

A photograph of a woman from the back, wearing a white bikini. Her hair is long and brown. The background is black. The title 'Last Train to Swansea' is written in a white, cursive font across the top half of the image.

*Last Train to
Swansea*

A graphic element at the bottom of the page, consisting of a red and blue shape that resembles a stylized ribbon or a piece of fabric. The author's name 'Marc Nobbs' is written in a white, cursive font across this graphic.

Marc Nobbs

MARC NOBBS

**LAST TRAIN TO
SWANSEA**

P A R K L A N D
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Marc Nobbs

**LAST TRAIN TO
SWANSEA**

P A R K L A N D

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For Railtrack

The worst thing about visiting Amy was her mother. She lived opposite, and invariably Amy was at her house when Keith arrived. He'd knock on Amy's door, get no answer, and trudge across the road.

For some reason, Amy's mother liked him. She'd make tea and cakes and Keith was too polite to refuse. He'd have to suppress his hard-on and chat amiably when all he wanted was to take Amy home, throw her on the bed and fuck her brains out. He was convinced that mother was just trying to delay them, to prevent her little girl from being ravaged.

Still, the best thing about visiting Amy was that he always did get to fuck her brains out; or rather, she fucked his brains out. Under that sweet, wholesome exterior, she was insatiable. They'd met attending an accountant's training course six months ago, and hit it off immediately. Keith's friends questioned whether she was worth the eight hour round trip, all the hanging about on cold platforms, the delays and the expense. But they'd only ever seem the demure Amy; she'd never sucked any of their dicks. If she had, they'd understand.

A sideways jolt woke Keith from his slumber. He leaned forward and resumed typing. It was dark outside, and he could see the fires of Port Talbot steelworks in the distance. He was later than usual. The server at the office had gone down, it took hours to fix and he'd nearly missed the last train. He set about the keyboard again, determined to finish before he got into Swansea. Amy loved reading his stories. They gave her ideas. But all that shit with the server had sapped his creative energy and he was having trouble writing anything. By the time the train pulled into the station, he'd barely got two hundred words down. He was frustrated. Amy would be disappointed.

The taxi pulled up outside Amy's house. Keith paid the driver and got out. Amy's house was dark, but the lights still shone in her mother's front room. Keith almost went straight over, but that wasn't his routine. He pushed the gate open and climbed the steps to the door of Amy's lifeless house. He rang the bell. No answer. He hadn't expected any. Warily, he crossed the street. No sooner had he knocked on mother's door, than it was pulled open. Amy stood in the doorway wearing the scarlet, silk nightdress he'd brought for her birthday. It clung to her, accentuating her curves. Keith's mouth watered.

"Mam's away for the weekend," she said. Her accent made his senses tingle and his heart dance. "I've been waiting hours. What took you?"

She kissed him hard, forcing him back against the door.

“But... but...?”

“I wanted to surprise you.” She kissed him again, even harder than before.

“You did.”

Keith dropped his bags on the floor, and scooped Amy up. She wrapped her arms around his neck and they kissed again.

“What did I do to deserve you?” he said.

“It’s not what you did, it’s what you’re about to do.”

“You just wait.”

He carried her into the lounge and dropped her in the armchair where her mother usually sat offering him cakes and talking about people he didn’t know. Keith fell to his knees, pulled Amy to the edge of the chair, and draped her legs over his shoulders. In this position, he had unrestricted access. He devoured her pussy, biting, licking, and sucking. She came countless times, small orgasms, meaningless next to the massive release that came after half an hour of Keith’s relentless assault. She crushed his head with her thighs and her body shook uncontrollably.

While she muttered his name over and over, he stripped. He gave her no time to come down. He clambered up and guided his cock inside her. He slid in easily, and began the slow steady fucking that she always claimed to prefer. Not that she complained when he slammed home with all he could muster.

He kept up the slow, steady pace for as long as he could. It wasn’t very long. She wrapped her legs around his back and he thrust into her with increasing force.

“Oh, yeah. Fuck me. Fuck me.”

Her cries were incomprehensible as another, even bigger orgasm approached. Keith did as she said. He fucked her through her orgasm until a tantalising tickle announced his orgasm’s impending arrival. He erupted, filled his lover with his seed and roared his pleasure. He collapsed on the floor and rested, regaining strength for the next round, and the next.

For thirty-six hours, they fucked and sucked in every room in both Amy’s and her mother’s house. It was as if the radio had announced that a comet was on the way and this was their last weekend on Earth. They had to do lifetime’s fucking in a day and a half.

“You know,” Amy said after kissing Keith goodbye on the station platform. “I never did get to read this week’s story.”

“I never finished it. I thought you might be disappointed, but for some reason I forgot all about it.”

“I wonder why? What was it about?”

Keith smiled.

“What?” she asked.

“Nothing.”

“Tell me.”

“It was about two lovers, who were given a rare chance to spend a weekend alone. With no interruptions from his meddling mother-in-law.”

Amy smiled her wickedest smile. “Oh, I nearly forgot.” She handed him a plastic bag. “The parcel is from Mam and the envelope’s from me. But don’t open either yet.”

The train door slid shut and Keith waved her goodbye before finding a seat. He opened the parcel first, a selection of homemade cakes. He ate one, then opened Amy’s envelope and looked inside. His heart skipped a beat. Amy had been experimenting with her mother’s digital camera again. He just hoped she remembered to hit ‘delete’ this time.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Marc Nobbs lives in the Northamptonshire countryside, just a stone's throw from where Princess Diana is buried and the Gunpowder Plot was, well, plotted. It's far cry from his inner-city roots, but that's what an education does for you.

He works full-time for a firm of solicitors, counting other people's money and wishing that all those zeros represented his own millions. He cries like a baby every time has to write a six figure cheque with someone else's name on it.

Marc is originally from Wolverhampton in the Black Country, and despite having escaped that god-forsaken place, he still lives in hope that he may one day see his beloved Wolverhampton Wanderers pick up a trophy. (It's a very vain hope) He studied at the University of Wales in Aberystwyth and he's still not entirely sure how he ended up in Northampton.

Marc started writing erotica in the late Nineties. He has been selling his stories for cold hard cash since late 2005.

When he's not writing erotica, reading erotica, or working, Marc enjoys DIY and gardening (at least, that's what his wife tells him), and shouting at rubbish footballers who aren't worth the money they get paid. He also enjoys beating his father-in-law at chess.

For more information about Marc and his upcoming releases, visit his website



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