



Phone Calls

Mare Nobbs

MARC NOBBS

**PHONE
CALLS**

P A R K L A N D
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For...
I can't say. Really, I can't.

John loved 'Championship Manager.' After ten virtual years he'd finally landed the England job and was now just forty-five virtual minutes away from lifting the World Cup. When phone rang his little sister answered it.

"John," she shouted up the stairs a few seconds later. "It's for you."

John wheeled his chair over to the phone and picked up the receiver just as Brazil netted an equalising goal.

"Damn!"

"Well that's a nice greeting," said a familiar voice, although not the one he was expecting. This was a voice from his past.

"Huh.. Hi," he stammered. "I didn't expect to ever hear from you again."

"I know. I've been meaning to phone you for a couple of months, but just didn't have the guts. Then I figured, 'what the hell.' I picked up and dialled."

"How are you?" John asked.

"I'm fine. I've got a job, at last. At the hospital."

"Great. Doing what?"

"Haematology. I'm analysing blood samples, stuff like that."

"Oh, that's what you wanted to do wasn't it?"

"Nearly. In a few years, I might have the chance to move into genetic analysis. But for now, this is fine."

"I'm pleased for you." Despite how unceremonious the break up had been, John still cared for Rachel. He was happy that she was doing something she enjoyed.

"What about you?" Rachel asked.

"I lost my job a couple of months ago. Down-sizing. Last in, first out."

"I'm so sorry. Having any luck finding another?"

"Not yet. I've applied all over the place, but it seems that there's always someone more experienced, or cheaper."

"My god. What are you gonna do?"

"Keep applying. That's all I can do. There's a course at the drop in centre on starting your own business. I thought I might take that."

"What sort of business?"

“Not sure yet. I’ve got a couple of ideas, nothing concrete, you know. I figure taking the course might help me decide which one of my ideas is most likely to work.”

“I wish you luck. I really do.”

“Thanks.” John sighed. “It’s great to hear from you. I can’t tell you how much.”

“I know. I’ve been meaning to call ever since I got your last letter. It’s just really hard after so long.”

“I know. I’m nervous now. My heart is pumping so hard it feels like it’s going to break out of my chest. Shit! No! Ref, you fuck-wit!”

Brazil had been awarded a penalty in the last virtual minute. Ronaldo stepped up to score and clinch the title.

They had been getting at each other for a while. One night they had a blazing row over something John couldn’t remember. Rachel moved back in with her parents and he was left on his own in an expensive flat. They saw each other off and on, but after a while John went out more with his new friends from work.

One night he went to one of the nightclubs along the sea front with his mates. He drank a staggering amount of lager, and ended up in the arms of a girl from the office. They kissed and caressed, nothing more, but John still felt guilty.

Unable to concentrate at work the next day, he arranged to meet Rachel for a drink and confessed everything. She was upset, forgave him, and then she confessed a secret of her own.

“I’ve been seeing someone else. It’s nothing serious but you’re not going to like who it is.”

“Who?” A mix of curiosity, anger, hurt and apprehension swam around inside him.

“Robbie.”

“What!” People at nearby tables turned to stare when John raised his voice.

“I swear it’s only since I moved out. Never at University. Never.”

John was devastated and the couple ended up having another row.

He called Rachel the next night, feeling guilty about the fight, only to find out that Robbie was there. In a fit of jealousy, John called the girl from the office. John and Rachel saw very little of each other after that. About a year after the break up, John found a job in his hometown, and moved back in with his parents.

There was an awkward silence, broken only by a giggle from Rachel. “It’s silly really isn’t? Why should we be nervous?”

“I know. We knew each other better than anyone else. We got on so well together, we shouldn’t be nervous. I guess it’s because it’s been so long.”

“And when we do talk, it’s just small talk. We’ll be talking about the weather next.”

“So is it sunny by you, or is it raining?”

“It’s pissing down actually.”

John knew that they were avoiding the one topic that they needed to discuss. Robbie.

“Are you still with that girl?”

“Susan? Yeah. It’s been nine months now.”

“Is it serious?”

“It could be. For now, we’re both just glad of the company. And the sex.”

“She’s lucky. You were always good at sex.”

“Thanks.” He swallowed hard, amazed that she remembered. He thought about how she felt, and about her touch. “You weren’t so bad yourself you know.”

“I miss you.” It came out of nowhere. John thought he heard her choke back a sob. He wasn’t sure how to respond.

“You mean that?”

“Yeah. I’ve been thinking about you a lot recently. I miss you.”

