi would not be able to drive down safely as she would likely be too tired, and so we were both ordered to have a day of rest and relaxation on Sunday before driving back on Monday.

"Your brother is concerned about you," I told her as we walked down the lane of the isolated hotel. "Wendy said so."

Abi smiled and looked at me in her jeans and T-Shirt, still looking extremely attractive.

"Yeah well, he is the only one of my siblings who I ever liked," Abi replied quickly.

"Is he the youngest brother, or is Graeme younger?" I asked and Abi grinned.

"They are twins. Non-identical of course, but Jamie, well, he looked out for me. Always wanted me to go to University but I wanted out of schools. I didn't like ..." Abi stopped and I pressed her to continue. "I didn't like learning any more," she vaguely replied. "I tried to get into drama school but when that I didn't work, I started at the solicitors. Jamie wanted me to go to Edinburgh and work with him but I didn't."

"There is quite an age gap isn't there between you and Jamie?"

"Yeah, six years. Moira is only four years older though."

"Moira's younger than Jamie? She looks much older."

Abi laughed. "That's catty."

I grinned. "Well she does."

Abi and I had a gentle three or four mile walk. She didn't say she was sore after the morning's activities but she did not walk at a fast pace and she asked to take a small detour instead of going up a reasonably steep hill. Abi had told me a few weeks ago that rough penetration sometimes made her tender but I didn't want to ask. It was private and personal so I just acquiesced to her request.

We arrived back at the hotel, just in time, as the thunderclouds that had been gathering all day, broke and a deluge of cold water engulfed the hotel.

"Ah, Mr and Mrs Williams," called the grey-haired receptionist. She held out a piece of paper that Abi took, thanking her and we walked with me smirking up the stairs.

"Mum and Dad want to come and have dinner with us," the newly-crowned Mrs Williams said as we reached the first floor.

"Why did they say Mrs Williams?" I asked and Abi grinned.

"Grace booked the hotel in your name. When I signed us in, I just said it is booked as a couple under Mr Williams and they have assumed I am Mrs Williams." I unlocked our hotel room and Abi walked in ahead of me. "So can we meet Mum and Dad?"

"Anything for my wife," I joked and she smirked.

"I don't have a ring, I can't be your wife. I'll call Mum and ask her to meet us here for six thirty."

I nodded and went into the bathroom to use the facilities and after doing my business, took one of the condoms and ripped it out of the packet, snapping the sheath so that it left just the rubber ring. I walked back inside, just as Abi was hanging up and knelt down beside her.

"Abigail Isobel Kennedy," I said and looked up her smiling and then placed the rubber ring around her fourth finger on her right hand. "You are now my wife."

Abi held up her left hand and smiled. "It's this hand I wear the wedding ring. You know, connected to the heart."

I shrugged and she moved the rubber ring around the other finger. "That's better. And it's so symbolic," she murmured. I grinned and she kissed me. "You're so silly."

* * * * *

Abi had envisaged that she would want to dress smartly for dinner and wore a lovely pastel yellow skirt with a smart white blouse. For awhile she walked around the room topless and with her radiant smile and lovely breasts; I didn't want to eat anything other than her.

Abi had selected the burgundy shirt and smart black jeans for me to wear on Sunday and I changed into them. She wolf-whistled as I came out of the bathroom and grinned.

"My gorgeous lover," she said, admiring me and her soft eyes looked at me longingly.

"My wonderful sex-ed teacher," I teased and she burst into laughter. I touched her flanks but she shook her head.

"Come on, Mum and Dad will be waiting."

Shona and Iain were sat down in the chairs in the Reception and Abi embraced them when we reached the bottom of the stairs. Iain shook my hand firmly.

"You OK Andy?" he asked and I returned his greeting.

“Abi, ye shure he’s sixteen. He dasnae look it,” Shona asked her daughter as we walked towards the restaurant and pointed at me. I towered over her by nearly a foot and Abi smiled.

“He is, but I needed to do something with his dress sense,” she reminded me and I nodded.

We sat down in the restaurant with the staff having reserved a table for four (I suspect Abi phoned reception after speaking to her mother.) “This is a nice hotel,” Iain told us, looking at the menu.

“Grace, that’s Andy’s mum, booked and paid for it by credit card. As a treat for us, well, me.”

“That’s very generous of her,” Iain said and looked at me. I didn’t know about this so I peered at Abi. Mum had given us £100 as well and the room must be easily that for the night also. I rationalised I owed Mum some money and needed to have a chat with her upon my return.

“Did she?” I asked Abi and my lover nodded.

“Said it was ... oh you know what she is like.”

Abi and I sat opposite each other and she slid her bare foot up my legs. I smiled at her and she poked her tongue out. I ordered a little tart to start and a big steak for my main course, and Abi ordered a bottle of wine for the table.

Iain and Shona were keen to talk to me about my life and I was happy to talk to them. Iain looked puzzled for a moment when I was talking about exams and then replied,

“So you really are sixteen?” I bit my lip and nodded. He turned to his daughter and raised an eyebrow. “Yer a cradle snatcher!”

“I know, but I couldn’t have survived if it wasn’t for Grace and Andy. They’ve really looked after me.”

“Why didnae ye come ‘ome?” Shona asked and Abi shrugged her shoulders.

“I didn’t think I was welcome,” she muttered and Shona put her hand on Abi’s.

“Ah, ye’ll alwees welcome at ‘ome, love.”

Iain asked how Abi knew Grace and then asked about the club. We were saved when the starters arrived and Abi wanted to try some of my tart (I swapped it for some of her pate which was too salty for me.) Iain and Shona exchanged looks as we exchanged bits of dinner and fed each other from our forks.

Iain also had a steak, but I had asked mine to be cooked very rare and Abi teased me about it walking to the table when I stuck my fork in and a river of blood poured from the meat.

Iain smiled at our banter and when we had had dessert moved into the bar area. They were happy to talk about anything and Abi steered the conversation towards Paula, Sarah and eventually Rhea.

Iain guffawed with laughter when I described some of the things Rhea had done and Abi seemed relieved that the conversation had moved on from her. “I do want to know something,” Iain asked as we sat down with a drink. “How the hell you had the balls to stand up to Graeme.”

“Me?” I asked and he nodded.

“Everyone is scared of Graeme. He isnae someone you mess with.”

"I just, ummm, didn't like what he said," I replied evasively and he peered at me. He was a policeman and I felt he was looking for clues in my body language, but then he had just broke the law and bought me an alcoholic drink. "And I had had a drink, was feeling confident."

"Leave him aloon," Shona told her husband and he smiled. We had a pleasant evening, but at 9pm Abi's parents needed to leave and we walked with them to the exit.

"Abi. We mean it noo. You keep in touch, lass. And if y'll want tae move back, there's a bed for you," Iain said as they broke from their embrace. Abi nodded and wiped a tear from her eye. "And you," he said turning to me. "You micht ainly be sixteen but I joined th' airmie, then You look after me wee lassie."

I smiled and him shaking my hand and nodded. "I'll do as much as she will let me."

Abi put her head on my shoulders, "I don't need to looking after."

Iain looked at me and then Abi. "She does," I replied, "but she is very, very stubborn."

Abi burst into tears the moment we got back to her room and I wrapped my arms around me. "I thought this day wouldn't come," she wailed.

"See, I was right for you to come," I told her and she wiped her eyes.

"I know, I know. But it is so easy for you"

"What do you mean, easy?"

"You saw what they were like. Ma and Jamie, always been good. But Moira and Graeme, poison everyone around them. It's so tough."

I wrapped my arm around her and kissed my lover. "But it's all better now?" I asked and she nodded before retreating to the bathroom to use the toilet. Abi slipped off her white blouse on her return and kissed me, and then turned around. I fumbled with her bra strap and she giggled as I used two hands to move the two straps together, which still did not release the clip.

"Here, I'll show you," she said and picked up a clean bra from the case. I was embarrassed and red, but her warm smile put me at ease, and fastened the bra and held it up, grabbing my hands and suspending it between my two wrists.

"What you need to do is to pinch the two sides," she said and using her thumb and forefinger, deftly unclipped the garment. It was different to how I had managed it before which was to use both hands but she studied my body language.

"That easy?" I asked and she smiled, repeating the manoeuvre and then taking the garment from me and putting over her wrists.

"Try."

The first couple of times, I had a couple of attempts before the clasp would release, often one of the three hooks would remain hooked, but on the fourth go, I did it first time and with a smooth motion, spun Abi round and unclipped her.

She turned and smile. "It'll take some practice, but they aren't that difficult, honestly."

"They are," I complained and Abi refastened herself. I groaned but she shot me a firm glance to indicate that "Bra Removing 101" was certainly not finished.

"They aren't," Abi replied and cocked her head to one side with raised eyebrow. "How hard was it to persuade me to come up here?" I sighed and went to argue when she picked up the discarded garment and put it back over her wrists.

"You refused to come. Mum persuaded you."

Abi shook her head. "You did. Well you made me feel guilty and realise that I should come. If you can convince a Scottish girl to do something she doesn't want to do then unclipping brassieres should be most unchallenging." She held out her wrists to me and I leant forward and pinched the fastener, causing the garment to fall onto her wrists. "Excellent," she said patronisingly and picked it back up again.

Abi made me unfasten the "training bra" a further two dozen times until I could do it easily and confidently. "Finished now?" I asked and Abi nodded, as I leant behind her and unclipped her bosom for the second time in ten minutes, freeing her milky white orbs.

"Yes. So when you finally have the confidence to ask Sarah out, at least you'll be able to get her bra off."

"I don't need to," I said with a grin. "She always strips when she sees me." Abi smirked and then I qualified it with, "but she has a boyfriend so I am not going to be asking her out."

"You will," Abi said with a knowing flourish and rubbed her hands. "The moment you grow a pair of balls."

I groaned and shook my head. "I am not going to be asking out Sarah when she has a boyfriend. All she needs to do is to finish with Kevin and I will ask her out, but I just can't break up a relationship. It's a consequence I can't face."

Abi pursed her lips. "It's a mean thing to do but sometimes, you just got to be mean. And you think the world of her, and one day, you'll need to make the step. Or you'll lose her and you will regret it." I shook my head and Abi looked at me with an apologetic shrug. "Now, there was something else I promised wasn't there?"

I hummed. "Ahh yeah, condoms," I muttered and Abi grinned.

"Do you know how to put one on?"

"Yes," I snapped and Abi raised her eyebrows. She pulled a handful from her washing bag and pulled me onto the bed, looking down at my erection straining to get free from my trousers. She hooked her fingers underneath the waistband and took my boxer shorts at the same time as my trousers with a flamboyant flourish down to my ankles which I stepped out of.

"Well go on then," Abi said with a sniff and passing me a condom. "Cause Sarah mightn't be on the pill so she might demand condoms."

I tutted. "Stop going on about Sarah," I told her firmly and rubbed the foil packaging in my hand. I had some idea what to do as I had six years of sex education lessons at school but had never actually put on a condom. I had a handful in my bedside table in case Paula and I ever needed them but there was no need as we had not had sex. In fact I had had them for so long, they probably had rubber fatigue!

I thought back to my lessons and realised my dismissal a few moments earlier of Abi asking if I actually knew what to do with one was out of pride and not out of me not needing any guidance. I felt the corrugated edge along the top of the condom packet and pulled it apart, stretching the coiled rubber sheath within.

"No good," Abi said quickly as I freed the rubber from within. "You've torn it, look." She pointed to the edge of the rolled up condom and I could barely see any damage.

"But ..."

"One hole, is all it takes," Abi told me in a patronising voice and picked up another foil packet. She gave it to me and told me to gently prise open the packaging on the end which I did to pull out a rolled up rubber sheath. "On you go."

I looked at my semi-hard cock and immediately started to unroll the condom in my hands.

She groaned and shook her head.

"No," she screeched and looked at me. "What are you doing?"

"What you said," I barked back and Abi giggled taking the half-unfurled condom from me.

"How are you going to get that on now?" Abi teased, rolling the condom in her hands until it was at its full length.

"Well," I muttered and she shook her head. "It barely looks big enough."

Abi chortled and pulled the rubber sheath so it was at least three feet long. "Your wang that's big?" She asked in a playful voice and I sheepishly shook my head. "No?" she said with a smirk and allowed the condom to ping from her grasp. "So no, you don't get to not wear them because you are too big. 'Cause no man is, no matter what his flamin' ego says, OK?"

I shrugged. "I was just sayin' ..." I started and Abi rubbed her hands.

"I am so glad I caught you in time. You'd have that Sarah pregnant by the end of the Summer." I tutted but didn't interrupt as she took another packet and gave it to me.

"Unwrap it and take out the condom."

I sighed, and ripped the top of the condom before passing her the coiled rubber. She refused to take it and then coughed. "Inspect it for damage."

"What?"

"Make sure it's not damaged. You don't want holey condoms." I turned over the condom in my hand and nodded.

"It's fine."

"Now, are you hard?"

I looked down at my semi-erect cock and shrugged. "Sort of."

Abi rolled her eyes and slid off the bed. She kissed the glans, rolling her tongue underneath my foreskin with some relish and I tensed my buttocks and my rod stiffened.

"You are now." I smiled at her and she looked up. "No point in not getting hard before putting it on, it'll fall off. And no getting started and then stopping to put it on, it goes on at the beginning."

"OK," I muttered.

"Now, the tip at the end squeeze with your fingers and with your other hand gently roll it down." I looked at her and did as she said, the tightness of the condom squeezing against my cock. I breathed out as I did and Abi had to encourage me to roll it until the very bottom. She looked at it and nodded. "And again."

"Again?" I asked as she whipped off the contraception on my cock.

"You need practice," Abi told me. "And be grateful we aren't doing it the whore's way." I looked at her and she folded her arms. "You need to put it on without touching the outside of it."

"Why?"

"Because I have no idea where my partner's been, and I don't want anything that's touched him to go inside me. So I put it on and I have to suck it on."

"Suck it on?" I asked with a shocked tone to my voice.

"Suck the teat with my lips and then roll it down in a very specific way. It takes practice. I'm just asking you to put on a johnny the easy way." Abi passed me another condom and

watched meticulously as I rolled it onto my cock. She tore it off and got me to do it again and again. "Is something wrong?" She asked as I went to roll on my sixth sheath.

"No," I told her and she raised her eyebrows.

"I think little Andy is getting bored," she told me in a patronising voice, leaning back against her arms.

"No, well, he's ready for Abi but Abi doesn't want to play," I replied with a grin and Abi crossed her arms.

"Well, what do you need doing about it before you can get your johnny on?"

"Ummm ... a blow job?"

"A blow job, he says," Abi said with a smirk and slid off the bed. "Well how can I refuse?" I waited and she nibbled at my thigh and then licked underneath my testicles, along my shaft. She giggled as she wrapped her tongue around my pee-hole and sucked the tip. I groaned and she disengaged herself. "One last time," she told me as I opened my eyes to put on the last condom on the bed. She watched as I rolled it do with a single stroke of the hand and she passed me some lubricant. "It makes it slicker," she promised and watched as I applied a generous amount of condom-safe gel. She licked her lips as she ran her hands over my cock and I groaned: it felt like something I had never felt before.

She hands glided over the rubber sheath with ease and she threw off the last of her clothes, sliding up the bed and pulling me onto her with her slippery hands sliding over my shoulders.

"Don't you want ..." I started but Abi shook her head.

"I'm ready enough," Abi promised. "And when you have your johnny on, you don't go messin' around," she lectured and guided me into her.

Abi was much tighter than usual but sighed as I gently pushed in. There was a weird tightness – a completely different sensation to what I was used to. Everything was gooey and slippery, like we were making love in the mud wrestling pit, but everything seemed a little dulled or less intense. It was far from unenjoyable but even as I gently rocked back and forth, I much preferred it without a condom.

I could feel the rubber as much as I could feel Abi and I began to push deeper and harder into her. Abi was squealing and panting with every stroke, although quiet and muted, there was a passionate look in her eyes. She gasped as I increased my pace, thrusting my cock in a frenzied way into her, our thighs slapping together as I pounded into her.

"That's nice," she whispered breathlessly into my ear and I nibbled the nape of her neck, my hips still hammering my manhood into her. I didn't feel as close to the edge as I normally did, and my thighs almost began to feel weary; I was nowhere near climaxing but felt Abi squirm.

Abi certainly was enjoying the increased "staying power" I had found myself with as I just continued to push into her. She was already meeting my rhythm but began to writhe and buck against me more forcefully. "Oh Andy," she cooed in her lustful squeal and screwed up her face, panting. "Oh God!"

I sniffed and continued my rhythm; I knew Abi was about to be thrown into her own climax but I was miles away from mine. I quickened my pace and Abi mewed in satisfaction, squeezing my buttocks and I rammed into her with my sheathed cock. She grunted and squealed before her entire pussy squeezed my cock tightly.

Abi held her breath, squeaking slightly before exhaling and shrieking loudly. "Oh shit," she cried and screwed up her face before squealing even louder.

I continued to pound into her; I was feeling much closer to the point of no return as she squeezed my organ. She swore again, but I could feel something electric. There was a tension in my loins and my legs shook against hers as I felt the build up.

I closed my eyes and thrust into my lover, harder and stronger as before; it was within touching distance. It was there, and I closed my eyes before unleashing a torrent of semen into the condom.

There was a cool wetness against the tip of my cock that I had never experienced before and gently slowed down my thrusts as I savoured the last feelings. I looked into Abi's eyes and moved to kiss her.

She panted and smiled, returning my kiss before throwing me off. "Get that condom off," she told me and I grinned.

"Give me five minutes," I replied with a smirk. "I might be sixteen but I do need some time to recover."

Abi scowled. "No, get it off, before your cock shrinks and you leave it in me."

"Oh," I muttered and slowly slid out of Abi with my hand around the base of condom. Abi instructed me to remove, tie and throw into the bin which I did and returned to the bed.

"So condoms?" Abi told me as she settled onto my shoulder and looked up at me. "Not as good as bareback?"

"Definitely not," I told her and she smirked.

"I think they desensitised you a bit. But hey, it's better than having kids," she joked and waited for me to agree with her. "Unless you want kids with Sarah."

I groaned but kissed the top of her head. "Thank you," I mumbled and Abi looked up.

"What for?"

"For being ... you!" Abi grinned and held me tightly. I suppose I should have expected it, Abi had taught me about sex, it was only right she should teach me safe sex, but there was an obvious enjoyment to her role in my sexual education and I couldn't help feeling that she thought of me as a bit of a project!

Abi and I woke up reasonably early, our night-time passionate embrace not deterring our body clocks from waking us up at a decent hour. It was Monday and we had the room until noon, but needed to leave before then as Abi had hundreds of miles to drive.

I came up behind the delectable Abi and put my hands over her flanks as she was about to go into the shower. "Join me," Abi told me and I smiled.

"Really?" I asked with a quizzical expression. "Have we got time?"

Abi glared at me and dragged me into the steaming shower cubicle. "Don't ever refuse a horny woman," I was told with a giggle and Abi pushed me against the cool wall of the tiled shower cubicle as the warm water rained down on us.

She ran her hands over my body and smiled, kissing my lips, then my body before kneeling down and nibbling at the shaft of my erect member. I licked my lips and looked down expectantly, but Abi wasn't in the mood for foreplay. She flicked the top of my cock with her tongue and got back to her feet, kissing me and running her hands through my hair.

She encouraged me to fondle her, and run my hands over her smooth, wet body as she dripped soap over my chest and rear, smiling seductively as she did. I was barely in the shower for two minutes, and had certainly not had the time to use any cosmetic products on myself when she shut off the hot water and lead me out of the bathroom back to the

bed and threw me, soaking wet, onto the mattress.

“Abi,” I moaned, but she ignored my protests and jumped on top of me and looked at my body with lustful intentions. I knew exactly what she wanted and rolled over to put her underneath and gently parted her legs with my knees. She smiled as I positioned my cock at her slippery hole and allowed it to slide into her. She groaned, and gave a hopeful look, as I gently pushed in and bit my lip. “Rougher?”

Abi nodded and withdrew to pound it deep into her. She gasped, swearing at me, and I repeated it again and again. Abi's eyes widened as her teenage lover jack hammered into her unprotected pussy. We had had a lot of sex that weekend, but it is the one occasion that I remember the most vividly as it was so intense.

Abi massaged my cock with her muscles, and began to pant, gasp and mew every time I thrust into the horny stripper. She swore and squealed encouragement as I felt myself nearing a climax.

I slowed down slightly, allowing me to apply more force onto my member as I rammed it home. I buried my face into Abi's neck as I did, panting against her wavy hair as I became powerless to resist the orgasm I was about to experience: I was at the point of no return.

Abi dug her finger into my back and squealed loudly before shrieking and her legs shook. I felt her pussy tighten around my cock and I gasped; it was a wonderful feeling, and I could resist no more.

I felt the surge come up from my cock and closed my eyes, just gasping as I filled the insides of my friend. I slowed down, as I came, just enjoying the last few sensations of the rampant sex we had just had. Abi stared at me breathlessly. “Wow,” she cried. “I love ...”

“... wild sex in the morning. It shakes you from your sleep,” I finished for her with a smile and she burst in laughter.

“Yes,” she agreed, and I climbed off the satisfied girl. “You've learnt,” she said with a smile.

“I've been taught well,” I told her. We checked out the room after breakfast and went to pay for our meals but Abi insisted on paying, it was over £80 but her parents had left her some money for their meal and drinks so our contribution was £40. Abi was a bit surprised that Grace had paid for the room in its entirety, and that there was no money owing for that, and she gave me a dirty look, as if I had anything to do with it!

Abi needed some more petrol and we stopped off in Dumfries, and I paid for it, much to her annoyance. Our chatter in the car that was initially very flirtatious turned to more mundane matters and Abi brought up the subject of Sarah again.

“I'm just sayin', you should ask her out. She likes you.”

“She is taken, and she doesn't like me like that. She told me.”

Abi took her eyes off the road for a moment and raised her eyebrows at me. “She can tell you what she wants to be, but her body language says so much more. She loves your company, Andy. She wants you.”

“Then she knows how to get it. But I can't break up with her boyfriend for her,” I mused and Abi smiled.

“I can tell you want her.”

“I want you as well, although in a slightly different way. I suppose I am a bit greedy, really.”

Abi smiled and looked at me with a grin. “I don't mind you being greedy. I am way too horny at the moment. I always am when I am happy.”

I laughed. "Haven't you had enough sex this weekend?" I asked and Abi poked her tongue out. "Well yes, but, I dunno. It's hard to explain. Sex with you is just so, different. There is a connection there I've not had with my partner for a long time."

I snorted. "Well most of your partners wasn't about friendship or love, it was for money, right?" Abi took an intake of breath and I realised I was probably too tactless. "Sorry," I quickly replied and Abi shook her head.

"It's OK. You're right; I just don't like to think about it."

I leant over to her and looked up at her. "I think that you are special and the whole massage parlour thing. It just makes Abi, Abi."

She gave an embarrassed and nervous laugh. "You make me laugh and smile. None of my lovers ever does that. Well not since I was a teenager. That's what makes you special."

I grinned at Abi and shrugged. "It is only you that thinks I am special, you know."

Abi slid her hand over to my lap and began stroking my groin through my shorts. I sighed and she grinned. "No I have not had enough sex," she told me and unbuttoning the shorts with her left hand she slid her hand inside and pulled out my cock.

"I should give it a name," she whispered and I laughed.

"Like what?"

"I don't know, I'll think of something," she told me as she stroked me. I pushed my legs against the footwell and shut my eyes. It felt weird to be hurtling along a deserted motorway at 70mph while the driver wanked me, and I felt a wonderful pressure occupying the base of my cock. Abi's soft fingers darted over my erect penis and I told her she was wonderful but she should concentrate on driving.

Abi ignored me and began to slide her hands up and down my cock. I grunted. She licked her lips.

I sighed again as her hands grasped my solid member and pumped it. Quickly and with a firm grip. I brought my knees up and spurted my semen into her hand. She looked across to watch and swerved across two lanes, and fortunately there was no other cars or police.

I cleaned up with some tissues but Abi had a glint in her eye. She was still smiling at me when we pulled into an empty service station car park some seventy miles later.

"I will be in the last disabled cubicle in sixty seconds," Abi told me as she looked her car door. "I want you to join me in two minutes."

Abi was waiting for me behind the door and I closed it. The service station was deserted, save for a couple of lorry drivers and a family. Abi jumped on me the moment I locked the door, and she kissed me.

She dropped to her knees and took my cock out of my shorts that she had unbuttoned while we were kissing and sucked it hard. She giggled at my groans of enjoyment and then bent over the large, deep sink to look in the mirror.

She wasn't wearing any knickers and her skirt was short. "I took them off. I hate knickers when I'm in this mood," Abi said and looked at her discarded pair on the sink and I gently probed between her legs to find her silky smooth opening.

"I'm ready, put it in," she whispered and I gently pushed my unfettered cock into her. She groaned as I spread her wide open. "I need this," she cried.

We rocked back and forth to my rhythmic thrusting for a few minutes. I had only recently orgasmed in the car and I was not in danger of hitting another climax too quickly.

Abi squealed as I pounded my teenage cock inside of her and rolled her breasts in my

fingers. She hit an orgasm quickly and I felt her familiar gripping of my cock as she did.

I waited for her to recover from her peak and began pumping her again. She squealed louder and louder. I felt my own flood coming and gripped hold of Abi's flanks. I looked at her in the mirror. Her long hair, soft eyes and lustful face. She wanted my seed inside her. I needed to release.

I breathed out forcefully as my cock twitched and pumped several waves of semen into her. She bit her lip and gripped my cock, milking it for every last drop.

We stayed together for a few seconds and then disengaged. I wiped my cock on some tissue and passed Abi a few sheets. She kissed me and grinned. "That was amazing."

We flushed the evidence of our tryst away and unlocked the door to find a boy of a similar age walking towards the toilets. He smiled and looked at Abi as she passed him, her skirt still hiked up a few inches above where it should be and then his eyes popped out when he saw me, and my tented shorts.

"All right," I said with an air of inappropriate familiarity. He looked inside the toilet and saw Abi's knickers on the side, discarded.

"Hey," he called to us. "You left those."

Abi smiled. "Oh I don't need those," she said. "I've made 'em all wet."

"Abi!" I cried and she lifted her skirt up at the front to flash the teenage boy. I saw him clutch at his shorts, and Abi grabbed my hand and ran out of the service station with me.

* * * * *

"Did you have a good time?" Mum asked the moment I entered the lounge. We had stopped off and repeated the "disabled toilets trick" at a Beefeater just outside Stoke and my testicles were well and truly drained after a weekend of total debauchery.

"Of course he had a good time. They've been at it like rabbits," joked Rhea from the couch who was playing on the PlayStation with Simon. "I can see it in their eyes."

"Yes, thank you Rhea" I muttered and we walked into the kitchen where Mum was cutting up some carrots.

"How was it?" she asked Abi.

Abi nodded. "Yeah, fine. I've been ordered up for Hogmanay. Ma wants the entire family up" Abi replied and Mum smiled.

"And you behaved yourself?" Mum asked at me jokingly and I smirked a bit.

"Sort of" I replied and Mum looked at Abi.

"Told Moira she was a 'spiteful bitch'. Graeme was a 'vindictive twat'. Then got drunk on whisky with my youngest brother and Dad." Abi said laughing. Mum looked at me aghast.

"Thank you Abi. I thought we agreed it would stay in Scotland." I told her. "Anyway, you made your peace with your parents and brother."

Abi hummed.

"Hey bro. Well done. That's some stuff I would have said," called Rhea from the other room, her eyes not leaving the screen.

"You need to watch that tongue of yours when you have a drink, Andy. It'll get you into trouble one of these days" Mum warned and Abi giggled.

"It nearly got him into trouble on Saturday. It's a long time since I've seen Graeme so shocked or Moira so angry. But I couldn't have gone there on my own. And Ma and Dad

really liked you. Dad said he has not seen anyone stand up to Graeme for a long time. Reckoned you had balls of steel”

Mum laughed with Abi and she turned to her employee. “You glad you went?” she asked and Abi nodded.

“Yeah. It’s made a lot of things better, and I really needed it. A break with Andy was just what I needed.”

“Things going to be OK?” she asked in a whispered voice and I looked inquisitively at both of them but didn’t get a response.

“Things are going to be fine,” Abi replied and she cuddled up against me. “Although I do owe you some money.”

Mum turned with a stern look and put her arm around Abi. “No love, you don’t.”

“But…”

“Abi! Listen to me. You owe me nothing.” Abi shifted and thanked Mum and then squeezed my hand. “And that goes for you too.” We hesitated and Mum looked at Abi. “But you can do me a wee favour next week.”

Chapter XIII

Abi worked Tuesday to cover for sickness but went home afterwards and I didn't see her, although given the amount of sex we managed over the weekend I think my testicles appreciated the rest I gave them.

Simon and Rhea seemed to be spending all day with each other to the point of Mum questioning Rhea's motives with her friend. They had a bit of a row while I was cleaning the club on Wednesday but Simon and Rhea disappeared on Thursday together so whatever was said, it did not stop Rhea doing what she wanted to do. Did that ever happen anyhow?

Thursday night was the visit of the male strippers and Abi had got tickets completely gratis for her and Angela. She had said that the last time went to see some male strippers it made her quite horny, but unfortunately Rhea was within earshot at she leapt on this to tease and goad us.

Rhea also tried to convince Mum to let her and her friends go but this was a complete non-starter for so many reasons that in the end she had to contend herself with the television in the flat for the evening and a demand to Mum and Abi that she brings back some signed photographs (that was also not going to happen but was tentatively agreed to in order for Rhea to return the club keys she hid from Mum.)

* * * * *

Abi slid into my bed and kissed me.

"Wake up," she moaned. "I want, no I need, to be fucked."

I shook the sleep from my eyes by blinking and saw an expecting Abi crouching over me.

"Come on, all the girls are totally horny. Those guys are so hot, and there are so many of them. They are so going to get laid tonight, all the girls were back stage, frantically trying to bag one."

"All of them?" I asked thinking of Ray's sister.

"All of them. Even your Mum had that lustful look in her eye," Abi teased.

"Oh Abi. Whatcha tell me that for?" I asked, slightly annoyed and the sleep shaken from my system. "That's a horrible mental image."

Abi grinned. "She is a very attractive woman you know and the men stayed afterwards and gave us girls a private dance. It was awesome and she was licking whipped ..."

"ABI! Spare me the details. Now do you want to get laid or do you want to talk about my Mum's sex life?"

Abi peeled back the covers and guided my hands to slit. It was moist and my fingers slid down it. "What do you think?"

"So you like male strippers. You want lots of tongue?"

"No!" She cried and as my finger darted over her clitoris she groaned and mewed. My cock was fully erect and she noticed, swinging her left leg over my body and coming to rest alongside my hips. She sunk her body onto my firm rod and sighed as it slid into her.

She rocked back and forward on it forcefully and vigorously and leant over to pin my arms to the bed. "You like this, don't you Andy," she squealed and continued to thrust her pubic bone towards my stomach and back. It sent waves of tingling pleasure all over my body as she ground into me.

“Yes,” I muttered. Her face was marked with lust and she screwed it up as she forced her body into mine. I wanted in some ways for her to release my hands so I could cup her cheeks or massage her breasts but I enjoyed the feeling of Abi being in control. It felt more natural and sexier.

Abi was experienced and squeezed my cock with her muscles wonderfully as it slid around her moist opening. I grunted and groaned and released spurts of my seed into her. Abi smiled at me and reached out for some tissues.

“Now that's something you can't get from the strippers,” she said to me as she wiped her crack and I cleaned my cock.

“True.”

“Although I bet your Mum did,” she teased.

I shot Abi a dirty look and she looked at me coyly. I supposed I should not be quite so squeamish, it is not unreasonable for my mother to have a sex life but I didn't want to think about it. If I had to be discreet with my sex life then it was only fair that my Mum didn't flaunt hers.

* * * * *

Abi went home on Friday morning after Rhea had subjected us to her usual scurrilous teasing. Simon had joined her in the flat and surprisingly, she was dressed and they were going out, their destination she would not divulge to either her companion or myself.

With little else to do I set about cleaning the club under the watchful gaze of Ikenna and took a break at noon to go upstairs to get something to eat. The thoughts of Mum with a male stripper had not completely left my head, thanks to Abi, and I had not seen her that morning although this not surprising as I had skipped breakfast. By now my stomach rumbling indicated that it was not prepared to allow me to skip lunch.

Wandering up the stairs, I was met with a sight, I did not expect nor particularly want to see. Mum was naked, with her light brown hair tied back and slightly tanned appearance was kissing an equally naked black gentleman, over six foot in height and with bulging muscles on the sofa. I froze as I entered the room.

Mum had straddled her partners sheathed and erect cock and she was rocking over the top of it. She was sighing as they kissed and he was caressing her nipples. I watched for a moment, they could not see me as Mum's body was in the way but it was an alluring and disturbing sight. I had tried never to think of Mum as having a sex life outside of her relationships.

It was irrational, I always knew this, but no-one thinks about their parents having sex. Mum was always careful about what Rhea or I saw and I knew that this guy was not going to be a regular boyfriend, it was just sexual pleasure; I suddenly understood Rhea's complaints about Abi and myself.

I watched for a few more seconds and went to leave but made a noise as I knocked against the skirtingboard. “Andy?”

I groaned, turned around and noisily entered the room. They looked up when I did and Mum squeaked in panic. “Hiya kiddo,” the guy said smiling as I walked past them and Mum looked over to the other sofa where a small pile of discarded nightclothes lay.

“Yeah hiya,” I replied as quickly as I could and walked past them.

Mum appeared in the kitchen a few moments later with her dressing gown on and smiled tentatively at me. “Morning, we weren't expecting you back so early. We thought you'd be gone all day”

"Evidently," I replied, suppressing a small smirk as I buttered the bread. "It's OK. Ab ... Isobel warned me."

"She did, did she?" Mum asked and was joined by her naked partner who came up behind her and put his hands over her studded navel before sliding them up and exposing Mum's assets again. My eyes glanced at her completely bare genitals and pert breasts before his hand was smacked and I tore my eyes away.

"I heard last night was relatively successful," I said and Mum grinned looking up at her new lover.

"Yeah, you could say that," Mum said coyly. "Everyone very much enjoyed themselves."

"I know Isobel did." I held my hand out to the black guy who was watching our exchange and he tentatively shook it. "Andy," I said introducing myself.

"Tony," came the response. "Was Isobel the Scottish bird?"

I grinned. "Yeah."

Mum looked up at her partner. "She's a lovely girl, you said."

"Cracking figure and lovely tits." Her partner slid his hands over Mum's body and she shuddered. "But yours are nicer."

Mum fidgeted as I cut my sandwich. "It's OK Mum. I'll take this downstairs. Give you some private time," I said and she gave me a smile.

"You, er, don't have to."

"No it's fine. You have the right to a private life too and you let me have mine. I will just take any previous objections to Sarah and Abi staying in my bedroom as completely resolved," I said airily.

"No well, that's umm ..."

"I'll see you later Mum," I said as I walked passed her with my sandwiches in my hand and she puffed as I went.

I left Mum fretting and fucking as I went downstairs to finish the club; it was nearly two when I finished so I mooched around the park. I was bored but the time on my own gave me time to think, about Sarah. She was being quite determined about the "dinner party" idea and had even got permission from her parents to stay the night; all she needed was agreement from myself or Zoe to host it and she would arrange.

I could still not see this as a great idea but Sarah was determined (as she always was). The couple I really want her to set up was me and her, not Jez and Jodie, or anyone else, but my subtle compliments were not getting through.

Rhea returned from her excursion in a black mood so I did not probe her activities too deeply although Simon did not stay for very long and she sulked on the computer in the dining room. It was fortunate for "Tony" that he had moved on by the time Rhea had returned as I doubt my sister would have been so relaxed as myself; she rarely missed the opportunity to tease and with the mood she was in, it would have caused plenty of shouting.

I didn't stay for long and went down for my team meeting at 3:30. There were lots of excited voices when I arrived and the tables were laid out as before, mostly filled. There was nowhere to sit near Isobel (Abi) or Heather (Angela) so instead I found a seat at the end near Ray's sister Jessica (Jenny). She smiled when she saw me and I flopped down in the seat.

Rather unsurprisingly, the talk was mostly of the strippers that had taken advantage of the

immoral lust that had descended on most of the girls who attended their show the night before, and while some had partners to return home to, others were apparently gleeful in that they shared their bed with the objects of the three hours of non-stop sexual entertainment provided by the muscular, naked male flesh on show.

One of the lap dancers, Vanessa, sat next to me and revelled in her encounter with one of the gentlemen and described her tryst in immaculate detail to the people around her. I sighed and turned to her smiling, asking, "what did he have that myself or Hugo doesn't?"

I spoke a little loudly at the same time a quite hush had descended as Mum had arrived and everyone looked towards Vanessa.

"Well he was six foot," she replied.

"Both Hugo and I are, as near as damn it, six foot."

"Well he has big, big muscles," she answered, grinning and making a gesture with her hands, "especially on the legs."

I lifted my leg up and flexed my quads and hamstrings, clearly visible through my shorts and Vanessa grinned.

"He was covered in baby oil," she added and we laughed.

"I'm sure I've got some in the bathroom cupboard," I said wryly and Vanessa giggled.

"OK and he had an eight inch cock," she blurted and Mum stood behind me.

"Are you going to beat that?" Jessica asked and I went bright red.

"Well, that's just guessing. You've have never seen my cock. It might be double that for all you know."

"Bloody isn't sixteen inches or you'll make me very sore," Isobel added from the end of the room and we laughed at her.

"Have you quite finished comparing yourself to the Dream Boys?" Mum asked me and I nodded, a little embarrassed. "I mean, the next time they come would you like an application form?"

Vanessa put her arm around me, playfully wailing, "don't go Andy. We don't want to lose you."

The team meeting consisted of, half the girls asking when the Dream Boys would be back (soon, they made a stack of cash), distributing pay packets and arranging who would be doing the Wet T-Shirt and Games Night the following Thursday. Jessica grinned at me when we left and we talked on the way to the bank.

Although she wouldn't admit it, I am certain she bagged a Dream Boy as well; I could tell by her coyness and shyness and so I reluctantly changed the subject. Jenny had always been the unattainable fantasy as I was growing up. She was a couple of years older than me but was close enough in age not to be too old for my lustful dreams or frantic masturbatory fantasies.

We chatted in the bank and with both Abi and Jessica needing to return home we parted on the pavement.

I was half expecting Abi to come and visit my bed that night but I woke up on Saturday alone and very horny. I grimaced and located a nice memory of Sarah and gave my testicles a thorough workout, and then disposed of the evidence in the toilet. I was feeling increasingly insatiable, the trip to Scotland having definitely awoken my libido and found that whatever I did, I was always still horny.

I grumbled about the lack of Abi, and Mum said that she thought I wouldn't want waking up

again and that she was taking advantage of me. Both Mum and Rhea laughed as I looked surprised and shocked at this thought and a skimpily dressed Rhea suggested that “she needs a rest too bro. You're wearing her out.”

“She's coming later to watch the carnival,” Mum told me looking at my expression. “You know the one outside. Better view out here than down where she is.” The annual Aylesbury Carnival consisted of around two dozen floats and raised money for local charities. It always passed Castle Street as it meandered its way from the Leisure Centre through the town and onto the park where there was a small funfair.

“Oh, is that today?” I asked and Rhea rolled her eyes.

“I think a lack of sex is depleting his IQ,” Rhea teased and I shot her a dirty look back.

Mum waited for Rhea to leave and sat down with me to talk about Tony and her. I already knew what she wanted to say, but I let her squirm for a bit (I think it was Rhea's influence) before reassuring her that I genuinely was not disturbed by the sight of her having sex on the couch with her one-night stand. She grinned, but did warn me that just because I saw her doing it, doesn't mean that Abi and Sarah had a carte blanche right to spend the night in my room and do “whatever I wanted.”

Justice? There is none of it in the world!

“And I know what happened in Scotland,” Mum told me grinning. “I overheard Abi telling a couple of the girls while waiting for the Dream Boys.” I went bright red but Mum grinned. “Just don't get too attached to her, OK. She is a really lovely girl but if you fall for her, you'll be upset.”

“I won't Mum. She is special to me but she is not Paula,” I replied and Mum smiled at this, even though I wasn't sure if it was true.

Abi turned up at around 11:00 while Rhea and I were still in our dressing gowns and Mum was running through some work on the dining table. She grinned as she came in and gave me a little kiss before making everyone a cup of tea. Mum sent Rhea upstairs to have a shower and get dressed, and she duly did the former and not the later, returning in her dressing gown with her clothes in her arms, “so she could watch telly.”

It was nearly midday when I came down dressed and Abi leant over the couch.

“Zoe rang. She is coming to the Carnival and wanted to know if she could come here with Sarah,” Abi told me and I nodded.

“OK I'll ring her.”

“No need, I answered the phone so it's sorted,” Rhea said and I groaned.

“Oh God, what did you say?” I asked fervently and Rhea grinned.

“I said that you would love her to come 'round as you go all gooey-eyed when Sarah is mentioned.”

“Oh that's OK,” I said thinking out loud: Rhea's wind-up this time was rather tame in comparison.

“And I also said that you were probably having a quick wank over her in the bathroom so not to be too embarrassed if there's spunk on your trousers,” Rhea added and I rolled my eyes at her.

“Whatchya do that for?” I asked her. “Sarah doesn't like me in that way.”

“Well you like her in that way, it's clear, although I don't know what you see in her.”

“Well it's my life, so stay out,” I replied firmly and Rhea leant back over the couch.

"It's embarrassing bro. You go after her like a puppy on heat, little tail wagging. She's just a prick tease and nothing more. She'll never go out with you but she wants you to think that she will."

I glared at Rhea, but our chat was interrupted by Mum who really did send Rhea upstairs to get dressed. Sarah appeared at the door at 1pm and Zoe appeared twenty minutes later.

"No Simon?" I asked and Zoe shook her head.

"He said he didn't want to see Rhea as he thought she was annoyed with him and that she might push him under a float," Zoe explained.

"Why does he think that?" I asked but Rhea appeared and answered for her.

"Cause I told him I would," she replied sharply and went into the kitchen to get herself a drink. "Cause he's been a cock," she shouted from the kitchen, clearly pre-empting the next question.

"She needs taming," I muttered. "I wonder if we could get her adopted. By a zoo or something."

Zoe grinned at me, and we sat down and chatted. Sarah and Abi were busy comparing make-up they both had in their handbags and both Zoe and I found that subject matter a bit boring. I told Zoe that Rhea was lying and I wasn't playing with myself earlier, and Zoe went red and Sarah giggled overhearing the conversation.

"Is that what she told you she said?" Sarah asked grinning and I nodded. Sarah looked at Zoe, who had taken the call and shrugged. "That's not what you told me."

"It ... it isn't," Zoe muttered and nodded towards me. "It's not what she said." My two friends giggled.

"I am so grateful I don't have a sister," Sarah replied.

"I wish I didn't have a sister," Abi added mournfully and Zoe and Sarah shot each other furtive looks.

"What about you, bro? Do you wish you didn't have a sister?" Rhea asked before my two college friends could ask about Abi, and I stared at her, humming.

"Nah, you're all-right, I s'pose. Even if you do go out of your way to make my life difficult. So what did you tell her?"

"Ask them."

Zoe and Rhea exchanged glances. "Well, I'd rather not say," Zoe told me and I glared at them both in turn, but Rhea skipped out of the room and both Sarah and Zoe were resolute in that they were not going to divulge.

Twenty minutes later, Mum told us to go outside as the floats would be appearing and as we meandered out of our front door onto the crowded pavement just as the first float, a giant Chinese dragon appeared.

The floats were colourful and loud. Rhea shouted quite a lot of abuse at the rugby club float that was manned by her ex-boyfriend which drew a sharp rebuke from Mum when she caught up with her, but by which time an egg had mysteriously left the crowd and hit Nathan on the side of the head.

Mum dragged Rhea away as the puzzled rugby player wiped yoke from the side of his face and Rhea was dragged inside the flat.

Abi politely declined my invitation to stay the night and Mum smiled as she did.

“What?” I asked as Abi left the room.

“You are very transparent,” Mum told me and I scowled in annoyance at the unjustified slur.

“What do you mean?”

“You know what I mean,” she said with a glint in her eye. “As does Abi.”

“I just like waking up with someone,” I said defensively but unfairly, I wasn't really believed. “I like getting cuddles,” I told her but was scoffed at.

* * * * *

Sarah was relentless that we should host a “sophisticated dinner party” at the flat and she finally badgered me at the Carnival so I would agree on the following day for her to invite Jez and Jodie, subject to approval from Mum and acceptance from the people she intended to invite. Sarah had wanted a Sunday as Jodie worked in a supermarket, and due to Sunday opening hours would be finished by 4pm at the latest.

We had not planned for Mum not to be around but she had one of her three or four annual trade conferences to attend and it was being held in Edinburgh so at 10am she packed her car and we waved her off. She had got Abi to promise to be around until she returned on Tuesday night and this suited me, I liked waking up with Abi (or Sarah) in my bed. It also explained why Abi spent the last two nights in her own bed at her flat, if she was going to be spending this week with me.

I went down and cleaned the club after Mum left and returned to the flat containing Sarah, who had made all the arrangements for the evening, and a barely-dressed Rhea talking. Abi had returned home to get a few belongings and I got myself a drink of water and returned to the front room. I froze as I entered the lounge and Sarah gave me a weak smile.

“What's up?” I asked and Sarah looked at an unrepentant Rhea.

“Nothing.”

I glared at Rhea and then looked at Sarah. “So, what are we doing for tonight?” I asked and Sarah's smile returned.

“We need to go to the Supermarket. I don't know yet,” she admitted.

“You don't know?” I asked incredulously, and she shrugged.

“I'll get inspiration when I'm there,” she shrugged and I groaned.

“OK, so who is coming?” I asked and she grinned. “I presume we know that!”

“Well Jodie is coming at six to get ready. Jez, Zoe and Simon are coming at seven. Abi has gone to get some evening wear and said she will help to set the table”

“So that's ... eight people,” I counted and looked at our dining table that would just about seat eight diners, if we had that many chairs.

“We're going to get chairs from your and Rhea's rooms,” she told me reading my mind and held out my hand. “Come on, we got to go get some food. Abi said she would pick up some wine for us.”

Sarah and I walked to the Supermarket hand-in-hand and idled up and down the aisles. In the end, she elected for some tomato and chicken bake with a caramelized red onion tart and salad to start and cookies and ice cream to finish. I pushed the trolley as she loaded the items into it, and we added some mint imperials and After Eight mints for the end of the meal.

Sarah wanted to pay for some of it at least, but I refused. Although this was Sarah's idea and Sarah had organised it, I was the host and it would be unfair if I expected Sarah to contribute, especially as she would be doing the cooking!

We arrived at the flat and Sarah disappeared into the kitchen, returning a few moments later to speak to the still half-naked Rhea. "Rhea, is it possible to not tease Jez tonight and wear something a bit more decent?"

Rhea looked up from her book and feigned surprise. "Why?"

"Because I want Jez to be looking at Jodie, not you."

"She'll have Simon," I told Sarah, and my sister gave me a withered look.

"You want me to look dull and boring?" Rhea asked and Sarah fidgeted.

"It's fine, Sarah," I said with a mischievous glint in my eye. "If she doesn't behave herself I'll get the baby photos out and show Simon."

Rhea drew in a deep breath and shook her head. "You wouldn't dare."

"Rhea. You know I would."

"Bastard. You know Zoe doesn't know about you and Sarah screwing. If you get out the family album I might just be a bit indiscreet."

I closed my eyes for a moment and looked at her. "I am not going out with Zoe and you can tell her anything you like for all I care. You can tell her that I buggered a badger for all the good it would do. It is not any of her business. But Simon would like to see the photos of you when you were very, very, very short, had absolutely no shame and were a bundle of trouble."

"Doesn't that cover her now?" Sarah asked through a smile.

"OK before she grew up?" I suggested and then corrected myself in a flippant tone, "Actually, who am I kidding?"

"Perhaps when she was all cute instead of being a nightmare?" Sarah asked and I shook my head.

"No she's always been a nightmare. And she has never been that cute, more sort of Mogwai after being fed after midnight, but there is something about the baby photos she doesn't like and won't want Simon to see."

"Simon is not my boyfriend," Rhea uttered and I shrugged.

"So he can see them then. If you don't behave yourself," I suggested and Rhea screwed up her face threatening me with "a fate worse than death" if I did.

I went to help Sarah in the kitchen but she shooed me out of it so I contented myself with setting the table, with the dining cloth and cutlery for everyone and then playing on the PlayStation with Rhea.

Sarah came out of the kitchen when the doorbell rang. I had paused the game to get it, but she darted past us and retrieved a slightly perplexed Jodie from our front door.

"Hey, do you live on top of that strip club," she asked me the moment she reached the top of the stairs and I nodded.

"Yeah. Jez was surprised as well," I said, my eyes not leaving the restarted game.

"Mum owns it," Rhea chimed in and Jodie stood nervously while Sarah finished in the kitchen. As Sarah and Jodie were fairly similar sizes, Sarah had brought an outfit for Jodie with her. It was clear that Jodie's family were not rich and her clothes, while not tatty, were worn and practical.

Jodie was about half-an-inch shorter than Sarah and possessed slightly smaller breasts, but apart from that was identical in build in almost every way. In looks, they were very different; Sarah had long wavy light brown dirty blonde hair where as Jodie had short shoulder length straight black hair. Sarah was playful and bouncy where as Jodie was calm and relaxed. They dressed differently too, Sarah wore clothes with cheery and flamboyant patterns and colours that reflected her personality while Jodie dressed in dark colours that exuded a coldness.

Abi arrived with eight bottles of wine as I sent Rhea upstairs, and as expected she refused payment. While I was hardly flush with money, Abi was not rolling in cash either and for her to be so stubborn was ridiculous. I tried to sneak the twenty-five pounds I had intended to give her into her bag but she saw me and after a few words of disagreement, we agreed to put cash in our "going out and enjoying ourselves fund" which I demanded reside in her handbag.

At 5:30 I managed to get into the bathroom and had a quick shower before changing into the white cotton shirt and dark black jeans that Abi had bought me. Sarah, wearing only her bra and knickers, came in to straighten my shirt (and for me to have a brief fondle), before returning to the spare bedroom where she was getting changed with Jodie.

Abi was the first to come downstairs. She had also changed in my bedroom and wore the same beautiful floor length green ball gown she wore to her brother's party in Scotland. It suited her beautifully, and as I told her at the time, made her look stylish and elegant. Her make-up was considerably less prominent and she looked wonderful.

Rhea was the next to come down and was dressed in a sparkling cocktail dress I had not seen before. The plunging neckline accentuated her developing bosom nicely, and the shimmering silvery material finished no more than half-way down her thigh.

"Is that what passes as not dressing up?" I asked her and she shrugged.

"Leave her alone, Andy. Simon is coming and she needs to look her best!" Abi teased and Rhea grinned.

"He's not my boyfriend," she reiterated, but the sounds of her protestations were broken when Jodie and Sarah appeared. Sarah was also wearing a cocktail dress, a dark red outfit that came across her bosom, but finished not far below the tops of her thighs. She looked ravishing, but Jodie looked like I had never seen her before.

Sarah had selected a bright blue cocktail evening dress that hugged Jodie's body. The neckline, as part of the straps, plunged deep between Jodie's breasts displaying part of the bosom enticingly. It was broken up by radial pleats centred around the bottom of the plunging neckline, that drew the eye towards the bust. The short dress gathered at the bottom and as Jodie straightened it, it came down no more than two or three inches below her hips.

"Sarah, are you sure about this?" Jodie asked and Sarah smiled.

"You look fantastic, what do you think Andy? As our resident guy, what does the bloke say?"

I nodded and bit my lip. "You do look very, very nice," I told her and a smile flickered as she straightened out her dress.

"Are you sure I can't wear knickers with this?"

"Yep, you don't want panty lines. Honestly, now we have shaved your bush there is nothing that will show," Sarah told her, winked at me and went back into the kitchen as Jodie went bright red.

Simon and Zoe arrived and, as expected disappeared upstairs to get changed. Simon

wore a navy suit with a red tie while Zoe brought the dark red evening dress I had bought her in Cambridge that flared outwards and finished at the knees. It was not as sexy as Rhea's dress or Jodie's outfit but she looked just as radiant and beautiful as anyone in the room.

"Not the blue one then?" I asked and Zoe blushed.

"I'm still working up the courage to wear that in public," Zoe confessed and Simon grinned at his sister.

"So you were with him when you bought it," Simon guessed and Zoe nodded. Rhea was looking at us closely and hummed.

"Did Zoe buy it or Andy?" Rhea asked.

I rolled my eyes. "They were thirty-five pounds each, do you think I would have bought them?" I asked Rhea and Simon squawked.

"They. How many? And where did you get thirty-five pounds from for a dress, Zoe? I can't even get ten quid for a sweatshirt."

Rhea was watching me. "She didn't. Andy bought it. I can tell by the looks on their faces. So why, Andy? What did she promise you? Or give you?"

I sighed. "It was a birthday present, OK?"

"But it's not for a month," Simon blurted out, still scowling.

"So what was her birthday present?" Rhea asked and Zoe and I looked at each other.

"That's none of your business," Zoe replied flustered and Sarah came back into the room.

"Is that one of the dresses from Andy?" Sarah asked and Zoe nodded. "Looks gorgeous on you, but I want to see you in that blue one."

"Yeah, but how many did Andy buy?" Rhea asked and Sarah looked at me and Zoe.

She smiled mischievously. "Only the four wasn't it and two sets of lingerie and the diamond necklace to go with it?"

"Four! And lingerie and necklace." Rhea shouted at me. "You are definitely getting anal for that!"

Zoe was flushed and stammered. "It was two dresses and some underwear."

Rhea stared at me, still grinning and was in thought. "Hmmm. Maybe he is just getting oral then. But I don't know, he has that funny look. What do you think Jodie?"

"I think you should leave us alone. Not everything comes down to sex, you know. I've known Zoe for ages, I'm allowed to splash out on her birthday."

"Not everything comes down to sex, Andy? After what you've been up to all summer? Do you really need Zoe or do you think you are being greedy?" Rhea asked and Simon replied before I did.

"Maybe he wants one for every day of the week?"

I groaned. "Zoe and I are friends, Rhea. What about you and Simon?"

Rhea hummed and changed the subject. Jez arrived ten minutes late and I answered the door. He bounded into the room, his characteristic smile and bubbly demeanour centre-stage, until he saw what we were wearing. He had found a dark pair of jeans and a pale coloured shirt, but looked considerably scruffier and more untidy than everyone else.

"Fook me, y'all dressed up," he pronounced as he saw us.

“Give that man a coconut,” Rhea teased and walked over to him. “Look, how sexy the girls are? I’ve clearly made an effort with my shimmering dress. And Abi, complete elegance; just like in the magazine. Zoe and Sarah are radiant, but just look at Jodie. I really think she likes you to go to such an effort.”

Rhea encouraged Jodie to stand up from behind Simon and, rather embarrassed she did so. Jez’s eyes nearly popped out his eyes as he surveyed the embarrassed and apprehensive teenager. “Wow. You look ...”

“Incredible, huh? Better than all those girls in those dirty magazines?” Rhea asked and Jez went bright red.

“Rhea, stop tormenting Jez,” I told her and she grinned coyly.

“Not a chance. Not while he gets those wank mags.”

“What magazines?” Jodie asked and Rhea shot Jez a look to explain himself.

“Well, er, just some ...”

“Pornographic material,” Rhea finished for him. “UK Babes was one. What are the others?”

Jez went even redder and shifted on the spot, clearly wishing for the ground to open up but Rhea had a relentless gleam in her eyes, enjoying the sight of the squirming Jez in front of her.

“Rhea, drop it. Remember what I told you would happen if you didn’t behave,” I warned her and Rhea rolled her eyes.

“One question. Doesn’t she look more wonderful and more sexy than those girls?” Rhea persisted and Jez nodded.

“Yeah. She’s fookin’ gorgeous,” he replied and Rhea leant into his ear and whispered something that caused him to smile. I can only shudder to think what it was.

We sat down for dinner shortly afterwards and Sarah had put name cards on each of the places. It was a bit of squeeze but eight people just about managed to fit around our table. She had put myself and herself at the ends of the table, with Jez and Jodie directly next to her. Next to Jez was Simon, who was opposite Rhea. I had Abi and Zoe next to me and I thought it was a bit dangerous to put Rhea so close to Jez, but she was next to Zoe so I think Sarah was banking on her to temper Rhea’s behaviour. I opened a couple of bottles of wine and poured a glassful for everyone while Sarah dished up the starter.

We talked freely over the meal. Sarah, Jez and Jodie spoke about the forthcoming football season – both in the Premier League and their own teams while Rhea and Simon were occupied talking and squabbling about school and music. Abi, Zoe and I spent a little bit of time listening on to the other conversations and also talked about Wendover Woods and holidays. Abi said she wanted to go back, even though all the bluebells would be dead, and I wondered if I could tempt Zoe to join us.

I opened the third and fourth bottles of wine to top everyone’s glass up and Sarah dished up the main course, which everyone complimented her on. It was very fragrant, what with all the fresh herbs Sarah had put in, but was also peppery and flavoursome. The chatter got louder as we drank more wine. The glasses were nearly empty by the end of the meal, although I noticed Zoe and I were drinking our drinks slower than everyone else.

Simon was rather tipsy and was louder and more confident than I had ever seen him. “I think my little brother has had a bit too much wine,” Zoe said and Rhea put her hand across the table on Simon’s as she spoke.

“Look at that, young love,” I teased but Simon shook his head.

"We aren't going out," he said quickly and both Zoe and I raised eyebrows.

"You act like you are," Zoe replied before I did. "You know, always meeting up. Touching each other. It's a bit sweet really."

"And she was cavorting naked with him last week," I added and Zoe looked at Simon questioningly, who went a few shades redder.

"We're not, Rhea has not asked me out."

There was a bit of laughter around the table as the other conversations stopped to listen in on Zoe and Simon, but Simon was deadly serious. "You could ask Rhea out on a date yourself you know," Zoe suggested and her brother scoffed at her.

"You are joking aren't you?" He asked of his elder sister and she shrugged. "You do not ask Rhea out on a date. She has to ask you out."

"Why? Surely the worst that can happen is she says 'no'?" Zoe persisted and Rhea shook her head.

"Oh no. That is not the worse that can happen. Trust me," she said in a deadpan voice.

"Let me guess, baby sister Rhea wants to ask the guys to date her so she feels in control?" I suggested in a patronising tone of voice. She scowled and crossed her arms.

"Shut up," she barked. "Unless you want a kick up the Khyber?" She screwed up her face at me and not awaiting a response, completed her explanation. "Have you actually seen the guys in our year? Half of them are twats and just think that if you flaunt yourself a bit then they are nailed on to get sucked off whenever they want. Some of them are geeky nerds who just think that by going out with me I will protect them from mockery or violence from the aforementioned twats. And then we get those who think they can 'show me a good time.' Oh really? If you could fucking find it. All they see is wank mags and they think that makes them a sex God 'cos they know where some folds are. So no, I don't let people ask me out," Rhea ranted theatrically. "It saves on the ridicule and violence I inflict when they do."

"OK, that aside. What's wrong with Simon?" I asked and seven pairs of eyes fixed on Rhea. She looked away from him for a moment and shrugged, speaking softer and being pensive. "Where does he fit in?"

"Nothing, I do really like him and he was the only guy at primary school who wasn't scared of me which is why I was furious when he grassed me up, but I just don't know whether he could, you know, be with me? He is really calm and way too scared to do anything. No sense of adventure and we'd be spending all the time with him telling me I can't do things, and if he thinks his Mum might not approve then that's it."

"Doing as your parents tell you, isn't a bad thing, Rhea," Zoe told her and Rhea grinned.

"You're right. It isn't a bad thing. It's a bloody awful thing. All the time, it's, well, it's not natural, is it? Being a Mummy's Boy and all that."

I saw Simon squirm as Rhea spoke but she was being unnecessarily honest and he wiped his face for a moment before continuing with the last of his meal. "But Rhea, you can't fault someone for looking out for you, can you?" I asked and she shook her head.

"In the last couple of weeks, as friends I must add, he has told me I can't be naked, said that we can't break into our school, can't sneak into the cinema, can't go for a slash in the hedgerow, can't ..."

"As I said that's hardly a bad thing, is it?" I interrupted. "I think you could do with a few months where you aren't getting into trouble, right?" A drunken Rhea smirked and Zoe asked why she would want to do all those things.

“Breaking into school? At the end of term there are no teachers about but all the little maintenance jobs are done so the school is wide open. If you come over the back fence you aren't seen and can get into the school. Then you just have to be quiet and careful.”

“Yeah, why?”

“So she could get the exam papers,” Simon answered and six pairs of eyes looked at Rhea, who squirmed.

“Pardon?” I asked and Rhea went red.

“You bloody tell-tale,” Rhea hissed and looked at me sheepishly. I demanded an explanation that she eventually gave, “OK, at the start of the GCSE courses, the Maths department have an exam first week back to assess how much everyone has forgotten, or very occasionally remembered. It forms part of that terms assessment, right?”

I hummed for a moment and looked down the table at Rhea. “So this is to cheat at the Maths exam?”

Rhea shook her head. “No not for me. There are lots of swots who will pay good money for a copy of that exam paper.”

Zoe laughed out loud, and waved her fork in Rhea's direction. “I don't think they will Rhea. Now if you had got the actual GCSE papers then that'll be a different story, but it's a novel idea.”

“No?” Rhea asked, staring at the waving fork in Zoe's hand. “I sold 22 copies last year. When some parents base pocket money on parents' evenings and school reports, getting 100% in the first school-wide exam of the GCSE year is pretty damn useful. I'm telling you that exam is worth serious money; I offered to cut Simon in on half of the proceeds as I was nearly caught last year and could have done with a lookout as I was picking the cabinet, but he said no, just like breaking into the cinema.”

“Why? That's always open? You don't need to break in?” I asked moving the conversation on before Rhea could be quizzed too much on her illicit money making scheme, but I made a mental note to interrogate her on it later.

Rhea sighed. “£4 a film? Daylight robbery, so we can sneak in and watch the film for nowt. Becky and I do it all the time but he says no so we paid.”

“Well that's a good thing,” Zoe told her firmly and Rhea gave a deep sigh.

“See? He is just like you. And then you wonder why we aren't dating? There is no spark of adventure.” Zoe sighed and stared at my sister in thought.

“What happened in the hedgerows?” Sarah asked and Rhea smiled.

“Now this was completely ridiculous. After school, last day of term, glorious day so we take a wander out of town. Green fields around us, but neither of us went to the loo before we went and we had a bit to drink, ya know, hot weather and all that. So after an hour or so, we are both getting a bit cross-legged and we get to a gap in the hedges between fields and it is down a dip and surrounded by trees so I said we'll just pee here and he goes all shy,” Rhea said, now waving her fork and prodding the air next to Simon with it. “He was OK to go for a leak but I couldn't.”

“I didn't know where to look,” Simon muttered and Rhea grinned.

“Oh, I think you did,” Rhea replied, her eyes fixed on his, “I saw you sneaking a peek.” Simon murmured something under his breath and Rhea continued. “I don't care you lookin' but I didn't 'alf get an ear bashing on the way back. I had to threaten to give him a damn-good thrashing before he'd stop. Bloody hypocrite, says no I can't as it's not lady-like or decent and then watches me but pretends not to.”

"I used to know a guy who was obsessed with seeing me pee," Abi said having been quiet for most of the conversation. "He was a bit weird but loved to see it."

Sarah giggled and looked at Simon. "Well he was probably curious. You can't blame him for that Rhea. It's natural."

Rhea nodded and grinned. "No I can't and I don't care about him looking. Hell I wouldn't've cared if he wanted to watch ... just shouldn't be a cunt about pretending he didn't. He is too scared to take risks. And that's his problem."

Sarah was still smiling at my tipsy little sister waving her fork around and shook her head. "So, he is a little embarrassed. You shouldn't be so ... unreasonable"

Rhea stuck her tongue out and spoke. "I just want a boyfriend who enjoys being with me and doing things with me, not someone who is always scared or cautious or whatever, so he's not really my type. Not until he learns to be a teenager and not ... middle-aged!"

Simon shrugged and wiped his face again. "Well it's probably for the best," Zoe muttered. "I don't want him to be arrested or expelled. And neither does Mum."

Rhea scoffed. "They do not arrest fourteen year olds. Well not for breaking into their school, sneaking into a cinema, or pissing in bushes." I looked over at Sarah who gave me a wry smile. "I have been suspended from school once, ironically thanks to your brother, and got a handful of detentions. I am not the worst offender at our school at all so don't make me out to be the Devil; I'm not."

Zoe listened to Rhea's forceful and assertive rebuttal of her characterisation of my little sister and then I steered the chat away from Rhea and Simon. I could see Simon was not comfortable with it and was probably a little upset with Rhea's candid admission that she did not see Simon as a boyfriend. He clearly liked her and had spent most of the evening watching her, but I don't think Rhea noticed.

We ate our dessert but I noticed Simon was a lot quieter despite his sister's attempts to wring some conversation out of him. He was not sulking but I think given the choice he would rather have been left alone for awhile to digest what Rhea had just done to him.

I knew how he felt. Abi had done a similar thing to me, and although she had been considerably less brutal than my sister had been, I still felt wretched for some time afterwards. Rhea had just been heartless with her rejection and she didn't know it. Either that or she did not particularly care.

Sarah had excused herself several times over the evening so Jez and Jodie would have some time together and it did appear to be working, at least in part. They conversed freely and seemed at ease with each other, and Jez was certainly taken by Jodie in Sarah's expensive dress. I kept glancing at Abi and Sarah. Whereas Sarah went for a very brash, provocatively short dress that was eye-catching and suggestive, Abi had chosen an elegant, sophisticated dress that oozed class and seductiveness. I wasn't sure which approach I preferred but they both looked ravishing and incredibly sexy. I wanted them both.

After the meal we opened the fifth bottle of wine but Jodie looked up at the clock announcing that she would have to leave soon as her mother had wanted her back by ten. Sarah poked Jez a couple of times and then whispered in his ear when Jodie got up to go to the toilet. When she returned, Jez was waiting to "walk her home." Sarah, was persistent if nothing else.

Sarah refused to let Jodie get changed into her normal clothes telling her that the dress suited her and she should wear it home so "her mother could see her in it." Jodie was not convinced by this but Sarah was domineering and dictatorial and the bewildered Jodie did

not argue when Sarah presented her with her possessions in a carrier bag. We waved them off and then sat down on the couches with the wine. While I was talking to Sarah, I heard Simon return from the toilet and I barely registered the movement until I looked over to see him, naked except for his socks, swaying slightly at the bottom of the stairs.

“OK Rhea. This might be the alcohol talking but I do mean it,” Simon said as he reached the lounge his voice slurred and was looking at my little sister. He threw his arms out from his crotch, exposing himself and put his palms up. “I want to go out with you, and I know I am not as adventurous- as adventurous- as daring as you but I’m not as boring as you think. I love being with you and I’ll do whatever you want to do.”

“Fuck!” Rhea exclaimed from behind me and Zoe looked away. I looked at Rhea and saw her scan his milky white body and glance at his inflating cock – clearly his subconscious found this humiliating plea for my sister’s attention a little arousing at least.

“Simon, get dressed. You are making a fool of yourself,” Zoe told him sternly but he shook his head and continued walking over to Rhea.

“You wanted me to go nekkid with you, Rhea, and I wouldn’t as I was too shy but I’m not now. Let me take you out on date, Rhea. We’ll break into the school or cinema or spend all day peeing in the bushes or just do whatever you want. Please just give me a chance?”

A smiling Rhea got up and took his hand, leaning over to him, planting a brief kiss on his lips and then putting her hands around his waist.

“What do you think guys, should I let him?” Rhea asked and Sarah nodded.

“You’ll make a nice couple,” she said and Zoe hummed.

“I think Mum will not be happy,” Zoe muttered and Rhea looked at me. “This isn’t right Simon.”

“What do you think, bro? Could he handle it?” Rhea asked with a mischievous glint in her eye.

“I, er, I reckon he’s utterly mad. You both are. But look at him Rhea, he clearly besotted by you to do this to get your attention,” I told her and she smiled.

“I am. She is one in a million,” Simon added, the alcohol clearly making him embarrassingly candid.

She looked at her naked friend and gave a gentle nod. “OK. Get dressed or your sister will explode. And yeah, I’d love to go out on a date with you too,” she told him and pushed the smiling boy back up towards his clothes. “What the hell came over your brother?” Rhea asked the stunned Zoe as Simon disappeared and my conservative friend shook her head.

“It must be the wine. He’s had way too much. He is normally so quiet. I better take him home.”

“Go easy on him,” I told my crazy sister and she shook her head.

“Where would be the fun in that? And why was he naked except for his socks? Is that supposed to be a sexy look? God he has so much to learn.”

“It’s British men have so much to learn, Rhea,” Abi added and the four girls all stared at me who shrugged.

Simon returned a few minutes later, clothed except for his tie and sat down next to Rhea who put an arm around him.

“We need to have words later,” Zoe warned her brother but he shrugged it off. “No. I mean it, Simon. You can’t act like that, it’s not decent.” Zoe drank the last of her wine in her glass and looked at the clock. “We better go soon as well. Before you make a fool of yourself

again.”

“You could always stay the night with us,” Rhea suggested and Zoe shook her head.

“Dad'll be expecting us home soon,” she said. “Just because Mum is away doesn't mean ...”

“Dad won't mind if we ring,” Simon suggested and Zoe glared at him.

“You've misbehaved yourself enough today. Mum wouldn't approve,” she told him, “and where would you sleep?”

Rhea interrupted Simon who was about to speak. “You and Sarah can have the spare room. It's a double bed and it's lovely and springy. Abi and Andy can have Andy's room and Simon and I can share mine. I have a double bed also and it's big enough although when those two get going you can hear filthy sounds coming through the walls,” she said grinning and looking at me.

“What's wrong with Julie's room?” I asked and Rhea smirked.

“She's locked it since the bikinis went missing,” she told me and I laughed.

“Share a bed with Rhea? No Simon, Mum would have kittens,” Zoe told her younger brother.

Simon pouted and then put his head on Rhea. “Come on sis. It's only for one night. Mum doesn't go away too often. Let your hair down.”

“No”

“Well you can go home by yourself because I'm staying here if Rhea will let me. She's right, I do need to chill more,” Simon told her and Zoe looked at him open mouthed for a moment.

“I don't mind sharing the spare bedroom with you. And I promise I might keep my hands to myself,” Sarah joked, her face smirking.

Zoe looked at each of us in turn and then sighed, adding in a resigned voice. “Do I have much of a choice?”

“Of course, we're not bullies, it's up to you,” I told her but Rhea scoffed at me.

“You speak for yourself. I'm very flexible in my indiscretions,” she interrupted.

“No Rhea. If Zoe doesn't want to stay, or she doesn't want Simon to stay with you then Simon and Zoe will have to go home,” I told her and waved my finger in her direction. Abi nodded as I spoke and we looked at Zoe.

“Please Zoe,” Rhea implored and her brother copied her, looking at his sister with big puppy-dog eyes. “It's for one night. We'll behave. Didn't you spend the night with Andy in Cambridge?” Zoe and I nodded and Rhea looked at Zoe. “And did anything happen?”

Zoe sighed. “What's that got to do with anything?”

“Because it was a Matheson-Williams pair spending the night and behaving. It's in our blood,” Rhea suggested.

Simon pleaded and licked his lips. “Just one night. Oh come on, Zoe.”

“OK. I'll ring Dad,” Zoe agreed reluctantly and Simon thanked her. Zoe rang her father to say that they were staying the night and would be back tomorrow, but the brief conversation required little explanation from her. I wondered how much of the discipline and parental responsibility was handled by Zoe's father. Very little, it would seem, but perhaps he was used to Zoe's mother taking over, or maybe Zoe really was trusted impeccably.

Zoe and Rhea went into the kitchen to get some more drinks and I followed them to get some snacks for us.

"Thank you," Rhea said to Zoe and glanced over at me as I came into the kitchen.

"Don't tell Mum," Zoe warned her and Rhea nodded. "And go easy on him. You'll be his first girlfriend."

"Yeah. I do know," Rhea said slowly. "But I wouldn't agree to go on a date with him if I didn't like him."

"You're corrupting him," I told her and Rhea smiled.

"Could it not have been that he is corrupting me?" Rhea asked and we all laughed. "Look, I might be seen as this immoral wild child but I am not that bad," Rhea said. "I didn't surrender my virginity to the first guy who asked me out and I am not just going to jump in bed and screw the second. And I am not going to try and get him suspended, or arrested, or in trouble."

"Well Mum would not approve of you at all," Zoe mused and Rhea gave a slightly tortured look.

"If it's all the same then Mum doesn't particularly approve of Simon," Rhea admitted and a surprised Zoe asked why. "She told me and we had an argument. Your Mum and a few of her churchy friends opposed the license at the club when it came up for renewal on moral grounds a few months ago. Now the committee members weren't allowed to consider moral objections but Mum thinks that me striking up a close relationship with the son of the main objector might be a touch inflammatory. She is not happy with Andy and you either but, um, she doesn't think Andy will listen."

Zoe sighed and shrugged. "I'm sorry Rhea, I didn't know, but ..."

"But I won't be told what to do. And I am bloody annoyed that she thinks she can tell me to do things when she knows Andy would tell her to fuck off for the same thing. I mean, don't I work hard on my reputation? To think that I would be easier to manipulate than 'im." Zoe smiled and Rhea shrugged. "But I told Mum that, so she has resigned herself to the fact that Simon and me are getting close. And I told her not to try something so silly again. Well not unless she doesn't want serious consequences."

"So this is about you rebelling against your mother?" Zoe asked and Rhea shook her head.

"No. This is about me liking your brother and choosing to go out with him because I like him and he'll be a good boyfriend."

"I thought it was just a date?" I asked Rhea and she smirked.

"Of course I am going to go out with him, assuming he doesn't have second thoughts. I just wanted him to have the nerve to ask," Rhea admitted and I smiled. "I've been dropping enough hints but he needed to come out his shell. I just didn't expect him to come out of his clothes at the same time. Why do you think I am wearing this dress? Or the constant touching, or the smiles, or the pecks on the cheek, or dragging him places? I've been trying to get his attention and I've wanted him to ask. Two bloody weeks it's taken him and four glasses of wine. It's a flaming outrage!"

"You know, you could have given up and made the move yourself," I suggested, smiling at my baby sister.

"Pah! No. I wanted him to. I was sorely tempted and it was hard not to."

"Yeah, but you hated him?" Zoe asked and Rhea exhaled deeply.

"I tried to, I really wanted to, but I just couldn't. I was angry with him yes, but hated him,

never! He was a good friend at Primary School, and we sat on the same table. We haven't been in the same class for two years. And he hated me for throwing him into the skank tank but we just had to get talking again. And you two did that when we went bowling, so it's your fault really."

Zoe nodded and smirked. "You know, I've not seen my brother naked since he was three," she told Rhea who gave a little grimace.

"He sees me naked all the time," Rhea said pointing in my direction.

"You're an exhibitionist," I told her. "You walked around naked for days. You wanted to shower with the rugby lads. You played Strip Poker on your field trip."

Zoe's eyes widened as I spoke and she looked at Rhea. "Nice one, bro. Strip Poker. What a good idea," my little sister squealed and ran back into the lounge.

"Oh my God! She is not serious?" Zoe asked as she took a bottle of wine from the fridge and I nodded.

"She will be. Your brother really has got a rude awakening hasn't he?"

She sighed and shrugged. "Why couldn't he have found a nice, upstanding, young lady like Sarah. Someone who is calm and reserved? Someone who he can take home to the family and not cause problems." I froze for a moment. This was Sarah's best friend called Sarah reserved. That wasn't the Sarah I knew and adored!

"Hey Mrs. Williams," I called out as she went to leave the kitchen and she turned around smirking. "Mum hasn't spoken to me about my friendship with you but I'll tell her the same thing Rhea told her if she asks."

Zoe suppressed a smile and looked at me. "Don't get into trouble for me, Andy, but you shouldn't get into trouble though, for being friends with someone."

"I know. And I'll tell Mum that," I said. "But I think she already been told."

Rhea had "convinced" the rather drunk Simon, the plastered Sarah and the fairly inebriated Abi that Strip Poker should be played and she moved the coffee table to the corner of the room, having found a pack of cards. The moderately sloshed Zoe and mildly merry me seemed to get swept along and somewhat intoxicated, and candid, Rhea dealt out the cards, with us sat down on the floor with Abi, Zoe, Sarah and I having our backs to the sofas.

"Lowest hand loses an item. When you are naked, you're not out but no covering up," Rhea announced, shuffling a deck of cards as she spoke.

"What, no forfeits?" Sarah asked and Zoe shook her head.

"If you like, when we have a winner."

"I'm not sure about this!" Zoe said and I held her hand.

"You remember the rules of poker, right?" I asked and Zoe smiled.

"It's not that, it's just ... I don't think Mum would approve."

"Should bloody hope not," Rhea replied quickly and Simon smiled. "Listen Zoe. You have a night away from your parents. Be a teenager. Please. It'll be a completely new experience for you, I know. But you might enjoy it."

Zoe put her head in her hands and I put my arm around her. "You see Simon and I have a bit of an advantage here. I have socks, trousers, boxers, shirt. That's four items. You, Abi, Sarah, Rhea. What's that two items tops."

Rhea thought for a moment. "Yeah that's a point. OK. We've got to class shirts and

trousers as one item and underwear as one item," she said and sat down with the cards.

"Yeah nice one," Simon said to me in an annoyed tone and I shrugged.

"You've already been naked tonight, anyhow."

Zoe winced and I whispered in her ear if she was OK with playing this as she didn't seem too comfortable but she nodded and said that she would be, before taking a big gulp of wine. Since Simon had done his impromptu strip tease she had certainly drunk more, and the alcohol she had consumed had worked its way into her system and was having more of an effect.

Rhea dealt out five cards to each of the six players and did some sums in her head.

"Each player can change up to three cards once," she said and looked at me. I nodded, knowing that if it was more than that we would exhaust the deck and Rhea had not taken the liberty of mixing two decks of cards together.

I picked up my cards and had two tens and three other assorted cards that I put aside to change. Rhea, as the dealer went first and changed two cards and then went to her right. Abi changed two cards; Zoe changed none; I changed my three and got another set of pointless three cards; Sarah changed one and Simon swapped three. Rhea rubbed her hands and then turned over her cards.

"Pair of nines," she said, "with an Ace High"

"Two Pair, Aces and Queens," Abi said before Zoe revealed a straight of six-seven-eight-nine-ten.

I showed my pair of tens and Sarah revealed a pair of Jacks.

We looked at Simon and Rhea, with Simon looking nervous. "I am not sure this is something, I think it is," he said and revealed his cards. "All the same suit"

"Decent hand, a flush. Beats everyone else. Including Rhea"

Rhea smirked and stood up, shaking her dress off her shoulders and letting it slide down her body. Her long brown hair cascaded down her face and perched nicely on her lacy white lingerie. Simon stared at her and she smiled back at him.

"He likes what he sees," Sarah teased and Rhea grinned.

"I should hope so, when I get those trousers off of him I want to see appreciation!" Rhea replied and Simon bit his lip. Abi scooped up the cards and dealt them while I poured wine into everyone's wine glass after retrieving the last two bottles of wine.

"We have had a bit to drink," I said as I returned to my seat. "These are the last two."

Zoe shuddered a little bit and I patted her on the back. I know there is no way she would be playing this game if she was completely sober, but I also knew she would probably enjoy herself if she relaxed. I remember her peeking at me in Cambridge so I made sure I filled her wine glass to the very top.

I had known Zoe for many years and remembered the week-long field trip we had to the Isle of Wight in Year 7. Four of us crept out of the hotel in the evening and wandered down to the beach to the arcades, and Zoe was with me. She spent the first half hour trying to persuade us to return and convince herself she was doing it to stop us getting into trouble, but it was her who was the most reluctant to return to the hotel when the sun was setting.

I looked at my cards and smiled, two Aces, two Kings and a seven. When I changed the seven I only got a five in return I knew I would not be stripping. I surveyed the looks on the other players and when it came to declare the dealer, Abi only had King High which was bettered by everyone.

We all watched Abi undo the straps on her dress and step out of it. She was topless and instinctively covered her ample bosom with her hands to cries of “get 'em off” by Rhea and Sarah.

“It's not fair,” she moaned and sat back down again. Simon was almost transfixed by Abi's 36C chest and I smiled. Perhaps if Abi and I were not quite so sexually active I would have found it a little more alluring and exciting but her gorgeous breasts was ingrained in my memory. However, as I looked I could feel a stiffening in my trousers nevertheless. I would be playing with that bosom later anyhow!

Zoe dealt out the cards and I changed three cards to leave me with three fours. I smiled as Abi only had a King high but she was lucky as Simon had the worse Poker hand possible 2-3-4-5-7. He unbuttoned his shirt and Rhea unbuckled his belt as he stood up.

“Rhea, be patient!” Sarah admonished her but she flashed her smile. Surprisingly Simon seemed far from unsure of himself as he slid his trousers down to reveal a pair of red Y-Fronts, Rhea leant forward to kiss the bulge in the middle.

“Rhea!” I called out and the half-naked girl shrugged her shoulders. “Behave!”

“Leave us alone,” she replied and Zoe tentatively passed me all the cards. I shuffled the deck with a ripple shuffle and dealt out the cards. Sarah was next to lose an item of clothing to be topless with a red thong. My cock stood firmly and Simon shifted uncomfortably in his seat before Sarah dealt and Rhea lost her underwear.

She, rather unfairly, got Simon to unclip her bra and his shaking hands had problems doing so, but she released her bosom and slipped off her skimpy white briefs to reveal a landing strip style pubic hair. Simon stared at her loins and she took his hand and ran it across the hair.

“I like it like that,” she told him and he grinned. “I did today just in case you saw it”

“Oi, loverboy,” Abi called to get Simon's attention and passed him the cards. He trembled as he shuffled and dealt out the cards, and his sister got a rough set of cards to leave her having to undress. She smiled nervously as I unclipped the back of the burgundy dress and she revealed a fairly plain set of white underwear to us.

I squeezed Zoe's hand as she sat down and she looked at me, her blue eyes looking glazed and bemused but not scared or uncomfortable, and I took some solace in this. She was certainly out of her comfort zone but then this was to be expected; she had had a sheltered upbringing, and was not quite as keen as her brother to let go, but was being swept along by peer pressure and alcohol.

Rhea dealt out the cards, drawing reference to the fact that I was the only fully clothed player, and promptly lost my shirt and trousers with a poor pair of sixes. Rhea wolf-whistled as I took my trousers off and revealed my boxer shorts and Sarah gave my bulge a little stroke crying “come to me”, causing everyone to laugh as she did so.

“Whose going to be naked next?” Rhea asked as Abi distributed five cards each. “Warn you Simon, if it's you I wanna see appreciation. Big appreciation.”

It was Abi who was to be naked and without hesitation kicked off her briefs to reveal her trimmed, but unshaved pubic hair. Simon was, once again, looking a little bit in awe and I noticed Rhea give him a little kiss to steer his behaviour away from being too lecherous. This was all new to him, and it showed in his body language. To her credit, Rhea did not appear to be disturbed or upset by his wandering eyes, but she seemed to be keen to guide him.

We paused while I topped up the wine and Zoe dealt the cards. Once again, I got a bit of bum hand but so did Rhea. In the end, Rhea decided that although she lost, she couldn't

lose any more so the new rules meant the next lowest hand had to lose, which was me. I queried her definition of the rules, but Sarah slid her hand into my waistband while I was kneeling up and pulled them down to my knees.

“Do I get that kiss now?” I asked Sarah as I took off my boxer shorts to be unclothed and Sarah leant down and kissed the tip of my erect cock.

“Sarah!” Zoe told her friend in surprise and we smirked.

“Is that it?” I asked Sarah and she giggled, kissed it again and slid her mouth over the glans, causing a ripple of excitement in my loins and further chastisement from Zoe. After that Simon got naked and Rhea repeated Sarah's torment and then Sarah lost in a straight fight between her and Zoe, to reveal the only shaved pussy on display, but I am fairly certain Sarah wanted to lose.

Simon stared at Sarah's pubic hair and whispered something to Rhea who giggled.

“Yes, her pussy does look nice doesn't it?” She replied loudly and Simon buried his face in his hands. “I'm sure you'd love to play with it,” she teased.

Rhea scooped up the cards and started playing them out. “Forfeits, winner chooses for the loser, right?”

I felt Zoe tense but I leant over and whispered in her ear that she was the only non-naked person in the room so she must be an excellent poker player and could drop out if she wanted.

“I'm fine,” she whispered slurring her words slightly but was watching Rhea and her brother. I was lucky with my hand in that I had three Kings and added to this to a pair of fives, to give a Full House.

This was clearly the winning hand, and Rhea with just a Jack High was the loser. “I think you've been shit at this tonight, sis,” I told her and she nodded.

“Crap cards,” she moaned.

“I also think that you have teased poor Simon mercilessly and been so, so mean to him so I think, as a forfeit he should spank you on your bare bottom as a punishment.”

Zoe giggled next to me and Sarah nodded her head. “I agree.”

“Hang on!” Rhea objected. “I give spankings, I don't receive them.”

I smiled and nodded and she grumbled and looked at Simon who had a broad smile on his face. He kicked his legs from underneath him and patted his muscles. “Come on then,” he said gleefully and Rhea, reluctantly lay down over his erect cock and thighs.

Simon drew his hand back and Zoe caught his attention. She opened up both hands and silently brought her right hand palm down towards her left one to show him and he nodded.

There was a smack echoing around the room and a cry from Rhea as he did so. Her ass went red almost immediately and she swore as Simon brought his hand down again.

“One more,” I called out and Rhea cursed at me as Simon drew his hand back and struck her other cheek. Rhea scrambled to her knees and looked at me.

“That was, so ... humiliating,” she grumbled and I grinned.

“Good. Maybe you'll learn to behave then.”

Abi dealt out the cards and I got a poor set of cards, but Sarah's hand was considerably weaker and Abi, with her flush of diamonds, told Sarah that her forfeit was to snog her.

We watched and wolf-whistled as Sarah scuttled across the playing area to put arms

around Abi and kiss her on the lips with her tongue. They embraced for thirty seconds or so, Sarah's knees either side of Abi's thighs and proudly displaying her assets to us all as she leant over to smooch my lover.

Zoe, who was still partially clothed, looked away and I smiled at her. "Nothing wrong with lesbianism," I whispered and she shook her head before downing the rest of her alcohol. Zoe dealt me a decent hand and I was unlucky not to win with a straight as Rhea had got a full house but poor Abi only had a pair of threes.

"OK Abi, tell us about you and Andy. What you get up to?" Rhea announced and Abi bit her lip.

"You know what we do."

"I want you to tell us. It will be embarrassing for him," Rhea said pointing at me. "Just like getting me spanked like a five year old."

We laughed and eyes turned to Abi. "He goes down on me and does wonderful things with his tongue. He likes a blow job. We like sex, sometimes rough and passionate and sometimes slow and intimate," she replied coolly.

"I don't feel embarrassed, do you, Abi?" I asked looking at my lover and then my sister.

"What part was screaming 'fuck me harder' then?"

"I'll deal the cards then," I said choosing not to respond to Rhea's hobby-horse. Rhea, once again got a full house and Simon only had a pair of fives.

"Kiss me. Like Sarah kissed Abi," she told him and Simon smiled. Rhea welcomed him as lifted his knee over her body and they kissed. Not a peck but an intimate, amorous caress of the lips. Rhea wrapped her arms around him and squeezed his globes, pushing him closer to her, and then with her left hand, that only Sarah and I could have seen she withdrew it and put it in-between them. Subtly done, but done nonetheless.

A few seconds later and a flushed Simon sat back down, his erect cock proudly pointing upwards, and the gangly black-haired boy was not shy enough to hide it; at least not with his alcohol consumption.

Sarah dealt the cards and I received just two twos and assorted other useless cards. I was hoping for a third two at least but it didn't materialise and Abi smiled when she realised she had the strongest hand.

"I want you to tell Sarah, what you really think of her," Abi told me, and I was a little open-mouthed. The wine and alcohol was very much still coursing through my body and I looked at Sarah. "You were told to make up your mind what you wanted, but I know you haven't told her what we all know."

I blushed and stuttered. "Right, well. I think she is one of the most wonderful people that I know. She is beautiful, and playful, and intelligent, smart and just so incredibly sexy."

Sarah bit her lip and went a shade of red. She grinned at me and asked, "really?"

I nodded. "Yeah, but then you knew most of this, right? And anyway, you told me and your mum that you didn't want to ... well I know we won't be together but I like the friendship we have."

I breathed out deeply and looked at Abi who was smiling at me. I knew there would always be a place in my heart for Abi but I wanted Sarah, more and more. I just didn't know how I was going to get her, especially given that she was in a relationship and found me too aggressive. "I do like you too," she said with a nervous smile. "I think about you loads and I like the friendship we've got as well."

"You said you were drifting apart from Kevin," Zoe told her and Sarah stared at our mutual friend.

"No I," Sarah stammered and I knew instantly that she liked Kevin too much for her to call time on their relationship. Her instant denial at Zoe told me all I needed to know and I sighed.

"It's fine. I know where I stand 'bout that."

"You love her, don't you?" Rhea shouted out and five pairs of eyes looked at me expecting an answer.

"I dunno but I know I can't have her even if I did. Just every time I see her I feel ..." I paused as my mind tried to conjure the right word when Rhea finished it for me.

"...like being at an orgy with a chastity belt on!"

"Yes, thank you Rhea," I told her without emotion amid much laughter from the assembled throng.

Simon yawned as he dealt out the cards and Rhea poked him in the ribs. Zoe got a flush of spades and Simon lost with just a Jack High.

"Simon, go take Rhea to bed. You're both tired and it's gone eleven," Zoe told him and both of our siblings protested but Zoe cut across them.

"Go on. You've done more than enough tonight, Simon. Quit while I don't want to lecture you too badly."

Rhea and Simon grumbled but with a steely stare from Zoe, Simon pulled Rhea up to her feet and guided her towards the stairs.

"And both of you," Zoe called out. "Behave yourselves."

"I'll use my brother as a role model," she replied to groans from Zoe.

I packed up the cards and put them on the coffee table, in the corner of the room, and helped Sarah to her feet. I sat down on the couch next to her and Abi joined me.

"You know, as we are naked, you should be too," Sarah told Zoe who gave her friend a withering look.

"Sarah. I think you should leave Zoe alone as she has done very well. We have dragged her well outside what she would have chosen to do. She isn't like you."

Zoe nodded and Sarah looked up at me. I put my right arm around Sarah and Abi pressed against me so I put my left arm around her.

"You might be right," Sarah grumbled and we sat down to talk. It was weird with two naked girls either side of me and a half-naked girl on the other couch but we talked and Zoe was relaxed.

I saw her keep glancing at my crotch and then tearing her eyes away and I felt that she was isolated sat on the other couch so I smiled at her, detached myself from Sarah and Abi and sat on the sofa opposite.

"What you doing?" Zoe asked as I put my arm around my nearly-naked friend.

"Keeping you company," I replied instinctively and Sarah gave me a smirk. "You were on your own, or would you prefer Sarah or Abi?"

Zoe blushed and put her fine hair on my shoulder. "I have had way too much to drink," she murmured looking down my stomach and into my lap.

"Not too much, just enough. You are more fun when you have lost your inhibitions."

Anyway, you are looking where you were embarrassed to look in Cambridge.”

Zoe gave a squeal and tore her eyes away from my semi-erect manhood. “You were supposed to be asleep.”

“I was. I was thinking of me coming out of the shower,” I replied and Zoe gasped.

“You saw. Why didn't you say something? I am sorry ...”

“It's OK. I don't mind,” I told her and took her hand and guided it towards it. “Feel it, I know you wanted to.”

“It's warm,” she squeaked as her hands made contact and Sarah laughed. “And so firm.”

She gave me a gentle stroke to the base of my cock and I felt shots of pleasure spark from my penis and travel all over my loins. I groaned and tightened my buttocks. “That's, er, that's nice.”

Zoe shrieked. “Really, you like that?”

“Oh Zoe. You are funny, but we do love you,” Sarah told her and Zoe withdrew her hand. She stared up at me and I put my head on her hair.

“You know, I can't think of a better way to spend an evening. A few glasses of wine, awesome company and three gorgeous, fantastic naked women at the end of it,” I said.

“I'm not naked,” Zoe replied and I sank back in the sofa, guiding Zoe to lean back into me.

“I know, but you nearly are.”

“I am happy for you not to see my breasts. They aren't as big as ...”

“Please tell her, it doesn't matter,” I asked my two lovers and they nodded.

“Yeah. Guys like to play with and look at tits. Size is almost irrelevant once they are in the sack,” Abi told her.

“Well I am not like you lot, I am more ...”

“Embarrassed?” I suggested and Sarah shouted out “prudish”

“... reserved,” Zoe replied.

“But you like us to be naked?” I asked and Zoe went bright red, fidgeting on the sofa.

“Well ... I ... errrrr”

“She is curious, Andy. Leave her alone. It wasn't that long ago you got tongue-tied over me being in your flat, fully clothed.”

“I know, I am not teasing, I am just asking. Of sorts.”

“OK. I like seeing people naked. Always have done. I've always wanted to see ... stuff. And read it, but I can't as Mum would go crazy at me.”

There was silence as Zoe buried her face in her hands and my chest and I squeezed her.

“It's only natural,” Abi soothed. “We are all voyeurs at heart, really.”

We talked for twenty minutes and Zoe was keen to change the subject. She had confessed and let on something I did not expect her do. She always appeared asexual, not interested in the opposite sex and had never had a boyfriend. The whole idea she thought about male anatomy or fantasised about nakedness, was almost ludicrous. I saw her peeking in Cambridge, but the thought she was aroused by it, I never really considered. Zoe yawned.

“I'm off to bed,” she said and got up. “Good night all. And thanks, it's been a ... well a weird ... night.”

When Zoe left the room, Sarah freed herself from Abi's arm and looked at Abi, and then at me.

"I know about the bet you two made about Kev and me and I want in on it. Whoever wins, I collect as well," she told us and I smiled. Abi ummed and ahed for a moment.

"But it is only a few weeks to go, why would I change the terms of the bet half-way through," she told Sarah who tutted for a moment.

"Because it is a nasty bet to make about someone and it is the only way I will forgive you," she replied to Abi assertively.

"I'm game," I told my lover and gave her hand a squeeze, who then reluctantly agreed.

"Well I'm going to win anyway," Abi said confidently and Sarah smiled.

"Maybe. Maybe not. But if you lose I am going to have so much fun!"

"I'm going to have fun tonight," Abi replied and stuck her tongue out at Sarah who sneered.

"You seem jealous," I teased and Sarah grinned coyly at me.

"I will be satisfied tonight. Alcohol always makes me horny."

"With Zoe? I don't think so Sarah. You could come join us ... " The thought of a threesome made my cock tense and Sarah giggled.

"I am happy to bet you anything you like that Zoe orgasms tonight with me," she told us and I shook my head.

"No way Sarah," I flatly refused but Sarah smirked.

"If I win, I will happily let you both do whatever you want to me tomorrow night. Everything. And I mean everything."

"And if you win?" Abi asked, ignoring my protests, and Sarah smiled. "You take me to the club when it's closed. I want to see the club and I want to be on stage."

I looked at Abi uncertainly but Abi nodded, speaking for me. "Sure. we'll take that."

Sarah licked her lips. "Cause I know Zoe's been fantasising and I know she is pissed. If I can't get her to loosen up tonight then I've lost my Midas touch," she said with a grin and got up. "Good night!"

* * * * *

Abi and I settled down in bed and she shook her long hair back before snuggling down with me.

"I have really loved tonight. And that's what I love about you," she said her eyes meeting mine. "I feel like I don't have to worry when I am with you. I can just enjoy life."

I kissed her on the lips and smirked. "Enjoy life, you mean you couldn't before?"

Abi exhaled sharply. "I could, but not for awhile. I feel like a new me which is very much like a very old me, if that makes sense."

I shook my head and Abi snuggled up. "I am living with my best friend, I work twelve hours a week, get the sex I want from a sixteen year-old who can go for hours and am liked by all around me. I got it made," she teased.

I kissed her again, and our tongues met. I ran my hands over her and caressed every part of her torso, cupping her large breasts, her hips, her stomach and then sucked gently on her ear lobe. Abi sighed, and I looked the areola of her right breast, sucking gently and pulling away before flicking the nipple as it slipped from my lips.

Abi sighed and groaned as I repeated the action on her other breast. She was breathing slowly as I moved my lips down to her pussy. I made the slightest of contact and she instinctively parted her knees and brought them closer to her.

She made nasal mewings as my lips touched her inner thighs and she wavered at me. I nibbled at her for a few minutes, getting closer to her pussy and then retreating to tease her. When I eventually touched her folds she squealed and adjusted herself body position to open herself up.