“I’ve missed you since we split. I hoped you felt the same, but didn’t think you did. I figured that since you were with, you know, that you were happy.”

“Not really. I was happiest with you. It’s so good to hear your voice, that’s one of the things I’ve missed. And your touch. Your face. Your body next to me. Nobody has ever touched me like you did.”

“What about him? He must have been pretty good if you picked him over me.”

“I didn’t pick him over you. He was there when you weren’t, that’s all. Not that it matters anymore.”

“Why not? You two spilt up?”

“He got a placement in London. We haven’t seen each other for about three months.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” John lied.

“No, you’re not. I know the idea of Robbie and me freaked you out.”

“All I ever wanted was for you to be happy. No matter what it took.”

“You always knew the right things to say. But I still don’t believe you.”

With the subject of Robbie out of the way John relaxed. They talked about mutual friends, and about politics, a subject on which Rachel shared his views. They discussed family, and Rachel’s new niece. Rachel even brought up their once active sex life.

They had had a very healthy sex life. Both had an enormous appetite for it, and enjoyed each other almost every night. John had worried that the whole relationship was based on sex, but then something would happen, or Rachel would say something, and it reminded him that they were also best friends. They talked for nearly three-quarters of an hour.

“Will you phone me soon?” Rachel asked.

“If I can pluck up the courage, then yes.”

“You can write to me as well. You always wrote such lovely letters.”

“And you were always awful at replies.”

“I know. I’m better on the phone.”

“I miss you. I don’t think I realised how much until now,” said John.

“I always knew how much I missed you. I just couldn’t do anything about it.”

“I wish I could see you again.”

“Me too. But it’s not very practical is it.”

“No, not really. We’re too far apart. It would be nice though.”

“I really should go. My mom wants the phone.”

“Ok. I’ll phone soon,” he said. “I promise.”

He hung up, but spent the rest of the night thinking about her. He wished they hadn’t split up. He’d thought of Rachel as his soul mate. Until everything changed.

They had been good friends since starting university, but it wasn’t until well into the third term that they became a couple. The night of the year’s big event, the May Ball, Rachel and another girl were slow getting ready. John and Robbie decided to wait for them, and they ended up spending most of the evening together.

Halfway into the night, John tried his luck at the roulette table, with Rachel on his arm. He had little success, and eventually asked Rachel to choose a number. When it proved a winning selection, John turned to Rachel and kissed her in celebration. It was brief, but full of passion. When it ended, they stared into each other’s eyes for a few seconds, before embracing again.

From then on they were inseparable. They danced close, they sat and talked, but most of all they kissed. When the second of the evening’s bands finished playing, the DJ played slow songs to wind things down. John and Rachel sat at a table on the edge of the dance floor, their lips locked together. Their tongues explored each other’s mouths. John rested his hands on Rachel’s slender thighs, feeling her legs through the soft material of her dress. Rachel opened up two buttons on his shirt, and slipped her hand inside to play with the thin covering of hair on his chest.

John pulled away from the kiss, “Shall we go?”

“Why?” she asked.

“If we wait ‘til the end of the night there’ll be a massive crush. It’ll take ages just to get outside, let alone get home.”

“I suppose you’re right, we could beat the rush.”

“We could take a long walk around campus on the way back. It looks like a nice night.”

“When I went out to loo earlier, it was raining.”

“Yeah, but it’s stopped now. It’s warm. The moon’s out. It’ll be really nice.”

John buttoned up his shirt and retrieved his coat. They left the ball half an hour before the end.

Outside, Rachel started shivering.

“I thought you said it was warm.”

“I’ve been known to be wrong. Here.” He offered her his overcoat. “Take this, it will warm you up.”

“What about you?” she asked. “Won’t you be cold?”

“Rachel, I’m wearing a tux, all you’ve got on is a thin gown. If you take this we’ll be about equal.”

She smiled at him as he draped the coat over her shoulders.

They walked arm in arm, talking about nothing, and enjoying the quiet after the party. They took a longer route around the campus, looking at buildings that bustled with people during the day, now silently bathed in the moonlight. They stopped to admire the fish in the pond by the biology building, and climbed the geography tower balcony to look out over the sea. It took them nearly an hour to get home. Once there, John offered Rachel a late night drink.

He led her to his room and put on some soft music while he waited for the kettle to boil.

“Tea or Coffee?” he asked.

“Tea please. I can’t stand coffee.”

“That’s good, ‘cause I don’t like coffee either, so I don’t actually have any.”

“Then why ask,” she said, giggling.

“Just being polite.”