Abi was leaking juices and was extremely aroused. I grabbed hold of the back of her thighs and pushed them forward burying my tongue her anal crack and touching her anus. She squealed and cried as my tongue rimmed her ass and then cried out loudly as my tongue probed. She screwed up her eyes and mewed as my tongue oscillated quickly over her rosebud and I lowered her thighs.

“Just fuck me,” Abi whispered and I climbed on top and slid my cock up to her clitoris and down to her opening. “Don't tease me,” Abi cried.

I pushed forward and her pussy gobbled up my thrusting package with glee. Her face was a mess of twisted passion and crazy lust. My rhythm got quicker and quicker, Abi being impaled by smooth thrusts of my cock and she pushed her hips to match my propelling penis.

“Oh fuck'; Oh Yes, Oh Jesus Christ!” Abi squealed and she repeated her aroused cries as she neared her orgasm. As each wave of sinful ecstasy cascaded from her loins and flowed through her body, she got louder and louder.

“Andy, I'm going to,” Abi shouted and I pushed my cock into her more forcefully and faster. I was jack hammering my rod into her sopping cunt as she screwed up her face as she erupted into a noisy and passionate orgasm.

I felt her body tense and squeeze my cock. The pressure in my loins got unstoppable and as I pumped in and out of her, my prostate jettisoned waves of warm semen into her.

We collapsed as she milked my cock with her muscles and I lowered myself onto her forearms. Her opening was still gripping my cock and her quivering muscles drew a last tingle from me. I felt her nipples rub against me and felt her heavy breathing on my neck.

I kissed her neck and then her lips. “I want you back there,” she whispered and I smiled. “I have lubricant in that bag.”

Abi got up and retrieved her bag from my wardrobe and rummaged around to find a small tube of lubricant. She passed it to me and leapt onto the bed into a doggy-style position, my deposit now hanging down from her pussy. She looked incredibly sexy and I half-wished I could photograph that moment but knew I could not develop the pictures.

I was guided by Abi again and I put a small amount of lubricant on my finger and worked into her anus, before coating the top of my cock in it. “Coat the hole and the pole,” she giggled and I followed her advice.

Abi held her cheeks open and I gently touched her bud. She squealed and I leant forward slowly. Abi sighed and had me wait for a few moments before I was permitted to continue.

It took a couple of minutes for her to be comfortable but I withdrew it slowly until I was almost out and then pushed forward again.

Abi gave a satisfied sigh. “I'm gonna come real soon,” she murmured and I noticed her long fingers attacking her clitoris. She was horny.

Abi squeezed my cock on her anal passage as it slid all the way to the hilt. Abi squealed and cried out as I probed her sensitive ass. My balls slapped against her skin and as I

worked up a rhythm began to feel a tightness forming.

Abi was mewling and crying. Her hand was oscillating over her clit at a rapid pace and I grabbed hold of her hips to act as a pivot so I could drive into her with my force.

She yelled out as her orgasm broke, her vocal cords spewing mindless words of arousal. "Oh yes, oh God."

I felt her sphincter tighten, I felt her hands on clitoris whizz over her clitoris and touching my balls, suddenly stop. I heard her breathing quicken as she panted for Oxygen.

I relished the slippery grip of her ass and squeezed her hips. My arousal was too strong. I thrust in and out quicker and Abi's climax got louder. She quivered her muscles around my cock and I cried out and then pumped my seed into her bowels.

We remained like that for a few moments, savouring the last sparks of our sex and then decoupled ourselves. Abi wiped my cock with a tissue and then cleaned herself as best she could in the dark. She was eager to cuddle and her satisfied smirk did not recede as we spooned.

We were just dozing off when we heard cries and sighs from next door.

"That better not be Rhea," I said and we listened to the unmistakable sounds of female arousal.

"Why? I lost my virginity at her ahe," Abi said and I shook my head.

"Losing it yes, losing it after drinking all that alcohol, not quite so good," I replied and leapt out of bed and opened my bedroom door.

"I lost it when I got pissed," Abi added and looked at me in the doorway. I listened in the corridor, and the sounds came not from Rhea's room but from the Guest bedroom. "Andy come to bed."

The cries got higher and higher, squealing and twisted moans.

"Oh Sarah," the voice called out and I smiled. Sarah had clearly won her bet. I crept to the toilet and relieved myself and then went to the guest bedroom. The door was ajar and I looked inside; I couldn't stop myself.

Zoe, the asexual friend, was on the bed, her legs spread and Sarah had her fingers in her hairy cunt. Zoe had her eyes closed and was mewling and crying out as Sarah touched and probed our friend's folds.

I felt my dick spring to attention again and thought of asking to join them (surely every guy wants a threesome?!) but decided against it and wandered back towards my room.

"Is Rhea alright?" Abi asked as I carefully closed the door.

"Oh Rhea is fine. It's Zoe that is getting her buttons pressed," I joked and climbed back into the warm bed and was enveloped by Abi's arms immediately.

"Zoe?" Abi exclaimed and giggled. "So Sarah won then," she guessed. Ky lover could not resist getting up to go the toilet to "check" but must have watched for around ten minutes. She jumped on me to give her a kiss on the lips when she returned.

The lips between her thighs, to be precise, and she sat on my face as I eagerly devoured her nectar and she bucked her hips until she reached a climax.

She leant forward and assumed a doggy style position and I sat up before getting up on my knees and pushing my cock at the entrance to her soaked pussy – a mixture of her juices and my saliva.

She guided my cock in to her and started squealing as I pushed slowly and steadily.

“Andy. Fuck me. Fuck me hard,” she yelled back at me and I picked up a forceful, fast rhythm against her. She yelled and squealed as I gripped her hips and plunged my erect cock into her. She gripped the edge of my bed with her fingers but I came before she did and my cock got too sensitive to continue.

I pushed my fingers up into my semen and her hole and touched her G-Spot causing her to climax loudly.

Abi did seem to be very sexual at the moment, but who was I to complain?

* * * * *

Abi and I sauntered down to the lounge at 9:30 in the morning. Abi borrowed one of my T-Shirts that barely covered her mons and I put my dressing gown around me.

Sarah, dressed in a T-Shirt and shorts was already up and had cleaned the kitchen completely and put all the wine bottles in a carrier bag.

“I thought we'd take them to the bottle bank or else your Mum might go skitz,” Sarah told me and I nodded. I was feeling fine, as was Abi, but an almost naked Zoe (she was wearing just a T-Shirt) was on the couch with a glass of water and feeling her head.

“You OK?” I asked and she gave me a weak smile.

“Yeah, just a little hungover,” she admitted, stating the obvious and I sat down next to her.

“I mean, are you OK? You OK with last night? I mean you seemed to enjoy yourself.”

She looked up through her red, puffy eyes and I brushed her hair out of her face. “Yeah, I did. But I shouldn't have done. I so should not have let Rhea and Simon play strip poker. Or let Simon stay the night in Rhea's room.”

“They'll be fine,” I comforted her. “Rhea may be a bit of a whirlwind but she isn't stupid.”

Zoe shrugged and looked at me with tears in her eyes. “I'm supposed to be looking after him and I didn't.”

“Don't worry,” I told her smiling “You'll get used to the guilt. And I stopped trying to look after Rhea when she was three and twatted me 'round the face with one of her dolls.”

Zoe grinned though her tears. “I can see Rhea doing that as well. I just so hope he has done nothing he will regret, 'cause it'll be all my fault.”

“It will be their fault, Zoe. They are old enough to make their own decisions. They are fifteen next month, remember.” Zoe disagreed, and not wanting to cause a row, I got Zoe some breakfast cereal with a cup of tea, telling her she will feel better once she had had something to eat.

Sarah and I sat down with Abi at the dining table to have breakfast. “I won,” Sarah whispered and Abi grinned.

“We heard,” we told her back and she bit her lip.

We were interrupted by two naked teenagers descending on the kitchen, hand-in-hand. Zoe came into the dining room as they appeared and she looked at Simon who had his arm around Rhea.

“Aren't you going to get dressed?” the puffy-eyed Zoe asked and Rhea shook her head.

“What's the point? You've seen everything and I like him naked,” Rhea replied and she gave him a peck on the cheek.

“No Simon, get dressed please,” Zoe implored and he recoiled but Rhea stepped in front of him and kissed him on the neck, and then on the lips.

“His girlfriend really likes to see him naked, Zoe,” she told her, smiling sweetly. “So leave him alone. You’re not really dressed yourself.”

“Zoe, you will realise that Rhea never does anything by halves,” I explained to my friend and then added, “Poor Simon.”

“Poor Simon my arse,” Rhea added from the kitchen. “He has absolutely nothing to complain about.”

“Oh Simon. Please tell me you didn’t,” Zoe implored of her brother who suddenly looked nervous. “Simon, you didn’t. Please tell me ...”

Rhea reappeared from the kitchen and looked at Zoe. “I can see we are going to have so many problems with this one,” Rhea teased animatedly, her voice using exaggerated inflexions to underline her words. “He was a stud. I could barely keep up, it was likely being rodgered by the Duracell bunny. And I know as his sister you might not want to hear this, but what a cock. I mean, what an amazing cock. God does he know how to use it. I was in complete ecstasy. You may have heard us six times last night. And four times this morning. It was touch and go whether would be down for breakfast, if I am honest. I’m surprised I’m not bow-legged and I’ve got gallons of his cum inside me. He fucked me so much I must be carrying twins.”

Zoe rolled her eyes at my sister who took a deep breath and continued. “Right, just so you know, we went up to bed and Simon fell fast asleep as we were cuddling. And he snored. At this moment, I still have my virginity and your little brother still has his. Which is exactly what we intended to do, so please, for love of God, stop stressing at us.”

Zoe looked at Simon for confirmation and he nodded. “I did fall asleep last night, I was knackered.”

“Which I have said I will forgive this once,” Rhea teased and Zoe groaned. “But, for all her bluster Si, I think your big sister has set a really bad example getting drunk, having rampant lesbian sex with her friend and then having a hangover. I mean, what sort of good Christian girl does that? Where is the Bible does it say that it is perfectly acceptable for a woman to lie with another woman?”

Zoe stared at Rhea, horrified. “How did you know about that?” Sarah blurted out and Zoe went bright red.

“It’s OK sis, I’m not going to tell Mum,” Simon told her reassuringly and Rhea squeezed his ass, causing him to smile. “Rhea thinks it is very sexy and wouldn’t mind a night with you herself. When you loosen up, obviously.”

Rhea giggled at Simon and pinched his bare arse. “I thought it was Abi at first until we heard you cry ‘Sarah’ and we knew it had to be you two,” Rhea explained looking at all of us. “And you know, for whatever you guys said about us, we’ve been perfectly well behaved. I have been a lady and Si has been the perfect gentleman. We went upstairs, we kissed and cuddled and then went to sleep. You lot, well, blame it on the alcohol or the hormones, you’re sex-mad the lot of you,” Rhea teased.

I spluttered. “Please tell me that Rhea, I mean Rhea, of all people, has not just called herself the perfect lady when she is naked and flaunting herself?” I replied incredulously but Rhea grinned. “I mean Rhea taking the moral high ground?”

“Shall we get some breakfast and come away from the terribly bad influences,” she asked her new boyfriend, and as naked as the day they were born, they went into the kitchen, hand in hand.

Abi and I had a shower and got dressed in my bedroom. She waited until the door was closed before saying that while she was sure Rhea was telling the truth, she also heard

some sounds at 9am when she got up to go to the toilet that made her think that Simon and Rhea did something, if not intercourse. I never doubted Rhea would be up to something for a minute but it was not my business what Rhea did with Simon and I was not about to make it my concern.

She was big enough, and scary enough, to look after herself.

* * * * *

It was 11am when we finally got out of the flat. Abi had put our sheet onto wash discreetly and then wanted to do a little bit of shopping and as no-one else had any plans we walked into Aylesbury. Rhea and Simon had managed to detach themselves and Rhea was happy to peruse the shop windows with Sarah. It was when they came across a shoe shop, I frantically looked for a nearby retailer that would be more exciting than footwear; they had spent fifteen minutes in the last clothing shop and bought absolutely nothing. My eyes landed on a newly opened store directly opposite the pedestrianised street selling mobile phones.

Simon and I told Abi where we were going and pushed open the brightly coloured door to the shop that rang a bell when we stepped in. The salesman came out from behind the back of the shop and then stopped when he saw two teenagers looking at the handsets on display.

“Can I help you?” The salesman spoke a little derisively and I turned and grinned.

“I’m just pricing a couple of options up. What about this one?” I asked, pointing at one of the slimmer handsets.

A slight grimace flickered over his face. “Well you have to be eighteen to have one because of the contract,” he told me and I nodded telling him that it wouldn’t be a problem.

He took me to the display and started showing me some of the phone models, with prices of £10 or £20 a month and upfront costs of over £100 they seemed expensive. I didn’t want to appear that it was out of my price range; the salesman had riled me and I did not want to lose any pride but, put simply, they were simply not worth the expense to me.

“I think I’ll leave it,” I told him and Simon smirked. “I was after something a little cheaper, for the use I am planning.”

He hummed for a moment and then looked over at Simon. “I have a discontinued phone. Its the Ericsson G A six two eight ...”

“Have they really made six hundred and twenty seven other models then?” I asked and he smiled. “As I said, it’s a bit basic, but I have two of them with twelve month packages. It’s £100 up front but that includes sixty minutes per month talk peak-time to land-line or other mobiles and two forty minutes per month off-peak and to other One2One numbers plus two hundred messages. For twelve months with nothing else to pay unless you go over your allowance.”

I nodded at the salesman; this was more what I had in mind and I did want a mobile phone; I had seen a few people with them and I hadn’t spent too much of my earnings, my shopping trip to Cambridge aside. My deliberations were interrupted by Abi and the girls appearing at the door.

I asked Abi’s opinion on the phone and she looked interested, and then suggested that if she was to buy one as well, would the dealer do a better price on £100 each. He squirmed a bit, and then Rhea started throwing figures at him and between Abi and herself she negotiated two handsets for £160, although Abi’s revealing dress might have had more of an influence than Rhea’s determined haggling. The dealer was prepared to set up my phone from my bank account so any additional calls were billed to me, but the £160 was

paid for by Abi in one lump sum and I promised to reimburse her, and she had to sign the contract on my behalf.

Rhea moaned that she wanted one as well, and the salesman tried to sell her a “pay-as-you-go” phone but he was not prepared to negotiate down to the price Rhea was willing to pay. Sarah looked at them with a longing look in her eyes but, with two sales under his belt he wasn't going to manage any more and still make any sort of profit margin.

I was quite excited when I left the shop, having spent over three days wages and we went to the bank to transfer the money I needed to Abi's account.

We had lunch at the pizza restaurant near the flat and ate almost £40 of food between us. Abi was happy to pay with the explanation that Mum had provided her with some money to ensure we were fed while she was away, although I wasn't sure if this was true, or if the funds provided completely covered the meal and thought she was being overly generous. I made a mental note to check when mother returned as Abi was still annoyed that she had hardly had to spend any money on her trip to Scotland.

It got me wondering; often arguments about money were because one party refused to pay what was owed, but here was a row about the exact opposite. In essence, Abi was a proud girl and she clearly didn't like relying on other people's help but her pride was also to a fault. Mum had clearly wanted Abi to go to Scotland because she thought it would do her some good, which it did, but I still wasn't sure I knew all of Mum's motives. Why was she so keen to help Abi?

I knew there was something I was not being told but I was very much enjoying the time that I had with the Scottish girl. Rhea and Simon went off to do their own thing for a couple of hours and joined us in the flat at 4pm. Rhea and Simon gave each other a long kiss before he had to leave that caused Zoe to roll her eyes.

“Come on, I told Dad we would be home early-afternoon,” she moaned but Simon and Rhea maintained their embrace. When Rhea finally broke from her new boyfriend, she looked into Simon's eyes and smiled.

“But remember, that doesn't mean I like you,” she warned and Simon gave her a confused stare. “OK it does,” she teased and waved them off.

There was a knock at the door to the flat a few moments later, while Abi and I were playing with our new handsets, and Rhea went down to answer it.

“It's the dirty pervert's bird,” Rhea announced as Jodie followed her into the lounge.

Jodie held out Sarah's blue dress, folded, and in a plastic bag. “Mum says I looked really nice in it,” she told Sarah who grinned.

“I told you,” Sarah replied, a little sanctimoniously and gestured for Jodie to sit down on the couch opposite.

“You did look very sexy,” I added, which caused her to look shy and self-conscious. “It really suited you. Jez was well lucky.”

“I'm probably not going to wear it again,” Sarah said after picking up the bag and pushing back across the coffee table. “If you really like it, keep it.”

Jodie looked at Sarah, and shook her head. “No I couldn't. I must have cost you ...”

“Honestly, keep it. I've got half-a-dozen evening dresses, and my blue shoes that go with it are uncomfortable so I just don't wear it. It'll only go the back of the wardrobe and not be worn. It suited you more than it ever suited me.”

Jodie deliberated, the wind taken out of her sails by Sarah's generosity. “I had a similar problem with Zoe. She wouldn't accept a gift either.”

"Well I sort of agree with her. You did go over the top," Sarah added, a frown appearing on her face.

"Why?"

"Because, it sends out the wrong signals to her. You know what she is like. You spent almost a hundred pounds on her. I know she is your friend, but she isn't extravagant and probably was worried you'd either ask her out or expect something in return."

I stammered in surprise. "I don't. I wouldn't. It was just a birthday present."

Sarah smiled and looked at me. "Yes, I know that. But you made her worried for awhile. She hoped there wasn't a sinister motive, but wasn't expecting you to blow a hundred quid on her. But this dress is different, I will only throw it eventually, it doesn't suit me and Jodie looked good, so take it."

"If you're sure," Jodie asked and Sarah nodded.

"It suits you, you look lovely in it. Just don't go picking up any old men, you hear!"

Jodie giggled and turned to my sister. "Oh and I have a bone to pick with you, Rhea."

I smiled and looked at my baby sister who had just re-emerged, "what have you done now?"

"She told Jez that I had shaved my pubic hair and had gone knickerless and braless for him."

Rhea giggled. "Oh yeah. I didn't quite say that, though, did I?"

Jodie answered. "Jez won't tell me what you said, only that he knew and I wheedled that you told him."

"Knew exactly where to put his hands?" Rhea added and I told her to behave.

Jodie blushed. "Well he did know and he did want to see."

"Ahh did you show him?" Rhea asked and I told her to stop teasing Jodie but Rhea poked her tongue out at me.

"He knew, and he was very ... umm"

"Good?" Rhea asked and I threw a cushion at her.

"Persistent," Jodie replied.

Jodie left shortly afterwards and thanked Sarah half-a-dozen times before we sat back down. I was playing with the replaceable coloured facias for my phone – choosing between blue, red, yellow, green or white. I chose blue and Abi chose green for hers, making it obvious whose was whose. We exchanged numbers and I got Sarah to put Abi's number, along with Zoe's, hers and the flat into my address book. She was so much quicker at entering them on the primitive keypad; I think it was her feminine fingers more attuned to hitting the small keys but I was teased that I would have to get used to it eventually.

I changed my ringtone and then rang Abi's number, smiling gleefully when she answered it. I had a mobile phone, and I had a lover who had one too. For once I got a true pleasure from owning a materialistic possession, and I didn't feel guilty about it at all. "This is a much more useful way to spend a hundred notes," I told Sarah, thinking back to her boots. "You can keep your Predi-whatnots," I teased.

Abi and I were reading the instructional manual when there was another ring at the door. The good weather had changed into light rain and I got up to answer it. A slightly damp Simon stood in the door and I invited him in.

"Rhea," he asked the moment he got into the lounge and my little sister smiled as she saw him. "Did you really mean it when you said you liked me?"

Rhea sighed. "Why would I joke about that?"

He fidgeted on the spot. "Well you are known for, you know"

"You're serious, aren't you? We need to have some serious words," she murmured and pushed him towards the stairs.

"You're going to dump me, aren't you?" He asked and Rhea took a sharp intake of breath and grabbed hold of his shirt, almost dragging him.

"No. I'm going to kill you. It'll be painful and brutal but it'll be a mercy killing," she warned him as she took him upstairs for "serious words."

Abi and Sarah exchanged glances. "I don't know what he sees in her," I told them and they both stared at me. "What?"

"Your sister is very pretty, confident and lively," Abi told me.

"Not to mention, saucy, mischievous and vivacious. Who else do you know like that?" Sarah teased. "She is most guys' dream."

"Only without the violence, control-freakery and, being, well Rhea. She's a terrorist," I responded but all I got was blank faces. I returned to the book. It was safer with my two female companions unexpectedly sticking up for my corybantic sister.

Simon and Rhea returned a half an hour later and she pointed him towards the phone. "Right, ring them."

"Rhea?" Simon protested and my sister clenched her fists.

"You can either do as you're told or experience untold amounts of pain. I will put Deep Heat on your testicles, you know that," Rhea threatened and Simon retreated and dialled a local number.

"Yeah Dad, it's me. Is it OK if I stay the night at a friend's?" He asked. "Just some Maths work for next term, and we want to keep at it."

Rhea closed her eyes and looked up at the ceiling light. "Yeah, cheers Dad" Simon signed off with and he put the receiver on the phone base.

"Now that wasn't too fucking difficult was it? Now get upstairs and get changed into your pyjamas," she told him forcefully.

"But I haven't got any," he replied and Rhea smiled at him.

"I know. Get up there and get undressed."

I waited until Simon had left the room and we looked at Rhea for an explanation. "What is it with him? Why does he lack confidence so much?"

"I don't think torturing him is the best way to restore it, do you?" I asked and she shrugged.

"It's a way," she replied.

"Rhea, look at it like this," Sarah said leaning over the back of the couch. "You are very pretty, very confident and you've made it so that every guy is scared to talk to you let alone ask you out. You are the most inaccessible and therefore probably the most wanted girl in the year and probably quite a few of the boys have talked about you as being off-limits. I mean they probably said other things as well, but you are scarily unavailable. And then you agree to date Simon, who has never gone out with anyone before and been knocked back loads of times. That whole 'not in my league' mentality. Accept the fact that not only is he new at this, he is probably thinks he isn't going to be good enough. You've scared

him and he thinks you're Man United and he is Aylesbury Town.”

“I thought Abi was out of my league when I asked her out. I didn't expect her to say yes, but I still hurt when she didn't. You just need to be nice and patient with him,” I told her and went over to the clothes horse on the side and picked up my grey dressing gown. “Give him this, and be nice, Rhea”

Rhea puffed and snatched the garment from me. “I'll wait until he comes down.”

“Rhea!” I warned her and she stormed up the stairs, returning ten minutes later in her nightdress with a still apprehensive boyfriend.

“Right, stay there,” Rhea said positioning Simon next to the mirror. “Andy and Paula did this to me once and I can't think of a better way of doing this without using getting violent and knocking some sense into you. What do you see?” Simon looked over at Sarah, Abi and I staring at him and Rhea glared at us. “Ignore them, what do you see?”

“Well, Simon Matheson”

“And?” Simon shrugged and Rhea came up behind him. “Do you know what I see?”

“What?”

“Really nice guy, who's fit with a really lush body. Who's smart and intelligent. Who gets on with everyone, friendly, kind and at the moment is acting so incredibly dumb.”

“Why?”

“Because you admit you spend a fortnight plucking up the courage to ask this girl out. This girl says no, so you make a big gesture to surprise the hell out her and make her speechless. Now, I don't get speechless. I might make other people speechless, but Rhea Williams is most definitely never lost for words. So you sweep her off her feet in a way that nobody else has ever done before, and then you think that the girl doesn't like you. For fucks sake Simon, out of every guy who has ever known me you are the only one other than Nathan who has had the guts to ask me out. I wanted you to, I like you but this confidence problem is going to make me kill you.”

“Yeah, Rhea” I started.

Rhea pointed at me and told me to “shut it” with a snarl. “Now, let's go upstairs and have the night we should have had last night.”

“Rhea?” I called but she flashed me a smile and was gone.

“Well he wanted her,” Sarah said and I hummed.

“He might well be realising that has just bitten off more than he can chew,” I muttered and got a punch on the arm from Abi.

“Be nice to your sister. She is doing well. And why did you get your sister to look in the mirror?”

“I wanted her to see how aggressive she was.”

Sarah laughed. “Did it work?”

“Sort of. She went into a temper tantrum and cracked the mirror in anger when we pointed it out to her.” Sarah laughed but I just shrugged. “She had something in her hand and it just flew out of her fist. Mum was furious with her.”

* * * * *

Rhea materialised a couple of times without Simon and I suggested Abi go and have a talk with them. I knew I wouldn't be listened to, but I didn't want Rhea goading or guiding Simon into doing something he wasn't happy or comfortable with.

Abi was more than happy to go up and was missing for over an hour as had a long chat with my sibling and her new partner. Sarah was sprawled against me on the couch, her head on my lap and she looked up at me with her devilishly captivating eyes.

"I have a small confession to make," I started and Sarah nuzzled against my chest.

"What, you watched Zoe and me last night?"

"Yeah, how the hell did you know? And saw would be better not watched."

"Semantics," I was told. Sarah smiled and closed her eyes, licking her lips. "I saw you in the mirror," she replied, grinning. "You were fascinated."

"OK. Yes, but it was the sexiest girl I know doing lesbian sex. I'm only human," I joked an explanation and Sarah's smile turned into a beam.

"You know it's just me and you and Abi tonight. And I don't want to sleep alone."

I grinned and pretended to hum. "Of course, you've been a very naughty girl. You turned you confusing Zoe into lesbian sex into a 'stupid punt' didn't you?"

"Errr ... Zoe wasn't complaining in the slightest. And neither was little Andy."

"OK, but she still looked like she felt very guilty," I replied and Sarah suppressed a smirk.

"So what would you recommend as a punishment then?"

I sucked in my cheeks. "I think a few spanks on a bare ass might cover it," I joked but Sarah's eyes flashed and she grinned.

"Oh I am sure I will learn my lesson if you do that," she replied, her face still beaming. I knew a bit about bondage games from a book I had read but didn't understand it, but here was the girl of my dreams asking to be spanked. This was a punishment, a humiliation but she seemed to want it.

I tried to put it out of my mind but couldn't rationalise why another person would want to be spanked. I would do what I always did; I would ask Abi.

Abi returned a bit later and after a peaceful evening, I went upstairs. Sarah and Abi wanted to finish watching a programme on television and said they would join me in fifteen minutes.

Abi and Sarah came in and peered at the bed. I had moved Abi's bag onto it and emptied it, while I emptied the bottom drawer of my chest.

"What are you up to?" Abi asked and I smiled sweetly at her.

"Well, there is just a few odds and ends here so I am throwing away that stuff as it doesn't fit and moved everything into the top four drawers to I have a spare drawer. For you."

"Me?" Abi asked and smiled.

"Well it makes sense. You spend a couple of nights in my bed a week."

Sarah forced a smile and Abi noticed it. "I suppose I should think of it on loan. I mean, the moment you two get together, it'll be Sarah's right?"

Sarah sniffed and Abi touched her on the flanks. "Abi, please stop saying that. It makes it even more difficult. I've got a boyfriend and Andy's not ..." She looked at me and shrugged.

I breathed out and smiled. "It's OK Sarah. You know I think the world of you but what will be will be."

Sarah nodded but Abi shook her head. "That's fine, but remember what I said Sarah, you don't want to have regrets in life."

I rescued Sarah and let Abi fold up her clothes, by kissing her and taking her to the bathroom where we did our teeth and went to the toilet. Sarah was insistent that she wanted to watch me pee, Abi's confession from the night before still playing on her mind. It felt weird releasing my stream to an audience but Sarah watched intently and I managed to complete without getting an erection.

"Andy, get on the bed, face down," Abi told me as I entered the room and Sarah and I looked at each other.

Sarah shrugged. "Nothing to do with me," she said a little too quickly for me to totally believe her.

"Naked?"

"Of course," my lover replied, and I kicked off my shorts and laid on the colourful duvet. I went to move a pillow that had been thrown a foot from the headboard, but Abi told me off and put it back. Abi told Sarah to hold out her hands and I went to look round but Abi gave my bottom a playful swat.

"No peeking!" Abi explained. "I bought this in Milton Keynes," she told Sarah and then I felt someone climb on top of me and then hands push my head into the pillow. What was going on?

And then I felt it, firm hands gliding over my back and a cool wetness to them. And the smell: it was fruity. I purred and heard Abi's voice. The back massage stopped and the person got off. I went to look around but my head was returned to the pillow and Sarah climbed on.

Suddenly I realised what was happening, Abi was teaching Sarah how to massage, and I listened to Abi who directed her, just as she had done to me in Scotland with the condoms. I closed my eyes and let Sarah glide her hands over my back and shoulders, all the way down to my ass crack. It felt unbelievably relaxing as her firm hands gently pushed and kneaded my muscles.

Sarah had a wonderful touch and I felt Abi's firmer hands on the other side of my back. I was in heaven, and started drifting off, slowly to a state of sleep. My eyelids felt heavy and I just purred as the two girls worked their slippery hands over me.

Abi then ordered us to swap positions and a naked Sarah lay on the bed. Abi poured a small amount of the mango massage lotion onto my hands and whispered to me to rub my hands together. The fruity, aromatic smell filled my nostrils and I warmed the cool silky liquid in my hands.

"OK?" I asked Sarah and Abi told me to be quiet.

"Massages are better with no chatter," she ordered. "Now follow me." I spread the lotion around the left side of Sarah's back with soft, gentle strokes so it glistened in the light. She had soft, flawless skin and my hands glided over her smooth body. I put the palm of my hand on her back, and then other one on top and began making small circles going up and down her back, careful to avoid the spine, just as Abi was doing.

Abi had to guide me, the movements I made were coming from the wrist and I was told to make it come from the body. "I know English men don't have rhythm but do try," she whispered teasingly and I blew her a kiss.

Abi then had me make my hands into fists and I began to move my knuckles up to her shoulders and down her upper back. Once again, Abi guided me by straightening my arms and telling me to retry.

Abi then showed me by extending out all of her fingers together but putting the thumb out at a right-angle. With the thumb on the edge of her back and the fingers over her muscles I

swept across her muscle, bringing my finger and thumb together that lifted the skin. I repeated this with the other hand, making a window-wiper motion that caused Sarah to purr and mew in contentment.

I ran my thumbs down her backbone and shoulder blades and then ran the heels of my hands down her back. I had to put more massage lotion on as I had massaged most of it away and Abi watched as the cool goo slipped onto my palm. "Bit more practice and you will be as good as anyone who works in a massage parlour," Abi joked and I poked my tongue out at her.

"You can practice on me," Sarah muttered dreamily. "I wish Kev could do this. Or Donna."

Abi shot me a knowing look and smiled. Sarah didn't let me stop massaging her for over half an hour but Abi was patient, and enjoyed watching us together.

Sarah wiggled her back and groaned. "I could lie here all night," she murmured and I grinned at Abi.

"Well before we do, I have some justice to perform. You were very mean to Zoe and what did I promise I would do."

Sarah turned her shoulders to look at me, her face lit up. "Spank me. You promised to spank me."

"Like the naughty little girl, you've been," I replied with a playful, seductive air to my voice.

Sarah breathed in sharply as I tapped her buttocks with the palm of my hand and then brought it down with a crack. Sarah squealed and I repeated it, and again. Each time she clenched her buttocks as my hand made contact with her skin, and let out a forceful shriek.

Abi chortled as I did, and after a dozen smacks, her bottom was red and Sarah was groaning. "Does that turn you on?" I asked and Sarah gave a muted smile.

"A bit. I've just been dominated by someone who looks after me. Of course it is going to turn me on!"

The gorgeous teenager brought her knees up and pulled the covers over her. "Aren't you going to join me in bed?" Her blue eyes peered out from the covers and I leapt into bed.

I looked across at Abi who smiled. "I'm going to leave you to it," she said and with her dressing gown on went to leave the room.

"Abi," I called and she turned and smiled. "Why?"

"Yeah, come join us Abi," Sarah implored but Abi shook her head.

"No, I'll get lots of time to spend with Andy. You don't, and I am a bit knackered anyway. I'll come join you in the morning, promise."

"What are you up to?" I asked the departing stripper and she smiled and opened the door.

"You'll see," she replied and closed it behind her.

"Never mind her," Sarah told me and wrapped her slender, soft arms around me. "I want to feel special again, and only you do that to me."

I smiled, inwardly and outwardly. I did want her to feel special, she was special, but I liked the admission that her boyfriend couldn't make her feel like that. Surely it was time for her to dump him?

I cuddled her and ran my hands down her silky smooth back and cupped her recently abused buttocks. She mewed gently as I squeezed them and she did the same to me. My erect member rubbed up against her hairless mound and I saw a look of desire in her eyes as it poked the top of her slit.

“We can't do that,” she whispered and I nodded. We kissed and she reached down to touch my engorged member and stroke it gently.

Sarah closed her eyes and groaned as my hands darted over her smooth, young body and my cock twitched. I slid down the bed, and Sarah spread out to give me access to her shaven crotch. I nestled myself between her legs and kissed the inside of her thighs. She shifted and breathed heavily as my hands wandered over her legs, pelvis and hips, touching her gently and gently caressing her.

Sarah squealed as I squeezed her ass cheek and she brought her legs up to rest on the bed. I grabbed the underside of her thigh and pushed them up so her feet were on my shoulders and then kissed her labia. She gave a long, drawn out sigh.

I wanted to tease her and moved away, gently nibbling and kissing her inner thigh again and then towards the folds in her leg. She moaned that I was teasing her but I didn't respond and just gently blew over her pussy before returning to her thigh and planting gentle, warm kisses on her silky-soft skin.

Sarah groaned with pleasure as I unsparingly planted nibbles and kisses on her thighs, the outside of the labia and the top of her slit. She rolled her hands through my hair and then began to pant and whine. I glanced up to see her massaging her breasts. She had a lustful, desperate look in her eyes.

Our eyes met and I saw her imploring me to go down on her properly. She didn't need to speak I just knew and I glanced down at her swollen lips, engorged clitoris and musky scent.

My tongue touched her soaking, glistening lips and she groaned shrilly. I darted it over her clitoris and down to her hole and back again. I poked it into her hole and rubbed her clit with my nose, inhaling her beautiful aroma as I did. Sarah bucked her hips, but I knew she wanted me to feast on her pearl and I eagerly devoured it, her rhythmic bouncing against the bed and my face getting quicker and quicker.

Sarah cried out loudly and vocally as her first orgasm hit her. Hard.

Her thighs clenched around my ears, her pussy quivered and she squeezed the bed with her fingers.

I waited until she had stopped squealing and wailing, “oh god” and “oh yes,” and then disengaged my lips from her button for a moment. I slid over her hole and her inner labia and then brought my fingers up, sliding two of them into her moist, lubricated opening.

She shouted and groaned even louder as I turned my fingers and gave her a “come here” motion as I returned to feast on her clit with my tongue. Her thighs quivered and muscles strained to tense as her second orgasm, clearly stronger and more powerful than the first swept over her. She pulled me up from the bed and threw her arms around me, kissing me strongly on the cheek.

“Listen bro, I know you have sex but please keep the noise down. It's disturbing ...” I heard a voice behind me

I turned around to face my sister and Simon at the entrance to my door.

“Get out. Can't you knock,” I shouted, pulling the quilt cover over us.

“I did. You didn't hear me because SHE was squealing.”

“Get out, Rhea. This is private.”

“Not until you promise that Simon and I can go to bed without listening to a porn scene being re-enacted next door. If you need to fake your orgasms, then do so quieter. Less is more, Sarah.”

Sarah shook her head. "I don't fake my orgasms," she replied indignantly. "Well not with Andy anyway."

"Rhea, get the fuck out of my room," I yelled and Rhea stood there.

"Not until you promise to be quieter."

"We promise," Sarah said before I could shout back and Rhea gave me a glance and shut the door.

"Did you see how big that wet spot was?" I heard Simon's voice from the other side of the door.

"I know."

Sarah and I looked at each other. She grinned, kissed me and took my shaft in her hand, stroking it gently. I closed my eyes and felt Sarah kiss me on the neck. She was loving and it felt as though she was my girlfriend. She was mine for the night at least and that was enough.

My stiff member tensed and my perineum warmed as she rubbed the top of my glans with pre-cum with her thumb. I groaned quietly and mewed as she slid her hands up and down my shaft and continued with the soft tactile swirling of my sensitive spot.

I opened my eyes to see Sarah smiling at me with her soft blue eyes. She kissed me on the lips and our tongues massaged.

I felt the release welling up in me and grunted. Sarah knew and increased her thrusts on my cock. I squealed and felt several waves of semen shoot up my cock and onto Sarah's hand.

"Thank you," I murmured and she just smiled and reached for the fast depleting box of tissues.

We cuddled together after we both went to the toilet and fell asleep quickly, but one thing was bothering me as I drifted off to sleep: just how could I convince Sarah I was worth a chance?

* * * * *

"Oh god, oh yeah, oh yeah," Sarah was screaming as I woke up hugging her. Was she really pleasuring herself so wildly? "Oh Andy," she wailed and I was confused. I was cuddling her and my cock, my erect cock, was pressed up against her flanks.

"Sarah," I asked and looked down the bed. Two mischievous eyes looked back at me and I gave a smile. Sarah opened her eyes and I planted a kiss on her lips. Her hands moved out from her body and located my firm penis and began to roll her thumb over the glans. I moaned as she did but Sarah stopped as Abi tipped her into orgasm.

Female climatic squeals echoed around the room, and Sarah threw her head back on the pillow. Far from coming down from her climax, Sarah was mewling and becoming ever more aroused. I expected to see Abi burying her face in Sarah's crotch again but instead saw the well manicured fingers of Abi sawing into the horny teenager.

Sarah squealed, and shrieked. She began to fondle my balls and phallus, sliding her fingers over my genitals to cause me to quietly groan as she did.

Sarah began to buck her hips, her body driving an increasingly quicker rhythm for Abi. She squeezed my buttocks and emitted a loud, high-pitched cry, the unmistakable sound of female orgasm.

Abi sat up as Sarah came down from her high. "I said I would join you this morning," Abi told me and looked at Sarah.

“Get down this end of the bed,” she told my classmate, and Sarah was positioned so that her feet were up by the pillows and her head nearer the foot of the bed. They were somewhat diagonal and Abi positioned herself over the teenager and started touching her pussy.

Sarah parted Abi's legs and Abi lowered her crotch to the teenagers tongue, while Abi began to gently probe Sarah's inner folds. Sarah started mewling the moment Abi buried her fingers inside of her and her muffled cries were heard through Abi's pubic hair.

I wanted to join in, but I just watched the lesbian scene unfolding in front of me. I had watched Zoe and Sarah a couple of nights ago briefly, but it felt so much more erotic to be watching it within touching distance.

The air was thick with female arousal and I eagerly watched Abi probe Sarah with her fingers and then attack her slit with her experienced tongue.

Sarah was groaning and mewling far more vocally than Abi, who was certainly enjoying the teenager lapping at her slit but Sarah was exploding. Fortunately, Abi's crotch acted as a sound break and Sarah squealed into the stripper's pubic hair and clit.

Abi stopped thrusting her fingers in and out of Sarah's well lubricated pussy and moved her fingers to her anus. She shot me a look, full of desire and I hopped off of the bed and positioned my cock at her entrance.

Sarah was not expecting me to appear and was startled out of shock as I managed to squeeze myself onto the end of the bed and presented my member to Abi's slit. Sarah moved her tongue lower and I grabbed hold of Abi's hips so I could put my cock into her wet, slippery hole.

Abi grunted as I slid in, and Sarah kissed my balls as I did. She returned to Abi's pearl while I lustfully rammed my stiff member into my partner's gorgeous pussy. Abi sighed, Sarah mewled and I groaned: the air thick with sounds of human satisfaction.

“Fuck, that's great,” one of the girls said (I wasn't quite sure which) and I slammed my cock into Abi. Abi gave a high-pitched squeak and squeezed my member as hard as she could with her pelvic muscles. I felt as though as I was going to explode and I kept up my thrusting. Abi panted and threw her head down between Sarah's legs. Her thighs quivered and I grabbed hold of her thighs and brought her back towards me forcefully impaling her on my cock.

Abi was loud. Her orgasm swept through her and her body twitched and convulsed. I felt my own release coming and thrust into her a couple more times before I withdrew and squirted waves of semen over Abi's slit and Sarah's face.

Sarah barely noticed, she was appreciating her own explosion and waves of orgasmic energy cascaded through her body and she came with a deafening cacophony of arousal.

I had never had a threesome before but I waited for Abi and Sarah to finish: they were not finished just yet! I was arousing being in the same room as them but I just watched spellbound until they finished and then passed the two girls some tissues from the end of the bed.

Sarah smiled at Abi. “Thank you,” she muttered and held out her hands. “Thanks for everything.”

“You're welcome,” a naked Abi replied and kissed my classmate on the lips.

* * * * *

Rhea gave us ominous glances as we descended the stairs. She was dressed and playing on the PlayStation but Sarah and Abi were nearly naked.

“What are you up to today?” I asked and Rhea grimaced at me.

“Just want me out of the way?” Rhea teased and I shook my head.

“Well I have to do the club,” I reasoned and poured myself and two companions some breakfast. Abi kissed me as I turned to get some milk and Sarah put her hands around my waist from behind and slid her fingers inside my shorts. I groaned as she pumped my shaft a couple of times and then gleefully laughed.

“Haven't you had enough?” Sarah whispered in my ear as Abi and I released our embrace.

“No, he hasn't,” Abi replied for me glancing down at my erect cock hanging out of my shorts.

After breakfast, we agreed that Abi and Sarah would meet me at the club at 1:30 with lunch. They were planning to relax in the park and enjoy a bit of fresh air, before joining me.

I was just about finished wiping down the skirting board when two smiling girls knocked on the locked back door with a small hamper of food. I had deliberately left the vacuum cleaner out so I could clean up easily afterwards as we would in all likelihood drop some crumbs but we sat in the corner and I poured us three lemonades, leaving a couple of shiny coins next to the till.

Abi grinned as Sarah walked around the club. “It's amazing. I'd love to be here. When I get to eighteen could I work here? What dya reckon Andy?”

I smiled and grinned at the bubbly teenager and she hauled herself on stage. “It's amazing.”

“What you reckon Abi?” I asked and opened the hamper. “Cheese or ham sandwiches to start?”

Sarah jumped down and peered up the stairs. “What's up there?”

“Some VIP or private rooms and a back entrance to the corridor the door to the flat,” I replied and Sarah's eyes lit up.

“VIP rooms. For pleasuring guys and stuff?”

Abi chuckled. “It's not a knocking shop.”

“So what's it like up there?” Sarah asked and I shrugged.

“I've never been. Abi?”

Abi gave a brief description as we started eating the food in the hamper. Sarah kept looking around the club, clearly in awe by her surroundings and Abi and I did our best not to laugh at her. It was hard, we were used to it but for Sarah, it was new to her and she was treating it like she was a small child in an enchanted forest.

We finished lunch and Abi took Sarah behind the stage. I knew what they were doing but I took the ten minutes to wipe our table down, vacuum our chairs and carpet under the table and pack the hamper up with any rubbish.

Abi came out and ran behind the bar. The lights dimmed dramatically and loads of smaller lights came on, many in different colours. The stage was impressively lit and some soft music started. Abi nudged me and I glanced back towards the stage.

Sarah emerged dressed in a beautiful white satin dress and took long steps with her arms outstretched and ass wiggling to the music. Sarah gave a twirl and walked to the end of the stage and back again. She suited the dress and the dancing, her coltish nature suited the striptease perfectly.

Sarah slid her thigh forward and her dress rolled up to her hips and as she spun around the dress flared outwards. She took her finger and seductively licked it and then slid it under her dress before spinning round again.

Sarah danced for a few minutes and I could feel my erection grow. Sarah was sexy and she being an exhibitionist, something that came very naturally to her. I beamed at her and Sarah barely stopped smiling. The lights on stage illuminating her wonderfully in the shiny, white dress.

“She looks fantastic, doesn't she?” Abi asked and I nodded. My eyes barely left the beautiful teenager and she eventually slid off her dress to reveal a matching pair of lingerie.

Sarah smiled at me and lay down on the floor, thrusting her hips and arching her long legs. If she was being deliberately seductive then it was working. I licked my lips and Sarah spun around the pole to the left of the stage.

She reached behind herself and flicked her bra clip and then shook of the flimsy black garment. I was hooked and watched her eagerly. She shook her “C” cup breasts and cupped them. She licked her nipple and began to grind her hips against the pole. With a flourish she reached down and ripped off her knickers. They were clearly club property as they had been rigged to come off quickly and easily and Abi noticed my grin.

Sarah happily showed me her shaven pussy and then sat down on the edge of the stage as the music finished.

“How did I do?” Sarah shouted and a deep voice came from behind us.

“Lovely. I'd hire you myself if you weren't under age.”

“Oh hi Ikenna. I didn't see you there,” Abi told him and he looked at us.

“I know, babe. I presume you are done because I need to open up. We got girls coming soon.”

“I don't mind staying,” Sarah blurted out, and the dark figure of Ikenna walked up to the naked teenager.

“Sorry love. Give it a couple of years and I'm sure Grace'll be interested if you can dance like that.” He looked Sarah up and down and she cocked her head.

“I really would love to do it in the evening.”

Ikenna chortled to himself and walked back to turn the lights on and the music stopped completely. As the two girls hurriedly disappeared, I put the vacuum cleaner away and he patted my on the shoulder. “Hey bud. I'd've given my right testicle to see a show like that at your age. You've picked well there.”

I sighed and looked at the floor. “She isn't my girlfriend,” I said with a sense of loss I hadn't really experienced before.

“Ahh, she's a cracking girl,” he told me. “Just don't let your Mum know she's been practising in her club.”

Abi took a phone call from Mum as we made our afternoon dinner. She asked Abi if she could stay until Friday as she was caught up in Edinburgh and needed to stay for a couple more days. Abi readily agreed although I did wonder what would cause Mum to need to stay in Scotland and if it had anything to do with Abi, who clearly was having the same thoughts.

Sarah had her football practice and together we went down to watch. Rhea did want to stay in the flat with Simon but once he had decided that if he was to stay away from home

and be with Rhea much longer his parents might begin to get suspicious as it was so unlike him to spend that much time away from home. He thought it would be better to “ramp up” their contact over a period of a few weeks so his parents got less suspicious, and as he was concerned that they would object to his friendship and relationship with Rhea, he was planning to put off them knowing he had Rhea as a girlfriend until they accepted her.

This planning and skulduggery amused Rhea greatly. “He is thinking like me,” she enthused. “Basically, I am teaching him well.”

Sarah on the other hand was told to come home after football practice and that her father would pick her up. She had stayed over on Sunday night and Monday night and her parents still did not trust her to be staying at my flat when Mum was not there for several days on end. Our frank admission had its consequences but I could not help think that if we had not confessed the consequences would be greater.

Sarah got changed into a sports bra, red T-Shirt and shorts along with her bright red football boots and did four circuits of the football pitches. Rhea was starting to get bored but a number of the parents were watching on the sidelines and I tried to convince her to just watch so that she did not embarrass Sarah. We spotted Jez a few metres away and Rhea's eyes lit up, so she ambled over to chat.

I left them alone to talk and Jez looked uncomfortable as they did. I thought about rescuing him from Rhea but in the end my little sister finished teasing him and meandered back.

The coach was a stern woman, easily in her forties and who barked orders from one of the football pitch to another and at the end of the practice asked Rhea and myself to run the line for their fifteen minute game. This annoyed Sarah as I flagged her as off-side as she collected a pass on the right-wing and she shouted at me for being “wrong”, which subsequently got her an imaginary yellow card for it, and had to run a very real five laps of the pitch as punishment.

Sarah had forgiven my refereeing “incompetence” by the time they finished the practice and saw her mum waiting in the car park.

“I can't believe I have to go home,” she moaned, but I gave her a kiss on the lips and promised I would see her soon. Her mother opened the boot to put her kit in and watched as we embraced again.

“I've really enjoyed these last couple of days,” I told her and she smiled.

“I know. So have I. And I think I'll miss you,” she confessed and I felt a little bit sad to see her drive out of the car park until I got back as far as Rhea who gave me the same “she is a prick tease” lecture she gave earlier in the week.

Abi and I settled down to watch television and Rhea disappeared for awhile to use the phone. “You two do make a really good couple,” Abi told me as the adverts came on. She had her head on my lap and was staring up at me. “It reminds me of my first real boyfriend, there was a great chemistry there with me and him, and there is great chemistry between you and Sarah.”

I sighed. “I know, but she doesn't want me.”

Abi looked up at me and bit her lip. “She does. But she is scared. A faint heart never won a fair maiden.”

I puffed and squeaked my lips together. “I know.”

“I am not going to keep on at you, but make sure you don't have any regrets. If you like her, make she knows, OK?”

"Yeah," I muttered and she reached up to kiss me.

"Promise."

"Yes Abi, I promise."

* * * * *

Abi and I were in bed by ten and she was naked, waiting for me, when I returned from the bathroom.

"I trust that you aren't sexed out," she teased and I shook my head.

"Why?"

"Because I am definitely not sexed out and I would be most disappointed and completely unsatisfied," she warned with a smile on her face.

"Is that a common problem, being disappointed and completely unsatisfied?" I asked and Abi shook her head.

"Not normally in this bedroom, no."

"Ahh, well there is a first time for everything," I told her as I clambered into bed and rolled over. Abi put her arms around me and kissed my neck.

"Don't fuck around Andy," she warned me jovially and I chuckled.

"I thought you did want me to fuck around."

"No. I want your tongue between my thighs. Sarah was OK but she needs some serious guidance. If you want to have threesomes on a regular basis with her, I need to give her a few lessons."

I smiled at her seriousness. "Well she hasn't had anyone teach her, has she?"

Abi shook her head and as I rolled over she almost threw herself under the covers to kiss my cock and present her moist slit for my tongue.

Once again I steered Abi to a more upright position. I got better access to her clit and could massage her breasts better. Also, it put Abi in control and I liked this. Abi never objected and as my tongue darted over her inner folds, she squealed.

Her distinctive taste was very strong - she had been very aroused before she jumped on me and I guessed she had been playing with herself. This made me harder, I liked the thought of Abi masturbating, just as the thoughts of Sarah with her vibrator had occupied my thoughts for days afterwards.

Abi groaned and began grinding her hips into my face. I loved that and my tongue flashed over her hole a few times. She was very wet and could tell by her frantic bouncing that she was very excited. Her grunting was more nasal and she moaned a deep sigh as my tongue slid up to her button.

I took her clit in my mouth and sucked on it. Her thighs instantly tensed and I began to massage her nipples. She squealed and bucked her hips on my face harder and stronger.

She liked this position just as much as I did.

Abi climaxed, but not as loud as usual. I gave her a few moments to come down and enjoy her orgasm and then renewed my assault on her slit. Abi began to pump my cock with her hands but I stopped her. I wanted her to come a couple of times before she started on me. And I wanted to ram my cock into her pussy and not come too soon.

Abi was breathing deeper and deeper and I heard, even though her thighs were muffling most of the sound, a strong shriek and volley of aroused expletives.

I kept twirling her nipples in my fingers and her pelvic muscles gently quivered and her hands, that was resting on my chest dug into it. I tried not to cry out in pain, but she was pinching the skin.

Abi waited to finish and then climbed off of me. She pulled me onto her side of the bed and she guided my cock into her waiting pussy.

Abi put her hands on my rear and as I began pumping my cock into her she squeezed my buttocks. I groaned and she spanked it. Not hard, just playfully.

Abi squealed and her muscles danced a tune on my cock, squeezing and then contracting at random intervals. It felt amazing and I kissed Abi. With a small grunt, I released a couple of streams of cum into my lover.

Abi smiled and kissed me again. "Thank you," I murmured and Abi grinned.

"No need to thank me. You went down on me!"

Abi and I snuggled up and apart from some frenetic mutual masturbation at around 2am we slept soundly until the following morning.

* * * * *

As I had clean the club in the morning, Rhea and Abi decided to go to the shopping centre in Milton Keynes and have lunch out. I kissed Abi goodbye, that drew a sharp rebuke from Rhea, and unlocked the club at 10am.

I was a bit worried about Zoe after Sunday and Monday so arranged to meet her at the Water Park on Wednesday. I dug out my swimming shorts and waited on the side of the water for Zoe to arrive, who entered the pool in a conservative bathing costume, dead on 2pm. It was a warm day and the pool was fairly busy but we did a number of lengths before going down the flumes and the slides.

After ninety minutes of swimming we got out and I met her in the foyer. "Drink?" I asked and pointed towards a little bar opposite. Her face twisted for a moment before accepting and we strode in and sat down in a little private booth while I bought two lemonades and a packet of crisps to share.

"So, how are you then?" I asked as I passed her drink over to her. "You were a little quiet on Monday."

Zoe smiled guiltily. "I was hungover, you know that! I've only ever been hungover once before and I don't like it."

"I do, but I also know you did something you may be regretting?" I suggested and she bit her lip.

Zoe nodded. "I was very drunk that night but I am just confused now really. It was weird, I just don't know what to make of it."

"I just want to make sure that you are OK with what happened," I said in a low voice. "You saw us naked, and touched us. And Sarah touched you."

Zoe nodded. "Yeah, that was weird. I've thought about it non-stop since but I know we did something immoral. Something so wrong, so I know I shouldn't've enjoyed it."

"But you did?" I waited for her to protest and shrugged my shoulders. "And it isn't wrong at all, but I am worried about you. We sort of guided you into it so it's our fault."

"That's sweet, but there is no need to be worried about me. It's not your fault."

"But you think it's Sarah's." Zoe remained quiet. "But you enjoyed it, right?"

"Yes it was sort of Sarah's fault. She just went ahead and did what she wanted. She ..."

"But you enjoyed it, right?" Zoe blushed and I crossed my arms. "You did enjoy it?" I repeated in a firmer voice when an answer was not forthcoming.

"OK, I did at the time. It was completely different. But Sarah is not going to be my girlfriend, or anything. It was two drunk girls going too far."

"And the nudity?" I asked and Zoe blushed again. I put my hand on hers and squeezed.

"OK yes," Zoe admitted. "I think it is just hormones, but I am curious about so many things," Zoe told me and I smiled. "I just can't seem to not think about them."

"Well next time, I want to see you. All of you," I teased and Zoe shook her head. "Like Sarah did."

"There won't be a next time," she told me forcefully and I shrugged.

"At least I don't need to worry about wandering around my flat with nothing on. Everyone has seen me already," I joked and Zoe shook her head.

"Oh Andy, I'll have lustful thoughts if I see you like that again," Zoe countered. "And I don't want to have them, it's not right but I can't stop having them."

"It's hormones. You can't stop them," I said smiling at her but there was a seriousness in Zoe's eyes that I couldn't rationalise.

"I don't want them. And since Sarah and I did, well did what we did, I just can't stop feeling ..."

"Horny?" I finished for her and she nodded.

"Exactly. I need to do something."

"Play with yourself?" I suggested and Zoe gave me a tortured smile and nod. "Something for confession?" I teased and Zoe rolled her eyes.

"I am not Catholic. But I have been praying about everything, and Simon. I am really worried about him and just don't know what to do about anything."

"Because of Rhea?"

She nodded. "Yeah. He is scared you know. Really scared. He told me last night in tears. He thinks the world of your sister and he doesn't know if he is able to make her happy. To be who she would want him to be."

I smiled. "Tell Simon that I have not seen Rhea so happy for some time. She is always quite intense though, but she is in a very good mood. Which is lucky for all of us as she is a fucking nightmare when she isn't."

Zoe put her hand on mine and grinned at me. "Well she is unique isn't she?"

"Very."

"Simon thinks so too, but he thinks he won't measure up, so to speak. He thinks she deserves better and doesn't understand why she agreed to date him."

"Opposites attract?"

Zoe shrugged her shoulders and looked out of the window. "I know Rhea has told him that he will be fine, and just to be himself but he can't fathom it."

"I'll tell her to go easy on him," I promised.

We laughed and chatted. Zoe wanted to know about what I said about Sarah and whether I really did think so highly of her. I blushingly admitted that it was true and Zoe smiled, telling me to be patient. It was not as though I had any other choice. I asked her to come and see me if she was getting scared or worried and although she promised she would, I

didn't totally believe her.

"Simon still has serious Rhea-anxiety," I told my baby sister as I sauntered into the flat. She was spread out and had a number of shopping bags at her foot and scowled at me. "He doesn't know, and I quote, if he is able to make you happy, and thinks you deserve better."

Rhea buried her face in her hands and I looked at me. "I told him that I like him. Several times. I've kissed him everywhere. I even..."

"Yes, spare me the details," I interjected and Rhea grinned for a moment.

"Well before the first date and he gets to enjoy himself. I don't do that. I am Rhea. I hurt and scare people not swallow ..."

"I said spare me the details," I snapped.

"I did," she replied gleefully and smiled. "Swallow my pride and let people ask me out. And he knows I like him. I have told him so many times. Why does he have to be so unconfident? Aghhhh!" Rhea pushed the cushion and leapt to her feet.

"Show him, don't tell him," I suggested and Rhea looked up at the ceiling.

"I have. Repeatedly. I just don't get it. Why can't the stupid bastard listen?"

"Feel like banging your head against the wall?" I teased as Rhea picked up her coat.

"No. I feel like banging his bloody head against the wall. Repeatedly. If only to knock some bloody sense into him," she moaned and strode out of the house.

Simon really was getting a baptism of fire.

* * * * *

Rhea returned an hour and a half later and I raised my eyebrows at her.

"Yes. I told him. I told him if was going to be nervous I would take him out to a field, peg him out on the ground naked, cover him in berries and let the birds peck his gonads to pieces," Rhea said. "I am not having my boyfriend having self-doubt. It's my job to tell him that he is wrong, not his."

"Well go easy on him, Rhea."

"Yes. You've told me that. I am trying, I really am, but it's so frustrating. He's so frustrating."

"You are his first serious girlfriend, and to be honest, you aren't exactly the best person to be his first, are you?"

Rhea smirked and shook his head. "I know. I do like him, for all his antagonistic reasonableness and calmness and everything, I do like him but he keeps saying he is worried that I am playing with him or he is in a dream."

"Well don't turn that dream into a nightmare," I warned her and she sighed.

"You would have thought with what's gone on, especially Sunday night and Monday morning that he might just have got the message that I like him."

"It's your reputation. It precedes you," I said and she grinned.

"Well maybe when he sees we are still together at the start of the new term he will feel happier?"

"You'll definitely be together at the start of the new term then?"

Rhea nodded. "Oh yeah. I mean I was annoyed with him when he grassed me up. Proper

annoyed but I knew why he did it. All he needed was to apologise and admit that he shouldn't have done so but as I held his head under in the pond he just refused to. And, well, that sort of pig-headness, there's no need for it, is there? I mean, that's just plain asking for trouble."

I gave a small grin at Rhea and smiled. "Trying to drown him in the 'skank tank', I can quite see why he didn't want to apologise."

"Well if he had said sorry two years ago then I might well have asked him out. He was the only boy at Grove House who I got on with and liked and not many of them at school are passable. They are either geeks or cocks or just scared of me."

"That's your reputation again," I murmured and she smiled.

"I know. But he actually avoided me for two years until we went bowling. Can you believe that?"

Surprisingly, for Rhea at least, I could quite believe it.

* * * * *

Rhea phoned Simon in the evening and left Abi and I to play games, cards and the PlayStation. We played Strip Poker once Rhea was in bed, but she came down to "get a glass of water", just as I had stripped naked, and Abi (only wearing her knickers) was busy kissing a protruding part of my anatomy.

"Can't you have a day off?" Rhea asked as she appeared from nowhere and Abi decoupled her mouth from my cock to pour scorn at my baby sister. After that, we retired to my bedroom and resumed from where we left off. Abi gleefully suckled and ran her tongue along my erect penis sucking it gently until I had shot several waves of my semen into her willing mouth.

Evening sex with Abi was always less rough and at a more leisurely pace than morning sex, and I slipped down her body to lightly and slowly nibble at her thighs, and her clitoris. She squealed and mewed as my tongue darted over her moistened slit to bring her to orgasm twice, and then she pulled me up and we slowly and gently made love while we kissed.

It was the most serene, intimate, delicate act of sex I had ever had and left me more confused than ever. Abi and I were friends with benefits. Sex between us was normally passionate and lustful not delicate and loving and I as rocked back and forth on my knees, propelling my stiff rod into my Scottish lover, I felt a warm, loving connection. I squirted into her, after she had climaxed again and we lay there, kissing and embracing.

"That was the best sex I've had for some time," Abi commented as we lay there. I kissed her neck and then her lips.

* * * * *

Abi and I were well and truly sexed out come the morning. Abi had woken up once and resurrected my attention so that we have passionate, deep sex again and then as dawn broke I touched her nipples, caressed them and she demanded that I give her my "love" again.

It felt weird using the I-word with Abi. There was no doubt she held a very special place in my heart. I was sixteen and full of hormones, wanting (and just about able to manage) to shoot my load several times a day but there was more than just sex with us. She made me content and happy just being in her presence. I felt liberated.

"What you thinking of?" Abi asked me and I smiled.

"I was wondering about something," I replied.

“What?” I hesitated and she read my apprehension. “Tell me, I won't be scared or angry.”

“You used the I-word earlier. A couple of times actually.”

“The I-word?”

“Love. You said it about me.”

Abi wiped the corner of her eyes. “I know I did,” she said with a calm but uneasy voice.

“I know you don't love me, it's not that, I know.”

“Actually, Andy, I do, but not in the way we could be partners. You've been there when no-one else has been and whatever happens there will always be a piece of my heart for you. You're my lover and you keep me satisfied but you're also a very good friend and you also look after me. Of course I love you but you aren't what I need or want in a boyfriend.”

“It's OK. I know and understand. But it's that feeling, I've not had before. Well not really. I do love you but I want someone else and I don't understand that.”

Abi smiled and wrapped her arms around me. “You will. The moment Sarah is single and looks at you with those eyes, you'll fall for her and our trysts will be history. I know that so I'm getting all the sex I can before that happens.”

I smiled and grinned at Abi. “Out of interest, what do you look for in a boyfriend?”

She froze and shook her head. “What do you look for in a girlfriend?”

I shifted my body weight so my cock was at her entrance and slid it gently forward. “A wonderful personality, a brilliant body, a top-class mind, an over-active libido and, one, tight, juicy pussy that loves to be fucked.”

Abi giggled. “So that's Sarah then.”

“Abi!” I moaned and she crossed her arms, giggling like a schoolgirl.

* * * * *

Abi and I slept in quite late and our breakfast was more like lunch. Rhea was in the flat with Simon but was barely dressed and Simon was sitting bolt upright when we came back into the room.

“What are you up to today?” Abi asked my awkward sister who gave a non-committal response in return. Abi was firm in that she was responsible for her and when I returned from my shower, Rhea had told my concupiscent lover exactly what her plans were for remaining twelve hours.

I idled down to the club at gone 1pm and met Ikenna, who was planning his holiday to Greece and had loads of brochures spread out over the bar. He greeted me as I came in and we had a nice chat before I started on the vacuum cleaner. The Wednesday nights were the alternative dancers, including Ray's sister doing a burlesque turn, and footfall in the club had increased significantly. This therefore meant that there was more dirt in the carpets and more spilt drink on the tables.

By the time I had finished a few of the dancers had arrived. It was the Thursday “Wet T-Shirt and Summer Games” night and Ikenna had asked for a couple of the girls to arrive early to assist with setting everything up.

Vanessa, a bouncy girl in her mid-twenties tickled me from behind as I leaned over the bar to ask Ikenna if he needed any help.

I jumped in shock and turned round. “I see the Dreamboys left without you,” she teased.

“You sound almost disappointed that they have left,” I replied and she grinned.

“They'd big muscles and big ...” she said but I interrupted.

“As I said nothing Hugo and I don't have,” I told her and she shook her head. I leant back over the bar and felt her behind me and then of my shorts plummeting, falling towards my ankles.

Vanessa cackled and I spun around to face her, my hands cupping my cock immediately. “Oi!” I shouted. Vanessa waved my hands away from my cock and grinned. “I know you weren't sixteen inches,” she goaded.

I pulled my shorts up and gave her an evil look. “If I did the same to you ...” I told her and she kissed me on the cheek.

“Ah, but you didn't. And anyway, the Dreamboys never minded. They walked around naked.”

“Well I am not a Dreamboy,” I told her and she smiled.

“No, you're not are you,” she replied and blew me a kiss, and suddenly I felt insecure. What exactly did Vanessa mean?

* * * * *

Zoe appeared as I was about to go into the club at the back door, but wanted to talk to me. I agreed and let her in and she sat down by the bar after looking around in awe.

I got her a lemonade and put a pound by the till. I knew Mum wouldn't mind about the drink, but was always taught to pay my way and it came instantly. Fortunately, Zoe was still staring and looking around the dimly-lit nightclub to pay too much attention.

As it was a Friday, I had to vacuum the carpets, clean all the tables and bar area, the door and tidy up the office. I set about with a warm, soapy bucket and cloth and started on the first table, gesturing to Zoe to sit down at adjacent chair.

“Andy. I have a problem,” Zoe replied as she sat down. “And I really hope you can help me 'cause I don't understand it.”

“What?” I asked concerned.

“I can't stop thinking about sex,” Zoe blurted out and looked at me with puppy-dog eyes. “Help me Andy,” she pleaded. “I don't like it. And it's all your fault.” I snorted and she glared at me. “You started it in Cambridge. Help!”

Chapter XIV

I tried hard not to laugh. "Think about sex? Why is this a problem?" I smiled at her anxious, scared face. "Well, it's natural. What do you want to do?"

Zoe took a slurp of her lemonade. "I don't know. I don't want to be having lustful thoughts every day, every hour of the day. I never used to until ..."

"Until what?" I asked and scrubbed over some dried spilt drink on the table.

"Cambridge. Until I saw you naked in Cambridge. I've not stopped and being sinful with Sarah just has made it ten times worse." She shook her head and groaned. "I just can't stop. There's something wrong with me."

I sighed, put my cloth down and put my arm around her. "I don't know what to say. You are good at biology, you know it's natural to have hormones as a teenager, and you know it's normal to want to act on them. It doesn't mean your not normal," I told her and she rubbed her eyes.

"Playing with myself three, four times a day. Is that normal?" Zoe asked forcefully and looked at my face. Before I could answer she replied for me. "No. You know it isn't."

"I've done more than four times a day," I replied quickly. "Much more. OK I was a bit sore the next day, but you can't stop having lustful thoughts. It is our purpose in life to have sex."

"This is just what Sarah would say," Zoe moaned and I huffed.

"Well what would you like me to say? You are being irrational and the fact that your other friends will say the same just confirms it. What about Rosie, she's a good Christian girl like you?" I tried not to smirk and looked towards her. "Get her to be honest with you."

Zoe shrieked. "I couldn't ask Rosie."

"Why? She is probably had the same thoughts. And if she says she hadn't she is a liar."

"No, Rosie won't have. It's just me, it's abnormal," she told me with a resigned tone to her voice. "I know it is."

"Zoe," I barked to get her attention. "I have seen Ray play with Rosie. She has had lustful thoughts, lots of them. And you are just being naïve if you think she hasn't."

"She hasn't," Zoe replied firmly. "I thought you'd know exactly what to do. I tried not giving in but the feeling just got worse and worse until I did. I can't stop thinking about naked people and sex."

"I can't help you Zoe. You seem to want to not be a member of Homo Sapiens," I joked and she shook her head.

"It's not funny, it's not normal."

"Let's go through your peers," I said sitting at the table. "Rosie, she has played with herself, she does think about sex and she plays strip poker. And that's just what I know. Sarah, has sex and plays with herself."

"How do you know?" Zoe interrupted and I smiled.

"I do. And she has lesbian sex as well. Myself, well you know about me. Simon and Rhea, both been naked and don't want to think about anything else. Emma, she dated Ian and was caught with him by her parents, right?" Zoe nodded. "Who else? Ingrid? Terry?"

Zoe sighed. "So what exactly are you trying to say?"

"I'm saying that at your age, a bit of masturbation and fantasising is not abnormal. We all have sex lives, you know." I waited for her to say something and nodded towards her. "Well most of us do."

Zoe hummed and I returned to cleaning the tables with Zoe following me around the room. She was still not satisfied that her state of horniness was normal but I told her to do things to take her mind off of it, and she asked what I had in mind. I did not think being stuck in the house for most of the day helped and she sort of agreed.

"Have you spoken to anyone else?" I asked and Zoe looked horrified.

"No," she snapped. "I daren't. It's so ... embarrassing!"

I rolled my eyes. "Sex isn't embarrassing. Well maybe a bit, but maybe you need to talk it over with your parents?"

Zoe howled in annoyance at the suggestion and returned to her default position of that it was humiliatingly abnormal and she would lose all of her dignity unless she could control her urges. We were interrupted at lunchtime by Mum returning from her trip. She looked surprised to see Zoe in her club as I finished vacuuming but my patience with her refusal to admit that her sexual fantasies and urges were normal was wearing thin. Mum knew Zoe reasonably well, and made no attempt to chastise me for bringing her into the club, but I would rather she hadn't seen us talking.

"I've just got to do the office," I told her as she made moves in that direction. "I'll only be ten minutes, but please can you have a chat with Zoe," I asked. Mum and Zoe both looked at me in surprise and I gave a wry grin. "She refuses to take my advice and believe me and I don't know what else to do."

"Andy, please," Zoe pleaded.

Mum shot me a look and Zoe looked horrified. "About what?" Mum asked and I raised my eyebrows at Zoe.

"No Andy," Zoe begged but I ignored her imploring eyes.

"Growing up," I told her. "Perhaps you could do to Zoe what you did to Abi, while I finish off in the office," I asked and Mum gave Zoe an awkward look. "She won't listen to me or anyone else."

"You don't look very comfortable," Mum said to Zoe and I nodded.

"She isn't, but if you really want guidance then Mum's seen it all," I added and Mum frowned at me and then Zoe.

"I've been away for a few days and I don't get a 'how was your trip?' I get 'you've been around.' Charming," she teased and I lugged the vacuum cleaner into the foyer towards the office.

It took fifteen minutes to clean, dust and vacuum the room and I returned to see Zoe and Mum sitting at a table with a drink each. They were both relaxed and I joined them.

"OK?" I asked and Zoe looked at Mum and then nodded. "Yeah, thank you Mrs ... ummm"

"Call me Grace," Mum told her. "Honestly nothing to worry about. Enjoy yourself, you are only sixteen once."

"Hey, does that apply to me?" I asked and Mum shot me a dirty look.

"You get away with more than enough," she warned and we got up to leave.

"If you have any problems Zoe, come and see me," Mum added and Zoe wasn't allowed to leave until she had made that promise that she would. "It's no trouble and as he said, 'I've been there.'"

* * * * *

Mum was staring at me, twirling her spaghetti with her fork while I shifted uncomfortably.

“So Sarah can go if Zoe and I go, but Zoe can't travel to London without Simon as her Mum doesn't want her on her own so Simon has to go, but he won't go unless Rhea or Laurence goes,” I explained to Rhea and Mum at the dinner table. “So Zoe has asked Sarah to ask me if Rhea can go.”

“Oi!” came a lone voice from the end of the table. “Nobody has asked me if I want to go.”

“HmMMM. Well obviously if Rhea wants to go.”

“So what are you planning to do again?” Mum asked and I took a deep breath.

“Well. Sarah wants to see Kevin so we will meet him at Marylebone. Goto the Science or Natural History Museum probably. Picnic in Hyde Park and then maybe some shopping or Trocadero or Covent Garden”

“Soho!” cried Rhea and I shook my head.

“You staying as a group?” Mum asked, enquiringly.

“Of course. Kevin won't like it but ... tough” I announced, almost gleeful at the prospect of upsetting Sarah's useless beau.

Mum smiled at this and eventually gave her consent. I rang Sarah later and our complex negotiations, involving six teenagers and four sets of parents was concluded with an agreement. I wondered if International accords were this complicated or if I should have a crack at Middle East? I mean, how hard could it be?

“Master Williams,” Mum called as I was doing the washing up. “Would you like to tell me how the delightful Miss Matheson has one hundred pounds of new clothes and has seen you naked?”

“Ahh,” I grunted and saw Mum smiling. “Well the clothes were a birthday present and I pushed off the covers in my sleep. In Cambridge.” She hummed at me with a coy expression. “I have not touched Zoe,” I said, quite honestly. “And we aren't going out. She is just a friend.”

“Well I don't appreciate being used like that. I am not a sex advice service,” she moaned.

“It's Zoe. She wasn't believing me and we've known her for years. She need the voice of experience.”

“Experience?”

“I didn't mean it like that.” Mum exhaled sharply, looking at me. “A bit of warning would have been nice. She's a nice girl but you flaunting yourself has concerned her.”

I waved my arms. “I didn't mean to. I didn't set out to get her to watch me sleep naked. I went to bed with shorts on.”

Mum grinned. “I would like to know why you bought her all those clothes though.”

I fidgeted and unplugged the sink. “Because it is her birthday. She tried them on and liked them so I bought them for her, but Sarah thinks it was too extravagant.”

“For once, Sarah is right. Zoe was scared that you wanted something she couldn't give you.”

“What?” I wondered and Mum sighed.

“You really don't understand, do you? She sees you naked and she starts to wonder and ... she is having lustful thoughts about you and is scared. Then you spend a ridiculous

amount of money on her. Think about it.”

“But as a friend,” I told her, slightly tired of repeating myself to everyone about Zoe, Sarah and Abi.

“A friend doesn't spend that amount of money. Underwear is personal and only bought by boyfriends or partners.”

“Why?” I asked, screwing up my face.

“Because it's personal,” Mum replied with a steely finality. “Just think before you act.”

I huffed and Mum spun round. “Oh and I am guessing the stiffy she touched was yours?” I went bright red and stammered. “I don't want to know the details but Zoe, Sarah and Abi. Don't you think you need to choose one?”

“We ummm ... we had a bit too drink,” I admitted.

“I don't want to know the details,” Mum said firmly. “But tell her what you just told me. She is scared.”

“I've known Zoe for years. It would be like dating Rhea,” I replied and shuddered at the thought. “I don't want to date Zoe,” I said with complete firmness in my voice. “God no.”

* * * * *

I spent most of the weekend looking forward to the Monday. Abi stayed the night on Saturday and was her usual horny self, only satisfied when she had had three orgasms, and swallowed my load once with another one jettisoned inside of her.

I was not going to complain. It had been a few days since anyone had stayed over and I was very much looking forward to Abi's company. Abi did give excellent head, swirling her tongue over the glans and probing the back of my testicles with her long, elegant fingers, it was something I wish she would teach Sarah.

It took two hours for Abi to be worn out, by which time the dawn was getting close to breaking. She joked that we had been “at it” all night, and then settled down cuddling her.

I felt a warmth from inside me when we hugged. It worried me, I shouldn't be in love with Abi and she had made it quite clear to me that she did not love me but I felt a desire and contentment I could not explain when I was with her. It was unnerving.

Abi duly drained my testicles again in the morning with her feminine charms while I tickled her pleasure button with my tongue. Her squeals and groans were louder than usual and we got wicked glances from Rhea when we went down to have some breakfast.

Simon arrived as I left the flat to go and clean the club and then I walked Abi had home, via the supermarket while Rhea tried to badger (or bully) Mum into letting her new boyfriend stay the night. She reasoned it would make it easier to go to the station if he was here, but as we only had one spare room and this would probably involve either Zoe and myself, or Rhea and Simon sharing a bedroom, both mothers said no to her pleas, much to her obvious annoyance.

Simon and Rhea played on the PlayStation while I made up the picnic. I did not know if Zoe, Sarah or Kevin would think to bring anything and we hadn't exactly agreed on who was bringing what, except that I was bringing something, I decided to make enough for six and expect to be the sole provider of grub.

To this end I had been to the supermarket to purchase food and made up eighteen rolls (assorted between cheese and ham, chicken and corned beef) to go with a big pot of savoury rice, a big pot of cheesy pasta, a big pot of potato salad, a bag of salad that was mostly green stuff, twelve mini pork pies and a dozen packs of crisps. This, along with the

dozen cans of lemonade would only just fit in the picnic bag but I assembled it on the shelf in the fridge and then wondered if I had bought enough food.

* * * * *

I was awake, showered and dressed by 8am and had to threaten Rhea with a flannel, dripping with cold water, suspended over her sleepy face before she would get out of bed. She shouted a couple of obscenities at me as I left the room in true Rhea form, but we were ready to leave by 8:45am and met Zoe and Simon at Aylesbury station at nine.

Simon looked just as sleepy as Rhea as we boarded the train towards London and I had to shout at them when they tried to run off to a separate part of the train together.

“We stick together,” I warned them and Rhea crossed her arms in annoyance.

“I’m not tagging behind my brother all day” she warned and I raised my eyebrows at her.

“For Sarah’s sake, we need to stay as a group. If you two go wandering off then it means Kevin will want to as well. So for today, Rhea, please do as you’re told.”

Rhea puffed dramatically and threw herself down on the chairs opposite Zoe and myself. I didn’t quite know why she wanted to be left alone anyhow and what being opposite Zoe and myself would stop them from doing, but Zoe and I talked about Sarah until she joined us and then we conversed about school work and college down to London.

Sarah took the time to thank Rhea, and called her “wonderful” for being so agreeable in coming just so she could see her boyfriend.

“Bro, do you agree?” Rhea teased. “Am I wonderful?”

I laughed, “I would agree and say you are wonderful. When you want to be.”

Sarah needled me about Ray, another subject that was only bothering me when someone raised it. I had barely seen him for weeks and I justified it by saying that I was giving him space with Donna but the truth was that I did not want to see his girlfriend. Sarah guessed this and told me not to let Donna come between our friendship and I told her that I would resolve to see him. It was a promise I had not one iota of intention of keeping but Zoe started as well and I had little option to agree if I wanted to shut them up.

We arrived at Marylebone station and went through the automated gates. We had already purchased Zone 1 Travelcards, that gave us unlimited train and bus travel in Central London along with our Chiltern Line return tickets to Marylebone when in Aylesbury and just had to wait for Kevin to arrive.

Sarah had passed on the details of our train but I had suggested that we meet in the little café on the concourse opposite the Cheese stall. Unsurprisingly, Kevin was not waiting for us when we arrived so we bought a drink each and sat down around a couple of tables on the concourse to wait for him.

Sarah was anxious. She kept fiddling with her hands or tapping her teeth with her nails, and although Zoe did not notice, I glared at her and she smirked. I put my hand on hers, and told her to calm down but she breathed deeply and withdrew it.

Sarah spotted him ten minutes later and jumped up. Rhea went to move as well but I told her to give Sarah a couple of minutes alone with him. Sarah had guessed he wouldn’t take too kindly to the idea of chaperoned around London by her friends and even though she had told him that this would happen when they spoke on the phone, she probably wanted to spell it out to him in person. I suppose I secretly hoped that he would be angry about it, and refuse to be with us, but it was a churlish and petty wish.

I had wondered if he had booked a room in London hoping Sarah and him could get away but when I spoke to Sarah earlier in the week, she was resolute that if they had a future

together it had to be based on friendship first and sex a long way down in second. She had told him this, and he had agreed (although her voice disguised the ultimatum I suspect she had to issue for him to do so).

Sarah and Kevin embraced and kissed. I tried not to watch them, but I wanted to see and know. While Sarah was not my girlfriend but if and when she split up with Kevin I wanted her to be. I wanted to know where I stood with her, and therefore spoke to Zoe so I could watch her out of my peripheral vision. I think Zoe realised when I kept glancing over her ears and blonde hair to underneath the clock.

Sarah and Kevin conversed for a couple of minutes and I even saw her body language alter so she was waving a finger at him but eventually she called us over and we joined them with Zoe wanting to see the Natural History Museum.

Rhea groaned at this, but Zoe admitted she had always wanted to go and never been before, and Simon whispered something in her ear to stop my dogmatic sister from moaning. I felt I should introduce Rhea to Kevin as we walked across the concourse but there was something in the back of my mind amusing me from when I had met Sarah's offensive partner before: his description of Rhea at the dinner party a few weeks ago. It was still playing on my mind and I felt Rhea's urge to create mischief, or at least discomfort for Sarah's boyfriend come over me.

"Rhea, this is Kevin, Sarah's boyfriend," I told her and turned to Kevin. "And Kevin this is Rhea, my 'tart and thug' of a sister as you so eloquently put it, a few weeks ago."

Kevin's eyes flashed and Rhea glanced at him. "Is that what he said about me?" Rhea asked and I nodded, still looking at Kevin. "Yep. How accurate would you say?"

"Fairly," Simon answered for him and Rhea spun round.

"Simon, what did I do the last time you annoyed me?"

"You stripped me naked," Simon replied meekly.

"And the time before that?"

"You tried to drown me in the school pond."

"Right. I am in London. There are many, many places I can cause pain and distress. Don't tempt me," she warned in a light-hearted voice and squeezed his hand, but then turned to Kevin walking alongside Sarah. "And you. I've got mee-eye on you."

Kevin squawked at Rhea and put his girlfriend between him and my crazy sister as we got on the escalator down to the Bakerloo Line train that would take us into Central London.

Zoe and I were kind enough to give Sarah and Kevin space. They had their own private conversation on the first train until we got to Piccadilly Circus and because the Piccadilly Line train was so crowded, was in a separate compartment but we reconvened at South Kensington and walked up the stairs to ground level after passing through the automated barriers.

The walk to the Natural History Museum was quite short and we were underneath a giant dinosaur skeleton fifteen minutes later. Simon surveyed the model and looked at me grinning. "Dino vs Rhea, who would win?"

"It'll be a tough one. You see what dino has size and power, Rhea has technique and guile."

"I reckon dino would probably edge it even though her ego..."

"Oi," my sister shouted from the other end of the skeleton. "I can hear you. And I did warn you. Here is an idea, how about Si vs Rhea, how long would it take for the boyfriend to be

picking his teeth up from the floor?"

I looked at Simon apologetically and Rhea retrieved her errant boyfriend by the ear. The exhibits at the Natural History Museum were varied, so I let Zoe pick the ones she wanted to see and as there were no objections, we travelled up to the second floor.

Zoe followed my lead around the two couples, as I was careful to give all four of them some space to look around the museum together but still remain part of the group. This sometimes became difficult when both couples walked off in opposite directions and we had to retrieve one of them.

I had the opportunity to talk to Zoe and promised her that I didn't want her as my girlfriend but took her hand as we walked around the museum. "It's just ... the clothes were so extravagant," Zoe moaned.

"And if I did want to go out with you, do you think I would try and buy your affection?" Zoe hesitated for a moment and smiled.

"No," she admitted. "I guess not. I would imagine you would do something silly and romantic."

"Or just take you out for a meal. I certainly wouldn't buy you loads of clothes for your affections as I would be treating you like a ... well a prostitute, I guess."

Zoe sniggered at me and apologised. "Well I like you, but I don't think we'd make a great couple," she told me. "I think we are too different."

"Yeah," I muttered. "I think we make good friends though," I told her and looked at Rhea battling with Simon. "Although those two are poles apart and they have a great relationship."

Zoe rubbed her nose. "What are you saying, Andy?"

"Nothing," I told her airily. "Honestly, nothing." I could tell, however, that my attempt to clarify only put more doubt in her mind.

Kevin sneered at me throughout the day but unlike at the dinner party I didn't feel threatened or offended; as agreed by all the parents at the Aylesbury-end, I was in control and I think it was this that irritated him as much as it amused me.

I almost wanted to scream at him and remind him he was "dancing to my tune, bitch" but he just wasn't riling me at all. I don't know why it was so different to the dinner party at Sarah's house, but his mannerisms just didn't get to me.

At one o'clock we left the museum and walked up Exhibition Road to Hyde Park. Sarah knew her way around London better than I did we allowed her to navigate but ten minutes later we sat down, overlooking the Serpentine on the Picnic Rug.

As it happened, Sarah and Zoe both had food in their rucksacks, and between us we had way too much to eat. I called over a couple of American students – Chuck and Michelle – who were idling past us to help us get through it all, and they seemed bemused at the random friendliness from strangers.

Michelle was a shapely and curvaceous girl with glistening eyes that sparkled, and Rhea shot me a dirty look as I talked to her. They spoke excitedly about being in a foreign country to celebrate their 21st birthdays but also of the country they had left behind. Sarah, who had brought two four-packs of beer, was happy to pass them one each but they said that they were ill at ease drinking before sunset, and this amused me greatly. We didn't say how old we were, but I think they would have been shocked to discover that we were all at least four years younger than them and we drank our lager in the hot sunshine gratefully.

Chuck and Michelle thanked us for their lunch and we packed up before meandering across Hyde Park. I could tell Kevin wanted to take Sarah away somewhere for some private time, but it was expressly forbidden and instead we headed for the shopping district of Oxford Street and then into neighbouring Soho – much to Rhea's delight.

As we walked down Wardour Street, I was expecting (given my knowledge of what Soho was reported to be), hordes of prostitutes propositioning us as we meandered down the narrow street, and a plethora of houses of ill repute operating, but it was nothing like that. The odd lingerie shop and one sex shop in ten minutes of walking, and loads of bars was all we saw; I was almost disappointed.

The girls kept stopping and looking in through the windows of the shops, often at the clothes, and it was when we were nearly at Piccadilly Circus when they opted to go inside one.

The shop was mostly summer wear with skirts, tops and a smattering of underwear, all of which was colourful and garish. There was a couple of other shoppers who glanced over, but the girls were soon pawing through the stock. I saw Zoe's eyes flash to a couple of tops and I suggested she try them on but she shook her head.

"I've left my bank card at home," she told me and I sighed.

"I'll happily lend you the money," I told her but she resolutely refused to do. In the end I had to more or less drag her to the changing rooms and the bright red and pale blue tops looked good on her. Sarah agreed and came out wearing the garment she had selected.

She called it a "hula skirt" and Kevin said it was from Hawaii but I felt blood rush to a certain part of my anatomy the moment I saw her. The skirt, if you can call it that, was a thick belt with hundreds, if not thousands, of brightly coloured strips of fabric hanging down ten or twelve inches. She shook her hips and her skimpy underwear became not just visible but clearly on display!

"Wow. You look ..."

"... incredible," Rhea finished for me and went to find the same skirt in her size.

Sarah selected a garland (that she called a "lei"), a bra and hair clip in the same array of yellows, pinks, greens and reds but realised she too had left her bank card when she went to pay.

"Hey Kev, you couldn't lend me the money," she begged. "I've left my card at home."

Kevin sneered and recoiled. "Fifteen pounds? No way, love. I've had to take a day off today and I am only going to clear two hundred this week. Buy it yourself."

"But I only need to borrow it, please?"

"I wouldn't spend fifteen quid on your birthday present," he said quite firmly and shook his head. Zoe shot me a guilty look but I ignored it; she was still under the impression that the Cambridge dresses were too extravagant and ostentatious and it did no good for her to have this view reinforced.

"I'll get it with Zoe's," I promised and looked at Rhea. "I presume you haven't been to the bank?" As Rhea was only fourteen she only had a cash card that meant she could withdraw money but not use it in shops to pay for goods, so her shopping got added, along with a novelty posing pouch she found in the men's section that got discreetly buried in her pile of clothes.

"I'll settle up later," she promised and spent £45 on goods for other people. I asked the assistant to bag them all separately and handed out bags to all three girls when I got outside the shop.

Sarah thanked me and kissed me on the cheek, in front of Kevin, who shot me daggers in return. Well, it was his own fault! We meandered down towards Piccadilly Circus, the afternoon drawing to a close.

I was happy to get on the train back towards Marylebone and then onto Aylesbury and we parted company with Kevin at Piccadilly Circus – he took a different train. Rhea and Simon sat away from Zoe, Sarah and myself, and with the main aim of staying together when with Kevin accomplished I didn't raise a complaint.

We chatted on the train and both the girls fished out their purchases. We got some funny looks on the train as Sarah slipped the skirt over her shorts and wiggled her hips. I told her to take off the shorts and try again but Sarah glanced at Zoe and then giggled. I am not sure she would have said no if Zoe was absent, but she took it off and put it back in the bag.

When we got to Wendover, Sarah, Zoe and I got off while Simon and Rhea were going back to the flat where we would meet them an hour later. I always liked to walk Sarah home and Zoe came with us.

We chatted amicably on the walk home and Sarah's house was deserted as we went in.

"I need to go to the toilet," Zoe confessed as we got into the hallway and Sarah smiled.

"Can you give us two minutes," Sarah told her and the moment Zoe went upstairs, she dragged me into her bedroom, throwing her new purchases onto her bed. She glanced over at the sunset in the window and then grinned at me. Sarah threw her arms around me and tugged my shorts down as she planted a kiss on my lips. "No complaints. Thank you for today, my treat," she said as my briefs followed she sunk to her knees and took my erect cock in her mouth.

"Sarah," I whispered but she ignored me and began to suck gently the head. It felt wonderful, her soft, warm lips wrapped around the tip of my shaft and I groaned.

"Sarah," I whispered and she began to swiftly pump my erect cock with her spare hand. I closed my eyes and clenched my pelvic muscles. She was wonderful. Sarah rolled her tongue around the tip of my cock. I leant back against her wall and watched her expertly pleasure my sensitive organ.

Tingles shot all over my loins. I groaned and Sarah impaled her mouth on my member.

I heard the flush go to the toilet and Zoe washing her hands, Sarah was peering up at me and I was moaning. I was near and could feel the energy amassing in my testicles, ready to release. Zoe unlocked the bathroom door.

I grunted and groaned and whispered to Sarah, "I'm going to ... oh God"

I felt the surge of energy sweep up my body and I began pumping waves of semen into Sarah's mouth. I shut my eyes and mewed appreciatively as her tongue drove my orgasm up a level of intensity. My hips rocked back under her touch and I leant against her wall.

I opened my eyes to see my semen in Sarah's mouth, a coy expression on her face – and Zoe in the doorway staring at Sarah and me.

"Oh my ... Sarah? Andy? What are you doing?"

Sarah looked round, my cum dribbling down her chin and she reached for some tissue. I immediately covered myself with my hands and Zoe fled the room. I wiped myself and went to kiss Sarah but she sent me after Zoe who had just closed the front door. "Ring me," Sarah screeched.

"Zoe!" I called racing down St James' Way with the picnic bag slapping against my sides.
"ZOE!"

Zoe turned to look at me and shook her head. "Just what is going on, Andy? You are not the person I knew, you've changed. Before Paula left you never have dreamed of hitting on another guy's girlfriend."

I shifted awkwardly and nodded. "I know. I am a bastard, but Sarah is ... special"

I tried to take Zoe's hand but she refused and I tried to explain without it sounding pathetic and self-centred. I told her that Sarah was very special to me, and that we had done other things but not had sex and that I wanted her to be single but Zoe kept sighing at me in disapproval. "Andy, you need to sort yourself out," she told me as we walked back to the station. "Really, get some help."

I rolled my eyes. "I don't need help Zoe. I just need Sarah. I'm ..."

"Out of control," Zoe snapped and pushed me against the railings by the side of the station. "Totally. You're losing it. What is it, the drink, the sex?"

I groaned. "Zoe, I am not out of control."

"You are," Zoe implored and wiped her eyes. "You were like this at primary school, over the top when you were happy and very low when you weren't. And I thought you'd outgrown it. I can't believe that you are messing around with Sarah and encouraging her. You know what she is like. She is very quick to act but I thought you were better than that."

I tried to hold Zoe's hands but she shook them free. "I am fine, happy yes."

"And making other people unhappy," Zoe hit back. "Andy, please, stop it now. Stop messing with Sarah, it's just going to confuse her. If you really like her then talk to her and do it honourably but doing this is wrong and ..."

"No," I told her and tried to talk.

"Andy please," Zoe implored.

"Don't you think Sarah should make up her own mind?" I asked and Zoe shook her head. "She wants a friendship with some sexual elements to it, and that's fine. So do I."

"She doesn't know what's good for her."

"And you do?" I spat and Zoe took a deep breath, shaking her head. "Just leave us and accept it." We travelled in almost silence to the flat, with Zoe pensive and thoughtful.

"Simon rang your parents, Zoe, and asked if you could both have tea here. Is that OK?" Mum announced the moment we arrived in the flat.

Zoe nodded, still lost in her thoughts and I was sent upstairs to get Simon and Rhea. I was not prepared, in a million years, for the sight that awaited me.

Rhea, dressed in her Hawaiian outfit was kissing Simon, who was wearing (and only wearing) his novelty posing pouch. They hardly acknowledged my presence and then Simon blasphemed when I called them again.

"Just get changed," I warned them and went downstairs.

"Pervert," Rhea called out after me. "Coming in when we are having a kiss."

"Yeah, whatever Rhea."

I rang Sarah that night, and told her what had happened. She was worried that Zoe had seen us but realised that she could know what was going on and it not make a difference. Sarah chastised herself for not giving me the fifteen pounds she owed me, but having seen the outfit (and nothing else) on Rhea, I told her she could have it, so long as I saw her in it. This was a good trade from Sarah's perspective as she claimed she had "bought it for my eyes anyway" and was positively surprised when I asked after her and Kevin. I

was a little dismayed when she said that the trip had brought her closer to him and it was all I could do but to mutter my happiness for her. I was also instructed to come over on Friday night as Sarah's parents were having a barbecue and my presence was demanded.

We did however, have to make a decision over what to do about Zoe; whether we liked it or not, Zoe was a friend to both of us and we certainly didn't want our non-relationship to cause her a moral dilemma. I still wasn't sure exactly what she was annoyed about – or whether Sarah or myself drew the brunt of her ire – but Sarah and I had a slightly unusual friendship that we were both content with. Why was Zoe causing such a problem?

* * * * *

I was finishing up in the club and returning to the main lounge when I heard voices from behind the bar. I turned around to see Mum with her arm around Zoe, who I had asked to meet me at the back door of the club. Sarah had told me to chat to her to smooth things over as she would “listen to me.”

“What's up?” I asked, looking at the puffy-eyed girl Mum was with.

“Nothing,” Mum replied for her and I glanced over at my friend.

“It's not ...” I started and Mum raised her finger.

“Any of your business, no,” Mum told me firmly and I breathed out in exasperation. “And you are not to ask, it's private.”

“OK. Are you OK?” I asked and Zoe nodded.

“Yeah, I will be. I just needed some ...”

“Reassurance and guidance,” Mum replied for her and I smiled and Zoe held out the £10 she owed me from London.

“Keep it,” I told her. “You can buy the coffees.” I took Zoe out of the club and we walked to the coffee shop. Zoe's hands were still shaking and she still looked like she had been crying but got cleaned up in the toilets of the café and came to my table.

“I suppose you want to know what I have been to see your Mum about?” Zoe asked, carrying two coffees and I gave a so-so response.

“Mum told me not to ask, so I won't,” I replied and Zoe sniffed. “But I can guess.”

“Thank you but I do want to talk to you about Sarah.” I gave Zoe a tortured look and she smiled. “I've been thinking.”

“Good,” I told her, stirring my cream into the brown liquid. “Cause I want to talk to you about it.”

“Look, what you do is up to you, and I did speak to Sarah. I just don't want to see it, it's well, icky.”

“Icky?” I asked, barely able to suppress a laugh and Zoe screwed up her eyes.

“Yes, icky. I hope you two know what you are doing. You are both full-blooded and irrational creatures at heart and leap into things without thinking them through.”

I sighed and Zoe looked at me with a tilted head.

“You know what you need?” I asked and Zoe grinned.

“Let me guess, a boyfriend.”

“Exactly.”

Zoe sucked in her lips and adjusted herself. “I do not,” she moaned. “Although I think it's wrong what you and Sarah are doing.”

"I know," I replied dismissively. "Really I do, but it's only a bit of fumbling. I won't have sex with Sarah while she isn't single."

Zoe puffed and shook her head, before smiling. "I much prefer it when you were with Paula," Zoe confessed. "You need a strong woman to keep you in check."

"So whose job is it now?" I teasingly asked and Zoe just laughed. "I guess it's yours."

"I've got no chance," Zoe moaned.

* * * * *

Mum was humming as I came into the dining room and she looked up from her book.

"Is Zoe OK?" Mum asked and I replied that she was. "Sensible girl that. You'd do well to look after her."

"I thought you didn't like the Mathesons," I replied and Mum smiled but didn't answer. "Anyway, she is fine. I still don't think she gets it though."

Mum grinned. "Gets what?"

"The whole it's OK to have hormones. I tried telling her but she wouldn't believe me and she still thinks it's abnormal."

"She is no different to any other teenager. I know you had your anxieties so she is no different. Oh, and I suppose the act of oral sex she wandered in on, was you and Sarah?" I hesitated and Mum laughed. "You'd do well to stop confusing your friends, and to learn to be discreet."

"Well ... let Sarah come stay in my bedroom then," I responded and Mum raised her eyebrows. "We never get any privacy so help us."

"I was away all week and Sarah spent two days here. If I was a betting woman I would say she spent both nights in your bed."

"She didn't actually," I said quite triumphantly. "Just the one."

Mum glanced. "And after Angela and I said she wasn't to?" I shifted awkwardly and was about to say that Abi was present when Sarah and I went to bed but wasn't completely sure that this would make it better. "Well?"

"Yeah, sorry. We just like cuddling and waking up with each other," I rationalised and Mum shrugged her shoulders.

"Don't make it so I don't trust you," she warned.

"Well I've sort of told Sarah what I want, but it is up to her now. I've done my bit. As promised," I replied a little abruptly and Mum raised an eyebrow. "But that doesn't mean we shouldn't have a friendship."

I think Mum was about to say that friends don't normally sleep with each other, but that would exclude the delectable Abi and left her thoughts unvoiced.

I never went on any more trips to London but Simon and Zoe went the following week and Rosie and Ingrid went the week after. Sarah was grateful to be able to see Kevin, but she believed that Kevin felt a little threatened with me there, and wanted it to be more relaxed, although she also confessed the picnics weren't nearly as good without me.

Either way, I did not mind; the purpose of the trips was to give Sarah time with Kevin, partly in the hope that she would see what a controlling and underhand person he was. I didn't need to be there for Kevin to act like himself.

* * * * *

I had been reminded of my promise several times by Sarah and still had not found a way to get any erotic films developed. There was not a category in Yellow Pages that did this, a serious omission as far I was concerned, and decided to go see Robert Ashton, Ray's dad, to see if could or would help.

The photographic studio was not far from the centre of town and I nervously knocked on the door. It was above a small parade of shops and the stairs that lead to the studio were often unlocked at the bottom, but this time I had ring a buzzer and the assistant let me in.

"Hiya," Ray called as I entered and I greeted him.

"Is your dad in?" I asked and he nodded, but told me he was busy. "Not helping out in the bakery?"

Ray shrugged. "Different days. I spend two days here and two days there." The studio assistant, a short girl with short hair and a welcoming smile appeared and sat down at a computer behind the desk. Ray introduced her to me as Emily and I nodded. "What you doing here?" Ray asked and I shifted awkwardly.

"Well, if I had a film that I couldn't take to a normal studio to be developed ..." I started and Emily looked out from the computer, smirking.

"Basically, where can you get filthy pictures developed?" I fidgeted on the spot and she shrugged. "Yes?"

"Yeah," I eventually admitted with a bright red face.

"Nothing illegal, right?"

I looked confused and she stared at me. "No kids, no long lens through bathroom windows, or owt?"

I shook my head. "No of course not," I replied quickly and she grinned.

"Right, there is a place on Windmill Street. You going today?"

"Err ... no. I haven't taken the pictures yet. I wanted to know that I could, you know."

Emily smiled and took a sheet of paper, and scribbled an address on it.

"You ask for Olivia at this address after hours. She owns an independent shop in Buckingham and will do these under the counter. You pay cash up front, no receipts and say Emily sent you."

"Right. OK. Thanks."

Emily nodded. "You putting together a portfolio?"

"Portfolio?" I stopped and thought for a moment. "No."

"Well do. It's always good to have a record of your work. Get two sets developed and keep a copy of the best ones."

"OK. Cheers."

"How much?"

Emily smiled. "Two copies'll be around eight to ten quid. Depending on the film."

She returned to her computer screen and Ray looked at me. "Fancy grabbing a coffee?"

"Sure."

"You want anything Emily?" Ray asked and she nodded.

"Yeah, latte and a cinnamon bun."

Ray and I chatted as we left the studio. Ray, understandably wanted to know who I was

photographing (I wouldn't tell him) and what was going on with Donna (I didn't know). I bought Emily's drink and cake as a thank you and we ambled back towards the studio before I went on my way.

I had kept my promise to Sarah in talking to Ray but more importantly, I could put her genitals on film. I would be seeing her later and could tell her the good news!

As I was travelling to Wendover immediately afterwards I had my camera bag and rucksack with me at the team meeting.

"Your camera?" Cherry asked as I sat down and I nodded.

"Yeah, it's very nice. I've got a few lenses for it as well."

I took the camera out of the bag and passed it to her and she peered at it. "Does it take good pictures?"

"Errr, well it's a semi-professional camera. There isn't much I can't capture decently."

"Can you take good pictures?"

"I'm not too bad," I replied, not sure where she was taking this conversation.

"Well I don't suppose you could take some of me?" Cherry asked and I smiled.

"For what?" I asked and she shifted. "And in what?"

"Well glamour mostly. Lingerie and nude. Nothing too porno. I need 'em for me modelling."

"I need some as well," Juggs added. "Last bloke wanted two hundred quid, cheeky fucker. But I do need something a bit explicit. If you can get 'em developed."

"I wouldn't mind some as well," added Jessica

Mum entered the room but this didn't stop the conversation and before I had agreed to anything I had half of Mum's staff wanted erotic photographs taken.

"What's this?" Mum asked me and I shifted.

"Andy's doing me a favour," Cherry replied. "I need some photos taken and he said he would."

Mum raised her eyebrows at me and I shifted awkwardly. "Well I-"

"If you can get them developed ..." Mum told me with a knowing smile.

"Actually I think I can," I replied and Mum's smugness evaporated.

"You can't send 'em off to Bonusprint," she replied firmly.

"I know. I found someone who said they would develop ... um ... more adult films."

Mum stared at me for a moment and shook her head. "I do not want to know why you were asking," she replied tersely but, in the end, Mum promised to rent me the club for photo-taking as long as I didn't get paid for cleaning it that day, but the plethora of girls who wanted photographs taking would more than make up for it (I agreed to charge the cost of film, developing and a flat-rate of twenty-five pounds assuming that they were happy with the photographs) and Mum stated that the photographs were not to be pornographic.

We agreed to do a "dummy run" the following Tuesday with ten of the girls although quite a few said they were interested. Mum was not totally happy, I could tell, but it was entrepreneurial and she got her club cleaned for free!

* * * * *

Sarah kissed me on the cheek as she opened the door and guided me around the back of the house after dumping my belongings in the hallway.

"I can get the photos developed," I whispered.

Her face lit up and she beamed. "You serious?"

"Oh yes," I told her and she threw her arms around me in excitement.

"Can we go to the woods now?" Sarah asked and I shook my head.

"Tomorrow?" Sarah groaned but we walked to her garden in the back of the house. Her dad, a tall lean man was cooking over a barbecue while there was half-a-dozen adults milling around. Sarah guided me to an old man sat in a garden chair. He had pitted and worn skin with wispy grey hair.

"This your young man you were telling me about last week?" he asked Sarah in a forceful voice and picked up his glass of bitter.

"Granddad, this is my ... friend ... Andy. Andy, this Major Ian Bailey"

The man smiled and nodded. "Call me Ian. And you, young lady are lying. He is not your friend, you're holding hands." Sarah smiled at him and he raised his eyebrows. "I might be nearly seventy but I have been around a bit. I know that look." Sarah flicked her hair and went to sit down at the plastic table. "Do us a favour love, can you get me another one?"

Sarah grinned. "You drink too much Granddad," she moaned.

He spluttered. "Those bloody nurses won't let me have anything," he grumbled and Sarah got up. He turned to me, and took a sip of his nearly empty glass and peered at me through his green eyes. "So if you're not courting young Sarah, what's wrong with her?" I looked at him open mouthed and he smirked. "That Kevin bloke. I never liked the sound of him."

"Well Sarah is still going out with him," I blustered a response and he snorted rubbing his rotund belly.

"That Sarah is a bright girl, she'll have all the boys chasing her. I tell you, if I was fifty years younger ..."

"Oh Granddad, you are always saying that. And you say it to Violet and Sour-face"

"Her name is Sara-Jane, as you well know," Major Ian replied, a little grumpily but Sarah opened a can of bitter and he poured it into his glass.

"I got you one as well." Sarah passed me a bottle of local ale and a glass and I used the bottle opener on my keys to remove the lid.

"Ah, a man after my own heart, proper beer. So Sarah, why aren't you courting this fine young gentleman?"

Sarah spluttered into her glass of wine. "Granddad, no-one courts any more. And anyway I already have a boyfriend."

"But he doesn't make you happy and ..."

"Now is not the place for this discussion," Sarah said firmly, glancing at me, and her grandfather sighed. "And Andy doesn't want ..."

"When I was in Normandy in forty-five, I met this lovely girl who bandaged up my foot, and she was with another soldier but I had to take my chance and take her out. She was courting some fella from Norwich but I took her out. We went walking in the woods."

"Granddad!"

"You know," Major Ian continued, ignoring the pleas from his granddaughter, "that nurse became your grandmother."

"I know you've told me a hundred times."

"And let me tell you she was a hundred times better than those French prossies." I choked on my beer and her grandfather turned to me. "Well she was. Those frenchies just wanted the money and to run, whereas Lucy, she caressed every part ..."

"Granddad!" Sarah called out and threatened to take his bitter from him unless he changed the subject. I was "rescued" by Angela ten minutes later, who wanted help moving a wrought iron table and I gratefully accepted.

"He can be a bit rude when he has had a few," Angela tactfully told me as we swung the table around so it was level with the barbecue.

"How many has he had?" Sarah's dad asked Angela and she grinned.

"Three or four," she admitted and William laughed.

"Oh he'll be onto the merits of French prostitutes then," he joked and I laughed.

"He has already done that," I said and William chuckled.

"Most of the family have heard it." William flipped over the burgers on the brick built barbecue and wafted some smoke away from him as the fat dripped onto the hot coals. "He is a bit vulgar at times although he didn't used to be quite so bad. It's his age."

I nodded and watched Sarah's father cook the meat. It was nice, I hadn't been to a barbecue for a number of months, there was no place at the flat for one and it was only Ray I knew that ever did them.

The get together was relaxed and calm. Sarah's dad talked a bit about work, especially when recounted the state of a dead body on the Tube that had been mangled but mostly I felt at ease with the Baileys.

Sarah kissed me a few times in front of everyone and this drew comment from her grandfather while Sarah's parents just watched on when Sarah retrieved a couple of water pistols and we chased each other around the garden trying to shoot each other. Mine had a leak, which was not taken as an excuse for my dismal performance.

I was not expecting to be cornered by William or Angela that evening, but I found myself next to the barbecue alone with Sarah's dad as the sun was beginning to set. Angela and Sarah were taking Sarah's grandfather back to his retirement home in the next town and most of the guests had long disappeared, save for a family playing a board game at the table several feet away.

"I hear you live above and work in the nightclub," William asked in his well-spoken voice, his brown eyes looking over at me and I nodded.

"Yeah, it's Mum's business," I replied and he grinned.

"I'd have given my right arm to be anywhere near an establishment like that at your age," he told me and I bit my lip. "Stowe didn't encourage lap-dancing clubs."

I forced a smile. "Well, I only get to clean it when it is closed," I reasoned.

"It's good at your age to be working. I am trying to get Sarah to get a summer job but she won't," he admitted. I exhaled sharply.

"Well I had to beg and beg for this one. Mum was not too keen on the idea but eventually she gave me a go and I do a good job so I keep at it."

"You like it?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it's cool. Not going to last forever, College is a couple of weeks away though." There was an uneasy silence as we thought. I felt he was trying to read my mind

and eventually he hummed.

"I heard that your girlfriend works there," he asked eventually and I went bright red. I knew that Sarah's parents wanted to meet me and see me, Mum had admitted as much, but I was still not prepared for the questioning!

"Ah, well, Abi is not my girlfriend. We have a, um, friendship. That's all."

He grinned and raised an eyebrow. "How old are you again?"

"Sixteen."

He laughed. "Ian would be most amused, but don't go breaking my Sarah's heart."

I bit my lip. "Well. Sarah is already taken, there's nothing I can do about that." I looked at him, staring at his beer. "I don't want her to be, but she is."

"Yes I met him. Strange boy."

"Yeah. I, er, wouldn't disagree. He doesn't like me a great deal."

"Why?"

"I beat him at chess and he is public school so didn't like being beaten by a state school 'pleb.' And also Sarah and I are friends and he is a bit possessive. And when we went to London I wouldn't let him run off to a cheap hotel with Sarah."

"And she has spent nights in your bedroom?"

I chortled and smiled. "Yeah, although I am not sure he knows that."

His eyes narrowed somewhat and he rubbed his chin as Sarah and her mother arrived, each with a glass of wine and sat down opposite. Sarah rested her head on my shoulder and looked up at me her blue eyes.

"So Sarah, Andy's been telling me what you've been getting up to," her father joked but Sarah sat bolt upright.

"Andy, you haven't," she screeched and Angela laughed.

"Now that's a guilty look if ever I have seen it," her dad teased but Sarah sneered at him and went back to my shoulder.

"You don't need guilty looks anyway, Grace tells you everything," Sarah moaned and her mother put her hand on Sarah's.

"That's what mothers are for."

Sarah yawned. "I might go to bed," she muttered and I got up with her.

"Good night, you two, and Sarah go to bed in separate bedrooms please."

"Oh Mum," wailed my friend and I squeezed her hand.

"No Sarah. I want you to go to bed separately please."

Sarah moaned and grumbled about this but we did our teeth and went to separate bedrooms. Sarah had shown me to the guest bedroom, that did have a double bed (Sarah's family often had friends and family to stay) and I got changed into my shorts as I didn't feel totally comfortable sleeping naked in someone else's bed.

I was awoken by the feeling of the bed moving and opened my eyes to see Sarah looking over me. Her long flowing hair tumbled down her face and she smiled at me.

"Sarah, your Mum said," I told her but she shook her head and took off her nightie.

"Sssshhhhh, It's not often I am going to get this at the moment. Your tongue, on me," she cooed. Sarah slid her feet over my head and I touched her wet, silky slipperiness. She

sighed as I did, I slid my fingers up and down her crack. "Andy, that's great but your tongue," Sarah begged.

"You know, you kill all the suspense," I whispered to her and she giggled and lowered her hips onto my face. Her labia was already puffy and my tongue touched her clitoral hood. She mewled and groaned, reaching for my pyjama shorts. She slid them down.

And the lights went on: bright light.

"Sarah! Andy!"

"Oh crap," Sarah muttered and I immediately slid down the bed underneath her thighs.

"Oh crap indeed," her mother said framed in the doorway. "I told you to go to bed separately, Sarah"

"I did," Sarah maintained, no attempt to cover her dignity while I ferreted around with the covers. "But then after we went to bed separately, I joined Andy."

"Sarah, that is not what I meant, and you know it," her mother replied sternly and shook her head. She closed the door and came into the room and told us to get comfortable on the bed. We adjusted ourselves so we were both leaning against the headboard underneath the covers and Angela sat on the end of the bed looking at us. She looked vexed, but not angry. "Why do you think Grace and I want you two to work out what you want before jumping into bed and spending the night with each other?"

"It's so we don't get upset," Sarah replied in an annoyed voice and Angela nodded. "But I am not going to. Why can't you just let us be teenagers?"

"I know you don't always think I do Sarah, but I am only looking out for you because I love you and it's the same with Andy and his mum. We both think you two will make a good couple but you both need to sort yourselves out and work out if you want that. And if you don't that's fine, but you need to decide."

Sarah scowled. "You keep saying that, but maybe Andy just likes uncomplicated ..."

"It's not fair on each other and it's certainly not fair on Kevin."

"It's what Andy wants and it's what I want," Sarah muttered. "And I know you only do things because you love me, but why can't you let me make my own choices?"

Angela looked at me and then at her daughter. "We do. But when you mess around with other people's lives we can't just let that happen. You have responsibilities."

"But Andy ..."

"But nothing, young lady. Now your father and I are out tomorrow morning and I know Andy has bought his camera and you are planning to take some, um, personal photographs."

Sarah looked at me and I shrugged. "How did you know?"

"Mum," I replied instantly and Angela smirked.

"I am definitely not happy with this, but I know you obviously want to, so if you two are going to be careful I might go out tomorrow. I can either choose not to go out or go out. My decision is based on you Sarah spending the night in your room alone, and Andy doing likewise. Now what is it to be?"

Sarah grumbled. "OK," she sighed and her Mum escorted her naked daughter from the room. She stopped at the door and looked back at me. "Night Andy."

"Night," I told her and made a mental note to ask her about her comments; I most certainly did not just want uncomplicated anything!

* * * * *

A naked Sarah bounded into the room and jumped on me.

“Come on, wake up. Wake up,” she squealed and I half-awoke from my slumber. She kissed me and stroked my cock under the covers. “Mum is out now, so come on.”

Sarah pulled me from my bed and passed me my camera not allowing me to get dressed or even have breakfast, although she did concede on permitting me to use the bathroom. Sarah ran into the warm morning air and dragged me along.

She sat down by the willow tree and smiled. “I’ve already shaved this morning,” she informed me and started massaging her clit as I pulled the camera from the bag and slid a new film in. She was being loud and I snapped a few close up pictures of her wet pussy. Sarah had brought her red vibrator out with her and started inserting it but I took over and Sarah was circling her pearl while I probed her with the red sex toy.

Sarah groaned and sighed as the plastic vibrator rotated in her. I caught a couple of pictures of the toy as it slid in and out of her. “You better get good pictures,” she squealed. “I want something to ... oh God.” Sarah stopped her warning as I turned her vibrator up to its most powerful setting. “That’s ... oh, fuck,” she shouted and the soft branches of the willow tree shook gently in the breeze. “That’s wonderful,” she squeaked and grinned. I took a couple more pictures.

I also added pictures of Sarah frolicking in the garden, giving me a blowjob (from a male point-of-view of course) but Sarah just kept wanting more and I was a little relieved when the camera ran out of film. I wanted to be clothed and to have breakfast, though not necessarily in that order.

Sarah was very sexy but she needed to pick her moments better!

* * * * *

After leaving Sarah's house at 10am (her parents came back to take her out), cleaning the club only took four hours, and by mid afternoon I was in Harrow, seeking some sort of lunch. Harrow is a large suburb of London, just over thirty minutes on the train and containing a large shopping area. Abi had dropped enough hints that the rest of my wardrobe needed a significant overhaul and I wanted to get out of the local area for a couple of hours. I needed a break.

A burger joint just outside the station provided the nutrition and I started looking around the plethora of clothes shops dotted around the several streets that made up the shopping area. I did get distracted by looking at new hi-fis, televisions, computers and a weird light that got brighter as the ambient sound got louder. I used all of my self-control to not buy it.

I also knew that I had Mum's, Zoe's and Rhea's birthdays approaching in September and did want to also get their presents before College started, although obviously I only needed to get Zoe a token gift so she had something to open on the day. I thought about a phone for Rhea or maybe some clothes or even a magazine subscription but I had no idea about Mum.

I always detested clothes shopping, even when on my own, but Abi had said I need to look for “smart” as well as casual clothes and looked at a number of shirts, trousers, jackets and jumpers in loads of shops before I found a small boutique-style outfit on a side road, away from the hustle and bustle of the main shopping street and retail centre. A few of the garments I chose were in their “end of season sale” but a few more were full price.

I didn't normally spend too much money on my clothes, they were just functional items anyway, but one pair of trousers I liked was over two days pay and even that was too much on my spending spree.

It was when I left with three huge bags (and a considerably lighter bank balance) that I spotted the small jewellery workshop opposite. It had a newly painted sign outside and its gold lettering on a black background made it look upmarket.

A bell rang the moment I pushed open the door and stepped up and a young girl appeared from nowhere. The inside consisted of a few glass cabinets and a load of posters. She smiled as I entered, having trouble navigating the door with all the big bags that I had. "Can I help you?"

"Sure, I have some birthdays approaching and was wondering about some jewellery. I mean, what sort of prices am I looking at?"

The girl smiled and looked at me in my stained T-Shirt (I never wore good clothes when cleaning the club) and grinned. "Well depends what you are after, necklaces from ten pounds, bracelets from fifteen, rings and anklets from twenty, earrings and belly button piercings from five. Who is it for?"

I hummed. "What would you advise for a fifteen year old girl?"

"A girlfriend?" the girl asked, her face lighting up.

"God no. Sister. Scary, vicious sister at that."

"Does she wear earrings?"

I thought back to my sister. "Umm, no. The odd necklace, but never a bracelet."

"How about an ankle chain?" The girl unlocked a cabinet and brought out small tray that contained a dozen gold and silver items. I liked a reasonably thin silver chain that contained a single 'S' hanging down.

"How much is that?" I asked and she thought for a moment before replying that it was thirty pounds. I asked if they had one with an 'R' in stock and the girl chuckled and call her friend from the back. The thick-set gentleman took the chain and said he could amend it within twenty minutes.

"So how does an ankle chain work?" I asked the girl and she gave a wry grin, and then came out from behind the counter and showed me her legs, the bottom of which was adorned by a thin strip of gold.

"Is that OK for a 21-year old?" I asked, thinking of Abi. She had bought me all those clothes and I knew she loved her jewellery so I reasoned that I should probably treat her. She smirked.

"Of course, how old do you think I am?"

"Eighteen," I replied instinctively and her smirk changed to an embarrassed grin.

"Stop it," she murmured and I selected a thicker gold chain that was without a pendant and cost thirty pounds also.

"OK. Mother. Does wear lots of jewellery but lost her gold bracelet awhile back and was very upset about, so I wouldn't mind replacing it."

The girl flashed a smile and retrieved a separate tray which contained loads of chains. I looked at her and she suggested a very thin chain with a sturdy clasp. "Very unobtrusive," she suggested and I nodded and added a further twenty-five pounds to the bill.

I thought about Sarah and hummed; I liked Sarah and if I was getting Abi something I should probably get Sarah something as well. The girl looked at my face and grinned. "If you buy five items, I'll give you the cheapest one free," she promised and I asked to see her necklaces.

Two items immediately caught my eye, a beautiful blue gemstone was surrounded by

sparkly diamonds but next to it was a deep red gemstone on a small bar with two tiny diamonds that twinkled beautifully. "Those two, how much."

The girl looked at a sheet and grinned. "Well that one," she said pointing to the red stone, "is a real ruby and is real diamonds. It's fifty-five pounds. And the blue one is a sapphire but is cubic zirconia and is twenty-five pounds."

"OK I'll take them," I said and she added up the five items to make a grand total of 140 pounds. I winced slightly but passed over my card; I hoped my photography would work out fine. My fingers shook slightly as I signed it, but she just smiled at me and put the slip in the till.

I was shown Rhea's ankle chain and thanked the gentleman and all five items got their own boxes, as well as the certificates for the gemstones.

"You're girlfriend is a very lucky girl," the Sales Assistant teased and I looked surprised.

"Girlfriend?" I asked.

"The diamond necklace. Girlfriend or mistress?" She teased.

"Ahh. She is a ... a friend."

She shot me a knowing look, handed me the bag and thanked me for the custom. Why was this so strange?

* * * * *

I did not work Mondays so Abi invited me around to her house for the night and we would then amble down to the club on Tuesday together and do the shoot after I had cleaned the club. This meant I had to get my camera ready and on the way to Abi's house stopped off to purchase ten good quality colour ISO400 films. The gentleman in the shop was a little surprised I needed so many but I also purchased another pack of batteries for the camera and he was just glad of the custom.

Abi was still in bed when I arrived and a naked Angela let me in to the flat. I tried to avert my eyes but it was drawn to her shapely ass that wiggled as she returned to her room.

Abi blew me a kiss and put down her book. "You are not to be clothed while in the flat," she teased and raised her eyebrows.

"Well I thought we might go out for lunch," I suggested and she grinned.

"Naked lunch not OK then? I was thinking of sausage with a spurt of mayonnaise." I grinned at her but didn't get undressed.

"It is due to be a nice day today we can go out," I told her firmly and she sighed.

"You sound like my mum," she sneered and I pulled her out of bed.

"You can wear this," I suggested, picking out a very lightweight purple V-Neck plunge summer dress as I looked through her wardrobe.

"Can I wear knickers?" Abi asked and I shook my head.

"Oh no. You don't wear knickers in town, do you?"

Abi flashed me a devilish grin and slipped the purple dress over her shoulders. It finished in excess of twelve inches above her knee, and went she leant forward to get her hairbrush I could see the crack of her arse. It was an awesome outfit, and no more than five minutes after I arrived, we were leaving. We couldn't decide on where to go so in the end decided on travelling to Watford by car. Abi was always easily distracted, and as my hands darted up her thigh she groaned and blew me kisses. I was acutely aware that if I got her too excited we would probably die in a fiery ball of pain, so resisted touching her

too much.

Watford was busy with shoppers and we made our first task to seek out food. We considered finding a pub but in the end settled for a burger joint. I tried to give Abi some money as she queued but she found the money in the "going out fund" and steadfastly told me to sit down.

In response to this, I found a two stool table so that we were right in the window, and I elected to sit with my back to the room. Abi returned with the food a few moments later, went to sit down and looked at the stool. "When I sit down and lean forward, I might ... you know ... show stuff out of the window," she whispered.

"I know," I replied with a gleam in my eye. "It'll teach you to be stubborn," I told her and Abi groaned. "Well if you don't like it, why keep it?"

Abi sucked in her lips. "I didn't. My last boyfriend picked all my clothes. I wore what he told me to." I felt guilty immediately, she was only wearing the purple dress because I had selected it. Abi read my mind and put her hand on mine reassuringly and then stole a chip. "It's OK," she promised. "I only kept it 'cause I thought you would like to see me in it."

I smiled. "I do." Being where I was I noticed a small group of boys, and then a larger group congregated next to Abi but on the street, and they pointed a few times at the window. I leant forward to kiss her, so she would do so also and put my hands on her back as she leaned over the small table. This exposed every more of her behind to the voyeurs in the window and Abi whispered to me.

"Can anyone see me?"

"One or two," I replied evasively and Abi finished her milkshake.

"Good."

We left the burger restaurant and idled up the main street, "let's go see a film," Abi suggested and dragged me towards the cinema.

Abi scanned the list of films and asked to see "The Negotiator," only asking if this was OK after she had purchased the tickets. I told her that it was, as long as she snuggled up to me, and with this an agreeable demand, we walked into the auditorium with a small box of popcorn.

The cinema was fairly empty. We were sat near the back in a tiny row on the left hand side, and next to Abi was a single seat between her and the wall. We waited for the show to start and we kissed a bit and discussed the photography the following day: Abi was more excited than I was.

We were interrupted when a lad, about the same age as me asked to get into the seat between Abi and the wall. "Oh don't worry," he muttered. "There's loads of spaces."

"Don't be silly," Abi told him. "Come join us." She saw me tense when he arrived, I wanted to be alone with Abi in the dark of the cinema and I think Abi noticed this. "Let's have some fun," she whispered to me and turned to the boy sitting down next to her. "Abi," she said introducing herself to tall bespectacled teenager.

"Richard," came the response and Abi turned in her seat to face him.

"What do you do?"

"Err ... I've just finished my GCSEs but I am working as a mechanic and I want to do an apprenticeship or something."

Abi nodded. "You know what I do?" The boy shook his head. "I am a stripper. I do stripteases for delightful young men."

The boy was open-mouthed and Abi smiled. "Wow, right," he flustered and I grinned. I slid my hand underneath the popcorn, and under the hem of her dress and found her mons. I slid my finger between her thighs. Abi groaned and turned back to the young man, who was oblivious to what I was doing.

"Sometimes there are two of us. Two girls in a private room, touching each other while a group of guys watch. It makes me very, very horny," she told him seductively.

Richard was horrified and stared at Abi and then Abi's chest. "Er ... well"

"What would you do to a girl who is very, very horny?" Richard stammered and as the lights went down, Abi reached over and kissed him on the cheek. Her hands slid towards his shorts and I heard him sigh. Abi was undoing his shorts button and he wasn't stopping her although he made a token attempt at protesting. "I love doing this," Abi told him.

I saw Abi fully unzip Richards' shorts and pull out an erect cock. She started gently stroking Richard and then as his breathing increased she increased her pace. Richard did not last long and before the end of the trailers had shot several streams of semen out of his cock and had soiled his shorts and underwear in the white pearly liquid.

Richard had come with some noise but there was only a few people in the cinema and none over this side of the auditorium so no-one saw him. Abi whispered something in his ear and he left only to return a few minutes later. While she was away she did the same to me, putting her hand inside my shorts and wanking me to an erection and then ejaculation.

I got an adrenaline rush as she did it, it was a very public place and I loved that. Her soft hands being wrapped around my cock caused me to simper and groan before releasing a stream of hot semen into her fist and shorts.

She had a tissue and I got clean although there was an uncomfortable wet patch my boxers and an unmistakable smell of semen in the air.

Abi was in one of "those moods" and she kissed and caressed both Richard and me throughout the film. He whimpered but made no attempt to stop her from kissing his cock as she wanked him again and he added more stains to his shorts.

Abi had invited the geeky Richard for a drink after the film and he nervously accepted. I got the feeling he was not used to female company and we settled on a small bar that overlooked the town plaza and sat outside, and Abi had to take his jacket and tie it around his waist so his in-film torture would not be obvious. Abi got two beers and a glass of wine, and he shot me a nervous look as I picked up my beer. "It's fine," Abi told him as he looked at it. Richard took a sip and then looked at Abi.

"So who are you people?"

Abi chuckled. "I am Abi and he is Andy."

"And you do what? Other than strip and stuff. And do things to strangers in cinemas."

I let Abi try to explain it away and glanced over the town square, not really paying too much attention to the chatter on the table. Abi certainly enjoyed his company, but I think she liked the idea of an inexperienced boy fawning over her. She could be so transparent at times! Even I noticed Richard tense up when he glanced back to the small plaza.

"What's up?" Abi asked and he remained silent and then spoke.

"That's Lucy," she said and pointed to a plain looking girl in the centre of a group of teenagers. They were shrieking high-pitched siren noises as they came pouring out of a girly accessory shop.

"The one you won't ask out?" Abi asked and Richard shook his head; I was not aware of Abi being told this but then I wasn't really listening. I saw a gleam of mischief come over

Abi's face and she stood up and called the girl over.

To say Lucy waddled over would be unfair but she was certainly carrying a few extra pounds and did not glide or move gracefully. "Hiya Ricky," Lucy said and sized Abi and myself up I glanced over at the podgy girl and she was staring at Abi.

"We better be off now, but Ricky wants to ask you on a date."

"Who are you?" Lucy asked scowling but was disarmed by Abi's smile.

"I am Abi. But you don't know me."

"Right."

"But he has a wonderful heart and a decent-sized cock. You'd like him." Abi grinned as we left and I grabbed her as we walked down an alleyway towards our car, pushing her up against the wall and kissing her. "What was that all about?"

Abi shrugged - she was definitely in one of those moods – and looked at me. "I like playing matchmaker, you know that."

"And inexperienced young men?"

Abi snorted. "Yeah. Although I also like experienced ones too."

* * * * *

Tuesday was the day that we had agreed to photo shoot and I was awoken by Abi rubbing her hands down my flanks. I very much wanted sex and plenty of foreplay but time was tight and so we reluctantly had to postpone our carnal activities and I frantically got dressed and ran down to start my employment.

I finished at half twelve and Mum was watching me at the bar. I had been warned not to rush, and I hadn't but was eager for one to arrive and to start shooting. I had to be finished by 6pm so had agreed half-an-hour with each of the girls and I ran upstairs to the flat to retrieve my tripod, flash and camera to go with the film and batteries I had already purchased.

I was playing with the stage when Mum returned with a sandwich for me. The spot lights were from every angle and I felt almost dazed when I got into the centre of the stage but it would remove shadow. It wasn't perfect but I didn't have a photography studio to use so it was the best I could manage.

We planned to use the back of the stage and the curtain as a backdrop. Mum had a white and a black one, and I raised the black curtain using a rope, to reveal the white fabric behind; I figured it would make for better pictures.

Abi joined me at 1pm (although her allocated time was not for another two hours), but she promised to help and Mum had some papers strewn out on one of the tables with a drink. She grinned at me. "When I told you to get a summer job, taking pictures of naked women was not what I meant," she teased.

"Well he has to have job satisfaction," Abi (or Isobel) teased.

Alice was the first to arrive, a pretty 22-year-old who greeted me and disappeared to get changed. She came out dressed in just some beautiful lingerie and nodded towards Isobel.

"Where d'ya want me," she asked in her unsophisticated voice. I was nervous and had butterflies in my stomach, I had deliberately chosen baggy shorts and loose underwear so I could have an erection and it not be obvious but even though I did not find Alice particularly alluring or sexy - she was simply not my type although dressed as she was she did eventually cause a reaction.

I stammered as my mind negotiated with my voicebox and then muttered. "Depends what

photos you need. Is it just some underwear shots?" I asked and Alice responded that it was.

She looked attractive in her underwear and I began to take the pictures of the stick-thin girl. Isobel helped by arranging the long blonde hair and putting her into seductive poses as I snapped with my tripod and then at floor level.

I had used around half of the film when she asked if she could have a few nude pictures and I silently agreed. The back of my mouth was dry and I watched as she peeled off her black underwear to reveal a standard sized bust and a completely hairless pussy.

The hard lump in my trousers stiffened and I blew out and pretended to play with the camera. Alice threw her hair back and smiled directly at me her nakedness striking.

Alice stood akimbo for one shot when I was directly below her, and her face, a seductive look was just beautiful. I used up the film and told her. She thanked me and skipped off stage. It had taken ten minutes and I hoped all the shoots would not be over too quick.

I did think of running into the toilets to masturbate my tension away but Isobel saw me looking and kissed me, "do you need some sort of relief?" she teased in whispered voices and I shook my head.

I joined Mum for a glass of lemonade but Vanessa arrived early, dressed in T-Shirt and shorts.

"It's our David Bailey wannabe," she teased after she greeted Mum.

"It was the Dreamboys a week ago," Mum replied and I went bright red.

I puffed and looked at her. "Do you wanna get changed?" I asked and went up to load a new film in the camera.

Vanessa was much more "my type." She had shoulder-length hair and brown eyes, but she had a playful, exuberant personality that was closer to Sarah than just about anyone else I knew. She never stopped smiling or grinning or smirking.

She came out wearing a bright red bodice with stockings and a very, very short bright red dress that barely covered her hips.

Isobel wolf-whistled and Vanessa gave her a smile. Her brown eyes lit up as I adjusted my shorts and Isobel straightened her shoulder-length brown hair.

As I took the pictures, Vanessa began to hike up her dress, first to reveal her shaved pussy and then when it came off, her 34C breasts. She had a couple of cheeky poses from behind and saw she had a tattoo of a red rose.

Vanessa grinned. "I love me new tattoo. Got it done at Susie's place." I must confess I was not staring at her tattoo.

"How many left?" Vanessa asked and I checked.

"One, maybe two."

Vanessa smiled at me, and sat down on the cold floor, shifting her legs sideways. "All men love a good pussy shot."

Although I didn't need to get too close, I had zoom after all, I could not resist and the camera was approaching her legs when I caught the last picture.

Vanessa stuck her tongue out and cackled.

"Are you corrupting my son?" Mum asked as she looked up.

"Isobel beat me to it," Vanessa answered and we both shot a look of innocence. Vanessa got changed and joined me for a brief drink. She was playful and very tactile, touching me

on the arm at every opportunity but when I started speaking to her, although the playfulness was still there, there was a smartness that she hid well.

We had half-an-hour until Cherry was due to arrive and I sat down with Mum again, who gave me her ledger to double-check.

Cherry arrived dead on 2pm but apologised for being late. "You're fine," I reassured the nervous girl. She was one of the dancers who I did like in every way, she was very alluring and was a nice, intelligent girl.

"What do I do?" Cherry asked and I pointed towards my assistant.

"Isobel will help you get ready. I'll take the pictures of you that you want," I assured her and she nodded.

"I don't know what I want," Cherry replied. "I need the pictures for my new agency," she said and Mum rolled her eyes.

I was flustered, surely Cherry, this anxious and nervous girl was not an escort? It made a certain amount of sense, she was certainly pretty enough but she could only work certain days and according to Isobel was known to sometimes leave with a male patron to go to a nearby inn that offered rooms - cheap rooms - for the night.

Cherry had a babyish looks and small breasts. She said she was nineteen, but could have passed for younger than me and I felt a little apprehensive taking pictures of her working the pole and in seductive clothes. She looked way too young.

Mum left the room while Isobel modelled for me. Although she had initially said she never wanted any more naked pictures of her after the magazine incident, the thought of actually having some naked pictures of her excited her. She explained that although she had been the subject of many a naughty photograph, she had never actually owned one, and wanted some for posterity.

I had always thought Isobel to be incredibly sexy (although I preferred it when she was "Abi" as she was more vulnerable and more approachable) and her with stockings and suspenders really had me erect and wanting to drag her off to a private room. This might have given Mrs. Pollitt a fright, as she was upstairs cleaning them while Isobel pranced naked on the stage for me.

Juggs interrupted our enjoyable photo shoot of Isobel using the final frame on the film as a close up of her crevice, by sauntering in and made a crude comment. I looked at Juggs who was wearing a very tight-fitting white T-Shirt and short denim shorts.

Juggs claimed to have 36F breasts and was not slim and stick-thin like Alice and Cherry or well-proportioned with elegant curves like Isobel and Vanessa, but was certainly carrying a few extra pounds. She changed into a very tight short shirt and then had this doused with water so her pendulous breasts were clearly visible and then had a variety of naked and explicit shots taken.

Juggs slipped a finger into her hole, leaning back as she did but I was particularly aroused – I didn't find Juggs sexy, just mis-proportioned. Juggs dropped a few filthy comments after she finished and left. I wasn't sorry to see her go.

I was looking forward to Jessica, Ray's sister, and she arrived twenty minutes early. Mum appeared, disappeared, reappeared and then settled down to do some work at the tables again. I think she still wanted to keep an eye on me with her employees. It was depressing.

Jessica greeted me warmly, gave me a kiss on the cheek that earned me a jealous look from Isobel. She took fifteen minutes to get ready but when she did she came out wearing black thigh-high stockings with calf-high shiny black boots that accentuated her sexy legs

wonderfully. She had a dark red and black corset with a matching tutu and elbow-length gloves, and a feather in her long golden hair that was tied into a ponytail. She looked gorgeous and I licked my lips.

“So that’s burlesque?” I asked and Jessica gave me a warm smile.

“Yeah, this is burlesque.”

I felt my anatomy stiffen in my shorts and asked her what photos she wanted and she adopted several poses that made her look sexy and devilishly attractive; she was the girl next door.

Jessica stayed and watched me with the buxom PVC model, Angel and the diminutive Claire but as the afternoon rolled into the evening I was abandoned by Jessica who went home and Mum and Isobel who went upstairs to the flat.

I desperately wanted Isobel to take me somewhere private and to fuck her senseless, the pressure of having an erection for most of the previous four hours was becoming unbearable, but Isobel left and I was told to lock up after me; Ikenna was still on holiday and Mum would be down at six thirty to reopen.

Mia did not turn up at five and I desperately considered using the toilets for an immoral purpose when Gemma greeted me as she came in. “Sorry I am a little early,” she said and gave me a peck on the cheek, her long flowing black wavy hair brushing over my neck.

Gemma disappeared for a few moments and reappeared wearing a lovely short dress. I positioned her in front of the camera and took a few pictures as she stripped from her dress to a lovely lacy pair of lingerie. I was drawn immediately to some tattoos, which normally I did not find too attractive but looked very sexy on her.

She giggled at me glancing, “I had a wild first year,” she told me and cupped her “B” cup breasts. On the right of her mons, at waist-level was a black and blue star and on the left hand side was a blue floral pattern starting at her waist and running down to her thigh.

She blew me a kiss and wiggled her hips. She had me photograph her tattoos clearly before she removed her underwear, freeing her bosom and then proudly displaying her pussy. She was bare and my dick stiffened.

Gemma grinned at me and rubbed her clitoris and closed her eyes. I took another picture and she bit her lip, looking at me with a gleam in her eye. “How many left?”

I checked the camera and replied, “two, maybe three.”

Gemma walked over, her hips swinging seductively and I put the camera back on the tripod. She put her arms around, my nostrils inhaling her aromatic perfume as she kissed my neck. I felt two hands glide down my body and onto my shorts, and she slid them down taking my underpants with them and freeing my erect cock.

She blew on it and I closed my eyes. “I want a photo of you naked,” she told me and lifted the hem of my shirt over my head while I kicked off my sneakers and shorts.

“Is there a timer thing on this?” Gemma asked and I nodded, setting the timer to 10secs and she dragged me to the centre of the stage. As she went to leave I grabbed her and pulled her towards me.

“You too,” I told her, my heart beating furiously as she positioned herself next to me kissing my cheek as she did. The flash went off and the photo was taken.

Gemma skipped back to the camera and smiled at me, winding on the picture and setting the camera again.

“Come here,” I told her and she came skipping back and reached for my cock, pumping it

a couple of times. I was oblivious to the world around me, her touch felt magnificent and I closed my eyes as the naked dancer stroked my member.

I was blindly aware of a momentary bright light but did not care. Gemma had her body pressed up against mine and she was increasing her speed. "It must be so unfair," she whispered. "All those sexy girls stripping for you and no way to release. A nice horny guy like you must really want to cum for me," she whispered.

I grunted, my loins convulsing and sending a stream of semen onto her fingers. I bucked my hips against her fist as she milked my dick for the last remnants and then wiped her hands on a tissue.

"Wow, Gemma," I told her and she gave me a raffish, sly grin. She rubbed her hands over my chest and kissed me on the cheek. We stayed in silence for a few moments and Gemma bit her lip.

"Thanks," I found myself saying and Gemma smiled. I moved my hands towards her but she wriggled away.

"I'm working later. It'll do me no good if I am too horny," she warned and kissed me again.

We got dressed and I started packing up my camera and equipment.

"I hope they come out OK," Gemma told me and I nodded.

"Should do. I've not had many poor pictures in the last couple of years and there isn't a bad environment. I released the rope so that the curtain dropped down and turned off all the spot lights.

"If they come out good, I wouldn't mind some more, but could we come to an agreement?" Gemma asked, her voice nervous.

"What do you mean?" I asked and she bit her lip.

"I could really use a few different sets, but I can't afford forty, fifty quid a time, and I know that's a really good price but I have some debts from Uni and I am not earning an awful lot."

"Well the processing and film will be around twenty pounds. If we take the pictures at your house or away from here, and if you can afford that then I don't lose a day's pay using this place. Unless I'm doing other girls then I'll just slot you in."

She hummed "I'll make it worth your while," she promised and I stared at her.

"What d'ya mean?"

Gemma looked over at the bar and back at me, her blue eyes anxious. "I spent a bit of time at Uni as an escort. I'll trade my time for yours." It suddenly clicked what she was referring to, she would trade naughty pictures for sexual favours?

I was almost horrified. I didn't object to the sex trade on moral grounds, but I would never accept sex as payment for anything. I shook my head. "You can have my time without the need to prostitute yourself," I replied a little curtly and her head swayed. "Why do you want the pictures so bad?"

Gemma sucked in her lips. "I spent four years at Uni training, got a great degree and now can't use it, there are no jobs. I need to do something to tide me over until I get on that rung so I want to do some nudie magazines. Some modelling. These pictures should get me into their studio for a professional photo shoot and hopefully I might get a few quid off Readers Wives if not."

"What did you do at Uni?"

"Maths."

"Well maybe that's the trade? I always got my ex-girlfriend to help me with Maths. I'll happily trade an hour of A-Level Maths tuition for an hour's photography," I suggested and she laughed.

"Yeah, OK. See how these pan out and if they are good then you're on."

* * * * *

I knocked tentatively on the door in Windmill Street having gone to the ATM and withdrawn almost all of the money from my current account. A short middle-aged woman came to the door and looked expectantly at me.

"I am looking for Olivia," I replied and she grinned.

"Let me guess Emily sent you."

"Err...well. Yes."

"You the one with the dodgy photographs?"

"Err....yes," I said my face flushing.

"Well come in then."

Olivia showed me into a small lounge and sat down.

"How many films?"

"Ten."

"Ten?" Olivia exclaimed and grinned at me. "You have been busy."

"24 or 36?"

"36"

She nodded and grinned at me. "What sizes do you want?"

"I wouldn't mind a set of 12-by-8's and two of 6-by-4s"

She whistled. "That would normally be thirteen pounds each, but as you are doing ten films I'm happy with a tenner each." I passed over five crisp notes and she smiled. "Good when they don't have to go through the books, right?"

I grinned and nodded.

"Come get 'em tomorrow after six thirty."

Chapter XV

"There are hardly any bluebells left," Abi moaned as we fought our way through the trees. "Are you sure this is the spot?"

"Yep. And yes, there won't be any this time of year as they have all died out. You are going to have to wait eight months or so," I told her and she sighed, as she put her bag down. "But then you should know that as I did tell you yesterday."

Abi pouted. "It is still bonnie and peaceful though, isn't it?"

"Very," I muttered with a smile. "It's a wonderful place." The only sound that punctuated the silence was that of a few birds in the trees and Abi unfurled the picnic rug to lie down on it. I glanced up her tartan skirt and leered.

"You like what you see?"

"Of course, I always like what I see." Abi laughed and patted the rug next to her. I put the picnic bag next to the tree and sat down alongside my Scottish lover on the soft rug.

Although the ground was hard, it had barely rained for weeks, the woollen, tartan rug was soft and thick and it was on a carpet of dead bluebells and springy greenery. She watched as I sat down alongside her and she pulled me so I was lay down. I gave a cry and a laugh as I landed and rolled over onto Abi.

"Let me go to Scotland with you," I suggested staring into her eyes and her face fell.

"Andy, this isn't why we are here."

"No come on," I begged. "I know you are going, I heard you talking to Mum about it."

She sighed and shook her head, her playful demeanour evaporating. "No, it's complicated."

"I didn't embarrass you last time, did I?" She hesitated and I frowned. "You aren't ashamed of our friendship, aren't you?"

"No," Abi said quickly. "Not at all. I just, don't think it's a great idea you going. It's complicated." I sighed and she looked into my eyes. "You mean a lot to me, you know that. But my family ... you didn't get on with all of them, did you?"

"But they said awful things."

"It's what families do," Abi told me and took a deep breath. "So I am going up on my own."

"But what about Moira and Graeme ..."

"I don't know," Abi interrupted. "I just don't know if they are going to come and see me. They don't like me, I know that. But I'll be fine." She pursed her lips and I could tell from the look in her eyes that it was more out of hope than expectation.

"I don't mind going," I told her but she shook her head and closed her eyes. "Really I don't. I don't want you to face it on your own."

She groaned and shook her head. "I will be fine. They are my family. And you really know how to spoil a moment, don't you? If this is how you behave with Sarah no wonder you are not with her."

I screwed up my face. "Oi," I moaned and she raised her eyebrows. "That's below the belt."

Abi's face broke into a smirk and she traced her hands down my flanks. "Below the belt, eh?"

We kissed and she stared into my gaze. "Honestly, no need to worry 'bout me," she whispered. "I'm building bridges with my family and that's only happened 'cause of you and Grace. You've done your bit." I went to protest when she put a finger over my lips and ssshed me.

I ran my hands over her body, touching her cotton clad figure and rolling off of her. She looked at me in the eyes and I smiled, sliding down her to gently lift up her tartan skirt. "Sarah has one just like it," I told her and Abi smiled.

"I know. Why do you think I have it?" I bit my lip and pushed her legs apart, but she beckoned me back to kissing her. "I'm not ready yet," she told me and puckered up.

We snogged repeatedly, our tongues becoming intertwined and passionately caressing each other with our hands, before she pushed me away and down towards her crotch.

Abi was knickerless (I sometimes wondered just how many knickers she really did own) and she watched as I pushed the rough tartan skirt to her waist and nibbled the inside of her thigh. Abi sighed in expectation as I began to slowly kiss and caress the inside of her thigh, her lips and her cheeks, her eyes narrowing as I did.

Abi's scent filled my nostrils as my tongue darted into her folds and she closed her eyes, enjoying the gentle sensations that I was causing. I slid my tongue up and down her smooth, slick runway and twisted my tongue around her pearl. She groaned as my tongue danced along her intimate folds and I lined up my little finger at her hole, covering it with her juices and then replaced it with my index finger.

She squealed as my fingers touched her, and I began to push my middle finger in as well. This caused her to tense up for a moment, and grunt, before I extended my slippery little finger against her buttock and it slid in.

Abi's grunts and groans became a lot more audible and drowned out the sound of the odd bird or the whistling breeze; my three fingers shaking and wiggling in her holes was driving her crazy. Her squeals and grunts got louder and more passionate as my vibrating digits whirred inside her and my tongue danced an orgasmic tune on her clitoris.

She ran her hands through my hair, patting me as if I was a good Labrador, and I continued, savouring her distinctive, musky taste and relishing the sweet scent of my lover. I felt her anus start to quiver and tighten over my finger, her buttocks lifted slightly from the ground and her thighs shook. Abi gasped and grunted, screwed up her face and let out a piercing cry, before panting and mewling loudly.

I didn't let up, just continued to flick and suck her clitoris and pushing my fingers into her intimate areas as I rotated them. Abi swore loudly and squealed, grabbing hold of my head and pushing me into her crotch. She screamed as her legs shook and then started crying out theatrically.

She panted furiously, and pushed my head away. "Too ..." She didn't finish as my tired hand increased its pace and Abi's eye widened. "Oh shit," she shrieked and I ran my spare hand through her pubic hair. Abi grunted, and closed her eyes, her body becoming hysterical as she writhed and bucked, held her breath and then panted. She waved her hands about and then screwed up her face as she inhaled and then mewed as she exhaled sharply.

Her yells were louder than anything else in the forest and they echoed off the trees that lined our temporary playground. Her muscles tensed around my fingers and then quivered, as my concupiscent lover was driven to her third orgasm of the day.

Abi pushed my fingers away from her as she came down off her high and pulled me towards her, freeing my shorts with her hand. She felt my erect cock and positioned it at

her entrance. "No blowjob?" I teased and Abi shook her head.

"Not in the mood," she whispered and groaned as I rocked forward to propel my cock into her unguarded pussy. She screwed up her face as I gently slid it forward into her greasy hole, and she gripped my buttocks with her hands.

I loved bringing Abi (and Sarah) to orgasm but intercourse was always more intense for me. I closed my eyes and kissed Abi, the sounds of nature around us, and a gentle breeze wafting over my buttocks.

I felt a slight chill to the wind, but didn't care, Abi was coaxing a climax from me, and I felt it well up inside of me. I bit my lip, emitting a sigh as I exhaled. Abi kissed me and gripped my buttocks harder. I muttered some compliments in her ear and increased the rhythm of my hips that Abi was matching.

She groaned again, and I felt the tension across my balls, desperately holding on until the last possible moment. I was loving al fresco sex, it was so naughty compared to bedroom sex and screwed up my face as my testicles steadied themselves for release. I felt my buttocks clench and my legs tensed; Abi must have felt it too, as her expression changed to a broad grin and I pumped several waves of semen into the girl.

She coaxed the last few aftershocks out of my body and we collapsed against each other, smiling and kissing.

It took us a good few minutes to get cleaned up. Fortunately, Abi had some baby wipes in her bag and this meant we were able to eat our food with clean hands, and we sat talking. She was still determined that I should remain in Aylesbury and pleaded with me to drop the subject.

Her belief was that my presence would be divisive and make the most hostile elements of her family defensive to her presence. I couldn't say I disagreed, but saw how nasty Moira was to my friend and didn't want her to face that on her own.

Abi followed the picnic with a deep, long blowjob, swallowing my seed with relish and a smile before insisting that I repeat my earlier cunnilingus on her, which I was only too happy to do. We heard the odd voice, but they were few and far between and most of the noise that day came from the birds and Abi.

However by mid-afternoon it was time to leave and after spending about five of the six hours naked or half-naked with my lover, I had little to complain about. I asked Abi to drop me off in Windmill Street to collect the photographs and she was happy to oblige.

"You sure this is the road?" Abi asked as she pulled into the little side street. "It's very quiet." What did Abi expect? Bright lights saying "Porno photos here?!"

"Yes," I said with undue confidence. "Windmill Street, it's fine." Abi leant over and gave me a kiss on the lips and smiled.

"Be good," she told me with a grin as I got out of the car. "And good luck tomorrow." I groaned and nodded; the subject of my exam results had been blissfully forgotten by myself.

"Thanks," I muttered and Abi leant over her gearstick to lock the passenger door.

"And ring me," Abi shouted through the window. I waved as she left and looked up and down the road, my eyes focusing on a house opposite. My heart was beating furiously as I knocked on the door to collect the photos and Olivia answered. She beamed at me and welcomed me in.

"You have some damn fine pictures there," she told me as I sat down in her lounge. She had a supermarket bag full of envelopes and passed them over.

“Yeah, Cheers,” I replied and Olivia gave me a broad smile. “Did they come out OK?”

Olivia nodded and sat back in her faded, fabric armchair. “Oh yeah,” she replied smirking. “There are a couple of sets that are just amazing. Emily reckons that they are the best sets of amateur photographs we've developed for a long time.” I gave a nervous smile and Olivia took a drag of a lit cigarette. “Listen kid. What's the deal with these?”

I shifted anxiously. “Well a few of the girls at the lap-dancing club wanted some nudie pictures taken and I have a decent camera and been using it for years so I said I'd do it for a shade above the cost price.”

She gave a brief chortle. “Pretty enterprising,” she told me with a laugh. “And I bet it's fun.” I blushed and murmured an agreement. “Listen, I guess you ain't worried about a bit of flesh,” she muttered and I nodded. “Cause I know a few couples who wouldn't mind some decent pictures of them in the act, so to speak, but obviously won't fork out for a top photographer. If you are interested ...”

I took a deep breath. “Well I would be. Umm ... I mean, obviously, well ... I could, it would be ...”

Olivia chuckled at my nervousness. “But they dain't want someone who'll stand around and watch. They want proper take photos, capture the moment.”

I nodded. “Well ... I umm ... I did those OK.”

Olivia raised her eyebrows. “Yeah, yah did, they're pretty good. But ya'int gonna mess if ya do it. It takes balls to be captured in the act, they'll be up for it but seeing someone new, it's a bit off-putting.” She sighed and took another drag on her cigarette. “They want a decent camera man but they charge a bloody fortune. So I guess it might be up your street,” she said with a smile. “Be a bit more enterprising. Emmie does of 'em but she's wanting to be a pro so she's a big expensive.”

“Well ... I hope to be back in a few days anyway with some more. It should be OK,” I said with a professional air to my voice.

She looked at me. “Do you want to think about it?”

I nodded and bit my lip. “Can I give you my mobile number?” I asked. It was the first time I had been in a position to do so and quite liked the way it sounded. Olivia smiled.

“Yes. Yes, you can,” she said confidently. “And you can take mine.”

* * * * *

Mum and Rhea wanted to be present when I got my results, but I negotiated that they should wait in the park café while I went and got the bad news with Sarah. Mum and Angela made us promise not to open our results until we got to the café, but I am not sure they expected us to keep to our promise, and they waited with Rhea as we nervously left. I had already given Sarah the two packets of photos of her but she just smiled and acknowledged them, without thinking or looking at the contents.

The school had helpfully sorted the results into alphabetical order and as Williams and Bailey were at opposite ends of the alphabet we had different tables to approach to get our envelopes. I was still waiting when Sarah arrived holding her envelope, the teachers on the first table were considerably more organised than those on the fourth but a few minutes later we were walking back across the park.

“Nervous?” Sarah asked and I smiled at her.

“Very,” I replied. “I know you're not.”

“I am,” Sarah replied indignantly.

“Why? You know you probably got ten A Stars.”

Sarah snorted at me in derision. She had not opened her two envelopes of pictures when we entered the café and Mum immediately called us over to her table in the corner when we entered.

“What did you get?” Angela asked and Sarah shrugged, passing her the two envelopes of pornographic pictures without thinking, and then ripped open her results envelope, her hands shaking.

“Aren't you going to do yours?” Sarah asked and I peered over her shoulder.

“Afterwards, you first?”

Sarah unfurled the sheet and squealed. “Oh my God. Look Mum, nine A-stars.” Sarah thrust the sheet of paper into her Mum's hands and looked at me. “Your turn,” she said before her Mum could congratulate her.

“Wow. Sarah. That's amazing.” Sarah blushed as I looked at her and bit my lip. “If I have one A I'll be happy,” I told her and she nibbled her fingernail with a coy grin.

“Well I got one A,” Sarah replied as her mother was trying to navigate past Rhea to be able to hug her daughter. “English Literature.” Her mother shot her a look and Sarah shrugged meekly before being embraced by her mother.

“With nine bloody A stars,” I quipped and tore open my envelope. My fingers were clammy and I rubbed the top of the white sheet of paper before pulling out the folded A4 letter. Before I could read it, Rhea had snatched it from me. “Rhea!”

Rhea unfurled it and four sets of eyes were staring at her. “Four D's, Five E's and a U. Honestly bro, if you spent a little less time with the girls and a bit more time doing some actual work ...”

“Really?” I asked and my heart sank. I knew I was not going to match Sarah's results but I thought I had done better than D's and E's but I was pining after Paula and my mind did wander in some of the exams. “I was thinking of Paula,” I confessed.

“Hey,” Sarah said and wrapped her arms around me. “It's not that bad,” Sarah soothed but I stared at the paper in Rhea's hand.

“Yeah, but I won't be at College next year,” I muttered. “I was really looking forward to it.” Sarah pursed her lips and squeezed my hand to comfort me. “And I don't want to do endless resits.”

Mum looked at Rhea. “Let me see those.”

Rhea shook her head and I realised that she was teasing; in the heat of the moment I had forgotten about her mischievous nature. “Oh for fuck's sake Rhea, what did I get?”

Rhea grinned. “Haha! Had you for a moment. B in English Literature, A's in Double Science, History and RE. A stars in Maths, Economics, IT, English Language, French. Oh and embarrassingly vocal sex.”

“Rhea!” I snapped. “Quite teasing me. What the fuck have I got?” I asked and reached over Angela to snatch the paper back. Sarah and I poured over it and Rhea was right. I had got five A stars and four A's. Sarah hugged me again and then Mum congratulated us both.

“They are brilliant,” Sarah gushed. “That's wow-time. You just need to work hard to get good A Levels to go to Cambridge or Oxford,” she teased. I rolled my eyes; I was not bright enough for a prestigious university such as Oxford and Cambridge, but I had certainly done better than expected.

Angela passed Sarah her phone and told her to ring her father and I did the same with my mobile phone and Dad. Dad was pleased and asked after Paula. I felt a pang of guilt when her name was mentioned, but explained that she had moved to Bournemouth and was being surprisingly lacklustre about keeping in touch. Dad signed off with a promise to move some cash into my account so I could “treat myself” for my hard work and I sighed. He didn't need to, but he wanted to; he was always generous to a fault.

I kept my promise and rang Abi who squealed into the mobile device as her phone rang and shrieked when I told her my results. I had told everyone that I had expected one or two A's and the rest B's and C's and when I recounted the fact I had done far better than expected it had made me sound like I had been unrealistic.

“Of course, exams aren't what they are used to be,” Rhea told me as I re-entered the café. “They give A stars out for not using crayons and grunting. Ten years ago they would have meant something. Now, it's just well ... easy!”

“Exactly,” I said, mirroring the grin on Rhea's face. “So you will get ten A stars then in two years?” Rhea's face fell and she scowled at me, before using some very unkind language.

Sarah came back into the café as Rhea was excused, her daily dose of mischief-making was complete and was probably en-route to Becky or Simon. “I don't think you wanted me to see these,” Angela said tersely and passed Sarah the open envelopes of photos.

Sarah and I blushed. “Thanks,” Sarah said and took the photographs in the plain envelope.

“You watch what you do with those, young lady.” We nodded and Sarah bit her lip. “I would rather that you weren't being so explicit, to be honest.”

Sarah stammered and Angela stared piercingly into her eyes. Sarah squeezed my hand and I could tell Sarah would be in a certain amount of trouble when she got home. “We are thinking of going out for a meal later in town to celebrate,” Mum told us, rescuing Sarah from the disapproval of her mother. “So if Zoe or anyone wants to come, we are thinking of the White Lion near the cinema.”

“NO!” Sarah and I shouted in unison.

“Why?” Mum asked, puzzled. “They do nice food there.”

“We don't like it there,” I replied quickly and Sarah nodded. “Awful. It changed hands. Dirty and everything. How about the Italian down the end of the road?”

Mum and Angela looked at each other and Mum shrugged. “Hmmm, OK. I'll book it,” she promised and they watched as we skipped out of the café. I was on cloud-nine, I had never expected to get one A star, let alone five, as I was not that sort of student, but Paula had made me work very hard for the exams.

I tried hard not to think of Paula – she had been replaced in my life by other people, but she was the main reason why I was feeling so buoyant and wished that she was here for me to talk to. I made a mental note to write to her and thank her.

Zoe found Sarah and myself by the corner of the lake and came running over. “Three A-stars, five A's and two B's,” she squealed. Sarah and I gave her warm praise and I told her Sarah's results.

“Could have guessed them,” she muttered and looked at me. “Let me guess, two A-stars, three A's and five B's.”

“Five, four, one,” I replied and her mouth dropped.

“You serious? You got five A-stars?” Zoe asked incredulously. “Paula was a great influence wasn't she?”

"Will people please stop mentioning Paula," I snapped sharply and then gave an apologetic look. "Yeah, she was, wasn't she. I didn't expect it at all."

Zoe stayed with us as we hunted down other students. Jez had passed all of his exams (but they were mostly B's and C's), Ray got mostly A's and B's and no A-stars while Donna got two A-stars but also two D's. She barely looked at me and I didn't recount my results within earshot of her, passing my paper over to Ray to read. "Are you sure these are your results?" He teased and I nodded.

"Yeah, everyone is blaming Paula."

"You wouldn't have done it any other way, would you?" I shrugged in response.

Sarah was desperate to look over the pictures I had taken so we tried to slip off and go get some lunch, but Zoe didn't realise we wanted to be alone and neither Sarah nor I wanted to ask her to leave, so she accompanied us back to the café and we ordered two salads and a toasted sandwich, and three drinks, all of which I paid for.

Zoe left us to go the toilet and Sarah, who had deliberately sat in the corner of the restaurant so that there was no-one behind her, opened the pictures and began to look through them. She cooed appreciatively over the first picture, a close up of her aroused pussy and then smiled as she leafed through them, grinning or complimenting each one.

I was looking and didn't see Zoe appear. "What's that?" Zoe asked and Sarah dropped the pictures onto the table in fright.

Zoe's eyes clamped onto the top image, a close up of the red vibrator in Sarah and she raised her hands to her mouth. Sarah frantically gathered them up but Zoe saw a couple of Sarah and she looked at me and then my unfaithful friend.

"They're pornographic photos, aren't they?" Sarah and I spluttered. Zoe rolled her eyes. "Of you?"

Sarah and I looked at each other blushing and our food was brought to the table. "Well sort of," Sarah replied and I looked sheepishly at my sandwich.

"And what will happen when someone sees them?" Zoe asked and we shrugged. "You two are so ... immoral!"

"No one is going to see them," I hissed but Zoe shook her head.

"I am sure there is a law about producing pornography when you are sixteen," she replied and looked at Sarah. "You promised me, Sarah. About Kevin."

Sarah grumbled and Zoe lectured us for most of the lunch, before leaving us after eating her food and Sarah and I rushed home. Sarah wanted to have a proper look at the pictures and we were soon spread out over my double bed as she flicked through them.

"They do look good but my lips in that one look so puffy," Sarah complained and I smiled. She had been playing with herself and sliding her red vibrator, and was somewhat surprised that her genitals were slightly engorged and flushed. "Can we do some more?"

"What did you have in mind?" I asked and Sarah smiled.

"Can we take some of me going down on you? And also I have some beautiful outfits I want to get pictures of, like that Hawaiian one from London."

I kissed her on the cheek. "Of course. But I think your Mum is going to go spare if we do."

"Not her business," Sarah said tersely and crossed her arms. "It's up to me what I do."

Sarah and I had a lovely afternoon bowling and her parents brought her a dress for the meal as we returned to the flat. Unfortunately, Sarah was not allowed to stay the night after our trip to the Italian and we didn't take the liberty of inviting Zoe although Rhea did

bring Simon. Neither Sarah or myself wanted her to continue her unreasonable moaning at us and we knew it would not be good if we squabbled with her in front of our parents. It was a nice evening and I deliberately sat between Angela and Sarah and made a point of speaking to Angela. I was aware that they “wanted to know who I was” before they would permit Sarah and I to get too close and spend nights with each other and I tried to make a good impression.

However, due to Sarah's carelessness I had a feeling that no matter what I did, Angela would remember that day for her seeing graphic and pornographic photographs of her daughter's most intimate areas and I would, rather unfairly, be considered in her mind to be the principle architect.

Angela never mentioned it directly during the meal, but her look of disapproval earlier meant she didn't need to: Sarah would be in trouble when they got home.

Sarah kept squeezing my leg under the table and I did snatch a couple of kisses but before too long she had to leave and I was left ever so slightly frustrated by her teasing. I wondered if Abi was working!

* * * * *

Abi wasn't working but did not stay the night in my bed and I had a lie-in before meandering downstairs to work. It was Friday, and I had to clean the office as well as the main club, which annoyed my mother greatly as she was trying to work while I meandered around the small room with a loud Hoover.

I was at the team meeting considerably earlier as were all nine of the girls who partook in the photography session a few days previous. “How were your exam results?” Gemma asked, the first to arrive and I smiled.

“Great, thanks. Much better than I thought.” Mum was behind me and smiled at Gemma.

“Five A stars, four A's and a B,” Mum added proudly and I groaned. She had not stopped telling everything this and I looked through the white envelopes. I had sorted them out and slid Gemma's photographs over to her.

She started leafing through them when Juggs sauntered in, with her recognisable bosom bouncing in front of her. “They come out OK?”

“Well I think I captured the beauty of your shimmering hair,” I teased and passed her two envelopes.

“How 'bout the sluttiness of my fucking twat,” she replied and Gemma looked up at me.

“They are fantastic,” she said with a broad grin. “Well worth the forty pounds.”

Gemma counted out a few notes and passed them over the table. “I'd love to get a few more. We're on, if you are still interested. As we agreed.”

I smiled. “Sure, I'll catch up with ya some time,” I promised. Over the following thirty minutes all nine of the dancers arrived and I had sold nine sets of pictures, making a profit of over two hundred pounds. I also got several thanks, over 360 erotic pictures for my portfolio and the offer of Maths lessons for more pornographic photographs. To put it mildly: I'd had worse weeks!

The photos were very much the talk of the team meeting and a large number of the remaining dancers, and even Susie, the tattooed barmaid wanted some doing. I looked over at Mum and asked if I could use the club on Monday daytime and she hummed.

“OK but I am trusting you. I won't be here!” I smiled and she raised her eyebrows. “But someone will be present.”

I shrugged; I genuinely didn't care who my mother would choose to watch over me as long as it wasn't Juggs. I got on well with everyone and was not overawed (almost) by them. Unlike Rhea, who would have been seething if Mum had arranged for someone to keep an eye on her, I genuinely didn't care.

I was already looking forward to photographing the mad barmaid Susie, the giggly Chloe, the quiet but kinky Angel, the quiet new girl Elena, the mothering Autumn, the loud and very twisted Katie, the slightly aloof Madison and the wonderfully nice Scarlet, not to mention my sexy Maths teacher Gemma. They would make wonderful additions to my portfolio.

After the team meeting, Mum gestured to me to come over. She had arranged to see a show in the local theatre with her friend Alicia and a few of the girls and Rhea was having tea at Simon's house as "he was going away to Scout Camp for a few days" so I was told to raid the freezer and find something to eat.

This was a little disconcerting. In the past few weeks I had rarely spent any time on my own and was beginning to feel as though I needed the company – whether it be Sarah, Abi, Zoe or even Rhea. I did not want to be alone, and it was as though I had almost forgotten how to amuse myself.

I didn't need to have worried. I walked out of the back door and almost ran into Jessica shouting at her car. "Problem?" I asked rhetorically and Jessica, Ray's sister hummed.

"This bloody thing won't start." Jessica spoke sharply and angrily at her car and crossed her arms. "Bloody useless piece of shit." Her car was an "A" registration plate, which made the vehicle over sixteen years old. The rusting ruby red Vauxhall Cavalier had ripped seats and dents all down the sides. Its front tyre was looking very worn and the aerial was bent. It looked unloved and broken, and uncharitably, I did wonder how it ever started.

"Battery?" I asked and suggested we try a jump start. I didn't know how to jump start a car, or even if we had some leads but it sounded like I knew what I was talking about which my friend's sister appreciated. Jessica shrugged.

"I'll ring my mate Will. He will be around soon and he'll know what to do."

"Oh OK," I said and turned to leave.

"Hey Andy. Any chance I can use your phone?"

"Sure," I replied and pointed at the fire escape as she picked up a couple of bags from her seat. I happily watching her ass wiggle as she ascended the fire escape, my mind on little else.

Jessica rang her friend on the lounge phone and sighed. He was still at work and as he worked in the centre of London, would be at least two hours before he reached her. She went to leave but I stopped her and asked her if she wanted to stay for something to eat. She hesitated and deliberated, staring at me for a moment.

"Yeah, that'll be cool," she answered and I grinned.

We had a couple of games on the PlayStation and then I went to raid the fridge while Jessica retrieved the rest of her shopping from her car. I found a large pizza and slapped that into the oven along with some garlic bread and put some peas and beans, on separate pans, on the stove.

Jessica laughed when she saw what I was cooking but I just shrugged. "It's food. It goes in one hole and out of the other."

"That's what I have always liked about you Andy. You are so romantic."

I blushed and she dug out some milk and put it in our fridge. "I said I'd pick some up but I'll

go off in this heat if I leave it in the car.”

Jessica and I chatted like old friends with our mismatched meal. She was keen to talk about her degree, Psychology and Law, and planned to drop the Psychology bit as soon as she could, and also about Ray who was still obsessed with Donna. Jessica shared my dislike of the girl as she said Donna was too controlling and dominated Ray. I would have chosen a more vicious description of her, but Jessica's was not inaccurate.

Jessica was wearing a white T-Shirt with denim shorts and as she scooped up the last of her beans they fell off and splattered her shirt. “Shit!” She exclaimed and passed her a dishcloth to wipe the remnants of the food from her clothing. “It'll stain now.”

“What if you wash it now?” I asked and Jessica looked at me.

“And wander around your house half-naked?” She responded to my cheeky grin. “I bet you'll like that!”

I sighed. “Yeah 'cos you weren't exposed at all dressed as burlesque dancer, were you? Or sunbathing?”

Jessica smiled and pulled her top over her head to reveal a plain white bra. I averted my eyes and Jessica ruffled my short hair as she went past to find some washing powder.

In the end, Jessica found some “handwash-only” soap and scrubbed her white top in the bathroom to remove the stain while I washed up our plates and the pans that we had used.

She smiled at me when she came down and asked if I minded her walking around the flat without her top on and I smiled. It was such a stupid question to ask a sixteen year old boy; in fact I would've heartily recommended she take her bra, skirt, knickers and socks off as well.

Instead, I gave a flattering and complimentary response. “Of course not. You know I have always found you very attractive. Why would I object to a beautiful girl half-stripping when we are alone?”

Jessica blushed. “Well, you are my brother's best mate.”

I shifted slightly. Ray and I were still avoiding each other when he was with Donna, and this did not make for a smooth friendship. “So?”

Jessica puffed and glanced over to her bags. “I got this today. I found it in the little lingerie shop in town.”

Jessica pulled out two very flimsy garments, black lacy thin pieces of fabric that barely looked able to conceal anything and rejoined me on the sofa. “What do you think?”

I readjusted my shorts before it became obvious and smiled. “They look great. But I'll need to see them on before I make a proper judgement.”

Jessica laughed and smirked. “I'm sure you would. I could slip them on over what I am wearing.”

“Oh that wouldn't work,” I replied airily. “To get an appreciation of the item you would need to see it in all of its glory,” I teased and Jessica's face twisted into a playful expression.

“Unlucky. I can't flaunt myself in front of you. As I said before, you're like a little brother.”

I stood up next to her and was a good few inches taller. “Oh, and less of little.”

“That's what Vanessa said,” Jessica said and I groaned.

“What did she say?”

“Not sixteen inches but not small either.” I blushed and Jessica grinned. “Of course Isobel was asked all sorts of questions and said you were very good at going down on her.”

I went bright red. "She said what?" I asked and Jessica burst into laughter. She bit her lip and finished her glass of water, left over from the meal.

"That you knew how to use your tongue. Vanessa was very interested, I can tell you."

"Oh really. Perhaps I should ask her out on a date," I replied facetiously and Jessica nodded.

"Yes. Do. I think she will like that, she's very lonely at the moment."

I snorted. "I wasn't serious!"

Jessica shrugged and stretched out on the sofa. "She had had a bad few months and she could do with being taken out. She likes you. Not as boyfriend material maybe but she does like you. You have your mother's outlook in life." She waited for me to smile and then licked her lips. "She was talking to Isobel about you the other day and she asked Grace after you 'cause she was thought you didn't find her pulling your shorts down funny."

"I didn't at the time," I said with a smile. "It was unexpected." She beamed at me and shrugged. "Just wish I could do the same to her."

"Yeah, well, she likes you. Most of the girls do, 'specially after doing all the photos and ..." She paused and waited for me to go to respond and then giggled. "Although it might just be 'cause you are the boss's son!" She laughed as my face fell slightly and I snorted. I was stunned. After spending so long chasing Abi and Sarah, and getting nowhere quickly, it was an alien concept to me to find that someone of the female persuasion might actually like me! She shrugged. "Some nights are slow," she muttered. "We do talk backstage, y'know!"

"So anyway, this underwear," I replied, returning the subject back to her lingerie.

Jessica laughed. "You really would like to see it?"

"Oh yes," I added with raised eyebrows and began to feel the back of my mouth go dry. She was my best friend's sister, but she was one of the most beautiful girls that I knew. "I think you'll look great in it!"

Jessica glanced at the door and then her lingerie and grinned. "OK then. But you are not to tell Ray."

"I wouldn't dare," I promised and Jessica got up and went into the kitchen. I tried to peer through the archway but she positioned herself where my line of sight meant that I was unable to sneak a glance, no matter how hard I tried although ensuring I still looked nonchalant.

Jessica returned in the underwear smiling profusely, looking for a reaction from me; she got it. The black see-through bra proudly showed her nipples, and her G-String displayed her shaved mons and pert rear. She giggled as she looked at me, and cut me a coy look.

"So?"

"I think it is wonderful," I muttered. "Amazing."

Jessica gulped and rubbed her nose, looking at my crotch. "It makes you ... turned on."

I nodded and watched as she swung her hips from side to side in front of me, and did a twirl. Her lightly-coloured hair bounced outwards as she did, and she took the bobble out so it flowed freely to her bosom.

I touched my shorts, and gulped; Jessica was sexier than she ever was as bikini-clad Jenny. "It's not Burlesque is it?"

Jessica laughed. "I am doing the odd normal shift. And in the private rooms." She waited for me to say something and raised her eyebrows. "Law's expensive and it's an easy way

to pay to get a degree." I nodded and she looked at my eyes tracing over her body. "So what would you do if we were in a private room?" She asked and I shrugged.

"What would I be able to do?" I asked, my eyes not leaving her wonderful body.

Jessica smiled. "The law is that we don't touch the punters and they don't touch us. But in the private rooms, it's all a bit blurred as, if we know the guy, then we can do what we want as long as they pay for it." She smirked as she spoke and she shrugged. "There are probably half-a-dozen girls there who wouldn't make a bit on the side doing whatever. The rest of us definitely would."

"Would you?"

Jessica sniffed. "I probably wouldn't fuck someone, but I've done other things." I gulped and stared at her which caused her to grin. "For a good man like yourself, I'd wander over, touch you and then watch you squirt."

I gulped again and she smiled, wiggling her lips and running her hands down me. Her touch felt electric and I watched as she undid my shorts and forced it from underneath me. She looked at my erect cock and then at me with a smirk. She reached down and sat down next to me, glancing up and touching it.

I groaned, watching her as her hand slipped over my cock and began to gently pump it. She licked her lips and smiled at me with a grin. "That's nice," I muttered and reached over to her, but she slapped my hand away.

"My treat," she said. "For being so nice. And I've got to christen my new lingerie."

I tried to smile, but her light touch that was dancing over my erection was too erotic; I had not had sex since Abi a couple of days previous and was full of pent up lust. I sniffed and took deep breaths, catching a smirk of the scantily-clad Burlesque dancer out of the corner of my eye.

I closed my eyes and threw my head back, looking towards the ceiling, feeling the tension across the backs of my testicles. It was unreal; Jenny was untouchable as Ray's sister, but as Jessica she had an exquisite touch. I sighed and grunted, feeling the point of no return.

Jessica beamed and stroked my shaft quicker and quicker, feeling the tensing of my cock. I sighed as I exhaled and a spurt of semen left my member and onto her hand. She picked up a tissue from the coffee table and caught the last few waves before cleaning up her hand and looking at me.

"I do that," she whispered and smirked. "For all my horny young men."

"And ..." I wanted to ask how much she would charge but she looked into my eyes and I realised that I didn't want to know. She may be Jessica sat next to me, but she was also Jenny and Ray would be devastated if he knew his sister was prostituting herself. I licked my lips and just nodded. "I'm just going to get cleaned up," I whispered, an act which caused Jessica to giggle. I ran up the stairs and closed the bathroom door, panting as I bathed my cock in warm water, and washed my hands.

What had just happened? Was I that surprised to find out that Jenny was up to naughtiness in the club? What about Abi? I had more questions than I had answers and returned to the lounge to see Jessica dressed and holding out a cup of tea for me.

"You look scared," she teased.

"It's, um, a little unexpected," I told her, hesitating as I spoke. "And ..."

"I'm not expecting anything," Jessica told me and looked into my eyes. "I'm not attracted to you." She shrugged and needlessly apologised. "I forget that it's a different world in the club. I'm not wanting to take the place of Isobel," she promised and I raised my eyes; there

was only one person who could do that, and she was in Wendover.

"It's not that, I just always saw you as, um, an impossible dream," I admitted. She giggled again and looked at me.

"It was just a handjob," she dismissed with a wave. "All men love it but it's just a wank."

I nodded and cleared my throat "What about Ab ... I mean Isobel? Does she still offer herself? You said all the girls were prostitutes one way or another, what about Isobel?"

Jessica looked at me, and my mind flashed back to the number of condoms in her wash bag while we were in Scotland. "You like her don't you?" I nodded and she smiled. "Very sweet really. But if you like her, does it matter?" I went to speak but she shook her head. "I will say that she hasn't run off to the Welly as far as I know." I looked blankly at her and she clarified her comment by calling it "The Wellington Arms. Cheap rooms. Very popular with some of the girls." I nodded and she just shrugged. "But if you like her, like you say you do, does it matter?"

"No," I told her. "I guess it doesn't. I just want to know."

Jessica sighed. "Well if it doesn't matter, let it be," she advised. "Can't do anything 'bout it, can you? She's a lovely girl but gets very excited. But if it really bothers you ask her, but I don't think she'll want to tell you. I mean, I know she didn't used to but these last couple of weeks, her attitudes changed slightly."

I left her comment hanging there, and Jessica received a phone call from her friend. She looked over at me. "He said he has just picked up his toolbox from home, he'll be here in ten minutes," she announced and I smiled. "I'll be out of your hair."

"Sure, we'll wait in your car if you want, it's a nice day."

Jessica smiled and nodded. "Sure." I heard the front door being unlocked and glanced at the clock; I guessed it would be Rhea. The person came bounding up the stairs, clearly two at time, before bursting into the lounge just as Jessica and I were getting ready to leave.

"Oh not another one," Rhea muttered to me and I sighed. "How many girls on the go? It's getting embarrassing now."

Jessica laughed. "This is Ray's sister, Rhea. Her car has broken down."

"Ahhh, so you were oiling her pistons," Rhea said with a grin and I groaned, tying my laces.

"You have such a dirty mind," I moaned and Rhea glared at me.

"There are pistons in a car, ya know," she told me and walked into the kitchen.

Jessica turned to me with a smile. "So how many girls in the go? Isobel obviously."

I spluttered. "None," I said firmly. "Just a couple of friendships, that is all." She shrugged.

"You have grown up so much in the last few months," Jessica mused and cocked her head to one side. "I like it, but not a word to Ray."

I promised her that I would remain silent, and we wandered down the fire escape with her shopping, to sit in her car awaiting the arrival of her friend, who dutifully pulled into Exchange Close a few minutes later parking alongside Jessica's stricken vehicle. He gave her a kiss on the cheek, which was returned, and opened the bonnet, fiddling around inside.

Every so often he would make an "ahhh" or an "ooh" before retrieving his torch and told me to hold it. He blew some aerosol into the car and asked Jessica to retry. When it didn't, he swore, rubbed his chin and told her that she needed a new battery or alternator and got

some jump leads to start her car from his battery. My suggestion of the latter two hours previous was somewhat vindicated, although I had no idea how to jump start a vehicle and watched.

I was left with my thoughts as he did this and Jessica's car burst into life. I bit my lip as she got out, thanked me for dinner and then climbed back into her battered vehicle.

To say that Jessica was a bombshell wouldn't be an exaggeration. I waved her off and she blew me a kiss. Of course, it meant nothing, but it was my first truly one night stand, of sorts, and in some ways one of my biggest fantasies. As Jenny she had been unattainable, unachievable and very desirable sister of my best friend: an erotic, teenage pipedream, a complete fantasy and nothing more. Whereas Jessica was just playing with my cock and writhing in pleasure. I wanted to see her again, not as a partner but as a playmate but she had already told me that it was a one-off and I suppose I should have been relieved at this; my life didn't need complicating any more.

I spoke briefly to Sarah, she was off to Tenerife the following day for a week and I wished her a good holiday. She said that neither Kevin nor Donna had bothered to ring her and this briefly cheered me up, but then felt guilty for enjoying the thought of Sarah's boyfriend and best friend neglecting her. Sarah was my friend and it was not good if I was revelling in her discomfort.

Her mother had spoken to her about the photos and wanted to know if I had pressured her into posing for me. Sarah had to explain that she wanted explicit photographs taken of her, and she complained she was most embarrassed about having to make the admission. Her mother had told her not to take any more, but Sarah, being Sarah, had no desire to listen and implored me to do a repeat photo shoot when she returned from holiday.

Saturday was a dull, boring day. Abi had driven to Scotland to see her parents directly after the team meeting, and although I offered to go with her again, she decided she didn't need my brand of patient negotiation and diplomacy. My comments to her family were still at the forefront of her mind and I wished she could see past that; Moira was pure poison and Abi shouldn't face that alone.

I visited the bank as I didn't have time that day before due to Jessica, cleaned the club, then rang Ray (who wasn't in), rang Zoe (who also wasn't in) and even thought of wandering down to the park to try and find someone for a game of football but it started raining heavily. Even Rhea had something to do and places to go as she disappeared out of the house and then stayed in her room all day.

This gave me time to reflect about Jessica and the more I thought about the more I felt guilty. Sure, Abi and I weren't partners but were very close and were screwing each other. I wondered what she would say; I knew she was encouraging me with Sarah, but that was different: she was telling me to enter into a relationship with her. Jessica was a million miles away from being anything other than some playful teasing. My initial elation was turning into desolation and I needed someone to lift me from my misery.

Mum noticed I was moping about the house, and after shouting up the stairs for Rhea to "turn that bloody noise down," asked if I could help her out in the club. I readily agreed and went down with her, tidying up and restocking the fridges and helping her to tidy up the office.

It wasn't what I wanted to do on a Saturday afternoon but it was better than doing nothing, although Mum left two giant bins of empty beer bottles that needed sorting into their respective recycling bins to one side. "Ikenna can do that on Monday," she announced as she looked at her watch and we wandered upstairs to have some dinner.

Rhea was strange at dinner time. If I didn't know better I would have thought that she was

“up to something” but then Rhea was always up to something so I shouldn't have been surprised. I went to pick up a roll as I sat down and was chastised by Mum – I hadn't washed my hands and had been handling cleaning products. I groaned and had to troop upstairs; Mum had knocked through the toilet facilities next to the lounge into the club when I was fourteen as part of some “remodelling” and returned to find Rhea had taken four of the bread rolls although she claimed she had only had two. There was no way she could have eaten the other two so quickly, so what was she playing at?

Rhea disappeared after dinner and I was left with no company again. I briefly spoke to Jessica when she arrived and asked her about her car and Zoe returned my call in the evening: she had been out with Ingrid and Rosie and asked if she could come around after church the following day. I promised to take her out somewhere to eat and she groaned at me. “You know I don't like you spending money on me.”

“Yeah, but,” I started and then suggested a picnic, which Zoe did agree to, before I had an early night in bed.

* * * * *

I was the first to wake and Rhea was still in bed by the time I had returned from the club at midday. Mum was reading the paper when I arrived and she grabbed her car keys when she saw me. “Come on,” she said as I reached for some bread to make a sandwich. “Help me do some shopping.”

I gestured at the bread with my hands. “Can I make a sandwich first? I'm starving, I just want something before Zoe comes 'round.”

Mum sighed. “It's Sunday. All the shops shut early on a Sunday. And I got a private function in tonight,” she moaned and I ate my cheese sandwich in the car. Why she couldn't have asked Rhea for help I do not know!

I got a few extra bits and pieces for my picnic with Zoe, and my friend duly knocked on my front door at 2pm just as I had finished making up our food. Mum said she had some important phone calls to make and left via the interconnecting door just as my friend arrived.

Zoe looked outside at the wet weather and then back at me. “Some weather for a picnic. Where's Rhea?”

“In her room,” I replied. “She's been there all weekend. And being very noisy with it. I think she is building a time machine or something. She's missing Simon 'cause she's been in a weird mood.” Zoe laughed and I glanced back to the window. “We could always go somewhere with our picnic?”

“Like where?” I sighed and she just pulled the picnic bag over and opened it on the dining room table.

“We could go to the club?” I suggested with a smirk and Zoe shot me a look of disgust. “You could dance on the stage.” Her eyes narrowed. “Oh sorry, yeah, of course.”

“Quite.”

“You're frigid.”

Zoe howled and crossed her arms. “I'm not. Did you speak to Sarah before you left?” I nodded and she smiled at me. “I guessed you would. You know she asked her parents if there was any way you could go?”

I stopped unpacking the bag. “Really?”

“Oh yeah. She said she was going to miss you being around her, although I've said she is very impulsive before.” I did wonder what to make of this; was Sarah actually genuinely

suggesting that a week away from me would make her unhappy? What did this mean to me, should I be excited or concerned? Had she asked Kevin before me, or even at all? Zoe snapped me out of my daydream when she asked me to pass her the crisps which I did. "Of course, you are confusing her."

"Pardon?"

"Well the only reason she doesn't want to be without you is because you are constantly committing immoral acts to her. If you said no then she would be happier and you wouldn't be in sin. Well not as much, there is still the Abi problem."

"Yes, thank you Zoe." I smiled at her unwrapping a cheese sandwich. "I wish you'd leave me alone about Sarah."

"Only because you know I am right and you don't want to hear it."

"OK I don't want to hear it," I agreed with her. "Now can we change the subject?"

"If you just start going out with her, then I'll leave you alone." I rolled my eyes.

"That isn't gonna happen," I told her. "Not while Kev's around. So I have a friendship with some benefits which is fine. Now, will you leave me alone."

Zoe sneezed and looked up at me. "Ahh OK ... sorry, I didn't mean to get at you." She looked around the room and shovelled some crisps into her mouth. "Of course, if you aren't going out with Sarah then you could easily find yourself another girlfriend," she thought out loud and I crossed my arms. "Some nice upstanding young lady who isn't tempted by sin."

"Like you Zoe?" She squeaked as I looked at her and whimpered as my eyes focused on her strange expression. "You know how much you do it for me, and we can try all sorts of immoral acts." I licked my lips, barely suppressing a smirk and padded my arms across the dining room table, leaning over and puckering up. "I know you want it," I muttered with faux-seduction in my voice.

"Stop it," Zoe commanded.

"I've seen your tits," I told her. "I know what bazookas you are hiding under that thin cotton. Tear it off Zoe, set them free. Show them to me."

"Andy, stop it."

"And we can have lots of little Andys and Zoes, populate an entire street. I am going to make you so bow-legged, Miss Matheson."

Zoe backed her chair away and shook her head. "This has gone too far," she squealed and I burst out laughing. "It's silly," she told me and I stretched my arms, sitting back down. "And it's not funny."

"Yeah OK, but it's the point. Just who? Abi turned me down. There's a ... ummm ... a couple of girls." I hesitated as I thought back to Jessica and Vanessa; Jessica was certainly out of my league, but what about Vanessa?

"Who?"

"Just some girls from the club," Zoe shrieked and I cocked my head. "Oh come on Zoe. Every guy likes strippers."

She shook her head and crossed her arms. "You are so immoral," she told me for the umpteenth time. "Just don't go corrupting Sarah any more. She is bad enough as it is and doesn't need it."

I groaned again, looking out of the window as I finished my sandwich. "Could she not be corrupting me?" Zoe sniggered and I looked at her. "Bowling? PlayStation? Game? What

do you fancy?"

Zoe finished the last of her drink and forced a smile. "HmMMM, well we could see if there is a good film to watch."

"Or a massage," I suggested.

"No," Zoe replied instantly.

"It's very nice. Just your back. Help you relax," I told her with a smile but she crossed her arms. "Just a massage, promise. Abi taught me. Well actually she taught me and Sarah. It's not immoral, perfectly respectable."

"A massage?" Zoe asked and I grinned.

"Yeah, come on. We got nothing else to do. We can do it in my room."

"I don't want to get naked," Zoe moaned and I rolled my eyes.

"You don't get naked. Well you don't need to get naked, it's up to you. Sarah does, but that's Sarah."

"I am not getting undressed," Zoe said firmly as she walked up the stairs to my bedroom. "I don't care that Sarah gets undressed for massages. I'm not Sarah."

Zoe smiled when I puffed. "Yeah; I couldn't cope with two of you."

She sighed and I pushed open my door and picked up a towel from the side. It wasn't damp although it was a little cold, but this was fine. I laid it on the bed and gestured for my friend to lie down. "On your front," I told her as she began to climb on and she snarled at me.

"Yes I do know. I don't want you massaging my ..."

"Orbs of plenty," I told her with a smirk and an impertinent glance. "Oh and lose the top."

She glowered at me. "Why?"

I puffed. "Just 'cause you ain't naked doesn't mean I don't need access to your skin."

Zoe's eyes sparkled and she made me turn away as she removed her white T-Shirt and then bounced onto my bed. I turned around to see her white bra strap across her back and she arms tucked in underneath her chin. I moved over to my radio and selected Robert Miles to have on in the background; it was uncomplicated music and turned it down so it was audible but not overpowering.

There was still loads of the massage lotion in the bottles Abi had got me and I picked up the Mango lotion. Zoe sighed as I walked up to her and I stretched out her arms, much to her annoyance. "I can't massage you if you are going to be uptight," I told her, a little too forcefully, and then reached down and snapped off her bra with my left hand. I made a mental note to thank Abi again for that little trick.

"Oi," she cried. "You promised ..."

"Do you want mango lotion on your white bra?" I asked. "I can't see your hooters so just chill."

"That's so crude," Zoe complained. "Hooters."

I shrugged as I poured a generous amount of the viscous liquid in my hand. "OK. Melons then. Tits. Udders. Bazookas. Take your pick. I can't see 'em."

Zoe groaned as I reeled off the list, but then I asked for silence as my slippery hands made contact with her back; she was tense and I had to use all of my recollection of Abi's lesson as my fingers darted over her back.

Eventually Zoe started to relax and I had to pour more lotion onto my fingers as I had massaged most of the original lot away. I felt the beginnings of an erection forming in my pants and I was glad that I was wearing shorts as well as boxer shorts. It made my movement slightly more restrictive as I navigated around the half-naked girl on my bed, but I think Zoe would have been embarrassed if she had seen it and I could hardly get undressed.

Instead, I just heard Zoe sigh and mew in satisfaction as my hands glided effortlessly over her back and down to her rump. I heard a noise and turned to the door, just as Mum pushed open my bedroom door that was ajar and shook her head when she saw us. "You two OK?"

Zoe shrieked from underneath my slick hands. "Grace," Zoe cried. "Didn't know you were coming home."

"Evidently," Mum said with a smirk.

"Mum, it's a massage. We are bored," I told her and Mum put a package on my desk.

"Well done for the GCSEs love," she told me and I smiled.

"Cheers, you didn't need to."

"I know I didn't need to, but I wanted to. And Zoe, are you staying for tea?"

Zoe hummed and I pressed down on her shoulder muscles. She let out a slight, involuntarily groan and coughed. "I better get back soon. Mum's going to do a big Sunday lunch." Mum looked at us again, gave us a wry smile before closing our door. Zoe looked up at me. "Your Mum will think we are doing things."

She shook her body and grabbed the towel she was resting on to wipe the excess liquid onto. "Allow me," I told her and took the towel. There was a sound from behind our door and a degree of shouting. I heard my sister howl and I leapt up and opened my door to see a half-naked Rhea and a fully naked Simon in front of a Twister mat. "Simon," I called out as he frantically tried to find his clothes. "What are you doing here?"

"It's a question I want to know as well," Mum thundered and a topless Zoe appeared behind me.

"Simon," Zoe shrieked. "Why aren't you at camp?" He pursed his lips, looked up and then at me.

"Zoe, why are you naked?" Rhea asked with a grin, her own toplessness not considered by her as she enquired about my friend. "Bro, you are one dirty man-slut."

"Never mind about him," Mum shouted. "What have you been up to?"

"Twister," Rhea replied and Mum crossed her arms. "Well Strip Twister, but the rules are very similar."

"Why isn't Simon at Scout Camp?"

"Ahhh ... well, you see, that was a ..." Simon spluttered as he located his boxer shorts, proudly displaying his bare arse to the room.

"Rhea?" Mum asked menacingly and she shook her head.

"It doesn't matter," Rhea announced but we listened in, as Zoe retrieved her bra and top.

"It does," Mum told her. "Simon can go back to the camp."

"Ahhh ... well that could be a problem."

Mum rolled her eyes and Simon struggled with his trousers. "Well?"

“OK ... there isn't a camp. We made it up.”

“Made it up?”

“There is no camp. We just forged the letter saying there was a couple of weeks ago.” Mum gestured wildly and shook her head. “What?” Rhea asked. “Don't look at me like that. We just wanted to spend a few days together.”

“So Simon crept into your room?” I asked and Rhea shrugged, looking at her naked beau. “Now, do you mind?”

Rhea went to close the door and Mum stopped her. “Rhea. We need to talk.”

“No,” Rhea announced. “You came in without knocking so Simon couldn't get into the wardrobe. So it was unauthorised search and it is illegal,” she said proudly. “Now out.”

Mum swelled up and I looked at my friend. Zoe and I wisely left. “I don't believe her,” Zoe snapped the moment we got back into my room. “You need to do something about your sister.”

“Me?”

“She is seeing you and copying you. And corrupting my brother.” Zoe folded her arms and glared at me. “I mean it, Andy. This has to stop. We are too young. Simon is too young.”

“Well it's Rhea isn't it?” I complained. “I am not responsible for her actions.”

“But you are responsible for yours,” Zoe said firmly. “Grow up,” she barked. “And see that this isn't a game anymore. You doing what you are doing is causing so many problems.” She shook her head and wiped her eyes as she spoke before huffing noisily.

“I am not causing any problems,” I replied, somewhat defensively. “And if you think Rhea needs any encouragement from me to do what she wants to do ...”

“It's the sex,” Zoe spat back, picked up her bag and opened my bedroom door. “You have to learn to think,” she said in a very patronising voice and looked at the floor. “Think before you act. You are messing with Sarah and Rhea is copying you.” She shook her head and straightened her clothes. “I am going to get my brother before he does anything else stupid.”

I groaned as Zoe shut my door; I thought she was being unfair and Rhea was naturally flirtatious. She needed no help from me to flaunt herself and Simon was her boyfriend. They would both be fifteen within a few weeks and Zoe was being unreasonable if she laid all the blame at my door.

Rhea and Simon had to take responsibility too, but she clearly had forgotten about this. I picked up my phone and thought for a moment; I needed to speak to Abi and ask her if she thought that our open displays of affection and lust were leading Rhea into misbehaviour. I thought not, but I needed the voice of experience, but Abi was in Scotland.

I came out of my room just as Zoe was dragging Simon away. He protested loudly as his big sister pushed him down the hallway and Mum set upon Rhea. My sister was still not fully dressed although mercifully for Simon, he was and Zoe shot me an angry look as she descended down the stairs.

“This is so unfair,” Rhea cried. “You had no right to come into my room,” she thundered and went to slam the door.

“I had every right. Now what the hell has been going on?” Mum demanded and looked at both myself and then Rhea.

“I had no idea,” I told her and Rhea crossed her arms over her bare bosom.

“That is true,” Rhea told her. “He was too busy with all his sluts. But this is unfair. Simon

and I want to spend some time together and all we get is problems and aggro. It's a flamin' disgrace."

Mum wagged her finger at my sister. "Perhaps if you just asked like normal people," my sister was told. "Perhaps if you weren't so deceitful we could trust you and we would let you."

"Oh come on," Rhea snapped and glared at me. "You let Andy do what the fuck he wants but if I so much as fart out of place I'm in the shit. How else am I going to get a few days with my boyfriend?"

Mum glanced at me and I left the room; I knew exactly what my underhand sister had done and did not want to bear witness to the inevitable shouting match that was about to follow.

I opened the box that Mum had got me and smiled; a book on how to do glamour photography, and I shut my door to sit down and read it.