Rachel stood in the middle of the room, with John’s overcoat still draped over her shoulders. He walked up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders.

“I’ll hang this up if you don’t mind.”

“No, not at all.”

He lifted the garment away and hung it on the hook on his door.

“Why don’t you sit down,” he said, gesturing to the bed.

She accepted his offer and sat while he poured two mugs of tea.

“How do you take it?”

“White please, no sugar.”

“Ahh, This is where you tell me that your sweet enough already?”

“I wasn’t going to.”

“Well you should,” he said. He brought the mug over and handed it to her. “Because it’s true.”

She took the drink from him and cradled it in her hands. He sat down beside her. They were silent for a while, sipping the warming drinks and listening to the music. It was turned down, in case those in the adjoining rooms were asleep. It added to the mood.

“I really enjoyed tonight,” he said. “I think it’s something we should have done a long time ago.”

Rachel looked into his eyes and smiled. “Maybe,” she said, “but then tonight wouldn’t have been so sweet.”

They leaned towards each other, their lips beckoning. A brief kiss followed, but was made awkward by the cups they were holding. John took Rachel’s from her and placed it on the desk opposite the bed. Rachel wrapped her arms around his neck and locked her lips to his. Their lips parted and their tongues entwined. John’s hands slipped down to Rachel’s hips.

Rachel wore a gown with a slit all the way up one side, and as they continued to embrace, his hand brushed her stocking clad thigh. He stroked it, enjoying the feel of the sheer silk against his skin.

Rachel leaned forward and pressed herself to him, pulling his head harder against hers. She groped for the clasp of his bow-tie, and undid it. Then she moved her hands around, and starting with the top button, she opened his shirt.

John’s hand slid further up her leg, to the lacy stocking top, and beyond to the soft white flesh. For the second time that evening, Rachel ran her fingers through his chest hair. With her other hand she continued to open the buttons of his shirt until they were all done. She tugged at it, pulling it from inside his trousers. Then she moved her hands up and pushed the shirt off his shoulders. She bent her head to kiss his neck, then moved down to his chest, and kissed each of his nipples in turn. He groaned.

John stroked the flesh at the top of her thigh with one hand, and cupped her breast with the other. Eagerly, Rachel reached up to the back of her neck, undid the button and slid down the zipper.

The gown fell from her shoulders, and John was amazed to see that she had not worn a bra that evening. Those wonderfully full breasts had held themselves up all night, defying gravity. He gripped one of them

firmly, squeezed it, and toyed with the nipple, which stuck out hard and pink.

Not wanting to give preference to one over the other, he switched his attention. He held it firmly and sucked at the swollen nipple. Occasionally he bit it gently, rolling it between his teeth, and flicking it with his tongue. Rachel tipped her head back and sighed.

John's mouth alternated between her nipples, but he moved his hands down to her hips, where her dress had bunched. Rachel leaned back, resting her weight on her hands. John gripped her gown and tugged it, trying to pull it down, but Rachel's position prevented it from moving. Without a word, John looked up at Rachel, who stared back into his eyes. He wanted a sign, for her to tell him to stop, or to go on. She gave it by lifting her bum from the bed. John pulled the dress down past her glorious round backside, past her knees, and off. He made an attempt to throw it down on the floor, but Rachel reached out a hand to stop him.

"No," she said. "That was expensive, don't just throw it on the floor. Put it on the back of that chair."

John rose from the bed and walked over to the chair by his desk. Carefully, he laid the black gown over it, and returned. Rachel knelt on the bed, waiting for him. She grasped his cummerbund, smiled up at him, and looked into his eyes. Reaching around his back, she unclasped the garment and pulled him close to her. Then she whipped the cummerbund off and threw it across the room before kissing his hairy stomach, and dipping her tongue into his navel.

Her hands worked quickly now, trying to open up his slacks. She struggled with the three buttons on the formal trousers, but once they were undone, she slid the zip down. With the support gone, John's trousers fell around his ankles. Rachel was face to face with the bulge that had formed in his boxers. She bent forward and kissed his dick through the material, and then looked him the eyes again. She smiled wickedly, and her eyes glinted.

She lent forward and took the waistband of his shorts in her mouth, pulling it out and down. His cock sprang into view, hitting her on the forehead as it escaped from its prison. She let the shorts fall from her mouth, and yanked them down past his knees. At the same time she moved her head up and his dick hit her again.

"I'm sorry," she said as innocently as she could. "Did that hurt you?" Before John could answer she continued, "I'd better kiss it better."

She took his cock in one hand, and reached around to grip his bum with the other. She looked at it for a moment, studying it from different

angles, then she bowed her head and took him into her mouth. He was almost entirely inside her. Her nose touched his belly. She moved her head back and forth, sucking him deep into her mouth each time, and kneaded his bum cheek, pulling him to her. She started slowly, and used her tongue to lick up and down and around his cock while it was between her luscious lips. Then she built up more speed, and he rocked his hips against her head, thrusting into her mouth each time she sucked him in. He was getting close to the edge. He knew he wouldn't last much longer.

His head was telling him to stop her, that he didn't want to end the night like this. But his body was crying out for release, and told his head to mind it's own business. He gripped her head with both hands, held her still, and thrust into her mouth harder.

Rachel seemed to sense that he was close and tried to pull away but she was too late. John held her head firmly despite her attempts to bat his hands away. His hips jerked, and he lost the rhythm of his thrusts. His cock swelled inside her mouth, then flooded it with cum.

He groaned as he emptied himself into her mouth. She swallowed hard, but some dribbled out of the side of her mouth. His dick had shrunk slightly, but it was still very hard, and usable. A few drops of cum still oozed from the tip, and Rachel licked them up. When he was clean, she looked up at him and smiled. She raised a hand and wiped away the sperm that had dripped from the side of her mouth, then put her finger in her mouth, and sucked it clean.

John was drained, but he was more turned on than ever before, and he was damned if he was going to stop now. He pushed Rachel back, so that she was lying on the bed, and reached down to remove her panties. They were so wet that they stuck to her. The sound they made as the soggy fabric peeled away from her body was obscene.

Rachel lay on the bed dressed in only her black stockings and suspender belt. She parted her legs, and reached down to feel her own wetness. He clambered on top of her, and kissed her full on the lips, sliding his tongue into her mouth.

He moved down her body, kissing her neck, her chest, her stomach. All the way down to her pussy, pulled in by her musky scent. Through the valley of her breasts he gazed into her eyes. He dipped his head, kissing her pussy like a mouth. He snaked his tongue inside her, causing her to jump and moan. He licked up and down her lips, and searched out the deep corners of her pussy.

A fire was rising inside her. John knew she was building towards an orgasm when she gripped his head, as he had done to her earlier. She bucked her hips against his face, rubbing her clit against him. In response, he stopped and pulled away from her. He knew she was close, and he wanted to tease her.

He pulled his head away, her hands not strong enough to hold him there. She whimpered, in an almost pathetic way. "Don't. Don't stop. Please, don't stop."

John smiled as wickedly as she had and reached a hand out to her. He searched out her clit with his thumb and rubbed it gently. Her hands stopped clamouring for him when the sensations returned. Without warning, he pushed down hard on her clit, and slid two fingers inside her. That was enough to send her over the edge. The orgasmic waves ripped through her body. She thrashed against his hand uncontrollably, and screamed with pleasure. John had to cover her mouth with his hand so that his neighbours wouldn't hear.

Slowly she came back to earth. John watched as her chest rose and fell with each deep breath. He admired the look of absolute pleasure on her face. Pleasure that he had caused. She was beautiful.

He reached over to his bedside table but she stopped him, and pulled him to her.

"It's okay, there's no need for one."

"What..." In all John's previous encounters the girls had insisted on a rubber.

"I'm on the pill."

"Yeah, but..." She interrupted him with a kiss.

"Just shut up and fuck me."

They kissed again, a kiss which would remain unbroken for the rest of the encounter. He reached down and gripped his cock, guiding it into her waiting pussy. She reached down and parted her lips, inviting him in. He slid in easily, all the way up to his balls in one long, smooth thrust. He waited there for a few seconds, getting used to the feel of her, then pulled out slowly. When only the bulbous purple head of his cock was inside her, he thrust back in with force.

He did this a few more times, slowly pulling out and then forcing himself back in. She kept pace with him, moving her hips to match his thrusts. He reached down and lifted her legs over his arms, raising her bum up off the bed and giving him better access. She was almost folded in two. He thrust quicker as he built towards his climax.

Not wanting her to miss out, he put all his weight on one arm. He used his other hand to rub her clit, trying to bring them both off together. He wanted to hold off for her, but he was too close. His thrusts became irregular, and with one final push he screamed, and emptied himself into her.

She felt the first pulse of his cock, but it was the second that set off her climax. She came hard, quivering beneath him, her pussy milking his cock for every last drop of its life giving liquid. They were high together, and they came down together. He rolled off her, and they struggled to get under the covers. He lay on his back, and she snuggled up beside him, her head and hand on his chest as they fell into a deep, satisfied sleep.