* * * * *

"I can help," Rhea suggested to me the following morning as I returned to the kitchen after cleaning the club – there had been a private function on although the club barely looked like it had been touched so it didn't take long. "I won't be any trouble." I laughed at the very thought of Rhea doing as she was told but she looked at me with a serious expression.

"You're serious?" I exclaimed and she nodded with a smirk on her face. "You must be joking."

"Well Mum's grounded me," Rhea moaned and sighed. "I am not allowed to 'leave these four walls,' which is bloody ridiculous. But the club is within these four walls so there is some relief. But I'm bored."

"Bored?"

"Yeah bored. I got some Maths work to do for the next term which I might do, I just don't want to do it stuck in the flat. Come on, Andy, I'll behave."

I stretched and thought; Mum would not want Rhea to be in the club, but was it fair to force her to spend all day on her own? My sister looked at me, clearly trying to work out what I was thinking and grinned. "Of course, I could just be left here and then I'll just go out anyway."

I groaned. "Why do you do this to me?" I asked and thought. "OK. Go out, Mum'll shout at you not me." I stood up and grabbed my camera.

"No Andy," Rhea called and followed me through the interconnecting door.

"Rhea go home," I shouted as I reached the bottom of the stairs. "Go."

"No. Andy, listen!" I didn't respond until we got down to the club and she looked at me triumphantly. "See, that wasn't hard to let me in."

"Rhea, this really ... Mum'll not be happy."

The brown-haired whirlwind sat down at a table with a multitude of papers as I put the keys I had been given down on the stage and started setting up my camera and tripod.

"Excellent," Rhea announced, looking at me checking my angles. "What've ya got to do to get a drink 'round here."

"Go home," I told her assertively. I glared at her as Susie and Ikenna appeared.

"Oh hello Rhea," the bar manager called from the other side of the club. "Didn't know you were coming."

"Neither did I," I moaned.

Rhea looked at me and then at Ikenna. "Just doing some Maths work, Andy said I could come."

I went to argue but the tattooed barmaid of Susie approached the stage and asked if I was ready, and by the time I had spoken to her, Rhea had got herself a drink and was busy doing her Maths work.

I had never seen Susie naked, or thought of her sexually, but she wanted a number of pictures of the artwork that adorned her young body, and she just disrobed by the side of the stage.

I saw Rhea's eyes wander as she watched Susie get undressed; she had had even more tattoos inked on her from when I last saw her. A complex array of twisted roses covered her right arm, while blue birds and fishes covered the left arm. Two black and white birds appeared to be fighting over her navel, while a musical score was inked underneath her belly button. Coming from the belly button was a dagger that plunged into a flower painted around her pussy and over her mons. There were words and symbols dotted around her body, and each breast was covered with a five point red star – the centre of which being her nipple. "Aaron reckons these are well sexy," she told me as I zoomed in on her fighting birds.

I hummed as she turned around and I captured her rear and back on film, before honing in on each tattoo. It took no more than ten minutes and Susie blew me a kiss as she left. "Have you had her yet?" Rhea called out as I loaded the next film into my camera.

"No," I called out and jumped down from the stage. I had fifteen minutes helping Rhea with her homework, and providing her with another drink, before Gemma arrived and got changed.

Gemma openly admitted that she did not want to be a stripper and longed for her first teaching post, but she was very sexy in her underwear. She too had a couple of tattoos on her body – a blue-black star on her waist and a floral pattern running down her left flank. "Hey," Rhea called and walked over to us as I took my tenth picture.

"What?" I asked and she picked up a chair, holding it over her head and passing it to me on the stage. "Use that as a prop. It'd be much sexier. Lean over it."

I stared open-mouthed at my smirking sister when Gemma interrupted my thoughts. "Gee, good idea Rhea."

"Yeah, thanks Rhea," I muttered and watched as the black haired girl pouted seductively over the club chair, before sitting the "wrong way" on it. Rhea called out and disappeared in the back, grabbing my keys before returning a minute later, exclaiming loudly. "Oh, what now?"

"You have a costume store, use it." I scowled at her and Rhea shook her head. "When we did Barnados at the school play and we had to produce our own costume, Mum found one. This one."

I turned to Gemma with a sly look. "She played the man who turned a kid away to die." Gemma laughed, but Rhea passed a top hat and a cane to lingerie clad woman.

"Wear that," Rhea told her and climbed onto the stage. "Be classy." I watched as Gemma was suitably arranged by Rhea on stage. My sister pointed at me, directing me to her left a few paces and then jumped down and dulled some of the lights. "And action."

"Rhea. This isn't a film," I told her.

"Just do as you are told," she snapped. "Or you won't get paid." I shook my head and looked through the viewfinder. Rhea had done a good job in arranging Gemma, but told her to increase the lighting slightly, which she did and I took the picture.

“Now can you do your work please?” I asked her, a little aggressively and Rhea pranced off the stage back to her work. I had several naked pictures of Gemma, but before too long, I had used up my film and the seductive girl sauntered over, still bare to ask when I wanted my lesson.

“Is that sex education?” Rhea asked and I couldn't help but laugh.

“Maths,” I corrected her and helped myself to a lemonade which I exchanged for a coin which I left by the till. Ikenna called for help and while I was waiting for Elena, helped him bring in several heavy pallets of alcohol that had just arrived.

“Just need to check it off,” Ikenna moaned at the dozen piles in front of the bar. “And take it to the store room.”

I went to offer to help, but my next appointment turned up on time and so I sent an annoyed Rhea to assist. I was pleasantly surprised, in between zooming in on the German girl's shaved crotch, I could hear Rhea being genuinely accommodating and assisted Ikenna with his task of checking the delivery and restocking the store room.

Elena was a pleasant girl and I got to speak to her once we had taken the pictures. She was new so I barely knew her, but she had come over with her boyfriend and found that her job as a care home worker was not paying well enough and had turned to stripping as a way of supplementing her income.

I noticed a cross on the end of a pendant nestling in between her bosom and thought instantly of Zoe; Elena seemed very calm and agreeable, and could easily see my conservative friend getting on well with her – Elena's “immorality” aside.

Rhea giggled the moment Claire appeared on the stage; completed naked except for a pair of a glasses. Her blonde hair that came to the back of her neck was akin to Zoe's. It was where the similarity with Zoe ended, as Claire had previously confided in me that her purposes of the naked photos was to amend her card that advertised her “services.”

Claire was a part-time escort, who also dabbled in the odd pornographic film, and she pranced on stage with a handful of outfits. She held out two see through garments – one black and one red – and looked at me. “Which one?” She asked. “I can't decide.”

Rhea looked up and twisted her face. “Black one. It'll look much better with your hair.” My sister turned up at the bottom of the stage and looked at her. “Do you do much geeky girl-next door work?”

“Rhea, this is not an adult careers service!” I told her.

“Just as well. As you don't have the temperament to be a photographer around naked women. I'm going to reassign you to do naked men.” I scowled at her and Rhea crossed her arms, looking at Claire. “You just can't get the staff these days.” She turned to Claire. “You do look very librarian or school teacher with your hair like that.”

Claire bit her lip. “I know. Some men love it.”

“Rhea, piss off,” I waved towards her work sat on the table and smiled at her. Rhea muttered under her breath and I turned around to face Claire. “Sorry,” I muttered and started capturing her beauty – both nude and covered in lingerie.

I readjusted myself the moment I saw Katie; the blonde-haired girl had transformed herself from being an approachable 20-something year old to a fierce dominatrix in the changing room, and I wasn't sure if her “look” didn't scare me slightly.

“Ahh wow!” Rhea cried from the other side of a pile of leaflets that she was straightening on the bar for Ikenna. Katie held out a whip and smiled towards my sister. “I got to get me-self one of those.”

"I'm sure she's already got one," I muttered and began to photograph the scary dominatrix as requested. She wore black leather short shorts and a leather basque, as well as matching boots and gloves, and I thought Sarah would look wonderful in them. I wondered how much the outfit would cost to buy.

Katie was very chatty after we finished and she got changed. Rhea stopped her with a drink and my sister seemed desperate to talk about what she did for a living; I think the thought of caning young men seemed to appeal to Rhea. "It's awful," she told my sister. "All the punters want to do is turn up and tell me what to do. I mean, I'm a dom, I don't get told what to do. I want to listen to their limits and then do the session, but instead I'm merely an actress playing their games." I looked up at the blonde girl, now resplendent in her jeans again, sipping her drink and looked up at Rhea. "I mean, I can't complain. It's decent money but I don't want to do it forever."

I sat down next to her and moved her coat around the back of the chair. "Yeah, but I think Andy was very fond of you in your leather outfit."

"It's a basque," Katie told her and leant back on the chair. "And he would do. He's a guy, so he thinks with his cock."

I looked at my gleeful sister who smiled. "I know. Did I tell you I came home one day and all I could hear was 'fuck me harder' coming from his bedroom. All he does is chase prick teases from College."

"All men are the same," Katie continued and downed her lemonade.

"I am here you know," I interrupted and Rhea giggled.

"I need to shoot, I got an appointment in half-an-hour," the dominatrix announced and I took the dirty glass from her. "Thanks for the drink. And the photos."

"Don't even think about," I told Rhea the moment I sat back down at the table. It ..."

"...sounds like the perfect job. I mean, come on, getting paid to whip and spank dirty men. And paid well. I do that stuff for free, hitting people. To think I could get paid and ..."

"I think you should do your homework," I finished for her and picked up her Maths work. Rhea sniffed and peered over the paper as I read what she had written. "Question eight is wrong," I told her and put it on the table to explain to her where she had gone awry.

Madison, a Goth-looking girl, appeared and had almost as many tattoos as Susie. She had Rhea help her apply her bright make-up on the eyes before I shot her; she was being a poster girl for some erotic body art exhibition and wanted some better photos for their promotional literature, which meant the photos were not that erotic.

Autumn, the oldest woman at the club (she was in her early thirties) also did not desire anything too pornographic. She said she wanted to get her body on camera before everything "went saggy" and the Patsy Kensit-lookalike was well known for being a bit of a mother to the girls. Autumn stayed for Hannah's photo shoot and claimed that Hannah was her "adopted daughter."

The blonde girl needed some help getting into her outfit, and I was told that I was "rushing them" when I asked if they were ready. I wasn't, but I did wonder if allowing thirty minutes per person was enough; I wasn't a professional photographer and I did notice that some of the girls were struggling to get ready in the time allotted and get the shoot done. That said, there was nothing to stop them from coming an hour prior to get ready and just go on stage for their half-an-hour.

Chloe, a daughter of an Oxford professor had not done any of her make-up at home and just disappeared into the changing rooms for half-an-hour, with Rhea, to get ready. I liked Chloe – I don't think she ever stopped smiling – and her photos were for her new

boyfriend, who played football at Sarah's favourite club. I briefly wondered what her new beau would make of her working as a stripper when she read my mind. "And I met him here."

I shrugged, took the pornographic pictures she desired and made no comment; it was not for me to pass judgement. It did occur to me how many different "types" of women worked at the club. I had already known this but Susie and Madison were a million miles away from Autumn and Elena! They all wanted their photos for different reasons and all had different stories to tell. All of which I found interesting.

"Hey Andy," Ikenna called. "Could you give me a hand if you got a minute? I got to sort out half-a-million bottles." He pointed towards a giant bin full of empty bottles and nodded.

"Yeah give me ten minutes," I replied, checking my camera and setting it on the tripod.

"I need to do it before opening. Whenever you are ready. Or Rhea." He looked hopefully towards the table that my sister had called home. I nodded and turned to the stage when I heard movement behind the curtain that led to the changing area.

"Be one minute," Angel called in her foreign accent and poked her head around the curtain, glancing towards my sister making her way from the toilet. "Rhea, you help me. Please." I turned to see a topless girl pleading for my sister's help and watched as the jubilant minx bounce across the room, climb up onto the stage and join the half-naked dancer.

Angel arrived a few minutes later in a bright pink, PVC corset that traced her curves seductively and with thick black vertical stripes. She was also wearing black PVC knickers and black stockings and thanked my sister getting down from the stage.

My sister nodded and looked at the heavily made-up girl with long black, wavy hair and impossibly bright pink lipstick. She looked almost doll-like and hardly moved freely across the stage. "What photos do you want?"

She looked at Rhea and then at me. "Me. I undress a bit, you take them." She waited for a response from me and looked seriously. "I want work from big studio, ya?"

Rhea smiled and held out a cloth. "Do you want me to polish it again?"

Angel laughed and felt her corset, sliding her hands down it. "Don't," I told my sister, realising what she was offering. "If you do that then all the photos will have problems with light bouncing off of it." I loaded the first film into the camera and ran my hands through my hair. "If you don't mind I will use two films with you. I think I might have problems with the light and I want to make sure I get a decent set of pictures." Angel hesitated and I looked at her. "I won't change you double," I promised. "So I know I won't make anything on you, but if I don't I could end up not having enough pictures."

"Thanks," she breathlessly muttered and I nodded towards Rhea. I had a suspicion that Angel's photo-shoot would be extremely erotic and had no desire to subject my sister to that.

"Can you give Ikenna a hand with those bottles now?"

"What bottles?" My sister asked in an annoyed tone. She looked towards Ikenna pushing out a bin and gesturing towards it. "Oh."

"I just got to sort them into colours for the recycling. There's ..."

"...bloody loads." Rhea looked at me and sighed. "Yeah OK. But only because it's you!" She jumped down from the stage and helped Ikenna push out the blue bin to the back yard and towards the giant bins kept alongside Ikenna's car.

I walked over and turned down the lights on the stage; I could see the shininess of Angel's

clothing reflecting the light in all directions and I knew that I had to limit the light sources and make sure that they were not perpendicular to the camera.

I had to keep adjusting my camera and my position as, with every shot I wanted to do, she would move slightly and a crease on the clothing changed the refraction of the light so that it was bouncing directly into my lens.

The lights around the stage were bright, and so with every pose, Angel had to stay still as I danced around her with my camera, changing the lens or filters as required. She tried hard not to laugh but I know I would have looked ridiculous.

True to my word, I did use two films and in the end, probably didn't need to; I had played with the lights sufficiently to drop the ones I didn't want to be on and the young buxom girl looked fine. I got as close to her as I could and captured her sullen look, and then enticing expression as she managed to peel off her basque.

I had to help her with some of it (I was glad Rhea wasn't around) and she too used the chair that Rhea had helpfully given to Gemma to pose. Rhea arrived back into the club just as Angel and I were finishing and Rhea seemed almost annoyed that there was no place for her to go and help, flouncing down on the chair in front of her work. "Wanted to see that," she moaned and I stretched.

"Only Scarlet left now. Mum'll be home soon," I told her and she glanced at her watch.

"Are you fucking Scarlet?" Rhea asked and I shook my head with a scowl. "Oh, it's just that you want to get rid of me," my sister deduced. "So you must be up to something. But after Abi, Sarah, Zoe, surely there's not room for any more."

"She is a nice girl, friends with Heather and Isobel."

Rhea screwed up her face as she rose from the chair. "And who the hell is Heather and Isobel?"

I sighed. "Oh some people I know," I muttered non-committally and watched as Rhea exited the club via the back door; she had done her work and I think was getting bored again. In which case a bored Rhea is a dangerous Rhea and I was glad my little sister had left.

Scarlet was certainly one of my favourite dancers as she had a gentle and calm disposition. I never saw her excitable or angry, just always smiling. She looked and behaved like a respectable young woman. In fact, I would have thought that few people, meeting her for the first time would ever have guessed that she worked in the adult industry.

"Andy," she cooed, her brown hair bouncing as she walked. "I want some half-naked and some clothed photo. Is that OK?"

I nodded and told her that it was, and she thanked me with a friendly smile. I watched as she wiggled off to get changed. Scarlet had a long, sweeping black dress that covered her wonderful body tightly. She swept her hair back before taking the pictures.

She was wearing a dark red lingerie set, and I finished the film before I had taken all the shots I wanted. She gulped as I looked at her. "You were too beautiful; I've been snap happy," I complimented the half-naked dancer and she rubbed her nose, as I loaded my last film.

She hesitated. "I'm not sure if I can ..."

"On the house," I finished for her. "It's my fault anyway." She nodded and thanked me, and we used a handful of the props Rhea had found and were discarded on the stage.

I still had half the film left when we had finished and Scarlet peered at me with curious

eyes. "I don't need any naked photos," she told me. "I don't want to stay in the adult industry or do escort work, but ..."

"You want one or two for your private collection?" I finished for her and she nodded with a coy grin.

"Boyfriend," she finished for me. "I have banned him from coming here and he really wants to see me in here. Could you do some 'action' shots? Me dancing and stuff?"

I smiled at her and moved my gear to the side of the stage. "I better jump down and take some from down there," I told her and slid down the four foot jump to stage, landing slightly awkwardly.

"Are you OK?" Scarlet asked concerned as I swore.

"I'm fine," I muttered. "I've done this a dozen times today," I boasted as I nursed my ankle. I hobbled over to the bar and changed the lights, so it was just a spotlight, and put on some music.

Scarlet dressed in a very short blue dress that she found in the clothing store and started dancing provocatively. I took some wide angle shots of her, as well as some close up shots, and Scarlet made it easier by accentuating her moves, and holding them as I framed the image.

I reached the penultimate picture on my second film as she peeled off her underwear and she smiled at me. "I don't want him to see anything else," she told me. "He worries about me." I looked at the little display on my camera and looked back at her.

"I got one more," I told her and she walked over to the side of the stage where I had taken residence.

"May I?" She held out her hands and took the camera from me, sliding it over her head. "Go stand on the stage."

"Me?"

"Yeah, you. Naked." I gulped and walked around to the stairs. She put her hands on my T-Shirt as I went to protest but she just shook her head. "You've seen us all nekkid," she cried and offered a smile. "Oh it's the best thing about being eighteen, you get all away with all sorts. Stop being prudish."

"I'm not eighteen," I complained but Scarlet wasn't prepared to listen and helped me out of my clothes.

I felt a bit nervous allowing her to use my camera but she chastised me for not adopting a pose ("I was looking like a sulky teenager") and I felt very self-conscious as I felt a rush of blood to my anatomy.

I wasn't sure if I wanted an erect picture of me to exist but I had little choice, and heard the naked Scarlet giggle as I leant against the chair with a grin. The camera clicked and I wound on the film to reach the end.

I was a little nervous standing on the stage naked with Scarlet but she just smiled at me and thanked me warmly for all of my efforts.

"It's good of you," she told me as I sat down with her with a lemonade; I was thirsty and Scarlet said she wouldn't object to a Pepsi as I packed away by camera and sorted the films after getting dressed. "Giving up your time to do us girls a favour."

"Ahh well," I gestured as I blushed. "I get to build a portfolio and see loads of pretty girls and ..."

She tapped me on the arm. "It's a generous thing to do. Stop being so modest. All the girls

appreciate it. Even if they are a bit rushed.”

I blushed at her and she just shrugged. “Well. I don't mind,” I muttered and she flashed her warm smile.

“I just want newer pictures for when I need them.” I coughed at her and she bit her lip. “I really want to be an actress,” she told me. “I went to drama school but roles are so hard to come by.”

I smiled at her and she just shrugged. “Loads of bit parts. I was an extra on London's Burning last year and I've done loads of film work, but only once a speaking role.” She beamed as she spoke and then wiped her mouth. “But they don't pay that well so I have to ... work here.”

“Oh. Not enjoy it?”

Scarlet's face twisted. “Well a bit. But I'd rather be a Hollywood actress,” she joked and then watched as my eyes focussed on her low cut top. “And I would happily do nude.” I laughed, but she rubbed her hands. “I don't mind some of it, but the serious money is in the private dances and I don't like doing them. And I certainly don't feel comfortable when there are ten guys and only me. I often get someone else in the room when that happens, but that's scary. And I ain't getting a few extra quid to go down on someone or give a handjob. I don't want that. And I get nothing but grief from Eddie about it. He wants me to go work on his farm but I'm not a farmer's wife.”

I nodded, but had to disagree. My, albeit stereotypical, image of a farmer's wife was someone who was kind, and hard-working – and that fit the description of Scarlet completely.

Scarlet left shortly afterwards and I walked outside just as Abi pulled up her car. I stopped on the fire escape as she parked and waved towards Ikenna, as she got out. “How was Scotland?”

“Ahhh, great,” Abi replied instantly and I smiled. “Got time to make me a cuppa?”

“Yes,” I told her and offered her the black metal structure I was standing on. “You should have let me come,” I told her and her smile mutated into a grin.

“Graeme was there. Do you think it would have been a good idea?”

“Maybe not.” I hesitated for a moment. “I spent the afternoon with another dancer on Friday,” I blurted out. “Do you mind?”

Abi hesitated. “What?” She asked slowly.

“We didn't have sex. But I feel really guilty as I feel like I have cheated on you and ...”

Abi groaned. “Look, Andy. We aren't going out so you go do what you want,” she said sharply and I was a little taken aback by the ferocity of her response.

“Oh, it's just ...”

Abi sighed and put her head to one side. “Sorry, I didn't mean to snap. You cannae cheat on me if we aren't going out. But I am tired, and I am thirsty.”

“OK,” I muttered and unlocked the door.

“Who was it, and was she any good?”

I hesitated and nodded. “Yeah. But not as good as you.” She laughed as I opened the door at the top of our stairs and we went in. “But the real thing I wanted to ask was she told me to ask Vanessa out for a meal. Said she would appreciate it. But I am not sure that this is a good idea. What do you think?”

Abi's grin turned into a chuckle and then a laugh. "Yes. Yes I think it is a very good idea."

"Really?"

"Yeah," Abi said confidently. "Very. I think she is a little lonely and you definitely need the practice."

"Whatever!"

Abi watched as I slid my camera bag off my shoulders and sniffed. "I will be at the interconnecting door at around 10pm later and I will let you in when she's free and the coast is clear. And you can ask but she will say yes. Your Mum needs the cover so I am working tonight."

True to her word, Abi had a drink and a sleep before leaving for the night. I was having whirlwind thoughts all evening, constantly watching and checking the clock. I went out for an hour to take the films to Olivia, who was genuinely amazed at how many films I had to give her. She still wanted to know if I was interested in photographing a couple she knew "in flagrante" (I was) and told to come back in a few days time to pick up the photos.

By the time I got home, I was panicking; why? It was just Vanessa, and she was always playful and friendly, but I didn't really know her. Asking girls out on dates was a traumatic experience and one that I was not looking forward to; I just knew I was going to be laughed at or rejected.

An almost naked Isobel was ten minutes late opening the door and beckoned me inside; I was panicking a bit. "Right, Grace was 'round earlier so just be careful and don't get caught. Vanessa is in the first VIP room on the right. We were in there together and I asked her to wait for a moment as I had something to show her and needed her opinion on."

"OK, Cheers Sexy. What do I say?"

"What do you mean, what do you say?"

"What do I say? I've only asked once and got turned down. Well twice if you include when I was ten but ..."

Isobel gave me a kiss to silence me. "Tell her you like her, she's fun and you want to take her out for a meal. Or cinema. Or whatever you want to do, but don't let her think you expect anything."

"Just like that?"

Abi giggled "Yeah. She'll say yes, I know it." I thanked her and I darted down the hall, knocking gingerly on the door which Isobel had pointed to. It was ajar and I poked my head around the door.

"I'm OK Isobel," the familiar voice of Vanessa shouted and I went in and closed the door softly. The room was bright red, and there a small stage in the corner and a semi-circular sofa that encompassed it. Vanessa was dressed in bright blue lingerie that left little to the imagination and she was leaning on a little sink in a side room washing her hands. I noticed a little tattoo on her lower back and it drew my eyes to her obscene underwear.

"I'll tell you what Isobel, those blokes weren't 'alf pushy. I don't mind them finishing off with a wank, or even wanting a bit of help but I ain't giving 'em a blowie just 'cos they want one. And I got their cum all over me. Shouldn't got a tip for that, fat fucking chance." I stood in the doorway not quite knowing what to say. I felt nervous, my insides were churning and my heart was beating furiously. Vanessa wiggled her hips towards me as she unclipped her bra and then started sopping her breasts with the water. "Hey Isobel?" Vanessa called and turned to see me leaning against the doorway, smiling at her.

“Andy, get the fuck out!” Vanessa squealed. “I’m naked.” This wasn’t quite true, as she was still wearing her G-String but as she slammed the door I took a step back and allowed it to close.

“I’ve come to see you,” I said, slightly too loudly too feel comfortable about.

“Yeah to ogle. You’re not allowed in here, are you? What would your Mum say. Isobel’s really taking the piss ...”

“I’ve come to ask you something.”

I heard muffling inside the room and Vanessa poked her head out. “Pardon?”

“I’ve come to ask you something,” I repeated, my body shaking, and she looked a little shocked.

“What is it? I’ve got cum stains all over my clothing and I want to rinse them before letting it dry. Do you know hard it is to get dry cum out of clothes? And I need to be downstairs in ten minutes. What do you want?”

“Well I was sort of wondering ... if you wanted to ... if you felt like ...”

Vanessa rolled her eyes. “Look love, you’re a great lad, but I don’t just leap into bed with anyone. Well not unless they have a bundle of twenties that becomes my bundle, you know what I am saying?”

Vanessa retreated inside the room and went to close the door. “No, it’s not that. Do you want to go out for a meal sometime, or something? With me.”

The door remained half-closed and Vanessa opened it and then her head reappeared. “What?”

“Do you want to go out some time. With me?”

Vanessa peered at me through squinted eyes. “You want to go out with me?”

I bit my lip and nodded. It felt weird to be asking anyone out on a date; I had not done it before. “Yeah, just a meal at a restaurant or a film at the cinema or whatever. You’re fun and ... well nothing serious. Just spend time and ... you know.” My hands were clammy and I was staring at the foot of the door.

“Wow. I ... um ... well I didn’t see that one coming.” Vanessa opened the door and completely naked nodded and put her arms around me. “Yeah, I’d love to.”

I smiled and embraced the naked girl. “I better go ‘fore Mum sees me,” I told her but Vanessa just wanted to hug.

* * * * *

Mum stood with her arms crossed and stared at me. “I want the truth,” she said with an angry look on her face. “Did you take Rhea into the club when you did your photos?”

“Ahh well,” I hesitated. “You grounded her so she took some homework and just helped.” I gulped and Mum shook her head; she was angry I could tell.

“She is too young to be seeing that,” I was told with a furious stare.

“Yeah, but it’s just nudity. She loves nudity and there wasn’t anything too sexual.”

“She is too young to be in there,” Mum barked and crossed her arms. “I said I was trusting you.”

I sighed. “Just so you know,” I said firmly. “She said she was bored, wanted some company and came down. She did some of the girl’s hair and make-up and the like, she did her holiday homework and helped Ikenna by doing his bottles with him. She was out of

mischief and being helpful.”

“Oi,” Rhea cried from behind Mum. “I am not a three year old. Talk to me not about me.”

Mum scowled. “You know you are not allowed in the club,” she told her forcefully. “It is not a suitable environment for a fourteen year old.”

Rhea sneered and gestured wildly. “Why? 'Cause I might see some nudity? God Mum, you are such a prude. I've seen you naked, Andy, Julie, Simon, Abi, Sarah, Becky, Ray ...” Mum stopped her list with a wave of the hand.

“It's a different environment. Some of the girls ...”

Rhea laughed. “Yeah, they might do a bit of whoring on the side. Or be crude. Are they really any worse than 'fuck me harder' coming from my brother's bedroom?” I blushed as she spoke and Mum glanced at me. “No? Thought not. I spent all afternoon, being quiet, helping your staff for no pay, doing my homework and helping my brother make a bit of cash. I was as good as gold and you are still whinging at me.” Mum went to speak but Rhea snapped. “Don't interrupt,” she barked. “It's rude. You asked me to stop being 'trouble' which I did do and you are still complaining. Fuck sake's Mum, will you work out what you want from me? Simon's worked me out and it's only taken him a few weeks.”

Mum clenched her fists. “You are not to go in the club,” she thundered and glared at her. “You know that.”

“Then you should have let me go to the park instead of grounding me.”

“Well whose fault is that?”

“Yours,” Rhea replied proudly. “If you had been more relaxed with Simon then you wouldn't have made us have to scheme to get him in and then there wouldn't be a problem. And, if the parent had knocked, Simon would have been squirrelled away in the wardrobe and you wouldn't have found him. So it is your fault.”

Mum shook her head and sniffed. “I am not happy about it, Rhea. And you too Andy. I don't really want you going in that club, it's a place for adults not children and Rhea is too young.”

Rhea howled. “I am fifteen next month. Stop treating me like a child.” Mum went to respond but Rhea threw her hands up. “There's no talking to you when you are in this mood,” my sister snapped, and against the demands of Mum, she stormed upstairs to her bedroom.

Mum turned back to me. “See what you've done. Think before you act,” she thundered and wiped her nose. “And what's this I hear about Vanessa?”

I glanced around the room, fidgeting. If she was angry about Rhea going into the club when it was closed then she was about to erupt when she found out about me going into the club when it was open. I waited for the shouting but she glared at me, awaiting an answer. “Ahh well,” was all I could muster.

I certainly wasn't going to drop Abi or Jenny into trouble and she crossed her arms. “I don't know what's got into you these last couple of months. You are bouncing from one girl to another. It was much easier when you just had Paula.” I hummed sheepishly. “Why is it you always pick troubled women?”

“Vanessa's not troubled,” I told her and Mum shook her head.

“She is. Just as Abi and Sarah are. But I wish you well; she was delighted yesterday. Just don't string her along. Or more to the point, don't let her string you along.”

“Mum, it's just a meal, she sounds like she will be fun. We aren't going out or going to have

sex. It's just a date."

Mum shook her head and pursed her lips. "You're growing up so fast," she muttered and I just shrugged. "Your job," she started and cracked her knuckles. "When college starts. I guess you won't want to give it up."

I gulped. "No," I admitted. "I was hoping to keep it for at least the weekends and a couple of days in the week. See what College timetable is like."

Mum bit her lip. "How about Saturdays and Sundays, and one day in the week?"

"Can I not have two?"

"No," Mum replied instantly. "I wanted you to not work, but ... well Ikenna and your father on the 'phone yesterday both said that you would be smart enough to juggle it with your school work so although I am not happy about it, I will let it go for the moment, but on the understanding that if your school work suffers, you lose it."

I nodded and smiled. "Thanks Mum."

"Don't thank me," she said firmly. "You can thank Ikenna. He thinks you are well on your way to being a responsible young man." I blushed and she cocked her head, forcing the briefest of smiles. "But don't get too happy. You're not there yet. You've got some way to go."

* * * * *

"Zoe," I called out as I entered her bedroom. Only Simon was in the house when he let me in, and told me gruffly that my friend was in her bedroom reading.

She started and put the book down as I knocked on her bedroom door, looking at me with fierce eyes. She gulped. "What are you doing here?"

I looked at her book and then at her, sprawled over her bed and glanced around her room. "Those windchimes are new, aren't they?"

"Present," she told me stoically.

"OK, how are you? How's Simon?"

"Simon is grounded," Zoe replied instantly. "And he is banned from seeing Rhea, although he has told me that he has no intention of not seeing your sister." She gulped and she looked up. "So are you happy now? Between you and your sister, you have managed to confuse him and then get him into trouble."

I sat down on her chair. "I know you think that but ..."

"He's my little brother," Zoe interrupted, shouting forcefully. "It's up to me to make sure that no harm comes to him and Rhea is poisoning him."

The door to the bedroom opened and Simon stood there. "Zoe, stop this shouting at Rhea. I know you don't like her."

"She's trouble Simon."

"She's Rhea," Simon replied. "And she is wonderful." I looked at Zoe who puffed out dramatically. "And I know I thought I wasn't able to make her happy, but I think I can now. And she makes me happy. Very happy."

Zoe's scowl deepened. "But Mum said ..."

"I don't care," Simon spat back. "I want to be with her. And I want to spend time with her. That's not Andy's fault and us being naked together doesn't mean that we are having sex. We aren't, so stop thinking that I am doing something wrong."

I gulped and Zoe looked at me. "It's what I came to say. Rhea is missing him," I ventured and Zoe looked at her younger brother with a sigh.

"You need to learn to say no to her, when she is being unreasonable," Zoe countered.

"No!" Simon snapped, looking at my friend in disbelief. "I don't say 'no' to Rhea. She'll eat me alive."

"See what I mean," Zoe told me. "Your sister is bullying him."

"She is not bullying me," Simon replied instantly. "Me going to a fake camp was my idea but it was only so we could spend time together. I told you this before. Stop blaming Rhea for my actions. Or Andy. I did it because I wanted to, why can't you or Mum see this?"

"Because ... because ..." Zoe stammered and gestured wildly at her brother. "Because it isn't you. Rhea is encouraging you," Simon was told.

"You said I have changed 'cause I seem happier. Well, I am. She is very demanding at times but she always makes me smile and she gives the most wonderful cuddles." Zoe blushed and snarled. "Oh come on, you know naked cuddles are so nice Zoe. You did it with Sarah. And I notice, Mum isn't getting angry about that, perhaps you should think about your own skeletons before having a go at me about mine."

"I made a mistake, Simon," Zoe spat back. "I know I made a mistake and I prayed and repented for that. I've not drunk anything since and I apologised to Sarah." I crossed my arms and looked at her.

"That's not quite true," I interrupted "You admitted you enjoyed it."

Zoe shrieked and Simon snorted. "It's OK if you are a lesbian," he told her. "Rhea thinks you might be anyway. She says you are uptight enough."

Zoe's scowl deepened. "I am not a lesbian," she shouted and looked at me. "And what is your sister doing talking about my sexuality?"

"How the fuck do I know?" I responded instantly and looked at Simon who looked at the floor meekly. "It's Rhea all over, isn't it?"

"I don't want people talking about me like that," Zoe said, quite indignantly. "It's not right."

I looked at Simon playing with his hands in the doorway. "I take it you are missing Rhea then?"

Simon nodded and looked at Zoe. "Yeah, I want Mum to just listen to me. And Zoe. But neither of them will. I've said I'm sorry and I shouldn't have been dishonest but she just thinks I am up to something and I am not. We just wanted to spend some evenings together and be a couple – like Mum and Dad. Or Andy and Abi. Or ..."

"See," Zoe told me. "It is your fault."

"Shut up," Simon cried and stared at his sister. "You don't understand. There is something so magical about waking up with your girlfriend. You think you know and you just don't." He ran his hands through his hair and wiped the bridge of his nose, squinting angrily towards my friend. "To have Rhea wake in my arms and to have naked cuddles and kisses and to just spend time without anyone else. It's magical. It's everything. And it's all we wanted but Mum won't let me stay at Rhea's flat and no one trusts us."

Zoe watched spellbound as her brother shouted. "But you are too young Si," she said to an annoyed shake of the head from her brother.

"I am not," he thundered. "I turn fifteen the same week as Rhea. We aren't ready for sex and we aren't going to do it."

"I don't want you tempted, Si. It's not right."

Si sniffed. "Like you were," he spat and glared at his big sister. "One night you were in the same room as Sarah and you did all sorts. We aren't desperate like you. Rhea isn't slutty like that." Zoe gulped and her eyes narrowed. She leapt up and slapped her brother around the cheek, that echoed around her bedroom. I grabbed her arms and pushed her back on the bed and Simon stared at me.

"Stop it," Zoe cried, bursting into tears and she sobbed into her hands.

"You know I'm right, and you won't talk to Mum about it 'cause you are scared for yourself. It's selfish," he told her but Zoe shook her head. She looked up to watch him swear at her and storm into his own room, slamming the door behind him.

I put my arm around my friend and pulled her closer. "He hates me," she sobbed. "I can't believe he'd call me that," she wept into my shoulder. "But I need to protect him. He'll know I'm right, eventually," she said trying to convince herself.

"It's just anger," I soothingly told her. "But maybe he is a bit right."

Zoe pushed me away. "I knew you'd think that. Is it only me that sees sense. He is fourteen."

"He is hormonal, like you. They were wrong to sneak into Rhea's room, everyone knows that, but deep down, is Rhea good for him?"

"No," Zoe said firmly and I looked into her eyes. She shook her head and I raised my eyebrows. "No," she persisted. "Happiness is a long-term goal, not a short-term rush. But you don't understand."

"I do understand. You think I don't want Sarah to be single so I can take her out? Or for Abi to have said yes to me when I asked? So, OK, I might not live to your fucking moral code, but they make me happy. And Rhea makes Simon happy. And vice versa. And yeah, I'm sure Rhea will teach him some tricks; she's like that. But she isn't into drugs, she isn't pressurising him into sex and she has a really good heart." Zoe listened as I spoke, her eyes still fixed on the carpet. "OK, it might be well hidden. Very well sometimes, but it is there."

Zoe's face lifted slightly and she wiped her eyes. "I don't know what to do for the best. Mum asked me about you and Rhea. I mean Simon told Mum that he slept in the spare bedroom but I don't believe him and I know she is going to want more answers. But I can't lie for him, can I?"

I tapped my fingers on her desk. "Remember in Year 7. We went to Isle of Wight on that week-long field trip, and you saw a bird fly into a window on the other side of the hotel. And you went to rescue it, crossing a main road and going where you shouldn't."

"I know what you are going to say," Zoe muttered, pre-empting the end of my story. "But that is ..."

"Totally relevant," I interrupted. "Look, I covered for you with the teachers, as did a couple of others, until you got back with the bird in that shoe box. We lied to teachers and your Mum, for you. Sometimes you have to do it."

Zoe sniffed and looked at me. "Would you do it?"

"Would I what? Lie to Mum?" I sighed and hummed. "Not normally, no. But sometimes, it's not how you get there, it's where you get to. And, to be honest, an unhappy Rhea makes life intolerable for everyone."

Zoe crossed her arms and looked at me. "Simon isn't a windbreak for Rhea's nastiness."

"I think we are not going to agree," I said diplomatically. "Let's just agree that you should do what benefits Simon more in the long run."

She took a deep breath and hummed. "OK. But I don't want him to turn into his Uncle. And your obsession with sex is rubbing off on Rhea and she is rubbing it off on him." I tried not to laugh at Zoe's complicated and unintentional double-entendre but she saw me smirking. "I mean it. It's how he started. And he produces pornography and everything."

I sighed. "I don't think Simon is about to start producing pornography," I promised and looked at her.

"But you are. I saw those pictures, Andy."

I sighed. "Can I take you out for a walk? Or to the cinema?" I asked. "I want to talk and I think you need to clear your head," I suggested and she smiled weakly at me. She agreed and put on her shoes before we walked downstairs. Zoe opened the door and her face fell. Standing in the doorway was Rhea.

"What do you want?" Zoe snapped.

"To see Simon," she admitted.

"He's grounded."

"As are you," I added and Rhea shrugged. "Mum's not let you come 'round here."

"Ahh well yes, she thinks I am in my room," Rhea admitted. "But I slid down the fire escape." I groaned and she looked at Zoe. "I know, I just want to say sorry to him. It was my idea and I didn't think we wouldn't get away with it but we just wanted to." Zoe looked at my sister who wiped her eyes and forced a weak smile. "I've always liked him. I mean, he was the only guy in primary school that wasn't scared of me. And he always looked out for me. So I really don't want him in trouble."

Rhea's confession was abruptly ended when Simon appeared at the top of the stairs and called out her name. They embraced in the hallway in front of Zoe and myself who frowned at our siblings.

"What's this?" The firm face of Emma's mother, her hands laden with shopping looked onto the scene and Rhea cocked her head.

"I want to talk," Rhea sweetly told her. "And I want to say sorry." Emma looked at us and then at Rhea peering back at her. Rhea swept back her brown hair and gulped. "But do you want a hand with your shopping first?"

"Shall we go?" I asked Zoe and pulled my reluctant friend from her house. We chatted in the park, and I desperately implored my friend to stop believing that I was corrupting her brother, or herself. She admitted that she had had a lot of lustful thoughts that she didn't want and then told me she had been reading a very steamy romance novel; sometimes I will never understand female logic.

We ambled back to Zoe's house as Rhea hugged Emma – Simon's mother and apologised again. "I think Rhea is up to something," I whispered to Zoe who looked at me.

"Why?"

"Cause she is breathing," I told my friend and we parted, with me taking my sister home.

"I am forgiven," Rhea told me gleefully. "We both are. We sat down at told her the truth and apologised."

"You told her that you had naked cuddles, and that you got together by Simon getting pissed and asking you out ..."

"Of course I didn't," Rhea snapped. "I told her what she wanted to hear, which for the purposes of this conversation is the truth." I looked at her and she grinned telling me that "Simon spent the night in the spare bedroom" and that he "swept her off her feet with a

grand romantic gesture.”

“What by turning up naked?”

Rhea shook her head. “No. I told you. I've clarified the truth. We've told her what she wants to hear, and that is now the truth.”

“But it isn't,” I told her and Rhea looked up at me with a sneer.

“As far as everyone is concerned, it is. I've just clarified it. I said that. Honestly, don't you listen.”

* * * * *

The day before the start of a new term was always depressing: I used to wonder where the holiday went and was determined to make the best of it only to be slightly downcast by the end of the day that I didn't do something else. The club was having new carpet laid so was closed on the Monday and Tuesday and as a result, I had no club to clean.

Mum and Rhea had sort of rowed when we returned, but Rhea had told Mum that she had gone over to apologise to Simon's parents and they had promised they would not be so underhand again. This blatant lie (or “truth” as Rhea called it) meant that Mum was mildly surprised and slightly impressed by Rhea's maturity and both mothers rescinded the groundings that had been placed on their offspring.

Rhea was, understandably, delighted and crowed as I ate breakfast. “Should try being honest more often,” she told me without a trace of irony and I gave her raised eyebrows; I didn't disagree with the sentiment, but wasn't sure how covering up deception and deceit with lies and dishonesty, before claiming that she was “coming clean” was really a good strategy for being “honest.” If nothing else, Rhea would make a wonderful member of Parliament.

I rang Sarah to ask if I could ride over to see her, and she said she was alone all day unpacking, would love to see me and would prepare a picnic for us in her garden under the willow tree. As a bit of an afterthought rang Zoe to see if she wanted to join us. It was a glorious day and Zoe agreed as long as “the ickiness level between you two stays low,” and 30 minutes later she was waiting outside in Exchange Close while I unlocked our shed door and retrieved my bike.

Zoe was wearing short white shorts and a lightweight white blouse, while I had chosen my skin-tight cycling shorts and a light blue T-Shirt.

“Are you wearing any boxers?” Zoe asked the moment she saw me.

“Well, no. Why would I?” I asked and Zoe bit her lip and went red.

“Well. No monkey-business,” she warned. I chuckled and stepped forward to hug her. “Get away from me,” she hissed.

The road to Wendover is fairly boring for a cyclist, as there are no back roads to meander down and we had to follow the main road, but by 11am we were pulling up outside Sarah's house.

I knocked sharply on the door and there was a slight pause, feet behind the door, and then the front door burst open and Sarah - a very naked Sarah - threw her arms around me and kissed me on the cheek.

“Andy, come inside, get those off and lets have some ...” Sarah said in an excited voice and then added “Oh fuck” when she saw Zoe staring at her on the other side of the door.

“You promised me no ickiness!” Zoe thundered in annoyance and I detached myself from the bare Sarah.

"I didn't know," I defended and Sarah hopped inside.

"Well I thought he would be alone," Sarah whined. "You didn't have to watch!"

"I didn't have a choice. And Sarah you have a boyfriend. You promised me you would start being faithful."

Sarah darted inside and returned wearing a dressing gown. Zoe was still scowling at her and Sarah was returning the frown. "I have an empty house. It is not often I get to have his tongue on me, so leave me alone."

Zoe shook her head and looked at a bewildered me. "You will regret it, stop cheating. You would be heartbroken if Kevin cheated on you, wouldn't you?"

Sarah nodded, and we apologised to an embarrassed Zoe before walking outside to the willow tree while the picnic Sarah had prepared was retrieved.

Zoe was still wondering whether we staged it, but I tried to assure that we hadn't and it was just Sarah being Sarah and very horny. The mention of horniness and hormones had Zoe blushing. "Everyone our age is just enjoying life," I goaded her but Zoe glared at me as Sarah bounded with her basket of goodies.

She flopped down next to us and allowed her dressing gown to open at the front. "Sarah," Zoe muttered, her face full of egg mayonnaise sandwich. "You aren't decent."

Sarah sighed. "I was really wanting some naked time," she told her friend bluntly. "I wasn't wanting you to come and see me."

Zoe spluttered and glared at me. "Well I was invited," she was told and Sarah crossed her arms, before sliding off her dressing gown.

"Sarah," Zoe snapped but my friend shook her head resolutely. "You see what you have done? Sarah would never have been like this if it wasn't for your immorality."

"Oh don't start this again," Sarah cried and took a bite of the sandwich. "If we wanted to be immoral I would be having his tongue on my pussy. There is nothing to be afraid of with nakedness. Didn't your Adam and Eve wander around the garden of Eden with nothing on?"

Zoe gulped. "But that was ..."

"Think of me as Eve," Sarah teased and looked at me. "Where's my Adam?"

Zoe shot me a dangerous look. "Don't you dare." She turned to Sarah and sniffed. "Please Sarah, stop being like this. I know you might like being naked and doing naughty things with Andy but it will devastate your boyfriend and you will regret it." Sarah gulped and looked at Zoe.

"When he will behave as my boyfriend, I will behave like his girlfriend. I told you that." I licked my lips at the naked curves of my friend and Zoe sighed, shaking her head to one side.

"Hey," I called out and looked at Sarah with a mischievous glint in my eye. "We could play Strip Poker."

"Yeah," Sarah cried and looked at Zoe. "Come on Zoe."

"No," Zoe shouted and crossed her arms. "I don't want to be a kill-joy ..."

"You do," interrupted Sarah.

"I don't," Zoe barked. "I just worry about you two. You are both heading for serious disappointment and upset, aren't you?"

Sarah snarled. "And you are too," she told her. "You will reach thirty, be an unhappy

spinster, lonely and with just a dozen cats.”

“I won't,” Zoe scowled and Sarah put her hands on our friend's shoulders.

Sarah kissed her on the cheek and smiled into her eyes. “You won't if I have anything to do with it. Loosen up, Zoe. Let yourself go.”

Zoe shook Sarah off with a shake and glared at me. “It is Simon letting himself go that caused no end of trouble,” she warned and folded her arms. “I've warned Andy, you are both heading for the most almighty of crashes.”

“And as I said, we will have our friends around us to help. Stop being scared to take a risk,” I told her. “There are guys who like you, you know.” Zoe coughed and stretched telling us that she was fine.

The naked Sarah asked about Zoe's comment about Simon and I explained Rhea's underhand behaviour. Sarah guffawed and her eyes twinkled. “Dya reckon we could get away with it here?” I shook my head as Zoe's eyes lit up in horror.

We spent an hour lay under the tree chatting and Zoe spent at least half of that moaning about my sister, complaining that she had told “bare-faced lies” to her mother. Sarah and I shot each other furtive looks; we had been fairly honest with our mothers despite Sarah's misgivings.

“I'm going to take this back and go to the toilet. Can I trust you two alone?” Zoe asked and Sarah glowered.

“Just go,” Sarah cried. “I am not a toddler.”

Zoe watched us she got up, picking up all the picnic things and had barely left from the willow tree when Sarah pounced on me. “Come on,” she cried and lead me up the garden to another overhanging Willow tree and pushed me onto the ground. “I've been waiting all day for Goody Two-Shoes to leave us alone for five minutes, why did you bring her?”

I didn't get time to answer as Sarah had bounced down on top of me, and slammed her globes onto my face, sliding her body around to present her moist slit to my tongue while she slid my cycling shorts down.

“It's sweaty,” she moaned but still slid her tongue over the head of my rapidly inflating cock as I swirled my tongue around her button. She bounced down, rocking her hips from back to front as I slipped along her crack and sucked on her clitoris.

Sarah groaned and angled her body away, so it was harder to reach her clit: it must be too sensitive. I poked her hole with my tongue and then flicked her crack quickly. She tasted as wonderful as ever and her own oral technique was as good as it had ever been: she was almost as good as Abi and sucked the glans.

I sighed; the taboo of doing it while Zoe was around was such an aphrodisiac and I felt myself nearing orgasm. I used my hands to roll Sarah's nipples in my fingers and used my forearms to push down on Sarah's thighs. She gave me access to her clit again and I suckled the little button until Sarah was groaning and writhing.

I felt a rush of adrenaline, and could feel myself at my climax. I muffled into Sarah's shaved slit and Sarah gleefully accepted the contents of my spurting cock.

It took another minute for Sarah to reach orgasm, I flicked her clitoris relentlessly which drove her to a noisy climax. She slumped forward on my legs and groaned as my fingers released her nipple. “Andy,” she cried and I kissed her cheeks. “Thank you.”

“You two,” Zoe shouted from over us. “What is wrong with you two?”

Sarah spun off me and looked up at our friend. “Four minutes. That's all I was. Sarah ...”

"Leave us alone," my naked friend cried. "I shaved myself 'specially for Andy. I like doing 69 with him. He is very good at it."

"But you have a boyfriend," Zoe told her. "I just don't feel comfortable with it."

"Well I do," Sarah snapped. "If it's not me and Andy, you are having a go at Rosie or Simon. Just stop being an old woman. It's 'cause of this attitude that everyone is starting to hate you."

Zoe stared at her friend and turned around. "I'm going home," Zoe cried and strode over to the other willow tree, grabbing her helmet and bag.

"Zoe, I didn't mean it," Sarah moaned but Zoe just looked at her.

"You did." Zoe wiped her eyes and looked at her. "I am only trying to help."

"You are trying to interfere," Sarah snapped. "Repeatedly. So what if I am cheating on Kev. You said you didn't even like him." Zoe gulped and Sarah's scowled deepened. She gestured towards me. "So yeah I really like Andy. He might not be my boyfriend but he treats me like I am his girlfriend and that means a lot to me. You know that and if Andy wanted to ..."

"See you tomorrow," Zoe interrupted, still angry and grabbed her belongings. I hesitated and Zoe looked at me. "You stay with your harlot, I know you want to."

"Oh Zoe," I cried and she stormed off towards the front of the house. Sarah looked at me and I shrugged. "We need to sort her out," I muttered. "But I can't let her ride back on the main road on her own."

"Serve her right to get knocked over and killed," Sarah spat back and saw the expression on my face. "Sorry," she muttered. "Yeah, go back with her. And sorry."

I smiled and grabbed my belongings. "See you tomorrow," I called out to Sarah. "And love you," I said automatically.

"Love you too," came the voice unexpectedly through the garden as I mounted my bike and chased after Zoe.

"Zoe," I cried as I saw her and cycled up to her; she was pedalling like crazy but I caught her up quickly. "Zoe. She didn't mean it."

"She did," Zoe moaned, and looked at me. "And why aren't you wearing your helmet?"

"Cause I was chasing after you." We stopped and I got myself ready to ride back. "Can we go for a leisurely ride down the lanes please?"

"Why?"

"Cause every time I've seen you this last few weeks you've been shouting at me. If it's not influencing Simon and Rhea, it's corrupting Sarah. And I don't want to fight with you, you mean too much to me as a friend to keep fighting with you."

"Well don't ..."

"I will do, and I know you disapprove, but let's leave it at that and have a nice afternoon."

She snorted but once she thought for a moment, was quite keen to go for a little ride before heading back as long as I didn't do anything "stupid." We agreed to go into the countryside past the little villages and onto Tring. Quite a few of the roads were hilly and I got annoyed with my T-Shirt and took it off, tying it to the bar on my bike.

Zoe looked back at me as I caught her back up and shouted something in disapproval. Why was she bothered? It was a hot day! I suggested that she go topless as well but she scoffed at me and rode off.

We stopped off at the top of a little valley after passing through Cholesbury. I was certain we should have turned left towards Tring but followed Zoe. It didn't matter too much, we had three hours until we needed to be home, I just didn't want to be too lost.

We got to the T-Junction and heard voices, excited playful voices in the woods opposite. I looked at Zoe and she smirked.

"Shall we say hello?" I asked and Zoe grinned.

"You just want to say hi to someone when you are half-naked."

"So. You could be half-naked also."

Zoe shot me a dirty look, but we dismounted from our bikes, pushed them into the trees, and left our helmets on the seats before poking our way through the undergrowth towards the sound of the noise.

"Err, hello," I shouted as we reached the edge of an expanse of water, no bigger than a small swimming pool and surrounded by trees.

"Oh shit," called a female voice and I looked down the pool to see a shape frantically paddling towards a large tree. I took Zoe by the hand and we walked along the edge of the water.

"Are you OK?"

"Andy, I think they want to be alone," Zoe said but I dragged her between a couple of trees to a small clearing at the edge of the pool.

"Hi," I called out and a topless girl instantly put her hands to her breasts.

"What do you want?" She asked and a couple emerged from the shelter of an overhanging tree.

"Just heard voices," I muttered and they stared at Zoe and I. "Thought we'd ..."

"Do you want to join us?"

"We haven't got any swimming gear," I replied forlornly and the first girl grinned at me.

"Neither have we! It is nice."

I looked at Zoe who sighed. "Remember, no icky stuff. You promised!"

"Oh Zoe, it's swimming," I told her and kicked off my trainers and put them by the side of the tree.

"Andy," Zoe complained and I looked at her in the eyes, stripping off my cycling shorts.

"What?"

"Can we go now?"

"Ten minutes, come on Zoe. You've already seen me naked today." Zoe puffed and I raised my eyebrows. "Oh come on, I know you want to look."

Zoe took a deep breath and looked scandalised. "I do not."

"Well come join us."

Zoe hesitated for a moment and then shook her head. I walked up to her and she looked worried for a moment.

"Andy. Andy, what are you doing? Andy. ANDY"

I kissed her on the cheek and picked her up. She squealed and kicked her legs but she didn't weigh much and I easily carried her over to the waters' edge.

“Are you going to join us, my reluctant friend or do I have to throw you in?”

“I’ll join you,” she squealed. “Just put me down.”

I placed her down and leapt into the water. I was expecting it to be freezing cold, like the open air swimming pool I used to go in, but it was reasonably warm, considering its’ sheltered position.

“Is it really cold?” Zoe asked as she took off her shoes.

“No,” I replied truthfully. “It’s a bit nippy, but ...”

“Refreshing,” a voice finished for me and I turned to look at our three companions.

I introduced Zoe and myself and I recognised the first girl we saw, she was from school but I didn’t know her name. She introduced herself as Mandy before I had to ask, which was a bit of a relief.

Zoe was topless and was hesitating over her bottoms, but a few glances at her, she was soon swimming over to us, the water preserving her modesty.

“You lied. You said it wasn’t cold!”

Mandy grinned and shook her head back. “It gets much colder than this. This is my sister and her boyfriend, Rachael and Drew.” They waved at us and then skulked back towards the overhanging tree. “Mum said they can’t sleep in the same room so she went to find some private space,” Mandy told me and I looked at her. She was much more attractive in the pool than she ever was in class but I couldn’t put my finger on why. “But I got bored so I came to swim.”

She had long flowing dark brown hair that came over her ears and tumbled down her front and was plastered to her neck, leaving her breasts free. I looked at Zoe and then Mandy.

“Do you two have the same size ti ... er ... bust?” I asked and they looked at each other.

“No,” Zoe replied immediately. “Mandy’s are much bigger than mine.”

I screwed my face up and Mandy laughed. “34B,” she admitted and I squealed.

“They are the same size.”

Zoe puffed angrily and looked at me. “It’s personal.”

“Oh it’s just ...”

Mandy giggled and reached into the cold water, touching me on my waist. “Cock size,” she said for Zoe’s benefit as her hands wasn’t close to it. “Oh about the same size as my boyfriend’s. And smaller than Drew’s.”

“It’s very cold in here,” I moaned and Mandy giggled, turning her head to Zoe. “Is he always offering this excuse?”

Zoe licked her lips and I splashed her, which was returned. This started a game where were chasing each other around the small lake and Zoe, who was determined not to get her hair wet, had her blonde hair plastered to the side of her face when I dunked in her in the cold water.

The pool was only a few feet deep and I wasn’t sure if my bare feet were not going to touch some broken glass but it seemed genuinely unpolluted and I enjoyed seeing Zoe’s bare breasts glistening in the sunlight.

After half-an-hour of messing around, Zoe wanted to leave. We still had an hour’s cycling before we reached home and we stood dripping, feeling every breeze. I rubbed my wet body with my T-Shirt to dry myself before putting on my cycling shorts, but Zoe could not do this.

I suggested she used her bra and knickers, as well as giving her my T-Shirt but she was still damp as she got back on her bike. "Sometimes you can be so impulsive," she complained, still uncomfortably wet. "Jumping in without a towel."

"But Zoe," I said with a smirk. "You went naked in the water with strangers. You acted and enjoyed yourself. Sarah would be so proud."

"Don't mention her to me," Zoe snapped and I looked at her as we cycling two abreast down the lane.

"You said yourself, Sarah is impulsive. She acts before she thinks, according to you. You can't get too angry with her, can you?"

Zoe shook her head. "No. But she needs to realise that what she is doing is wrong. And you too?"

"What if we do?" I asked. "What if we know it's wrong, and just don't care. Think the rewards are too great." Zoe gulped and gave me a brief smile.

"Then I would say you are both mad."

"But you say that anyway," I told her as we approached a big hill. "You always say that, don't you?"

Zoe's smile broke into a laugh. "Well you are," she offered as an explanation.

"If we were together would you care?"

Zoe gulped. "Maybe not so much."

"Well convince her to dump her useless boyfriend, then," I told her forcefully and Zoe shook her head, standing up on the bike as we gathered momentum for the incline.

It took well over an hour before we arrived back in Aylesbury and I watched Zoe cycle down her road, before turning around and cycling back to our flat.

Rhea was in a depressed mood: school was tomorrow and Mum was insisting on an early night for her. She stomped off to bed, and what with my aching muscles from the bike ride, went to bed not long after.

It had been a weird few days, but something in the back of mind had only just registered. Why had Sarah said she loved me as I left? I got up and changed the photo of Paula on my desk one of Sarah, looked at the half-naked picture of my explosive friend. "Do you?" I muttered to the photo. "Do you really?"

Unfortunately, there was no answers, just questions; and I didn't have the guts to ask them.

Chapter XVI

“No,” I spluttered in annoyance.

“Why?” Mum asked. “Thought it would be good to see you go to College for the first time. You are growing up so fast.” She yawned and stretched but I shook my head resolutely. “You are still my little boy.”

“I’m sixteen,” I cried in annoyance. “I don’t want my Mum taking me to College.”

Rhea rocked back on the chair, naked from the waist down and belly button up – her one attempt at getting dressed was a belt which I simply didn’t enquire about: there would be a complicated explanation for it. “He’s just scared,” my teenage sister teased. “Of you seeing all the girls flocking to him. How many of them have had to take pregnancy tests?”

“Oh Rhea. You’ve had two months of this. Surely you are tired of it by now?” Rhea spluttered and I wiped the bridge of my nose. “Why not?”

“Cause ya chase after all the prick teases,” she told me and looked at Mum. “They are all Y-Shaped Coffin material. Sluts the lot of ‘em so ‘course I’m gonna tease ya.”

“Don’t talk about Abi like that,” I moaned and Rhea just giggled.

“It’s not Abi I’m talking about. She admits what she is and I like that. I like honesty. It’s the slappers like Sarah who be all princess-like. And that Zoe, acts all pure but we know you are giving her one.”

“I am not,” I moaned and got up from the table. “I told you that last week.” Rhea sneered.

“See, I know your lying. But if I had Zoe as a notch on my bedpost I’d deny it as well. Just say it was a blind, fat, lesbian German midget called ...”

“Have you finished?” Mum asked Rhea and looked at me disappearing into the lounge. “I thought I said I wanted to take you!”

“Mum. No!” I shouted. “I will see you later.”

“But Andy ...” She started but I made my exit hastily. My college was situated on the same grounds of the school and shared a number of facilities – such as science labs, sports pitches, main canteen and giant library but Rhea and her friends would be predominantly on the other side of the site, well away from me and I would be on the other. As a result, I already knew my way around the small campus and, due to the fact that I left early to avoid Mum, was sat in the “Common Room” - an area lined with a coffee shop, drinks machines, satellite television, two dozen small tables and a number of chairs and benches – to wait for the start of the day.

The Common Room was for the sixth form students only – those taking their A Levels – so it would be shared with myself, Sarah, Zoe, Ray and the rest of our year who had returned to further their studies. I had already had the “guided tour” when I chose my A Level subjects before I sat my exams and looked nervously around the Common Room for someone I recognised. Unfortunately the only person who I did see was Jez who gestured wildly when he saw me and jumped down from the bench. “Andy! How ya doing? Still fookin’ that Welsh porn star?”

A few faces turned to look at me and I blushed. “Yeah. Scottish,” I replied a little too loudly and Jez cackled.

“Aahhhhh, she had fookin’ melons to die for. How ya been keepin’?”

I gulped. “Fine,” I murmured and put my (mostly empty) bag down. “You?”

He pursed his lips and nodded. "Shit to be back," he announced. "Was well enjoyin' the 'olidays. Football. Drinking. And I'm with that bird you and Sarah set me up with."

"Jodie?"

He nodded and looked over to the table where Jodie was sitting; I hadn't recognised her when I looked around the table. "Yeah. Fookin' owe ya several, mate. She's a well nice thing. And she's getting on well wit'me Dad," Jez spluttered and I frantically looked around the room to see someone else to speak to.

I caught the familiar sight of bouncing light hair. "Hiya Sarah," I called from across the room and Sarah ran over to me. I kissed her on the cheek and she beamed.

"Mum wanted to drop me off at College and see me in," Sarah moaned, and I shook my head. "I mean, what mother wants to do that? I am sixteen and she wasn't interested. Oh hi, Jez. How's Jodie?"

I looked at her. "You knew?"

Sarah shrugged. "Of course I knew. Jodie's not shut up 'bout it." She had a sly grin and raised her eyebrows. "What? You think I tell you everything?"

I hummed and looked at her. "Have you spoken to Zoe?"

"Hell no!" Sarah cried. "And I am not going to until she apologises for calling me a 'harlot.'"

I sighed. "Oh Sarah. Please, don't cause problems for me. I had this when Rosie and Ray split up – and I couldn't be with Zoe 'cause Ray was with me and Rosie was with her. Just sort it with her."

Sarah crossed her arms and glared at me as we found a free table. "I'm not sayin' sorry. I don't want to apologise."

"You don't have to want to apologise, I've told you before about that. You apologise because you are in the wrong."

"I am not," Sarah cried and crossed her arms. "Trust you to take her side."

"I am not taking her side, I am taking my side," I told her forcefully. "Just apologise for what you said and it will sort it all out."

"Well I am not doing it," Sarah spat and scowled at me. "She can say sorry for calling me those horrible names, first." I did little to hide my annoyance at her pettiness and she scowled at me. "Well she is your friend, you tell her to apologise. Tell her to behave."

"I want you both to behave," I spat back and Sarah giggled.

"Not behave that much I hope."

"Just stop being so petty, both of you." Sarah's smile disappeared and I was almost grateful when I saw the familiar figure of Ray. Unfortunately, he was with Donna who was also glaring unfriendly at me; which gave Sarah and Donna something in common, and Ray and I left them to get coffees for us all.

Registration by the Head of College was followed by timetables being distributed; we were at the college because we had achieved a minimum standard in our GCSE exams and had the requisite number of "points" to remain in education. We were asked if we wanted to change from our selected subjects and we had until the end of the second week to amend our courses, but I just accepted my "welcome pack" including a timetable and disappeared to the corner of the common room to study it after a small "welcome talk" from the Head of College.

When Zoe appeared we compared and saw that we in the same Mathematics class – with lessons on every day except Thursday – and I was in the same Physics class as Ray

(every day except Wednesday) but as Sarah was avoiding me because Zoe had appeared I wasn't sure what classes I shared with her, if any.

Tuition at the College was provided in hour blocks from 9am until 3:30pm, with an hour's break for lunch at 12:30pm and a half-hour's break at 11am. For each subject I had selected – Mathematics, General Studies, Physics and Economics – I had four hours of lessons a week (and the promise of around five to ten hours of “homework” per subject per week) and while I knew I would escape sanctions for the odd missed lesson unlike school, attendance was still far from optional.

The first lesson I would have would have been my second lesson on a Tuesday – Mathematics with Mrs. Buckingham in Classroom T11. This indicated that it was the first classroom on the first floor of the tower block, while I would also have lessons in the English block and the Science block, that was shared with Rhea's school.

Zoe glanced over at Sarah hovering a few feet away and then walking over to see Ray's ex-girlfriend Rosie. “It's going to be a long two years if we don't sort out the politics,” Ray mused as he watched Donna join Rosie and not us.

“Fucking know,” I muttered and looked down at my timetable. Tuesdays were going to be long days – I had all four of my subjects from 9am until 2:30pm – but at least I only had two lessons on a Friday and finished at lunchtime. Mondays were just as bad, four lessons finishing at 3:30pm (although I did have an hour's break in the morning).

“I get to go at lunchtime,” Zoe bragged and peered over to my timetable. “And at two thirty every other day. That's good 'cause I need to make sure I have time to do coursework and ...”

“Not for playing games or meeting friends then?” I interrupted and she shook her head. She looked up at Sarah, Donna and Rosie whispering and looked at me a little forlornly.

“I am not sure which friends I have any more,” she muttered and I glanced up at the clock.

“Shall we make a move?”

Ray had a “free period” and was not in lessons until after break an hour and a half later, and said he was going to find something interesting to plan as we got up. “You and Sarah need to sort something out,” I told her but Zoe shook her head. “She said nobody liked me.”

“You said she is impulsive. And acts before she thinks. You said you weren't going to take it to heart,” I reminded her and she groaned.

“I know, but I thought about it and a true friend doesn't say those sorts of things, do they?”

“I guess it's difficult,” I offered as an explanation. “You are always telling her off. Of course she is going to snap and you know what she is like.”

“I am trying to help,” Zoe whinged in response and held open the double doors at the bottom of the tower block. “You two both need my help. Only neither of you can see it. And if you would listen then you would be happier and not snap.”

I gestured for her to go up the stairs and followed her as she strode up it. “Maybe, we just don't want to hear it,” I suggested. “And Sarah's just bitten. We know you don't approve of us but we don't care. My mum and Sarah's mum aren't fond of us either and that doesn't bother us.”

Zoe glanced back. “There is very little about how you live your life I approve of at the moment,” Zoe offered with a smirk. “The drink, the club, the women. It's disgusting. And it'll lead to drugs and depression and all sorts of nasty things.” I scoffed as she held open the door on the first floor of the tower block and we wandered into an empty classroom, opting

to sit by the window that looked out over the school playground and College green. "And I hope you aren't going to sit and daydream all day," she warned me as I slumped onto the chair.

"Yes mother," I goaded her and Zoe stood over the chair next to me.

"Andy, there is no need to be like that," Zoe snapped and crossed her arms. "You've spent too long around Sarah, you didn't used to be so irresponsibly hedonistic."

I couldn't help but laugh at her serious face. Sarah was in our Maths class but she sneered when she saw me with Zoe and sat on the other side of the classroom to us. I waved at her to sit at the empty desk behind us and went to speak but our new teacher called for calm and then introduced herself.

Mrs. Buckingham was a strict woman, she shouted at Sarah when she spoke quietly to the person sat next to her and her eyes seemed to stare at all of us. She was abrupt and very unambiguous with what she said, calmly telling us that we would have at least ten hours homework a week and that if it wasn't completed, we would fail our exams which she didn't care about. "I've passed my exams," she told us. "But if you work hard, you will too." Although she was fairly small, and at least in her fifties, she certainly dominated the room in stature and there wasn't a single person who spoke out of turn.

"Well she was a bundle of laughs," I joked as we left our Maths class and Zoe gave me a smile.

"She was brilliant," Zoe enthused. "Really clear and ..."

"Two pages of homework," I moaned, much to Zoe's amusement. I tried to grab Sarah's arm as she walked past but she shook it off and glared at me. "Can you stay for break?"

"Are you with ... her?" Sarah spat and I looked at Zoe before nodding. "Then no," Sarah told me and I stood in the hallway as students milled around me.

"Am I going to football with you?" Zoe held my hand as I asked and Sarah glared at me.

"If you want to," she replied with as much disinterest as she could muster.

"You two need to sort this out," I thundered but Zoe stared blankly at me.

"Sure, the moment she apologises. She is the one with the problem, not me."

"No," I shouted. "I'm the one with the problem," I barked at both of them. "Are you going to be bitchy or friends?" I looked at both of them, and when an answer was not forthcoming left them alone in the hallway. What was wrong with them?

Neither Sarah nor Zoe saw fit to apologise and make up but Sarah did ask me to come along to football as she still wanted to stay the night; who was I to refuse?

As there was work on in the club, I didn't need to clean it, but still arrived a few minutes late at Sarah's training. "Excellent tackle Lisa," the coach called out as I arrived and Sarah picked herself up from the mud, and threw her arms up in despair. The sliding tackle the newest member of the team had performed on the girl was tough, but she did get the ball and got up to dribble the ball thirty yards before crossing a perfect ball to the far post.

Sarah clearly did not appreciate the move, and unfairly used her elbow a few moments later that drew sharp rebuke from the coach. I was glad that it was the end of the session shortly afterwards, I could tell when Sarah got frustrated and she was not always good at retaining control of her annoyance, as Zoe had found out the day before.

She stormed off the field and grabbed her bag from the changing rooms.

"Did you see that?" Sarah ranted the moment we got past the car park. "Good tackle Lisa. It was an obvious foul. And what a diver, I barely touch her and she goes flying."

I tried hard not to smile or laugh but the biased commentary coming from Sarah was almost comical. "So you didn't like her then," I teased and Sarah waved her hands above her head and gestured aggressively.

"No. She is a cheat, a poser. A one-trick pony. She is not improving the team. Should go back to Tring, they like shit players like her."

"She crossed the ball pretty well."

Sarah stopped and I turned around to see her there with her arms folded. "Were you actually watching the same training session as me?"

I smiled and held my hand out to her. "Just calm down. Be the pebble in the stream. Be like me."

Sarah screwed up her face and scowled. "You can be so infuriating, you know that."

I stuck my tongue out at her and she stared at me, trying hard to laugh. "Stop it. I am annoyed with you. After siding with Zoe and now Lisa. I am so annoyed with you." I laughed at her and smiled, which caused Sarah's seriousness to weaken. "Stop it," she yelled. "I mean it, Andy. Stop it." I held my arms out to her and she playfully pushed it to one side. "I am irritated."

We walked, holding hands to the flat and Sarah stripped off at the bottom of the stairs before walking up the long stairs to the lounge.

"Hiya," Mum called and we acknowledged her. Sarah went up to have a shower and I walked into the kitchen. "I've already put it in," Mum told me as I looked for the pizza. "You have five minutes."

"Oh cheers."

"Now, I am going down to the club for a couple of hours, are you going to be OK on your own?"

"Yeah, fine. Where's Rhea?"

Mum took a deep breath and rolled her eyes. "Simon's." I smiled. "Which reminds me. Sarah is in the spare bedroom. OK?"

"Oh Mum," I said a little annoyed and she raised her eyebrows.

"Spare bedroom."

"Why?"

"Cause it's what Angela and I agreed," I was told as she picked up the keys.

"It's not what Sarah and I agreed." Mum shot me a dangerous look and crossed her arms.

"Well if it's not under my rules, Sarah staying here doesn't happen," she said with a firmness to her voice. "I've told you two what needs to happen if you want to share beds." I screwed up my face in annoyance and Mum just raised her eyebrows at me.

"You let Abi sleep in my room and we aren't going out."

"Sarah is different," I was told and wasn't given a reason why as she left. I was left with my thoughts as I pootled around the kitchen, making Sarah and I a drink and setting the table. A half-naked Sarah – wearing just a flimsy nightdress emerged and cocked her head to one side.

"You done the Maths homework?"

"No," I muttered and swore as I burnt myself getting the pizza out of the oven. "Not even thought about it."

"I bet Zoe's done it already," Sarah mused and walked over with two plates of pizza. "Fuckin' goody ..."

"Sarah," I pleaded. "Please don't."

"But," Sarah started and I raised my eyebrows at her.

"Don't, it's really hard. You two just need ..."

"I don't like her," Sarah told me. "She is just so boring, and she just irritates. I don't need her as a friend. And I don't want her as a friend."

I threw my head back and groaned. "You don't mean that."

"Yeah I do. Rosie, Donna, Ingrid, Jodie. They are fine with it 'cause they've all taken their bits out of the plastic wrapping. OK, they might not have gone all the way, but Zoe is just a freak and I bloody hate her and her prissy ways."

I threw my fork down on my pizza and rubbed my eyes. "Well where does that leave me?" I stared at her and she twisted in her seat.

"I'm not sayin' that you need to, but ... oh Andy, don't look at me like that." She screwed up her face and glanced down at my pizza. "I just don't know how you stand her."

"Cause she is my friend," I replied firmly. "And just like you. And I don't like Abi prostituting herself, or your boyfriend, or Ray's obsession with Donna. And I don't like Zoe's nagging streak. But Ray doesn't like my attitude about Donna, and Abi doesn't like my dress sense, and you don't like my temper, and Zoe doesn't like my sex drive or Rhea. But it doesn't affect our friendships. So why do you feel like that?" Sarah crossed her arm and snorted.

"Because it does," she snapped. "She called me a harlot."

"Is that really the worst thing you've ever been called?" Sarah pursed her lips and blew a few bubbles before sneering contemptuously at me.

"No, s'pose not. But she might apologise all the same. Still not a nice thing to say."

I groaned and spent the next ten minutes begging Sarah to relent and just apologise to Zoe but both of my friends were not going to give way and I just had to resign myself to a difficult time of it until they did make up.

We settled down to do our Maths homework after our pizza and Sarah invited me to spend the night at her house the following night: "Mum and Dad are away for the night so we would have a free run of the place," she promised.

"Can't," I told her as I peered through the Maths homework.

"Why?" Sarah asked. "What are you doing?"

"Is that any of your business?" I enquired and Sarah glanced at me with a shrug. I felt guilty for snapping and put my hand on her knee. "I got a date," I told her and Sarah froze.

"A date? With who?"

I tried hard not to smile but Sarah's body language was cold and unforgiving, and it worried me somewhat. "Vanessa. From the club. More of a going out to a restaurant than a date."

Sarah sighed and put her pen down. She pursed her lips together and looked at me, rubbing the bridge of her nose. "Sorry. It's ... umm ... unexpected," she muttered.

I felt a rush of adrenaline; I knew exactly what Sarah was thinking. "Yeah, Abi suggested it. Vanessa's had a tough time of it and Abi thinks that me taking her out for a meal would cheer her up." Sarah's stony-faced expression barely changed and she slowly shook her head, deep in thought. I rubbed her knee and moved in for a kiss, but she turned her head.

"Give me a kiss," I begged playfully but Sarah pursed her lips tightly and shook her head.

"Hhmmpppphhhh"

"Hhmmpppphhhh? Sarah, come on." Sarah shook her head so I tickled her flanks and pushed her back on the sofa. She let out a cry and I grabbed hold of her shoulders, before pressing my lips on hers. She struggled a little but then gave me a terse kiss in response. "Is that the best you can do?"

"Yes."

"You don't mind with Abi," I told her and Sarah shook her head.

"I don't know what you mean," came the response.

"Oh Sarah, you know I like you but we ain't going out and it's just a meal. I probably won't even get a goodnight kiss."

"Andy, she is a girl from the club," Sarah spat back. "I bet she'll give you the full monty."

"No she won't but it's not your concern if she does. We aren't an item, Sarah. Well not in the proper sense. I mean, I know ... well we aren't." Sarah's eyes twinkled and I cocked my head to one side. "And you told me you loved me," I reminded her and Sarah looked back down at her folder. "So you can't get annoyed with me."

"Which is why you running off with someone else makes me ... sad," she muttered and shook her hair back, while I couldn't help but laugh. "Surely there is a girl from College who you could ask out? There must be one girl who you are attracted to."

"One or two," I told with a smirk. "One or two. But they won't want me," I told Sarah who just smiled at me.

"Really?" Sarah asked and I just nodded.

"No," I told her and passed her, her glass of wine. "But it's fine. It's just one evening out with Vanessa. It'll not end in anything, I don't like her like that and she doesn't like me."

"Well if you don't want to accept a night with me," she said with a smile. "Then I'll find someone who will." Her face dropped slightly and she looked at me in the eye. "Like Kevin."

I gulped and resisted the opportunity to react to her goading, returning to our Maths homework. Mum returned about 45 minutes later and told us to go to bed, reminding us about the "spare bedroom rule" which caused us both to groan. Sarah pushed me up against the wall outside my room and pushed her tongue into mine. "Remember, go to separate bedrooms. But who says we have to wake there!" I gulped as she felt the crotch of my trousers and smiled. "One lick of your tongue and I'll forgive you about Vanessa." I smiled and watched as Sarah pushed her nightdress off and then kissed me again. I gulped and watched as she shook her butt in my direction and then close the bedroom door.

Twenty minutes later, I crept out of my room, and gently pushed open the door to the spare bedroom, and then closed it. It was pitch black but I knew where the bed was, and silently crept over to it, and slid under the covers, my arms wrapping around a naked body.

The body purred and I glided up the bed, so our naked bodies were pressed together and kissed the nape of her neck after I had brushed her hair to one side.

My hands darted over her nipples and I slid down her body.

"Andrew," a motherly voice roared from the doorway and the light flicked on. I groaned and she stood in the doorway and walked over to the bed. "I knew you would."

"Mum," I moaned, the annoyance in my voice clear.

"I knew you would. Angela warned me."

Sarah shifted in the bed, and held my hands under the covers. "What? You told me Sarah was to go to bed in the spare bedroom. She has."

"This is not what I meant. And you know it," Mum roared and waved her finger at me. "If you and Sarah want to sleep in the same bed, you need to sort out Abi and Sarah needs to deal with Kevin. That is what Angela and I agreed and that's what happens."

"But we are sixteen ..." I started.

"Under my roof. Move out, as I did, and you can do what you want. Now bed. Your own bed please."

I groaned and asked for two minutes. Partly because I did want a cuddle from Sarah but mostly because I didn't want to walk naked past my mother.

Mum acquiesced and I got a few minutes cuddle from Sarah before creeping back into my room and adjusting my alarm. Why was Mum being so unfair?

* * * * *

I was still sleepy when my alarm clock raised me from my slumber and I tiptoed, naked, across the hallway. Sarah was fast asleep and snorted as I slid into bed alongside her. I put my arms over her shoulder and held her into my body.

Sarah stirred and stretched, muttering incomprehensibly. "Morning," I whispered in her ear and kissed the back of her neck. I pulled her wiggling body onto my morning erection and she shifted herself to push against my chest.

"Morning," she whimpered in return as my left hand touched her bosom. She reached behind her and squeezed my arse and sighed as I rolled her nipple between my fingers. She sighed dramatically. "Andy," she whispered and I remembered Abi enjoying me going down on her one morning. I went to slide down her body but Sarah stopped me. "Kiss me first," she whispered and turned around in the bed. I put my arms around her and pulled her warm body close to mine. We kissed on the lips and she angled her head away so I kissed her neck and then onto her nipple.

Sarah gave an expectant moan as I wrapped my tongue around her teenage nipple and sucked gently. She ran her hands through my hair and reached down to tweak my own nipples. I felt a shot of excitement shoot through me, and a growing tension between my legs.

I wanted to go down on her and looked up into her eyes; they were closed and so I slid down the bed and parted her legs, kissing her gently on her bare pussy and then on the inside of her thighs. She watched as I kissed the top of her lips and then sighed loudly as my tongue swept along the inside of her folds.

Sarah patted me on the top of my head as my tongue curled around her pearl and my fingers lined up at her hole. She was not "wet" but there was still some moistness and her body eagerly accepted my first finger, which I then pressed against her insides as my tongue flicked her button.

Sarah moaned loudly and turned her head to push her face into the pillow, crying out into the soft feathers. "Andy," she muttered, panting loudly and screwed up her face.

I felt her muscles twitch and went from flicking to sucking on her clitoris. She squealed and I pushed a second finger into her, pressing up and oscillating my digits against her G-Spot. Sarah's cries got louder as my wrist started to tire, but there was no way I was going to stop: I loved to see Sarah orgasm, particularly as it was something that Kevin couldn't or wouldn't do.

I took a deep breath through her musky scent and felt her body vibrate and her muscles tense again. She clamped my head with her muscles and squealed loudly, yelling out in ecstasy and swearing into the room.

She pushed herself into the bed, and then her pelvis spasmed as her legs pressed against my ears even tighter than before. She grabbed a small amount of my hair and I felt her hands shake and then she grunted and released, exhaling dramatically. I looked up and stopped sucking her clit, but she pushed my face back between her legs. "Oh do that again," she cried.

I smiled at her, but it went unnoticed and pushed against her G-Spot again and began sawing out of her hole as my tongue gently swept up and down her moist slit.

"I knew it," Rhea cried as she loudly threw open the door and stood looking at Sarah underneath my tongue. "Will you learn to fuck quietly. It's bloody annoying waking up to that."

I stopped and looked around just as Mum joined the naked Rhea. "Do you mind?"

"Andy," Mum called. "Leave Sarah alone," she said with an exasperated voice. "What have I told you? What have ..."

"Go away," I shrieked, Sarah's juices rolling down my chin.

"Get dressed and get ready," Mum snapped and slammed the door. "And leave her alone."

I looked at Sarah who sniffed and gave me an embarrassed look. "Moment's gone," she whispered and I slowly withdrew my fingers from her. "Sorry," she whispered and reached over and we shared a snog. "I'll learn to come quietly."

"Why do my family have to be so awkward?" I asked and watched as Sarah looked at me out of the corner of her eye and sucked on my fingers.

"Next time," she whispered. "I'll go down on you," she promised and rather frustratingly got up to have a shower and get dressed.

* * * * *

"Andy, Sarah," Mum shouted from the kitchen as we tried to make our way out to College, intending to get breakfast away from the sharp barbs of Rhea or the disapproval of Mum. "Come here."

We both groaned audibly and Rhea shook her head. "It's your own fault," she simpered as she slurped her tea. "If you will go messin' with other guy's bitches, there's consequences."

"Shut up Rhea," I snapped and Rhea gave a gloating smile.

"Ahhh ... hit a nerve, 'ave I? Stop fucking with her, I've told you she is just a prick tease. And a nasty one at that and ..."

"Rhea, go and get dressed," Mum barked and my half-naked sister sulked off as Mum pointed to the dining room table. "Sit." We hesitated and she looked at us both, barking sharply. "I said sit."

I gave Sarah a glance as we reluctantly sat down as far from her as we could, who then relocated herself to be nearer to us. "What've we told you?" I huffed and Sarah squeezed my hand under the table as we both looked into the wooden top of the table. "Well?"

I shrugged and Mum just glared at me. "We know, but we aren't ..."

Mum tapped the table with her fingers and interrupted. "I don't care. It's not appropriate for you to be in Sarah's bed, and certainly not doing all sorts with each other." I went to speak and Mum crossed her arms. "My house, my rules. And I've told you time and time again."

"But I am sixteen," I wailed but Mum shook her head.

"I don't care. Now I don't mind you having sex, I did at your age. And I let you do what you want, within reason, with Abi. But I am most definitely not going to let you mess around with Sarah when she has a boyfriend and when her parents have forbidden it. You two need to make a decision and until you do, keep it in your pants."

"And what if we have?" I asked with an annoyed tone to my voice. "I have friendships with both of them. Abi calls it friends with benefits, so I can have that. If it's good for Abi then surely I can have it with Sarah!"

Mum sighed. "Angela doesn't want Sarah having that sort of relationship while she has Kevin. And she is right. But I've told you, my house, my rules. Move out if you don't like it."

Sarah sniffed and rubbed the back of my hand. "Sorry," she muttered. "I'm just trying to find what suits us both."

I bit my lip and Mum gave a coy grin. "Look, I know you don't like it. I didn't like it when I was sixteen and was told what I could and couldn't do but Sarah's parents have told you and I am telling you: unless you two are going out, you don't do anything inappropriate, you understand?"

"But it's not ..."

"It is," Mum stressed and took a deep breath. "If we can't trust you two to behave then Sarah won't be coming 'round here and you won't be going to Sarah's house, you understand?"

Sarah squeezed my hand and I nodded. "Yeah OK," I said gruffly and Mum nodded.

"I know you don't like it and I don't expect you to like it but when you're older you'll thank me." I went to reply and Mum just held out her finger to stop me. "But I've told you and I don't want you to be so underhand and deceitful in creeping into her bedrooms. I expect that from Rhea not you."

My sister coughed from behind us. "Bollocks, I wouldn't get caught."

"Err ... you still haven't been totally forgiven for sneaking Simon in here."

"Unjustified parental search," Rhea snapped and Mum shook her head.

"Rhea, you are not wearing a skirt that short, I told you to throw it. Where are your new ones?"

Rhea, in a skirt that was no more than ten inches long shrugged. "I like this one and I can't find 'em."

"Well if you tidied your room ..."

"I wouldn't have time to do my homework," Rhea finished and pulled up her bag. "Priorities Mum."

Mum snorted and looked at us. "I do understand, I was in a similar position when I was younger when my mum didn't like it, but when you are a parent you have to make decisions that upset people from time to time. And we are just saying that it is not fair on Kevin for you two to do what you are doing." We nodded and she tapped the table. "Now, go to school, all three of you," she ordered and we got up from the table.

"It's your own bloody fault," Rhea snapped as I moaned about Mum's attitude. "And Sarah stop all the theatrics when you come, I've told you less is more. Faking orgasms is just silly."

Sarah shook her head. "I don't need to fake 'em."

"You do," she teased and looked at Andy. "Learn to do it properly or tell her to stop faking 'em, but I dain't want to hear it."

Sarah coughed and touched Rhea on the arm. "I don't fake anything. Perhaps if Simon ..."
Rhea's eyes flashed. "Don't mention Simon in all this. You leave him alone."

Rhea waved her hands towards the Sarah and scowled. "Well you moan about Abi and him making noise and moan about me and him making noise," Sarah teased. "So maybe you should believe that we aren't faking it, and you need to teach your boyfriend to do the same."

Rhea huffed and turned into a side street. "Meeting Becky," she announced and strode off, away from Sarah and myself.

I came into the Common Room expecting another day of fighting and backstabbing and was pleasantly surprised to see Sarah and Zoe talking. Sarah had run on ahead while I bought some stationery from the school shop, and I had got talking to Ray, and in the ten minutes she had in the Common Room while I wasn't there was enough for her to make up with her friend.

"Storm in a teacup," she said quite firmly. "Absolutely nothing to worry about." I spluttered and Zoe cocked her head and shrugged.

"I'm still worried about you two," she muttered. "But I love you both as well."

"We keep her on her toes," Sarah giggled and downed the last of her coffee. "But did I tell you? Andy's got a date tonight. With a stripper."

Zoe shook her head and sighed. She went to speak but I cut across her. "Don't," I told her forcefully. "Just don't."

* * * * *

Abi opened my bedroom door as I dried myself and she snorted as I turned around with a grin. "Just the person," I muttered.

"I am not interested in you tonight," she said with a smirk. "I need to talk to you." My heart sank for a moment and she giggled at my expression. "No, it's just about your date for the night."

"Vanessa?"

"Yeah, now she is a nice girl but she gets very silly when excited and I don't want you to get annoyed with her if she goes all excitable," Abi told me as she sat down on the bed. "She is definitely looking forward to it, and will probably go over-the-top, she is like that. Just let her be Vanessa and you'll both have a good time."

"Good time?"

Abi rolled her eyes. "You ain't getting ya end away. She doesn't see you as boyfriend or shagging material, I told you that. But she does like you. She thinks you are funny and she's had a really rough time of it recently. Just treat her gently."

"Treat her gently?"

Abi closed her eyes and rubbed her face. "Yeah, gently. Don't expect anything and you won't be disappointed. And she doesn't know me as anyone other than Isobel, remember that."

"Yeah, guessed that," I muttered and Abi beamed at me. She looked at what I was going to wear (and changed it) before giving me express instructions on what I was to say, do and, more importantly, not say or do.

"It won't lead to anything," Abi told me with crossed arms for the umpteenth time. "But it is still a date. You still need to make the effort," she told me as I huffed at her. "Think of it as practice for Sarah."

I groaned but Abi licked her lips and touched me on the arm. "It'll be fun, she's not had anyone nice take her out for a long time. But don't let her get too excited," I was warned and Abi shrugged. "She's a car crash. But you asked her out." I nodded and she looked at me. "And don't do anything stupid."

Vanessa lived in a small flat not far from the club and I knocked sharply on the door. I heard footsteps and the front door flung open. I was dressed in my smartest clothes, the black trousers and ruby red shirt and Abi had spent ages getting me ready, even going as far as shaving the back of my neck.

I have never been on a bona-fide date with anyone and was more than a little bit anxious. I was scared although Abi told me not to be and had spent the last fifteen minutes before I left coaching me and giving me tips (or "pointers" as she called them). Rhea, on the other hand, took great delight in teasing and taunting me, which only got worse once she found out that my date, Vanessa, was a stripper.

Vanessa was wearing a figure-hugging blue-green dress that gathered in the middle and was mid-thigh. She grinned as she saw me checking her out and shook her hair back.

"Hey, you've made your hair wavy," I told her as she locked her front door.

"Oh," Vanessa cried. "You noticed then."

"Well yeah. It's hard not to."

Vanessa beamed and looked into my eyes. "I didn't think you would."

Vanessa locked her front door and slid her arm into mine as we made the short walk into town. I had booked a little intimate eatery that was small and more intimate. I figured that the restaurant on Castle Street was too big and too open for a first date and Abi agreed, somewhat impressed that I had thought about it.

We walked at a slow pace as Vanessa was wearing heels but this gave us time to talk. Vanessa was happy to discuss what she had done to get ready, which involved waxing her bits, having her hair done, spending hours putting on make-up and going to a tanning salon, although try as I might I could not see the results of the last item; she was naturally fair and had remained so.

We arrived at the small restaurant and the waiter showed us to our table. I held out her chair and sat down opposite. A candle flickered between us and it illuminated her face seductively.

"Are we having a starter?" Vanessa asked and I nodded.

"Does my date want one?"

"Hehe," Vanessa gave a girly laugh and nodded with a silly grin on her face. "If I am allowed one."

I bit my lip. Why did Vanessa have to act so giggly? Sarah could do silliness and it was playful and devilish but Vanessa's mannerisms sometimes crossed into immaturity and were gigglingly irritating. It annoyed me.

I put the menu down and waited for Vanessa to finish scanning the menu and we beckoned the middle-aged waiter over. "Does he look like Manuel?" Vanessa whispered as he approached and I gave a hollow laugh. "I want the Gamber-ronny Pilly Pilly." She glanced over at me with pursed lips and I waited for to finish ordering.

Manuel smiled and looked at me. "The Gamberoni Pil Pil. Prawns in garlic and chilli."

"Yeah that. And the Pizza Pollo Pic-cunty," she screeched in a high-pitched, shrill-like voice.

"Piccante?" Manuel corrected her and Vanessa smirked, enjoying the attention.

"Yeah that. Although I am partial to ..."

I glared at her and she finished her sentence with a fit of giggles. "Scampi to start and the Sirloin steak with cheese."

"Howa woulda ya'like your steak cooked, Sir?"

"Rare please," I told him, passing him the menu.

"Moooooo-ing?" Vanessa asked and Manuel gave me an embarrassed smile.

"Rare'll be fine."

"Drinks, Sir?"

I hesitated and Vanessa answered for me. "Big bottle of house white please. Or shall we get two?"

"One'll be fine," I muttered towards the waiter, with his eyebrows raised. I waited for Manuel to leave and put my hand on Vanessa's in the centre of the table. "Why are you so excitable and giggly?" I asked.

Vanessa shrugged and bit her lip. "Because I haven't had a date for six months. I get asked on dates all the time by desperate punters, but it's nice to meet someone new and nice. It's exciting." I looked at her and she shrugged. "And I had a bit of wine before I came."

"No I mean, all the time. You seem to want to pretend to be unintelligent and vain but underneath it all, you're not, are you?"

Vanessa sucked in her cheeks and spoke icily. "You really know how to be seductive, don't you?"

I groaned. "What I mean is, you aren't vain and you are intelligent. But you always want to act like you not. When we did the photo shoot we chatted afterwards. You were smart but you don't want to show it, why?" Vanessa shrugged and I passed her the menu. "Read out your order again."

Vanessa recited her order perfectly and I raised my eyebrows at her as she threw the menu down on the table. "So? I like making people laugh. They enjoy spending time with me when I do," she snapped defensively.

"You don't need to act the clown to make me laugh and enjoy your company," I told her and she grinned nervously. "Honestly. I keep telling Rhea this but she won't listen," I added and Vanessa gave me a slight smile. "Can I have the real Vanessa tonight. 'Cause that's who I've asked out."

"The real Vanessa doesn't exist."

I put my hand to my face in realisation; Vanessa was not her real name. "Sorry, what is the real you?"

Vanessa looked at me and stared behind me. "It's Kath but I don't like it."

"Well whoever you are, can we have the real you?" I asked and Vanessa sighed. "I wanted to take you out not some character from the club."

She bit her lip and smiled. "Yeah. But I still want to be Vanessa."

Manuel returned with the massive bottle of wine and opened it in front of us and then poured a bit of wine in my glass. "Is this OK, sir?" He asked and I chuckled.

"Well I was hoping for a bit more than that!" I teased and Manuel gave a polite titter as I drank it; I don't think it was an original joke but I had never ordered alcohol in a restaurant before.

"Let me guess, it's white wine," Vanessa teased and instead of her inane girly laugh she gave a warm, seductive smile. I nodded to Manuel and she watched me smile as I looked at her.

"What?" Vanessa asked me as I was deep in thought. She was just like Sarah would be in a few years time, playful, smiling and certainly they had similar builds and looks. It suddenly occurred to me that I didn't know how old Vanessa was and was about to ask, opened my mouth and then closed it rapidly. "OK, what?"

"I was going to ask something that I shouldn't ask."

Vanessa nudged me across the table and coyly glanced at me. "Ask me. Go on."

"No, it's OK."

"No. Is it how many partners I've had 'cause it's loads and ..."

I hesitated. "How old are you?"

Vanessa sucked in sharply. "Should never ask a lady that."

"Well I wasn't going to," I replied quickly. "But you made me."

"I've just turned twenty-three. And I know how old you are."

I blushed and smiled. "Well no surprises then."

"But you don't look it. Or act it."

I grinned. "No?"

"Hell no." She took a deep breath and looked into my face. "I would say you were eighteen, you are tall enough and you look smart, but then I bet you do for all your dates."

I hesitated and silently opened and closed my mouth. "Well actually, this is my first first date," I admitted and Vanessa shook her head.

"I don't believe you."

"No, honestly. First girlfriend was neighbour next door and we sort of fell into going out as we were best friends but she has just moved to Bournemouth. And since then I've been turned down by Sarah and Ab ... Isobel."

"They're mad!" Vanessa replied instantly and I shrugged.

"Well Sarah said no because she has this little matter of a boyfriend. And Isobel doesn't want a relationship."

"So you just screw her?"

I hummed. "Well, I don't kiss and tell. Paula always taught me not to."

Vanessa nodded and smiled. "See. You aren't your age at all. My teenage boyfriends told everyone. Hell, I had a review about me in the school student magazine. I got the full five stars. But then he'd not get any more if he didn't give me the full five stars."

Vanessa and I chatted warmly. I found out that she had been stripping and dancing naked for five years and was not happy doing what she was doing but not unhappy. There was an unspoken admission that she had also worked as an escort but she didn't say this

explicitly, I had to read between the lines but it was clear she didn't want to admit it. I didn't mind or care, but understood why she didn't publicise it and she had sort of already told me when I asked her out.

My starter was well cooked and I fed Vanessa some of my scampi and she fed me some of her prawns. It was nice and I felt my insides go gooey as we shared our food. I was certainly warming towards the dancer and she kept beaming at me.

Our main courses were awesome too although Vanessa balked at trying my bloody steak. Eventually I got her to try some and she appreciated it as tasting nicer than it obliterated but didn't like the puddle of blood on my plate as she said it was disgusting. We were only two-thirds of the way through the wine Vanessa had ordered (we were drinking 1.5 litres of wine between two of us) and I was already very merry.

We ordered an ice cream dessert to share and fed each other again. She playfully rolled the ice-cream around her mouth or licked her lips seductively and for the first time in the evening I felt my loins stir. She was being coltish in a good way, just like Sarah. I settled the bill (Vanessa wanted to pay half but I was taking her out on a date and Abi suggested Vanessa might want to and under no circumstances was I to allow her to pay for anything) and we wandered into town. We thought about going to a bar, Vanessa reckoned that I would have no problems being served but in the end settled on a game of bowling.

I loved ten-pin bowling and Vanessa confessed she hadn't been for a good few years so we walked in, paid for a lane for an hour and changed our shoes. I teased Vanessa as her dress rode up as she was putting her shoes on and it took all my willpower not to look up her legs. Her dress was not designed for bowling but we were both experiencing a nice buzz from the large quantity of wine and I walked over to lane five.

"Hiya mate," I heard a familiar voice from the adjacent lane and gave a silent groan.