John spent the weekend following the Rachel's call with his girlfriend, Susan. They went out as usual, to the pictures and to a club. John never mentioned the phone call. He cared about Susan, but she was insecure. He didn't know how she would react to the news that he had spoken to Rachel.

The thought of making love to Susan scared him. The last thing he wanted was to call out Rachel's name at the point of ecstasy, but he knew that he might. That would devastate Susan.

Somewhat fortunately Susan told him they couldn't do it. It was her time of the month. This only served to remind John of the number of times he and Rachel had made love despite the blood. He couldn't seem to get Rachel off his mind.

It was nearly two weeks before John phoned Rachel back. He'd picked up the receiver on many occasions, but felt guilty and ended up calling Susan instead.

"Hi," he said when the phone was answered, "Is Rachel there?"

"It's me, hi John."

"Hi."

"I'm glad you called back."

They got the chit-chat out of the way quickly, and spent over half an hour catching up on a fortnights worth of news. But the whole time John sensed that there was something in Rachel's voice.

"Rac, what's wrong?"

“Nothing.” She answered too quickly for John’s liking. “Nothing’s wrong, what makes you think that?”

“Just something in your voice. I could always tell so much from your voice. And now. There’s just something there.”

“Perceptive as ever. You can still read me like a book.”

“So what is it?”

“I just,” she paused, gathering her thoughts. “I just miss you, that’s all. I miss that we always used to do everything together. I miss cooking with you, shopping with you. I guess I just long for the past. Speaking to you brings it all back.”

“Tell me about it,” he replied. “D’you know what I dreamt about after you called me last time?”

“Same thing as me, I’ll bet.”

“Well if you dreamt about the night we got together, you’d be right.”

“It was very nice,” she said. “Do you know that you showed me just how pleasurable sex can be?”

“You’ve told me that a few times.” He paused before continuing. “Hey, do you remember that day that Joe told us he had had sex seven times in one day?”

“Oh yeah,” giggled Rachel. “And we tried to beat his record. Doing it between lectures, trying to get in a quickie between ‘Eastenders’ and ‘Top Gear’. How many times in all?”

“Over the whole twenty four hours I think it was about twelve.”

“Nearly double Joe’s record.”

“Then he told us it didn’t count because he’d done it over twelve hours.” John laughed at the memory. “Rac? Can I ask you something?”

“Sure, anything. You know that.”

“Do you remember that night with Robbie and Karen.”

“You mean...”

“Yeah, that one. Did that... I mean. Oh, how can I put this. Was your going out with Robbie after you moved out of the flat, influenced by what happened that night?”

“Not really. We were all pretty drunk. I think he was just there at the right time, that’s all.”

“That night was pretty wild. Although I doubt it would have happened if not for the booze and the pot.”

“It was certainly a break from the norm, not that our sex life was normal.”

“I would have called it, Healthy,” said John.

“Healthy? Does that mean sex every night, sex in public places, sex..”

“That’s what it says in the magazines my sister reads.”

“She must read the same ones as me.”

John told her it was time to go, he dreaded getting the phone bill as it was. They said their goodbyes, and Rachel promised to phone him again soon. As he put the phone down, John looked at the clock, there was still time for him to phone Susan.

After that first night together John and Rachel’s relationship grew quickly. Their friends treated them as if they had always been a couple, and some even said that they were made for each other. John and Rachel certainly felt that way. Rachel often described John as her ‘Soul Mate’.

Summer came and they saw each other as often as they could. They both had to work so that meant weekends and a two week camping trip to Ireland.

When the new term started they moved out of the halls of residence and into a rented house, with four others. Two of John’s best friends, Robbie and James, and two girls that James knew from his course, Karen and Joanne.

Karen and Rachel quickly became very good friends, and along with Robbie and John they often went out as a foursome. It was obvious that Robbie and Karen had the hots for each other, but both were too shy to do anything about it, despite Rachel’s repeated matchmaking attempts.

One evening they went out to celebrate a friend’s birthday. It was a raucous night. They danced, drank and smoked pot. By the time the bar closed they were all blind drunk. In that condition, there was no taxi driver who would let them get in his cab, so they walked home. This sobered them up, but only a little. When they got home, the combination of the cool night air and the alcohol left them in an inhibition-less, but physically capable state.

They had the munchies and made some toast before going to watch a video in John and Rachel’s room. John and Rachel sat on the bed in each

others arms, while Robbie and Karen sat next to each other on the floor at the foot of the bed.

After half an hour of the film, Karen interrupted. "I'm bored. Why do we have to watch this crap?"

"Because," said Rachel, "Keanu's in it. That's reason enough."

"Just 'cause you like him. Why can't we watch a film with someone I like in it?"

"Karen, if you're bored, you could always go to bed."

"I'm not tired."

"Who said anything about sleeping. You didn't let me finish," said Rachel. "I was going to suggest that you take Robbie with you. I'm sure you could find something to do."

"Rachel!"

"What's wrong, Robbie?"

"I'm not going upstairs for that, thank you very much," said Karen.

"Well if you don't want him," said Rachel. "I might just take him upstairs and bonk him myself. You wouldn't mind would you, hon?"

"As long as I get to stay here and bonk Karen's brains out."

"That's settled then," said Rachel. "Come on Robbie, let's go."

No-one moved. It was a silly, drunken conversation and Rachel didn't mean anything by it. It was just another of her less than subtle attempts at matchmaking. They sat in silence concentrating on the movie.

"John," Rachel said presently. "If Karen is bored with this film, why don't we put on something more entertaining, if you know what I mean?"

"Rachel?"

"You know." She nudged his ribs as she spoke.

"Oh, that. I thought that those films were just for us."

"Which films?" Robbie asked.

"Are you sure?" John asked Rachel, ignoring Robbie.

"Yeah. It'll be fun."

"Okay. Robbie, can you open the bottom drawer in my desk please."

Robbie crawled on his hands and knees over to the desk and opened the draw.

"Inside there should be a couple of tapes with no labels on them. Put one of them on."

Robbie did as he was asked and returned to his seat next to Karen. The screen filled with a women being stuffed from both ends by two men with huge cocks.

“Wow,” said Robbie, his mouth wide open. “I didn’t know you had any of these J.”

“I got them of a chap I worked with over the summer. He gets ‘em in from Holland, and copied ‘em for me.”

“That’s disgusting,” said Karen.

“No it’s not,” said Rachel. “It’s sexy.”

“They really turn Rachel on,” said John. “She always gets really worked up watching them.”

“I don’t see how,” said Karen. The look of complete disgust on her face had changed to one of only slight disgust.

“You’re just having a typical catholic upbringing reaction. Sex is dirty and all that,” said John. “Just imagine it’s you on the screen, getting serviced by two well hung hunks.”

“Is it even legal?” asked Karen, her look of slight disgust changed to fascination.

“No,” said John. “At least not in this country. I told you , my mate gets them from Amsterdam.”

“So, you’re breaking the law by having it.”

“Technically, but they only go after the big fish. They’re not interested in someone like me with a couple of tapes for personal enjoyment. Besides, how many joints did you smoke this evening?”

“Just a half of one.”

“That’s still illegal.”

“Can you lend me one?” asked Robbie.

“I’ll do better than that. Get me a tape and I’ll make you a copy.”

Suddenly, Rachel moaned. Karen and Robbie turned around to see that Rachel had her eyes clamped shut, and had slid a hand under the waistband of her skirt. They couldn’t see any more than that because with her legs spread and bent at the knee, her skirt fell between them, obscuring what she was doing.

“She always does that if I ignore her,” said John. “Wannna see?”

Without waiting for an answer he gripped the hem of her skirt and slowly lifted it up, showing Robbie and Karen that Rachel’s hand was inside her knickers and rubbing her clit. Karen and Robbie stared,

transfixed. Rachel tipped her head back, leaning it against John's chest. She also gyrated her bum against the bulge that had formed in John's jeans.

John positioned her skirt so that the others had a clear view of her panty covered pussy, and moved his hands up to her tits. He cupped them through her blouse, then slipped his hands inside and under her bra. He fondled her breasts, squeezing them and playing with the nipples.

"Hhhmmm. That's nice," said Rachel, rolling her head from side to side.

This shook Karen from her trance. She turned to Robbie and said, "We should go, they obviously want to be alone."

"No," said John. "It's impolite to leave during the middle of a show."

Rachel was now rubbing herself quicker, and had slipped a single finger into her cunt.

"The polite thing to do," continued John. "Would be to join in."

Robbie was still transfixed by Rachel's actions, but Karen was getting a little flustered. "Don't be silly John. We can't join in, it's not right."

John pushed Rachel forward so that she was no longer leaning on him. "scuse me," he said as he clambered from behind her.

Rachel fell back against the headboard, her eyes still shut and her breathing rapid, heavy and littered with deep moans. John crawled down the bed to Robbie and Karen. Robbie moved from side to side until he could see past John.