"Hiya Jez," I replied and smiled to see Jodie with him, dressed in the sexy blue dress Sarah had given her; it was clear that she was wearing very skimpy knickers as she was sat down and her dress was riding up. She subconsciously tugged it lower, as I leant over to tie my shoe laces but I still caught a glimpse of her barely covered pussy between the blue fabric. I guessed Jodie had been taking pep-talks from Sarah.

Vanessa appeared behind me and put her arms around my shoulders and caressed my chest, kissing me on the neck. "Aren't you going to introduce me?"

"Sure. Vanessa, this is Jez, an Oxygen thief and his elegant girlfriend, Jodie. Jodie and the Oxygen thief, this is Vanessa, my friend."

Vanessa threw her arms around Jodie and hugged her. "Hiya babe. I love that dress. Where did you get it?"

Jodie hummed and stammered, shocked at the forward nature of the drunken Vanessa. "It was a gift."

"It's amazing. I bet your bloke loves you wearing it. And is this the Jez that Isobel teased that you were telling me 'bout?" Vanessa asked and I nodded. She threw her arms around Jez and kissed him on the cheek. "I don't wear underwear all the time either."

"Isobel?" Jez asked and looked at me. "But I thought her name was ..." I coughed over the top of what he was about to say and shook my head which he understood. I punched our names into the lane computer but Jez was smiling at Vanessa and almost ignoring poor Jodie. "So what are you doing here?"

"Bowling," I replied and Vanessa snorted.

"We are on a date and he has been brilliant," Vanessa said a little too loudly and I suspected that the alcohol had hit her harder than I had expected. I knew she had a bit to

drink before meeting me but I wondered how much given what her share of a giant bottle of wine had done. She had drunk most of the drink herself and was incredibly thin; it was clearly having an effect.

“Has he?” Jodie asked with a sly smile on her face.

“The real test'll be later. See how brilliant he is then! Isobel says he's magical.”

Jez shot me a knowing look and mouthed, “how?”

I shrugged my shoulders and pointed the tipsy Vanessa towards the bowling lane. She picked up a ball and rolled it into the gutter and then repeated this thirty seconds later, laughing as she got nowhere near the pins.

“Of course I've been promised that he knows how to use his tongue. Fuckin' awesome was one description I had and who is going to complain at a dick this big,” Vanessa drunkenly said to Jez while I was bowling my first ball, nine pins. I spluttered when I heard what she was saying and holding her hands twelve inches apart. I might have an ego to maintain but even I know my manhood was not a foot long.

I shushed Vanessa and retrieved my ball for an assault on the final pin. “And of course being that age he can go all night long.” I turned to see Jodie squeeze Jez's hand and he got up to bowl.

“Seriously mate, what the fuck are you up to?”

“It's just a date but I think she had a little too much to drink and is being a bit gobby.”

“... yeah of course. Guys love blow jobs. Every bird should give her guy a decent suck at least once a day or two. It makes 'em happy,” I heard Vanessa tell Jodie and Jez grinned. “I had a guy who said I was so good at them, half the football team came 'round. But he loved me 'cause of it. So no girl should ever let her man go without. Ever. 'E gets miserable.”

“Let 'em talk. You know women, they love a good natter,” I suggested to Jez and he nodded.

“Too fuckin' right, man.” He grinned. “Jodie might listen.”

I stretched out and watched as my date drunkenly bestowed the virtues of her profession to Jodie who listened intently. Jez and I went and got drinks for all four of us and we came back to hear Vanessa confess to a previous life as an amateur porn star. “I don't know how you get 'em,” Jez moaned and I shrugged, taking a sip of my lemonade.

“It's just a date,” I replied. “We ain't going to go out; she said so. Just a bit of fun.” Jez spluttered and we passed drinks to our respective dancing companions.

Vanessa lost at bowling, and even though I tempered my shots, I still won by over 100 points; she was utterly useless and was more interested in talking to Jez's partner who lapped up her tales of debauchery and excess with abandon. “Ya should try it. Good lookin' girl like ya. Ya'd clean up, bit of porn, and the like.”

I looked at Jez who seemed to shrug at the idea and thought about it; I was not sure if I would like the idea of my girlfriend working in pornography but he seemed comfortable with the thought and Jodie's eyes flashed at the suggestion.

We only stayed for one game whereas Jodie and Jez remained on their lane and we stumbled out of the bowling alley after bidding them good night. Jez was certainly growing on me, and was no longer the immature loud mouth without any redeeming features that he was previously. Either the move into the College or his new girlfriend had made him be better company!

“Are you drunk?” I asked as I held upon the door, and she shivered as she entered the cold air.

“A bit,” she muttered and I took my coat off and wrapped it around her shoulders. Why do women always forget to take coats but never a ton of make-up in their handbags? “But it's been good. That Jodie wants to do porn, did ya know that?”

“She does now,” I moaned. “You've corrupted her.” Vanessa snorted in response and held her hands out in a dismissive gesture. She stumbled on the pavement and I had to catch her elbow as we turned down a side street and crossed the road.

“I ain't,” Vanessa moaned. “She's got a cracking figure. She'll go far if she gets the right agent.” I gulped.

“So what about you?”

“Fuckin' 'ated it. Full of pricks.” I pursed my lips and she shrugged. “Did some fluffer work but shit pay. I did some porn when was eighteen and it lead to this.” She gestured towards herself and giggled. “But you like going out with a stripper, right?”

I shrugged and looked up and down the road as we crossed another side street. “I'll get teased about it, but then I get teased 'bout everything. Rhea sees to that.”

She giggled and rubbed her nose. “Your friend was liking the sound of it. Gonna be the big man tomorrow at College.” I shrugged, not quite sure I was liking the direction the conversation was taking.

“Maybe,” I muttered and stopped her from walking into the road as a taxi sped past. “But I ain't boastful,” I answered truthfully. “And I don't kiss and tell.”

Vanessa didn't believe me but hesitated at the end of her path. “Aren't you coming in for a coffee?” She asked and I hummed.

“Sure,” I said, looking at her coy expression and followed her into her small flat. “I need a pee anyway.”

“Toilet's over there,” she said as we entered her lounge and she pointed to a room to her left, where there was a toilet, sink and a shower, all compressed into a space about a third of the size of my bedroom. I came out to see Vanessa pouring vodka into two giant glasses.

“Vanessa,” I called and she spun around, looking at me intently.

“Don't move,” she said firmly and skipped into the bathroom leaving me time to think; she had poured an impressive amount of vodka into the two tumblers – it was easily a quarter of a pint in each glass.

Vanessa tumbled back into the room, naked with her “C” or “D” cup breasts bouncing in front of her and she sat down on the sofa and passed me a drink. “Come on, get nekkid and get pissed.” She looked at my hesitancy. “What? What else were you planning to do?” I hummed and she cocked her head to one side. “You're an adult, right?”

“Yeah,” I muttered and unbuttoned my shirt as she just grinned mischievously; I had seen that look before from Rhea.

She patted the seat next to her as I removed my boxer shorts, and allowed my semi-erect cock bob free. She giggled as I did and she tapped her glass onto mine. “Down it.”

I hummed and she giggled as I put the glass to my lips and she put her fingers underneath the bottom of my glass. I spluttered as too much flooded into my mouth and it scorched my insides. I coughed and she chuckled as she drank half of her vodka in one go. She wrapped her hand over my body and cooed as her hands roamed freely; I was tense and

nervous and she sensed this. She slapped my thighs painfully and laughed evilly as I cried out. "I fuckin' love young boys," she said with a glint in her eye. "Fuckin' love corrupting 'em." She glanced into my eyes and I felt as though she was most certainly not the same giggly lady I had taken out. She read my mind and cocked her head to one side. "You took out a dirty stripper. What dya 'spect?" I shrugged and she held up her glass to her lips. "Come on, drink up."

I was already feeling a bit woozy and closed my eyes as Vanessa's free hand swept over my body. She sighed as she finished her drink and looked at me hesitating over the last dregs of mine. She reached and squeezed my nipple with one hand and cupped my balls with the other. "Drink." I cried and she squeezed both harder and watched as I drank the last of my fiery vodka, resisting the urge to vomit and feeling it burn as it flowed down my throat.

She released her grips on my sensitive areas and watched as I took deep breaths; the alcohol was having an effect on me and I could barely focus. Vanessa stumbled up and pulled out a small box and put it down on the coffee table. "That burns."

Vanessa wiggled her hips as she sat down and cooed. "Course it does. But it's good to be a bit pissed when you score." She poured some white powder and sorted it into two piles. "I ain't got much but enough for a quick hit each. Got it 'specially."

I looked at her and felt my insides churn, gulping as my stomach tried to expel the vodka. "Pardon?"

"Just a bit of Charlie," she muttered and took a small piece of card and ran it into two lines – a couple of millimetres wide and about two centimetres long. "You don't want to know what I 'ave to do to get this stuff. Twas easy in Luton. You got the meal and bowling. I've got the Coke."

I gulped. "I'm not sure," I told her drunkenly and stared at the Cocaine on the table. She giggled and looked at my serious expression.

"Ya ain't had it before?" She looked at my blank expression and smirked. "Amazin' stuff." I stared at it and took a deep breath; it was drugs and I wasn't sure what to make of it. "Fuckin' love it," she said confidently and took a straw, closed off one nostril and hoovered it up. "Go on," she offered and held out the straw. Her eyes widened and she gestured again. "Go on. First rush is magical. It's what ya do on a night out."

I swayed and took the straw from her, repeating her action of holding my nostril and sniffing the drug up my nose. It tingled as I sniffed it and I swayed; the alcohol was still coursing through my system.

It felt weird; I was expecting a magical rush and an incredible explosion but all I had was the urge to sneeze, which I resisted. I was still focused on trying to stop my stomach from expelling all the vodka Vanessa had given me over her carpet, but she looked at me expecting to see a smile and didn't get one.

She pulled my hand over her legs and I idly rubbed her labia, feeling the remnants of some hair, or the stubble from where it had grown and not been cut back and jabbed her pearl roughly.

I closed my eyes and dry-heaved but nothing came, and she rubbed my pubic hair. "Takes a few minutes," she told me and I closed my eyes, savouring her ungentle rubbing of my loins. I gulped and put my head back, I felt like everything want to come out but there was no rush of pleasure.

Then I started to feel it. A small desire inside of me and a lifting of an imaginary weight from my shoulders; I felt like nothing I had ever experienced before – a lightness and

buoyancy, a supreme confidence and I looked at Vanessa; suddenly I wanted sex and my body felt amazing.

I had to double take, Vanessa looked like she was out of this world and she leant over, kissing me on the lips. I rubbed my hands over her back and she sighed as she rocked back and forth over me, rubbing my cock against her waist and sighing.

I looked into her eyes; I was going to make her orgasm, and pushed her off of me and grabbed her by the arm, thrusting her towards the bedroom. She laughed and muttered something but I wasn't listening. "I'm gonna fuck ya," I told her and she nodded, awaiting as I threw her onto the bed. "Doggy."

Vanessa giggled and looked back. "This is why I love young men having Coke and Vodka," she told me and I positioned my erection against the little slut's hole. She gave a satisfied groan, and I gripped the top of her thighs and started thrusting forcefully against her. She was wet and accepted my drugged up cock easily and groaned loudly.

I slapped her rear as I pushed it in and out, causing her to gasp as I did; I repeated this again and again, feeling my stomach lurch and my body failing to focus but I felt in control but in a euphoric state. It was a unique, incredible experience and I gripped the girl tighter.

Everything felt wonderful, and was so electric. I wanted nothing more and gasped as every sensation sent mini-orgasms all over my body. It was incredible sensations, akin to nothing else I had ever experienced and my skin tingled with every touch.

She squealed and groaned; she was coming on my cock and I hammered it in more forcefully. Vanessa gasped and swore at me before screaming loudly. She squeezed my member tightly and I gave her one last smack across the arse as I felt my loins quiver and she clenched her pussy around the shaft.

Vanessa's screams were loud and echoed around the room as I pumped wave after wave of semen into the dancer; it was the most intense orgasm I ever had and felt on cloud-nine as my violent, animalistic yells echoed around her small bedroom.

My intense orgasm rush never ended and the sparkling feeling never ended with every spasm of my cock that caused the girl to writhe around underneath me.

She slid around to face me and giggled as she put a finger to her dripping cunt and held it to her lips. "You taste some?" She offered but I can't remember if I took some and she bent down to lick the tip of my semen-covered cock.

I experienced a warmth from her as she bobbed up and down and ran her tongue over it and I gasped, leaning back and putting my weight on my arms. She sucked it intensely and looked up at me with puppy-dog eyes: she was amazing.

I felt a further tension in the back of my testicles and closed my eyes; it was amazing and I felt a hundred feet tall. I gave a quiet mew, clenched my buttocks and smiled at her as I unloaded more of my sticky semen into the mouth of my drug-addled date.

I stretched out a bit more, but felt my arms slip and frantically tried to grip something, but my arm was sliding off the bed and I turned as I fell against the mattress. Vanessa giggled as I struggled to stay on her double bed and got up.

"More vodka?" She offered as she slipped out of the room; my semen running down her thigh. There was a weird taste in the back of my mouth and I stumbled to the door. Vanessa gave me a glass of water and apologised. "I'm out of blow now. Wish I 'ad some more." I slouched against the door frame, making out the symbols on her clock; it was either 1am or five minutes past midnight and I fell over her shoes as I made my way back to the bedroom.

She poured some more vodka but I passed and sipped my water; I wasn't being very

talkative but I felt I didn't need to: Vanessa was clearly delighted and happy in my presence and I slouched down naked with my slippery cock shining in the half light.

Vanessa looked wonderful and her messed up hair and giant bosom came and sat down across me as she downed some more vodka. She had diluted pupils and glazed eyes and I rubbed my hands over her soft breasts and she looked up.

“Some rush, eh?”

I hummed; I was tired, and I was wide awake, but the alcohol was having more of an effect than the Cocaine. I got up and staggered towards Vanessa's bed not quite sure of where I was; I was groggy.

With that, I remember falling against something soft, and began thrashing around, occasionally having wild dreams before getting up to be sick in the bathroom.

I remember dreaming about Sarah and Zoe riding unicorns being chased by fire engines driven by Rhea until the Honey Monster came to break it up: the dreams seemed real and scary and far worse than anything I had ever had with Stilton or alcohol alone.

* * * * *

“Master Williams,” barked an angry motherly voice from the dining room as I walked slowly across the lounge. I had woken up at eight when the alarm on my phone went off, with a nasty hangover (which had only been dulled by Vanessa's tablets and it still hurt) and had a nice chat with Vanessa who seemed to be a little sad that I was leaving so early. I gave her a kiss but we parted awkwardly; she might not have been “my type” and we agreed that she wasn't for me and I wasn't for her, but it had been a hell of an experience if nothing else.

She was suitably apologetic about some of her behaviour and said that she wished that she hadn't got me so drunk and high that I had collapsed in her bed; it was unfair, but begged me to keep her drug use a secret.

I promised her that I would keep her Cocaine to myself and she nodded, kissing me on the cheek and told me that she would do the same; it was a weird feeling and I remembered the intense euphoria that I felt, but I knew Mum, Sarah, Zoe, Rhea and just about everyone would have grave concerns if they knew what I had done.

I was incredibly embarrassed and disappointed with myself; I had actually enjoyed the rush and the intense (and unprotected) sex that I had had with her and knew that was a bad idea to have done such things; my judgement was impaired but it was no excuse. It would be a secret I would try to keep until I went to my grave.

With a promise to remain “friends” that I don't think either of us expected to keep, I left and walked home. “Why weren't you home last night?” Mum thundered and I stood in the doorway looking sheepish and tired.

“Because I spent it at a friend's,” I replied instantly and rubbed my runny nose. “I was going to ring but thought you'd be in bed. I did tell you I might spend it out.”

Mum threw her spoon into her bowl and crossed the carpet. “You were with Vanessa weren't you?” I nodded and watched her move towards me.

“But we aren't dating. I am not her type, just as friends.”

She shook her head. “Andy. Please. Stop this. Abi, Sarah, Zoe and now Vanessa.”

“I'm not,” I moaned and Mum crossed her arms.

“I know you are sixteen now but Vanessa is not good girlfriend material,” she told me. “I am very annoyed with Abi for setting it up. Just 'cause I told you to not spend the night with

Sarah, doesn't mean you need to start making your point with all and sundry. There are good reasons why you shouldn't be spending the night with Sarah."

"I didn't ..."

"And there are very good reasons why you shouldn't be spending the night with Vanessa. What does Sarah think of all these shenanigans?"

"I thought you didn't like Sarah."

Mum spluttered. "Of course I like Sarah, of sorts. I just want her to grow up a bit and to make a decision. And you too."

I shook my head and looked up at the ceiling. "I'm getting my stuff," I moaned and wandered up the stairs to get ready for school, feeling very unwell.

"Dis man. You are the bomb. The fuckin' bomb," Jez shouted as I entered the Common Room a little wearily. "I tell ya mate. Dis bird. Jugs to die for. Seriously fit body. I mean how short was her skirt? And be honest, ya nailed her right?"

I sighed. "Oh come on Jez. You know me. I don't kiss and tell." Three dozen of my peers were looking at me and then Jez.

"Tell ma ya secret, man 'cause she's an ex-porn star and a fookin' stripper."

Jodie looked on and then glanced at me, shaking her head. I got the feeling Jez was on considerably shaky ground if he continued to talk about how gorgeous Vanessa was! "I ain't got one. She's just a friend." I was saved from Jez recalling any more of my companion's virtues, at least with me present, by Zoe and Sarah who dragged me away, only to quiz me on my date.

"So let me guess. You had a good time when you took the stripper out on a date?" Sarah asked the moment we had got out of earshot of the chauvinistic Jez. "Am I right?"

I sighed and open groaned exasperatedly as she looked at my tired face and weary expression; my eyelids felt heavy. "Why is everyone interested in my love life?"

"Because I am worried about you," Zoe replied instantly and Sarah nodded. "We both are."

"OK. I went bowling with Vanessa and Jez saw us. I didn't mean him to but he did. OK?"

Sarah crossed her arms and sighed. "Did you have sex with her?"

"That's none of your business," I replied instantly but looking at the scowling faces of my two friends. "Did you have sex with Kevin?"

Sarah blushed but Zoe cut across my gloating. "Andy, she is a prostitute. Are you paying for sex?"

I groaned and lied about the evening. "No I did not pay, we did not have sex. It was a date not an orgy."

"Well I am still worried about you," Zoe informed me and I shrugged before sneezing violently. I waited for Sarah to leave us and looked at my friend.

"Why?" I asked with tearful eyes. "She is quite like Sarah, only older. And with smaller tits. She was playful and good fun. I went on a date and she is definitely not for me. Why else do you care?"

Zoe shook her head. "Because one day your libido is going to land you in serious trouble. You are so immoral and you are leading Sarah astray."

I puffed a deep breath to show that I disagreed with her and Zoe put her arm on my shoulder. "I am not leading Sarah astray. I am going out on a date with someone else, that's all. I'd rather it was Sarah but I don't get everything in life. Now if you've quite

finished I got General Studies reading to do and now less than ten minutes to do it in," I said forcefully and absented myself to the library where I would be away from awkward questions about girls, sex and, most importantly, any questions on drugs.

* * * * *

"Master Williams," called Mum as I threw my bag in front of the PlayStation at lunchtime.

"Yes?" I asked, peering around the archway into the dining room, yawning.

"Guess who I was speaking to today?" Mum asked and I shrugged my shoulders. "Sam Conway. He was telling me a very interesting tale." I looked at her blankly but she was not joking, she had her serious face on it. Was Sam Conway something to do with Vanessa, or maybe the little Italian restaurant we went to? Mum stirred at my confused expression and continued. "Sam runs a pub in Aylesbury, The White Lion. You know it?"

"Ahhh," I replied, it dawning on me who he was and why he might have been talking to Mum.

"Ahh indeed. You see I thought your story about the pub changing hands didn't ring true so I popped down and had a word. And would you believe it, he still runs it?"

"Oh really?" I asked, feigning surprise but Mum was looking very angry.

"Perhaps you can tell me exactly why you tried to assault their barman and then kicked their sign into the flowerbed? And why you and Sarah got banned?"

I bit my lip. "Well he tried to grab hold of Sarah."

Mum sighed and puffed. "You need to learn to control that temper of yours Andrew or it will land you in trouble. Now you will go around and see Sam and apologise tomorrow."

"But ..."

Mum banged her fist on the table. "Unless you want to be barred from every pub and club in this town. I am a member of Pubwatch, if you are banned from one establishment you are banned from them all. Now unless you want to give up your job downstairs you will get yourself unbanned, you hear?"

I stopped and went to reply but didn't trust myself and absented my voice box for a few moments. "OK."

I went to leave and Mum continued. "...and Sarah is having the same conversation with Angela later. We are not impressed Andrew. Not happy at all."

"OK I'm sorry," I spat and shrugged my shoulders. "I didn't mean to. It just happened." Mum crossed her arms and I left her angry glare to get some sleep in the afternoon, before my entertainment for the evening. I had skipped all my afternoon lessons; I had nearly fallen asleep at College and just needed some rest before the evening.

It was Zoe's birthday and she had arranged a meal at the pizza restaurant near the club. Zoe, like me, was very fond of Italian cuisine and she had made a block booking for a dozen people. Zoe wore her beautiful blue dress and I stopped to admire her for a few moments before I went up to the table; I was feeling much better after two pints of water and five hours of unbroken sleep. Her parents were at the other end of the restaurant, watching as the table filled. I wasn't the first to arrive but Zoe got up and greeted me with a kiss; I told her that she looked fantastic.

Zoe blushed. She always did when people paid her compliments and I sat down next to Sarah, who was wearing an elegant green dress. Zoe had stipulated she wanted everyone to dress up; she got a lot of enjoyment over everyone wearing beautiful clothes and I was not going to argue when it meant seeing several beautiful girls in fantastic dresses.

I passed Zoe the small gift and card and she rolled her eyes.

"Andy! You promised," Zoe said a little too loudly and her mum appeared from nowhere. "Look Mum. He has gone and bought me another present."

Emma looked at me blushing and even Sarah sighed. "It's just something to open on your birthday. It's nothing really."

Zoe squinted at me and smiled. "I will be having words with you later, Master Williams."

Sarah leaned over when Zoe had left the table, "you so fancy her!"

"I do not," I replied in an equally hushed voice.

"Then why all the gifts."

"Wait until it's your birthday. I'll buy your four dresses," I promised grinning and Sarah asked if I meant it. "Of course. You've read the Emperors' New Clothes right?" I asked and she gave me a playful push on the shoulder once she had worked out what I was saying. "Honestly, I don't. There is only one girl I want to go out with."

"Abi?" Sarah replied and I shook my head.

"No. We work well as friends, and even as lovers, but Abi was right I think: we'd have made a shit couple, at least at the moment. No someone else."

"Who?" Sarah asked and then looked at me coyly. "Is it me?"

"Oh Donna. She does it for me every time," I replied in a sarcastic voice and she shook her head.

"You're a crap liar Master Williams."

"Yeah I am, aren't I?" I muttered and pursed my lips. "But there is someone but she isn't interested at the moment." Sarah's face fell slightly but I didn't know why, she knew what I thought of her and it was up to her to make her decision.

* * * * *

The restaurant had almost emptied when we had finished. Zoe, her parents, Sarah and Simon were left when the Mathesons asked for the bill. I tried to give Emma £10 for my food and drink but she refused. I felt annoyed as I had always been taught to pay my way in life and when Zoe invited me this wasn't promised, so Sarah and I insisted they take our money which reluctantly they did. Zoe looked at the small pile of presents on the table and grinned.

"I want to open this one first," Zoe said and picked out the little thin box, poorly wrapped by myself, and tore open the red wrapping paper. She looked at the jewellery box and flicked the lid open, her eyes sparkling with expectation.

"Oh wow! Andy, you shouldn't have."

Simon was looking over his sisters' shoulder. "Are they real diamonds?"

"They are 100% completely genuine cubic zirconias," I replied and Zoe smiled. "But it is a real Sapphire in sterling Silver."

Zoe wiped her eyes and got her brother who was around that side of the table to put the floral pendant around her neck. It hung a few inches below her throat and matched her dress perfectly.

"Look Mum. Dad," Zoe squealed as they returned from paying the bill. "Look what Andy bought me. It's a real Sapphire."

Her mum looked at the pendant and smiled at Zoe. "It's lovely. You're very lucky."

"I am. But Andy you really shouldn't have but thank you." She watched me blush and crossed her arms. "But what has got into you?" I shrugged and said nothing, but Sarah was rather untalkative with me as we walked back, grunting or moaning as I spoke and we ambled back.

Rhea teased me when my friend recounted the evening to her, and Sarah almost shut the door in my face as we walked into her room. "You fancy her," Sarah moaned as she sat on the bed in the spare bedroom. "Just admit it. You fancy her."

"Are you going to get undressed?" I asked Sarah, deliberately not responding to her allegations, and she shook her head.

"Not with you here, no," she replied defiantly.

"Why? You've never normally cared."

"Well tonight I do." I couldn't always tell when Sarah was being serious (and wasn't always sure if Sarah knew when she was being serious) but there was both a playful and annoyed edge to her voice.

"I would like to show you something and I can't do it with you clothed."

"Does that line really work any more? Isn't it like the 'I have blue balls?'"

I sighed. "Sarah, when have I ever tricked you?"

Sarah thought for a moment and slid out of her green dress, and then slid down her lacy white knickers. I never tired of looking at her hairless pussy and gloriously firm, smooth body but kissed her briefly on the lips and told her to shut her eyes. "Remember the bluebells," I reminded her and she did so. I reached up on top of the wardrobe and pulled down the other necklace I had hidden on there before going out. I knew what Sarah was like and wanted to give her the other necklace when Zoe was not present.

I had already unclasped it, and slid the gold chain and ruby pendant over her breasts and fastened it behind her hair. "What are you doing?" Sarah asked and I kissed her on the neck.

"Now open your eyes," I told and positioned her opposite the mirror. She blinked for a moment and looked at me.

"What?"

"What do you see?" I asked and she looked back at the mirror and then noticed the pendant.

"Ahhh. It's..."

"It's real diamonds. Tiny carat granted, but it's real," I told her and her eyes sparkled. The pendant consisted of a bar with two diamonds, each barely a millimetre across and a ruby hanging at the end ten times bigger than the diamonds.

"It's beautiful. But why?"

"I wasn't going to forget the very sexy girl I know, was I?" I teased and she bit her lip. I passed her the box and she saw the certificate of authenticity folded up and she opened it.

"No really, why me? What does it ..."

"It doesn't mean anything," I promised her, but didn't mean it. Sarah meant the world to me but I just couldn't find the courage to tell her.

She sniffed and looked at the paper. "You weren't joking, were you? Real gemstones."

I shook my head. "No. Of course not. It's a real ruby and two real diamonds."

Sarah turned around and looked up at me. "But why? What have I done?"

I gave her a kiss on the lips. "Truthfully, I like you and wanted to treat you. Is that wrong?"

Sarah gave a wry smile. "Yes, we are not dating and you're not interested and you can't go buying diamonds for people. It's ... well ... you shouldn't. It's like you are trying to buy me and you shouldn't."

My heart skipped a beat. Why did Sarah think that? "I know. I'm not trying to. Why does everyone misread what I do? I buy Zoe a present and it's because I fancy her and I buy you something and it's because I'm trying to buy your affections."

"You don't need to Andy. You have my affections but thank you. It's gorgeous."

"I know. That's why I bought it. It matches the owner." She kissed me and wiped her eyes, sniffing as she did. I hesitated and nodded towards her.

"I better go. Good night," I told her and nodded.

"Good night," she laughed with a smile and I backed out of her room, calling down to Mum.

"See ... separate bedrooms," I called and closed my door.

* * * * *

"Andrew Williams," roared a motherly voice from the sofa as I meandered downstairs. Sarah had been up, I heard her rise and was eating her breakfast in the dining room.

"Err ... yeah."

"Sit down," she said sternly and called Sarah in. "What's this about necklaces?"

"Nothing," I prevaricated and Mum shot me a piercing look. "OK, I got Zoe a little something to open on her birthday."

Mum groaned and put her head in her hands. "Right, what exactly did you buy her?"

"Silver necklace, Sapphire, fake diamonds," I replied and Mum shot Sarah and me a glance.

"Jewellery is personal, lovers and partners buy it. Families might buy it but not friends."

"Why?"

"Because it's personal. You send out the wrong messages, especially what you already bought her in Cambridge."

I groaned. "OK, is that it?"

"Err not quite. Sarah's necklace. Diamonds?"

"Err, well, yes."

"Why?"

I stammered. "Because I thought she might like it," I replied evasively and Mum took a deep breath.

"Is that the real reason?"

Sarah glared at me and bit her lip. "Yeah, what else would there be?"

"Diamonds mean things. You don't give diamond jewellery to friends. Not without a very good reason."

"Have you seen the size of them? They sparkle very nicely but they are tinier than Rice Krispies!"

Mum shook her head and looked at Sarah. "Can you explain this to him? You don't give

diamonds unless that person means something to you, otherwise it looks extravagant and like you are trying to buy love.”

“I said that to him,” Sarah told Mum and I snorted.

“I know. She did. But I am not. And Sarah does mean something to me. I think the world of her, you both know that. But she is just a friend. A close friend.”

Mum looked up at the ceiling and sighed. “If you can't exercise control and think then I'll taking a much closer interest in what you get up to.” I think she was joking but Sarah squeezed my shoulder.

“I do love it, but it is very excessive, Andy. You spend too much on us.”

“I know, but it suits you. When you saw it, your eyes were twinkling more than the diamonds,” I told her and she giggled, clearly embarrassed.

“That's what Rhea said,” Sarah replied.

“And you looked so lovely, in the mirror wearing it,” I told her and she blushed.

“Andy, you know, I had to wait until I was twenty to be bought my first diamond. And it wasn't much bigger than that,” she said pointing to Sarah's chest.

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. “So?”

Mum rolled her eyes. “It was when I got engaged. The person I loved bought me that diamond, Andy; not one of my friends. And the only person to have bought me diamonds is someone I love.”

Sarah blushed and went in to get herself some breakfast and I turned to Mum. “Then that's something you have in common with Sarah then,” I told her so Sarah couldn't hear. “I just wish that I could tell her that.”

I left the girls – Rhea, Sarah and Mum – downstairs while I went up and had a shower after I had to remove a “deadly” (about half-an-inch wide) spider from the kitchen; I don't know why Mum was so scared of them and it was lucky I was nearby as Rhea's favoured trick was to run at the arachnophobe holding the creature when she was asked to remove it screaming obscenities at them.

Sarah and Mum were talking intently while Rhea was busy trying to create mischief. I came downstairs when I got out of the shower, a towel around my waist when I heard raised voices. Rhea's raised voice to be precise.

“You are being unfair,” Rhea yelled at Sarah; Mum was nowhere to be seen. “You lead him on and he is too pussy-whipped to see what you are. But you are a tart. A charlatan. And a nasty fucking prick-tease.”

Sarah had tears streaming down her face. “I am not!” Sarah retaliated and Rhea stood over her.

“You fucking are. You are playing with his emotions,” Rhea told her and launched a vicious, stinging slap across Sarah's right cheek. “And he is too stupid to see it.” I was beside Rhea, dragging her off and my towel slipped. I threw my violent sister onto the couch and grabbed the sobbing Sarah.

“What the hell is going on?” I asked and Sarah buried her face into my shoulder.

“She is a nasty, horrible tart,” Rhea shouted and I put my arm around Sarah.

“No Rhea, she isn't. She is my friend. You don't attack my friends.”

Rhea stared unrepentantly at me, her fists clenched. “Why can't you see it? Why can't Abi see it? She is using you for attention but wants to stay with Kev. And now you are

spending all your dough on her. It's diamonds now, she'll be using you as a fucking cashpoint soon. She's a nasty, gold-digging whore."

"It's not easy for her. For anyone. That doesn't mean ..."

"Oh shut up, you stupid, naïve twat," Rhea shouted across me. "Of course it's easy. But she won't ever go out with you. See it and get rid of the manipulative bitch. There's dozens of girls you can go out with."

I clenched my fists. With every passing word Rhea said I felt the anger inside me well up. Sarah was very special to me, why did Rhea think she could insult her in front of me and get away with it? I took a deep breath and went to speak when Sarah sniffed. "Andy, please don't," she begged through the tears. I exhaled and paused for a moment, still glaring at my sister.

"Oh for fucks sake," Rhea cried. "She says don't and all of a sudden you stop arguing with me. I fucking hate her, Andy. See what she is."

"Well I don't. Sarah is very, very special to me. And I am happy with our friendship, Rhea. It's what I want."

Rhea stood up and walked towards me. "You're a fucking fool then. To think that I share some DNA with you." I hugged Sarah and gulped. "Fucking think with your head not your cock," Rhea shouted as she left the room, pushing my shoulder.

"I'm so sorry," I told her, my naked body pressed against her.

"She's just looking out for you," Sarah muttered and hugged me. "But I don't want to lead you on as that wouldn't be fair."

"I know," I whispered and felt somewhat relieved that I had not lost my temper with Rhea in front of her.

* * * * *

"Oi," called a familiar voice in the Common Room and both Zoe then Sarah appeared. "You are in so much trouble," teased Zoe and I grinned.

"What've I done?" I asked and Sarah caught up with Zoe.

"One diamond necklace. One Sapphire necklace. You know my Dad reckons you will be asking me out, please tell me you won't."

I laughed. "Well just as well I'm not because that's a great rejection if ever I've heard it. I am not going to be asking you out ... well not on a date anyhow."

Sarah smiled at me. "I don't think you could cope with him," she teased Zoe. "But I don't know what's come over him."

I sighed. "Honestly, right. I went to Harrow to buy myself some clothes a few weeks ago with my profit from some work I did. Got a few things and got the most important people in my life, a treat. Zoe got a necklace, Rhea got an ankle chain that she will get on her birthday, if I can stand to be in the same room as her. Abi got an ankle chain that she will get when she stays over. Mum got a bracelet that she can have next week on her birthday and the beautiful, wonderful, sexy Sarah got a necklace."

Sarah looked at me and grinned. "So Zoe, Rhea and Grace's birthdays ..."

"Yes they are all within a few days, but I wasn't going to leave you or Abi out. I think it suits you. Just as Zoe's suits her."

Zoe and Sarah smiled at each other. "I still think there is something he is not telling us"

"Yeah, fucking lots. Now can we do our Stats homework, we only have forty minutes and I

was at a party last night and a date the night before so I am well behind.”

* * * * *

Mum gave me an ultimatum on the Friday that Sarah and I had to sort out Sam Conway and the White Lion and become unbarred or she would be advertising my job at the end of the day. I grumbled at this, I thought it was a little unfair but she was resolute and so we had to make our way down to the pub.

I was a little surprised that we were spotted the moment we got to the establishment and suspected Mum had rung him before I arrived. Sarah was a little nervous, and with good reason, she had done little wrong when she had got barred and a tall, balding man beckoned us over to the corner and pointed to the seat.

“Mr Conway?” I asked as he came over and he tucked his shirt in and sat down. His face was stern, almost scowling and his bushy eyebrows oozed control and dominance. I felt like I was twelve and felt Sarah grip my hand under the table.

“Yes. And you must be Andy and Sarah.”

“Err ... yes,” I muttered and he glared. “Err, yeah, we, ummm, we just want to say sorry for what happened with us and your barman.”

He furrowed his eyebrows, considering me as I spluttered an apology and took a deep breath, the nicotine stains on his fingernails clearly visible as he wiped his face. He sniffed and looked at Sarah who mumbled the same words and then leaned back, speaking in a firm, low voice “Well, I don't like that language in my pub. I certainly don't like it from a sixteen year old. And not to my staff, who is my son.” He paused as we considered what he said. “And then to break, to wilfully damage the pub's property. We should have called the Police.” He stared intently at our expressions and Sarah gripped my hand under the table. I was apprehensive about him, he was not what I expected from a landlord and his eyes were piercing through me; I was sure he could read my thoughts.

“We, um, we are sorry about that. Well I am sorry about that.” He grunted and squinted and looked at me, encouraging me to explain myself. “He grabbed hold of Sarah and I, um, lost my temper a bit.”

He scratched the side of his face and glared at me. “That sign cost me twenty pounds to make,” he said firmly. “I shouldn't have to replace it every time a school kid gets annoyed.

I looked down at the table sheepishly. He was right, of course and I gulped. “I know.”

“It's something that we've been working on,” Sarah added. “Andy's temper is a little ... fiery.”

Sam crossed his arms and shook his head. “Needs a bloody big clip 'round the ear. I told that Grace that's what you needed. If you'd been my son, you'd have bloody known about it.” He waved his finger at me and Sarah gripped my hand. “And you missy. You're guilty by association. I ain't havin' that sort of behaviour, doing damage to my stuff. Out of bloody order it is.”

I slid two ten pound notes across the table and he glanced at them. “The sign,” I told him and he took them with snort.

“Good. But you will stay barred.”

I sighed. “But I really need to be unbarred. I will lose my job if I stay banned from your pub.”

He gave a waspish grin. “I know,” he said with absolute calmness. “But after what you did and said, I don't want you in my pub again.”

I glared at him, trying to guess what he meant. "But I've paid for the sign. I have said sorry," I grumbled and he just shrugged.

"And that makes it better? This is my pub, I get to choose who comes in, and I don't want you in here."

"Can we be unbarred if we promise not to come back?" Sarah asked hopefully and he sneered at her.

"No, now please leave."

I went to respond to him but Sarah squeezed my hand under the table and we got up, taking our coats. "Is there anything I can say or do to make you change your mind?"

He shook his head and glanced over to the door, indicating our stay was definitely over.

I waited until I got outside and stared up at the rain, falling out of the sky. "Ahh, fuck," I yelled at no-one in particular and Sarah gripped my hand.

"Well maybe your Mum didn't really mean it," she tried but I knew Mum was absolutely resolute when she made that threat.

I was going to lose my job.

Chapter XVII

Isobel embraced me as I entered the team meeting and whispered into my ear. "How was your date?"

"Fine," I muttered and she looked at me with a worried seriousness.

"Grace was furious with me for setting it up. She told me that Vanessa was one step too far. I think there is something that has happened before that I don't know about; so you didn't do anything silly, did you?"

I gulped. "Like what?" Isobel snorted and looked into my anxious, lying eyes. "Of course not." She breathed a sigh of relief and squeezed my hand.

"Good," she whispered. "Cause I dannae want to upset Grace. Or you."

"You won't," I promised with undue haste as Mum called the team meeting to order and ran through the business – including a few photos of people banned from other pubs. Mum shot me a pained expression as Isobel rifled through them and I promised to bring the photos to the next team meeting; I had forgotten to pick them up from Olivia much to the annoyance of a couple of the girls although I lied and said that there was so many they were taking a day or two longer to process.

I spoke to Mum over tea, but she was determined that unless Sarah and I could get ourselves unbanned from the White Lion I would lose my job. I told her that I had paid for the sign and that I had apologised but he was being stubborn and Mum just grinned. "I know, he is like that."

"So what do I do?" I asked with a dismissive shrug of the shoulders. Rhea suggested I went down with a Molotov Cocktail and threaten to firebomb his precious pub unless he relented, which she thought he might if he saw the "fiery orb of pain."

"I think he might take me seriously," I joked and Mum shot me a dirty look. "But that's not really very helpful," I added and Rhea snorted.

"Was losing it and going mental very helpful?" Rhea asked mockingly and I just glared at her sticking her tongue out at me.

"Well you need to sort it," Mum said resolutely and got up to make tea. "I am a member of the Pubwatch scheme, it would be wrong if I continued to allow you to work when you are banned from the White Lion, and by the way you are also banned from every pub and bar in Aylesbury."

I groaned; every other pub was the least of my worries. "But he is just doing it to make my life miserable," I replied and she raised her eyebrows at me.

"Sam isn't like that. I know him well. He is a fool, a very stubborn fool, but he's not unfair."

I tapped away at the table and spent most of the evening thinking about it, and decided I had to do what I always did when I had problems, which was to talk to Abi.

Abi on a Saturday morning after she had been dancing was never a pretty sight, and knocking on her bedroom door at 10am in the morning didn't get me happy, helpful Abi but an annoyed, tired girl instead. She eventually listened to my predicament but could offer little in the way of suggestions that were particularly helpful and I left her alone to catch up on her rest, after a raunchy "69" session at her request.

Sarah was similarly out of useful ideas herself when I rang her and I amused myself in the park feeding the ducks and then cleaning the club.

As a gentle reminder, Mum very helpfully left a scribbled advert on the side of the till for a

part-time cleaner with a local number scrawled across the top. I knew what it was, and Mum smiled at me when she came down to retrieve it; she wasn't joking and I decided to go and see him again after finishing the club.

As I approached the pub, I didn't know what I was going to say. A few cinema-goers crossed the street – a film must have just finished – and I looked into the beer garden. It was a cold day, the wind was icy and swirled around the pub, but a few brave souls were crowded around the patio heater and I looked and saw Sam Conway clearing another table.

I cleared my throat and called out his name, still on the footpath and he came striding over. "I told you," he warned and I held out my hands and pointed to the footpath that his pub stood on. "Get out of my pub."

"I came to talk to you," I said and he just grunted. "And I am on the footpath."

"I got nothin' to say to you," he said gruffly and looked behind him. "And I got a busy pub to run."

"I only need five minutes," I asked. "Please?"

He looked through the window and shook his head. "You can come back at nine, but I am not changing my mind."

I waited until I got out of hearing range and then swore loudly at his wretched pub. Suddenly Rhea's suggestion was looking increasingly good, if there was no pub then there can be no ban, but would that count as me being unbarred?

Rhea had offered to burn down his pub for a thousand pounds, which she claimed was excellent value for money, and I laughed at her. While I was ninety-nine percent sure she was joking, there was a lingering doubt in the back of my mind about the other one percent but it was looking like a cracking idea with the landlord being so stubborn! I decided that paying my sister to commit arson would not be a good step towards getting myself unbarred from every pub and club in Aylesbury, and instead beat her at the games console.

I was most annoyed by the perceived injustice. I had worked hard at the club, and earned my job on merit, but because of the obstinate and cantankerous landlord of a pub I didn't even like, I was set to lose my job. There was no appeal to a rational, sane person and no right of reply. I put this argument to Mum over Saturday dinner and she just shrugged it off with "that's how Pubwatch works."

"But it shouldn't," I ranted and crossed my arms. "You've made him judge and jury. It's not right."

"And what would you have it replaced with?" Mum asked and I began to outline my plans for the modernisation of an unfair system when Rhea offered a further suggestion - "photograph him raping a rabbit or something and blackmail him." Mum giggled at my sister's imagination, assuming that the unyielding and unfair landlord would also be a pervert practising bestiality, but her ridiculous ideas were better than any thought I had come up with.

"He's not into rabbits," Mum told her. "Just young ladies."

At nine, I walked tentatively into his pub and looked around. He was behind the empty bar and spotted me immediately, pointing to a chair by the door. "Now, what do you want?"

I took a deep breath. "I really need to be unbarred from your pub," I started with. "I will lose my job if I stay banned."

I saw the corner of his mouth curl and his eyes bored into me. "I know. But I am not going

to change my mind because of that. You knew what you were doing when you swore at my staff, and when you damaged my property.”

“Which I have paid for,” I replied and his face contorted.

“It was never about the money,” he quickly added. “It’s the principle.” I found this somewhat convenient that he had taken this attitude, after I had paid for the bloody sign, and I glanced over at the wall and then back again.

“What do you want from me? What would make you change your mind?”

He rubbed his tired eyes and looked over at me. “Nothing. I am not doing it. Nothing else, you’ve shown no remorse, only saying sorry when Grace found out and you realised it would cost you a job.”

I opened and closed my mouth, biting my lip. “It’s not like that,” I eventually said but he sneered at me. “I was upset when I got barred and I reacted badly. I had some girl and friend trouble and overreacted. I regretted the moment I left the pub. Second time, I felt I was being unfairly treated.”

“Anyone who acts like that gets barred,” he said firmly. “We have the rules, you’ve seen them behind the bar. Just because you have a Saturday job that you can’t do, doesn’t mean I should treat you any differently.”

“I know that,” I conceded. “But I can’t be the first sixteen year old to have girl trouble and react badly, can I?”

He shook his head and looked at me. “I’ve had more girl trouble than you’ve ever dreamed of,” he told me and crossed his arms. “I got some floosie pregnant and she split me and me wife up, and came after me for so much maintenance I near-on lost me business. And I didn’t act like that. So you’re barred, and you will stay barred.”

I nodded and hummed; I felt defeated and squinted on the carpet. “OK. Well. If there is nothing I can say or do to make you change your mind, there is no point me bothering you any more.” I got up from my chair and wiped my eyes as I left his pub, not looking behind me.

I loved my little job in the club, I earned good money, it fit in with my college work and was perfect in so many ways. I sat on a low wall within sight of the pub and stared at it. When I lost my temper on that fateful day three months previous I didn’t realise what the consequences were but as Mum was always keen to tell me, I had to accept all the consequences for my actions.

I dejectedly walked home and just nodded at Mum on the couch. “Said no?”

“Wouldn’t even entertain it,” I mumbled. “I ain’t getting unbanned from there.”

Mum pressed her lips together. “Well I’m sorry, but I can’t overrule him. You have a two year ban from Pubwatch pubs and clubs.” I groaned and winced as she spoke. “And I need to advertise your job at the end of the week.”

“I presume I am allowed to do it until then?”

Rhea cackled. “Can I do it? I’m not banned.”

“Rhea,” I cried out and she just giggled.

“Well, you must have done something serious if he says no. How much did you offer him?”

I muttered under my breath. “I didn’t.”

“You didn’t offer to bribe him? Fuckin’ ‘ell,” she cried and was chastised by Mum for her language. “Get down there, and offer him something. Do I have to think of everything?”

"Be quiet Rhea." Mum looked at me with a steely glare. "I have a deadline of Friday to get an advert in the paper so you have a stay of execution of six days. Unless you think you can convince him that you shouldn't be barred by then. By non-corrupt means."

I sighed. "He ain't gonna relent. He told me so, so there is no point bothering him again. He's just getting a sick satisfaction out of my misery," I moaned and grumbled about his sadism.

"Hey," Rhea called. "There is nothing sick about getting satisfaction out of someone's misery," she replied and crossed her arms. I glared at her and she sniffed. "Simon and I worked on our joint project and he lost it the day before we had to hand it in."

I sniffed; I didn't want to hear about my sister's tribulations, so I turned, said goodnight and wandered up the stairs to my homework.

What I need was something to make me happy but neither Sarah, nor Abi were around and although I said I was most definitely never doing Cocaine again, I felt as though I wanted a line: it was an incredible high for fifteen or twenty minutes even though it screwed my body up for hours afterwards.

I wanted something. I wanted to escape. I wanted Class A drugs.

* * * * *

"What do you want?" I asked as Sarah peered around the door into the club.

"Grace said you would be here," Sarah told me and looked longingly onto the stage.

"So what do you want?" I asked again with a smile as she appeared transfixed by the dance stage and dancing pole.

"Ahhh, yes. I want you to do me a favour."

"What?" I asked and she shrugged.

"Well two favours. I need to see your Maths homework for tomorrow, but don't tell Zoe. I can't do it and the slave-driver witch will have me for it."

I shook my head. "I am not sure on a couple, I was going to speak to Zoe after she's been to church."

"Ahh right," Sarah hummed and puffed, climbing onto the stage and twirled her body around the pole.

"And the other one?"

"Other what?"

"Other favour." She looked at me, in her jeans and white top, and bit her lip as she slid down it, landing with a bump. "You said you had two favours to ask."

"Could you and Zoe or Abi come bowling with me and ... and ummm ..."

"Kevin?" I asked and she nodded.

"I've not seen him for ages. And his mum is coming to Harrow and dropping him off so he's taking the train to Aylesbury. And I said I'd meet his train at twelve and take him bowling but I don't want to do it on my own." I stared at Sarah's expectant face and she pouted.

"Please, you know I love you and I'll make it worth your while."

I sniggered and looked up at her. "Love me. What would Kevin say to that?"

She shrugged and looked at me out of the corner of her eye. "Go on. I'll do whatever you want, I just know if we are on our own I'll be in the Wellington Arms by two with my knickers 'round some lampshade and ..." Sarah hesitated and rubbed her nose as she got

down from the stage. "... he doesn't do gentle lovin' like you."

I didn't need any other reason; the thought of interrupting Kevin's love life with Sarah was good enough for me and I pulled out my mobile phone and dialled Zoe who answered it with a shriek. She was unable to meet as she had promised to help at Sunday school, but did offer to let me see her Maths homework if I came by the house later.

Abi's response to me calling her mobile was far more seductive and flirtatious - "Morning Super Shagger." I laughed and asked if she had any plans for the rest of the afternoon. She said she only had chores to do, at which point I told her that I had plans which meant she would be occupied for the afternoon. Sarah giggled as she listening alongside me.

"Why, where are we going?"

"Bowling. With Sarah and Kevin."

Abi laughed down the phone. "I'm not dressed, what shall I wear?" hummed and I heard her open her wardrobe. "Something sexy or not?" I took one look at Sarah's plain outfit and sighed.

"Short, and none of the things underneath." Sarah raised her eyebrows at my words but she didn't know the context and Abi chortled, telling me that she would be at the club in thirty minutes and that I was probably up to something.

This gave Sarah enough time to quiz me on what I was planning (I wasn't going to say), get a drink (I paid) before leaving to go the station, and we agreed that I would meet her at the bowling alley in half-an-hour.

Abi wore the wonderfully low cut summer dress that she wore when we first met, that was brightly coloured with pink, orange and brown flowers and finished even shorter than I remembered. "It's only tacked up," she whispered. "But I know you are up to something – with Sarah?"

"Uh-huh," I muttered as I put the Hoover away. "She has invited her boyfriend to Aylesbury." Abi laughed and she looked down at her short skirt.

"Is it short enough? I've taken four inches off." I laughed and she shrugged. "Well if jealousy isn't going to work, nothing will!"

I kissed on the lips and looked into her eyes. "Thank you, but it's not jealousy I want. It's ... ummm ... well I don't like Kevin and ..."

"You want him to see you as getting some, 'cause he isn't?" I spluttered in response. "How long 'ave we got?"

I checked my watch and then looked at the clock on the wall. "It's broken," I muttered in annoyance. "Fifteen minutes 'til we have to leave. We have to be at the bowling alley in 25 minutes and I need to lock up."

Abi whooped and grabbed me by the arm. "Not had proper sex, well not with you, for days," she moaned. "And I'm not being teased without getting some reward."

I laughed but she dragged me up the stairs to the VIP rooms above us and pushed open the door to the "red room" with a knowing smirk. "We don't have too much time," I told her and Abi put her hands at the bottom of her dress and lifted it over her head.

"Then you better be at your best," she warned and the naked (except for her shoes) Abi cocked her head and grinned. "Cause I am here to tease and I can't do that if I am horny," she told me with a smirk and I raised my eyebrows. "I don't tease then, I just give."

"Well you could have stayed the night," I suggested as I put my arms around the sexy dancer and she just shrugged her shoulders.

“Yeah, well, you got Sarah. Or you will have if you act like a man instead of a mouse.” I went to protest and she pushed on my shoulders so I was kneeling and lay down on the bright red couch.

I had not cleaned the room - Mrs Pollitt did the upstairs areas but I doubted as though Abi would be the first person to receive oral sex in one of the club's VIP rooms that weekend. She looked at me longingly and I parted her toned legs so that her right leg was hanging off the end of the couch and her slit opened up invitingly.

She looked at me with puppy dog eyes and I kissed the inside of her thigh. Abi sniffed and waited for my lips to dance along her soft skin to her pubic hair and then grunted. “You said we didn't have much time,” she warned as I lightly kissed her labia.

Abi sighed and I slid a finger just inside her and began making lazy circles just inside her entrance as my tongue slid up and down her slit. Abi cooed appreciatively as I flicked her pearl, swelling nicely; I had missed the unmistakable musk of Abi and the tickling of her pubic hair on my nose.

She rotated her pelvis slightly as I sucked on her button, my fingers buried to the second knuckle and stroking the inside of her walls. I began to withdraw them twisting them in her slick hole and then pushing them back in to rub against her insides.

Abi pushed herself forward and swore, grunting, moaning, mewling and squealing as I flicked her clit with more force and thrust my fingers into her harder and harder. Her legs quivered with every touch of her button and sweet crevice. My neck began to tire in the position, but I didn't care; I was just loving the unmistakable sounds of the ravishing girl approach her sexual climax.

Abi exclaimed and profaned constantly, professed her undying love to me and pulled my head further into her crotch until she exploded with a forceful, gushing orgasm that caused her face to flush, legs to shake and cunt to grip my rotating fingers with unreal power. Her entire body tensed as she screamed, and she had to scramble away from my tongue as it was “too much.”

“My clit gets way too sensitive,” she moaned and then pulled me on top of her, pushing my shorts down and freeing my cock from its boxer shorts. “Little Andy wants to play,” she said with a grin and reached down between her legs to position me into her.

I sighed as she gently guided me in and I looked into her eyes as there was no friction. “We haven't got time to be gentle,” I said with a smirk and Abi kissed me on the lips.

“Do I get a rogering then?” Abi said with a smile and I rammed my cock into her. She gasped and smiled as I repeated it, jackhammering into the dancer.

Abi was always fond of a “good fucking” as she called it, but I felt possessed – I wanted her and just slammed into her relentlessly. She groaned and threw her head back, looking up at me with wild, passionate eyes.

I kissed her neck and she went to say something, other than lustful exclamations but she couldn't; she was panting almost as much as me and I felt myself near the point of no return.

Abi moaned, and screamed, still saying that she loved me and kissed me as I felt her hole tense around my cock and vibrate as she squealed loudly. It was all I needed and I squirted deep inside her.

We rocked back for a few moments and Abi looked at me with her ruffled hair and impassioned gaze. We kissed and I slowly got up, passing her some tissues from the small toilet; we had two minutes before we had to leave!

* * * * *

"You certainly know how to look after a girl," Abi teased as we walked down the street; we had had no time to clean up the room, each other and for Abi to straighten her ruffled hair and were already a few minutes late. She held my hand, almost running along the road and looked back at me. "I think I have taught you well."

"You have," I said with a smirk and she licked her lips.

"I've always said you were good with your tongue," Abi complimented and then asked me to slow down; she was having trouble walking in heels. "You know that." I snorted and she squeezed my hand. "If I tell Sarah how good you are, do you think she'll have you?"

"Sarah knows," I said with raised eyebrows. "She's tried and decided not to buy."

"Well maybe you only put effort in for me," Abi mused with a smirk. "I should be honoured."

"I always put effort in for you," I teased and stuck my tongue out at her. "I've told you, you're special."

Abi's face flickered and she squeezed my hand again. "But not as special as Sarah," Abi replied but I disagreed, even though she didn't believe me. Both of them were very special to me in different ways. Sarah was my classmate, and who I really wanted to date, but Abi taught me so much and I felt as though she had led me into adulthood.

I loved them both in their own way, but I couldn't say Abi was less special than Sarah, even though Abi's self-esteem (or lack of it) would make her believe otherwise.

"You're late," Sarah moaned as Abi and I arrived. She took one look at the smile on Abi's face and sighed.

"Sorry," I muttered. "Abi took ages."

Abi leant over and kissed me on the cheek telling me that I took ages to come so it was my fault. Her short skirt rode up and she cocked her head as she looked towards Kevin. "I'm Abi," she purred and held out her hands to embrace him. He looked at Sarah nervously and she turned away to catch my eye; I wasn't sure if she was giving me an evil look or a suspicious look but she knew I was up to something, and Abi deliberately felt him up as they hugged.

Kevin was his usual sneering self but with Abi present I didn't feel threatened at all. Sarah and I paid for the lane for two games, and Abi bought us all a drink as we changed into the shoes. He looked at the pair in his hand, muttered something to Sarah and walked back to the desk. "Where's he gone?" I muttered as I tapped away at the computer to enter our names into the system.

"Changing his shoes," Sarah told me and shrugged. "Said they were filthy."

"What the fuck does he expect? Bloody shoes not a dinner plate." Sarah gave a titter and looked behind her, before tapping me on the arm as I entered her name into the keypad.

"Please Andy, don't wind him up. I've not got to see him for ages and I know you don't like him but he is still my boyfriend." I took a deep breath and she gave me a sweet smile as her beau returned, obviously with cleaner shoes as he didn't whinge or complain about them. "I promise I'll make it worth your while."

"I was going alphabetical but people complain so I've ranked us in order of IQ," I muttered and Kevin smiled until I realised he was at the bottom and Sarah was at the top. "I did beat you at chess," I told him and he groaned and shook his head, sitting on the bench for the other, unoccupied lane.

"You got lucky," the piggy-faced boy spat back and I looked at Sarah. She shot me a reproachful look, so I took my lemonade and drank some, with my arm around Abi as Sarah bowled a six. Abi was next to go (she had had lessons before) and bowled a feeble

three, and I got a strike; I was somewhat glad when Kevin hit two and then the gutter. "Need the barriers up," he moaned and both Sarah and I shook our heads.

"Don't," we cried although Abi was set to agree with Kevin.

"You just have to learn," Sarah told him and I suggested that she show him.

"And the loser has to remove an item of clothing," I suggested, causing Sarah to laugh.

"That's not fair," Abi said, a little too loudly. "I'm only wearing this." Sarah heard from retrieving her ball and glanced at us leaning into each other.

"You never do wear underwear do you?"

Abi blushed but leant back in the chair as she reached around to the shelf behind her, which caused her dress to ride up and Kevin's piggy eyes to glance south, and stay there.

"And why do you want to see Kevin naked? Is there something you aren't telling us?" Sarah enquired.

Abi cackled and she looked at Sarah. "After me, Vanessa, Jessica – I'd hope not. And that's just the girls I know."

Sarah scowled at me and mouthed "Vanessa" with a questioning look before getting up and trying to teach Kevin but he was adamant he didn't want to learn. "I'll teach you," I goaded him as he scored one and he flounced down on the seat.

Abi was certainly feeling playful as she dried her hands on her dress from the condensation on the lemonade, deliberately flaunting her trimmed pubic hair at Sarah's partner and then jumping on me excitedly when she got a strike and intentionally baring her rear for all to see.

Kevin sat opposite and stared at Abi while Sarah did her best to wring some meaningful conversation out of him but she caught Abi's eye who smiled back at her. I think they must have had a telepathic conversation as Abi changed seats, then stretched her legs out and put one leg on Kevin's knee while Sarah bowled. "Cramp," she lied and put the other leg on the other knee. "Massage my calves for me. I spent all of yesterday dancing and stripping." Kevin gulped and nodded, running his hands over my friend and she closed her eyes and sighed in mock satisfaction. "That's nice," she murmured and I got up when Sarah had finished bowling.

"More drinks?" I asked and Sarah stared at Abi and Kevin before nodding. "Give me a hand?"

Sarah went to speak, and shot daggers at her boyfriend who was openly staring at Abi's twat and was oblivious to the annoyance welling up in Sarah. "What Abi is playing at?" Sarah whispered the moment we got to the small café.

"I don't know," I replied quite honestly. Sarah scowled as we waited and I snorted. "I don't know. It's Abi. I told her to dress provocatively but this is all her."

Sarah sighed. "Well if she thinks she can have my boyfriend ..." She said with a smile. "He's too young for her."

"He's no older or younger than me," I muttered and grinned looking back at the lane. Abi was even lower in her seat and allowing Kevin to get very near to her pubic area. "Sarah," I called and she turned around. I put a kiss on her lips and she struggled at first, before my hands cupped her ass and she stopped resisting. She pulled away after a few seconds, flushed and her eyes sparkled.

"Andy," she hissed. "What the hell ..."

I gulped, it was spontaneous but there was a reason. "He's not looking Sarah. He'd rather

stare up Abi's chuff than see what his girlfriend is doing.”

She glared at me and the back at the lane: I was right, he wasn't interested in Sarah and she broke into a smile before shaking her head. “I told you to behave,” she hissed. “But then, I guess he should as well.” I bought four lemonades and two bowls of French fries (I was hungry; I had had no lunch) and returned to the booth. Abi had seemingly relocated herself permanently onto Kevin's bench and was lay across it, smiling as Sarah and I joined them. “He's got good firm hands,” she told us, “been massaging my thigh and my calf.”

I glanced down at Kevin's hands darting underneath the hem of the skirt and looked at Sarah in her jeans. “I'll bowl and then I can massage your thigh,” I joked but when I returned to the seat Kevin wasn't bothered: he had Abi, and almost resented getting up from the seat to bowl.

Sarah looked at me and put her legs across mine, and I began to massage her thighs but Kevin didn't even look and sat back down with Abi: I liked her game and I think even Sarah appreciated the silliness of it.

The “partner-swapping” continued until I won the first game and we rolled over onto the second game. Sarah and Abi had another little mind chat that took place with eyes and inter-brain telepathic waves, which resulted in Abi crossing to my bench and start fawning over me.

Kevin was still interested in Abi and tried to engage in some chat with her, but the conversation involved A Level choices, GCSE exam results (Kevin did even better than Sarah) as well as friendship groups, and Abi's dancing. I know Abi did love to tease, but her admission that if she wasn't working she had to have a dozen orgasms or else she got withdrawal cravings was believed by Sarah's partner who looked at me enviously.

“Tell Abi she has been learning from Rhea,” Sarah whispered as we gave back the shoes. “And thank you for coming.” She looked over at Kevin untying Abi's shoes for her and pursed her lips together. “Even if he has been a retch.”

“You've been a naughty girl too over the last few weeks,” I whispered and Sarah giggled and looked back at me. “Haven't you?”

Sarah didn't bother to agree, and walked over to her partner telling him Abi was a “big girl and can do her own shoelaces up” and to “leave the poor girl alone.” Abi looked forlornly at her, but a quick look from Sarah started and completed more mind reading and Abi came bounding over.

“Two games of chess, two games of bowling. What else can I beat you at?” I taunted Kevin on the staircase as we left the bowling alley. Abi smacked me on the arm.

“It's the taking part,” she told me and looked at Sarah. “And it's been fun, right?”

“Yeah,” Sarah told her. “Thanks.”

I gulped and nodded as we hit the fresh air. “Real fun. I'm going to see Zoe soon, you got time 'fore you need to get to Wendover to come over at have a butchers at the Maths?” Kevin glared at me as I spoke and I got a wicked satisfaction out of it.

Abi leaned into me and looked at Sarah. “We can do tea,” she playfully said. “Just the three of us.” I waited for her to make a reference about cooling down or stripping off, but to my disappointment she didn't and Sarah nodded. I looked at my cracked wrist watch and suggested she come around at five.

“If you ever act like that,” Abi cried, the moment Kevin and Sarah skipped off towards a café and then the station. “I shall knock you for six. No respect. No regard for me, just presumption. And the little rat was up to my fuzz, just as well I cleaned all your spunk off of

me, he would have got a right shock." I was highly amused at this and laughed until she added. "And he is cheating on Sarah."

"Cheating? How do you know?"

Abi shook her head and grabbed my hands. "I've been a stripper, an escort, a massage worker for almost two years and just a plain ole slut for much longer than that. You think I don't see married men, or men with girlfriends come to see me? And you can tell, there is something 'bout them. It's there. Mark my words, he is screwing someone else."

I hummed and she giggled. "You sure?"

Abi nodded. "Yeah, it's a sixth sense. All strippers know it. It's a gift." I gulped and she giggled again. "Well that, and he asked if he could lose Sarah, where did I live as he wanted to give me one and he could tell I wasn't getting satisfied from you."

"Filthy ... fucking ..." I looked at her shocked and she nodded her head. "So when are you meeting him?"

Abi gulped. "I'm not. Why ..."

I groaned. "I would have loved to set a trap for him. Take him back to the club, just as Sarah and I walk in."

"You've seen too many detective stories," Abi admonished me but then gave a coy smile. "But I like it, you are fighting dirty, and a fair heart never won a fair maiden. You got to fight dirty to land her."

"But I can't tell her what he tried to do," I moaned. "She'd never believe me when he denies it." Abi looked on forlornly and rubbed my arm.

"You'll get there," she told me. "Just, be yourself. And then she won't resist."

Abi, unfortunately, did have plans for the rest of Sunday afternoon - "I have a clothes mountain this big," she moaned, waving her arms around. "Do you want to sort out my dirty panties?" I was rather glad she didn't expect me to answer that question and walked her home before doubling back on myself and meeting Zoe at her house.

She was cooking dinner and passed me a piece of paper containing all her Maths homework that I scanned. "Are you sure 'bout this one and this one?" I asked her but Zoe was flustered and I read the paper and crossed her arms. "And question four."

"Yes," she shouted at the oven. "I've been over them twice, they all work fine. If you were paying attention in class ..."

"It wouldn't be nearly so much fun," I joked and walked over to help her peel some potatoes. "Where's Simon?"

"Where do you think?" Zoe spat and nodded her head towards the garden where Rhea and Simon were lay next to each other. "They were kissing earlier." I tried to remove that mental image from my mind and passed her a peeled spud and picked up another one. "I don't need your help," Zoe snapped. "I can do it, I just wish you'd pay attention. With your GCSE results you should be thinking Oxbridge and you won't get there without working hard."

"I am not Oxbridge material," I hastily replied. "I am Wolverhampton Polytechnic not ..."

Zoe put her knife down and scowled me. "Five A stars and four A's are good results. You should be aiming for Oxbridge or a top five Uni Andy. You have to be ambitious and work hard. And that means not day dreaming in Maths."

I sighed. "Have you quite finished?" I asked and slid my hands around her waist from behind her. She gasped and tried to shake them off, but I leant in to whisper in her ear.

“Cause you are so much less attractive when you nag.”

Zoe spun around, the knife still in her hand and she shook her head. “Now are you staying for tea, or are you taking Rhea home?”

“Neither,” I muttered and checked the clock on the wall. “I got people to see ...”

“... and immoral acts to perform,” Zoe finished and shook her head when I didn't correct her.

I waited for her to turn back to the counter and squeezed her cheeks, causing her to squeal. “As I said, Zoe nags ... Zoe no sexy.”

She giggled and looked over her shoulder as I went to leave. “As I said, I know what happens to the girls you do find sexy.” I spluttered a goodbye and idly wandered the streets until I reached home. Mum was in house, repairing some curtains when I came in and I made her a cup of tea and provided her with the last chocolate digestive (it would upset Rhea.)

Rhea let Sarah into our flat when she came home; they had arrived at the same time, but she had made Sarah promise that there would be “no hanky-panky, no sluttiness and absolutely no filthy screaming” before Sarah was allowed anywhere near the stairs that lead to our front room.

Sarah must have given the guarantees as she bounded over to me and kissed me on the cheek. “Thank you, Kev's gone back now.” When I didn't enthuse she cocked her head to one side and looked at Rhea. “Sorry Rhea, I lied. I promised I would make it worth his while.”

Rhea spluttered in disgust and picked up the phone. “I'll dial Zoe and tell her.”

“Tell her,” Sarah replied. “She isn't my mum.”

Rhea took a deep breath and gave a coy grin. “No, but she is a pain in the arse, keeps telling me and Si to not follow in your footsteps and ... stuff. So if she is a pain in the fuckin' what-not with us then she must be just as much of a pain to you. Right?” I shook my head and looked at Sarah.

“Rhea's very tame today. Normally it would be chilli up the jacksee or small guillotines, not running off to Zoe.”

Sarah nodded as Rhea screwed up her face. “Yeah, I see what you mean. Must be something going on as she definitely tamer than she used to be.” Rhea yawned.

“I'm tired of this,” she moaned and stomped up the stairs. I laughed and retrieved my Maths homework and passed it to Sarah while I worked through the missing questions and answers I got from Zoe.

“I'm sure that's wrong,” Sarah told me as I wrote out the last question.

“That's what I said,” I muttered and stared at the question again.

“She's split the root of x and y into root of x plus root of y ,” Sarah announced and hummed. “You can't do that!”

“I did try to ask ... but she is stubborn.”

Sarah cackled and we had to work through the questions carefully but it took us no longer than twenty minutes and Sarah took a sheet of answers away with her, to copy up at home.

Mum came home before Sarah could make anything “worth my while” and after a quick kiss, we walked to the train station to wait for her train home. Mum told me not to be too long (she was ordering pizza), but I was going to see my friend onto the train before

leaving the station.

“Vanessa,” Sarah asked, kicking her legs underneath the seat. “Tell me.”

I pursed my lips. “There's nothing I can tell. Or at least I want to tell.” I wanted to talk about Kevin and Abi but didn't know if she would believe me, or want to believe me so I left it, and Sarah stared at my thoughtful expression.

Sarah shook her head and put her hands on mine. “You can tell me, I won't be annoyed.”

“Why would you be annoyed?” I asked and she cut a coy smile. “I'm single.”

“I know, so tell me.”

I looked down the track and saw the welcome sight of a diesel locomotive on the track. “Train's here,” I muttered and crossed my arms. “And I am not telling you anything. I did something silly and it stays there.”

“But ...”

“No,” I said resolutely and my mouth felt dry, I didn't like keeping secrets from Sarah but there was no way I was going to admit to drug taking to her.

“I'll tell Zoe ...” Sarah threatened and I just laughed.

“No you won't,” I answered for her and held out my arms to give her a cuddle. “I'll see you tomorrow.”

Sarah groaned, but held me close until the train arrived and the doors opened. We stood waiting – we had five minutes and she looked into my eyes. “Please tell me,” Sarah pleaded. “I just want to know. She's not pregnant is she?”

“Course not,” I snapped. “It's private,” I told her firmly. “Now drop it. I don't ask you about Kevin.” She bit her lip and cocked her head, looking at me longingly. “Please, it's not something I want to talk about.”

She threw me a moue and climbed onto the train, waving at me from the door as I walked backwards down the platform. “Love you,” she shouted and a number of heads turned to look at her.

I went bright red and she looked at me, waiting for a response. “Yeah, love you too,” I shouted back and blew her a kiss.

* * * * *

I had thought of little else since Sarah had left, shouting “I love you” down the platform wasn't the hallmark of someone who just wanted to be friends. I was confused, and cleaned the club daydreaming about whether I truly might get Sarah; even after everything that had happened, she still seemed out of my league.

Sure, I would fool around with her but for her to be mine, it would take something else: she would need to split with Kevin and that wasn't going to happen any time soon so maybe she didn't “love me” and it was just Sarah being playful.

I arrived at the park where Sarah was playing football just in time to see the incident. It was light rain, and I had my coat but always enjoyed watching Sarah play, she was certainly one of the more skilful players in the team and could dribble a ball better than anyone.

The coach had them dribbling past a couple of players, and, unsurprisingly Sarah was navigating her defenders with relative ease, sliding the ball past them, or through their legs or even with a cheeky nutmeg, she successfully traversed the small pitch coned off for the purpose. Most of all though, her shorts were short, and she had a wonderful body – I was being lecherous but Sarah never knew, or minded if she did.

It was on the third go when the second defender, tired of being passed, kicked out and hacked Sarah down to the ground. She squealed in pain, and the coach blew the whistle. Sarah leapt to her feet and started shouting at the offending player.

The coach came in to separate them, but a few minutes later it erupted again when Sarah launched herself into a two-footed lunge and left her team-mate, the new player called Lisa, on the floor screaming in agony.

For the first time in her life, Sarah was sent off and stormed off the pitch. She was met by Lisa's father who had walked down the touchline to meet the furious teenager as she strode towards the dressing room.

"What the hell do you think you were doing? You could have broken her legs," the tall wiry man shouted. I jogged up alongside him and held out my arm to Sarah who pushed it to one side.

"Fucking deserve it. Next time she dives over one of my challenges I'll break her fuckin' leg," Sarah ranted in return and glared at Lisa's father.

"You're a disgrace," he sneered and Sarah snorted.

"Like I care what you think," she shouted and squared up to him. The coach put her whistle to her lips and ran over to chastise her player and the parent in forceful terms that only served to make Sarah even more angry.

Sarah had only just calmed down by the time we reached the flat, and I put dinner in the oven to cook while Sarah had a shower. We desperately needed to get on with our Maths homework.

"It's in the pink folder," Sarah shouted as she washed her hair and my wish to see her Maths homework meant I had to rifle through her files to find it in her cluttered bag. "It's in a small pile of papers near the front."

I gently opened the file and started flicking through the papers in the tatty pink file. There were dozens of bundles of paper, and picked the first one – different Maths work. Next one, General Studies, the third on, Andy and Sarah at the Sex Olympiad. The fourth one, the Maths ...

Whoa!

I turned back and picked up the third pile of A4, and read the first line, and then the second, and then the first page. Sarah had written a fifteen page erotic story with graphic descriptions of my cock and her genitals as we competed in the blow job and cunnilingus categories of the UK's first Sex Olympiad. I reached the end of the fourth page as Sarah and her handsome partner had just had sex in the arena when Sarah appeared behind me.

"That's private," she said angrily and snatched the papers.

"Sorry, but it's about me," I replied and she shook her head.

"It's about me actually and it's mine."

"Oh, let me read it," I asked and she shook her head more forcefully, holding the papers to her chest. "Come on, what's the worst that can happen?" I asked and she sighed.

"No one is supposed to read this, it's private. Just like your portfolio. Which you won't let me see."

"It's pretty good," I confessed. "I want to finish it. It's getting me excited."

Sarah gripped the papers tighter and I moved towards her, kissing her on the lips. She returned the kiss for a moment and then pulled away.

"I can't. This is all wrong," she muttered. "You may think that this all harmless fun, but this isn't," she mumbled. "I have an erotic story I love, and it is not about my boyfriend but about you. Every time I think about it, I get so turned on. And it isn't the first."

I laughed, but then grinned. "Isn't it?"

"Well any chance you could try and not burn dinner," she joked and I sprinted towards the kitchen to remove the (now crispy) meal from the oven. Well I was distracted!

"Show me?" I begged as I returned to the lounge bearing food. "Show me the story."

"No," Sarah spat and shook her head. "It's embarrassing." I groaned and she looked at me as I passed her her meal. "If you want to see it, write your own."

"My own?"

"Yeah, what will it be about?"

I narrowed my eyes, considering. "How about a girl who has to spend all day ... no all week ... naked in school, I'll call her Sarah." My friend giggled and urged me to continue. "And this girl ropes in a friend to do it with her."

"And we'll call him Andy."

"Ahh go on then. And she gets screwed in the corridor." Sarah licked her lips and smiled at me. "Is she going out with Andy?"

I gulped. "Maybe."

She snorted. "Ohh ... Andy have the courage to ask out Sarah; when can I read it?"

"I was only joking," I muttered but Sarah crossed her arms.

"I want to read it," she told me. "And then I'll let you see mine."

I rolled my eyes but she was determined and I gave it some thought as we worked through Mrs Buckingham's massive amount of homework. She was serious about working us hard and Zoe loved her, but Sarah and I had less charitable feelings towards the slave-driver.

Rhea returned from the school disco with Simon at around 10pm. Sarah and I had just finished out Maths homework and I had returned from the kitchen with two cups of tea that I nearly dropped in shock.

"Andy Williams ..." Rhea muttered in a hollow low voice. "Your time has come". Rhea was dressed head to toe in a deep black hooded robe with a white face mask and white gloves, carrying a scythe. She was the Grim Reaper.

"What the....!" I cried and Simon who was a few steps behind her burst out laughing. He had a big box with him and even Sarah laughed. Rhea pulled down her hood and unclipped the ghostly mask and beamed at me.

"It was my disco costume," she announced proudly.

"It's a bit early for Hallowe'en isn't it?" Sarah asked and I nodded.

"It is only September," I told her.

"It wasn't Hallowe'en" Rhea replied. "But it was going to be boring so we gave the school a bit of a laugh."

Simon and Rhea got themselves a drink each and sat down at the table. "So what's the letter from school going to say this time?"

"Nothing. This was brilliant!" Rhea proudly boasted and put her hand on Simon's. "I really enjoyed this. Simon, was doing the music so he got dropped off with his stuff and got carried into the stage, with my scythe in a box. I get dropped off by Mum and the teachers

check to make sure I have nothing in my bag which is a bit unfair ...”

Sarah and I smirked at this. By Rhea's own admission previously, the school treating my little sister as a terrorist suspect was probably justified given her reputation. Rhea didn't notice and continued with her tale.

“...so anyway we get to the hall and as usual one side is all the boys and the other side all the girls. No one wants to mingle so I slip away to the back and get changed into this and then Simon puts on a tape we've prepared which is the death song with....”

“Death song?” Sarah asked and Simon corrected her.

“Chopin's Funeral March”

“...Yeah that. Anyway we had messed around with the sound box at school to make my voice dark and low and hollow on the tape Simon's playing. So I say 'Mr Rogers, your time has come. Your soul is mine.' There is almost complete silence and Mr Rogers is looking a little shocked as I walked towards him. He was proper shitting himself, then my old English teacher, Miss Forbes steps in front of him but we had foreseen this and dubbed 'How dare you mortals resist me' ten seconds after the original words. Everyone was in hysterics, and then Simon put on some proper music and the disco started properly. And you know, everyone wanted to dance with death. Mr Rogers disappeared for the rest of the evening though, he didn't look well.”

“Wasn't Mr Rogers the Physics teacher?” Sarah asked.

“He was but he had a heart attack last year and was off for a few months. So scaring him to death probably wasn't very fair” I told her and she shrugged slightly.

“I only picked on him because he gave me a shit mark last term and he was going to be in the hall. We had a backup tape prepared that didn't name anyone, just said 'time has come' and all that bollocks so I would have just picked any old teacher.”

“I am sure attempted murder is grounds for suspension,” I teased and Sarah giggled.

“Why did this not happen at our school discos?” Sarah asked me and I smiled.

“Because Rhea was not invited. But then they never needed to police the disco when it was our turn”

Rhea downed her drink and dragged Simon from the table. “You better go home. Before your mum goes spare. She didn't look happy when you said you wanted to walk me home.”

“You're not going out dressed as the Grim Reaper,” I told Rhea and she slid her mask on.

“Why? Who is going to attack Death, stupid.”

“I was thinking of you causing a traffic accident,” I said wryly and the Grim Reaper turned on her heels.

“Hey Si, are there any old people's homes on the way to your house?” the Grim Reaper asked mischievously as she walked towards the stairs.

Fortunately, there were no reported accidents caused by the Grim Reaper as it walked with Simon to his house and back but it was spotted outside the club and Mum came out to give The Angel of Death a severe talking to and send her to bed. This caused a degree of amusement to a couple of the patrons standing outside as Death attempted to argue with the proprietor but was threatened with being grounded, a threat not previously known to ward off the Angel of Death.

“Next time I am going as bloody Satan,” the Grim Reaper moaned as it stormed past me en route to her bedroom.

“Well that won't require much acting,” I whispered to Sarah who was curled up underneath my arm as we watched television.

* * * * *

“Happy birthday Mum,” I said as I entered the room, Sarah just behind me.

“Yeah, happy birthday Grace.”

Mum smiled and thanked us for the gift and card. “You didn't have to,” she said meekly and we smiled.

“Well it's a special one. It's not every day you turn fifty, is it?” I said jokingly and Mum puffed, and cocked her head.

“You're right. And with age comes wisdom. You and Abi. Sharing rooms, I've been thinking,” she teased.

“Fifty? You don't look a day over thirty,” I quickly corrected myself and Sarah laughed.

Rhea arrived a few moments later, just as we were getting our breakfasts and passed Mum a small wrapped gift. “Happy birthday Mum,” she said as she walked past. Mum started opening the small gift, thanking her daughter and then shook her head.

“What is it?” Sarah asked and Mum passed over some weird glasses with a prism that allowed the wearer to watch television by lying on the couch and looking up at the ceiling. I looked at Rhea; Mum looking up at the ceiling meant she could sneak out of the front door, an allegation that was refuted by my angry sister the moment I mentioned it!

Sarah made Mum her breakfast and Rhea came in with a few cards that she had squirrelled away and a parcel. “They came, it said not to open until the sixteenth.”

Mum groaned when she saw the package; I knew who it was from and Dad sent her a present every year. “He thinks he needs to but he doesn't,” she moaned and licked her lips as she unwrapped a pair of tickets to see a West End show in a couple of months along with a few banknotes for “a meal.”

Sarah and I were sent to go and get ready for school and after a quick fumble in my room as Sarah went to have a shower, and another as I went, we started walking to College.

Sarah was still annoyed about the football the day before and ranted as we walked down the road waving her arms around as we walked. Lisa was a diver, a cheat, a useless footballer and a bitch.

Not that I would say that she was biased and all that!

* * * * *

Mrs Buckingham threw her files onto the table and crossed her arms. “Fifteen of you,” she cried and the room descended into silence. “Fifteen of you in this room and just four of you got above half marks, and just two of you got a decent mark.” Fourteen pairs of eyes (someone was off “ill” or scared) stared at her as she paced up and down. “I told you, I've already passed my exams, but we went through the technique of every single one of these questions. Who hasn't been listening – I know who hasn't been listening. Bloody all of you,” she ranted and I stared out of the window for a moment.

One the “red football team” on the school field was nursing an injury on the touchline as the rest of the players almost ignored him and I returned my attention back to the irate teacher. She explained that there would be snap test on Friday and anyone getting less than seventy percent would have to explain themselves to the Head of the Sixth Form. If we paid attention, we would have got full marks, apparently!

“This isn't easy. You have less than 21 months to learn one of the hardest A Levels to do.

Maths isn't a walk in the park," she parroted and Sarah tapped her fingers on the table. I squeezed her leg and she looked at me with a smirk. "I want these back in on Friday redone," she said firmly and started passing the papers back.

Zoe was one of the first and she slapped her paper, filled with spidery handwriting, on the desk in front of us. "All the questions with roots in, you had trouble with. Turn to page 25 in the book, and read it," Zoe was told forcefully. "It's what the book is there for, read it." Zoe nodded and glanced at her paper – she had got 26 out of the 30 right and was still being shouted at.

Sarah and I looked at each other ominously; if Zoe managed such a high score then we would be below that, but we knew she had got a couple wrong. Every single member of our Maths class was shouted at as she wandered around the classroom dispensing advice such as reading the book, reading the question or paying attention: it was all very tedious stuff.

She walked up to us and I gulped; Mrs Buckingham was uncompromising and I didn't fancy getting on the wrong side of her. She put our work on the desk and smiled. "Two lots of one hundred percent," she told us and then rubbed her nose. "So next time you can have different questions."

"Pardon?" I asked and she smiled.

"Did you work on it together?"

"No," Sarah lied and the ferocious teacher raised her eyebrows at us.

"I've been a teacher for almost three decades and I know when boyfriend and girlfriend do work together, so on Friday, Andy won't be able to copy from Sarah."

"I didn't," I answered quickly and she passed me a board marker,

"I thought you'd say that," she replied with a curious grin. "On the board is a question similar to what you answered, so obviously as you got full marks, it should be easy."

I got up, snatching the marker from the short woman. "Of course," I muttered with more confidence than I felt and focused on the written question on the board, rubbing my brow with my spare hand as I advanced to the whiteboard.

It was very similar, but I felt the white heat of her stare in the back of my neck as I looked at it. "Trouble?" She asked as I thought.

"No," I murmured and clipped the top off the marker, and began covering her whiteboard in spidery handwriting. The question was not hard, but my heart was beating loudly in the room as I nervously considered it. I knew if I got it wrong she would feel vindicated in believing that I copied from Sarah but I was under a pressure I didn't normally feel – there were over a dozen pairs of eyes watching me and I gulped when I had to wipe off my last line of working.

"We haven't got all day," Mrs. Buckingham told me. "You can just pass the marker to Sarah and let her do it."

"I don't need to," I answered as I multiplied both sides of an equation by "x" before coming to an answer and underlining it. She nodded appreciatively as I strode back towards her and held out the marker. "Your marker," I offered as I slouched back in my seat alongside Sarah.

Mrs. Buckingham gave a wry smile and passed the pen to Sarah. "And on the right hand side is another question, off you go."

Sarah looked at me and got up taking the marker, and completing the challenge in a third of the time it took me. Mrs. Buckingham almost seemed impressed but Sarah whispered in

my ear that she had worked it out in her head I was deliberating over mine, guessing that the other question would be for her; this was unfair, but despite our proof that we could do the work, and our full marks, it did not spare us from being part of the collective bollocking our classmates got for their abysmal performance in the homework.

Zoe scowled at us as we left class and meandered down the stairs. "You might have told me," she moaned. "If you knew I had got it wrong, why didn't you tell me?"

"I tried," I told her. "But you were adamant."

Zoe crossed her arms and looked at the two of us. "But you only got a hundred percent because I helped you on the others."

"That's not true," Sarah told her and my blonde-haired friend shook her head in disbelief.

"Well it's the last time you are copying my work," she informed us. "Next time you can do it yourself."

Sarah gestured wildly. "I got Biology with her now; you think she will stop moaning at me?"

"Not a chance," I replied with a smirk.

* * * * *

I returned home to find Alicia and her children in the front room and Mum's cards lining the mantelpiece. Charlotte and Lily ran around the room, both with toys and I had to step over them as I walked past and smiled at them.

"Good day?" Alicia asked and I nodded.

"Yeah, you OK?"

Alicia nodded, she was a familiar visitor to the flat and stroked her dirty blonde hair. "Good. Horace is working late, he's always working late but we might be moving soon."

"Oh where to?" I asked making idle conversation and she shrugged.

"Aston Clinton or Aylesbury. Stayin' local," she told me and picked up her cup of tea.

I left Alicia alone and wandered up to my room to do my Physics homework, but instead of waves and forces, all I could think of was Sarah naked.

I began to write my story.

* * * * *

Rhea put her arms around me and squeezed. "Oh thank you," she squealed. "It's wonderful."

Rhea took the small ankle chain out of its box and slid it over her right ankle. Abi, who had stayed the night in the spare room, grinned. "You know what ankle chain means?"

I shrugged. "I've no idea. But then I didn't know about diamonds or anything else so it is probably something inappropriate."

Mum and Abi looked at each other and smiled. "It used to mean something but not anymore. It's just a fashion accessory," Mum said, glancing at Abi who nodded.

"Yeah, it is lovely, Rhea," Abi responded. "I'd love to have one."

Rhea tore open a giant box that had been wrapped and gasped. "It's a computer," she yelled and put her arms around Mum.

"Your Dad and I knew you wanted one, so we bought it between us. You need to ring him later."

"Oh wow," Rhea replied looking at the box. "And a scanner and a printer and oh, thanks."

Mum told Rhea to get dressed ready for school but Rhea feigned deafness and opened the first box to admire her present. "I can't wait to get Si over to have a look at this." It took Mum four attempts to get Rhea to get dressed, and she was adamant that her boyfriend would be needed to help her set it up in her room.

Rhea said she felt too ill to go to school but Mum packaged her up and sent her to her lessons which caused my baby sister to complain vociferously as she was dragged to get an education. It afforded me the peace and quiet I needed to finish my erotic story about Sarah, me and a whole load of sex.

* * * * *

I stopped off at Abi's house on the way home and the half-naked girl got undressed as she made me an afternoon tea and then encouraged me to do the same. She kissed me warmly, sliding my hands over my erect member and then pushed me onto the sofa with my sandwich as she sank to her knees and took my cock in her mouth.

Abi looked up at me and mewed as she sank to the base, before withdrawing and swirling her tongue around the tip; it felt heavenly and she massaged my balls with her fingers. I couldn't concentrate to eat, but she clearly expected me to.

I felt myself nearing the point of no return and closed my eyes; I liked this sort of mealtime and grunted. I gave Abi a snatched warning between my sighs that she ignored and filled her mouth with my semen.

Abi sucked the tip as it flooded her mouth and I just grabbed hold of thin air, gripping tightly as she nursed every pleasurable wave from my body. "Well eat up," she chastised me. "You'll never be a big, strong lad if you don't eat up."

I opened my eyes and she stood up smiling at me. "Thank you," I muttered and moved the discarded sandwich for her to sit down next to me. "I suppose you want the same," I offered and Abi pursed her lips together and nodded. "I'll eat it afterwards," I promised and slid off the couch and gently parted Abi's legs.

Abi took her cup of orange squash and took a gulp, sighing as I gently made my way down her thigh and planted a kiss on her moistened slit. She gave a satisfied sigh as I swirled my tongue over her clitoris and leant back further on the sofa.

I felt like Abi was in total control as she spread her legs a little further and pushed her body towards my tongue; I was on my knees in a subservient position and Abi just gleefully accepted the loving my young mouth was applying to her glistening loins.

I felt my prick harden as I lapped her crack, tasting and savouring her scent and tickling my nose with her pubic hair. Abi grunted and groaned as I flicked her pearl and she ran her hands through my short hair. She swore under her breath and gasped as I took her button in between my lips and suckled it gently. My finger found its way into her hole and I gently applied pressure with it sliding in easily and silently.

I rotated my finger as I pulled it out and then joined it with a second; I allowed my little finger to get wet and then lined it up against her bud, my wrist twisting slightly every time I withdrew.

Abi started to groan and cry out, her legs and hands pushing my face into her slit. She held her breath, mewling as she did and then gasped as she exhaled. She pushed her hands over her mouth as she let out a fearsome cry and erupted into orgasm.

Abi's hole gripped my rotating fingers and then pulsed over them, as her legs shook and felt a rush of wetness against my tongue. Abi's loud voice, her groans, her cries, her screams echoed around the small lounge as her body convulsed passionately. I barely stopped and Abi threw herself back and allowed me to take her to a second relentless

orgasm until I got too much for her and she looked at me, still knelt down at her feet. "Get yourself cleaned up," she told me with hazy eyes. "And then eat your sandwich."

We laughed and she waited for me to return from her tiny bathroom and passed me my tea. "I'm glad you're in, as Sarah and I have been talking."

"Uh-oh," Abi muttered. "Are you going out?"

"No," I answered in an annoyed tone. "Well not yet anyway."

Abi sighed and crossed her arms. "You need to seize the moment," she said forcefully and looked at me. "I mean it."

"We think you lost the bet about Sarah staying with Kevin," I told her and bit my lip. "So ... er ... we can do what we want with you. That was deal right?"

Abi's eyes widened. "Just you and Sarah?"

"Well I was planning on a few more," I admitted, but this was a lie: Sarah had planned on most of the school but I had had to rein in her imagination. "A beautiful sex slave, you could say."

Abi's face was a mixture of horror and excitement and I touched her on the arm. "Just need to tell us what we can and can't do." Abi gulped and rubbed her face.

"My limits? Hell, it's ... umm ..." She took a deep breath and sighed. "I don't want anyone there I don't know," she said with a serious finality. "I don't want people there who aren't known to me," she repeated and wiped her eyes.

I could tell I was suggesting something she was not comfortable with and Abi stared at me as I nodded. "If you aren't comfortable ..." I started but Abi put a finger over my lips.

"I am. Or I will be. But you'll be there. And Angela? And Sarah and keep it to just a handful of people and people who I know I'll be fine. And nice, gentle people, not like Vanessa."

"You sure about this?" I asked, suddenly concerned. I knew Abi had had a traumatic set of experiences but she had always been very relaxed about anything sexual and it was suddenly surprising to see her so reticent.

"Yeah," Abi said quickly and she forced a smile. "But all the guys use condoms, right?"

"Of course," I promised when it hadn't actually occurred to me. "Any preference on the brand?"

She looked over to the corner of the room and muttered. "I'm getting a bit low," she said forlornly and then looked away from me.

"I'll pick some up," I promised without considering what that admission meant. "We were thinking one Sunday."

"This Sunday!" Abi cried and then thought. "Yeah OK. This Sunday. Here, I presume. I guess your mum won't give you the club and it isn't fit for Rhea's eyes to do in the flat."

"A lot of what Rhea does isn't fit for Rhea's eyes," I quipped and she smiled. I was still feeling a little guilty when I left Abi's house to go via Windmill Street to pick up the photos; I was coercing her into doing something she didn't want to do but Abi was trying hard to convince me that I wasn't, and that she would speak to Angela on my behalf. I didn't believe her but rang Sarah at her house to tell her that Sunday was arranged.

I concluded that if I was going to lose my cleaning job I would need another source of income and wandered down to Windmill Street to see Olivia and pick up the photographs I had deposited with her earlier in the week hoping she would mention the other jobs. She welcomed me in as I came up her drive with a slight admonishment. "Thought you forgot about those. I was going to flog 'em in the paper."

I blushed and she sat down in her arm chair and took a bag out from the side of her table. She offered me a glass of wine from a blue bottle and I felt obliged to have some. She took a wine glass from a cabinet in her front room and poured some of the straw yellow liquid. "Mighty fine pictures," she complimented. "Who's the kinky bitch in the latex."

"Ahh, ummm, Angel? In the pink?"

Olivia giggled and nodded. "Yeah, in the pink."

"Fuck me, Latex is fucking impossible to get right. I know a couple, over Wendover way, who'd love to have a few latex pictures done." She pointed her finger towards me and wagged it slightly. "You got some talent there, I got three couples who want a photographer and some swingers in Wendover on Sunday. Can you do Sunday? There's a couple o' hundred in it."

I hummed. "Evening or afternoon. 'Cause I'm meeting someone in the afternoon."

She smiled at me. "Evening, babe. Start at 9pm 'til midnight. Be there at eight, to get a feel for the place, lighting and stuff."

"Ahh," I muttered. "Ummm ... yeah OK. Eight'll be fine. There isn't anyone going back to Aylesbury is there? It'll be after the buses and trains."

Olivia laughed. "Yeah, there will be. I'll sort that out." Olivia and I negotiated, over another glass of wine, for me to shoot around a dozen films and to leave them with the host of the party – he was a personal friend of Olivia and would pay for them to be developed. In return, I would get fifty pounds on the day and a further two hundred and fifty if the images were any good, which I would collect from Olivia the following week.

This was serious money and Olivia rubbed her hands at the thought. She glanced at me as I ran through what I would spend the money on and gave a wry smile. "I get paid for acting as a middleman," she said reading my mind. "And I get a finder's fee," she told me with a wry smile, without telling me how much that was.

* * * * *

I arrived at the team meeting a little early – I had photos to distribute and had sorted them as before into piles. Elena, the German girl, was the first and I pushed them over to her as she sat down. She cooed over photos and gratefully passed over the cash I had agreed. Susie smiled when she saw them and told me to catch her later, as did Katie. Scarlet stroked my legs as she sat down next to me and leafed through them – I think I had done a fantastic job with her pictures and had been exceedingly snap-happy with her beauty. She cocked her head at me. "There's one missing."

"Oh yeah," I muttered, having extracted the naked photograph of myself.

"Come on, hand it over."

"But ..."

The rest of the girls turned their heads to listen to Scarlet and myself. "Come on." She squeezed the top of my legs and I reached into my bag, reluctantly withdrawing the photo. "I only want to see it."

"OK now?" I asked her and she nodded before I asked for it back. She smiled as she surveyed the photograph and the awkward-looking teenage boy with a proud erection, an untidy mound of pubic hair and the beginnings of a hairy chest. I felt self-conscious as she looked; did I really look like that?

"It's mine," she told me and she just grinned before passing it to her right and onto Katie. There were raised eyebrows and snickering as the photograph made its way around the tables with comments made about me and my manhood.

“Oh it's not as big as you promised, Isobel,” one of the dancers who I did not recognise told the assembled throng and I went a shade redder.

“Ahh, but he does know how to use it,” Isobel promised and raised her eyebrows as it came past me. “And what did the little harlot do to my young man to make him like that? Eh, Scarlet”

“Well I may have had a hand in it being like that,” she joked and giggled. “He said he got to see us, so it was only fair,” the teasing girl told the group and Mum clapped her hands to get silence as she came into the room with Ikenna following her behind; they had been talking in the office and she carried a bundle of papers.

There was quiet as she sat down and looked down the table at the photo in front of her. Her eyebrows shot up and she looked at me with a quizzical expression. “I know you wanted to be a Dreamboy,” she teased with a smirk. “But you do need to try harder if this is an audition picture!”

I spluttered as nervous laughter permeated the team. “It's private,” I snapped, my cheeks burning with humiliation.

Mum passed the photo over to me and tapped her fingers on the table. “If it was private then you shouldn't be passing around my girls. You after another date?” Mum jabbed coldly and cleared her throat so I couldn't respond even if I could have thought of an appropriate retort.

“Thank you very much,” I moaned to Scarlet as the meeting drew to a close and I collected my pay packet and the most of the photograph money. “You dropped me right in it.”

Scarlet cocked her head and pouted at me. “I didn't mean to,” she muttered and rubbed my arm. “You annoyed with me?”

I hummed. “Not really.” She leaned towards me and slid her hand under mine and extracted the incriminating photograph. “Oi!”

“It's still mine. It was on the second film.” I hummed and she winked at me. “Oh you love us really.”

I couldn't disagree with her but she wasn't going to get out of trouble that easily. “Well if you want to keep it you can do me a favour,” I told with a wry smile and looked back towards the room emptying. “Isobel is in trouble, she has lost a bet with me, and she needs to be a sex slave to me and anyone I choose to invite, for a day – which'll really be just an afternoon – but I want a few people there. It's not a punishment if it's just me.”