John lined his face up with Karen. He looked into her eyes, trying to read how she felt. He sensed that she was quite turned on by the whole situation. He leaned forward and kissed her. She was apprehensive, but soon responded to the kiss, putting her arms around John's neck and pulling him to her.

Rachel opened her eyes and saw John and Karen kissing.

"Robbie," she said softly, beckoning him to her with her index finger. He stared at her, looking puzzled.

She pulled the gusset of her white panties aside, they were so wet now they were almost see-through.

"Your tongue goes here," she said. She pointed downwards.

Robbie leapt up and scrambled to bury his face in Rachel's mound. Rachel held his head in place and closed her eyes again as he flicked her clit. Robbie alternated between flicking and sliding his tongue along the length of her entrance, lapping up her juices.

Karen climbed up onto the bed and sat next to John. They were locked in a passionate embrace. John undid each of the buttons on her blouse as they kissed, then he slid it off her shoulders. He reached around and unclasped her bra, removing that too. He cupped her boobs. They felt slightly bigger than Rachel's, but he couldn't be sure. He broke off the kiss and bent down to take one of them into his mouth. He sucked in as much as he could, then let out all but the nipple, gently biting on it. It was Karen's turn to close her eyes. She moaned, surrendering herself to the pleasure. The XXX movie was came to an end, and the TV screen turned black.

Robbie's attentions, and her own work before that, meant that Rachel was nearing her climax. She thrust her hips against Robbie's face, holding him in place as tightly as she could. When she finally came, she screamed. Every muscle in her body tensed, and orgasmic waves ripped throughout her frame. When she had finished, Robbie looked up at her, his chin covered in her juices, and smiled.

Karen was far too busy to notice Rachel's pleasure. She knelt between John's naked legs, sucking vigorously on his cock. She worked it in and out of her mouth, using her tongue for extra stimulation each time she sucked it in.

"Careful," said Rachel, "get him too excited and he'll choke you. I have never been able to take it all into my mouth."

"Hhmm," said John. "Too big for you is it."

"No, I've just got a small mouth."

Karen took the cock from her mouth, "You mean you've never swallowed him whole. Watch this."

She changed the angle of her head and took John's cock back into her mouth. Slowly she lowered her head, taking in half of it before stopping and sliding back up again.

"Hah, I can take half of it in."

Karen waved a hand to indicate that she hadn't finished. She lowered herself onto him again, taking in more this time. She angled her head so that John's cock was going straight down her throat. Once more she lifted her head and lowered it again, this time taking all of John into her throat. She stayed with it lodged there, and Rachel applauded her effort.

"That's great Kas, you'll have to tell me how to do that."

Karen lifted her head from John's dick and said, "It's pretty easy, you just kind of open up your throat and let it slide down. You have to get the angle right though."

“Oh, Right. Robbie, get those clothes off, I want to try it.”

Robbie didn't hesitate, he hadn't had sex since 'fuck-a-fresher' week at the start of term, and right now he didn't care who Rachel was. He stripped off and Rachel pushed him onto his back. She took off her blouse, and her soaked knickers then knelt between Robbie's legs.

Karen watched Rachel lower her mouth over Robbie's erect dick. In one motion she took in half of it.

John watched too, with a twinge of jealousy despite the alcohol. From his position at the end of the bed John had a wonderful view of Rachel's arse sticking up in the air, begging to be fucked.

“Kas,” he said, “mind if I just fuck my baby while she's in this perfect position.”

Rachel overheard and lifted her head. “Yes! Come on baby, fuck me.”

Karen looked at him. “Yes, I mind! I've been sucking your dick and I'll be damned if I don't get a shag out of it.”

She pushed him back onto the bed and climbed on top of him, positioning herself above his statuesque prick. It was with pure lust that looked down at John. “It's been over a year since someone else made me come. Those freshers haven't got a clue.”

John reached up and gripped Karen's hips, holding her in mid-air, preventing her from impaling herself on him.

“Hold on, Kas.”

He shifted so that his head was between Rachel's legs.

“OK, now.” Slowly he lowered her down.

John's dick rubbed against Karen's pussy. She closed her eyes and sighed. John had fancied Karen as long as he had known her, but he never thought he'd get to fuck her.

Karen slowly lowered herself, relishing the way John's cock pushed open her lips, and slid into her waiting cunt.

Impatiently, John thrust all the way up into Karen, forcing the air out of her lungs as a small yelp. She sat on top of him, his cock lodged in her pussy, and moved her hips back and forth, rubbing her clit in John's pubic hair.