Scarlet pursed her lips together and bit her lip as she thought. “And you want what?”

“Your undivided attendance,” I told her with a flourish. “And I'll even let you have the photos for free,” I promised as my mouth ran ahead of my brain (it frequently did that!)

“Free?” She had counted out the money in her hand and looked into my eyes. “But you did two sets for me.”

“I know,” I muttered and shrugged, blushing for the umpteenth time that day. “But she has agreed to do it and only wants people she knows and gentle, warm people. Or was it 'nice'; I can't remember. Ange ... ohhh ... ummm ... Heather is coming.”

It was Scarlet's turn to blush and she rubbed her chin as she thought. “Yeah OK. I'll talk to her and I need to talk to Eddie. It's new territory for us. If they say it's OK, I'll come.” I smiled at her and she got up from the table, putting her banknotes in front of me. “But only because it's you, not for any other reason.”

I watched the sexy woman slink away and Mum caught me eye. “Do you really think it's a good idea to photograph yourself naked?”

"I didn't," I told her and hesitated. "One of your girls did." Mum rolled her eyes and shook her head.

"I don't want to know," she told me and then sniffed. "But you are definitely your father's son."

I looked at her and she gave me a coy smile. "What d'ya mean?"

She gave me a barely suppressed smile and took a deep breath. "You'll understand when you're older," she promised and nodded towards the door. "Don't you want to pay in your wages? The bank's'll be closed soon."

"Yeah," I muttered.

"Then scoot! Go on."

* * * * *

Mum waited for me to finish doing the washing up and glanced over at me. "Come on," she said. "Let's go for a ride."

"Where to?" I asked and looked over at Rhea.

"White Lion," she said and grinned. "It's your last chance. Don't you want to try?"

I grunted. "No. He was clear. Bothering him about it every day is just going to make it worse, isn't it?"

Mum put her coat back down on the side and looked over at me. "I thought you liked your little job."

"I do," I wailed with an annoyed tone to my voice. "It's just I don't see the point. He has a pub to run and he hates me."

Mum snorted. "Well I thought if we go together then maybe he might be more accommodating. Unless you really don't want your little job."

I considered this for a moment and threw the tea towel on the worktop. There was something about Mum's demeanour that I couldn't quite fathom, I wasn't sure if it was a scheming, devious look or just that she intimated with her voice that she knew something I didn't, but I definitely sensed a mirage of sorts.

Mum drove in almost silence, and the radio blared music from twenty years previous as her car meandered through the streets of Aylesbury and came to rest in the cinema car park.

"I mean it," she warned as I got out of the car. "This really is your last chance."

"I know," I replied instinctively and wearily. We crossed the road and Mum opened the door to the pub and instinctively caught Sam's eye who changed his demeanour immediately when he saw me.

"Is he OK to come in?" Mum asked and the landlord hesitated and then she added. "I just came to have a quiet word."

He nodded and Mum sat on a stool by the bar. It was fairly busy, it was a Friday night, but the main rush hadn't started yet and there wasn't a queue at the bar. "How's your bar, Grace?"

Mum nodded. "Good, business is good. New girls started a couple of months ago, should come down and have a look."

Sam gave a guilty grimace. "Not again," he muttered and Mum gestured for me to sit down. "Can I get you a drink?"

"A Diet Coke would be great," Mum replied and Sam glanced over to me.

"I'm cool thanks," I told him and Mum passed him a couple of coins in exchange for a glass of fizzy black liquid. He put the coins next to the till and leant over looking at me.

"I guess this is about your ban," he said, his eyes boring into me with unflinching disdain.

"Well yeah."

I spluttered a bit and Mum glanced back towards the balding man. "Andy is a good worker," she told him. "And I don't want to lose him but he knows he is prone to losing his temper a bit."

"We saw that," Sam said firmly and tapped the counter.

"I can hardly be part of the Pubwatch scheme and employ someone who is banned," Mum said. "So if you really do want to keep him barred from your pub, I have to replace him." She hesitated and looked at him. "But I would rather not do that, he is reliable. And he has been working on his temper, but it's a bit of a family trait." Sam studied me for any hint of emotion but when he didn't see what he was looking for looked back at Mum. "He isn't a bad kid really, takes after me too much with his temper." Sam gave a rakish smile.

"You can say that again." Mum shrugged and took a sip of her drink. "You were scary all those years ago," he told her and looked over at me. He kept glancing at Mum and staring at me. "He can be a little quick to act, and makes mistakes from time to time, but we can all do that, can't we?" Sam gulped and sighed, beforewarning me that if I was ever caught in his pub doing something I shouldn't, he would call the Police. Mum nodded, and then added. "And then me."

I forced a tortured smile. Was I unbanned then? Mum drank the last of her small drink and shook Sam's hand before we left. "See?" Mum said as we crossed the road again. "It wasn't difficult at all."

"Yeah talk to him and ask," I responded. "Now why didn't I think of that?"

Mum stopped and glared at me. "Well if you learned to control yourself, that wouldn't have been necessary, would it?"

"No," I muttered and Mum got into her car.

"Learn from it," Mum told me as she started the engine. "That's all I ever ask, learn from your mistakes. We all mess up from time to time, just make sure you don't do it again."

I nodded, but the biggest lesson recently had not come from Sam, or Sarah, Rhea, Zoe or Mum, but from Vanessa: the more I thought of it, the more I wanted some more of that wonderful buzz, even though I knew it was a really bad idea.

* * * * *

Mum asked if I could clean the flat early as they were having builders in to do some minor adjustments to the girls' changing rooms and they wanted to put a sheet over the clean tables before dusting them shortly before opening.

Mum rarely complained about the cost of keeping her nightclub tidy and well maintained, but I knew she did pay out a sizeable amount in basic maintenance (I had to double-check her ledger so I had some idea of payments to JP McGiven and Sons amongst others).

Abi burst into the bowling alley and looked for me, flushed. She was panting and had clearly ran to meet me, and gave a breathless "hi" when she saw me tying my shoelaces, next to a big bag of photography gear from the local camera shop; I had bought two batteries, fifteen films and treated myself to a new flash, filter and lens, halving my current account balance at a stroke.

“Sorry. Angela held me up. Getting stuff ready for tomorrow,” she moaned. “You been chatting?”

I nodded; I had spoken to her on the 'phone earlier in the day and yawned. “Sorry. We are on the second lane,” I told her, pointing towards the edge of the bowling alley as she went over to change her shoes. I had already paid for the lane and sauntered over to set up our names on the computer.

Abi had taken up my offer of bowling, and as she had worked on Friday, and I had to clean the club we made it a lunchtime start. “Oh why am I first?”

“Alphabetical. Abi comes before Andy. And Kennedy comes before Williams. It's you.”

“Can we get the sides up? Kevin's not here.”

“No,” I replied, a little sharply and derisory. “We won't need 'em.” Abi scowled at me and picked up the heaviest ball on stand and then struggled down the approach. It didn't strike a single pin, falling into the gutter several feet from the skittles. “Don't you remember anything from what I taught you?”

She looked at me and bit her lip. “OK” she muttered and I then offered to put the barriers up, but she didn't want them as she managed five pins. Abi twirled around triumphantly her brown-red hair swinging out and she blew me a kiss.

“You ready for tomorrow?” I asked. Abi nodded with a coy grin and stood next to me as I bowled a strike.

“I was sort of nervous about it before, but Angela said she'll be there, her boyfriend'll be there, I knew you asked Scarlet and she might bring her boyfriend. Angela's asked Gemma. Sarah and you, so it'll be fun.”

“And teach you to have a bit more faith?”

Abi scoffed. “A bit less faith! I was sure you'd be with her by now. What is it? Don't you put any effort in going down on her?” I spluttered but she shook her head and glared at me.

“You two would be perfect together, and because I thought I had trained you well I bet you would be hers. But I ain't banking on you being a shy little boy.”

“I'm not a little boy,” I told her, a bit too loudly as she hit the gutter for the third time in four bowls.

“No?” Abi asked as I retrieved a heavier ball than before. “Then don't act like it. Seize the day!”

I stretched as the pins came up and hit a handful of pins, swearing as I returned to the balls. “She doesn't want me, not yet. We'll get there,” I promised her with more conviction than I felt. “If it's meant to be.”

Abi snarled and watched as I downed my remaining pins and then shook her head.

“Sometimes you need a bloody rocket up your arse,” she threatened. “You'll lose her if you don't tell her.”

I sniffed and watched as she picked up the ball, going up behind her and whispering in her. “Who says I am not just enjoying myself with all these uncomplicated women?” I asked and Abi turned to me after she bowled her ball into the gutter.

“Cause it's not a long-term route to happiness,” she said firmly and licked her lips. “And if Sarah isn't your Miss Right, I'll eat a hundred hats.”

* * * * *

Rhea sat on the couch with a miserable face and scowled at me as I came into the room. “What's got into you?” I asked the moment I saw her.

She frowned and glanced at a bag on the table and then back to me. "Nothing," she said huffily. "But you are in a good mood so I know what's got into Abi. Or Sarah. Or Zoe. Or—"

"We went bowling," I told her. "So what has got into you? You have a face like a slapped monkey."

Rhea cocked her head for a moment and glared at me. "What sort of face does a slapped monkey have?" She pondered this for a moment. "I mean are there people slapping monkeys and drawing faces so you are able to make that an analogy?" She grunted and her scowl returned as she looked at me. "I got ripped off," she thundered. "By a stinking, nasty, despicable cunt."

"Whoa," I said and looked at the bag. "What happened?"

"I went to the record shop in the town centre and bought Simon a couple of supposedly genuine and brand new Nirvana vinyls. It cost me a small fortune." I looked at the bag and Rhea looked back at me. "Yeah, well one is scratched so bad it won't play. Simon looked at it and said it was well mangled but was touched by the gesture. But the record shop says it's not their fault so the smarmy bastard won't take it back and change it or give me my money back."

"So why didn't you check it? Before you bought it." Rhea sighed.

"What the fuck do I know about records? Lock-picking, computer hacking, weapons, I can do them. But records? How am I supposed to tell a good record from a shit one? That's like asking Lizzie Harper about chastity belts or the Spice Girls about singing."

I hummed. "Why not get Mum to go in with you?"

Rhea laughed. "Don't be flamin' ridiculous. I am not going to take it lying down. I mean, I went out the back and slashed his tyres, of course, that's a given, but I will get even. I am not having him take the piss. He is in so much fucking trouble."

"Rhea," I said in a firm voice and crouched down to be level with my angry sister. "Don't do anything stupid." I gripped her hands and stared into her eyes. "Please. Just speak to Mum and see if she can help. Or maybe I should come along with you."

Rhea scowled. "No need. I just don't like being taken for a fool. So there will be consequences."

"Right, Rhea. Don't. Please. You've already committed criminal damage, don't do anything rash or stupid. I mean Mum will kill you if she finds out about the tyres."

Rhea sniffed and wiped her nose. "I am not going to do anything stupid," she said firmly and then looked at me with a grin, getting up to turn on the games console. "But I do know exactly what I am going to do." I half wanted to ask her but Rhea just smiled and then challenged me a game on my PlayStation and I sat down to spend some quality time with my sister.

Simon joined us a little later; Rhea had bullied him into coming for tea, and I got up to let Rhea salvage some pride back in beating Simon at Need for Speed (she had lost the dozen or so races with me and getting increasingly annoyed about it).

Mum came through the interconnecting door and looked at me playing on the computer in the dining room and gave me a smirk. "You been on that all day," she said accusatory and I shook my head.

"No, how are the builders?"

"Finished," Mum replied and walked into the kitchen to start dinner, making us a quick tea of lasagne and chips while Simon and Rhea chatted.

"She wants to do what?" Rhea asked Simon as the two lovebirds sat down across the dinner table.

"She wants you to come over for Sunday dinner. Next Sunday, not tomorrow. To meet you," Simon replied unapologetically and Rhea shrugged. "Meet you properly, they only know you through us getting shouted at for the ..."

"Deception," I finished for him and Rhea shot me a dirty look.

"Why? They know me. They've met me in the street and stuff. Seen me at Church at the other end of the aisle."

"It's a good idea," Mum added. "We know Simon so it's only fair you should make an effort."

Rhea shot me a dirty look as I sniggered and then put the fork down to speak. "You see Rhea is probably the nightmare Emma has for her son. She will want Simon to go out with a calm, respectable, dignified, decent young lady and what Simon has is ... well, Rhea."

Rhea grunted and waved her fork in my direction. "Do you want to get stabbed?"

"See," I said with a shrug. "And Rhea knows this which is why she has so far avoided extended spells in the company of Simon's family, am I right?"

Rhea growled at me. "Piss off! No. I will just have to be decent and respectful. I can do that." Mum and I grinned but Rhea interrupted. "You're hardly a paragon of virtue yourself."

"But I don't need to be. I haven't got parents of girlfriends or boyfriends to impress. You do," I teased with a smirk.

Simon interrupted our sniggering. "Rhea, you'll be fine. Zoe was going to invite Andy as John is inviting his girlfriend so he'll be ..."

Rhea's grin spluttered into life with this and she waved her cutlery at me. "The 'I don't need to be' brother, does. This'll be fun."

"Paula's parents liked me. Abi's parents did too and I've not a problem with Sarah's parents and I've already met Emma and Andrew many times."

"Paula's parents liked you because you helped in the shop and kept Paula and her psycho babble away from them on your little walks."

"Hikes, Rhea. We used to walk for miles. Paula loved hiking not walking."

"Well anyway Abi's parents liked you because you got pissed and stood up to her brother. Sarah's parents only like you because you keep Sarah ... satisfied and out of their hair? None of those are going to work here are they?"

I hummed. "Of course Rhea, if Emma and Andrew did dislike me. Think I was a bad influence on Zoe and that I was rude and disrespectful and all that, they might decide they don't want their children mixing with this family. Now who else would that affect, I wonder?"

Mum shot me a dangerous look and Rhea threw her cutlery on the plate. "There is no way Zoe can invite Andy. She can invite Sarah, surely. They've spent enough time writhing in bed with one another, can't she take her girlfriend instead of my bloody brother?"

I looked at Mum wincing who shot me a 'is this true?' look. My face answered it for her but then she had spent so much time with Zoe, she already knew it was probably true. "Andy will behave, won't you?" Mum glanced over at me and I nodded.

"Of course, I wouldn't miss Rhea trying to be calm and respectful for anything," I replied and Simon gave a small titter which attracted a dirty look from his girlfriend. "This is so going to end in tears," I joked and laughed, only to have my entertainment cut short by a fork lacerating my hand and a malicious sister on the end of it.

After tea I retired to my room; I knew I needed to get an early night – I had to get up earlier to clean the club, be at my most virile to service Abi and then be wide awake to photograph at the orgy, but try as I might I couldn't relax and instead sat down to finish my story about Sarah and a whole dose of nudity.

* * * * *

Sarah and I had arranged to meet Abi at her house at midday, I had cleaned the club and had a brief lunch and met Sarah at the top of Abi's road.

I do not know what Abi confessed to Mum, but I did get a funny look when I told her that I was spending the day with Abi and I suspected that she knew something although she said nothing if she did. I had also told her that I would probably be home late in the evening and only managed to avoid extended questioning when Rhea appeared holding a small red sex toy and complained that we were out of “double-A” batteries as she searched in the kitchen drawer: Mum's eyebrows went up several notches and I managed to disappear to the club as attention turned to my uncontrollable fifteen year old sister and her illicit vibrator.

Sarah, dressed in her tartan skirt, gave me a kiss on the lips and we walked down the street to Abi's flat. We stopped outside and I pulled out my phone, sending the seductive ecdysiast a text message to tell her to greet us naked. Sarah giggled as I sent it, and we waited for two minutes before knocking on her stout black door.

A nervous head emerged and we smiled as she opened the door as tentatively as she could which I pushed past her and she quickly closed it. “Andy,” she said nervously and Angela appeared from the kitchen.

“Angela,” I called out and she scowled. “Sorry is it Heather and Isobel today?”

“Please,” Heather said firmly and she looked at the naked Isobel who took Sarah's coat and then mine. “We are expecting Gemma, Scarlet and her boyfriend, plus Tony.”

“Tony?”

“Angela's, sorry ... Heather's partner,” Isobel said firmly I looked at Sarah.

“If only we could have invited Zoe,” I teased and we instructed Abi, known as Isobel for the afternoon, to make us cups of tea. Scarlet and her boyfriend were the first to arrive and Isobel returned with a flustered looking man who looked barely older than ourselves.

“Eddie,” Scarlet, dressed in a tight top and jeans, introduced her boyfriend, almost as tall as me with unkempt hair; he looked scared and I held out my hand to shake it. He looked at Scarlet before he did and she just flashed him a smile.

Tony, a tall but rotund taxi driver with short black hair was the next to arrive, followed by Gemma who was ten minutes late, and Isobel had provided us all with drinks and had laid out all the unwrapped condoms I had embarrassingly bought on the way to the house on the coffee table – sorted into four piles.

Eddie's eyes widened when I made her sort them and I leant back in my chair. “What's Scarlet told you about this afternoon?”

“Scarlet?” Eddie asked and I looked towards his girlfriend.

“We call her Scarlet.”

“That's my name to everyone at the club,” Scarlet finished for me and Eddie stared at her open mouthed.

“But you're ...”

“It's not important,” I finished for him.

“So you're not Andy?”

“I am Andy,” I replied. “I must be one of the only people not to have a pseudonym.” I waited for him to digest this for a moment and then repeated my question. “So, what's Scarlet told you about today?”

“Errr ... just that some girl had lost a bet and she was being a slave to people.”

I looked at Isobel, kneeling on the floor and gave a snort. “Well, she's going to get fucked. And she knows it. Isn't that right?”

Isobel laughed and I pointed towards Sarah. “Perhaps she would like a kiss, I mean she won as well.” Eddie's eyes nearly popped out as Isobel crawled over and gave Sarah a kiss on the lips. I was going to have her kiss everyone, but Sarah being Sarah was impatient.

“Not those lips,” Sarah barked and slid her tartan skirt up to reveal a knickerless, shaved crotch. She watched me groan and smiled. “I got them in my handbag but I knew I'd be better without them,” she explained and we watched spellbound as Sarah sighed appreciatively as Isobel kissed and seduced Sarah's crack.

Sarah was always quick to get excited and with an audience had slumped in the chair and had gratefully orgasmed twice, the air thick with the scent of Sarah's arousal.

Gemma was next to experience Isobel's charms as our sex slave lavished love onto her colleague's twat and then ate out her housemate, Heather, to a vocal orgasm that echoed off the walls. I could see prominent tenting from all three of us guys in the room as Heather came and Tony looked invitingly at me.

“Isobel, our mutual friend is owed something.” She looked at Tony's expectant gaze and then back at me. I nodded and she crawled over, gently undoing the trousers of the tall man and sliding them down to his ankles. He struggled to step out of them, but removed his shirt and waiting for Isobel to kiss his cock.

He was wearing just his black socks and looked a little ridiculous but we said nothing and Isobel reached for a condom and seemed to suck it on. I looked at Gemma with wide eyes and she just shrugged. “It's an old trick,” she told me and then explained that it meant you could guarantee that nothing untoward from the guy touched the outside of the condom. I squinted as I considered it and she picked up the condom and held it by the fingers. “Get your keks off then,” she barked and I slid my trousers and underwear off.

Gemma put the condom on the end of my member and then brought her mouth over my cock, sliding it down with her lips and tongue. “Wow,” was all I could say and the tattooed stripper just rolled her tongue over the head and then looked up at me. She smiled as my face contorted and Sarah giggled.

“He's found a great way to get a blow job,” she announced but most of the eyes were on the centre of the room as Isobel had been flicked onto her back and Tony had slid his cock into the vivacious girl. I tried to tell Scarlet to join in, but my words came out incomprehensible as Gemma sucked on my cock.

I was horny but Gemma was incredible at what she did and I gripped thin air, before stroking her black hair. She gave a nasal grunt as her hands touched the base of my cock and she ran her tongue underneath my head.

I closed my eyes and heard Scarlet comment to Sarah but exhaled sharply as I came, filling the condom with my seed. Gemma looked up at me and smirked. “As I said, an old trick.”

I slouched back and took a few deep breaths; it was supposed to be Isobel getting “used” not Gemma, but Sarah leant over and asked if Gemma could show her how to do it.

Gemma looked at me, sated and then at Tony busy ramming his sheathed cock into Isobel. "Eddie, I want to borrow you," Sarah told him and grabbed two condoms from the side. Eddie looked up at his girlfriend sitting next to him on the floor, but Sarah strode over and told him to remove his clothes. "I ain't doing it through a fly."

I listened as Gemma guided my classmate through the process of putting the condom on the guy and then sliding it with her mouth; Sarah messed up on her first go but was much better on the second although Gemma told her to practice on a shampoo or deodorant bottle.

Sarah was in "that mood" and was not going to stop at applying a condom and, just like Gemma, slid her mouth over Eddie's organ. Gemma whispered in her ear, telling her to run her tongue under the head and to suckle it gently. I barely listened, but while Sarah gave good head, the dancers from the club gave it better and Sarah was happy to listen to the experienced Gemma direct her. I wondered about the next time she went down on me if she would retain the experience Gemma was giving her but put it out of my mind; Sarah was not mine and I should not be having such thoughts.

Eddie was in another place, and Scarlet got up and came behind him stroking his back and squeezing his chest as my classmate gleefully sucked his member. Sarah slid a hand between Eddie's legs and he cried out as Sarah bobbed up and down. Gemma whispered in Sarah's ear again and Eddie's face twisted and his body writhed as my wild classmate brought him to orgasm.

Sarah looked up at me with raised eyebrows, triumphantly smirking and rubbing her hands. "I'm gonna have so much fun tryin' this out."

I gestured for her to come up and I kissed her, as she lay on me, our tongues meeting and massaging. "Does that mean 69 is going to be even better?" I asked, ignoring the fact she had a boyfriend and she nodded, running her hands down my chest.

"Much better," she promised and we turned around to watch Tony withdraw from the dishevelled Isobel with a drooping condom. Heather took him to the bathroom to remove it and get cleaned up and Isobel looked at Sarah and myself.

I asked Heather to pass me some rope but she gave me some handcuffs and I beckoned a worried looking Isobel to lie down next to the smallest of the nest of tables, fastening her wrists to the legs that bent round in a "U" shape. I turned the table on its side so it couldn't fall and slid the handcuffs around it and then smiled at her. "I'll do anything you say anyway," she reminded me and I grinned.

I knew that we would want a break from the sex and instead tickled her under her arms, across her belly and then at the tops of her legs. She cried out, her body erupting into fits of giggles and she begged me to stop.

Sarah, Heather and Scarlet took my place and as I sat down next to the satisfied Eddie, Isobel was squealing for mercy – not that she was going to get it. Eddie was happy to bestow the virtues of Sarah's new found cocksucking expertise and I was happy to talk to him – he was coming out of his shell.

I threw Sarah the keys to the handcuffs after ten minutes, and after Isobel threatened to wet herself if we didn't let up and she removed our slave from her restraints. She lay slumped on the floor and I asked her to pass me a condom and put it on.

I was somewhat entertained by how easily I had fallen into the pack leader role, but Isobel looked at me with longing eyes as she applied the sheath and I spun her around so her face was in the lap of Tony.

Tony looked tired, but Heather passed him another condom and I watched as Isobel

applied that also with my hands on her hips – she knew I was going to enter her “doggy” style and as her mouth slid over Tony's cock, I positioned my cock at her entrance.

To say Isobel was “wet” would be an understatement; there was hardly any friction as my member slid into her and she groaned over Tony's cock. I began slow, powerful thrusts and took deep breaths; the slick feeling was incredible and I felt my body tingle.

I was also being watched and was sharing this girl with someone else – it was my first real threesome and didn't feel self-conscious. I didn't know why: I knew I should have done. Instead, Isobel just grunted and groaned into Tony's cock and I pounded her cunt with deep motions.

I know she didn't come while I was having sex with her, but she kept squealing and yelling with every thrust. I felt the excitement well up inside my loins and closed my eyes as I filled the rubber sack full of my jism. I held my cock deep inside her for a few moments and then withdrew, panting furiously.

I looked behind me and saw Heather holding a weird harness that caused Sarah's eyes to light up. She begged to have a go, and Heather smirked. “She loves it,” she told her and I suddenly realised that my lover had also had a lesbian relationship as well with her housemate. If anything, it made her more sexy and I watched, my deflating cock surrounded by a limp condom.

Sarah fastened the harness and slid in a six-inch dildo that she covered in a condom and then looked at me. “I want one of these.”

“For what?” I quipped. “It ain't goin' in me and I doubt Kevin will want it in him.” Sarah scoffed as there was a ripple of laughter in the room and she positioned the fake cock at Isobel's entrance after smearing it with a lubricant.

Isobel gasped as Sarah buried it to the hilt, just as Tony squirted into his condom. Heather gestured for me to get up and I went to the bathroom to tie the condom up, wrap it in toilet paper and throw it into the bin. I washed my cock in the sink and dried it on more toilet paper, just as Tony came in. He nodded towards me, clearly a little unsettled at being in such a small room with another man, especially given our states of undress.

“Cracking girl she is,” he grunted and I just smiled. I returned to the room to see Sarah, still ramming her fake cock into Isobel, tell Eddie to sit where Tony was. He looked at Scarlet who had a condom in her hand and she just passed it to him; I guessed Scarlet was keen to give her boyfriend something, but Sarah put a stop to it as he positioned his lap in front of Isobel.

Sarah stopped to allow Isobel to apply the condom in a couple of seconds – it was an art form in itself – and then resumed the thrusting into my lover's wet twat.

Eddie, who still had the stamina of youth, just sighed as his rigid cock was enveloped my Isobel, who was having her cunt pounded by her dildo attached to my friend. I watched Sarah's orbs bounce as she slammed into my lover and thought she looked as sexy as ever.

Isobel grunted and groaned, louder and louder. She cried every time she exhaled and gripped the thighs of Eddie. Sarah wasn't going to orgasm although she had a glassy, concupiscent look in her beautiful blue eyes but Isobel was approaching a climax.

So was Eddie, and he flooded his condom with his seed as Isobel stopped and cried loudly into the sweaty lap of the farmer. Her body shook and she panted, yelling loudly into the crowded room.

There was silence for a moment and Sarah withdrew her glistening dildo with a quiet sliding sound. She looked at me and smiled. “I want one.”

"Well you can want," I replied and we watched Isobel sit up and pant loudly. "You OK?"

She nodded and smiled. "Yeah, but it's ummm ... intense."

Sarah unbuckled her dildo and took it inside the bathroom to wash it while I made everyone a cup of tea; I know it was Isobel's job but she was shagged out.

The chatter over the drink was sexual but not highly charged and Scarlet had her boyfriend rank the breasts in the room in order of loveliness and I got Isobel to do the same with the cocks (I won!)

Heather and Tony emerged from their bedroom fully dressed and she looked at Isobel. "You OK now? We got to meet Tony's folks for Sunday tea."

Isobel nodded and hugged Heather as Gemma pulled her trousers up. "I better go now too." She walked over to me, her black hair flicking as she walked and embraced the half-naked me with a kiss. "Thank you, it's been cool."

"You're welcome," I told them and she hugged Sarah. "Can I have that Maths lesson next week, we've just had an evil Maths test and there's some stuff I don't get in Mechanics."

"Sure," she replied and cocked her head. "You know my phone number."

I nodded and sniffed. "And thank you, for coming."

"No wearing her out," Heather warned me and we waved them out of the room. I looked at the remaining people and could see Eddie was still a little uncomfortable, something that Sarah picked up on too.

She pulled Eddie from his seat and looked at Scarlet; she seemed to have a telepathic conversation (she was good at those) before speaking. "May I have the pleasure of your boyfriend?"

The beautiful dancer laughed. "Of course." Eddie gulped as the naked Sarah kissed him on the lips. "But he isn't Superman. Give him time to recover."

"I know," Sarah told her and looked at the clock. "I got an hour." She clicked her fingers towards Isobel "And you," she told her. "I want to give this young man a lesbian show! And who knows what else if he misbehaves?"

Scarlet and I traded grins. "Are you sure you don't work in the club?" I asked her and she cocked her head.

"No, but I want to. Just once at least. It looks so cool."

I shook my head as Sarah, Eddie and Isobel left the room and I stretched my legs. "He's a nice lad," I muttered and Scarlet smiled.

"Yes, he is. We met at the county show a few months back. He had some animals to display and I was just wandering 'round, saw him and got chatting." I smiled and she raised her eyebrows. "He, ummm, well he came second in what they were showing and once he and his brothers 'ad loaded the animals back on their van, I told him I would drop him off at the farm after we went for a drink. He was so shy," she mused and cocked her head looking at me.

"He's not been that shy today."

"Ahhh well, that's Sarah. She's a ..."

"Slut?" I asked and Scarlet laughed.

"You shouldn't call her a slut, that's not a nice word. Flirt"

"Sorry," I muttered but I didn't mean it. Even Sarah, at her most playful would always conceded to a degree to sluttiness on her part. "So what did you promise him to come?"

Scarlet giggled. “Nothing. Well I told him that there would be some sex to watch, and he might get a blow job, which he liked the sound of.” I hummed in agreement and Scarlet flashed her warm smile that I was so fond of. “And that he was to enjoy himself as I would be.”

I chortled at this and looked at her. “But you have been chronically unlooked after,” I teased and she nodded.

“I know,” she muttered and I stood up with a smirk and knelt in between her legs as she sat down on the chair.

“Would the lady like a kiss?”

She snorted and grinned back. “Isobel has always said that you were a natural with your tongue.”

“Does she?” I asked, already knowing the answer and gazed into her warm expression. Our eyes met and I ran my tongue along my lips. “Only one way to see if that’s true.”

She smiled and hummed; I could see she was working out whether this was acceptable to her and Eddie and I just looked into her face. She took a deep breath and we heard passionate squeals through the thin walls and Scarlet’s expression changed slightly – I knew the low grunt was neither Isobel or Sarah and that only left one other candidate. “Yeah OK,” she told me and unbuttoned her jeans. She had to kick me out of the way as she removed her skin tight trousers and frilly knickers.

I glanced up at her tight top and she threw it, and her lacy bra, on top of her other clothes, tracing her finger down my nose. “Now,” she told me. “You are the only person with something on,” she pointed out as she tapped me playfully on the nose.

I disrobed fully and pushed her back into the chair, pulling her legs forward so that her hips came towards me. She gasped as I did, and kissed the inside of her thigh, gently smooching her pale skin and getting closer to her shaved mons.

I expected her to “warm up” or become excited as I lavished warm kisses along her thigh and over the top of her labia but she was nonplussed and looked at me with a funny expression. “Sorry,” she muttered when she saw my face. “Kissing my inner thigh does nothing for me. Just start off slow.”

I murmured an apology and she threw a cushion on the floor. “If the young man would like to lie down,” she gestured and pointed towards it. “Isobel said you preferred to do it from underneath.”

“Does she talk 'bout much else?” I moaned and Scarlet smiled.

“Some nights start off slow, not much else to talk about,” she replied as I put my head on the cushion with my legs facing the open doors to the kitchen, and Scarlet got up from the chair. I felt her movement on the floor before I could see her standing over me and she gently lowered herself so she was kneeling over my face.

Suddenly my erection stiffened instantly: there was something so indescribably amazing as servicing a young lady from that position and put my hands on her thighs.

The only negative part to this was the inability to slide a finger into her comfortably but this was a small price to pay. Scarlet sighed as I tentatively ran my tongue along her slit and I felt her body weight drop on my face slightly. She shifted her weight and wriggled as my tongue swept up and down her crack; she was almost as sweet as Sarah and had clearly not had a shower that day; her scent was strong and groaned as my tongue flicked her pearl.

I slid my hands up her body and rolled her breasts in my hands, touching the nipples as

my tongue sucked on her button. Her moaning increased and she grunted and groaned louder than ever.

Scarlet leant over and took my erect cock in her mouth, sucking on the tip and groaning over it as my tongue poked her hole. I stared straight into her asshole as my hands squeezed her nipples.

Scarlet squealed; her voice vibrating against my cock in her mouth. I was nearing the point of no return, she was good at what she did but I poked her clit with my tongue and tried to get inside her tight hood.

She devoured my cock, sucking and swirling her tongue around my head passionately as if her life depended on it. It was wonderful and I closed my eyes to savour the sensation, groaning appreciatively into her clitoris.

Scarlet slid a hand between my legs and moved her mouth away from my cock and sucked on my testicles. I grunted into her shaven crotch and heard a groan. I put my hands underneath her and rolled her nipples again as I flicked her clit and she squealed.

I felt myself welling up and mumbled into her clit. She sensed something as she moved her lips away and began to pump my cock as my fingers squeezed her nipples harder and I sucked on her pearl.

Scarlet mewed through her nose as her legs shook and she screamed as she exhaled. She was in the throws of her orgasm and I watched her anus quiver as she pumped my rod forcefully.

I squirted with a sigh, Scarlet was good, but I didn't stop devouring the button of the stripper until she stopped me - "it was too much." She leant over to get a tissue and wiped the end of my cock, and her hand before climbing off of me.

I looked at the flushed face of Scarlet and I moved in to kiss her on the lips, but she resisted. "Only Eddie kisses me," she told me, which I considered slightly odd given she had just allowed me to stick my face into her cunt, but she kissed me on the cheek.

"Shall we go find your Eddie?" I asked and held out my hand to pull her to her feet. I put my arms around her from behind and whispered into her ear. "Eddie is a very lucky man," I said and she flashed a smile at me.

It occurred to me how much I had changed from the day Paula had left; I would never had had the confidence to put my arms around a naked stripper but I felt like I was not out of my depth. It was almost unreal and I was a different person to who I was all those months ago: it was all Abi's doing.

Scarlet gently pushed open the door to Isobel's bedroom and grinned, Isobel and Sarah were doing "69" on the bed and Eddie was standing up with his cock deep into my classmate.

I put my arm around Scarlet and she looked up at me. "I think he's happy," I muttered and Scarlet just giggled as she stared into my eyes.

"I think so to," she whispered and pursed her lips.

"You OK?" I asked as she stared at the naked rear of her partner thrusting into Sarah. She nodded but didn't answer and I could tell that she wasn't. I tugged at her arm but she stood steadfastly and had to pull her away, before we closed the door quietly. She dabbed her eyes. "You're not OK?"

"I am," she said resolutely and pursed her lips. "It's just unexpected. We only started having sex a month ago."

"Oh," I muttered and she licked her lips.

“And I know he is more Sarah's age than mine, but he was so scared of doing it for the first time.”

I leant back against the cold wall and shrugged. “Abi and me ... sorry, Isobel and me, only did it for the first time a couple of months ago.” She pursed her lips as I spoke and exhaled sharply.

“It's OK,” she promised. “I just didn't expect it. He's not very sexual, he's always too tired and he's too shy. I just didn't think he would do that. Watch maybe but not that. I sort of hoped in coming here it might loosen him up a bit.”

I laughed warmly at her, and she smiled in return. “So Sarah's coaxed him out of his shell?”

Scarlet nodded. “Yeah. And I can't complain, after what I do for a job but I just didn't expect him to screw, it's a bit of a shock.” She looked at me and smiled. “I'm not upset,” she promised. “It's good. 'Cause I want to tie him to the bed and do all sorts, but he won't.”

“You can tie me to the bed,” I blurted out and she laughed at my horrified expression as I realised what I said.

We heard the bed creak and opened the door to see Sarah showing Eddie how to tie and then wrap the used condom in tissue paper. Isobel was looking decidedly flushed and asked if we could finish the afternoon as she had had enough.

I agreed, once Isobel had apologised to Sarah for doubting her relationship, and Sarah told Eddie and myself to leave the girls alone to get cleaned and dressed; the afternoon's activities had taken their course nicely and had drawn to a natural conclusion.

Sarah and Scarlet retrieved their clothing from the front room and Eddie went to “wash” himself in the small bathroom before joining me in the lounge. He looked into the room and I gestured towards him adjusting his trousers. “Sit down, the girls'll be ages.” He bit his lip and hovered and I glanced over at him as I slid my T-Shirt over my head. “I don't think we've been properly introduced,” I told him and leant back in the chair. “Andy, Andy Williams.”

“You did the photos?” I nodded and he came and sat down. “Cleaner or something?”

“Yeah,” I told him, not feeling the need to elaborate on my relationship with the proprietor of the venue. “She was very photogenic.” He tensed and he nodded and I saw the flicker of jealousy in his eyes. “You like them, she did them for you.”

He nodded, and I detected his uneasy body language and he laid back on his armchair. “She's sexy. She's ... ummm ... well she's wonderful.”

“Scarlet said something about a farm,” I asked and he nodded.

“My family owns a farm, out towards Buckingham. We got cows and sheep, chickens. I just wish she didn't work at the club but she won't give it up.” I shrugged and he just stared at the skirtingboard. “I could do with the help on the farm, Dad's not too well and it's tough with just my brothers, but she dain't want to know. Says she wants her own money”

“Farming is quite intense though? I mean, it's not for everyone, is it?” I offered, not quite sure what to say, and he licked his lips and took a deep breath.

“I know, she's no farm girl. And I'm lucky to 'ave her, I mean, she's pretty special – both me brothers say so - which is why I don't want her there. I worry about her, but she says she is OK ...”

“But you don't believe her?”

He shook his head. “No. I know she won't tell me if something's wrong and she won't let

me visit. I want to see what she does.”

I hummed and took a deep breath. “Maybe it’s for the best if you don’t,” I offered and she shook his head.

“She said boyfriends aren’t allowed in, but I just want to know. I’d be happy if I know.”

“Really? I’m not sure I would.”

“I would,” Eddie begged. “Can you get me in?”

“I don’t think ...”

“I’d be very grateful,” he begged. “And I’d be happier with her being there.”

I rubbed my chin. “I can’t, but I know someone who can. When’s she working?”

“Tuesday, Friday, Saturday,” he told me with a snort and I thought for a moment. “Can you come Tuesday; I know just the person,” I promised and scribbled my mobile number on a piece of paper. “My sister’ll get you in.”

“She got keys?”

I laughed. “Hell no. She’s fifteen. But she can do disguises very well.”

Eddie had just enough time to file my mobile number away before Sarah, Isobel (still naked) and Scarlet emerged. Sarah looked towards me and gave me a wry smile. “You done?” She asked with a smirk.

“Yeah, come on. I got to go.” I got up and kissed Isobel on the cheek, hugging her tightly. “Thank you,” I told her. “And next time don’t make bets you can’t win.”

Isobel screwed up her face and pouted at me. “Rollover if you like. Until the end of October?”

“Most definitely not,” Scarlet told her and squeezed Isobel’s butt. “You’ll be worn out, young lady.”

Isobel turned and blew me a kiss, and as Sarah and I got to the door of the lounge Scarlet called out to me. “Andy, I meant to tell you. Yesterday, when I got home, there was a letter from a production company in London; they want me to go for a second audition.”

I smiled. “Well done,” I told her and she nodded.

“Yeah, I was bouncing yesterday.” Eddie nodded at this and we finally said our goodbyes to get our coats. I felt something hard in the pocket and I walked back into the lounge to see the naked Isobel.

“Sorry, I almost forgot,” I told her and Isobel’s eyes twinkled as I knelt down next to her in the chair.

“I’m knackered,” she moaned. “And slightly sore.”

“No. Not sex,” I told her and took out her ankle bracelet, putting it around her ankle. She smiled and looked at me, wiping her eyes.

“You shouldn’t buy me things,” Isobel told me. “Why?”

“Cause you are special to me,” I replied and Sarah smiled from the doorway.

“It’s true,” she added. “He does talk about you.”

“But you are more special,” Isobel repeated to her which caused Sarah to blush.

I slapped her on the calf. “I’ve told you, I don’t rank my friends, my special friends, by how special they are,” I told her and she pointed her toes. Isobel got up as I stood up and wrapped her arms around me, kissing me on the neck.

“Thank you. Thank you for today, it's been fun, and for this.” I hugged her and she wiped her eyes again. “But you need to be doing this to Sarah, not me,” she whispered and I shook my head.

“We will be having words,” I threatened – a well worn phrase thrown at Rhea by my mother and she looked a little sheepish. “If you keep saying things like that.”

Sarah and I said our goodbyes and we walked out into the drizzle. “What's up with Abi?” Sarah asked and I shrugged.

“Self-esteem,” I muttered back and looked up at the black clouds above us. “And she thinks that we, I mean me and you, would make an excellent couple and um ...”

“She is just keeping you warm for me?” Sarah finished with a smirk and I nodded.

“Something like that. But it makes it difficult,” I told her. “And I don't think like that.”

“You don't?” Sarah asked, her voice slightly subdued.

“You know what I think about both of you but no matter how hard I try she just doesn't truly believe that she means a lot to me. She seems to think you are a better friend, but I told her this is just silly. So I like to show her.”

“Hence the ankle bracelet?” Sarah enquired and smiled at me. “So if you don't rank your friends,” Sarah asked with a knowing smile. “Then why did I get diamonds and Zoe and Abi didn't?”

I sighed; I didn't want to answer that and grunted non-committally. I suppose, when I thought about it, knew that Zoe would suit the jewellery I got her, Sarah would love diamonds and Abi would adore the ankle chain (as I had never seen her wear one before)

I didn't know why this was the case but the reaction from all three showed that I was right and Sarah didn't press on that subject except to say that I had a “wonderful heart.”

She did, however, know exactly where I was going after my Sunday tea, and begged to come as we fought through the rain but I refused and she sulked up until I got my camera and made some sandwiches that we ate on the train.

Sarah was annoyed with me; she wanted to see “the orgy” and I had steadfastly refused so she resorted to talking about how wonderful Kevin was, purely to get a reaction from me.

I retaliated by telling her how many people committing sins of the flesh that I would see and her expression changed. Sarah scowled at me as I stopped at the top of the side street in Wendover. “Please,” she pleaded and looked at me. “Surely you need some help, hold your camera. I'll be no bother.”

“No,” I told her firmly for the umpteenth time that day and she crossed her arms.

“I don't like you any more,” she muttered with a frown.

“Ahh,” I teased and moved in to kiss her on the lips, but she moved her head. “Your house is two minutes away. Can I walk you home?” Sarah refused and I sighed. “Look, when I've done the first one and can tell you what to expect and have time to teach you about the camera, I'll let you,” I promised. “Dad spent three summers teaching me about cameras and lighting and I learnt so much from Ray and his dad. It's not an instant thing.”

Sarah wasn't placated and her scowl never left her face. “But ... why not now?”

I groaned. “Cause I owe it to Olivia. It's not easy and I need to work out a lot of stuff myself. I can't keep an eye on you ...”

“Keep an eye on me?” Sarah thundered angrily. “I am not a two year old.”

"I know, look I know you're angry with me and I know why but I promise, if you want to do it next time, and I am allowed an assistant, you can be that assistant." Sarah still scowled at me and I raised my eyebrows. "I promise." Sarah snorted in disbelief and I licked my lips. "And if I don't I will let you see my portfolio." She gulped and this seemed to be enough to bring her back to the land of contentment; she was still "mightily dischuffed" about it all, but she would have to stay "mightily dischuffed" and I pulled out a dozen pages of A4 from my camera bag and gave it to her.

"What's this?"

"My story," I said calmly. "About you." Sarah's face lit up and she turned it over in her hand before kissing me on the lips.

"I want to hear all about it," she told me forcefully. "I mean it, all about it." She made me promise that I wouldn't omit anything and I watched as she skipped along the road, until she got to the corner with St James Way. "You're a bloody pain," I muttered towards her as she disappeared from view. "Why can't you just be single like Abi?"

An ageing and slightly overweight man opened the big front door to the expansive house and he looked at me. "Andy?"

"Yeah," I muttered and he held out a hand, shaking it strongly.

"Come in, come in. I've heard so many good things about you. That girl, Olivia, ahh she reckons you got talent." I blushed and smiled and he escorted me into the kitchen and offered me a beer. I paused and he laughed. "Listen, this is a house of debauchery, ya want a beer, have one. I ain't gonna tell your mum. Well not if you don't tell mine!"

He put me at ease and opened a bottle of ale, pouring it into a glass and I put my camera on the table. He looked at the bag as he passed me my drink and told me to join him around his house for a guided tour.

His needs were simple: there was a "dungeon" in the expansive cellar, a garden full of patio heaters and a hot tub, three bedrooms, and two lounges where action could take place. He explained that he wanted to get a good few action shots but also some of the ladies (and the men) in various states of dress and undress.

"I've got fifteen films, 36 like Olivia said," I told him as he walked into the garden and turned on the heaters.

"Oh right," he muttered and rubbed his hands. "We agreed ten 24's, I'll happily pay you extra if you get that many."

I laughed and stretched. "I don't buy 24's – 36's a pound more but you get so many more photos." He smiled as I watched the lighting change as the Sun dipped below the house. "Garden could be interesting; I'd need to use my flash as I might need to do in the dungeon, but that just messes with stuff, and I guess you want the darkness to be in shot."

He smiled. "I ain't no photographer. I tried it once, and just got feet and willies. Couldn't tell who was who." He waited for me to laugh and then turned his hot tub on to bubble. "And I got one of those video camera things – the ones the size of Bulgaria and that was shit as well. I need someone who is good, and discreet." I nodded and he sat down at a garden table, indicating for me to join him – it was a warm, clear night – the rain had passed but there were a dozen patio heaters, a hot tub and loads of lights. "Now, I want you to just float in and out, just float 'round, make sure you get pictures of everyone – loads of pictures of everyone, don't gawp. They all know you are coming so just open bedroom doors quietly, go in and shut them behind you." He looked at my quizzical expression and sighed. "If a bedroom door is closed then the people inside want privacy, they don't want any other guests. If it's open it's come watch and ask to join in, if you want to. But ya ain't

joinin' in, so you can open it.”

“Right, OK,” I said breathlessly and finished my beer.

“And we have some very hot-blooded women, don't let them take advantage.” I smiled and he shook his head. “I mean it, there are some young 'uns and they'd appreciate someone a bit younger for a screw ...” He trailed off and stretched his legs. “Teenage girls are good fun,” he remarked. “But teenage boys are just too loud and immature normally so we only have a couple.” He breathed a sigh as he considered what he said and then gestured towards me. “But don't take the bait. I'm payin' ya to do a job, not get ya knob polished.”

I licked my lips and nodded. “It's OK, I've ... ummm ... done that before I came,” I admitted and blushed. “It's complicated.”

He gave a weak smile and I regretted my moment of candour but he shrugged and asked me if I needed a room to keep my stuff in which I didn't really but accepted the offer and he took me to his office and gave me a key.

I spent the next hour assessing every room and looking through my camera for lighting and focusing purposes; I didn't usually do this but then I didn't usually have hundreds of pounds riding on doing excellent pictures. I introduced myself to the first couple who came through the front doors and shook their hands; they seemed nervous and Robert told me to be less formal. “She's here to get fucked, several times, not come for a job interview,” he told me as they went upstairs to get ready. “Go get yourself another beer, you need it.”

I felt chastised and went into the kitchen to get a glass of water; I was feeling nervous and took deep breaths. I felt out of my depth and this wasn't a good feeling at all. It was a different world to the club and they had their own informal way of doing things and I was just too nervous.

I worried if I would say or do anything that would upset them but just downed my water and went to find a toilet; I was feeling anxious and needed to pee. Quite what I had drunk to produce so much urine I did not know, my bladder had a near endless supply of the pale yellow liquid and it just came and didn't stop! What was wrong with me? My hands shook as I picked up my camera and slid the strap over my neck.

When I returned to the front room, the middle-aged lady had transformed into an Egyptian style goddess and I got a few poses of her on her own and with her naked husband in the lounge and then in the garden. I was almost disappointed when they got a glass of wine and sat down to talk in front of the porn films and a naked Robert saw my perplexed look.

“She's only just arrived; she ain't gonna screw her husband,” he told me. “She can do that in her bedroom. She comes here to get screwed by other people.”

A naked woman appeared from behind me and blew me a kiss. “I never screw my husband,” she admitted. “Look at the size of that cock!” I blushed but Robert nodded and just shrugged.

“I ain't been blessed in that department,” he muttered, and I didn't quite know what to say but the doorbell went and I resisted the urge to go and answer it myself to get away from Robert and his wife's embarrassing candour.

The next couple to arrive was a mother and daughter – the daughter barely looked older than me and was dressed in fishnet stockings – and only fishnet stockings. I coughed and asked to take them outside for a photo which they nodded and smiled at. The guests came thick and fast at this point, and I established a nice conveyor belt around a nice spot in the garden; I wanted to get a couple of each person before they had sex and smudged make up and removed what provocative clothing they had.

Robert was right, I was propositioned several times by hot-blooded women (and once by a

hot-blooded man) but I was sure it was just playfulness and exuberance. They knew I was there for taking photographs and that any dalliances (as Abi referred to them as) would be unprofessional.

Robert was happy with me taking pictures in the garden and called me into the dungeon just as the last couple were arriving. I descended the cold steps and saw the mother from the "mother and daughter" pair tied to a bench as a motor pushed a dildo into her twat and another into her anus, while a gag was stuffed in her mouth.

I couldn't resist and caught six photos as she neared and then tipped herself into orgasm: her screams echoing and her body writhing. The daughter introduced herself as Holly and watched. "She needs to spend a couple of cums on here," Holly told me. "It's been a few weeks." I gulped and Holly smiled at me, her beaming grin was infectious. I stared at her "runway" on her pubic hair and her pert bosom and angelic face. "You want some more of me?"

I nodded. "Why not?" I heard some footsteps on the stairs and a naked man came down, watching the mother scream herself to another orgasm. "Eric," she asked and looked at the middle-aged man with an impressive amount of chest hair. "Our photographer wants some shots of me, do you mind?" She gestured towards his cock and sank to her knees covering his manhood with a condom, and then pushing the sheathed cock between her lips. Eric closed his eyes and put his hands on the back of Holly's head, ramming his erect cock deep into her mouth and hearing her take snatched breaths.

"She's a fuckin' good cocksucker," Eric told me. "Don't care what that posh cunt says make sure she sucks you off 'fore you go home." He pushed her face away and looked into her eyes. "You do that for our guest?" Holly nodded and I snapped a few more and then caught the mother's next climax; I guessed she would be getting sore, but she didn't say anything (not that she could through the gag)

I caught a few pictures of some of the guests come down to the cellar and be tied up on the cross, or flogged before I went back upstairs to the lounge and then onto the hot-tub. The air was thick with the scent of arousal and caught every combination of couples, threesomes and foursomes. Robert wiped his chin and smiled at me. "There's the odd bisexual guy," he admitted (I had already seen this) and he just gave me a coy grin. "Only Angela and Holly can suck better cock than me!" I thought he may have been a little tipsy but he walked in a straight line and did not smell of alcohol – he was just incredibly candid.

I was on my tenth film when I was called to a bedroom. A young girl – not Holly – was with four large gentlemen, part of ten who Robert had paid to come especially for the night. She had assembled a small crowd, and one of the gentleman was pounding her arse with an unreal amount of force; she seemed to be getting off on it as she gleefully took a second guy in her mouth and had semen dripping all over her. "Amy's a right slut," Holly whispered. "She used to come with her boyfriend but not any more."

"Right," I muttered as I shot the guy ejaculating over her face. "Seems to be enjoying it." I was certainly much more relaxed as I floated from one public sex act to another and was enjoying it; I felt like an adult.

"She will be," Holly muttered and I took a few more pictures before returning to the naked girl's side. She squeezed my butt cheeks and smiled at me.

"Is your mum still downstairs?" I asked and she nodded.

"Yeah, Robert's taken her down the end of the garden," she told me and I nodded, bidding her farewell and walking out of the bedroom, camera in hand and changing the film as I walked. I looked up to see a familiar face in front of me, naked and walking towards the bedroom I had just come out of.

“Angela?” I cried and Sarah's mother gasped.

“Oh Christ,” she squealed, her hand clamped to her ashen face and then covering her nudity.

I was so very glad that I had resisted Sarah's attempts at joining me.

Chapter XVIII

The naked Angela pulled me into an empty room and I looked at her as she covered her chest. "What are you doing here?" She barked in horror; I held up my camera to her obviously rhetorical question and she sighed. "Does Sarah know?"

I looked around the empty room and away from her. "No," I responded instantly, still in shock. "Well, she knows I'm here photographing naked people but ..."

Angela rubbed her mouth. "You are not to tell her, Andy. Please."

"I won't. I won't," I frantically promised and glanced at her. "Honestly." She sighed and looked at me suspiciously before nodding. "And please don't tell Mum," I asked. "She doesn't know and I am not sure if she would be OK with it." Angela bit her lip and took a deep breath. She went to protest and I looked at her. "You want me to keep your secret, keep mine." Angela mumbled and looked down at the floor as I held out my camera. "Now, can I get some pictures?"

"Not of me," she hissed and I glanced down to her shaved mons – a look she shared with her daughter.

"Why? That's my job," I told her with a smirk. "That's what I am here for. And I haven't got any of you."

Angela snarled. "And you are not getting any," she barked with a firmness.

"Why?"

"Because ... because ... I can't have you having pictures of me like that," she whispered in hushed tones. "You're ... you're too young to have them."

"I'm not getting them. When I leave tonight, Robert's 'avin' all the films. I'm not takin' the pictures home. I mean I wouldn't mind a few for my portfolio but I doubt I'll get them."

Angela shook her head and pulled her arms closer to her chest. "No," she snapped. "It would be ... I am not having sex in front of my daughter's boyfriend."

"I am not your daughter's boyfriend," I fizzed. "I would very much like to be your daughter's boyfriend, but I am not."

Angela snorted. "Yes, well we would quite like you to be our daughter's boyfriend as well, but that's just semantics. You are Sarah's classmate at least and we both know you are lot more than that, so I am definitely not having sex in front of you."

I looked up at the ceiling and sighed. "Well can you explain that to Robert?" I asked. "I've been told to get a good few of everyone and you're refusing." Angela's face twisted and she scowled. "The only one who's refusing. He said everyone knew."

"I ... ummm ... it's difficult," she muttered and then shrugged. "It was my idea to get a photographer." I tutted and she shrugged apologetically. "Well it was you taking photos of Sarah that got me thinking," she said with a distressed tone to her voice. "We aren't getting any younger and we wanted to get on record what we've got and to have a few piccies and the like."

"You aren't going to get it on record if you are being prudish."

Angela's eyes narrowed. "I am not prudish, I've had sex hundreds of times with every guy who comes here. And most of the women." She paced away from me and came back. "Doing it in front of you is crossing a line," she told me, jabbing her finger into my shoulder.

I groaned. "Well it's up to you, but if I don't do what I've been told to do I don't get paid. So

can you tell Robert that it's your choice?" Her face fell and I just sighed. "Please."

"I can't," she mumbled. "It's so embarrassing."

I took a deep breath; Angela either needed to get her end away on camera or explain all to Robert, or I could lose out on getting paid. I stared at the wall for inspiration. "Or just think, I've got the daughter," I said with a smile. "Can I have the mother now?"

"And the father," Angela finished for me. "We are both here." I held up my camera again and then she shook her head. "Andy, it's just ... weird."

"If it makes you feel any better, I've seen tons of orgasms and plenty of twats, tits, arses and cocks; it's just more of the same," I lied; the evening had given me a permanent erection and it had certainly not disappeared when I had seen the naked Angela. She giggled in the same way Sarah did and she sat down on the bed.

"Of all the people Robert to pick, why did he have to pick the only person I know with a bloody camera?" I shifted uneasily and she looked up at me. "Sorry, it's just not what I expected to happen. And if Sarah found out, it would be a nightmare."

"You mean she will want to come," I teased and the naked mother snorted.

"She is too young," Angela told me and I thought back to Abi's house earlier in the day; Sarah didn't think she was too young – but then Sarah also didn't think she was too young to work in an adult nightclub, so could see why her mother was quite keen to not enter into that discussion. "I don't care if Robert thinks they can come when they are sixteen, Sarah will not be coming while I have anything to do with it," she said forcefully and looked back at me. "She won't understand loveless sex."

"She understands sex with Kevin," I muttered but Angela didn't say much to my cheap jibe and just stared at me nervously shifting with my camera.

"OK. I'll let you get a few shots. But if Sarah finds out about me I'll bloody swing for you." I smiled at her and she raised her eyebrows. "I mean it. And I'll stop her from sleeping over at your house, with all that that entails," she told me cryptically. "And don't think I don't know."

"I know you do," I told her as she left the room. It was weird photographing someone I knew and she never relaxed with me in the corner of the room so I left her alone, used a film up in the dungeon – BDSM was certainly hot – and then found Angela with two of Robert's guests and her husband. I could capture her activities from a distance using my zoom, and although I am not sure all of the pictures came out fantastically, I was able to get her in flagrante au naturel without her sensing my presence!

The evening started to draw to a close around 11:30pm and as the number of guests thinned, I used the last of my film in one of the bedrooms. I retired to the study and put all fifteen films in their cases and then left them on Robert's desk in a row.

I was feeling decidedly unsatisfied – my encounters at Abi's house were over eight hours previous and the environment in Robert's emporium of debauchery set my libido soaring. I had felt a dampness in my shorts as my body secreted oodles of pre-cum and considered a trip to the toilet to relieve the pressure when Robert knocked and opened the door.

He stood there, dressed in just a pair of women's fishnet stockings and walked over to me. "You done?"

"Yeah," I muttered and counted out the fifteen films to him, deliberately averting my eyes. "All done. There should be around five fifty, maybe five sixty there," I told him. "Should be OK, I know the odd one mightn't be perfect but I think I got some decent shots. Particularly in the dungeon."

He strode over and opened a cabinet and I heard a grating sound. There was a metal clunk and he opened a stout metal door around a foot square in size which he then put the films into. He passed me an envelope and thanked me. "Liked the way you blended in, kiddo. Was good." I smiled and nodded as he locked the safe and I picked up my bag. "Hey, something to tell your school friends. Just don't go up to one of 'em in the street and start talking. There's some wives here who come without their hubbies, if you know what I mean."

I assured him I was discreet but he didn't say much else and I asked if I could get a lift to Aylesbury with someone, or else I would need to get a taxi back home. I did think of asking Sarah's mum if I could crash at her house, but thought that even Sarah would deduce where her mother had been if she arrived home with me!

"Holly goes that way," he told me and looked up. "She lives near Olivia. That OK?"

"Yeah, cheers. I'll go ask."

Holly was in the middle of a group of guys who were in various states of undress and I waited politely until she was finished, watching her in the corner of the room. She wiped her chin as the last gentleman unloaded into a condom in her mouth and she stood up, kissing one of them on the cheek. "Can't stay away," she teased as she saw me watching. "Want what Eric promised you?"

"Ahh well," I started and saw the unmistakable flash of Robert's brightly-coloured stockings in my peripheral vision. "I need a lift to Aylesbury, can I grab one with you?"

Holly glanced up at the clock and nodded. "I'll be leaving soon, not just yet. Is that OK?"

"Perfect," I told the naked girl and she flashed me a seductive smile before being picked up by a tall, stout gentleman and carried into the hot tub. I got a good twenty minutes or so watching the "action" winding down and talking to a naked couple about my camera. It seemed weird to be dressed while they were nude, but I almost forgot about my dress as we discussed exposure and aperture size.

Angela gave me a brief nod as she was about to leave and reminded me not to tell Sarah. She was dressed but I walked with her outside and spoke on the porch while William said his farewells around the remnants of the party; he a popular guest.

"Your secret is safe," I promised her for the umpteenth time and she stroked her long hair back. "I ain't gonna tell her what you've been up to but she does want to come next time and be my assistant."

Angela shrieked. "She can't Andy. She just can't."

"I know," I soothed. "But I did tell her that she could next time if I was allowed, and I could certainly have done with one." I wondered if Ray would be interested if I was going to be asked to do it again, and then thought of Abi and then Scarlet. Unfortunately the two people who would definitely want to do it – Rhea and Sarah – were completely unsuitable, for very different reasons.

Holly tapped me on the shoulder. "There you are," she cooed and I looked behind her to see her mother, with glassy eyes and a long coat covering her. "Want that lift?"

"Please," I muttered and bade goodbye to Angela, William and then to our kinky host.

Holly got in the driver's seat and looked over at me as I slid into her battered vehicle. "You OK?"

"Yeah," I muttered and she flicked her hair back.

"What?" She asked and I looked back at her mother slouched on the back seat. "She's been on the fucking machine in the dungeon. She'll be sore and shattered."

"I was there," I reminded her and Holly laughed.

"I know," she said and put my hand on the gear stick as she started the car. "You drive?" I shook my head. "First gear," she told me and guided my right hand onto the gearstick and pushed the lever left then up. She pressed the pedals and the vehicle moved off into the night. "You seem shocked by Mum that's all."

"Does seem a bit weird to have a daughter drive her mother to a swinger's party," I admitted and Holly shot me a pained expression. "What?"

"Second!" She barked and I changed gear. "You think single mothers should be sexless and frigid?"

"No," I answered immediately. "My Mum's single and I've walked in on her having sex." I thought back to the Dreamboy and Holly giggled, throwing her car into the corner and accelerating.

"Third! So you know then what it's like." I hesitated and she giggled. "And I like some of the older guys. Uni guys don't have that much experience," she told me and then pushed my hand into fourth gear. "Well some do but I ain't wanting to get the clap and the ones that aren't fussy. I've got some fun friends but I grew up here. That Robert, tiny cock, lizard tongue. And ..." I hummed and she glared at me. "You've just been there all night, you've seen what happens. Mum and me and you, we're adults, you can talk about sex you know."

"I know," I answered and she cackled. "I don't mind you talking about it."

Holly barely slowed for a roundabout and accelerated off into the night. "Of course, I love the tease and flirting normally but nothing beats a good party. You?" When I didn't answer immediately she looked over. "You do have a girlfriend, right?"

"I'm between girlfriends," I told her, quite truthfully. She gave me a patronising "ahhh" sound and I squeezed her thighs. "Oi!" She pushed herself back in the car seat and licked her lips.

"So how did you end up at Robert's?"

I returned my hand to her gear stick and looked out as the countryside flashed by. "I ... er ... well I took some naked pictures of some strippers and got them developed under the counter and Olivia passed my name onto Robert who wanted me to do this. How about you?"

Holly snorted. "Mum and Dad used to come, I found out when I was sixteen and Mum said no but when Dad ran off she said I could." She studied my expression for a moment and bit her lip. "I learnt a lot there."

"I was told that you gave the most unbelievable blow jobs."

Holly laughed. "That's true. I possess a certain reputation," she admitted and she put her hand on my knee. "That's something that Eric told you to experience. It's all in the practice; I've had lots of it. Girl called Fiona she took me under her wing. But it's not just the sex." She gulped and she rubbed her hands over her worn steering wheel. "I ... umm ... learnt a lot of people skills," she confessed. "Self esteem, that sort of thing."

"Ahh well ..." my voice trailed off as I spoke and I rubbed my hands.

"I used by a shy, geeky girl," Holly told me but I couldn't believe it. She was supremely confident and she read my mind. "I was always shy and scared of boys. Until I went there I had only been with two guys and they were pump and squirt." She coughed and took a deep breath. "Do you know how much power there is in a blowjob? Seriously?"

"To be able to bite his cock off?" I asked and Holly just laughed loudly.

“To be able to make him so helpless yet so desperate at the same time.”

“But guys can do that to girls too,” I suggested and she scoffed, slowing for a junction and sliding my hand (and her car) into third gear.

“To a point,” she conceded but licked her lips seductively and pursed her lips. “But not in the same way. I can make any guy blinded and delirious,” she boasted.

Holly turned into a side street and parked the car on a drive. “Where am I?”

“Windmill Street is that way,” she told me pointing down the road, and town is down there and turn left,” she said, gesturing from where we had just come from.”But can you give me a hand with Mum?”

“She's not that far gone, is she?” I asked and Holly chuckled.

“No, but she'll just need some help.” Holly woke her mother, stretched out obscenely on the back seat and guided her to her feet. I unlocked the door with Holly's keys and waited as she gently escorted her upstairs and into her bed. She came back down with a smile. “She just gets so tired and she's been up since five. I don't want her tripping on her way upstairs,” she told me and walked into her spartan kitchen. “Beer?”

I hesitated and she took one out of the fridge and took the top off a cool lager gesturing for me to sit down at her table. “Cheers,” I muttered and she grabbed one and sat down opposite. I glanced up at the clock – it was past midnight and I knew I would have to leave soon; Mum would not be impressed if I was too late home.

I was not however, going to admit to an experienced swinger, and a very pretty girl, that I needed to be home for my Mum. She sat back, and took her coat off and her eyes gleamed. She was wearing a low-cut top and fidgeted. “If I wanted some photos,” she asked with a shameless grin. “What's the price?”

I gave a titter. “Well, it's perfectly negotiable,” I told her and rubbed my hands on my cold lager. She pouted and took a swig of her beer. “I, ummm, I charged forty pounds for the girls, a bit above cost, but if these photos come out OK I should clear two hundred.” Holly whistled and took another swig.

“That's a decent amount. But then Robert is a rich, randy pig.”

I sighed. “Yeah, I've got fifty today and if they come out OK I'll get the rest, but they should be OK,” I told her. “I mean, I know I am no expert, but my Dad is pretty good and he's taught me and my best friend owns a studio and I don't get many bad photos.”

She laughed at me and snorted. “I believe you. I know Robert tried to get some photos before, but he was useless and all the people who he can trust, visit and want to get their end away. 'Snot easy going to an orgy and keeping it in ya pants.” I murmured an agreement and her eyes narrowed. “So if I wanted naked pictures. How much?”

“What dya want?” I asked. “I don't charge much.” She ummed and licked her lips.

“I got some ideas,” she told me.

“I took an empty envelope discarded on the table with a pencil and scribbled my mobile number. “Call me, when you know what you want,” I told her. “And I'll shoot the photos; you know Olivia?”

Holly smiled. “Mum does.”

“Yeah, well I'll shoot them and leave you the film to get developed. As a thank you for the ride.” She smiled and took a deep breath.

“It's a bit cold for the woods,” she mused and then raised her eyebrows. “But I know some empty offices,” she told me and I finished my beer. “Or maybe ... I'll ring you, next week

maybe if you can do it.”

“Yeah, probably,” I told her and wondered about Sarah. “Got College in the morning; I really better go.”

Holly smiled and got up, her short skirt now visible. “I’ll see ya-soon,” she promised and showed me to the door.

I wasn’t familiar with that part of Aylesbury but soon found the main road and had time to wonder what had just happened in the last few hours. I had not had time to contemplate Sarah’s parents being swingers but the concupiscence that they undoubtedly possessed had certainly been passed to Sarah.

This made me speculate whether it made Sarah more or less attractive? Did I want to share my girlfriend, or later, a wife with other people? How would I feel when I saw the love of my life with another? I certainly never had any doubts at Abi’s house when Tony took Abi and Eddie was with Sarah, but neither of them were my girlfriend. It was certainly a lifestyle that Sarah would want to be involved with, if she knew anything about it.

On the other hand, how would they feel if they saw me with another? In short, it was highly premature, Sarah was not my girlfriend – a job that no-one seemed interesting in wanting to fill – and was not wanting to be a swinger.

“Where the bloody hell have you been?” Mum asked as I walked past her at quarter to one in the morning. “You got school tomorrow.”

“College,” I corrected her and yawned. “And I am off to bed now, OK?”

“No, Andy. Not OK.”

“What?” I asked wearily and Mum got up to bar my passage.

“I want answers.”

“To what?”

“Where have you been?”

“Out,” I told her. “And I told you that I would be home late.”

She grunted and rubbed her nose. “I’ll ask again, where have you been?”

“Out.” I stared into her steely expression and she shook her head.

“Are you doing drugs?”

“No,” I snapped and pushed past her. She grabbed hold of my shoulder and pulled me back.

“You are not too old for a leathering,” she threatened and grabbed my camera. “If you won’t tell me where you went then I will confiscate this.”

“Oi,” I cried. “Give it back.”

She pointed towards the sofa and I threw myself into the armchair. “It’s late,” I moaned. “I want to go to bed.”

“Then you should have been home at a proper time,” Mum barked and took a couple of deep breaths. “Now I want answers, Andy. This isn’t a game.”

I groaned and shook my head. “Why does it bother you?” She stared at me and then at the camera; it didn’t take a genius to work out what I had been doing but Mum clearly wanted me to admit it. “Been out on a job,” I told her, omitting as much as I could.

She rubbed her face and tutted. “I’m quite relaxed, I let you get away with a lot other mothers don’t, but I’m not having you come home at one in the morning, 'specially when

you've got College in the morning.”

“It's a one-off and it was a promise I made,” I told her and Mum hit the chair.

“Well you can unmake them,” she shouted. “College is really important Andy and certainly not worth flunking for a night with a pretty girl and a camera. Now you are grounded 'til next weekend.”

“You can't ground me, I'm sixteen,” I replied and all I got was raised eyebrows in return.

“Bloody watch me Andy. Not having you coming in at 1am. This isn't a bloody hotel.”

“Bloody not on,” I moaned as I got up and Mum glared at me as I wandered to the stairs.

“And next time I will throw away that camera,” she threatened. Why did Mum have to spoil a perfectly wonderful night?

* * * * *

“So I'm a S-L-U-T now?” Sarah whispered into my ear and it took a couple of moments before I realised what she was talking about.

“My story, oh yeah, you like?”

Sarah nodded and grinned. “I want to read the rest of the week,” she told me. “It was so hot.”

“Can I see yours now?” I asked and we were interrupted by Mrs. Buckingham striding to the front of the classroom. There was silence immediately and she pointed towards Jason to shut the door.

“I know Maths is tough,” she told us and I closed my eyes with trepidation. “But all it needs is a bit of hard work.” She waved some papers in front of her and took the top one. “Zoe Matheson, stand up.” I looked behind me and my blonde friend tentatively got to her feet. “If I divide x by the square root of x what do I have?” She gulped and went to speak before she turned to Sarah. “Tell her, Sarah.”

“Square root of x ?”

“Root of x ,” our teacher barked and threw the paper onto the chair of my friend. “Sit down.” She turned to Jason and had Sarah explain his error, and then worked her way around the class.

“And Sarah,” she shouted, turning to my friend who squeezed my hand under the table. “If you know all this,” she asked, “all of the answers to your friend's questions then explain to me why you thought the graph y equals x cubed plus two crossed y axis at 1?” Sarah gulped and Mrs Buckingham put the paper down in front of her. “It's sloppy,” she yelled and crossed her arms. “You won't get another chance in the exam. You fail in the exam.”

She picked up my paper and I felt myself shake. She looked at me and passed me a board marker. “As you like doing this so much, I should oblige,” she said with a smirk and tapped the top of her white board with a question from our exam.

I stood up, walked around Sarah and the rest of the class watched as I took the marker and started working it out, drawing the graph and highlighting the midway point and where it crossed both axis. While the marker squeaked Mrs Buckingham addressed the rest of the class and gave them their second collective bollocking in a week and turned just as I finished.

“Correct,” she snapped. “So why couldn't you write that in the exam?”

I stammered. “I did, didn't I?” She thrust my paper into my chest and I turned to the second page as I ambled back to my seat. “I did,” I told her interrupting what she was saying.

"No, you didn't," she barked and I turned around and walked back holding my paper in front of her.

"Yes I did," I snapped. "Look."

"Sit down."

I shook my head and threw my paper on my desk, pulling the chair back loudly. "Bloody disgrace," I muttered, deliberately loud enough for everyone to hear.

"How dare you interrupt my class?" she moaned and snatched the paper from my desk and then looked. "That could say anything. If I can't read it ..."

"... then you need better glasses," I finished angrily without thinking and she swelled to her full height. "It is clear what it said. I got it right. You got it wrong."

The murmuring in the class stopped instantly as everyone turned to watch Mrs Buckingham and I glaring at each other. "Don't you speak to me like that," she shouted. "Get out," the poisonous teacher hissed and I grabbed my bag and strode across the classroom – I had every pair of eyes on me as I slammed the door loudly; I was too tired for her unreasonableness and didn't have a lesson for another two hours – I always had a one hour gap after Maths on a Monday and then our break.

Instead of heading for library I ambled towards town: I was bored but ended up just idly walking around town, purchasing a new game for the PlayStation and a chocolate bar.

Sarah needled me when saw me in General Studies and I split my chocolate bar in two, passing her half of the KitKat. "She was well angry after you left," she whispered. "Said that you were one of the rudest people she had ever met."

"I'll get Rhea to do 'A' Level Maths then," I replied. "Then she'll see rude."

Sarah smirked but we listened to what the teacher had to say and then gave us an assignment which I made a cursory note of. I didn't want to do General Studies and was only doing it as it was a compulsory subject.

"Did you speak to Kevin?" Zoe asked Sarah over lunch in the canteen, watching me intently. Sarah nodded and Zoe flashed me a glance and then licked her lips of crumbs from her sandwich.

"Yeah, after Andy left me last night, I rang him." Her face contorted slightly and she bit her lip. "We needed to do something, so we had a good chat and it's cool. We're cool now. We had a big clear the air session."

"So no more messin' with Andy?" Zoe asked and I shook my head.

"Will you let that go?" I asked and Zoe snorted.

"You are being unfair," she told me – not for the first time. "Of course I am not going to let it go. You are poisoning Sarah's relationship with Kevin. You are tempting her to do things she shouldn't!"

"He's not," Sarah told her and finished her sandwich taking a slurp of her drink. "But I shouldn't be doing it. We shouldn't be doing it." She sighed and licked her lips. "I had a chat with him and things are better." I gave her raised eyebrows; I had not forgotten her dalliance with Eddie the day before.

"So you confessed to all your naughtiness?" I asked with a grin and Sarah shook her head.

"Of course not! But he's agreed our relationship needs to be more than just trying to meet up for sex. He's got a webcam and keeps sending me pictures of his groin." Sarah shrugged and gave a smile. "He's promised to stop thinking with his trousers. Which is good, we are on track again, I think."

Zoe snorted and she looked at me. "And you?"

"And?" Zoe went to reply when I interrupted her. "I've told you before, stay out of it. What Sarah and I do is up to us."

Sarah grabbed her drink and got up. "I got Biology homework to do and I am not sitting here listening to you two bicker. It's like being with nursery children," she told us and I just scowled at Zoe as she left.

"Now you know what I am going to say," Zoe told me with a smirk.

"I don't want to hear it," I snapped.

She twirled her blonde hair around her finger and shook her head. "Andy, move on. You heard her."

"What? All I heard was that she has had a big chat with Kevin."

Zoe sighed and stroked the back of my hand. "I know she means a lot to you, but if you like her that much, then let her go and stop confusing her." I grunted and Zoe tapped the table. "If you keep pursuing her then it'll just mess up your friendship with her and her relationship with Kevin. And she won't thank you for it." She stared at me and gave a little shake of the head. "I mean it. Please Andy, for me. This friends-with-extras stuff is not good."

"It's not up to you. All Sarah said was that she had a chat. Abi says ..."

"I don't care what Abi says," Zoe interrupted and banged her hand on the table. "I'm telling you to leave her alone now. Be her friend and be happy at that." She waved her finger towards me and I pushed it away.

"It doesn't bother you," I told her but she just snorted.

"It does," she whined. "Sarah's told you, she's made up with Kev and wants to be faithful, leave it at that."

There was a pause as I threw the remnants of my sandwich on the plate. "What if I want her?" I said firmly. "Or want what we've got?"

"Well you can't have her."

"Until she says she doesn't want me to do the things we do." I sighed and looked at her. "I just want her."

Zoe sniffed. "You don't. You want sex with her, but she is going out with someone else," Zoe thundered and shook her head. "How plain does it have to be for you to get the message?" I stood up and she glared at me. "If you two wanted each other, then one of you would have made a move, but neither of you really want that, all you want to do is to mess with each other."

Zoe was wrong and I shook my head. "Oh fuck off," I snapped and strode out of the room feeling thoroughly annoyed with Zoe and myself.

She may be poking her nose in where it was not wanted but there was no need for me to snap like that. I was tired and I had no desire to get into these arguments and I knew I had overreacted but why did Zoe have to start these rows when I was tired? Didn't she know I was up half the night at a swinger's party?

* * * * *

Sarah and I had a chat about Abi's little bet the night before and I got to tease her, telling her it was the first time she had properly cheated on Kevin. She gave me a pained look: she already felt guilty about her indiscretions.

"Well it wasn't my fault," Sarah moaned and shrugged. "Well not totally. I took Abi in to tease him and we were doing 69 and I was on the bottom with my legs hanging off the bed. He was getting a good view up my flower which is what I wanted and he was rock hard. Abi did something to him, but I couldn't see it as I had, well, Abi in my face and then she just guides Eddie in. I was too far gone to complain!"

I laughed and shrugged; I wondered if Abi had deliberately planted a seed of doubt in Sarah's mind by enticing Eddie to have sex with her, but I had too much homework to wonder about this too much; it was underhand if she did, but Abi didn't like Kevin any more than I did.

"He wasn't too bad," she added as I unpacked my books. "But I am sure you're better."

Sarah refused my offer of taking her upstairs more than once and I was feeling frustrated; I still had not fully relieved the tension from the night before but Sarah was adamant that she was going to be a fine, upstanding girlfriend to her useless twat of a boyfriend, and even extended cunnilingus with near limitless climaxes was not an offer to make her change her mind.

I resigned myself to my homework and we were sat on the dining table when Rhea appeared with Simon. She came over, having thrown her bag in the corner. "Look, Sarah. This isn't easy, but I am sorry for hitting you..."

Simon appeared behind her and gave her flanks a squeeze. "And?"

"And what?" Rhea asked, the scowl on her face deepening.

"All those things you said?"

Rhea puffed in annoyance. "OK. And that as well. I shouldn't have said anything."

"I know you shouldn't," I replied indignantly but Rhea shrugged her shoulders.

"I only did it for you, bro. I don't think she is being fair. I just see you being messed around."

"But Rhea acknowledges that she was wrong to get involved, eh Rhea?" Simon added.

Rhea glared at her boyfriend and threw him an angry moue. She dramatically threw her hands up in the air. "Yeah. I shouldn't have done."

"S'ok," Sarah said graciously and got up and put her arms around Rhea who did not reciprocate the hug.

"I still don't like you," she muttered dangerously. "You are still playing with Andy's emotions and he is too stupid to see it."

"I'm not," Sarah said calmly.

"You're still a fuckin' prick tease. I still hate you."

Sarah sniffed. "Honestly Rhea, we are friends, and that is all. He is not my boyfriend. I have a partner who I love and it isn't him, Rhea. So I am not playing with anyone's emotions." Rhea scowled and Simon patted her on the back. "I'm sorry you don't like me but we really are just friends and that's all." Sarah smiled at my sister and she looked back at me. "I like him loads but I'm not leading him on. We mess around but that's no more. It's what we wanted but he is, and always will be, just a friend."

"Well done, love," Simon told her.

"I can't believe I let you talk me into that," she moaned and Simon kissed her. "I feel dirty."

I stared at the table, my heart dropped. Sarah had just turned around and said that she didn't want me as a partner and it began to dawn on me that maybe Zoe and Rhea were

right and Abi was wrong: we were not meant to be. Perhaps the fact she was unattainable her more alluring, or maybe that I was trying to date the most beautiful girl in our year and was punching above my weight.

I was glad that Sarah was picked up by her Mum a few minutes later, I wanted to be alone. Sarah detected that I was annoyed or upset and asked me if I was OK but I just hummed and didn't return her hug. It was petty, I felt angry with myself that I had been so cold, but Sarah knew what I thought of her, and had openly announced that I was not going to be her boyfriend in a brutal way without considering my feelings; she knew what I thought of her and had consistently lead me on in private while serving to humiliate me in front of my family.

I felt angry and stormed out of the flat to collect my own thoughts and in the end sat at the bottom of the fire escape, watching the world go past. It was dark, and I made a couple of the girls jump when they walked past and didn't see me as I greeted them.

I was left alone and decided that if Sarah had made up her mind, then I would move on; I would have to. Maybe if I found someone that I liked, I would stop worrying about Sarah? Maybe Abi might consider me again?

"Your prick-tease rang for you," Rhea goaded me as I walked in but I didn't look up to acknowledge her.

"Right," I muttered and walked past.

"Hey, aren't you going to ring her back?" Rhea asked and I shrugged.

"No," I told her. "It's not important. She's not important." Fish in the sea, I reasoned. Plenty more fish in the sea. I was slightly annoyed with myself as I did like Sarah but then maybe Rhea had been right, in that she had been teasing me and leading me on all along; maybe I was some game to her and that she was playing, pretending to have an attraction towards me and laughing at me behind my back.

I was shaken from my anger by an unusual sound – my mobile phone ringing and put down my thoughts to find it. I wondered if it was Abi or Sarah – they were the only two people to ring me on my mobile and squinted at the display: I didn't recognise the number, but it was a local call and answered it before I could throw it into a drawer.

"Hello," I snapped gruffly and heard a little sigh on the end of the line. "Hello?"

"Err ... Hello. Is that, um, Andy?"

"Yeah," I answered, my curiosity piqued; it wasn't Sarah's voice. "Who is it?"

"It's, umm, we got your number from an acquaintance of yours. About some pictures." I paused; who had told them about the pictures? Was it one of the girls who had given my details away to her friends so they could get some cheap photos taken.

I hesitated for a moment, what with Sarah being bitchy, perhaps there was a chance to meet new people? If so, I would have to take the pictures at their house as I would be unable to use the club. "Yes," I eventually said. "What do you want?"

The voice cleared their throat. "We are a couple and we would like some photos. Intimate photos taken."

"Right, OK. Sure, you got a venue?"

There was a sigh and a grunt. "Yeah, can you take the pictures, ummm, and just leave us with the film."

"Sure," I told her and there was a sigh. "I, ummm, how many films?"

There was a nervous splutter. "One or two maybe."

"Shouldn't take too long. Is it Aylesbury?" I asked, staring at the ceiling. The voice told me that it was, and I agreed to meet them at an address in a week's time – on Monday evening at 7pm – and agreed a price if they were happy with the results.

I had my first commission, but didn't feel like I had anyone to celebrate it with.

* * * * *

I had arrived late at College to avoid having to talk to Sarah at pre-registration and then deliberately sat on the opposite side of the classroom in General Studies. She scowled at me as I threw my bag down but did not try to initiate conversation before the lesson finished and I was the first to leave the classroom at the end of the class. I walked at pace to the Maths class; Zoe was not in College that day so I deliberately chose to have no-one to walk with.

I was annoyed with how she told me: When Abi said I was not the person she wanted, and rejected my advances she did so nicely, warmly and in private, but Sarah broadcast her total rejection of my attempts to my sister without telling me first or considering my feelings. It was not a respectful way of addressing the subject and it showed what she really thought of me.

I ignored her through Maths and she looked a little perplexed as to why I was being cold with her but then if she didn't realise then I wasn't going to tell her. Mrs Buckingham asked if I wanted to apologise for disrupting her lesson. "I don't want to, but I am prepared to apologise for the interruption," I told her and she scowled at me. "But not for what I said. That was justified." She grunted as she accepted my apology with a sneer. She made a jibe that Sarah and I had "split up" which was "understandable" given my "attitude" but I decided not to correct her and just daydreamed through her boring Maths lesson.

Eventually, Sarah concerned me in the canteen. "I rang you three times last night," Sarah said with her arms crossed looking angrily at me. I was sat eating my lunch with Jez and Jodie when she arrived behind me and aggressively poked me in the shoulder.

"Yeah, well. I was busy," I responded barely looking up at her.

Sarah thought for a moment. "Have I upset you?"

I took a bite of my sandwich and shrugged my shoulders. "So why would you have upset me?"

Sarah pondered this for a moment. "I don't know. But you act as though I have." I went to speak but Sarah cut across me. "So if I haven't upset you, you will be at football practice then and I will stay the night?"

I hummed. "I might," I said coldly. "But I might be busy. I might be having a date."

Sarah snorted. "Yeah right." She looked at my lunchtime companions for any clue and they didn't offer her anything. "What's got into you?" She asked and I ignored her.

"Nothing," I told her. "Well nothing I want to talk to you about." Her scowl deepened, she shrugged at Jez and Jodie and then stormed out of the canteen.

"What was all that about?" Jodie asked and I felt guilty.

"Oh, I am just annoyed with her, over something she said."

Jodie swirled her last chip in her bean juice and looked at me. "I think she'll be upset if you aren't there later. She does like to see you, she told me so."

I threw my head back and sighed. I didn't want to be angry with her, but she knew what I thought of her, and didn't have the decency to tell me privately that my affections were unrequited. "Yeah well, I don't believe her," I muttered. "She's a liar." Jez looked up at me

as I took my drink. "She is nothing to me," I lied.

I decided to go and watch her play football, knowing that we could talk properly afterwards: I reasoned that it would be best if I told her why I was hurt by her actions as she certainly didn't realise. She always stayed the night on Tuesdays and this would mean we could discuss what had happened calmly. I guessed she probably didn't understand why I was so angry and what I had taken to heart so after I finished cleaning the club, I wandered down to the football pitches. I was five minutes late so I didn't get to speak to Sarah before she started but watched as she passed the ball with ease but there was an aggressive element to her play.

She got pulled up a few times for tackling too strongly and sent her team-mates flying to the ground. Eventually, after a vicious two-footed challenge on Lisa, which had the latter writhing in agony, the coach pulled out an imaginary red card. This left Sarah seething who shouted that she was "making it up" and had dived. A few of the girls rounded on my friend, telling her that she was "fucking mental" and after a few shoulder pushes, Sarah was ordered to get dressed, after being told that she was suspended from the first team.

I caught Sarah's eye as she walked off the pitch and she made a bee-line for me. I was going to apologise to her for being rude, and was looking forward to talking to her, to spending some time with her, but her body language told me that this was not going to be welcome. "Come to gloat, eh?" Sarah shouted as she walked up to me.

"No," I instinctively replied but she ignored me.

"What are you doing here?"

"I've come to watch you and so we can walk home and talk as I think ..."

"I am not staying at your flat, Andy. So go home," Sarah said angrily and walked off towards the clubhouse. "And I'm not talking to you." I stood staring at her for a moment and went to leave but decided not to. I wanted to apologise if nothing else.

Sarah stormed out of the changing rooms, and walked past me without saying anything. "Look Sarah I'm sorry, I just want to talk ..." I tried to talk to her but she just shook her head, spotted her Mum's car pulling up in the car park and strode over to it.

"I know what you said to Jodie," Sarah shouted. "I mean fuck all to you, eh?" She looked at my expression and Sarah shook her head. "Ditto," she screamed. "To think all what's gone on. Just stay away from me." Angela shot me a sympathetic look as Sarah just climbed in, and Sarah wiped her eyes looking away from me.

"Hey, what's got into her?" a voice behind me asked and I groaned.

"Oh, we had a row. Of sorts. She doesn't like me very much at the moment," I said and the female voice soothed.

"She was proper angry at everyone." I turned around to see Lisa gingerly standing on one foot while she pointed her toes on the other foot. "I am sure it's only bruising."

"It was a nasty tackle," I found myself saying.

"Yeah, well there was no way she was going to get the ball."

I agreed and she put her hand on my shoulder for balance while she curled her knee and flexed her quads. "You like footy then?"

I hummed. "Yeah, I suppose so. It's OK, I guess."

Lisa smiled and nodded. "I'm going down to Watford on Saturday. Watch the game, have a bite to eat maybe, but I've no-one to go with. You fancy it?"

"How much?"

Lisa bit her lip. "Tickets are a tenner on the door, and the bus is only a couple of quid."

I nodded. "Why not? Sounds cool. I'll meet you at the bus station, at what? One?"

"Half-twelve. We don't want to be late." I smiled as she stretched her legs and I watched Sarah's mum drive out of the car park. I knew if Sarah found out that I was going to football with Lisa she would be angry, but Sarah was already angry with me, so what was the problem?

I felt somewhat empty as I walked home, Sarah was still enigmatic to me, but we had a good connection and it was a shame to see it destroyed. Rhea was waiting for me when I got back and held out a note in her hand. "What's 'I have a job for you' all about? I better get paid for it."

"How would you like to do get a guy into the club to see his girlfriend," I offered and she screwed up her face. "No, there is no money in it, but I need you to teach a guy how to do disguises? I reckon you are the best person I know about doing that."

Rhea shook her head. "Nah. Not if there is no money in it."

"Oh Rhea, he's been banned from going in and ..."

"So I'll be breaking the rules?" Her face lit up and she came and sat down next to me, speaking to me in a patronising voice. "So why didn't you say so?" I laughed and looked at her. "So where is he?"

"He's coming at 9:30," I told her and went upstairs to retrieve a hat I had found in the back of the club's costume store and a cheap wig I had found in town. Rhea laughed and shook her head but Eddie arrived ten minutes early and I introduced him to my sister.

I had told Eddie on the phone earlier in the day to bring some new, unworn clothes that Scarlet hadn't seen that were smart and he had purchased a check shirt and smart jeans. Rhea took one look and shook her head, telling him that he was wearing trainers and hadn't brought any smart shoes. "You'll stand out a mile," she told him.

I was dispensed to get a pair of my shoes, and Rhea got her make up to accentuate "features." I wasn't sure it was necessary but after half-an-hour, she had transformed him, cut the wig down and with the hat at angle looked nothing like how he did before.

"One of my finest," Rhea told me and Eddie thanked her, putting a twenty pound note in Rhea's hand and skipping out of the room before I could object. Rhea flicked the note in front of me. "And you said there was no money in it. Cheers, bro."

"There wasn't supposed to be," I moaned and before I could say anything else she had decamped upstairs.

* * * * *

Zoe, who had been ill on Tuesday was still not at college on Wednesday either, and having been avoided by Sarah all day I was in need of some friendship. Her mother opened the door to me and immediately said that Zoe was unwell.

"I know, I've brought her the work she needs to catch up on," I told her. "Well from Maths. We have a nasty Maths teacher so she won't want to miss much."

Emma nodded and thanked me but I was not allowed to see my friend, so I left to go and see Gemma who lived at the top of Zoe's road.

Gemma answered the door in her nightie and I glanced down at the lacy garment. "Still in bed?" I teased. "At this time of day?" She giggled and clicked her fingers.

"I was working late," she told me and then snorted. "Come to arrange your Maths lesson I s'pose?"

"I was passing," I told her truthfully. "I was in the area so I thought I would. I have some questions I just don't understand."

She took a deep breath and opened her door wider. "Then come in ... if you want. I owe you; those pictures were great."

I smiled and entered her small flat that smelt slightly of lavender and she escorted me to the kitchen-cum-dining area.

After making us both a cup of tea, she sat down at her table and I took out my Maths homework; there was plenty of things I didn't really "get" and the book wasn't clear enough.

She listened as I explained what I didn't understand and guided me through better explanations; she was good and as she leant over I could see down her nightdress, not that she seemed to notice or mind if she did.

I found the lesson very worthwhile – which stretched into two hours – and Gemma smiled as I thanked her and gave her a kiss on the cheek. I knew I would get 100% in my homework, and had block printed everything so the evil Mrs Buckingham couldn't complain about handwriting.

"I've got an interview," Gemma told me as I picked up my bag. "I might not need those extra pictures after all."

"Oh," I said a little dejectedly and she smiled.

"I'm really excited," she told me and pursed her lips. "Could be good for me."

"Yeah," I told her. "Just wish you were my Maths tutor. I don't like mine. You are much better." She blushed and I just left her house to head for home.

* * * * *

Abi pointed to the door as I finished explaining my troubles the following day. "If you are going to be defeatist then you might as well go home now." I snorted and she looked at me.

"OK," I muttered and got up but she pushed me back onto the couch.

"You led an orgy," she said firmly. "You were in control; you set it up and you led it. How many sixteen year olds could convince four strippers to have sex in an orgy? Well, without needing to pay them! You looked after me when I came here, I was a wreck and you let me be me. You looked after me when we went to Scotland and stood up to my family. Hell, no-one does that. You talked Vanessa and Jessica into sex. You have naked photos of half the girls. You were the person Sarah turned to when she had problems. Why is asking her out such a problem?" She stared at me and licked her lips. "She dotes over you and I met her boyfriend, he's nothing compared to you. What are you doing wrong?"

"Don't ask me," I told her. "Ask her."

"I'm asking you," Abi said forcefully. I had never seen her so vexed – changing car tyres aside of course. "What is going on?"

"She doesn't want me," I told her. "She wants Kevin, not me, no matter what I do. And she can fuckin' have Kevin for all I care, I'm not chasing her any more."

"Did she say that? In those words?" I huffed and she snorted.

"In a way, yes," I told her, thinking back to after her football training. "Well shouted it angrily."

"Thought so, she just lashed out. Whenever I've met her, her body language says otherwise. And yours too. You are both fine for each other."

I snorted. "Well mine won't any more," I told my friend angrily. "I ain't wasting any more time chasing her. Fuckin' fed up with 'er."

Abi licked her lips. "If you really thought that you wouldn't be here talking about her, would you?" I muttered something but she didn't hear and just raised her eyebrows at my petulance. She got my mobile phone out of my jacket pocket and put it in my hand. "If you really think that, ring her, and tell her that you don't like her." I looked up at her, picked up the phone and put it down. "See?"

"No ... I just am not going to ring her and just tell her that I don't like someone. That's silly."

"Not half as silly as giving up on someone who thinks the world of you," Abi responded and looked at me. "And of someone you desperately want."

"I don't," I lied and Abi just smiled at me.

"You're a shit liar," she told me. "Rhea's taught you nothing. I told you ask her out."

"It's a bit late now," I told Abi. "She's pissed with me. And ..."

"She has a boyfriend. I told you, stuff him. You make it easy for her, she's got this guy and you're not making her choose. Ask her out. Now, I'm going to do dinner. Ring your mum and tell her you are sleeping here." I watched as she walked out of the room.

"Do I have a choice?" I shouted through the open doorway.

"Hell no," came the response from the kitchen and I dialled home.

Mum was not happy, explaining that "grounded" meant that I was banned from non-College activities. I did try to suggest that it could be seen as an extension of my sex education but wasn't quite sure if my logic would have been appreciated and told her the truth that I had had a row with Sarah and Abi wanted to look after me.

This didn't placate her too much but I suggested that as an adult I was allowed to spend time with my friends and that she knew where I was. Abi came in with a small plate of pasta as I put the phone down and sat down next to me. "Sorted?"

"Yeah," I muttered as I took it from her and greedily ate the pesto and pasta she had cooked. She flicked on the television and after we ate our meal, she took the dirty plates and put a comedic film on.

I felt a warmth inside of me as she curled up under my left arm and occasionally peered up at me with a smile. She rubbed my chest and my thighs with her hands and I shamelessly cupped her breast or stroked her flanks.

As the evening drew in, she retrieved a blanket and put it over us, snuggling underneath the rough woollen sheet, grateful for the warmth it provided. Abi turned the television off when the film ended and returned to the sofa. "So, what are you going to do about Sarah?" I groaned but she looked serious. "I'll leave you alone if you promise me you'll sort it."

"Yeah well, maybe she isn't for me, she just happy with Kevin no matter what he does and ... well ... I am just not going to chase her."

Abi gave a cough. "Really?"

"Yeah, really." Abi stared at me and I just sighed. "I mean, she's had months to decide and has decided on Kevin; it's just depressing."

Abi rubbed the back of my hand. "But you still want her," she finished for me, reading my mind and she smiled. "But most of all you don't want to fight her any more?" I nodded and she shook her long hair back, kissing me on the cheek. "She likes you, honestly she does."

"She doesn't," I said forcefully.

"You're very grumpy tonight," she told me and pursed her lips. "Very grumpy."

"I'm not," I barked and she smiled, getting up from the couch and holding out her hand. "I don't to talk about that bitch. Just stop talking 'bout her and I'll be happy."

Abi flinched and licked her lips. "Well if you don't smile, there won't be any Abi niceties," she warned with a grin and licked her lips. "I mean it."

I couldn't help but giggle at her playfulness and she pulled me to my feet. "Where are you taking me?" I asked rhetorically but I knew. She pushed open her bedroom door and kissed me the moment we went in.

Her tongue danced in my mouth and I felt a stirring in my pants; it was instant lust and her hands glided over my teenage body. Abi tugged at my shirt and we broke our embrace as I allowed her to remove it, before pulling her top over her head.

We resumed our passionate kissing and Abi shut the door with her hands; I felt around her back and slid off her bra; the lesson from Scotland had definitely sunk in! She began pushing my trousers and boxer shorts down, freeing my erect cock and I went to do the same with her but she pushed my hands away, before throwing my against the wall.

I looked at her, as she sank to her knees and peered up smiling. "Cheer Grumpy up?" She teased and rolled her tongue over the head of my cock. I was in heaven again and just watched as her hands gripped the base and her mouth played lovely tunes on my shaft, gently impaling herself on it and bobbing up and down as her tongue swept across its head.

I closed my eyes and groaned, twisting my hips as she sent shockwaves through my loins. She grabbed hold of my thigh and her hands worked their way past my balls and she pressed gently.

Abi's oral skills were just incredible and I held my breath before sighing as I exhaled; she twisted her hands around my shaft as her mouth rocked back and forth on my manhood and I felt the tension building.

I was nearing the point of no return and curled my fingers around her bookcase a couple of feet away. I grunted and desperately tensed, holding onto my orgasm to intensify it.

I curled my toes in my socks and screwed up my face. "Abi," I whispered as my legs shook; my buttocks were as tense as they could get and I called out her again.

My lover didn't stop and just sucked the tip as her tongue played with the head and her fist pumped my shaft. I grunted, and waves after waves of electric pleasure shot through me; I cried out loudly.

By the time I had recovered, Abi was looking up at me with a mouthful of semen and a cheeky look on her face. "See," she told me. "I knew I could make you smile."

I was still taking deep breaths and chuckled. "You always make me smile," I promised her and she licked lips and pulled me towards her bed. I removed the clothing around my ankles, and my socks, and encouraged Abi to fully disrobe which the topless girl did.

We kissed again and she wrapped herself under my arms and looked into my eyes. "By the way, you don't need to tell me when you are about to come," she muttered with a smile. "There are things you do, your body does, that means I know."

I pursed my lips and allowed my left hand to wander, casually stroking her breast as we talked. She banned all mention of Sarah in her bedroom and so she allowed me to ask her about the club.

I was increasingly uneasy about what she did but Abi dismissed me with a squeeze of my thigh. "I do not end up in the Welly," she promised me with a grin. "And I've got no reason

to lie to you. It's safe, I promise.”

Her eyes traced my eye-line and she moved my free hand onto her chest. “Do you want me to go down on you?” I asked, as her face suggested dissatisfaction.

Abi thought for a moment and nodded. “Ahh go on then,” she said with a teasing flourish. “Thought you'd never ask.”

I laughed and gently slid down the bed, to gently kiss the inside of her parted thighs. I saw her watching me and we made eye contact under the duvet as my lips touched her musky slit. She blew a gentle sigh and groaned appreciatively as my tongue careered down her crack and twirled around her button at the top. “You give the best oral I've ever had from a teenager,” Abi panted and I giggled; knowing Abi and the sample size that it would entail, that comment was some compliment!

I took a deep breath began to slide a finger into her hole; she gasped and panted loudly; Abi was unusually aroused even by her standards and I gently sucked on her clit.

Abi let me eat her out to three climaxes, with small breaks in between; she adored my gentle sucking on her pearl or the long licks I gave her labia, or even the touching of her insides with my two fingers: Abi was loud and thrashed around on her third orgasm, squeezing my head with her thighs.

She looked sated and exhausted but pulled me onto her and I allowed my cock to slide into her well-lubricated hole. With every thrust, she gasped, her fingers digging into my back. I tried to kiss her, but she pushed her head to one side and I had to make do with snatching kisses on her neck as I panted.

She felt unbelievably good as she gripped my cock. She bit her lip as she gasped and I felt her hands squeeze on my flanks. I felt myself near the point of no return and increased my pace, building up the tension before groaning and releasing into my wild friend.

We panted, staring into each other's eyes and kissed; her sweet lips caressing mine and her wonderful smile lighting up the room. She closed her eyes and sighed, looking up at the ceiling and then at me again. “That was lovely,” she cooed seductively and licked her lips. “Just lovely.”

“I know,” I muttered.

“And Sarah doesn't want that?”

“Abi,” I moaned but my sex education teacher just giggled.

* * * * *

I yawned; Abi had given me little sleep and had demanded a “right rodgering” in the morning (which I was more than happy to provide). As I waited in the common room at lunchtime, drinking a warm cup of coffee, I spotted a few familiar faces but I wasn't awake and didn't want to get into a conversation in my half-tired state.

“How can you do such a thing?” Sarah thundered, appearing from nowhere with her arms crossed and a scowl on her face.

I picked up my drink and sneered at her. “Do what?” I asked, not sure why she was annoyed with me as she had avoided me all week.

“Jodie says you are going on a date with Lisa. Is this true?”

I groaned. “Oh that. So what if it is true?”

“But it's Lisa.”

I sighed. “I'd quite like to be out with you but you're annoyed with me for being a bit upset and you've said you didn't want anything to do with me,” I replied calmly.

Sarah wiped her face. "But Lisa? You are going out with Lisa. She only wants to go out with you because she knows it will upset me."

"Oh, for fucks sake," I snapped. "You reckon that no-one would be interested in me unless they want to get at you. That's a fuckin' big ego you have there."

Sarah sniffed and stared at me. "I can't believe," she muttered but I shrugged and got up to leave. I didn't particularly want to have a blazing argument with Sarah in the middle of the common room, and already a few heads had turned towards our direction. "Is that it?" Sarah asked, tears streaming down her face, and I nodded.

"Yeah, that is it. I am not fooled by your crocodile tears any more. You said you didn't want anything to do with me, you told Zoe that, so I have found someone who does want to spend time with me."

"I never said that ..."

"You said I meant nothing to you," I reminded her. "Now I don't want to get into a row with you, so please get out of my way."

Sarah stared at me and moved to one side. "You're only like this because I've stopped going down on you!" Sarah shouted and a few heads turned. "Because I am being faithful."

"Oh shut up," I snapped. "You've not been faithful since the Summer."

"You're no better than Kevin was. Only interested in me so you can ..." I didn't wait to let Sarah finish the sentence and I strode out of the room. I felt as though I should feel happy with myself, that I stood up to Sarah's mind games, but I still felt very empty: why could Sarah make me feel like that?

I day dreamt through the rest of College and was quite preoccupied at the team meeting as Mum gave out slightly amended rotas and cheques. There was a little teasing and banter between the girls and Isobel asked me what had happened with Sarah but I didn't want to elaborate.

Gemma hadn't got her job in Milton Keynes, she was down to the final two, but the agency had rung her earlier in the day to tell her that she wasn't successful and I resisted the urge to ask her for more lessons in exchange for more photos. If she wanted that, she knew the offer was on the table.

Scarlet was also quiet and she was in thought herself as we walked together towards the town centre. "I think Eddie might be cross-dressing," she admitted when I asked her what was wrong and looked at me. "I know it's personal but do you do that?"

"No," I said instantly and she sighed. "Why?"

"Cause he stayed at mine on Tuesday and when I came home I am sure he had make up on." I thought for a moment and then went to speak but had to backtrack.

"Maybe it was just the light?" I suggested and Scarlet shook her head.

"No," she said firmly. "There was remnants on my white pillow in the morning. I know what it looks like." I opened my mouth and went to speak but Scarlet just sighed. "I s'pose I could get used to it, as long as he doesn't wear my knickers; he'd stretch 'em out of shape."

I chortled but Scarlet was serious and I felt guilty. "I think you should talk to him," I suggested. "He didn't look like the sort who would wear women's underwear," I told her. "I think he would look ridiculous."

Scarlet's face registered a smile and I opened the door to the bank. "I'm Barclays," she told me and I bade her farewell as I join the back of the long queue. Rhea's make up could well

have outed our secret.

* * * * *

“Hey,” Olivia called as she saw me walk up her drive. “It's the next David Bailey.”

Olivia took me into her lounge and opened the first envelope. “I did five of each film, I said ten films, you did fifteen. And 36s. I've just taken four hundred to do all these.” She looked at me and smiled. “He did a run of one each and loved them so much he came back for another four.”

“Wow!”

“Wow indeed, but you need to work on some of these shots.” She took the first set of pictures out and leafed through them, stopping at one where there was too many people in the background, or the shot was a little blurred. On one of Angela's pictures, I had her gasping as she was pounded from behind, but I had mispositioned the camera and not caught the guy in shot properly – I had half of his head and that of his friend, but it looked wrong. On another, the close-up was too close and on another couple I caught the woman's cellulite in the centre of the image. “You think she wants to see that?” Olivia teased and looked at my downcast face as she put the last set away. “Listen kid, there's fifteen sets here of, what 37 ... 38 each. It's near' six hundred pictures. You got all but 25 spot-on. You did good, you think the pros get excellent shots each time?” I shrugged and she put the pictures away.

I tried to hide my smile and she passed over an envelope full of cash to me and I looked at the small pile of substandard images on the table. “Can I have them?” I asked and her face narrowed. “I know I'm not supposed to, but I would like to study the crap ones and learn from them. And you are only gonna throw 'em away, right?”

She hummed and passed them over. “Yeah OK,” she told me and I pocketed them thanking her. “Don't tell Robert. And I can definitely get you more work, couples and threesomes mostly, but I know a few who'd be interested.”

“I've already had one couple ring me,” I told her and she nodded.

“I know,” she sat back and licked her lips. “These pictures are pretty good. They are semi-pro quality, framed well, you've got a talent there.” She waited for me to blush and she smiled. “I know dozens of snappers, and I know they charge a bloody fortune. And I've also seen people like Robert try to take 'em and he makes a right dogs dinner of it. I can get you some work, not everyone likes pictures of themselves, but there a few people that like a few dodgy pictures and it mightn't be every week, or even every month, but I can get you some more work.”

I smiled and nodded. “Do you know all the dodgy people in Aylesbury?” I asked and she laughed.

“Yes, I think I do.” She looked at me and read my mind. “And yes I do know your mother.” She stared into my eyes and reached for her cigarette. “And no, she probably wouldn't approve.”

“Yeah I think so too,” I told her and Olivia just grinned.

* * * * *

I met Lisa at the bus station at 12:30 and we caught the bus to Watford and then walked down the road to the football stadium. I didn't quite know what to say to her and just followed where she was going.

Lisa was keen to talk about the match, her dark brown hair tied back and her brightly-coloured shirt blending in with other fans as we made our way alongside other Watford

fans.

By the time we got to within ten minutes walk of the stadium, Lisa stopped at a programme seller and, as she knew her, they started talking. They must have spoken for twenty minutes and I felt a little bit isolated, not introduced and unable to join in the conversation about the football team we had gone to watch.

Although Lisa didn't expect me to, I paid for the tickets and we sat down in our seats in the Lower Rous Stand. The stadium looked reasonably modern on three sides, but directly opposite us was a stand that looked dilapidated and I guessed it would probably fall down by itself.

Lisa was wearing a Watford shirt, a bright yellow top that came down to her knees and as I looked around I was the only person who wasn't wearing a football shirt of some description.

Lisa looked through the program and then stood up as some old TV theme tune was played and the players emerged. The PA announcer was annoyingly chirpy and referred to the home team as "the Golden Boys."

I leant over to Lisa and asked that I thought they played in yellow not gold and she grunted. I just shrugged and glanced at her programme as the team news was read out.

I wasn't really that interested in the football and didn't recognise any of the players. "Does anyone play for England?" I asked Lisa and she snorted.

"Of course not. Peter Kennedy has been in Northern Ireland B team. A few England Under 21s though."

I snorted and she just glared at me. I wasn't sure what I did wrong but the game started and the home team nearly scored immediately when a bad ball was played from the away team's defence. I went to say something but didn't trust myself and watched a couple of minutes later when they did a similar thing again and the goalkeeper brought down the player and the referee awarded a penalty.

Lisa was jumping up and down as the referee ran over pointing to the spot and her favourite player, a man with short hair and a receding hairline stepped up and blasted the ball down the centre of the goal.

Lisa was screaming, waving her arms around frantically. I just clapped as he walked back – it wasn't that good a penalty, if the goalkeeper had stayed on his feet it would have hit him! Lisa scowled at me as play restarted and the visitors, the blue-shirted Ipswich, started to dominate proceedings.

I whispered to Lisa that her team were riding their luck a bit, but they made some headway at times and should have scored again.

Lisa disappeared at half-time saying she was going to the toilet and I queued up to get a drink and a snack. I balked at the prices and I paid almost ten pounds for two drinks and two pasties. I moaned when I got back to the seat and Lisa just shrugged. "Football prices," she told me.

To say I wasn't enjoying my date would be unfair but Lisa was wrapped up in the game. It was the first time I had been to Vicarage Road and the atmosphere was good and a little daunting but I didn't know any of the chants and as Lisa happily sang along to the crowd, I didn't quite know what to do.

I tried to talk about the match saying that Watford were lucky to be 1-0 up at half-time but this was a bad idea. She frowned and shook her head, the delusions of a fan becoming apparent as she proudly declared that the two missed chances for Watford meant that they should have been 3-0 up not 1-0 up; clearly Ipswich's chances meant nothing!

I just shrugged and watched the second half. Ipswich were unlucky not to score but the Watford defenders did well, resisting their predictable attacks and I just sat in silence. Lisa looked over a couple of times at me and probably thought I was sulking, but it wasn't warm and retreated into my jacket.

The final whistle went and I got up immediately but Lisa stayed and clapped her team off the pitch before scrambling up towards me. We didn't talk much on the bus ride back to Aylesbury.

"Do you want to go for something to eat?" I asked as the bus pulled into our town and she shook her head. I had only asked out of politeness and was almost relieved when she answered negatively.

"Nah. I need to get back home," she said all too quickly and I walked with her to her house, not far from my old school.

"I don't think I've been awesome company," I admitted as she turned into her street. Lisa laughed and looked over at me.

"You could say that. But it was good to go with someone."

"Yeah, football's not really my thing."

"I noticed." She stopped and looked at me and then thanked me again for going. Lisa was certainly not my type, she seemed too preoccupied by the game and almost seemed to forget about me, while I knew she didn't like me too much either.

"I'll see you around," I said as she walked off and she waved back; it was the worst Saturday I had spent in a long time, and it had cost me a small fortune.

I entered the flat to see Rhea and Simon arguing, with Simon shouting at my sister.

"Whoa, what's going on?"

"Rhea is a thief," Simon thundered. "She is stealing."

Rhea hissed. "Shut up."

I sat down on the couch and looked at my sister and then glanced at a small portable music player on the dining room table. "Oh I know this."

"It is not theft. It is payment, or a con, but not theft," Rhea replied and I looked at Simon.

"I don't want to know," I muttered and pulled out a bottle of lemonade I had bought in the stadium emptying it in my mouth.

"You don't?" Rhea asked with a surprised look on her face.

I shook my head. "No, well you see. Simon will tell Zoe. And Zoe will tell me and her mum. And then her mum will kick off at Simon and it will all come out and I can plead the fact I didn't know."

Rhea glanced at me and then at Simon. "You told Zoe?"

Simon scowled. "No. But she will want to know."

I gave a grin, getting up only for Rhea to push me back down. "You don't get off that easily. OK, does this seem wrong?"

"Yes," I told her and she hit me on the shoulder.

"Shut up and listen," she snapped as I rubbed where she hit me. "You know I got ripped off?"

"Yes."

"Well they wouldn't pay me back so I realised that there was a debt there of ninety pounds,

so I got Becky to buy a boombox from them for a hundred in cash which I gave her.”

I groaned and looked up at the light. “Why?”

Rhea gestured with her hands. “Because it has a security seal on the top but not the bottom, so I carefully unpacked it, filled the box up with potatoes and newspaper to the right weight and then carefully sealed it. And then took it back.”

“Getting a refund as you had the receipt, said you already had one and showed them the security seal,” I finished for her and she gave a grin.

“Shit, have you done it as well? It's a good trick.” She waited for me to groan and then giggled. “So I have the CD player for Simon to make up for the records.”

“But it's stolen. I can't accept stolen goods. It's against Christ's teaching for a start. Thou shall not steal. Rhea, you promised me,” Simon roared and Rhea interrupted him.

“I did not steal. He stole. I took it back. I can't steal what's mine, can I?”

“But,” Simon started. “You did steal. You didn't pay for it.”

“But I did pay for the records,” Rhea stressed. “I haven't gone and nicked stuff for your birthday. I saved up all my money to make sure I got you something nice.” I saw Rhea wipe her eye and I looked at him. “Just see it as me teaching him a lesson.”

“It's underhand,” I admitted. “But there is a moral case here, that maybe Rhea isn't totally wrong,” I told him. “I know, once and awhile it does happen.” Rhea hit me in the same place on my shoulder and after pushing her away I continued. “But you two need to do something and agree, or else Simon isn't going to be happy and you, Rhea are going to be upset.”

“I'm not going to be upset,” Rhea snapped. “He is going to be upset unless he stops being a girl.”

I got up and Rhea looked at me. “Sort it out for yourself, I got enough problems to worry about.”

* * * * *

Sunday dinner was a large affair at the Matheson's residence what with the inclusion of myself, Rhea and the girlfriend (or “friend”) of Zoe's youngest brother, John. As I figured that they would appreciate my attendance at church I went to bed early and got up at 6am so I could clean the club and still have time to have a shower and get to the Church with Rhea by 10am. Rhea complained of being tired as we walked to the place of worship and I almost swore at her.

She went to sit with Simon and it was all I could do not to fall asleep during the service. Christianity wasn't my thing and I only tolerated it for Zoe's sake but my friend kept elbowing me in the ribs when we were meant to stand and sing, she knew I wasn't fully awake and just appreciated the effort I made.

Zoe's mum wasn't doing Sunday school that morning so after the service we idled back to Zoe's house. Emma and Andrew Matheson were talkative and John kept his girlfriend, a diminutive girl called Jane, away from them. I wondered what secret he had to hide!

It was fairly warm out so Zoe and I took advantage of this and took a walk to the edge of the town and back again. It was a warm day and neither of us wanted to stay inside but inevitably she started asking about Sarah.

“I am just worried about you,” Zoe said, for the umpteenth time that month.

I laughed meekly. “You don't need to be,” I said through a toothy grin. “You wanted me to stop messing with Sarah and I am not. You got your wish.”

She glared at me and shook her head. "But not like this," she told me. "I've had Sarah on the 'phone upset. You are clearly not happy."

"I am fine," I told her but she crossed her arms. "I'm fine. I've got my friends and I've still got Abi." I frowned at her. "Look. I know you don't like my immorality, but I am happy. It suits me. Sarah said she didn't want me and I'm fine. Why's Sarah upset, she got what she wanted?"

Zoe's eyes dropped. "She hasn't got what she wanted. And you've not got what you want either."

I hummed and took a deep breath. "I can't have her, move on, that's what you said. So I have done. I've done what you wanted."

"But it's made you upset and Sarah upset," Zoe said firmly.

"Then you would make a shit relationship counsellor," I told her.

"I don't want to see my friends upset and angry." she stared me and bit her lip. "Sarah never meant what she said, she doesn't want to fight and she doesn't want to talk to you."

"See," I told her. "What am I meant to do with that?"

Zoe shrugged. "I'm working on it. But you never swear at me." She waited for me to feel guilty and then coughed. "I think you need a girlfriend," Zoe told me and crossed her arms. "You have been bouncing around since Paula left and just getting desperate. You need a solid, upstanding, young lady who will sort you out. And as Sarah can't be that person, you need to find someone who can."

"Well nobody I want, wants me," I told her and she shook her head. "I think it's 'cause I just go after immoral girls." I looked at her as she gave a titter and I grabbed hold of her hand. "So what you say Zoe, you say I should get a girlfriend and I say you should have a boyfriend." Her eyes widened and she spluttered as she realised what I was saying. "I've known you for ages, think we'll be good together. And you're upstanding and I'm sure you can sort me out."

She shook her hand. "Andy," my friend whimpered. "You can't ..."

"No I'm not," I told her dismissively and laughed. "But stop saying I need a girlfriend. I don't. I needed Sarah, but it's just gone to shit so I'll have a life of freedom and dating."

Zoe snorted, and we walked back in silence, just as Emma was dishing up the Sunday roast.

"They do make a good couple, don't they?" Jane murmured to Zoe, pointing at Simon and Rhea as we sat down. My sister had commandeered two seats together and she leant across to put Simon's collar down.

"Yeah, they are forever hugging and holding hands," Zoe replied grinning. "It's quite sweet actually."

"And Simon's brought a calmness to her, a sort of control that only tranquilliser darts have managed before."

Rhea screwed up her face and glared at me; she couldn't retaliate as she was at her boyfriend's house. "Of course we are hugging and holding hands," she told Jane. "He's my boyfriend."

"I've noticed. What do I have to do to get that from you?" Jane asked John who smirked. "I can barely get you away from the games console long enough for a kiss, let alone going out somewhere holding hands."

"What did Rhea have to do?" John asked. "Simon was forever buried in his books or

listening to music or being dull.” He was reprimanded by his father and Zoe giggled.

“There was the apology for primary school shenanigans,” I told him. “Teaching him how to bowl.”

“And spending the night together,” Zoe told her instantly. “And the going na ...” There was a deathly silence at the table and I coughed over the rest of Zoe's candidness.

“Pardon?” The scowling face of Emma asked and Zoe turned to face her. I noticed a steely, angry glare from Rhea and gulped.

“It was when Simon stayed over in the Summer,” Rhea explained sitting up in her chair with a calm voice and putting her hands together. “Simon slept on the floor, well airbed. I told him to take my single bed, but, well you know how stubborn he can be. I'll be honest, I don't think he liked the pink bedding.” Rhea poked Simon who smiled at his girlfriend.

“Well it doesn't suit me, does it, pink?” Simon replied and Rhea shot me a look.

“Hardly your colour at all,” I joked and squeezed Zoe's leg under the table. “Actually, you weren't going out at that point anyway?”

Rhea nodded and looked at her boyfriend. “No, we weren't, were we. But it was good.”

Emma looked at Zoe and then Rhea. “What did your Mum say about all this?”

Rhea shrugged. “Nothing. I mean, why would she mind? Si's the most perfect gentleman she's ever met and neither of us are going to do something stupid, she knows that. It was a nice evening, we played cards, we chatted and it got late so Simon stayed, as did Zoe.” Rhea looked directly at my friend and her expression withered. “And Sarah.”

Emma turned to Zoe who was chewing some chicken. “We did. Dad said it was OK,” Zoe added while Emma stared at her husband who shrugged.

“We should do that again some time,” Rhea announced, still staring at Zoe. “It was a fun night. Lot's of enjoyment had by all, don't you think?” Zoe glanced at me; the evening in question was considerably more than cards and chat!

Emma's scowl loosened considerably as she surveyed Zoe and Rhea for any sign of weakness but not detecting anything turned her attentions to Simon, “as long as you behaved yourself.”

Rhea put her head up to Simon's shoulder and purred. “As I said, the perfect gentleman. He's ... he's great. Unlike my previous boyfriend.”

John laughed. “I heard about that. Nathan wasn't it?”

Rhea nodded and smirked. “Yeah. Glad I got rid of him. He is nothing like Si.”

“Didn't he attack you or something?” John asked with his mouth full and Rhea nodded. “All sorts of wild rumours.”

“Yeah, he did,” she replied meekly, staring at her boyfriend's brother and nodding. “He, um, was nasty.”

“What happened?” Andrew asked, wiping his face on his napkin. “Was this in school?”

“Err ... no. He tried to ... umm ... blackmail me. He said that unless we had sex, he would dump me but attacked me when he couldn't get what he wanted.”

“He tried to rape you?” Zoe squeaked incredulously and Rhea nodded, her lips pressed together.

The room tensed up again as Emma put her fork down. “I hope you went to the police,” Emma said and Rhea shrugged.

"Well no. I dealt with it. He didn't get what he wanted. I ... umm ... well there was some self-defence."

"I heard that he couldn't sit down for a fortnight," John added and Rhea suppressed a grin.

"Well, lets just say, I did cause him a degree of pain, yes, and given what he was trying to do, certain vulnerable areas of him were more exposed than others," Rhea admitted.

"Good for you, Rhea," Andrew told my sister, grinning. "Serves him right."

"What did your mother say?" Emma asked and Rhea looked sheepish.

"I didn't tell her," she confessed slowly. "Well I couldn't prove any of it, and I dealt with it. I didn't want to make a fuss. Anyway, hearing the rumours that he got beat up by a girl was far more of a punishment than anything the police or Mum could do. It was my word against his."

Emma took a deep breath and stared at Rhea. "And you are fine now?"

Rhea nodded. "It was a bit of a shock when it happened but Si was just great and I decided there was no point in making an accusation I couldn't prove." She ignored my pointed snort from the other end of the table. "And anyway, he was in absolute agony. Si said I should have reported it."

Andrew nodded and agreed with his son but Emma warned young Simon not to cross Rhea as she was clearly "a powerful young lady" and my sister almost look relieved when she started asking John questions about Jane.

Andrew refused help with the clearing up after a delicious home-made apple pie and custard, and Zoe and I sat out in the garden. It was still quite warm and we went out without our coats on and sat on the bench in the arbor at the end of the garden.

"Rhea navigated that problem you threw her quite well," I mused and Zoe grinned.

"I know. I didn't mean to, it just came out. I will apologise to her but I don't like misleading Mum and Dad."

I spied a flash of movement and peered out from around the bench to see Rhea storming up the garden. "You might just get your wish," I muttered, moments before Rhea appeared.

"Rhea," Zoe called but my little sister shook her head.

"Shut up," she hissed and glared at my friend.

"Hey, Rhea," I called and she waved a finger in my direction.

"Now I don't know if this is something you both planned, or just you Zoe, but if you ever, ever try to cause problems like that for me and Simon again, I will break your bloody legs."

"Rhea, it was an accident," I said calmly, trying to placate my corybantic sibling.

"Bollocks. I love your brother, Zoe. He's been really good to me these last few weeks, and I don't know why you would want to split us up but try again and I will start breaking bones. And publicising lesbian affairs if you do. Simon means too much to me to let him go that easily. You understand?" she warned.

"Rhea, I am sorry. I didn't mean to," Zoe said calmly but Rhea screwed up her face, turned on her heels and went back inside.

It took all of the ten minute amble home to convince Rhea that I had nothing to do with Zoe's candidness and that it was a genuine mistake. "Not everyone lies to your parents you know. Some people can just tell the truth all of the time," I told her and she screwed her face up.

“Now you're just being sick,” she murmured and I grinned.

“Well, Rhea, you are a very good liar. Zoe isn't, she has had not nearly the amount of practice you've had,” I told her and she wagged her head from side to the side as she weighed up my supposition.

“Flattery will get you nowhere, bro. And anyway Simon can manage it”

“Ah, yes, well. You've corrupted him,” I responded quickly.

“Ah, bollocks to you”

“Honestly Rhea. Why would Zoe or I want to split you and Simon up? Zoe said she has not seen him so happy and while you are kicking him into shape you have neglected me. With the exception of Sarah.”

“Yeah well, I can make a special case for her. She is a fucking prick-tease.”

“For once, I might just agree with you. However much I liked her, I am not sure she ever liked me, despite what she now says.”

“As I told you.”

“Yeah,” I mused. “As you told me.” What Rhea didn't tell me was how to stop feeling morose.

* * * * *

“Shouldn't you be at College?” She asked and Holly flashed her smile as I got into her car holding my camera.

“Yep. Well I have a free for an hour, then break. Then General Studies, but that's fine. I don't like that. And then Lunch. So I'm good for a couple of hours. I've just had Maths.”

Holly slid the car into first gear and joined the road going out towards Buckingham and looked at me. “You got everything.”

“One camera, two film, and lens, flash, filters and so on. You know what you want?”

“I've always known what I wanted,” Holly told me and sniffed. “I am doing up my bedroom at home and I want some classy pictures of me on the wall. I spoke to a photographer and he wanted over two fifty to do it, so I spoke to a friend of mine, I think you know her, and she is lending me a hotel room.”

“The Landmark Hotel,” I finished for her and she grinned.

“Yes, we have the royal suite. Well we have it for two hours until lunchtime.”

“Royal suite,” I said in a teasing voice as Holly navigated a mini roundabout by driving over it (something her car's shock absorbers let my spine know about) and sped off on the winding main road towards the market town.

I had rarely been to Buckingham – it was too far out and offered little but there were a number of picturesque villages en route full of the rural, county charm.

The Landmark Hotel was set in hundreds of acres of parkland with a golf course and a load of other amenities in one of these small villages on the south side of the town. It was spitting slightly with rain as we pulled up the drive to the imposing building and could see Holly look at me ominously. There were dozens of cars in the car parks and all of them were expensive, luxurious and new; Holly's car was rusting, old and a bone-shaker!

The receptionist on the desk had a warm, inviting smile when she saw us and I could see right down the front of her cream top that made up her uniform. “Put your eyes back in,” Holly whispered and I looked around to see her ask for “Angela Bailey.”

The girl straightened immediately and picked up the phone to summon Sarah's mother to the reception area who introduced herself as "the manager" and asked Holly if we "had given any thought to her proposal." It was clearly a ploy so that she didn't confess to her staff that she was lending their royal suite to a friend so they could take naked pictures and we followed her up the stairs.

The Landmark Hotel was impressive in stature and the marble stairs opened up from the reception area and wound around an atrium to a first and then a second floor. "We could have taken the lift," Holly moaned as we reached the top and Angela smiled, looking down on her reception area.

"Sorry," she said. "I am forever running up and down here." She unlocked a door opposite the stairs and opened it. "You got two hours," she told my friend and then looked at me. "And I hear you have had a row with my daughter." I nodded and looked apologetic but she snorted. "There isn't a person she loves that doesn't bicker with her on a regular basis," her mother told me. "Is it all down to her not being allowed to go to help you on Monday?"

"Sort of," I told her and took a deep breath. "But she's annoyed with me for other things as well." Angela tapped me on the arm and smiled.

"She'll come 'round. She always does." Angela promised and closed the door. I waited for Holly to ask and then told her that she didn't want to know.

Holly grinned and walked into the suite. Whether or not it was a "royal" suite I did not know but it had stunning views over the gardens from the lounge area. There was a giant sofa that Holly nodded towards and she opened the double doors into the master bedroom.

I was speechless, a giant four poster bed dominated the room, covered in cream cotton and Holly felt the duvet, cooing. "This is perfect." She unhooked the drapes and fastened them on the far side and started stripping off. "Well set your camera up then," she told me and I put my camera bag down and took it out, loading my first film.

To say that I was nervous was wrong, but I was certainly a lot more apprehensive than at the swinger's party or at the club. This was an intense, one-to-one situation with someone I hardly knew who oozed sex. I looked up to see the naked girl grab a small bag from her big bag and run into the bathroom.

Holly chatted to me through the door as I made myself comfortable on the other side of the wall, talking about mundane matters such as coursework and finances when she emerged, still naked but with her hair perfectly straight and her skin radiant and youthful. "Will I do?"

"Yeah," I muttered and she walked back to the master bedroom and lay on the soft bed. She looked up at me with puppy dog eyes and smiled naturally. "Wow," was all I muttered as I reached for my camera and slid the strap over my neck. "You look great."

Holly's face lit up and she directed me to where she wanted the photo being taken – on the angle – and she looked up as I framed the shot, catching her seductive, sexy look without being remotely explicit.

Holly was not shaved but had a strip of hair, but in none of the shots on the first film, her pubis was visible. She was clearly naked but with the aid of a sheet, the bed, or just her body, her genitals were hidden. It made the photos more erotic – the power in her poses was not what could be seen but what was hidden.

I understood something from that day and was being taught a lesson. When the girls wanted underwear shots from the club I didn't always understand why but Holly was showing me without realising it. She looked at me daydreaming as she positioned the sheet over her waist and giggled. "I know what you are thinking," she told me and I shook

my head.

"You don't," I told her and wished that the photos I had of Sarah were just as sexy. I ruffled the sheet somewhat and narrowed it. She looked at me and I just licked my lips as most of her waist became uncovered, but her pubic hair was still hidden. I retreated and took the picture, followed by another and then a close up of her face, telling her look up at the coving.

The second film was a lot raunchier, she got out of the bed, and retrieved a black basque, heels and a whip, and she put one leg on the a Victorian-style chair and held out her weapon. There was a power to it, but I preferred the smiling Holly on the bed and she guessed as much as I wasn't grinning as much. I had to help her out of her basque and she blew me a kiss as she lay down on the sofa. "I want some porno ones," she told me. "But not for my wall at home."

I smiled and took the pictures she directed, although she didn't want a close up between her legs and looked at me when I shrugged. "You think it's nice? It's some folds, neatly tucked away but just some folds of skin. What's nice is what you can do with it." She looked at my confused face as I took the last picture and she smirked.

"Done," I told her and she got up to wash her makeup off.

"Happy with 'em?" She asked and I nodded but she couldn't see me; I was sorting out my camera.

"They are good, I think. The first film was magical." Holly sniffed and started talking about the pictures she wanted to get and I felt an undue pressure: had I done the pretty girl justice with my camera? It wasn't difficult pictures to take but I always doubted myself. She strode out of the bathroom, still naked and walked past me before turning back on herself.

"Ahhh I forgot. Mum and I had a bit of a bet. She summoned me to my feet and then sank to her knees, pushing me against the wall.

"What kind of bet?" Holly didn't reply as she unzipped my trousers and pushed them down my thighs, followed by my boxer shorts. She looked at my semi-erect cock and peered up at me.

"Well what's a girl to make of that? Naked, sexy pictures and not even a stiffy." I grumbled at her but she gently blew on my cock and it filled with blood. "Mother reckons I can't get you to admit that I have complete power over you, even if it's just for a few minutes," Holly told me. "I think I can."

"Right," I told her, my cock tensing in expectation. She took the base of my cock in her hand and slowly kissed the end of it. I felt a tingle immediately and sighed as she ran her tongue over the tip.

My cock stiffened a bit more and she began to bob up and down, sucking and licking my member passionately. I breathed out, mewling as I did and she just peered up at me with doe-like eyes. I saw her other hand put something in her mouth and then it started exploring as her mouth touched the underside of my cock and then gently kissed my testicles. I closed my eyes and exhaled noisily; Holly was brilliant!

I felt the skin tingle as she kissed but it was not unpleasant and felt her hands touch behind my balls. It was incredible. Holly returned to the tip of my cock and began to slide down it as her hand twisted around the base. I was in heaven and felt the point of no return. "Holly," I called out. "Oh shit." I looked down at her and I saw her cheeks suck in as she applied suction to my glans.

I panted and wriggled my hips. I was coming and held onto my orgasm, every second getting more desperate. My buttocks were clenched tight as my legs quivered slightly and I

put my hands on the wall, pushing against it as hard as I could. I mewed and felt a wave of energy surge through my body that made me shiver as I felt my cock spurt into Holly's mouth.

She kept sucking through my orgasm, the intense feeling remained until she had sucked all the cum from my cock and looked up at me. She smiled and swirled something hard in her mouth. "Spunk tastes horrible," she told me. "If I do it uncovered a mint imperial is great and you guys love the cool heat," she explained and got to her feet.

It took Holly twenty minutes to be dressed and I just had to clean myself up. Ten minutes after she finished I was still beaming and my body was still warmly satisfied: she was right, she did give incredible blowjobs.

My musings were interrupted by Angela knocking to see how we were getting on and was a little surprised that we had finished. "I got a late booking," she told us. "So if you could be out my twelve," she asked and Holly picked up her bag.

"Go now," she told her and embraced Sarah's mother. "Thanks, I got just what I needed." Holly gave me a gentle push towards the door but I stopped to speak to the hotel manager.

"Angela ..." I started and she looked back at me.

"I'll think about it," she told me and stared into my vacant expression. "But you need to make up with my daughter first. Don't you?"

"Yeah," I said a little downcast and Angela grinned at me.

"I should be worried about the idea of you photographing my daughter naked but I know how hard she can be to say no to." I smiled and she took a deep breath. "Just tell her what you want, I think you'll find that you will both agree on it."

Holly and I chatted on the way back to Aylesbury; she was good company and she offered to let me drive despite my lack of a provisional license as "the roads were clear" but I didn't accept her kind invitation and instead quizzed her on her blowjob technique.

Holly told me that she would explain it to my girlfriend when I got one, but not to me.

"Some things are best kept to us girls", she told me, but I wasn't bothered: I had got a very good lesson in sexy photography and knew that the pictures I took of her were the best I had ever taken.

"If I give you a tenner can you get a set for me," I asked her as she drove down the road to the College. "I just loved some of the pictures we took and think they would be epic in my portfolio." She hesitated and smiled at me.

"I'll think about it," she told me. "I am very picky about naked pictures. I don't want to end up as a Reader's Wife in some crappy wank mag." I thought back to Abi and curled my lips. "But I want to know, did I have you under complete control earlier?"

I laughed as she pulled in outside the College and grinned. "I'll answer that if you let me take you to lunch."

Holly parked the car outside the little café and looked over. I put the two film cases, containing the two films and passed them to the beautiful girl, before closing the camera bag. "Nice one," she beamed and put the two undeveloped films in her glove box. "I'll get Mum to take them 'round to Olivia."

I got out of the car and then looked back through the open door. "Can I tempt you to a sandwich?"

She checked her watch and smiled. "Sure," she muttered and I looked over to the College behind a row of trees. "Am I OK to park my car here?"

I shrugged. "Don't see why not. Not double yellows," I replied and she leant across to look my car door before getting out and joining me in the little café which was a popular haunt with College and school students at lunchtime. It was small, but did a good takeaway trade and offered everything from fresh sandwiches to pies, pizza slices, burgers and hot dogs.

"Lucky we're not five minutes later," I told her as we sat down in one of the few unoccupied tables in the window. "This place heaves at lunchtime." Holly chuckled and stretched her feet out.

"Reminds me of my College days," she told me as she sat down and picked up a menu.

"What ya havin'?" I asked and she scanned the list before looking up and putting the menu back. "BLT baguette, white. With a Coke. Please" One of the reasons why I loved the café, other than its proximity to the College, was the fact that it was cheap and our lunch gave me change from a five pound note.

I settled back down at the table with napkins and my companion smiled warmly. "So, what subjects are you doing?" Holly asked and I told her; I found out quite a lot about her, she was at Birmingham studying Physics but was not fond of the city. "It's dire," she told me and we were interrupted as our lunches came.

It was standard, cheap lunchtime fare but we started eating just as the café started to fill. Jez and Jodie, then Ray and Donna, interrupted our lunchtime chatter to introduce themselves and I saw them whisper as they left the table – they didn't know Holly and I had no intention of telling them where I knew her from.

We finished and Holly put her hands on the table, taking mine in her hands. She looked into my eyes and giggled warmly. "Thank you," she muttered. "For the films and for dinner."

I shrugged. "Thank you for the lift and the ... ummm ... the treat." She giggled again and pursed her lips.

"I guess I better go," she told me and got up, her chair scraping on the floor. "It's a good hour to Birmingham and I do have a lecture at three."

"Right, sure," I murmured and she swung her coat over her shoulders. "It's been a fun few days."

Holly nodded. "Yeah, it has. But you agree now? I am in total control when I go down on you?" I didn't answer immediately and she snorted.

"Yeah OK. It was incredible, I would have done anything for those few minutes," I admitted, telling her what she wanted to hear. "But next time it's my turn to try and put you in that position."

She scoffed and opened the door to the café and walked out to her car. "I'll see you soon," she promised but I wasn't quite sure why. I wanted to see her again and she gave me a hug as she shook her hair back and climbed into her car.

Holly was amazing and a bit like Sarah but without the bitchiness but she was well out of my reach and I watched as she turned on the engine. "See ya," I called and waved her off, turning around to see Zoe watching me by the College gates. I called out to my blonde friend, but she disappeared before I could cross the road and I couldn't see her.

I heard a cough as I walked down the main path and turned to see Sarah with her arms crossed, scowling at me. "So who is she?"

"Who is who?"

"Her," Sarah asked and pointed towards the road. "I saw you with her in the café."

“Oh, Holly,” I told her and gave her a warm smile – she wasn’t reciprocating but I didn’t want to fight with her. “She’s very nice.”

Sarah wiped her eyes and looked down her nose at me. “You doing all this just to get at me?”

“Doing what?”

“Her and Lisa. You brought her here just so I would see you.” She pursed her lips and took a deep breath. “You doing this to try and get a reaction out of me.”

“I’m not,” I started. “She ... umm ... she’s gone off to Birmingham now.”

“And the only place you could meet her was outside College so I found out? That’s pathetic.”

I took a deep breath and squinted at the tears tumbling down her eyes. “I am not doing anything. Holly gave me a lift back to Aylesbury last week and I met her for a sandwich. Now am I doing not anything that concerns you.” I walked past her and Sarah shouted after me.

“Are you fucking her? Is she your girlfriend?”

I felt the anger well up inside of me and wanted to ignore her but just turned and scowled. “Every night baby,” I yelled back. “I screw her every night. And she loves it. And she loves me.”

I watched as Sarah shook her head and ran out of the gates towards Aylesbury.

* * * * *

I heard the sound of running feet and my name being called. “Andy,” Zoe shouted. “Andy.”

“What?” I snapped and she scowled at me. “Sorry, it’s just Sarah.”

“I know, I’ve just been hearing it. Who the hell is she?”

“Holly. And no I didn’t have sex with her.”

“Why did you tell Sarah you did?”

“Cause she pissed me off,” I barked and cleared my throat. “And I shouldn’t have done but it came out.”

“So who the hell is Holly?” I bit my lip and muttered “friend” and Zoe sniffed at me shaking her head. “Lisa? Holly? You trying to make Sarah upset by dating all these girls?”

“No. And it wasn’t a date. I met her for lunch that’s all. She’s going back to Birmingham, just didn’t have any lectures and came by,” I lied.

Zoe gulped and stared at me. I glanced over towards the entrance to the college and asked if we could continue this conversation somewhere warmer, and drier – it was beginning to rain.

Zoe relented and we ended up in a small pub with lemonades, much to Zoe’s annoyance (her favourite coffee shop was closed due to a burst water tank coming in through their ceiling)

“So who is she?”

“Holly,” I told her. “And no I have not had sex with her, have any romantic attraction towards her. I know she likes the older man, but was prepared to meet me for lunch and umm ...”

“Hold hands,” Zoe told me and flicked back her blonde hair. “Andy there’s something else, isn’t there?”

"No," I lied instantly and sighed. "Look she was just a friend. Acquaintance even. She rang me up and asked me to go to lunch, so I did." Zoe shook her head; she clearly didn't believe me.

"I still don't know where you know her from. Is it the club?"

I hesitated. "No," I muttered and she raised her eyebrows. "Honestly no."

"Then where? I am getting really worried about you. You just don't seem yourself. At all."

"I'm fine."

"Well, you're not are you," she snapped as I slurped my lemonade through a straw. "You just aren't."

"I am," I told her. "So I met a swinger for lunch, does it matter?"

Zoe's eyes widened and I rubbed my mouth. "Swinger? Oh my God, Andy, you aren't doing that? What's going on?"

"Nothing," I said irritably and Zoe cocked her head. "Really nothing. I told you I didn't have sex with her."

"Well what did you do?"

"Is it any of your business?"

Zoe shook her head and then wiped her eyes, screwing up her face. "You don't understand," she muttered. "You really don't." She sniffed back a few tears and I took her hand in mine. "Andy I've known you for years and I've just never seen you like this. You just seem to be with all the wrong people. And it scares me. Promise me you aren't doing stupid things."

"Like what?"

"Well drugs for a start." I hesitated and she shook her head. "Oh no," she cried. "Oh Andy you need help and ..."

"I haven't, I haven't," I lied. "Honestly. It's just nothing, OK. I just ..." I took a deep breath and Zoe implored me to continue. I exhaled sharply and she shook her head. "OK, I did some naked photos with some swingers, that is all."

"That is all?" Zoe screeched and put her head in her hands. "You are producing pornography on an industrial scale." A few people turned to look at the flustered teenage girl shouting at the embarrassed teenage boy and I slouched in my seat.

"Zoe," I hissed. "Do you mind?"

"Do you mind? This is getting out of hand now."

"No," I told her. "You know about the naked pictures."

"Of Sarah. Who are the swingers?"

I hesitated and smiled at her face of a million questions. "Some people I know. That is all." Zoe crossed her arms and I screwed up my face. "I don't want to talk about it." She looked at me and I shrugged. "All we seem to do at the moment, is you nag me worse than Mum. Can I have an afternoon where you don't try and be my mother."

"Well what do you want me to be?"

"A friend," I barked back and she stared at me.

"And what sort of friend would I be if I let you do stupid things like that?" I closed my eyes and looked up at the ceiling.

"A popular one," I spat back and she crossed her arms. "OK, sorry, that was wrong. I know you mean well, but honestly, I'm fine."

I could tell Zoe didn't believe me.

* * * * *

"You can't write that," Simon told my sister and she looked up.

"What?"

"It's supposed to be objective," he told her. "You can't say that anyone who believes in crop circles are simpletons."

"Why?" Rhea squeaked. "They are." Simon puffed and I watched as Rhea brought herself up to her full height. "OK, you are from, the future," she told him with a patronising lilt to her voice. "And you have built a machine to take you back in time. And with this fantastic achievement, instead of changing the course of human history, making loads of wonga, or even popping on telly, you leave cryptic messages. But not on mobile phones, television or computers, you leave them in crops by making circles. Now ask yourself, does that seem likely?"

"But Rhea ..."

"No 'but Rhea.' Think about it." She picked up her pencil case and put it in front of him. "Imagine that this takes you back in time, what would you do?"

He stammered something about "not starting this conversation" and she looked at him.

"You'd go back and put a hundred quid on the two twenty at Chepstow, get a hundred percent in the test, stop evil from happening. Hell, we'd use it to make money and give power. 'Cause that's what mankind does. We'd certainly not make big circles in crops overnight for fun."

"What about aliens?" Simon told her proudly. "Doesn't have to be time travellers, there are other explanations."

"Same point. They'd come to destroy us and nick our planet or they'd come to make peace and trade. Why travel light years only to pick on a few strands of wheat? It's moronic. The explanation is too many people with too much time on their hands being pricks."

Simon blinked and I walked in. "Hard work?" I asked and Rhea nodded.

"Very. We have a hippy teacher that no-one likes and he wants me to tell him that crop circles exist from aliens or time travellers or some other such jiggery-pokery." She looked up and shrugged. "He's a bit of a retard."

"So she's told him that," Simon added and shook his head as I moved on to the kitchen to get a drink of water. As much as I had sympathy for Zoe's brother, it was of his own making: he wanted to date my sister and even I could have told him he was better off breaking bread with Satan.

I had been to my camera shop to purchase more film on the way home – I got asked why I was going through so many films and did I know that they could develop whatever pictures I took, which I doubted, but the girl behind the counter had a cute, toothy grin as she suggested that I should photograph her.

I had also told Mum that I was going out but would be home by midnight, which I wasn't quite sure about, but she just grunted as I left and Rhea asked what I was up to.

I didn't know the name of the couple I was visiting but had an address past the College on the edge of town. I was a little nervous as I walked up the cul-de-sac and felt as though I was being watched by the neighbours; I was there to photograph "sin" and was acutely

self-conscious of the rich neighbourhood.

I was five minutes late, but knocked stoutly on the front door and a short-haired tall guy, in his late-thirties answered it in a seventies style shirt. "Andy?"

I nodded; he gave a smile and beckoned me into his house, and I tried to make an instant guess of what he was like. He struck me as an office manager with his confident posture and well-groomed look. "Steve," he said as he closed the door. "You spoke to Kara."

I sighed; I didn't know. "I guess so."

He gave a nervous look. "You are not what I was expecting."

I gulped and smelt a weird musty smell in their house. I looked around and he gestured for me to go into the front room where I saw a middle-aged woman with long brunette hair looking back at me. She looked nervous and she glanced down at my camera. "Ummmm"

She blew some air out between her lips and gestured for me to sit down. She went to speak and no words came out of her mouth and then sighed. "I don't know how we do this," she told me and I took an armchair as her partner sat down next to her on the sofa.

"What I did with Ro ... umm ... before. Errr ... it was for him to tell me what he wanted, and umm ... what was expected of me. And I just went and did it." I gulped and played with my hands. Kara smiled and sniffed.

"We have," she stopped and took a deep breath. "We have some ... exotic tastes ... and we didn't know that you'd be so young." She watched me and I nodded as she spoke.

"I'm not that young," I told her, whistling as I exhaled through my lips. "I don't mind what you get up to." She looked at her partner and he shrugged.

"If we want to be in the December Edition it needs to be in soon. We only got a week." She sniffed and squinted at me.

"Fine," she muttered and tapped Steve on the arm. She looked at me with a steely glare. "We are into latex costumes, I will beat him and there umm ... maybe some watersports."

"Watersports?" I said instinctively and she gave me a pained expression.

"You know, with pee," she whispered and I tried hard not to give a face of revulsion. This sounded like it was far beyond what I had seen in Robert's cellar and that seemed fairly extreme – I had put the more distasteful elements out of my mind.

I gulped and just nodded. She bit her lip as she sized me up and then took a deep breath. "Great, well I'm just going to get comfortable. I'll call you in five minutes."

I wanted to go and set my camera up and playing with the lighting levels but I didn't want to start wandering around the house; I had no idea what I might find. I didn't feel comfortable at all and this was a long way from the safe, seductiveness of Holly or the raw sexual displays from Sarah. This sounded almost obscene.

I tutted to myself: this would be an education to me. It obviously cannot be that bad as Steve volunteered to do it and I just debated whether I could get away with running out of the house. I took a few deep breaths and tapped on my mobile phone as I checked for messages. I wanted an assistant at this point, someone to steady my nerves but there was no-one. I was alone.

Kara called me upstairs and they were in a largish room with black walls. It looked dark, there was a single 40W bulb lighting up the room and I felt a cold wetness on my socks. The room was lined with a rubber mat – also black.

However, what the most striking thing in the room was not the black walls, rubber carpets,

assortment of sex toys and weapons on the walls, but the black and red skin tight outfit that Kara was wearing. She had lace up boots that went to her mid-thigh, a black latex thong and skin tight red top that showed her breasts obscenely. She smiled at me and I loaded my flash onto my camera: I didn't want to as the shiny fabric can send light everywhere but the light on the ceiling was simply not strong enough to illuminate the entire room.

I thought about putting a dampener on the flash but took my chances and captured her against the black wall. Kara cocked her head and started talking to me but I wasn't paying much attention.

Steve was wearing a red hood and nothing more and came in, closing the door behind him. Kara asked me to get some pictures of Steve on his own, and then of them together. She had him kiss her boots, and then her arse, before pushing him over. She pulled out a chair from the edge of the room and threw him across it; I was shocked at how much anger there was in her face but she grabbed a cane and started peppering his rear.

I gulped, reminding myself I was just there to photograph and did not think about what she was doing to her partner; it was unreal as she hit ten, then twenty, then thirty hits, his arse going red and then purple. Each hit was connecting with a snap and she was squinting as she hit him.

She was throwing her entire weight into it, hitting him with as much force as she could muster. I felt queasy; how could she do that to her partner and I wanted to stop her. I could hear him whimpering and crying, and Kara reached onto the shelf, pulled out a ball on a string and wrapped it around his head.

All the time she was doing this she was shouting abuse at him, telling him he was not worthy of her love and he deserved to be punished. I just caught each piece of abuse on camera and gulped.

I had exhausted my first film when she swapped from a cane to a whip and started hitting him as I loaded the second film. The whip made a deafening crack as it made contact with his skin and could see his red arse lacerating. She had cut into it, and trickles of blood emerged. "Get this," she cried as she made another incision in his skin. I could see scars from past whippings and zoomed in on the blood-stained rear.

The sight of blood only seemed to excite Kara and she began using her whip on his back, thighs and then turning him around and throwing him on the floor, his genitals.

Kara was a mild-mannered middle-aged wife in suburban Buckinghamshire, but she was behaving like a henchman from a Bond film, being unnecessarily sadistic. I watched as she made more marks on his skin and could hear blubbing from underneath the hood. "You useless piece of filth," Kara cried and stood over him, ripping his gag off and squatting over his face. I zoomed in and caught her moving her thong to one side and then released a stream of pee into the face of her partner. "Swallow it," she barked and I felt very queasy.

I had photographed abuse; she was mistreating him and she was getting a weird pleasure out of it. I watched as he swallowed as much as she could give him and then stood up, aiming a kick into his balls. I caught this on camera also and she looked at me as her partner whimpered. "Done?"

I had two shots left but took them of the writhing man on the floor and rewound the film.

Kara was dressed when she let me out but said nothing. I left the film with her and she had promised to pay me fifty pounds a film if what I had photographed was of sufficient quality.

As I left her house, I ran. I almost didn't want them to be any good as I certainly didn't want

to go back to that house ever again; it was scary. I was also confused: she said they were a couple but she intentionally and sadistically caused him immense about of pain and did so while enjoying it.

It was certainly not a relationship I could understand and not anything I could see myself doing but as I slowed approaching the road I began to see a parallel between myself and Sarah; I knowingly told her that I had had sex with Holly because I wanted to make her jealous and make her upset, and she had told me I meant nothing to her to make me upset.

Were we really any better than Kara?

* * * * *

Sarah avoided me all day and even was a little curt with Zoe when she tried to talk to her. I hated conversing in Chinese Whispers but I told Zoe that I very much still liked Sarah and wanted to “make up” with her, and that I wasn't dating Lisa, Abi or anyone else which drew raised eyebrows; I had no idea whether Zoe would be able to pass that message on or not.

After lunch on Tuesday I ran back to the club to clean it. It had been a quiet Monday and the tables were mostly clean and it didn't take as long as usual. Mum was tapping away at a calculator in the corner when I finished and I looked up to see the alluring charms of Abi sauntering in.

“You finished already?” Abi asked, her face smiling and holding a bag.

“Yeah, didn't take too long,” I replied, stating the obvious somewhat and looked over at Mum.

Abi watched as I put my cleaning tools away and whispered in my ear. “Fancy a date tonight?”

I snorted. “I had one at the weekend, it went very bad.”

Abi rolled her eyes. “But how about with someone who knows you will give her a good time.”

I chuckled and Abi led me upstairs and told me to get changed into something smart, which she then chose for me while she got dressed in a more casual top and skirt that she had brought with her.

“It's different for girls, Andy,” she said and then grinned.

“What is this?”

“It's a Dating and Seduction class,” she said with a glance towards me and smirked. “A remedial class, obviously.”

“What?”

“Oh come on, Lisa, Vanessa, Sarah, you've been pretty poor,” she said with a glint in her eye and I sighed. “Think of this as a first date.”

I leant forward to kiss her and she put her hand out. “You've not even taken me anywhere and already you're trying to kiss me,” she grumbled. I huffed and she raised her eyebrows playfully and fleered contemptuously.

“Come on,” she said and I followed her out of my bedroom grumbling. I got further “demerits” for not holding the door open but made a redemption for holding her hand as we walked and then held the door open to the restaurant of her choice.

“Wine?” I asked as I held the chair for her and she slid in.

She turned around and glanced at me as I sat down. "I've not had a look at the menu yet."

"Yeah, but you always have white wine, you love it," I hit back and she sighed.

"This is a first date, you don't know what I like."

"OK," I asked holding my hands out and gesturing with my wrists, "what would you like to drink?"

"A glass of the house white please."

"Now that's a surprise," I added and her eyes narrowed.

"This is a first date, and at this rate, there won't be a second unless you improve that attitude."

"Well what would you like for the meal?" I asked and she peered over the menu.

"Give me a chance."

I closed up my menu and stood watching her from behind the concertinaed cardboard. When she looked up and told me that she had picked what she wanted, I called the waitress over and ordered a prawn cocktail and a garlic steak rare when Abi interrupted and asked for a minute more. "What?" I asked and she tutted.

"It's a date, you muppet. Do you want a kiss at the end of the night? Or more?"

I stammered. "Well ... yes."

"Then you don't have Garlic anything."

I picked up the menu. "But I like Garlic," I moaned and then put the menu down. "Is the peppercorn and stilton OK?"

"No," Abi immediately replied, her voice dripping with derision and annoyance. "Nothing with a strong smell or taste. And don't get a steak with blood dripping from it, it's not pretty. You think a girl wants to see that running down your chin?"

I tutted and looked back at the menu. "Fish and Chips?"

"Yes, but go easy on the Tartare."

I tutted; I liked Tartare, but we placed our order, and Abi looked over at me. "Well?"

"Well what?"

"Well aren't you going to ask about me?"

I stared at her, confused and perplexed. "Well I know about you."

"Not on a first date you don't," she said firmly and I grunted.

"So, what you do for a living?" I asked with false sincerity.

Abi glanced around her and then putting her elbows on the table and rubbing her chin, she leant across and gave a wry smile. "I'm a stripper and a dancer."

"I'd never have guessed," I replied sarcastically and she raised her eyebrow at me.

"It's nice where I work. There is a sixteen year old who cleans the club, who is nice, but he can be really infuriating when someone is trying to help him."

I rolled my eyes and then added. "Yeah, he sounds ungrateful."

Abi giggled, and we then talked. It felt weird treating Abi as a "first date" and she kept correcting me. I never realised that I slurped my drink or spoke over her sometimes but she just gently pointed it out with her seductive smile.

When I thought about it, it was Abi's role all over. She introduced me to sex and taught me

more about the female form than anyone else, it seemed almost right that she should “teach” me about dating.

She grumbled at me when we got outside, I didn't hold the door open for her and then started idling back to our flat. She told me to ask her where she wanted to go and when she told me to choose, I selected a small bar with chairs on the main square.

It was a little cold and we decided not to sit outside, but took a pair of seats in the warm bar. Abi ordered (I paid) for a glass of white wine and a lemonade and we sat down talking.

I had certainly enjoyed the date and as we ambled back towards our flat, I stopped and looked at Abi in the eye before kissing her on the cheek and she giggled. “Don't you want more than a peck?” She asked.

I chortled. “I thought this was a first date.” She looked over and put her arms on my shoulders snogging me underneath a small shop vera nda.

Abi massaged my tongue warmly and she hugged me as we kissed. We broke and Abi smiled, her face lighting up. We looked back down the street and saw Sarah, staring at us a few feet away and holding her football kit.

“You bastard,” Sarah cried. “You told Zoe ...” I went to call out but she fled down a side street and ran off towards the station.

“Ahhh,” Abi said. “Shit. That wasn't meant to happen.”

Chapter XIX

"Are we going to talk?" I asked Sarah as I came up to the table in the library where she was studying with her friends. Zoe had been needling me every time she saw me to make some sort of peace with Sarah as she was fed up with the poison my troubled friend had been leaking all day. She said that the longer our feud had gone on, the more upset I felt and the more angry Sarah got. I didn't want to fight with her, and what seemed like I was making a point at first soon descended into despair when I saw what our pigheadedness had actually achieved.

"No," Sarah replied abruptly and returned to her book. "You keep saying that you like me and go out of your way to upset me." Zoe shrugged her shoulders at me and put her hand on Sarah's.

"Maybe, you do need to speak," Zoe suggested and Sarah snapped her book shut with a bang. "It's gone on for long enough."

"So you are on his side, now?" Sarah asked aggressively and Zoe recoiled. "He knew where I would be 'cause of football practice and waits in a doorway so I can see him snogging ... her."

Zoe looked vexed; she had already told me in no uncertain terms what she thought of Abi's "lesson" and sighed. "No, I just want ..."

"What he wants," Sarah suggested angrily. "He's always said she is special to him, so let him have her. They are made for each other."

I cleared my throat. "She is but ..."

"Oh fuck off," Sarah shouted disturbing the quiet calm of the library, causing a dozen heads to turn towards us. She picked up her book and her bag and stared at me shaking her head. "You knew what you were doing."

"What the fuck is her problem?" I muttered and Zoe shot Ingrid a tortured look.

"You," her Swedish friend replied tersely. "You've really upset her."

"Don't I fucking know it."

"And you know she is now off her football team for good," Zoe added. "It kicked off again with Lisa last night so they've banned her completely. And then she saw you and Abi, and then she went home and had a big row with Kev. So she's been so upset today 'cause of what you did."

"Well Abi doesn't want to go out with me and I don't want to go out with her, I want Sarah if she'll have me." Ingrid scowled at me, telling me that I had a funny way of showing it and I packed up my things before catching up with Sarah, striding across the College green.

"What do you want?"

My intentions withered under her aggression and I took a deep breath. "I just want us to go back to the way we were," I confessed. Sarah sneered and I looked into her eyes. "I mean it."

"You've made it really obvious," she hissed. "That you want Abi. And Abi wants you."

"I don't," I told her, almost running to keep up with her. "And she doesn't want me. Look Sarah, I don't want to fight with you," I begged and Sarah turned to face me.

"Then don't," she screeched. "But I don't want to talk to you." I sighed and watched as Sarah stormed off. Zoe appeared behind me and shrugged. "She says she doesn't want to

go out with me but resents me for spending time with people who do. Well, who may do. I can't win."

Zoe gulped. "You've confused her. She isn't going to walk away from her long-term deal with Kevin. It's been ages and there is a love there, but ..." Zoe looked at me. "You don't understand."

"No, I don't understand how her mind works."

"If Sarah wanted to go out with you, would you?"

"In an instant," I told her and Zoe smiled.

"What about before Paula left? What about if Paula was still here, would you then?" My face changed and Zoe looked at me. "It's the same situation. She likes you and she trusts you more than just about anyone else, but all she's seen is you getting annoyed and childish and then doing your best to show off." I went to protest and she put her finger over my mouth. "Not the sort of person you want to break up a long-term relationship for, eh?"

I sighed. "But it's not like that."

"And if she did want to split up with Kevin, she isn't going to do that over the 'phone, she's got more class than that."

I gulped. "Split up? You mean she might?"

Zoe groaned. "I don't know." Her body relaxed and she wiped the corner of her mouth. "She is upset, and she thinks you are taunting her. What were you thinking of ... snogging Abi just 'round the corner from her football? Of course she was going to see you, and you knew it."

I pursed my lips. "Abi was teaching me ..."

"I don't want to know."

"To date. She thinks the only reason Sarah and me aren't going out is 'cause I'm useless."

"Well you are that," Zoe told me. "Both you and Kev have been utter bastards to her, and at the moment you've both made her miserable."

"Don't I fuckin' know it," I muttered and looked at her. "OK, then Smart-Arse. How do I make amends?"

Zoe took a deep breath. "Well I don't know," she told me. "But first of all you just need to get her talking to you and she doesn't want to do that." She cocked her head and coughed. "Sorry, I just don't know Andy. I keep telling you that you are both impulsive and fiery characters and this is what happens when you act without thinking. I keep trying to tell you to think before you act but no-one will listen to me. And then I get Sarah ringing me up crying and you moaning about it all."

I sighed and shrugged; Zoe suggested we go for a drink and chat but I didn't feel like talking and just ambled home intending to curl up on my bed and think. I certainly didn't plan to go the Supermarket but Mum needed an extra pair of hands when she did the weekly shop and Rhea was at school or out with Simon so I had no choice but to go. I wasn't talkative and Mum kept sending me off to get things but at the end of the penultimate aisle I nearly ran into Zoe and her mother with the shopping trolley.

"Hello," she cried in a surprised voice. "Do you know where the jam is?" Zoe asked as Mum appeared. "They've moved it." I pointed to an aisle three rows back and Mum, clearly sensing an opportunity, sent me to the front of store to get a cucumber, which she had "forgotten" to pick up. I groaned and scooted off to find one.

I returned to find Zoe and Mum alone and still talking; I expected little else to be honest but

they stopped as I approached. "He's so insensitive. And she is so pigheaded," I heard Zoe mutter and Mum glanced over at me. She gave a "ssshh" and it didn't take a detective to work out what they were talking about.

"Do you mind?" I asked and Zoe looked apologetically at me. "It is private."

Mum looked at what I had in my hand and tutted. "Half a cucumber, not a whole one," she grumbled and I was dispatched to the other end of the store alone to replace it, giving Mum and Zoe ample opportunity to complete their conversation; I walked slowly, just enough to hear the first sentence from my friend. "They just need to talk 'cause if they were both honest with each other they'd be ..."

Why did Zoe think she needed to talk to Mum? It was Sarah with the problem.

* * * * *

"It's a fucking disgrace," my sister moaned as she burst into the lounge and Simon just groaned. "Fuckin' not 'aving it. He can fuck right off if he fucking thinks he can fuckin' say that. What the fuck is his fucking problem?"

Simon groaned. "Haven't you calmed down yet?"

"Fuck no. He can fuck the fuck off if he fuckin' thinks ..."

"Problem?" I asked and Rhea, still scowling threw herself down on the sofa.

"Can you fuckin' believe it?" She ranted. "Mr Russell, the fucking prick, fucking reckons that I need to expand my fucking vocabulary. What the fuck is his fucking problem?"

I laughed and even Simon smiled but Rhea huffed. "Can't think why."

"Said that my language needed expanding. I'll fucking give him narrow use of the English fucking language. I wonder if he knows that knife can be a verb as well as a noun. Or slash, as in tyres. Or ..."

"Expelled. As in Rhea," I teased and chuckled. "What exactly has he asked you to do?"

"A short story as homework," Rhea moaned in a haughty voice. "Using words I have not used before."

"Like calm, forgiveness, respect, peace?"

Rhea frowned. "He just said that Rhea's stories used the same words month in and month out and thought she could benefit from stepping outside her comfort zone," Simon clarified and I nodded.

"Perfectly reasonable."

"Perfectly reasonable?" Rhea thundered. "I'll fuckin' give him reasonable."

"Just ..."

Rhea sighed. "He picks on me. He fucking hates me. I got better grasp of the English language than any of the tarts in my class but he has a go at me 'cause I dain't sit on the front row and flash me knickers at the perv." She rubbed her mouth and shook her head. "I'm not 'aving it."

I licked my lips. "I'll leave you with this one," I told Simon. "This is your problem."

"His problem?" Rhea shouted. "Oi," she cried as I left the room. "Oi, come the fuck back. What the bloody hell am I supposed to do?"

"Fornicate yonder, Rhea," I told her with a smile which was worryingly reproduced.

* * * * *

It was an unseasonably warm Friday, and I was idling back towards the flat; I had some work to do and then the team meeting. I found that my mind kept wandering and instead of doing my physics work I kept thinking of Sarah. Eventually I got bored and wandered downstairs via the fire escape with a book in hand. I wanted to get out of my room.

I helped Mum move the tables. "I hear you and Sarah aren't on speaking terms."

"No," I finally admitted.

"That's a shame," Mum said and then glanced over studying my body language.

"Yeah, it is, isn't it."

She pursed her lips. "You can talk about it," she offered but I shook my head; there was only person I could talk to, to sort it out and that was Sarah.

The team meeting was as raucous as usual with Isobel tickling me as she came in which caused me to reach over and pull her onto me and pin her over my lap. "Spank her," a voice cried and I pulled down her trousers to do so.

"When you've quite finished," Mum barked and I flashed her a look and hit Isobel once on her bare bottom that caused her to give a giggly shriek.

"Yep, OK done," I told Mum with a smirk. "Carry on." She sneered and Isobel reacquainted her waist with her blue cotton trousers as she got up. I got a disapproving glance from my mother but she didn't chastise me and just continued with the meeting. A couple of the girls had left that week – one who I didn't really know but also Gemma. I made a mental note to go and stop by her flat when I had a moment but wondered if she had left the club then had she moved out of Aylesbury; there wasn't a lot of employment in the local area for people in the adult industry, unless she had got her teaching job she so desperately craved.

Scarlet walked with me towards the bank again along with Isobel and Heather. I did ponder if the cashiers ever wondered why there was a considerable influx of young, attractive women every Friday afternoon coming to pay in large deposits but they never asked any questions if they ever did.

Scarlet was quiet and she sighed when I asked what was wrong. "Eddie's being a pain," she told me. "I've been offered a small part in a film but it means going abroad to film for a week or two."

"Oh, that's ... well done."

She looked at me and licked her lips. "It's a nude part. He doesn't want me to go away and he doesn't want me to be prancing around naked."

"Oh," I muttered and smiled at her. "I wouldn't mind, dating a film star and all that."

She laughed as we waited to cross the road. "I am sure he thinks that I am going to find someone else, but I won't. So he's pissed off with me 'cause I've said yes."

"Oh well. He'll get over it," I found myself saying and Scarlet took a deep breath.

"Yeah, hope so. I don't want to fight with him but he is making it so hard for me." She shrugged and bit her lip. "There's a big gap in age, experience and all sorts, but he is great. I just wish he could be more relaxed and trusting. I mean, he spends all day with his farm girls and I don't get jealous."

I laughed and she flashed me a smile. "I don't think he is going to run off with them though, do you?"

"No," Scarlet admitted and giggled. "But he likes them, I know he does. And he wants me to be one, but I don't want to."

“Perhaps one day, as a surprise you should dress up as a farm girl, help him and take him behind the bales.” Scarlet giggled.

“I don't want to encourage him.” We parted outside the bank and I wandered back to the flat to get some dinner, before going out to see Olivia.

Olivia was clearly a little under the weather when she opened the door. “Andy,” she croakily greeted me. “You better come in.”

I closed the door behind me and followed her into her lounge where Emily sat watching television. “Hiya,” she said with a warm smile. “I've been looking at your pictures.”

“Oh,” I said. “Any good?” Emily nodded, still grinning. “Who's the girl from the hotel?”

“Holly? You know her Mum right?”

“Yeah,” Olivia told the young lady but gave her a stern look that ended any further questions.

“They were amazing. I loved them,” Emily added as Olivia sat down and passed me an envelope.

“Kara and Steve, how were they?”

I spluttered as I sat down on the faded chair and blushed. “Weird,” was all I could come out with and she snorted.

“Yeah, sorry, should have warned you,” she croaked. “I didn't realise it would be like it was.” I pocketed the envelope; it contained money but I did not know exactly how much. “They reckon they could use some more but I ...”

My face twisted. “It was a bit weird. But I guess I could stand it but ...”

Olivia put her hand on mine. “Listen kid, you don't want to, you don't do it. It's fine.” She coughed and reach into a drawer and passed me a set of pictures. “I was asked to give you those.”

I opened them tentatively and saw the smiling face of Holly; I bit my lip as I quickly leafed through them; she was exceedingly hot. “Oh thanks.” Olivia smiled at me and promised me more work after the half-term break that was approaching and I thanked her.

It seemed weird to be so rich; there was £120 in the envelope and I still had most of the cash from the swinger's party in my bedside drawer.

All I needed was a girlfriend to spend it with.

* * * * *

For weeks I had been trying to tempt Zoe to see her uncle. She told me that he had been in contact around her birthday and had provided her with an open-ended invitation to go down to London and see him whenever she wanted.

I tried to get her to open up about him, but she just said that her family had always said he did “immoral stuff” and she didn't want to have anything to do with him. I snorted at this, and eventually blackmailed her, by saying I would ask her out on a date if she didn't. This seemed to do the trick as she eventually agreed to go and see him with me. I was finding my weekends a little lonely at times, especially without Ray, and wanted something to do that Saturday; meeting an immoral relative of Zoe seemed ideal!

I had to get up really early to clean the club from Friday night. There were a lot of spilt drinks and ominous stains and it took me a little longer than usual, so I was a little late getting to Zoe's house. She had rung him to arrange to meet him at his house at midday and had a rough map that she had copied from a London A-Z.

Zoe was holding a couple of envelopes and I glanced at them. "Mum says I can take his birthday and Christmas cards when I go," she muttered and ran towards the kitchen to go to the toilet when I caught the sight of familiar face peering over the banister.

"Hello Rhea," I said gleefully and saw that she was wearing a dressing gown. She shushed me and I chortled as I walked up the stairs to see her.

"Is the coast clear?" Rhea whispered and a naked Simon came up behind her.

"How much?" I asked mischievously and she scowled.

"I won't hit you all day," she promised, and I smiled.

"No, I want no teasing or goading all week in the Lakes," I negotiated and she huffed.

"First day," she promised. "And that is all." I shrugged and she held up her fist. "OK, can I go?"

"Yes, Andrew and Emma are out, and I'm just about to go with Zoe."

Rhea breathed a sigh of relief and turned to Simon. "I think we probably have another hour or two if we want it."

I chuckled and saw Zoe coming back into the hallway and I walked back down the stairs, deciding that telling Zoe that her brother was naked with my sister would probably delay us further.

I hadn't made any lunch and neither had Zoe so we were resolved to having to buy or scrounge something to eat but I doubted this would be too much of a problem. As we passed a bakers however, I quickly bought us a pasty each, just to stop our stomachs from rumbling too loudly!

She was a little quiet on the train and eventually told me as we walked around the corner to her uncle's house exactly why he was a pariah. "Well he is a pornographer. He was arrested in the US for breaking obscenity laws, has half-a-dozen love children, forever in sinful relationships and now owns a company producing porn."

"Ahh, sounds just like your family," I teased and she glared at me.

"I've not met him for a few years. Mum had a big row with him the last time we were down and she has refused to talk to him since. It's a bit of a testy subject," she admitted. "I mean, she talks to her other brother but almost pretends Neil doesn't exist." She wiped her eye with the heel of her hand and forced a smile. "He is a nice guy, just preoccupied with sex. A bit like you really."

"Or you," I teased and Zoe snorted. "When you read steamy romance novels."

"No. Well maybe that's where I get it from," she mournfully added and I resisted the urge to giggle.

I took a glance at the map and we turned into a little cul-de-sac. The road was lined with big, impressive houses, some of them garishly adorned with statues or flamboyantly-shaped hedges.

We walked to the end and onto a small drive in the corner. The property didn't look any bigger or smaller than the neighbouring houses, but instead of BMWs or Porsches in the drive, there was a shiny red Ferrari.

Zoe sighed when she saw it and glanced up at the door before knocking on it. I could tell she was nervous; I knew that her parents were not overly impressed that she wanted to go and see Neil but reasoned that he was family, no matter how much her mother wanted him not be and didn't object too much. There was some shuffling and noise behind the door and a tall, slightly balding man opened it. I could see Zoe in him immediately, the soft

smile and welcoming eyes that she had, were present in him.

“Zoe,” he called and held out his arms to her. He was wearing a soft dressing gown and she embraced him, nervously smiling. “You look so well,” he cooed and glanced over at me.

I held my hand out and introduced myself before we were beckoned in. His hallway had a few small statues, and was very much decorated to look like a Roman villa with naked nymphs lining the room. His kitchen was smart, far more tastefully decorated and was big. He went behind his breakfast bar and leant across. “Drink?”

Zoe nodded silently and then spoke as he clapped his hands. “Orange, Cranberry, Pineapple, Tropical Juice, or wine, or do you fancy a beer, we got all the spirits if you fancy a cocktail.”

Zoe froze and bit her lip, humming. “I'd love an Orange Juice,” I said and he smiled, opening his fridge, which was easily bigger than our fridge and freezer combined and took out a large bottle which he opened and poured into a glass, passing it over. Zoe opted for the same and he then took us outside to his garden.

His garden consisted of a few flowerbeds, a pool, patio and a hot-tub, but that was not what drew my eye. Sitting in the hot-tub reading a book was a girl, easily pretty enough to be a model. She looked up when she saw us and put her novel down, next to an empty cocktail glass and called over.

“We were in the hot tub with cocktails,” he told us smiling. “Nice way to spend the morning when the weather is a bit cool.” He took off his dressing gown and climbed in, the brightly-coloured shorts with naked women on it raising a smile from me.

“We didn't bring swimming costumes,” Zoe said quickly and his partner giggled.

“No, neither did I the first time I came,” she said. “We often go in naked. Jump in.”

I laughed and looked at Zoe. “Remember that pool in Cholesbury,” I teased and she took a deep breath.

“Yeah, but it's ...”

“Oh come on,” I encouraged her and took off my T-Shirt and jeans. She stared at me, shaking her head and I gave her a look out of the corner of my eye. She watched as she took a seat next to the hot tub, while I lost my underwear and leapt in to the bubbling water.

“You wouldn't think she is getting shy, especially after she played strip poker with six people?” I teased and Zoe took a sharp intake of breath.

“No, it wasn't like that,” Zoe said quickly and then glanced over at me and relented after a short moan. Her uncle turned away as she got undressed and while she wasn't entirely comfortable with the idea, the warm water was very nice in the cool October air and the bubbling liquid covered up to her neck.

Neil's partner was “Emmie” and was at University although she was originally from Devon and had met Neil while he was doing a photo shoot in Exeter when he stayed at the same hotel she worked at.

They seemed to have hit it off quite nicely and she had travelled to London regularly to meet him before starting her course in September. While her parents disapproved of her relationship with the much older man, she spent most of her time at his house and was actually very intelligent. I had almost expected the vacuous stereotypical gold-digger when I first saw the age gap but this was unfair.

We conversed about many things and she was warm and friendly. Zoe spoke very little

until my hands started massaging her thighs and she gave me a wry smile. I knew what she was thinking and I let my hands wander in the bubbles.

She didn't move her hand over to my body to reciprocate and I took that as the touching was something she was uncomfortable with and withdrew. I was only teasing her and when I stopped she giggled, looked at me and came closer.

Her uncle made a few teasing comments, I think he assumed that Zoe and I were going out, which we weren't and we corrected him. Emmie noticed Zoe's necklace and crowed over it, scooting across the small hot tub to get a better look and then Zoe had to admit it was a birthday present.

"From a boyfriend?" Emmie said slyly and looked at me. "Or just an admirer?"

Zoe blushed and I answered for her. "It was a close friend who does admire her, but not in a romantic way." Neil and Emmie gave me knowing looks and Zoe went bright red.

"I said it was too much," she blurted out and I looked over at her uncle.

"It was her seventeenth birthday present."

"Yeah, and the dresses and the underwear."

Neil went a little sheepish and Emmie glanced over at him. "He forgot mine."

"I had a stroppy model. Banging on about not doing anal on a film called 'Ass Stretchers' but still wanting to get paid. And then I had LA on the line and all the days blurred together. I am making it up to her though."

"We are off to the Maldives at Christmas," she said with a gleam in her eye. "I can't wait."

Zoe went to reply and I squeezed her thigh. "See, I could have bought you a holiday," I whispered and she giggled.

We spent another hour in the hot tub. I liked Neil, he was care-free and good natured but had a streetwise aura about him. He had a couple of scars on his arms and I could easily have seen him in a few scrapes over the years. He brought us all cocktails and we sat drinking the (very) alcoholic drinks he had provided while Emmie gently gleaned titbits of information about us from Zoe and myself.

Neil was happy to watch and certainly doted over his girlfriend, rubbing her tummy or stroking her hair and she leant into him. Zoe was far more stoic with me, even after the cocktail and by 2:30pm we were all hungry and thought about getting something to eat.

Neil said he knew of a lovely little bistro down the road and he got out to retrieve four big beach towels, adorned with his company logo. He saw me smiling at the pictures from the films he had produced and laughed. "Yeah I love to wipe myself dry with those against me skin," he joked as I pushed a model's big breasts into my crotch. I blushed a bit and he just chortled. "We got loads for a promotional event a while back. I'll let you take a couple back if you like."

"Does your Mum do big towels with her dancers on them?" Zoe asked and I then had to explain exactly what sort of entertainment the nightclub I lived on top of provided to its clientele.

Neil was interested; he wanted to do a film in an adult nightclub in the New Year and desperately wanted to find a business that would lend their premises to him for the shoot. I promised to ask Mum and he said he would pay handsomely if it was suitable. "Most of it won't be in the club, but some of the scenes need stage and the like. Only need it for one or two days I reckon."

We got dressed and walked down his cul-de-sac and he cut through down a footpath and

before long we were at a small restaurant. Emmie took Zoe's hand as we walked, she was keen to know more about her and they chatted like old friends.

When I first saw her I wondered about Emmie's intentions. She was with a man, who was at least 20, maybe 25 years her senior, who worked in the adult industry, and I could only see her latching onto him for his money, but as we spent more time with her I could see past that.

She was genuinely interested in us, and certainly got on well with Zoe. She told us that she wasn't in any of his films while we were in the hot tub but I noticed a guilty look and wondered if she had assisted in another capacity. She also said that she had refused to let him pay for her student costs and that this had caused a row between them, but was keen to accept nothing more than his company and hospitality. Despite the age gap and financial disparity there was certainly love and it warmed my heart. If Neil could ensnare a beautiful and lovely girl like Emmie, then maybe I could repair relations with Sarah.

The bistro welcomed Neil warmly and I guessed he wasn't an infrequent visitor. We were shown to a table near the back of the restaurant that was a little secluded and the waitress gave us all menus as we sat down.

I glanced at the prices and my eyes widened in shock. Starters were more than ten pounds, the main courses started at twenty-five and the drinks were all at six pounds or more. While I earned good money it was very expensive and Neil looked over at us.

"It's my treat," he said firmly and looked at Zoe. "I mean it. I know how stubborn you can be. You get it from your mother."

Zoe sighed and she looked back at the menu. "Don't worry 'bout the cost," Emmie told us. "He won't let you pay a penny."

I ordered the Venison steak with a fruity sauce and vegetables. I had only had venison once, and liked it, but as the mains were pretty much all the same price I reasoned it didn't matter too much what I picked.

As it happens, Neil also picked the venison while Emmie had her favourite vegetable dish and Zoe selected the duck. Neil also ordered a bottle of champagne and then looked over at us. "It's not every day your niece comes to visit," he reasoned and Emmie rubbed his hand.

"He's been proper excited all week," she said with a glint in her eye. "I've had Zoe this and Zoe that. If I didn't know better I would have thought he'd found another woman!"

"Well. I've not seen you or Simon or John for four years. Or Jay for even longer than that. Emma and Paul don't talk to me, so it's good that at least one person in my family wants to still know me."

Zoe blushed and bit her lip. "You're my uncle," she said firmly. "But you don't make it easy for us. I mean, you grew up in a vicarage and end up producing hardcore and vicious ... stuff."

Neil chortled. "I know. But I've always wanted to do it,"

"Why?" Zoe asked. "No one else in the family did!"

Neil gave a chuckle. "Ahh yes, well, ever since I read the Venus in Furs. I found it when I volunteered to do a church bring and buy sale and it was left over. It's a lot for a ten year old to take in."

Zoe smiled at her uncle who leant towards Emmie, put his head on her shoulder and they kissed briefly. The waitress returned with the champagne and poured Neil a glass, and when he was happy that it was fine, filled everyone's flutes up to the brim.

Zoe tensed when it was full up and I giggled at her looking at the glass. "It won't bite, unless you are worried what you will do when you get drunk."

Zoe mouthed silently at me to be quiet and Emmie raised an eyebrow. I wasn't going to say anything, but liked teasing Zoe nevertheless. The meal was absolutely superb, to be expected from food at those prices, and the vegetables were tossed in a light mint dressing which made them heavenly.

The champagne was lovely and sweet and I laughed when the bubbles went straight up Zoe's nose. We ordered desserts and coffee, and Neil asked for the bill. I tried to pay at least some of what I had eaten but he scoffed at me and eventually leant across the table. "I live in a million pound house, drive a hundred grand car and have a company valued at two mill. Money isn't a problem," he said firmly. "When you have that, I'll let you pay for the meal." I felt a little derided but Emmie looked over at me and just grinned.

"Zoe coming down has made his week, just let him. He likes to be generous."

Zoe giggled. "He can't accept things from other people," she replied on my behalf about me and I sighed. I did add a note to the two Neil put down as a tip and he gave me a fleeting glance.

We got back to his house and he showed us around his property. The rooms were like his hallway, garish and brilliantly decorated. He had a photographic studio where one of the bedrooms once was and I started talking about cameras and the girls from the club when Zoe gasped. I had forgot she didn't know all about my money making schemes and gently shook her head.

Neil then showed me his portfolio, and said that while he didn't take many photos professionally any more, he still enjoyed it. I found a lot of his images very striking, he was a good photographer and used his subjects and props well. A large number of the images were bondage or bondage-related but a few were of naked people looking very sexy, including several of Emmie.

I realised that my pictures were very amateur looking and he started talking about lighting and depths of focus, as well as using grayscale effectively before proudly showing me his camera that was worth a hundred times more than mine.

It was nearly 5pm when we left, I had enjoyed Neil's company immensely and wished to have stayed for longer but we had promised our parents we would be home for six thirty. Neil had dug out a few of the promotional goody bags from his company's latest event that each contained a towel just like the one I had used, full of explicit images. "We have them made up every time we are at an event," he explained. "There is one coming up soon but any left over just go to waste."

I thanked him and we walked back towards the train station. "You can have my ones," Zoe said. "Mum will go ballistic if she sees them."

As expected, Zoe quizzed me about my photographic money making scheme on the train home. I tried to be a little evasive about it but she saw through it and eventually I admitted what she already knew. "Every time I see you I think you are a little more immoral and shameful," she admitted and I scoffed. "Andy, you are producing pornography."

"Just like your family," I told her and Zoe gasped, moaning at my assertion. "I could end up being as successful as Neil," I teased her.

She hummed and didn't respond. I was glad that Zoe had enjoyed herself; I did wonder if she would, but Neil was very kind and just delighted to see her. He had offered to give us a tour of his office and facilities in "east London" which I would have loved to see, even spend a day with one of his professional photographers as they snapped some images for

his company's offerings but Zoe snorted when he suggested this and I guessed that it was maybe one bridge too far for her.

Mum glared at me as I came up the stairs with five big bags, each one containing the logo of the company he owned. "Zoe's uncle owns the company," I said with a smile. "These are left over goody bags."

"I don't want to know what's inside them," Mum said and Rhea replied that she most certainly did. I went to pass her a bag and then thought better of it and took them to my room. I knew Rhea would definitely go in and sneak a peek, and didn't raise any arguments when I later went to my room and found only four.

I briefly told Mum about our trip, and the restaurant before mentioning his offer about borrowing the club. I could tell Mum was a little uneasy discussing it in front of Rhea so I just slid his business card over and Mum filed it away in her pocket.

The bags not only contained a beach towel, but also a face cloth, a video, pens, pencils, a pad and a catalogue. I saw the bags at the end of my bed and knew exactly who would like one, and wondered if a bag full of pornographic merchandise would be just what was needed to get Sarah to start talking to me again.

* * * * *

I cleaned the club the following morning and decided that I would go and see the stubborn girl. I set off and stopped off to buy flowers and chocolates; Sarah liked them last time and I reasoned it was as good as any peace offering.

I was missing her friendship and reasoned that one of us needed to make a first move, and knew that it probably wouldn't be her. She was too angry with me to want to suspend hostilities and while I knew that I was within my rights to see other girls, I only really wanted Sarah. I had only taken Vanessa and Lisa out because Sarah was steadfastly unavailable.

Sarah answered the door, glared at me and then went to shut it before I could speak. I held the door with my palm and she opened it again to tell me that she had nothing to say to me.

"I know you don't want to speak to me but I want to speak to you. Please, Sarah."

"No," she replied resolutely and shook her head before glancing down at the flowers. "Those for Lisa I suppose."

"I am not going out with Lisa," I said firmly and she snorted.

"I bet you had sex with her as well. To think that I actually liked you. You are nothing but a ..."

"I did not have sex with Lisa," I said calmly and firmly. "I never really liked her, we went out, we didn't get on. I am here because I do like you." Sarah sneered and I rolled my eyes. "Can we talk please, on the bench?" I pointed to the front garden and she just shook her head.

"No Andy. You went out with her," she yelled and slammed the door. I heard raised voices in the house and Angela opened it and then looked at Sarah storming up the stairs.

"Can you give her these," I asked, passing my flowers over to her.

"You two still fighting?" Angela asked and I sighed.

"Yeah. But she won't accept my apology or even talk to me," I replied and wiped my eyes. "And I just don't want to fight with her any more."

Angela pursed her lips. "She is quite emotional. OK, I will see she gets these," she told me

as I turned to go.

I looked back. "You know you told me and Sarah to work out what we wanted. Whether I wanted Abi or Sarah?" Angela nodded and I bit my lip. "I know now, I think I've always known to be honest. But I think it might be too late for her to believe me."

Angela gave a cursory smile. "I'm sure you'll be fine," she said quickly and gave me a smile. "Honestly. You're not the first teenager to upset someone they like and you won't be the last." I gulped and thanked her, but I needed Zoe's help now. Whatever I had or hadn't done with Lisa, Sarah was definitely overreacting.

I was angry, upset and bored and meandered home from the station, kicking every stone into a passing car and only didn't send a cat propelling through the air as I had a last minute change of heart mid kick.

"Where's Mum?" I asked the moment I saw Rhea in the lounge.

"Alicia's," Rhea told me and then watched me as I went into the kitchen, got a drink and came out.

"What?" I asked as my sister stared at me.

"Now is that polite?" Rhea snapped. "The question is, 'can I help?' not 'what?' Do you know how rude that is?"

"I'm not in the mood Rhea," I dismissed her, shaking my head and downing the last of my bottle of beer. "Really not in the mood for you."

Rhea waited until I was at the foot of the stairs and sniffed. "After all what I have done for you," she barked. "All the effort I've made for you and that is how you repay me."

I stopped and looked around at her. "What?"

Rhea huffed and then smiled. "In your room, big brother, is some clothes on the bed. Wear them and come downstairs."

"What is this?" I demanded and my sister just prodded me upstairs.

"Just get ready," she snapped and I looked to see ironed trousers, shirt, underpants (yes, really) and socks on my bed alongside a bottle of cologne. "And have a shower and shave," Rhea shouted up the stairs. I groaned, but knew that it was silly to argue. My sister was up to something and it was almost futile to resist.

She sat me down when I got to the lounge and giggled. "Now you have a date," she said with a giggle. "A proper date, nice young lady ..."

"Oh Rhea, what makes you think ..."

"She is perfect for you. Now you have a date, Micco's Italian on the Buckingham road."

"But that's miles away."

"Perfectly walkable," she said with a sneer. "But a nice restaurant. Now, remember. No silliness on your date, remember to compliment her, listen to her. Don't argue and remember, you aren't going to get your end away on a first date. She isn't Abi."

"Rhea ..."

"Right, and lose that scowl. It's not very attractive." She checked her watch and walked over to the side of the room, taking a bunch of red roses and passing them to me.

"Remember, compliment her, tell her she looks nice. She's a nice girl."

"Who?"

"I'm not telling you. And no, it's not Becky." I sniffed and watched as her lips curled and

she tutted. There was the sound of the bell and Rhea prodded my shoulder. "Well go on then."

"Go where?"

"Micco's of course. And don't forget you are paying." I snatched at my wallet and tentatively walked down the stairs to the front door at street level. Standing in the cold was Simon and his sister. "Zoe," I cried and Rhea just nodded.

Zoe had her coat over her clothes, but it was clear she was wearing a dress and I saw a flash of blue; she was wearing the present I had bought her from Cambridge. "Sorry we're late," Simon told my sister. "Zoe doesn't walk too good in heels." Her eyes flashed at Simon and then at me.

"What is this?"

"A date," Rhea announced. "You and Andy."

She looked at me. "Andy? What is this?"

"Oh for God's sake," Rhea barked, her arms crossed. "Just go out Zoe. You two are made for each other, just go out and have some fun. We've booked the restaurant and ..."

"But Andy?" Zoe asked just as I objected but Rhea was resolute. She brought Simon into the flat and crossed her arms blocking my path.

"Go," she ordered and licked her lips, and pushed me out into the street. "And I am locking the door. Don't come back until you are loved up."

With that the door closed and I looked at my friend. "Shall we?"

"Have you set this up?" Zoe asked me and looked at me gesturing down the street.

"Cause I am not sure ..."

"I've not," I promised truthfully. "I knew nothing about it. She's just presented me with this." I passed her the flowers and her face flickered into a smile.

"For me? You shouldn't have."

"I didn't," I told her as we started walking. "Rhea did."

"Oh," Zoe muttered but held my hand as we navigated the evening half-light to our restaurant. Rhea had picked a lovely eatery but it was some distance away and Zoe did not walk quickly in her high heels. I offered to give her a piggyback ride but she refused.

I did compliment her on her appearance; she looked lovely and her blue eyes matched her pendant and dress wonderfully. She blushed as I spoke and then had to reassure her that I wasn't trying to adopt her as my girlfriend.

There was something unique about Zoe; we had always got on very well and she had always made time for me to talk to her, but we had an understanding where it was almost impossible to upset each other. Any disagreements we had were always forgotten almost instantly and unlike my behaviour with Sarah, and earlier in the Summer with Abi, there was no lasting annoyance. "What are you thinking?" She asked me as I held open the door to the small restaurant.

"Nothing," I murmured and explained that we had a reservation. Rhea had booked it under "Mr and Mrs Williams" - a name that caused a degree of amusement from my date and we were shown to a small table in the corner and next to a log fire. It wasn't cold outside but it wasn't warm either, and the fire was snug.

Zoe took off her coat and I held out her chair, taking a moment to admire the beautiful blonde girl as she sat down. She smiled back at me as I passed her a menu and sat down opposite. We both ordered pizzas and a soft drink (Zoe told me not to buy wine) and she

licked her lips. "So what do we talk about, I know all about you? As blind dates go this is pretty poor."

I bit my lip. "Well you do need the practice," I told her. "You do need a boyfriend, I've told you that."

"No offence, but I don't need you as a boyfriend."

I bit my lip. "That's you and Sarah then. And Abi." Zoe crossed her arms.

"Do you think it would be a good idea for us to go out? I mean, I would definitely kick you into shape but I guess we will probably end up hating each other."

"That bad," I teased and yawned. "Sorry."

"And Sarah, well she still likes you but is angry with you."

"That doesn't make much sense," I told her and Zoe sniffed.

"That's Sarah for you. You say you want to spend time with her, you better get used to her silliness."

I took a deep breath. "I am. I just ... oh I don't know. In one breath she is leading me on and other times she is saying she doesn't want me. I know where I stand with Abi. And certainly with you. And Paula was always really good, but with Sarah I just don't know, and she likes it like that which pisses me off."

Zoe tucked her blonde hair behind her ears. "Have you considered that maybe Sarah doesn't know?" She waited for me to shrug and then looked at me in the eyes. "Or maybe she does know and is scared. Sarah does many things but she doesn't make rash decisions. Well, not important ones. She can be impulsive about everything, except big decisions. She's a bit weird like that, to be honest." She sighed and took a deep breath. "She had a happy relationship," she looked at me and turned her hands on the table. "She said she did," Zoe corrected herself. "But you confused her. She would tell me how much she liked you and didn't want to in that way and every time you would see her, she would like you a bit more." I gulped and Zoe smiled as she saw my eager expression. "And you had your rows and I know you were a bit of a prat."

"I was a complete cunt at times," I admitted and Zoe winced before telling me not to use "that word."

"And you weren't easy. But you went and played football in the park with her, and took her to the woods, and even went down to London so she could see Kev and just gave her space. And she's upset. She thinks that ... well she wonders if you ever did really want her like you told her or if it was a bit of an infatuation."

"I do, but she wants another."

"She wants both of you," Zoe told me. "She wants Kev and you for different reasons. And when you messed around you did it front of her, you were taunting her showing her that you wanted other people."

"I'm not," I snapped and Zoe's eyebrows shot upwards.

"Well she thinks you did it to upset her. I told her that if you did it was out of frustration but she doesn't know. So she still likes you, but really doesn't want to be with you."

"All I want is things back to where they were. I was annoyed with her, she told Rhea that I was never going to be her boyfriend while I felt I was being led on a merry dance but I never wanted to upset her like this. And she is way overreacting."

Zoe didn't disagree but just flashed her smile at me and thanked the waitress as she put two drinks on the table. "Just talk to her. 'Cause you both think you know what the other

one wants, and you keep telling her all you want is an intimate friendship and I know that isn't true." I sighed and steered the conversation away from Sarah; it may not have been a "proper date" but it was still a "date" and talking about other girls was most inappropriate!

My companion winced and smiled in equal measure as I brought up our visit to see her uncle the day before. She still wasn't completely comfortable about him but I really enjoyed my time there and suggested we go back to see him.

I also tried to get Zoe to agree to let me photograph her; I would have been happy with clothed shots, but I had Sarah, Abi, Paula and dozens of other people from the club but none of my close friend. She refused and swiftly moved the conversation onto Ray. I was still avoiding him at College due to Donna and Zoe thought it was petty.

Our pizzas, and ice cream were gorgeous and I paid, much to Zoe's annoyance before we started walking back. They had not been quick serving in the restaurant and we had been almost two hours since we had left the flat.

"I know our siblings mean well," Zoe muttered as we neared the flat. "And I love you to bits, but we'd kill each other if we went out, right?"

"Yeah," I agreed. "Definitely."

"But I know I go on about Rhea, but it shows that she has a good heart."

I laughed and Zoe stared at me incredulously, before slipping in her heels. "Haven't you worked it out yet?" I asked her, helping her to her feet at the top of Castle Street and Zoe shook her head.

"Work what out?"

"Tonight."

"Don't tell me you set it up, 'cause Andy I said I like you but ..."

"No, Rhea did. But that's the point." I watched her scowl and then licked my lips. "Where have we gone for a meal?"

"Restaurant," she told me and then she screwed up her face.

"Yeah, about a mile away, there are closer restaurants. Rhea picked it. She also picked your heels,"

"Simon did but ..."

"Rhea did, I can guarantee it. And they not easy to walk in, are they?"

"No," Zoe admitted and sighed. "But surely ... what's this to do with Rhea?"

"Where's Simon?"

"Your flat."

"Where's Mum?" Zoe's eyes widened and shrugged. "Out. Where's Rhea?"

"Your fl ... oh what? Andy if you knew ... They better not be having sex, it's your fault if they are."

"They won't be," I quickly told her but she dragged me down the street, before tapping impatiently as I unlocked the front door. I watched as she flew up the stairs, abandoning her heels by the front door and crashed into Rhea emerging from the dining room, dressed in an elegant ball gown and holding two drinks. "Do you mind?"

"Simon, you haven't done something stupid, have you?"

Simon shook his head while pushing the empty wine bottle out of sight. "No," he replied indignantly.

“Are you two an item yet?” Rhea asked and came behind her partner putting the drinks on the dining table. “You’ve had long enough.”

“No,” Zoe cried and she stared at Simon.

“No?” Rhea asked and looked at me. “Why not?”

Zoe ignored her. “What is going on, getting me out of your way so you can ... do things?”

Rhea sighed. “And what have we been doing?”

“Things.”

“God Zoe, you are so untrusting. We go out of our way to make you happy and this is the thanks we get.”

“You have, haven’t you.” Zoe rubbed her face, looking at her brother and shook her head.

“Can’t you sort her out?” Rhea asked me. “Why can’t you just give her one?” Rhea spat at me and Zoe gasped. “I mean she is so uptight, it’ll be like screwing a virgin every night. I know Sarah and Abi are loose but surely a guy likes a tight one every so often.”

“Rhea,” I interrupted and Simon looked at his girlfriend. “That’s enough.”

“We did think ... well we do think ... you would make a good couple,” Simon told her, squeezing Rhea’s hand.

“Yeah, and the fact that I am fucking fed up with you being on my case,” my little sister told her. “So what that I don’t go to Church every week or that Simon and I like to cuddle up naked from time to time or that we kiss or that we drink or whatever.”

Zoe gulped and Simon nodded as Rhea spoke. “You are on at me a lot. More than Mum. I do my homework and don’t get into trouble so there’s no need.”

“Cause she is a bad influence,” Zoe said firmly.

Rhea cackled. “Is she for real? I’m his girlfriend, of course I’m a bad influence. I’m meant to be a bad influence. Talk about fuckin’ naïve.”

“And you are immoral and just always up to something ...”

“Flattery will get you nowhere,” Rhea sarcastically interrupted my distressed friend.

“Rhea,” Zoe cried. “This is not a joke. You are leading my little brother astray, of course I am not going to be happy. You are too young to be flaunting yourself.”

Rhea turned to me. “Ya see, this is the problem. Can’t you tell her what teenagers are supposed to do. Or better still show her. The closest another person’s got to her chuff is Sarah, and ...”

“Rhea,” Simon called to get her to stop but my sister was in full flow and stared at Zoe.

“Now I’ve been very patient,” Rhea told her and looked at my friend out of the corner of her eye. “And normally I’m not this forgiving, but this has to stop or I will hurt you. And I know you would rather Simon was dating anyone else but you don’t get to choose, and we need you to get off our case 'cause I want to kill you, feed you to the crows and bury your bones under the patio.” Zoe gulped and looked at me. “And it made a terrible bloody mess the last time I did it, and Si has asked me not to use fatal force but it’s a promise I won’t keep.” Zoe rolled her eyes at my sister’s silliness and Rhea waved her arms around dramatically. “Now Andy needs a girlfriend and you need to get laid – or at least be with someone so you’re not always bitchin’ at us. It’s for your own good.”

Zoe took a deep breath and shook her head as she looked at the floor. “I’m sorry Rhea, but if you are doing things that are wrong ...”

“Us being naked and kissing is wrong, is it?” I groaned; I could see where Rhea was going and watched as Zoe agreed with my little sister. There was no hesitation as she discarded her clothes the moment Zoe told her that her actions were inappropriate. “Wrong answer,” Rhea told her and threw her dress at my friend. “Cause there ain't anything wrong with my body and I don't care if he sees it. Hell I want him to see it,” Rhea told her and pulled her knickers down to her ankles. “I want him to want to see it. 'Cause I love him Zoe, does that scare you?” Simon gulped as Rhea opened her arms out wide. “Does it frighten you that someone loves your brother? Someone other than you?”

Zoe gulped and Rhea threw her arms around her boyfriend and kissed him on the lips; Zoe averted her eyes and cried out. “That's enough,” she told them but Rhea ignored her and slid her hands underneath her boyfriend's T-Shirt. “Rhea. Simon. Come on. Stop this. Andy do something.”

“Yeah kiss her Andy.” Rhea held her boyfriend and shook her body towards Zoe. I grabbed the hand of my friend who squeezed it. “See, perfectly innocent,” Rhea told my companion as Simon broke the kiss. “Now, do that with Andy; you'll like it. Go on. You've done it with Sarah now try and do it with a man. Or a reasonably close approximation, anyhow.”

“Oi,” I complained and Rhea smirked.

“No,” Zoe cried and Simon looked at me.

“What's wrong with my sister? Why can't you ask her out or kiss her?”

I bit my lip and smiled at my blonde friend. “Cause I don't want to destroy a friendship,” I muttered and Zoe breathed a sigh of relief.

“Kiss her,” the naked Rhea barked and crossed her arms. “Cause there has to be something to unfreeze the Ice Witch.”

“Ice Witch?” Zoe cried and grabbed Simon by the arm.

“You. Home. Now.” Simon tried to argue but it was no use and Rhea kissed her boyfriend goodbye. Given her state of dress she could hardly come down to street level, and I escorted the Mathesons downstairs. I gave Zoe the briefest of kisses on the cheek and watched as she took her brother homewards, before returning to the lounge.

“Rhea,” I told my naked sister as I walked past her. “Don't ever, ever, ever set me up with someone again. You're shit at it.”

“OK, I won't,” she promised and gave a grin. “But thanks for taking her out. Si and me had a good couple of hours peace.”

“I don't want to know,” I told her and wandered up to my room. If what Zoe had said was right, then maybe I was closer to Sarah than I thought; but then as she wouldn't speak to me maybe I was as far away from her as I could get.

* * * * *

“Oh come on,” Rhea teased me as I ate breakfast. “You got to admire the ingenuity of it. It was brilliant!”

“It was deceitful,” I told her and she licked her lips.

“I knew you'd be impressed!” Rhea waited for a response and when one was not forthcoming smirked. “I don't care actually. I got to have two hours with Si having a lovely home-cooked meal and then a kiss and a cuddle without Zoe watching us and a bottle of wine to boot. It was well worth it.” I sniffed and she rocked back on her chair. “And the best bit, it wasn't even my idea. Si came up with it. I think he's a natural,” she proclaimed.

“Either that or you have well and truly corrupted him.”

Rhea sneered and then smiled; I wasn't quite sure if she considered a compliment or not. "Oh, and I've done my story for Russell," she told me proudly. "And it is brilliant."

"Uh-oh," I hummed. "What have you done?"

Rhea smiled and bit her lip. "It came to me as we walked back from booking the restaurant. We went past the library."

"Oh Christ, you've not copied ..."

"Oh hell no. Did you know there are around 700,000 words in the English language," she announced. "And they are all in this big book."

"We call that a dictionary," I teased and Rhea stuck out her tongue.

"Well even the most swotty of cunts only use around 25,000 tops so that's loads of words for me to use which old Mr Russell won't have a clue."

"Oh Rhea, why can't you just write something normal?"

She sneered. "It was your 'fornicate yonder' that got me thinking. So I have a fifteen page love story with as many complicated words as I can squeeze in. Let's seem him mark that! Simon thinks it's well funny."

I shook my head and left the flat; why couldn't Rhea just be normal? Zoe was waiting for me as we went into the common room with a furious expression on her face. "You need to talk to Rhea," she said without even greeting me. "Or I'll have a word with Grace."

"It'll do no good," I said immediately. "But hello, how are you? Good morning. Did you have a good evening?"

"You know perfectly well what evening I had," she snapped. "I can't believe your sister would be so devious."

"Welcome to the world of Rhea," I just replied and crossed my arms. "And anyway, it was Simon's idea." Zoe scoffed and I slid my bag off my shoulder. "I've never known Rhea not take credit for her own deception, she is always very proud of her scheming. If she says Simon thought of it, then Simon thought of it."

Zoe rubbed her creased brow and sniffed. "Well, then I should be even more worried about him then. Rhea is definitely making him do things he wouldn't do."

I gulped and sat down on the benches outside the door. "Don't you think he is old enough to make his own decisions?" I asked. "I mean, I know you mean well but you keep trying to sort out Simon and Rhea and they aren't thanking you for it."

She sighed. "But ..."

"But why aren't we going out?" I asked her and her face fell. "You think we will end up fighting all the time, right?"

"Well yeah, I guess so."

"Then why aren't you applying that line of thought to Rhea and Simon?"

"Because he is fifteen and I am worried about him."

"He's happy, right?"

"He thinks he's happy," Zoe replied and I rolled my eyes. "There is a difference. Drug addicts think they are happy, but it's not good for them."

"You think Rhea is like heroin?" I laughed. "Actually, I think you mightn't be that far from the truth!" Zoe groaned and I just smiled. "You aren't going to stop Rhea. Mum barely manages it, and I can't do it, so you ain't got a chance in Hell." Zoe flashed an awkward

smile at me and I just looked at her. "Honestly, just let them work it out for themselves. They'll be happier for it and Rhea'll leave you alone which is a very good position to be in."

"I'm ..."

"... worried about him? Just as you are worried about Sarah, and me and Ingrid and everyone else." She sighed and I licked my lips. "Not everyone will live up to your standards. Just let them and us do our own thing," I asked her and she snorted derisively. "Your objections and concerns have been noted."

"If not listened to," Zoe added and I just shrugged. We watched Sarah storm past us, saying "good morning" to Zoe and not to me.

"I'll have a word with her," Zoe promised and I took a deep breath.

"Yeah, I was thinking of going and watching her do football tomorrow," I told her and Zoe snorted.

"She's been thrown off the team," she reminded me and as the bell went, we got up.

"Bollocks," I muttered and Zoe told me to give her a day to talk her round.

"I'll sort it out so you are talking," Zoe promised. "If you promise me you have admirable intentions."

I sighed. "This isn't Jane bloody Austen," I snapped and Zoe just winced at me. "But I do miss her smile."

"Yeah, we all do."

* * * * *

I had a miserable day at school and was only really cheered up by Rhea demanding my presence (along with Mum) at her school talent show. I would normally have baulked at his but I was feeling a little sorry for myself and getting out of the flat was just what I needed to do.

There were a number of acts before Rhea and apart from the obligatory girl band who couldn't sing, the boy band who equally could not sing or dance, the magician who couldn't do magic and the actors who couldn't act, it was the same as any teenage talent show.

Rhea wouldn't tell us what she had planned, other than she had got inspiration from one of our videos. Given that my video collection now included the video from Neil, as well as Disney titles, comedy, thrillers, action and romantic films this left plenty for us to worry about.

Rhea strode into the stage dressed in starlet red fishnet stockings, a short starlet red skirt, a bright red bustier, a bright red cape and a headband with horns sticking out. She was carrying a trident in one hand and a clipboard on the other. She was dressed as the Devil and I didn't think this would need much acting.

"Settle down...settle down," Rhea shouted when she got the microphone – there had been some wolf-whistling. "As the cleverer ones among you have realised, that I am Satan and this is Hell." She waited for a moment and pointed into the corner of the room. "Of course this is Hell, we have French teachers in the corner, you think you get this in Heaven?"

There was the briefest of titters and I smirked. "She does make a very convincing devil," I muttered and Mum laughed. Rhea was speaking with confidence and had the audience's attention, perfectly; they knew, from past experience, that this would probably end up in her getting into trouble!

"Murderers, over here. Looters, pillagers, if you could join them. And Maths teachers – you're over there too."

Rhea waited for the laughter to die down and then continued, speaking dramatically with plenty of comic inflexion in her voice. "Canteen staff, you here? You're in the lake of fire to be burnt to a crisp. Or like a school dinner?"

"Fornicators. Step forward. My GOD there's a lot of you." She glanced over towards me and raised her eyebrows before continuing. "Lizzie Harper, if you just want to wipe your face ... and your knees first ... tidy yourself up." There was a heckle from the front row and Rhea pointed to it. "Extra whippings for Miss Harper please, actually better not, she enjoys it rough."

I shook my head as the hall erupted into nervous giggling; Rhea was sailing very close to the wire. Rhea leaped forward and peered at the clipboard. "What's that Miss Forbes. You shouldn't be here. It says clearly you made a Year 9 class read Romeo and Juliet. I fear our torture equipment may not do justice to your crimes. We have a full library of Jeffrey Archer, just for you." The hall erupted and even the young English teacher on the corner of the room could not suppress a smile.

"Ahhh ..." Rhea cried and turned to the front row. "Our star football player, Adam. I know you like you kickarounds," she told him and gestured with her hands. "And as a treat, the demons and I will play football with you." She cackled and put her hands around the microphone to speak in a husky voice. "But I'll have all the possession."

"ATHEISTS? Yes, you're not feeling quite so bloody clever now, are you?"

Rhea continued, gently poking fun at the teachers in the room, some of her classmates and even the headmistress. She did swear a couple of times and she left with a threat to the jury that if she didn't get full marks she would allow the Spice Girls to sing in their pit all night long.

It didn't work as Rhea came second when the jury, which contained the headmistress, marked her down for swearing and physical threats. Rhea was not in a good mood when she got home, angry that the headmistress had objected to her use of "bollocks" and "bloody." "I mean, it's not as though I said fucking or piss or cunt or ..."

"That's quite enough," Mum said cutting across her and sent her upstairs to get changed with her arms folded.

"Bloody will next time. Fuckin' headmistress. Useless pile of shitty ..." Rhea moaned she stomped up the stairs. I did feel sorry for her though, she was the best entrant in the entire competition and deserved to win, even if her own brand of humour was a little too close to the line for some.

It was a nice way to spend a Monday, but I had better ways. Alas, Hell was more likely to freeze over than Sarah talk to me and I just hoped Zoe could get Sarah to listen to me.

* * * * *

Sarah pettily sat on the other side of the room when she came in but I just sat down and ignored the teacher for an hour, in lieu of actually doing any work. Mr Clarke was dull, he spoke in a monotone voice and I just tuned out and looked over the quadrangle outside.

Maths and Physics were my thing and I began to calculate the force required for a missile fired from my spot to arc over the open area and hit the tower block, and at what angle. I was shaken from my crude gunnery table by the sound of the bell going and got up.

I knew Sarah had Chemistry next and went into the library for an hour. I didn't know what I was going to say to her, but she couldn't keep up with being annoyed with me all term, could she?

I was still a little angry about the way Sarah had spoken to me but then that was to be expected, I would rather have Sarah as a friend than nothing.

I was waiting outside the Science block when the bell went and caught up with her as she strode past.

“What do you want?” She spoke venomously, her consonants harsh and her tone angrily edgy and vitriolic.

“To talk,” I replied and she snorted.

“I got nothing to say to you.” Sarah was striding out of the College and was having to run to keep up. She went past a school bench and I took both her shoulders and pushed her onto it.

She scowled at me. “Please,” I pleaded and she growled.

“You can't just throw me around when you want to talk to me.”

“OK. Well listen to me,” I said, slightly annoyed. “Listen to me and then I'll leave you alone. I am sorry for the way I spoke to you. I was upset and I shouldn't have been so petty. I acted like a child but you really upset me.”

Sarah was still frowning at me. “And so you went out with Lisa.”

I gulped. “We went to see a Watford match. Just to get out of the flat and do something. I'd barely call it a date.”

“But I would have loved to go with you,” Sarah snapped and I wiped the tear rolling down her cheek. “You never asked me. And you knew that it would upset me to see you with her.”

I took a deep breath and squatted in front of her. “I sort of did,” I confessed. “But I didn't tell you 'cause I knew it would. You weren't supposed to find out. But it went awfully.”

“And what about that girl in the café or Abi.”

“There is nothing between Holly and me, or Abi and me and certainly not Lisa and me. If you must know Holly was a swinger I met, and she wanted naked photographs. I would loved to have had an assistant but you weren't talking to me.” Sarah sniffed and I stared into her puffy eyes. “I've been waiting for you. Hoping for you to realise your relationship with Kevin is just crap.” Sarah glared at me but I continued; I felt annoyed but this was one argument I had to keep my cool with. “I mean, I tried so hard to be what you want me to be. I've tried to be less aggressive but you didn't want me as a partner despite all the come ons and teasing.”

“You didn't want me as a partner either. You kept saying that you were happy with us as friends.” Sarah sighed and wiped her eyes. “And I didn't say I didn't want you as a partner, I said you weren't. You keep telling me you don't want anything to do with me while I have a boyfriend and then play with me. You are teasing me just as much.”

I coughed and looked at her. “OK, Sarah, let me take you out to a restaurant on a date at the weekend?” I asked firmly and watched her eyes widen. “I want to go out with you; I'm asking you out. Now it's up to you.”

“You're just saying that,” she snapped and got up, wiping her eyes. “You are just ...”

“Sarah,” I interrupted, allowing there to be a pause for dramatic effect. “Through all of this, you are still the person in the photo I have on my desk. Not Rhea. Not Mum. Not Paula any more, Zoe, Abi or Dad. But you.” She went to speak and I pursed my lips. “And that's because of what I think of you.” She shook her head before she ran off down the path towards the road, her bag slapping against her side.

I wasn't sure if I did right or wrong?

I went around to see Abi and she just gave me her knowing look as I recounted the

previous hour. "What does that mean?" I asked and Abi just gave a wry smile.

"It means I think you should stay the night, I think you need cheering up."

My heart sank. "That bad, eh?"

"No, just that she ran off crying and that can mean two things. And anyway, you two will be getting together and then our dalliances will be history."

"Dalliances?" I asked and scowled. Abi laughed at me and put some pasta onto boil. The kitchen was small and we had to keep moving around each other as she cooked but I didn't mind her body being pressed up against mine.

Abi smiled at me as we sat down to eat and the talk was of Sarah and little else. Abi was delighted that I had asked her out, but told me I should have done it in August. "It's good in some ways," Abi told me. "Cause it means that I got to have you for a while, but I am going to be without now."

"I dunno," I mused. "I mean, she just left me, didn't give me an answer, just left me."

Abi sniffed. "Well I want to know what am I going to do now when I get horny."

I smiled at her and cocked my head. "I can set you up on a date if you like. A couple of Jez's friends would be over the moon at dating a stripper."

Abi sighed dramatically and looked at me with an annoyed expression. "I am not just a stripper," she barked. "I am a woman. And you never got to the dating bit of a stripper."

"Vanessa?" I asked and she sneered.

"Apart from her." Her expression changed somewhat. "I'll be sort of proud of you in a weird way," she admitted. "I've seen you ... well, mature and get the person you really want." She pursed her lips and took a deep breath. "To think that I showed you all the naughty things you've done." Abi giggled; this wasn't totally accurate but I let this pass. "But promise me that when you do get together with Sarah that you won't be a stranger."

"Of course not," I told her. "But I still don't know," I told her. "I still wonder if being with you would be simpler and just as rewarding." Abi sneered at my comment and shook her head.

"No. We agreed, good as friends, great as lovers, shit as partners," Abi told me and then giggled at my expression; I was joking (of sorts) but I did wonder: Sarah was quite a demanding young lady at times. All Abi wanted was respect, love, a good fucking and an open mind.

She took the empty plates and wouldn't let me wash them up, guiding me to her double bedroom and throwing me onto the bed. "And what do you want?"

She licked her lips and grinned. "You know what I like. Oh Andy, don't look like that."

"I got homework," I told her, quite truthfully.

"Fuck homework. By tomorrow you could be Sarah's and I won't get to have your tongue. I ain't missing out like that without have a good night tonight." I laughed at her and she implored me with her eyes. "It's partly thanks to me that you've got Sarah, so get naked and start looking after me."

I couldn't help but laugh, but Abi quickly disrobed and pulled at my trousers when I was not as quick as she wanted. She was on top of me in no time at all, pushing her genitals into my face and I guided her thighs back so I could gently flick her crack.

Abi's juices lingered on the tongue like a fine wine and I felt a rush of excitement run through me: could this really be the last time I got to go down on her? I still thought of her as my Abi, my beautiful, elegant, wonderful friend, teacher and lover.

She groaned as my tongue found her clitoris and she began sliding gently forward, gyrating her hips in time with my flicks on her pearl. She cried out vocally and fell forward slightly but my hands righted her and, as I felt a bead of her juices and my saliva drip down my chin towards her pubic hair, her legs quivered and her body lurched into her first orgasm.

Abi wanted a night of debauchery and that was what she was going to get; she tried to move off but I wouldn't let her, holding her thighs down before sliding her forwards slightly, and flicking her bud. She squealed as I did, I had not rimmed her for some time and she reached forward to grab my erect cock.

I didn't let her play; I knew if she did I would come very quickly and didn't want that, so I just played with her nipples and kissed her rear until she erupted for a second time, her thighs squeezing my head.

Abi allowed my tongue to return to her clit and her crack and didn't stop crying out, moaning and mewling until I had brought her to another climax, clearly stronger and more intense than the other two. She sounded a bit like an animal in distress and almost pleaded with me to let her rise up from my face.

I watched as her body twisted away from me and rolled forward, panting towards the end of the bed. I moved up and gripped her waist. "You think you can escape," I jokingly told her and felt her reach underneath, to stroke my erect cock, and then pull it gently towards her.

She helped guide me into her "doggy" style and I grunted; she was very wet and slippery and I pushed in hard, savouring the frisson of lust that enveloped over my loins. Abi groaned loudly; she was exceptionally horny and I started pumping into her unprotected sex forcefully.

I tuned out of her noises; I felt her body tense up but I was thrusting into her quicker and faster. I loved sex with Abi and she was the person who I had given my virginity to, and the thought of our sexual activities drawing to a close was not a happy one. She reached down and began to play with her clitoris. I continued to pivot on her hips, bringing her body down forcefully on mine, and began to lean back slightly; it changed the angle of my manhood and Abi squealed in appreciation.

I felt myself nearing my climax and gripped the tops of her legs; closing my eyes and pushing it harder and deeper. I grunted and reached the point of no return. My legs shook and several squirts of my seed left my cock and oozed into my lover.

I rocked back a few times to enjoy the last of the eruptions and sighed. She smiled at me and I reached over to get a couple of tissues. She licked her lips. "I love teenagers," Abi teased. "Love 'em."

I reached over and dragged Abi onto me, kissing her on the cheek and then the lips. "I love Scottish women," I replied back. "Love 'em."

"Cept Moira," Abi replied and I shrugged. She cocked her head and bit her lip. "You stay the night?"

"I got homework," I told her but she pursed her lips.

"For me. Ring your mum. Ga'an." She looked at me with her pleading eyes. "Promise I'll look after you," she told me and I sighed.

"OK I'll ring," I told Abi and picked up my mobile phone from the floor. "And only because it's you." Abi smiled at me, and dived under the covers as I dialled home. As the phone rang, I felt a pair of lips engulf my cock and groaned, just as Rhea answered the call.

"Hiya," I mewled breathlessly and Rhea asked who it was. "It's me ... ohhh. Andy. Tell

Mum I'm ... I'm staying at Abi's," I told her as Abi sucked hard on the tip of my cock and I groaned.

"Bro, are you OK?" Rhea asked and I hummed.

"Yeah," I squealed. "Just at Aaaah-bees."

"You sound weird," Rhea told me and Abi's mouth sucked harder on my cock.

"I'm fine," I muttered and grunted.

"So why are you at Abi's?"

"Oh, ya-ahhh know," I replied evasively; I wasn't concentrating on the phone call. "I gotta go," I breathed.

Rhea cackled. "See ya tomorrow. And tell that dirty bitch to stop sucking you off when you are talking to me," she barked and put the phone down. I panted and felt the climax coming. I closed my eyes and, still holding my phone, swore and felt an intense rush come over me, filling Abi's mouth with my cum.

Abi peered up at me. "Phone sex," she teased and smiled before returning under the covers.

* * * * *

"Andy!" Zoe's voice echoed around the courtyard and I ambled over to her. "Sarah needs to speak to you"

"She knows where I am or is she too scared to come and talk to me in person?"

"Oh Andy, don't be like that," Zoe replied and put her hand on my shoulder. "She's with our Biology teacher. After Physics, you have a free, right?"

"Yes I do but I want to speak to her alone and not communicate via a messenger."

"Then meet her in the canteen."

"But..."

"Andy. Please. This silliness gone on long enough. She tried to ring you last night but you weren't in and spent three hours on the 'phone to me. I'm fed up being the agony aunt for both of you when I should just bang your bloody 'eads together."

"Finished?" I sighed and she shook my arm. I reluctantly agreed but I did not want Zoe to have to be referee or witness. "Can I just see her instead of you being there?"

Zoe groaned. "I want to make sure you two both sort this out," she said firmly. "It would be so much easier if you both were less impulsive." Physics passed slowly and at 10am I navigated me way past a scowling Donna (with Ray) to the canteen where Zoe and Sarah were waiting for me.

I threw my bag down and flopped into a chair. She didn't smile at me and I felt my heart sink. "How are you?"

Zoe answered for her. "Honorable intentions, Andy? You do pick your moments don't you?"

I snorted. "I keep being told differing things by different people, and it's all contradictory. So I've done what I think is right. I think Sarah is fantastic and I can't expect her to choose me over someone else unless I tell her I want her, so it's up to her. It's something I've wanted to do for months."

"Should have done it earlier," Zoe muttered. "Save a lot of heartache."

"If you think I am that fantastic then why did you go out of your way to take me to see Kev

in London to salvage my relationship? If you wanted to ask me out, why didn't you do that in the Summer?" Sarah asked.

I gulped. "Because ..." I stalled and shrugged. "Because I thought it would be a shitty thing to do. And you led me on but I felt you would make your mind up when you were ready. I felt as though you were just ... well ... trying before you buy." There was a titter as I shrugged and pursed my lips. "I mean, I guessed that you would tell me when you were ready."

"Well it's not that easy," Zoe muttered and looked at Sarah. "She thought she knew what you thought of her but has spent the last two months confused and crying over you and Kevin, not knowing why Kevin has been as he's been and why you've not made a move."

"But ..."

"You didn't waste any time with Abi," Sarah told me and I glared at my blonde friend. "If you really wanted me to be anything other than a friend you would have told me. You've spent months making sure that I knew that you just want to be friends with me and nothing more, despite what I wanted."

I gulped. "Despite what you wanted?"

She sighed. "At the dinner party with Jez and Jodie, you said I was fantastic but never said you wanted to go out with me. And you told your mum you just wanted us to be friends."

"But I was waiting for you ..."

Sarah snorted and shook her head. "No. I was waiting for you. All you wanted was uncomplicated fumbings with me and uncomplicated sex with Abi. You didn't want to replace Paula, it was obvious."

Zoe smiled. "He has commitment issues."

"I do not have commitment issues," I cried. "I was waiting for Sarah to split with Kev. Ages, I've been waiting."

Sarah looked at the table and wiped her eyes. "And well I was ..."

"So we were both waiting for each other?" I asked and looked at Zoe. "But ... if you knew this why didn't you tell me?" I asked her.

"Because it is up to Sarah to tell you. Which is why she was upset when you went out with Lisa. And then saw you with Abi. And Holly. She worked out ... well it's up to Sarah really."

I looked at Zoe, away from the distressed Sarah as I could feel myself feeling guilty. I scrunched up my eyes and rubbed my face. "You said you didn't like me. You told Rhea you wanted Kevin not me."

"I didn't," she cried. "I said Kev was my partner." Sarah sighed. "I am seeing him at half-term and I need to sort this out. I want both of you in one way but I can't ring him up to dump him, it wouldn't be right. It wouldn't be fair and you can't expect me to. And I can't start going out with you while I still have Kevin, that wouldn't be fair." I pursed my lips and Sarah snorted. "You know how much I like you," she told me. "Don't I show you often enough?"

"Yeah, but ..."

"Yeah but, of course I like you and I've been waiting for you to ask, but you never did. Hell, I tried harder than Rhea did with Simon and it only took Simon two weeks. But I knew we couldn't rush anything. It's very different being close friends to being a relationship. And even when Mum said we had to make up our minds, you didn't appear as though you had." She gulped and rubbed her nose.

“But if you liked me ...”

Sarah laughed. “Of course I liked you. I knew we had a close friendship but I wasn't sure what more you wanted, no matter how much I secretly did. You never really told me.”

“And then you go nasty on her and then start flaunting your dates in front of her, bit silly,” Zoe added. I groaned and Sarah reached over and touched me on the hands.

“But can we move on now?” Sarah pleaded. “I just wish you'd told me what you were thinking.”

Zoe shuddered in horror; she knew perfectly well what some of my thoughts were like! “Yeah, you too.” We embraced and kissed. I turned to Zoe.

“Why didn't you just tell me to ask her out?”

“I'm not encouraging you to mess things up,” Zoe replied immediately. Her facial expression changed. “All I would get is you telling me how much Sarah meant to you but you didn't want to upset her, and Sarah saying how much you meant to her, but you clearly didn't want to date her.”

“I did,” I spat.

“And all I did was to tell you to stop messing with her and sort it out properly. And all you both said was that you were happy with the friends-with-immorality thing.”

We both laughed. “Only because I couldn't date her, she didn't want to know.”

“You never asked,” Sarah told me and smiled. “You wanted the friendship thing so I thought that was all you wanted. I didn't want to be a rebound relationship from Paula. I'm not splitting up with anyone to be a rebound date.”

“Well now Sarah knows.” I shook my head and held out my hand for my friend. “That I do want to go out with her, and is no rebound relationship.” We took a walk around the College grounds chatting warmly. I had certainly missed her smile and her bounce and she kept smiling at me.

In my mind, I always thought I was trying to punch above my weight and that she was happy with her useless boyfriend. I never considered she was waiting for me to ask her out in the same way I was waiting for her to split up with him.

“Let me sort Kevin out,” Sarah promised. “And we can talk about when you get back from half-term.” I wasn't sure I wanted to wait that long but she looked longingly at me. “We've waited months, a couple of weeks'll be fine. Yeah?”

I nodded. “Yeah,” I told her. “But can I have a kiss first?”

“Lunchtime,” she told me. “Go back to your flat?”

* * * * *

“So go on,” Sarah asked, twirling her hair. “I know about Abi, and obviously about us. I know you haven't been with Zoe. And I know all about Lisa, and what happened at Abi's, 'cause I was there. But I don't know about Vanessa.”

I laughed nervously and Sarah crossed her legs sitting on my bed and looking at me as she ate her sandwich. “Well,” I stuttered and she gave me a knowing look.

“Oh come on Andy. I know, your denials were too quick,” Sarah giggled and then cocked her head to one side. “But why do you think it was something silly.”

I closed my eyes and rubbed the bridge of my nose. “Cause I do.”

Sarah finished the last of her sandwich and lost her cheeky grin, pursing her lips together and shuffling down the bed and rubbed her hand over my shoulder. “Tell me, what's

wrong?"

I gulped and took a deep breath. "Ummm ..."

"I won't tell Zoe." I snorted and Sarah cocked her head. "Or your Mum. Or anyone. But something is worrying you 'cause you won't talk about it."

"It's just ... embarrassing," I told her and picked up my bag. "Now I got Physics in twenty minutes, I know you have the afternoon off, but I ..."

Sarah prised my fingers from the bag and crossed her arms. "Andy, what's wrong? You didn't have trouble ... you know ... getting it up."

"No," I cried and she apologised. "If I tell you, this stays between us. And I mean it, if Zoe finds out or Mum finds out. Or even Abi, I am a dead man."

"She's not pregnant?" Sarah asked and gasped at me.

"No," I spluttered. "No she isn't. Well I don't think she is." I took a deep breath before starting. "I went on the date, we went to a restaurant and she was just giggly and very pissed. So afterwards we went bowling and met Jez and she was just talking 'bout sex all the time."

"I heard," Sarah muttered. "Jodie never stopped talking about it."

"Well I take her home and she invites me in. Gets me to strip and pours loads of vodka down my throat and then gets out ... she gets out ... she ..." I look away from her and stare at the skirtingboard, taking a big sigh and close my eyes. "Cocaine."

Sarah gasped. "You didn't? Oh my fucking God, Andy, you did?" I nodded and she licked her lips. "You crazy? What the ..."

"Yeah I know," I said forcefully and Sarah cocked her head.

"Is that it? What's it like?"

"Well it was a weird feeling, just everything was in my control and we had sex ... we had unprotected sex ... and ..."

Sarah gasped again. "You did what, Andy ... have you been tested?"

I rolled my eyes. "I haven't got an infection," I told her and Sarah crossed her arms.

"How do you know? You scored with a drug whore." I gulped and she looked in her bag. "I was at the doctors two days ago about my contraception and they gave me this." She gave me a blue leaflet and got down from the bed.

"What is it?"

"You are goin' to get tested. It's a free, drop-in ..."

"But ..."

"But it's confidential," she told me promptly and raised her eyebrows when I asked about my Physics lesson.

"I'm not sure that I need to and it ..."

"Andy," Sarah shouted to get my attention. "You need to get tested. You had unprotected sex. With a whore who takes drugs. You need to find out." I hummed and she pointed to the paper in my hand. "It's 'round the corner at the hospital and if you don't go ..."

"You'll what?"

"I'll tell Zoe and Grace."

"Sarah," I moaned. "You promised."

"Well that was before I knew what you did. You are doing Class A drugs."

"Yes, I know. And it's been fuckin' with me ever since."

Sarah picked up my hand and pushed me towards the door. "Go," she cried and then threatened to tell Rhea: Mum and Zoe I could deal with my little sister would be relentless. Sarah spent most of our walk to the bus station, and then on the bus, chastising me gently and then asking what Cocaine was like.

I tried hard not to glamorise the drug but for the twenty or thirty minutes (I wasn't sure of the time) after I took it, I felt on top of the world and Sarah gleefully lapped it up. The Thursday afternoons at the clinic were for "drop-in" visitors and Sarah strode in confidently, talking to the receptionist and asking for us both to see a nurse.

Sarah filled in the forms for us and told the receptionist that we wanted to be seen together which she strongly advised we see different nurses. She looked at me for agreement and I just nodded. "Be seen together is fine," I told her. "She's here to support me really." Sarah wouldn't have it any other way and I felt out of my depth in the clinic; it wasn't anything like I expected and I just didn't feel comfortable.

The nurse called us ten minutes later and was surprised as we both joined her in a small consulting room; she was a curvy, slightly plump lady in her thirties but had a big beaming smile and pointed us towards the seats. I had to get the spare chair out of the corner of the room, but Sarah stretched and barely waited for "Pauline" to sit down when she cleared her throat and started talking. "Andy needs to be tested," she said confidently and rubbed her hands. "He has had unprotected sex during a drug-taking session with a prostitute."

I felt my cheeks burn and even the nurse looked shocked as Sarah rubbed her eyes. "Right," the nurse said and raised her eyebrows. "We aren't here to judge."

"I've already told him," Sarah told her and the two girls smiled at each other. "If he was my boyfriend he'd been in serious trouble."

Pauline turned to me and picked up a clipboard, and began running through some questions: when I last had sex; when I last had unprotected sex; what symptoms I had had; how many partners I had had since Vanessa and whether I used contraception.

I was considerably more embarrassed answering the personal questions with Sarah in the room but she squeezed my hand as I did and the nurse picked up some rubber gloves. "Where are they going?" I asked as she did and Sarah laughed.

"I need a urine sample, blood sample and I need to do a genital examination," she said confidently. "But we'll do it behind the privacy screen."

Sarah almost looked disappointed but I was told to get onto the bed, with a cold mattress, and the nurse watched as I took off my trousers and boxer shorts. She had put on the gloves, and slowly peeled back my foreskin and checked all over. "Does it hurt?"

"No," I told her, honestly and then she asked about itching and burning sensations. I was told to get dressed, and then dispatched the toilet outside to fill up a small sample bottle with urine and then she took a blood test. Sarah was tested also (she rationalised that she might as well get sorted while she was there) and we left with my tail truly between my legs.

"We find out next week," Sarah told me. "We can come and get the results after lunch." I gulped and Sarah looked at me with raised eyebrows. "And that means no unprotected nookie for you 'til then."

"Have you had lessons from Zoe?" I asked as we queued up for the bus but Sarah just shook her head.

"It's not funny Andy. You could be seriously ill. And for what?" She cocked her head and stared at me. "I don't want you to be ill, I quite like having you here."

I snorted. "You've only started talking to me again," I told her and Sarah just giggled.

"I know. But look at the trouble you get into when I am not around," she teased. "I'm going to need to keep a close eye on you."

* * * * *

"I've just had the 'it's OK to be a lesbian or experiment' chat with my Mum. Any idea why?" Sarah asked as she came into College the following day. She had been dropped off by her mother at our flat and we were walking down the road talking. Angela seemed genuinely happier that we were talking again and Rhea even rolled her eyes when I got a kiss in the morning.

"Ah, yeah. Rhea let slip about you and Zoe," I told her answering her question. "But it was two weeks ago."

"Right, well when she did that, your mum ran off and phoned Mum so that I get subjected to, quite frankly, an absurd conversation with my parents I didn't want."

I grinned. "Well, you know Rhea."

"Unfortunately, I do," she grumbled. "I've had to explain to mother that I am not a lesbian but she didn't believe me."

I grinned. "You know there is nothing wrong with being bisexual, and you have had more female partners than male," I told her and she puffed.

"Sorry, I forgot you were so enlightened," she said sarcastically. "I wonder if you'd say the same thing if you found out one of your male friends was bisexual?"

I snorted. "You'll never know, will you. They aren't?"

She grinned. "Oh little Andy," she replied patronisingly. "They are. I know of two of your friends who have had gay experiences but they won't tell you, or anyone else, because you are all small-minded homophobes."

"Who?" I asked immediately and she grinned.

"Well you are so enlightened, I'm sure you can work it out. And tell your little sister she needs her vocal chords removing."

"I already know that. Who?" Sarah didn't respond.

Neither Zoe, Sarah or myself had a lesson between our first period on Friday and the Maths lesson before lunch and after finished talking and going through some Statistics work, we ambled to our classroom on the first floor of the tower block. I pushed open the door to the empty classroom five minutes before the lesson start and was confronted by a familiar face – Gemma.

"Oh sh..." I started when I saw her and she looked at the three of us in the doorway.

"Andy?" She asked and immediately put her hand to her mouth. "And Sarah."

"What's going on?" Zoe asked immediately.

"Can we have two minutes, alone?" I asked my blonde companion and Zoe nodded with a wry smile.

"I'll just go get a drink."

I passed her a coin. "Can I have a Fanta please?" I waited for Zoe to leave and looked at her. "You look great," I told her, anxiously not mentioning what we needed to talk about.

“Andy, Sarah, you aren't going to tell anyone, please?” she begged and I took a deep breath.

“I presume that's why you left the club so quickly,” I guessed and she suppressed a nervous smile.

“Yes. I wasn't looking for work in Aylesbury, I had applied in London but this is only a short-term contract but couldn't turn it down. Now please, you aren't going to tell anyone?”

“Where you worked? Of course not,” I replied and looked at her shapely body.

“And the what happened at Heather's house?”

“Heather?” Sarah asked and I raised my eyebrows at her.

“She knows her as Heather.”

“Thought it was Isobel?”

“Isobel and Heather.” I gave a smile. “Every student dreams of sleeping with his teacher, right?”

Gemma blushed. “What about the photos?”

I nodded. “Look Gemma, or actually what is it?”

“Christine, um, Miss Edwards.”

“Miss Edwards, they are safe. You have two copies and the negatives, I have a copy in my portfolio.”

Miss Edwards froze for a moment and looked at me. “And you won't let anyone see them?”

“I won't even let Sarah see them,” I replied and Sarah threw up her hands in disgust.

“He won't. It's not fair. And I am sort of his girlfriend-to-be.”

Miss Edwards bit her lip and I knew she was not happy that I still had copies. I didn't want her to feel uncomfortable and breathed in deeply. “If you come to the flat later, I'll let you have all of the ones in my portfolio if it'll make you happier.”

She nodded and thanked me. “I'd really appreciate that.”

I snorted and grinned at her. “Pity, they are some of my favourite,” I admitted and she blushed.

“You know I can't, um, I can't give you any preferential treatment this term.” She looked wide-eyed at me and I nodded. “Mrs Buckingham has been in accident.”

“Of course not. But I told you at the time you were the best Maths teacher I ever had so I am guessing I won't need it.” Miss Edwards went redder and straightened her desk. “And by the way, you look very good. I was very lucky.”

Sarah rubbed my back and leant over. “Stop flirting,” she told me giggling and then looked at our teacher. “But he is right. You do look very good.”

Miss Edwards was nervous, I could tell, but she was wearing a bright red top that hugged her figure wonderfully and an elegant skirt. There was no way you could tell that she had any tattoos but I knew they were there, along with the truth about her.

She was a good teacher, she delivered her material well and captured the class's attention, drawing extra examples on the board to illustrate the concepts from the book clearly.

The talk at lunchtime was unsurprisingly about the new teacher and one of the lads in the

class, Jason, reckoned that she went to a convent school and had the air of a Catholic about her.

I could almost see where he was coming from, her long black hair coming down her face almost meant she could easily have been Spanish or with Spanish blood, which I think is what he meant. The suggestion that she was a good Catholic girl took hold and by end of lunchtime it was being reported as fact, and I was certainly not going to detail exactly what Miss Edwards had been up to in the previous few weeks, but it certainly wasn't "good."

* * * * *

It took Sarah and I, twenty minutes at the park to properly make up. We procured some bread and fed the ducks, and in the end, Sarah admitted that she was wrong to act the way she did.

I had a new status; I was "prospective boyfriend-to-be" and laughed at her as she rubbed the back of my hand, before idling back towards the flat.

Sarah and I had barely been in the house two minutes when the 'phone rang while I was preparing sandwiches. Sarah leaned across and answered and then came into the kitchen, her face white.

"It's the school. They said can Grace go in immediately as Rhea has been involved in an incident"

"Mum's away all day," I told her and then strode over to the phone, my heart beating fast; was incident a code for accident?

"Hello?" I asked. "It's her brother. What sort of incident?"

"Oh, hello Andy," the School secretary replied, clearly remembering me from the previous year. "Is your mother around?"

"She is on a business trip. What sort of incident?"

There was a silence for a moment. "Someone needs to pick Rhea up. She is going to be suspended."

Chapter XX

“What have you been up to now?” I asked the crestfallen Rhea, who was sat with the secretary in the office outside the headmistresses' study. She had been crying, clearly, but there was a mark of defiance in her body language that made me apprehensive. Like so many things Rhea did, there was going to be a complicated explanation to this.

“Where's Mum?” she asked, ignoring my question.

“Earls Court probably. I haven't been able to reach her. Her mobile is dead,” I replied answering her question. “So, what have you done?”

Before Rhea could reply the headmistress, Mrs Wyatt, opened her door and beckoned Sarah, myself and Rhea into her office. We exchanged pleasantries and she asked how Sarah and I were getting on at the College before asking where Mum was. I recounted the fact that she was unreachable and she tutted and then turned to my troublesome sister. “Rhea was involved in a violent incident today that is most regrettable, and unfortunately Government guidelines state that this means a temporary exclusion from the school.” She gave a simpering look towards my sister and cleared her throat. “Now ...”

Rhea looked up and interrupted the teacher. “So I'm getting suspended for stopping some bullying and protecting myself?” she asked in an accusatory voice, wiping her eyes as she spoke. “It was self-defence.” She banged the desk with her angry fists before sweeping her hair back.

Mrs Wyatt looked uncomfortable. “That is not quite what you said to Mr Rogers when he intervened. You used some disgraceful language by all accounts that threatened another pupil.” She glanced down at the paper in front of her and then back at my angry sister. “Mr Rogers said he had not heard such language from a pupil in all his life.”

Rhea shook her head. “That's not fair,” she moaned and the headmistress suggested Rhea recount the events of the “incident” herself. Rhea took a deep breath. “Nat has been bullying Si all term. I only found out about it today so I went and told him to stop it. He was there, smoking, behind the Technology block and he pushed me when I told him to stay out of it and was going to hit me so I smacked him in self-defence. Not hard, just to stop him,” she told her headmistress with a fierce determination. “I mean, he is almost twice the size of me.”

“It's admirable intentions, Rhea.”

“I do not have admirable intentions,” my sister thundered and raised herself from her seat to lean over the desk. “I was stopping some bullying!”

Mrs Wyatt told her to return to her seat. “We have an anti-bullying policy in place at the school and there was no need to get involved when it doesn't concern you.” Mrs Wyatt replied soothingly and gestured with her finger for my sister to sit down. “Now ...”

Rhea interrupted aggressively. “...but it does concern me. I was dating Nat but we split up in the Summer and he doesn't like me seeing Si. So he was having a go at Si to get at me.”

Mrs Wyatt shook her head slowly. “I am sorry Rhea. We have a robust anti-bullying policy and vigilantism by the pupils is not going to be tolerated ...”

Rhea banged her fist on the headmistresses desk again, causing her pens to topple over. “Bollocks. If your policy is so bloody fantastic then why has Si been bullied for the last six weeks, eh?” Rhea asked aggressively as her hands pointed accusingly towards Mrs Wyatt and I put my hand on Rhea's shoulder to calm her down.

"I don't tolerate that sort of language, young lady," Mrs Wyatt snapped at the angry teenager with a threatening degree of finality. "Now I know you meant well ..."

"I did not 'mean well'" Rhea shouting, leaning back over the desk. "I was putting a stop to bullying. Which is your bloody job but you can't do it. Perhaps we should just let everyone be threatened by bullies like Nat and their lives made a misery because some old hag can't be bothered."

"Rhea," I called to warn her but she was angry.

The headmistress took a deep breath and looked at my sister. "We do not tolerate bullying, Rhea. But neither do we tolerate fighting. Fighting on school premises is punished by a period of exclusion, you know that. And this isn't the first time this term that the little spat between you, and young Mr Pillington have caused problems, is it? Perhaps this will make you let bygones be bygones and put it behind you. And I know you don't want to, but it's time to let it go."

I could feel Rhea steaming at the softly spoken headmistress, but she didn't respond to the words spoken by Mrs Wyatt, who turned to me and passed an envelope. "Please give this to your mother on her return and we will see her and Rhea at 9am on Tuesday in this office for a discussion about Rhea's behaviour. And her language."

"This is bloody ridiculous!" Rhea exclaimed and got up. "Nat gets away scot-free for bullying and assaulting me, while I get suspended for stopping it." Mrs Wyatt went to respond but Rhea cut across her, my little sister's body language aggressive and unwelcoming. "This is pathetic. You're a flaming disgrace!"

Mrs Wyatt told Rhea that she would be addressing the behaviour of Nathan Pillington but as no-one had actually seen him hit her or Simon, he would not be suspended. This did little to improve Rhea's feeling of injustice and we left the office, and the school, in silence, after Rhea had kicked the door of the headmistress in anger on the way out.

We took a walk through the park and Rhea was still brooding. She was incandescent, and I could tell that she did not want to talk; Mum would ensure she would do enough of that later. Sarah held my hand as we meandered around the lake with my scowling sister behind us.

"Drink?" I asked, hoping that this would cheer Rhea up. "And a scone?" I nodded towards the little park café and we walked up the small incline in silence. Rhea was quiet and she sat staring out of the window. Her expression was a mixture of anger and resentment; it didn't bode well. We left after we had drunk the lemonades and as we descended the ramp, there was some shouting from our left.

"Nice one Rhea. Suspended for slapping me," Nathan bellowed from twenty yards away, and his two friends laughed at her. "Barely touched me and you get done."

"Leave it," I warned Rhea and she shot me a dangerous look. "Just leave it."

"Simon was crying his little eyes out when he thought you'd been expelled. Little cry-baby. Wonder what he'll do now."

"Rhea----" I said in a low voice. "Ignore him. He just wants a reaction. He just wants to taunt you, don't let him win."

"But then the little wuss did need a girl to stand up for him. Wonder what will happen on Monday when you're not there to protect the little faggot. If he dares to come to school that is. I'm gonna do him over nicely. You can go visit him in hospital when I've finished with him."

"Shut it Nathan," I called across the park to him. "Fuckin' shut it." He laughed, and he began taunting Rhea again.

“Or what, Andy? You protecting your little baby sister now? Poor little Rhea.”

“Fuck this!” Rhea flung her bag on the floor and started walking purposely over the grass and flowerbeds towards him, her arms outstretched and shouting. “Fucking come on Nat. This is between you and me. Not Si. You can’t stand that it that I dumped you. Well it’s over but if you want revenge, try and take it, you arrogant cunt.” Nathan’s expression changed as my sister charged across the small football pitch towards him. “Well come on. I always could take you out.” I ran to keep with her and put my hand on her shoulder but Rhea shook it off with an expletive. “You want some Nat, well come on then.”

“Go on. Do as your big brother says or you’ll get hurt.” She snorted derisively “Don’t mess with me,” Nathan told her as she approached him. “I will hurt you and there’s no teachers to stop me. And I’ll fuck Simon up if...”. Rhea was almost level with Nathan and his two friends when, as part of her stride, her fist smacked into his solar plexus and in an instant, he keeled over, bending at the waist.

I grabbed Rhea and pulled her back. “Bloody hell, Rhea. Fucks sake, calm down,” I yelled and she wriggled out of my grip, her eyes not leaving the writhing boy on the floor. One of his friends went to move towards her but Rhea raised her hand into a fist and he instantly backed off a few yards towards the flowerbeds.

Standing over the prostrate teenager she yelled at him. “If you ever touch Si again I will tell everyone that you, the little virgin, just got beat up by a girl. For the third time. See what that goes to your standing in the fucking rugby team, captain?”

Nathan writhing on the floor, his hands over his stomach, muttered. “Fucking hate you Rhea.” He struggled onto all fours to right himself but Rhea smiled ominously.

“Yeah I fucking hate you too,” my sister shouted and kicked him in the face. “That’s for trying to rape me,” she yelled. He howled in pain, collapsing onto the ground and I pulled her back but she spun round and stamped the groaning boy in the testicles. He yelled out a blood-curdling scream and I grabbed my baby sister by the waist, to drag her away. “And that, Tiny Cock, is for getting me suspended!” she shouted and even I could not suppress a wry smile.

I marched Rhea home in almost complete silence. She stormed upstairs and slammed her bedroom door and I put the letter from the school on the table. “Remind me never, ever, to upset your sister,” Sarah said and, the tenseness broken, we laughed.

Mum wouldn’t though; Rhea was in deep, deep trouble.

I spoke to Mum on her mobile phone as the afternoon drew to a close and told her that Rhea had been suspended for breaking up a fight in her own inevitable way. She didn’t quite believe it but I did not want to go into details over the ‘phone as it was up to Rhea to tell her side of the story. Mum said her train would get in at around seven and Sarah cooked some pasta with a sauce and some cheese. Rhea shouted at me through a closed door to tell me that she wasn’t hungry so we left some out for her and ate ours while we did our homework.

At ten to seven the doorbell rang and I went down the stairs to answer it; I was expecting Miss Edwards but Simon’s mother - Emma Matheson - and Simon stood in the windy street looking slightly anxious. “Is your mother in please? I need to speak to her,” she asked.

“You better come in,” I offered the stoical lady and guided them up the stairs to the lounge. “Take a seat,” I offered, pointing to the sofa, and asked her if she wanted a drink as Mum wouldn’t be home until 7pm. She tutted and I sent Sarah up the stairs to retrieve my errant sibling.

“Si!” Rhea called, greeting her boyfriend the moment she reached the bottom of the stairs and they hugged. “Why didn’t you tell me about Nat?”

Rhea, dressed in jeans and T-Shirt, sat down on the sofa with her boyfriend and she glared at him waiting for an answer. There was a click on the door and I heard footsteps; Mum appeared and everyone in the lounge turned to face her. “Rhea, what’s going on?”

“That’s what I would like to know,” Emma added and Mum spun round, taking off her coat and putting her bag down by the television.

“Emma Matheson?” She asked and Simon’s mother nodded. “Grace Hardy,” she said coolly and shook Emma’s hand.

“I recognise that name,” Emma muttered thoughtfully.

“Yes, I own and run the nightclub next door. You wrote and objected to the license being extended,” Mum told her coldly and Emma shifted uncomfortably in her seat. “And organised that petition to the Council.” Emma looked at Grace a little warily but Mum didn’t notice or didn’t care, and stared at her daughter. “Now Rhea, tell me what’s been going on? You better not have been fighting in school.”

Rhea looked at me and then Simon sheepishly and with trepidation started her explanation. “Well sort of. But it was self defence so stop scowling at me.” Mum sighed and Rhea rubbed her nose. “You know I split with Nat in the Summer? Well I did that because he tried to blackmail me into having sex and then tried to force himself onto me,” Rhea admitted quite calmly and Mum looked at Rhea aghast.

“You what?” She thundered and Rhea wiped her eyes. Simon put his arm around her, and she rested her head on his shoulder.

“He tried to rape me. But I can look after myself, and I fought him off. He got hit in places he didn’t want to and that was the end of it ...”

“He tried to rape you?” She asked incredulously and Rhea nodded.

“He wanted to take my cherry and I wouldn’t let him,” she replied and Mum shook her head, her eyes boring into the coffee table. “He was the only one of his friends not sleeping with their girlfriend and he didn’t like it. I wasn’t prepared to have sex with him and he got very angry with me.”

Simon squeezed Rhea as Mum asked the inevitable question, “Why the hell didn’t you tell me? We need to speak to the Police and ...”

“This is why I didn’t tell you,” Rhea barked. “You think one person’s word against another is going to stand up in court? I don’t want to be branded a liar for telling the truth.” She sighed and looked at her boyfriend. “But I didn’t need to, I dealt with it at the time. And I had Si and Becky to talk to, particularly Si and he was great.” She gulped. “It scared me and I just didn’t want to think about it but I dealt with it.”

“You silly, silly girl,” Mum told her and Rhea wiped her face with her hand. “So did he try it again today? I am not happy about this in the slightest.”

“He did not try to rape me today,” Rhea told her. “He didn’t touch me.”

“So what did happen today?”

“So Nat is history and I start going out with Si who is brilliant with me but when we go back to school, Nat finds out and is not too happy, especially as the story of him being beaten up by me is all over the school so he starts bullying Si, only he didn’t tell me. Or anyone, it seems.”

Mum looked over at Simon who shrugged his shoulders. “Well, it, um, wasn’t much,” he

stammered but Rhea sat up and shook her head, looking at her boyfriend and then his mother.

"I saw bruises every week on him and he told me it was just football. He missed half-a-dozen homework deadlines when I knew he had done the work as we did it together but always said he left it at home. He suddenly refused to go to the park after school and wouldn't tell me why," Rhea muttered looking up at her boyfriend, who wiped a tear away from his eye. "He's been miserable for six weeks and said bugger all to the one person who needed to know."

"You did not need to know," Simon responded and rubbed his eye.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Emma asked her son and he didn't respond. "Or the teachers."

"Or me," Rhea barked. "Me. I did need to know. And what about the nasty rumours Si, was that Nat as well?" She asked him and Simon nodded but didn't speak.

His mum pressed for answer on why he didn't report the bullying and eventually he snapped a half-hearted answer. "Because I didn't want what's happened today. It was me he had a problem with, not Rhea. And she would get involved if she knew."

"Too bloody right," Rhea cried and clenched her hands into fists. "Of course I'd put a stop to it. You think I'd 'ave that? And I'd put a stop to it the moment I found out."

Mum groaned. "So that's what has happened today?" Mum asked and Rhea shifted in her seat. "You tried to put a stop to it?"

"He told me. Or more to the point I found out from Laurence and he 'fessed up when I cornered him. So I went and found Nat and told him to leave me and Si alone or there would be trouble and he just pushed me and laughed. Said he would do what he wanted to Si and no-one would stop him. Not even me. He went to hit me and I just smacked him in the face to protect myself. It came out of nowhere I promise, but at that point Mr Rogers came 'round the corner and saw me," Rhea said emotionally. Her voice was stressed and she had a pleading look in her eye, willing for Mum to believe her.

"That's when they phoned and we went to pick her up," I added and Mum looked at Rhea.

"Is that it?"

"Yeah," she muttered and Mum glared at her. Rhea looked sheepish for a moment and then looked at me. "Well, I sort of told the headmistress she was useless," Rhea admitted. "And as I left her office everything over the previous few weeks fell into place and I realised what that bastard had been doing to Si and I got a bit angry. But it was outside school, so it's fine."

"Oh Rhea, what happened?" Mum asked, her voice dripping with dread and weariness.

"He taunted me in the park, said he was going to do Si over good and proper on Monday as I wasn't going to be there to protect him and I sort of told him that if he touches Simon there really would be repercussions. And that was it." Mum raised her eyebrows and glowered at my teenage sister. "OK, and I may have hit him a little bit as well." Rhea shifted awkwardly and rubbed her eyes, as Mum cocked her head. "And a small kick. But that was it. Just a little bit of self-defence."

"Rhea, he was laid out in a bloody agony when we left," I added. Mum asked in an exasperated tone why I didn't stop her and I responded in an annoyed voice. "Because an angry Rhea is dangerous. I tried but the red mist had descended and she pushed me away. You know what she is like."

"I don't get why if this Nathan guy is so awful then why did you get involved with him?" Emma asked of Rhea who shrugged.

"I don't know. I've asked myself the same question why I was dating the school bully and didn't see it. He wasn't like that at first, he was OK. He is well into his rugby but we had a good laugh and I liked him. But since Christmas he's been getting nastier and nastier and doesn't like it that I dumped him. Certainly not in the way that I did. But I can't let him keep doing what he was doing to Si. It had to stop and the only way it was going to stop was me doing what I did. Draw a line in the sand, and all that. I knew I might get into trouble for it," Rhea muttered with a shrug. "But it had to stop, for Si's sake."

"You did all that and got suspended, just for me?" Simon whispered and Rhea nodded. "Why?"

"Because you are my boyfriend and I love you," she responded instantly and Simon squeezed her hand. "It's what you do with people you care about, you think about them before yourself."

I sniggered. "You are supposed to love me but you go out of your way to make my life difficult"

"You're a special case," she replied instantly and Sarah gave a hollow laugh. "While you are with that ..."

"Yes thank you Rhea," Mum interrupted and turned to Emma. "I think I need to go see this headmistress on Monday," she said with a sigh and Emma agreed.

"I think I do too. This Nathan sounds like he has been causing a lot of trouble."

"No don't," Rhea pleaded and looked at Mum. "I shouldn't have lost my temper or hit him so she is sort of right about that. From a school point of view anyway. And the attempted rape wasn't on school premises so they won't care and I can't prove that. And if he starts again I will take care of it."

Mum shook her head. "No young lady. You have done quite enough. If both of you had been honest with us from the start then this would not be as bad as it is. Now I want an address for this Nathan lad as I am going to go and have some serious words with his parents."

Rhea's eyes flashed. "Oh no Mum, please. I don't need you to. I can look after myself." Mum stared at Rhea who stared at the floor. "I'm not telling you," Rhea murmured.

"Rhea, you will tell me."

"Bloody won't," my sister told her and Mum glared at her. "I am not having my mother run 'round and fight my battles for me. It's not happening."

"Rhea, it is not a request. Tell me."

"No," Rhea shouted. "I don't need you to."

Mum looked at Simon who bit his lip. "Do you know?"

"Don't you dare," Rhea threatened but Emma glared at her son and he coughed.

"14 Riverview Lane, Weston Turville," Simon muttered and Rhea breathed in sharply and scowled at him, who simply squeezed his girlfriend's hand. Rhea shook her hand free and snorted.

"If you go then I'm coming," Rhea told her mother as she got up and cut across any protest. "I am not having my mother doing my dirty work."

This caused a smile across Emma's face and Mum took a deep breath. "You come, you behave, you hear?" Rhea said she did, and while I didn't doubt she had heard, would she have listened?

"I wouldn't mind a word with her as well," Emma asked. "If you don't mind that is."

Mum acquiesced to the request and guided her guests and Rhea to the stairs to go down the fire escape. I heard her Golf start up and the sound of an indignant Rhea as they left to see Nathan. Sarah and I looked at each other the moment the car left the car park. "Why did Rhea and Si have to keep secrets?"

"I don't know. That's Rhea isn't it? She thinks she has an answer and a solution to everything and everyone."

"She doesn't though," Sarah said, somewhat wistfully and I snorted.

"Of course she doesn't, but she won't ask for help when she needs it," I told her, suddenly thinking of at least one other girl in my life who was painfully similar in that regard.

Our peace was shattered by a door bell which Sarah went downstairs to answer. Miss Edwards followed her back into the lounge and I smiled at her, she was wearing a coat with a big hood that covered her face completely. As it was not raining, I would suggest that this made her more noticeable, not less.

"Don't tell me you were followed?" I teased and my teacher groaned. "Quick, check the windows for MI5 spies and ..."

"It isn't funny. I could lose my job if what happened came out," she said warningly and I nodded.

"Do you want to come up to my bedroom to get them or shall I bring them down here?"

Miss Edwards went to go upstairs and then thought better of it. "I'll stay here," she said with a nervous grin. "I think me going into a student's bedroom to retrieve naked photographs might just get me into more trouble."

Sarah laughed and I bounded upstairs, retrieved my portfolio and spare photos and came back into the lounge. It took only a couple of minutes to find the set of erotic images that related to Gemma and I had only put a couple of her in my portfolio. Miss Edwards stood nervously as I fished them out but I made sure neither Sarah nor Gemma could see any photos of the other girls.

"They are very good," Sarah gushed as I flicked the salacious photographs across the table towards them and Miss Edwards forced a smile. "You do look very sexy."

I laughed. "In future years they'll worth gold dust," I joked. "Female teacher and all that." Miss Edwards recoiled immediately as I spoke and I shrugged. "Sorry."

She shook her head and gathered the pictures. "It's OK. I just need to be so careful now. People wouldn't understand."

Sarah and I looked at her. She looked vulnerable and scared, but had no reason to be. "I am not going to tell anyone," I promised and Sarah did likewise.

"I know, but not everyone would understand if it came out. There would be an outrage if they knew I worked in a strip club or that I messed with a sixteen year old. It'll cause so many problems."

Sarah and I looked at each other. "Not from me. Or Mum."

"Or me," Sarah added. "We liked you as Gemma."

Miss Edwards smiled, flicking her hair back and looked towards the stairs. Sensing her discomfort, we said goodbye to her and she hurriedly left the flat.

It took over an hour but there some creaking on the staircase and Sarah and I looked up expecting to hear shouting, from Rhea's mouth at least, but there was a sense of calm. The fire door swung open and the four-man party descended into the lounge. Sarah and I had our work spread out on the dining room table, with Sarah having got permission to

spend the night at mine so we could work on our joint Mechanics project, due in that week. Mum and Emma came into the dining room, and walked through into the kitchen. They were talking calmly and seemed to be in some agreement. Rhea appeared in the archway as Mum filled the kettle up.

"I know it's a lot to ask, but please can Si come up to the Lake District with me?" Rhea asked Mum and then Emma.

Emma looked at Mum for an explanation. "Every half-term Andy and Rhea go and spend a week with their Dad in the Lake District. He has a big house up there and they take it in turns to take a friend."

"Well I don't know," Emma said to Simon, who appeared behind Rhea. "We do have a few things to do in half-term and it is a long way to go."

"It's just, since we got together we've had all this. I didn't know about it, but for the last six weeks, Si has been bullied because of me and I want us to spend some time together where there isn't that hanging over us. And anyway, it will take him a week of him being nice to me for me to forgive him."

"You can't blame him for being bullied," I told Rhea, joining the conversation and she put her arm around his back.

"I don't blame him for that. I am annoyed with him for lying to me. I asked him if he knew where the rumours about him were coming from and he told me no. And he did know so he is in trouble for that," Rhea replied, her eyes not leaving his and a smile creeping across her face.

"No offence Rhea, but you are not really the sort of person to approach with problems," I told her with a smile and Sarah giggled.

"That's true. More the sort of person to get your problems from," Sarah added and Rhea clenched her fists.

"But he lied to me!" She said firmly staring at her boyfriend. "We can't have a relationship where he is lying to me. Or me to him. It's not on."

Simon nodded. "Sorry," he muttered.

"Yep, you will be if you do it again," she quipped and turned to Mum. "So can he come?"

Emma chortled. "Your daughter is very self-assured and confident"

A flicker came over Rhea's face but Mum answered, "She's too self-assured at times."

"Is that a yes then?" Rhea asked impatiently and Emma sucked in some air through her teeth.

"Well Rhea, you need to ask your father if it is fine for Simon to go," Mum told her but Rhea gave a grin and ran into the lounge to use the phone. She returned a few minutes later with an even bigger smile.

"He said that Simon is more than welcome and he will ensure the spare room is ready. So he is going then?"

Emma sighed and turned to Mum. "Well if Simon goes to the Lake District as John is away for the week at Scouts and Zoe is off with the Guides, I will have a child-free week."

Mum smiled and passed Emma a freshly brewed cup of tea. "I've got one too. It's a good feeling."

Once the Mathesons had left, Rhea later explained that Nathan was still in agony when they arrived at the house and his mother, who Rhea had often affectionately called "the

Witch” laid into her when she saw her. Mum was apoplectic with rage when the Witch had shouted at Rhea and asked her if she thought it was OK for her son to try to rape schoolgirls and then bully his peers, at which point the mood changed. The Witch expected Nathan to deny the allegations Mum was making but with Rhea there, she said he seemed distracted and scared and eventually the truth came out although he denied the attempted rape, which made my sister swear profusely at the Pillingtons.

They left as Nathan was made to apologise to Simon. Mum demanded an apology from Nathan regarding the attempted rape but Nathan refused and the Witch told Mum that due to her violent tendencies, Rhea was psychotic and a danger to the rest of the school. She claimed her son had been crying in pain for most of the last five hours; this cheered Rhea up no end and she rationalised that it was even worth getting suspended to know that.

I winced as Rhea continued the story. Mum had simply got up and left with her and the Mathesons but Rhea had a glint in her eye as she got to that part of her tale. “I ran my keys down the side of their new car,” Rhea admitted when I pressed her, “but I did it on the other side so no-one saw me. Not even Mum” I sighed and looked at her but she shrugged her shoulders. “No don’t worry. I got a decent grip on the key. It went very deep. Nice scratch and everything on that side - the boot, back door, front door and bonnet. Car is only a couple of months old but looks shit now. Violent tendencies? Psychotic? Honestly, it’s ludicrous. How can they say such things?” She muttered with not a single trace of irony in her voice.

* * * * *

The end of the last week of a half-term was tantalising, the one week break was only days away and talk of the half-term started to dominate the chatter at school and my thoughts outside of it.

I was travelling up to the Lake District to see my father and unfortunately wasn’t taking anyone. Abi was working, Ray wasn’t talking to me much, Sarah needed to sort out Kevin (so I could get promotion from the prospective boyfriend-to-be) and that only left Zoe. She was on Guide Camp as a semi-responsible leader and therefore I was resolved to go to Coniston on my own, but this was not really a problem; I needed some time to collect my thoughts.

I did wonder about Sarah as I lugged the carpet cleaner out of its cupboard and started returning the carpet to its’ pristine state; would she really split up with Kevin? She had had opportunities to do it before and hadn’t but if she didn’t do it over the half-term break, what future did we have? It really was a make-or-break time in our relationship.

Ikenna and Susie greeted me as I neared the end of the work but did not engage in any conversation as I wiped down the bar and tables before returning the appliances.

It was something I had never seen before but as the Hoover was being returned, I caught a glimpse of something shiny in the corner of the small cupboard. I looked in and felt along the floor, expecting it to be a 5p coin but it was where the carpet met the wall and it was half-buried under the skirting.

I teased it out and gradually a small silver bracelet emerged into my hands. It was nice, but where had it come from? I sauntered into the lounge and walked through into the dining room. Mum was dishing up sausage, eggs and beans and I pulled out the bracelet and looked at it. It certainly looked a decent quality but it also looked familiar.

“Hey Mum?” I called and held out the bracelet.

“What?” came the abrupt reply. “I’m late. I promised ...”

“Where have I seen this before?” I asked. She turned and shrieked, throwing the sausages

all over the oven top.

“Oh my God! Where was that?”

I looked at her in surprise. “Just in the club. At the back of a cupboard. I think it fell off or something.”

“It's ... wow ... I never thought I'd see it again.”

She took the bracelet and examined the clip. It was a little weak and she reckoned that was how she lost it in the first place. “Why, what is it?”

Mum held the item on her hand and kissed the top of it, before putting it on a shelf in the kitchen. “It has sentimental value,” she finished and looked up at it. “I suppose I need to stop wearing it every day but it ... well can you set the table?”

I just shrugged and wandered back out of the kitchen, not expecting the reaction which I got from her.

The weekend passed quickly. I didn't see or speak to Abi, Sarah, Ray or Zoe. A couple of school friends came to collect some work from me, but apart from cleaning the club when I had a nice chat with Susie, I was almost anti-social.

Abi was with Angela for the weekend at a family do so she didn't even join me in bed. Rhea woke me up first thing on Sunday morning telling me to get “my lazy ass to church” as she went and I gave her a most unholy reply, but for the first time in months, I had some quality time to myself to read and enjoy my own company. I wasn't sure I liked too much and was almost grateful when Monday came around again.

* * * * *

“Oi, Andy,” a familiar voice behind me called as I ambled out of College. I turned to see Ray and Donna running down the path and I waited for them to reach me.

“Hiya mate,” I called cheerily but he was scowling and angry.

“Why ya trying to split Ray and me up?” Donna asked as she reached me. Her face was hard and angry, while Ray was beet red and flustered.

“What?” I asked in amazement.

“Why are you getting your slutty sister to feel him up?”

“What gives you the right to call my sister slutty?”

“Rhea was stark naked when I was at your house and she jumped on me in the street earlier,” Ray told me.

“Disgraceful thing to do to a friend,” Donna added in a derisive tone.

I breathed out. “I didn't. Ray, you know Rhea. I couldn't get her to do it if I wanted to and I couldn't get her stop if I didn't. It's just Rhea.”

“Don't lie to us,” Donna shouted angrily.

“I'm not but if your relationship is in trouble don't blame me or my family ...” Donna drew back her breath and her shoulders swelled. “...and anyway, perhaps if you were less of a rabid bitch you wouldn't have to worry.”

Donna screeched and Ray stepped forward.

“Don't call Donna a bitch,” he shouted.

“You're fucked up,” Donna told him. “All of your family are. It's being around that club and all those sluts.”

"Rubbish!" Ray nodded as Donna spoke and I laughed at him. "You agree with her, do you? Only sluts work in the club?"

He was staring straight at me trying to read my mind but I glared back. "Yeah. I do," he added eventually. "Donna's right. And to think that you lust over them. And like them."

I grinned and lowered my voice. "Well next time you speak to your big sister, ask her if she agrees. Ask her if she thinks anyone who works in the club is a slut? 'Cause I reckon, she'd tell you to shut the fuck up."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Just ask her."

"He's bluffing Ray," Donna told him with a trace of concern in her voice.

"Oh really? Only one way to find out, ask her."

"You're lying Andy," Donna shouted and I shrugged. "I know her and she wouldn't go anywhere near there."

"OK. What you choose to believe is up to you, I don't care," I snapped. "But Ray knows not to make sweeping statements like that 'cause he's just called his sister a slut."

Out of nowhere Ray pushed me on my shoulder and I fell back against the small wall. I dropped my shoulder to let my bag drop on the floor and without hesitation launched myself at him. His face contorted with apprehension as I threw all my bodyweight into my hands and propelled him back across the path and into the flowerbed on the other side.

"GET UP," I yelled at him and Donna shrieked at me. "FUCKING GET UP AND FIGHT."

"Leave him alone!" Implored Donna as she helped him out from the roses, but I could feel a tightness and anger inside of me.

"He wanted a fight, he started it," I shouted at Donna as Ray got up.

"And I'm going to finish it," replied the gruff voice of Dr Parker, the Physics and boxing teacher, and my heart skipped a beat. "If you want a fight Master Williams then I will arrange for a match-up with one of my boys from the squad."

"No, Sir," I said meekly and he nodded.

"And you Master Ashton, perhaps you would care for twelve rounds, or as many as you can last, against one of my boys?"

Ray had shaken the last of the leaves from his body and had just returned to his feet. "No Sir"

"Right then both of you. Piss off and calm down. I don't want to see you 'round 'ere for the rest of today."

I looked at Sarah and she sighed. "You gotta learn to calm down," she told me, the moment we left the company of Ray and Donna. "I've ..."

"But he started that one," I told her and she shook her head. "We umm ..."

"Are as bad as one another," Sarah finished for me and stroked my arm. "Just calm down, OK? You promised me."

"Yeah," I muttered. "Sorry." Sarah shook her head and kissed me on the lips.

"Just ... don't," she pleaded. "For me."

I just about managed to be calm when I arrived home and propelled my bag across the living room and got Sarah and I a drink, when the doorbell rang. "Bet that's Ray," I moaned and stormed down the stairs.

“Andy,” Sarah barked. “Stay calm.” I snorted but took a deep breath and opened the door.

“Where's that psycho?” A woman shouted the moment I saw her.

“What?”

“Rhea,” a boy from behind her asked and I knew him as Nathan.

“She isn't in, but then I don't think she wants to talk to you anyway,” I replied tersely. “I think she made her opinions of you perfectly clear when she stamped on your balls.”

“She did our new car,” Nathan exclaimed and I suppressed a smile.

“She did what?” I asked, in a faux-polite voice and Nathan's mother, a crow-like woman replied.

“She ran some keys down the side of my new car. Over four hundred pounds worth of damage and I want compensation and an apology.”

“That doesn't sound like Rhea,” I told them feigning ignorance. “She is normally such a genteel girl. Perhaps it was some kids.”

Both of them looked at me incredulously and the Witch shook her head. “I either get my money and an apology or I get the Police involved.”

“You have proof then, that it was Rhea?” I asked and she spluttered for a moment.

“Of course it was Rhea. It was done when she came to my house.”

“So lets get this right, you will go to do the Police. Say that the girl your son tried to rape may or may not have damaged your car and no-one saw her do it?” I was getting a smug satisfaction out of watching them squirm and it felt considerably more relaxed than I had done with Ray. “Good luck with that.”

Nathan waved his finger at me and Rhea appeared at the top of the stairs with Sarah.

“You said she wasn't in. You fucking bitch. You scratched our car,” Nathan shouted up the stairs and I told Rhea to go back into the lounge, before bidding Nathan and his mother goodbye.

The Witch put her foot in the door to stop me from closing it and I took great delight in ramming the wood against her toes, causing her to howl in agony.

They rang on the doorbell and hammered on the door for a few minutes and then swore at me and said they would be back later, but somehow I didn't think Mum would take too kindly to them either.

They did return an hour later but Mum sent them away with a flea in their ear. They said they would get the Police involved but Mum was certain that they wouldn't. Rhea did get an ear-bashing though and while “you can't prove it was Rhea so go away” was fine for Nathan and his family, it didn't work very well when Rhea tried to use it against Mum applying sanctions.

In the end Mum decided Rhea had been through enough and she was given just a stern telling off and was grounded for the evening. “So what have you been up to today?” I asked Rhea (she had spent all day at home due to her suspension) as we settled down for our dinner; Sarah had left to go home and it was just Rhea, Mum and myself.

Rhea smiled. “Well Mum said I had to go to work with her 'cause I had to do some work. It was brilliant,” she enthused. “Sorting out stuff ... I wanna work there but Mum said ...” I smiled at Mum who shook her head.

“That wasn't meant to happen?” I asked with a wry smile; Rhea being suspended was supposed to be a punishment!

“No. But then afterwards I went for a walk in town. Saw Becky's sister, she is getting married in January.” I grunted and reminded myself that I had a job to do: I needed to speak to Ray's sister and it would be an awkward conversation. “And I've been invited.”

* * * * *

I put off speaking to Ray's sister (Jenny or Jessica dependent on the guise) for a couple of hours but after I had exhausted my homework diary for procrastination went to the privacy of my bedroom and dialled her number; she answered immediately.

I told her what had been said and gone on, skipping a few more pertinent details of that it was me who let it slip and she sighed with an air of resigned acceptance. She reasoned that he would probably find out anyway and thanked me for warning her. She said she hadn't heard from Ray that evening and I suspected he was probably licking his wounds at Donna's that caused Jenny to giggle.

She said she would probably text me if he rang but I knew that my outburst would not be the last of the matter. I didn't receive a text message but knew that Ray would either be OK with it the following morning or very far from happy.

* * * * *

I was in a world of my own as I ambled to College and bumped into a familiar face as I walked through the town centre. “Hiya,” I called out to Scarlet who smiled at me as she got her balance back. “You OK?”

Scarlet nodded and straightened her clothes out. “Yeah sorry, didn't see where I was going.” She licked her lips and rubbed her noses. “Just doing last minute shopping, when the bloody shops open. Fly out to Monaco tomorrow.”

“Your film?” I asked and she nodded.

“Yeah, well excited about it. Came out of the blue, they've brought the filming of my scenes forward.” Her excitement was evident and she was beaming as she spoke. “And I have more lines than before. Been learning them all and ...” She stopped and smiled. “It's cool.”

“How long are you away for?”

She shrugged. “A few days,” she told me. “Just a few days, but I'm so looking forward to it. It's only a small role but I've waited for so long to get it. And hopefully might lead onto other things.” She shook her untidy, brown hair back. “But there's some real Hollywood royalty on the film as well. I hope I get to see them.”

“They might ask you on a date,” I teased and she pursed her lips.

“You sound like Eddie. They won't,” she told me but I detected a note of caution in her voice. I wished her luck and continued on towards College, making her promise to tell me all about it when she got back; I was genuinely pleased for her, she deserved all of her success and could tell she was desperately hoping that this role would be a stepping stone and not the pinnacle of her career.

Sarah and I were talking in the Common Room when I saw Ray storm into the room. He surveyed the room for a moment, saw me and came bounding over, Donna in tow.

“Hey,” I called out jovially. “Look Ray, about yesterday ...” Sarah had told me to talk to him about the day before but he ignored me and slammed his fist into my stomach.

“You fucked my sister, didn't you?” He shouted and the room went quiet as everyone turned to look at Ray and I. I was gasping for breath and had backed away, the suddenness of the attack causing more of a shock than the punch itself. “Tell me, Andy. You screwed her, didn't you?” Ray added, his voice quivering with anger.

"Is that what she said?" I asked gasping for breath.

Ray looked at the faces staring at us. "She didn't need to."

"Then you don't need me to tell you what we did, do you?"

"YOU FUCKING BASTARD," he yelled launching himself towards me again but I was ready for him and pushed him back against the benches. "You leave her alone."

"Or what? It's only you that doesn't see your sister might have a sex life."

Ray got back to his feet and stared at me. "She's my sister and you fucked her. You never loved her or anything."

"Oh of course I didn't love her. She was a one night fling, nothing more."

Ray propelled himself towards me but I was ready and pushed him into the floor as he approached. "Oh grow up Ray. So what, I messed around with your sister, she is old enough to choose for herself. And by the way, I didn't fuck her?"

"That's my sister..."

I could feel anger coursing through my body and stood staring at my incandescent friend. I wanted to hurt him, I needed to but I knew Sarah would never forgive me if I hit him so I just taunted him. "Yeah, and I took naked pictures of her as well. Oh she does have a lovely body, doesn't she?" I goaded my friend. "I love her firm, round tits."

Ray stared at me for a few moments. "You're a bastard, Andy," he yelled, scrambling to his feet, and then stormed off wiping his eyes.

"Dude, how many birds are you screwing?" Jez shouted from the corner of the room.

"Err...do you mind. Private life," I replied, despite having broadcast most of it around the room. I left with Sarah as the silence was replaced with hushed whispers and chatter.

"Donna. Ray," Sarah called out as they stormed off and Donna turned around to face us.

"I don't know what you see in him Sarah," Donna told my companion and she shook her head.

"Leave him alone. I know he had sex with Jessica..."

"Jenny," Donna corrected sharply.

"Well I know. It's none of your business."

I looked around the College courtyard for a moment and murmured to Sarah. "Can we all please go somewhere a little more private?" I asked and with much protestation – and only on the promise that I told Ray everything - we walked into an empty classroom. "Sit down," I told Ray and he ignored me. "I said SIT DOWN. If you want to know what happened between Jenny and me then sit down."

"We don't trust you," Donna added and I glared at her.

"Technically Donna this doesn't concern you so shut the fuck up. Actually it doesn't really concern Ray but I am going to tell him as he is my friend."

Ray scoffed and leant against the wall. "OK Ray. We've known each other for years and we used to do everything together. Now it'll be really shit if you walk out of here hating me. I know Donna doesn't like me one iota but I can't do much about that but I can at least build bridges with you. Now sit down, please, For old times sake and I shall explain."

I gestured towards the empty chair and he looked at me and sat down. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes for a moment, sitting on the table at the front of the class.

"You know Jenny works in the club as a dancer?" I asked him and he nodded. "Shock, eh?"

It surprised me as well. I had a chat with her when I first found out, she is only dancing Burlesque and not getting completely undressed, well not much anyway. We had a chat and a laugh. Now I saw her on a weekly basis and we'd have a chat, but the day after our GCSE results, her car broke down and came into the flat." Ray squirmed a little as I spoke and Donna was completely silent. "Now the flat was completely empty, and she rang her mechanic friend who was in London and said he would come and fix her car. While she was there she wanted to try on some underwear she had bought and she did, and she modelled it, and one thing led to another."

I saw Ray's fists clench and I breathed in deeply. "She is my sister," he said slowly. "I don't go screwing your sisters."

"She wasn't. Well isn't your sister in the club. I didn't sleep with Jenny. I slept with Jessica."

"Whose Jessica?" Donna asked, confused.

"Jenny," Sarah explained and I tapped the desk.

"Everyone who works at the club works under a pseudonym, an assumed name. So while she is at the club, she is Jessica. And outside Jenny. It's the way it works. Jenny is your sister who is untouchable, Jessica is a dancer who is very seductive." I told Ray but he didn't seem convinced.

"But she is my sister." I tapped my fingers on the table.

"But that's just how it works." I shrugged and he sniffed. "Now, most of the girls wanted photographs taking of them, mostly in the buff, so I have been doing photo shoots with them so I have seen all of your sister."

"Are you even sorry for what you did?" Donna asked and I pursed my lips together.

"I am sorry Ray is upset," I finally responded. "We didn't mean it to happen, and we certainly didn't want Ray to find out, for, well these reasons." Ray took a deep breath and I continued. "When you spoke to her, did she regret it?"

Ray bit his lip and, still staring at me, shrugged his shoulders. "No," he said in a low voice. "Said that her sex life was personal."

"Well maybe it's best to let it go," Sarah soothingly added and Donna flashed her eyes.

"He slept with Ray's sister," she spat.

"I didn't." I sighed and turned to Donna. "But if me getting it on with a relative is so bad, what was Astrid all about, eh?"

Donna glared at me, before adding, "it's got nothing to do with it."

"No, maybe not. But you took your cousin to see me as, and I quote, I was single. You must have hoped that we hit it off."

"You wouldn't have had to have sex," Donna replied venomously and I snorted.

"Oh, so what was you and young Master Ashton doing at Sarah's house those nights?"

Donna expression changed from angry to furious and Ray blushed. "Look, I know I am no angel but both Jessica and I did something consensually and did it so no-one knew for months. We both enjoyed ourselves. Now I am sorry if that upsets you, Ray, but it isn't a great deal different from what you two have been up to anyhow."

Donna's eyes flashed and she took a sharp intake of breath. Fortunately the bell sounded, and I got up, picking my bag from the floor. Neither Ray nor Donna made any move and Sarah and I walked past them with their glares boring into our skulls. I wished Ray the best and offered my hand for him to shake but he didn't take it.

I knew it would have been difficult and I regretted the way I had reacted earlier in the

week, but Ray and Donna were both hypocrites – they had a sex life of their own, and suddenly objected to me having mine, with whoever I wanted.

Ray needed to grow up, and I wondered how much of his anger came from Donna.

* * * * *

“So how are your bruises?” Rhea asked with a smirk as I was laid out on the sofa flicking through a magazine.

“What bruises?” I asked barely looking up from the half-naked ladies in print. “I don't have any bruises.”

Rhea snorted. “I heard that that you got into a fight with Ray. Brawling across the common room because you fucked his sister.”

I put the magazine down on my lap and looked at my sister. “Who told you that?”

“I protect my sources. But I heard that you gave Ray's sister one when her car broke down and she needed your help and so I guess Ray found out and tried to get even with you.”

“That's very insightful,” I said with mock seriousness and Rhea giggled as I picked up my naked ladies again.

“So how are they?”

I put my magazine back down and looked over at her. “I don't have any bruises, but then, how many would you have if Zoe knew everything about your relationship with her brother?”

Rhea snorted. “I know you wouldn't dare,” she said and shook her hair out of her face. “Because I would unleash the forces of hell upon you if you did.”

I hummed. “You've done that before. You should really try and come up with better threats,” I goaded her and picked up my magazine again.

I wondered if Zoe could have talked about it and Simon overheard and told Rhea, but I wasn't sure how much Zoe knew. It wasn't the first time Rhea had found out things she shouldn't have; just how did my little sister find out so much?

* * * * *

I had finished washing up when the doorbell rang and Simon appeared with his mother and Zoe.

“We were in town to see the dentist, how did Rhea and you get on?” Emma asked after the usual polite greetings had been exchanged.

“Oh, fine,” Mum added and asked me to make a pot of tea. I returned with four cups, a milk jug, some sugar cubes, one teapot of tea and two lemonades.

“Don't I get tea,” Rhea moaned and I passed her a fizzy drink and she smiled. “OK cheers bro.”

“So I told her that I found the handling of this unacceptable and that I didn't expect the school to find bullying or attempted rape so permissive,” Mum added to the conversation I had missed most of and Emma nodded. “There wasn't much she could do, Rhea had already served her suspension but she admitted that if she known about the history she would have handled it differently and has promised to keep Rhea and Simon separate from Nathan.”

Emma smiled as Mum poured the tea. Zoe sat down on the couch next to me and took a full cup from Mum.

“And you didn't challenge her on her policies again, Rhea?” I asked and Rhea snarled at

me.

“No. I was left outside. Totally outrageous, it was. I got ignored last time and then completely cut out this time.”

Zoe grinned at Simon. “What did I tell you?”

Rhea paused for a moment and then looked at Simon. “What did she tell you?”

Simon blushed and was rescued by Mum talking to Emma. “So was she OK about Simon then?”

Emma nodded. “Oh yes. She said she didn't know about it before Rhea was suspended. Or the history between Nathan and Rhea or even Rhea and Simon although...” Emma paused and looked at Mum between taking sips of her drink. “Although she did indicate that Simon would do well to avoid Rhea.”

“She said what?” Rhea shouted and looked at Simon's mother.

Emma recoiled and everyone looked at her. “She said you had been in trouble since you arrived and had dragged Simon into this and I should encourage Simon to avoid you.”

“I'll kill her, I'll...” Rhea started and Mum interrupted her to be quiet.

“I've already told her that I am considering making a complaint to the Board of Governors. Just more to add,” Mum said dismissively and Emma sucked in her lips.

“It didn't seem fair to me but she doesn't seem to like your daughter very much.”

“I know,” Rhea replied. “It's totally unfair and I don't know why.”

“You did kick her door,” I told my baby sister and she shrugged.

“She had just suspended me and not done her job properly. She always asks for 'feedback', well I gave it to her. She is absolutely useless.”

“You are hardly the easiest pupil to have in the school,” I suggested to Rhea who chuckled.

Mum stopped the conversation Rhea and myself were having and allowed Emma to continue speaking. “I've spoken to Rhea's dad on the phone last night and he is happy for Simon to go up and I have addresses and the like so if Simon wants to go, he can do.”

Rhea and Simon beamed and looked at Mum. “Well I don't mind. As long as you don't terrorise him, Rhea.”

“I won't,” Rhea promised quickly and Mum raised her eyebrows.

“I mean it. You upset him once and you will be in such trouble, young lady,” Mum warned and Rhea sighed.

“I won't. He is my boyfriend not my punch-bag.”

“Good. Remember that. I know what you are like. Forget he concealed the bullying from you and move on.”

“Mum! I know,” Rhea replied sharply with an annoyed tone.

Emma watched the little exchange between Rhea and Mum and then nodded towards Zoe.

My little blonde friend looked at Mum and smiled. “Grace, you know when I saw you the other day. You said the cleaner had fallen and broke her hip and the replacement only could work when her kids were in school.”

Mum hummed in agreement and Zoe bit her lip before continuing.

“Well that's Saturday and Sunday free. Would I be able to apply for the job, like what Andy does?”

Mum looked at Emma who shrugged. “It's her idea. She's badgering me all week to let me allow her to work with Andy.”

“And you don't object?” Mum asked quite coldly but Emma didn't notice the animosity.

“Well I am not happy with it especially as it is the day of rest, but as long as it doesn't interfere with school work and church it's up to her. As I said she's been begging me all week, and she is seventeen. She needs a weekend job.”

Mum raised her eyebrows and gave a grin. “I've got the next couple of weeks sorted. After that, I'll give you a weekend, see how you fit in.” Zoe beamed and thanked Mum who nodded. “It's no walk in the park. It is hard work,” she told my friend who nodded.

“I know, I've had Andy moan about it to me.”

Mum looked at me with raised eyebrows. “Oh really?”

* * * * *

“That's a mamihlapinatapei,” Rhea told us as we told her about our argument.

“A what?” Sarah asked and Rhea giggled.

“It's a fuck load of points at Scrabble,” I teased and Rhea just leant back.

“It's when a couple both like each other and both won't make the first move.”

“She wound up her English teacher.”

“Ahh ... no!” Rhea shouted. “Completely the opposite. He thought it was incredible.” Her eyes dropped for a moment then grunted. “The fucking bastard. It was utterly unreadable. I fuckin' 'ate English teachers,” she moaned. “Cunts the lot of them. Or nackets. Or caitiffs. I put a sex scene in there and he still gave me top marks. It's a disgrace. He should be thrown out of the school for allowing such filth in the classroom. I'm outraged.”

“But you wrote it,” I told her and Rhea snorted.

“And? What's that got to do with anything.”

Sarah and I looked each other, and smiled. “Maybe you've found your match,” I teased and Rhea shook her head, taking a bite of her sandwich. “Because you used different words! You did what he wanted you to!”

“Yeah but ... oh fuck!”

Sarah looked at me as Rhea sniffed. “Come on, we got a bus to catch.” I bade my sister farewell at the little café and we crossed the road to catch the Stoke Mandeville bus with seconds to spare. I nervously sat on the window seat thinking. I knew the day after that I had been stupid and thought there had been no problems as I felt fine (as did my genitals) but Sarah's insistence that I took an STI check was a responsible attitude; just why didn't I think of it?

I knew I had tried to put that night out of my mind but this didn't stop me from worrying about it and Sarah tugged my arm as the bus drew up outside the hospital.

The walk to the sexual health clinic within the hospital was a long one, but it felt longer and the receptionist recognised us the moment she saw us: I guessed not many people willingly go in with their “partners” and she called a nurse to come and see us. I didn't see this as a good sign, but the plump Pauline passed us our results. I trembled as I opened them and Sarah put her arm around my shoulder. “Clean,” I muttered and Pauline nodded.

“I won't lecture you,” she said soothingly. “But here is a big bag of condoms,” she told me

and passed me a paper bag. "We always give 'em out and you didn't want any last time, but it'll stop moments like this."

Sarah idly flicked open her results and muttered "snap" to me, and we got up to leave, thanking her. "You are very, very lucky," Sarah told me as we got to the bus stop and she checked her watch. "I need to catch a Wendover bus, but you are so lucky. Please don't do it again."

"I won't," I promised and she kissed me on the lips.

"And you're right, it was a silly thing to do."

"I know," I told her and watched as she got on a bus going in the opposite direction to me.

It gave me time to think: Sarah was right, I had been lucky, and I had not enjoyed that evening. At the time, it was good but it had pained me ever since, and with the test I felt as though I had closure. I had no intention of ever re-opening those wounds and made a resolution: that I would never touch drugs again! It just wasn't worth it.

"It's for you," Mum said passing me the phone as I came into the flat and I subconsciously picked it from her hands without asking who it was. I heard the sounds of crying the moment I put the phone to my ear.

"What's wrong?" I asked immediately and Sarah sniffed back.

"The bastard. He has been cheating on me with another girl," she wailed and a few things ran through my mind, namely that Sarah was hardly innocent in this department.

"You what?" I asked, not voicing my thoughts.

"Kev. He has been cheating on me. I have just had his girlfriend on the phone threatening me to leave him alone. I've rung him and he has admitted the lot."

"Oh, I am sorry, Sarah. I'll come over," I promised and looked at Mum, listening in on my conversation. "Please can you take me to Wendover?" I asked, looking out of the window at the ominous black clouds gathering overhead. "I need to see Sarah."

Mum sighed and put down her newspaper that she was not reading. "Nothing I should know about?" I suspected she was asking whether Sarah was pregnant or in serious trouble, but I just shook my head.

"No. Nothing like that," I replied quickly. "Just she is upset and I need to speak to her."

"Yeah, OK. This once. But don't be too long. I know what you two are like when you get talking."

"Cheers Mum," I told her and put the phone to my ear as Mum found her car keys. "Fifteen minutes," I promised my prospective girlfriend-to-be.

We travelled in silence down the roads towards the little town in rural Buckinghamshire and I directed her towards the upmarket house on the outskirts. She pulled into the drive of Sarah's house, parking her car in the corner of the gravelled driveway and I leapt out of the vehicle before it had stopped.

A tearful Sarah threw her arms around me the moment she saw me and Mum said she had to see Angela and went inside while Sarah and I embraced in the front garden; the rain was holding off and we didn't want to be overheard.

We hugged for a few moments and saw our mothers looking over us from the kitchen window. "I knew they'd be watching," I said, barely suppressing a grin, and we sat down on the small bench that was partly hidden from prying eyes in the house by a neatly trimmed hedge.

"I've told him that I never want to see him again and he just started weeping and promised

to be faithful. But I told him that it was over," Sarah said resolutely.

"I'm sorry," I told her and held her hand. She bit her lip and looked into my eyes.

"Really? I thought you wanted me to split up with Kevin?"

I shrugged. "I did, you know I did. I didn't like him and ... well I want his place. But I didn't want him to cheat on you. I mean we were so careful to not overstep a particular line, but Abi reckoned he was playing away, he hit on her when we went bowling."

"And you didn't tell me," Sarah barked and I took a deep breath.

"Would you have believed me if I had?" I asked and Sarah sniffed. "If Abi had told you, would you have believed her over your first love?" Sarah grunted in admission that I was right. "And it was just talk not him doing anything."

"Well the fucking bastard did do something. Clarissa Hyde-Marriott. I mean what sort of name is that? She rang me up and started calling me all sorts. Saying I was a slut trying to steal her boyfriend and she was going to cut me open." I took a sharp intake of breath and Sarah snarled as she spoke. "I mean, as if. And then I told her we had been dating for two years and she went off on one. So I ring Kev and ask him and he confessed and promised to be a proper boyfriend again, saying Clarissa meant nothing to him."

"And what did you say?"

"I said that it was over and I never wanted to see him again and that I hated him. He has rung since but I won't talk to him." I smiled, remembering Sarah's behaviour when she was annoyed at me.

"What does your mum say?" I asked. "She wasn't too fond of Kevin either was she?"

"Yeah, nobody was, and she told me to snap you up while you are still single," Sarah replied and I grinned and kissed her on the cheek.

"Well I'm off to the Lake District. Can I be snapped up before then, or will I have to wait until I come back?" I asked and Sarah smirked.

"Or maybe dating boys is just too much trouble. I should go lesbian and ask Abi out."

"Or Zoe?" I laughed at her, and wiped her eyes. "Well boyfriend or friend, I will still be here for you," I promised. "You know that."

Sarah snorted. "You know what I want, but well it's going to be a shit few days, I'm going to feel like poo I know it. To think that he cheated on me, it's just ... I didn't want my relationship to end like this; I just don't know what to think at the moment."

I sighed and looked at her. She stared back at me with expectant eyes. "You could come with me? To Coniston? You'd have to share a room with me, but it's only you that nicks the covers and snores," I teased and Sarah smiled.

"But it's tomorrow."

"You weren't planning to do anything this week anyway, were you?"

Sarah smiled. "No. Well, I was going to split up with Kevin over a meal in London, but I s'pose I've already done that."

"Then come. Dad won't mind, I'll check. I'd only be lonely. As will you be if you stay."

"I am not sure if Mum will let me," Sarah added and I shrugged. "But I'll ask."

"Come on then," I told her and dragged her up by her hand. She hesitated and I looked into her eyes. "You do want to, don't you?"

A smile flickered across her face and she pursed her lips, nodding. "Yeah," she muttered.

"It's just so quick." My heart fell and I took a deep breath, waiting for her to say something. "Well it's up to you, I don't want to push you into anything, but I would love you to join me and ..."

Sarah gulped and nodded before licking her lips. "I do want to," she said firmly and broke into a warm smile. "I think a week with you would be great." I smiled and she put her arms around me, kissing me on the lips before squeezing me tightly. "Thank you for putting up with me," she muttered as I rubbed my hands over her back. "I know I can be a bitch at times."

I didn't disagree with her, and we walked back into her house holding hands. "Mum, I am going with Andy tomorrow to stay at his Dad's house for the week," Sarah announced the moment we entered the kitchen. Angela looked at Mum who was grinning gleefully. "OK?" "I'll take that tenner now," Mum said triumphantly before Angela could respond to her daughter.

"I bet Andy said something in the car on the way over."

Mum and I looked at each other and I spoke. "Something about what?"

Angela ignored my question and turned to Sarah. "You can do, if it's what you want."

"Yeah, yeah I do," Sarah replied with a smile on her face. "I think we could both do with the company."

"And as his friend I suppose?" Angela mocked in a high-pitched voice.

Sarah looked at me and shook her head. "No, as his girlfriend," she responded with a smirk. "It's something I should have done three months ago ... if only he had bloody asked!"