Rachel still sucked on Robbie's cock. His eyes were closed, and his head back on the pillow. Rachel jumped when she felt John's hot breath on her open pussy, swiftly followed quickly by his tongue.

Karen bounced on John's prick, and he worked his own personal magic on Rachel at the same time. John thought the whole thing was

surreal. At one end of the bed was Robbie's head, eyes closed while Rachel gave him a blowjob. John lay with his head between Rachel's legs, tonguing her pussy, and Karen bounced up and down on his prick.

Rachel came first, brought to her second orgasm by John's tongue. She sprayed her juices all over John's face, and that set him off. He emptied himself into Karen, which made Karen to come too. She screamed loudly, and all her muscles tensed. When her orgasm subsided, she collapsed on top of John and kissed him hard.

Rachel took Robbie's cock out of her mouth, and wanked it wildly.

"Come on Robbie," she said. "There's only you left." She stroked him until he came, shooting his cum over Rachel's face.

Exhausted, the four shifted around, so that John could hug Rachel, and Robbie lie next to Karen.

Karen was the first to wake the next morning. She looked around the room, and wondered where she was. When the realisation of what had happened hit her, she gasped in shock.

"Oh, my god. What did we do?" She scrambled around looking for her clothes and dressed in a hurry.

Her urgency woke the others. "This was a mistake," she said, her voice panicky. "A big mistake."

When she was reasonably dressed, she ran from the room, almost in tears. Robbie got up from the bed and found his own clothes.

"She's right you know," he said in a much more sombre tone. "It probably was a mistake."

He too dressed and left.

John looked at Rachel and said, "I'm sorry for bonking Karen."

"Hmm, I don't know if that's good enough."

"Well, you weren't exactly a good girl last night."

"But I didn't fuck him. I didn't have Robbie pumping away inside me and filling me with his spunk."

"I don't think any of us were in control last night, too much pot. I've always said that stuff was bad news."

"Lack of judgement through substance abuse is no excuse."

"Have you been reading Shelly's Law books again?"

They lay in each others arms, silently pondering the events of the previous night. Eventually, John got up and trotted into the kitchen to make breakfast for them both.

Karen was in the kitchen when he got there. They looked at each other. Karen left, tears welling up in her eyes. John quickly made breakfast and took it in to Rachel.

“I love you,” he said, when they had finished their cornflakes.

“That’s better, but you’ll still have to do something to make it up to me.” She pointed down to her crotch.

John slipped down Rachel’s body, tongue at the ready.

The weeks that followed were awkward. Karen avoided mentioning what happened, and the atmosphere in the house became frosty.

Eventually, Karen moved out. Robbie seemed to handle it better, he and John discussed it and they agreed to forget it had happened.

John and Rachel seemed to grow closer because of the incident, but neither of them wanted to do anything like that again.

After he returned her call, John and Rachel spoke on the telephone regularly. They became comfortable with each other once again, and slowly began to trust each other.

John found himself telling Rachel things he couldn’t tell Susan, which disturbed him. He’d never taken the relationship with Susan all that seriously, but he knew that he owed her a great deal.

They had met when John was at a low point, and she had been there for him to lean on. He couldn’t imagine life without Susan, but not because of deep feelings of love, as he had had with Rachel. He felt comfortable with Susan, he could depend on her.

John decided not to tell Susan about his telephone relationship with Rachel. He feared her reaction. He feared her leaving. But Rachel that changed his mind.

“You’re not being fair to her you know.”

“How so?”

Rachel paused then said, “I suppose it’s as if your cheating on her.”

“That’s what she’ll think too. And then she’ll walk out on me. And before you say anything, that wouldn’t be a good thing. I need her right now, I couldn’t be on my own.”

“You wouldn’t be alone John. You’ve got me, I’ll always be her for you to talk to.”

“Thanks Rac, but you’re a hundred miles away. As much as I’d love it, they invented a way to get a hug over the phone.”

“You’ve got a car don’t you?”

“Yeah.”

“So drive down and get a hug.”

“A six hour round trip just for a hug? Costly, but not a bad idea.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously. I’m free this weekend, I could come down to you.”

“This would be great!”

“Wouldn’t it just.”

“You have to tell her,” Rachel said as she lay naked next to John.

“I don’t want to risk it.”

“Just tell her that we talk on the phone as freinds, nothing more.”

“What about the truth?”

“What’s the truth? You came down for a visit and we got carried away.”

“Carried away? For six straight hours?”

“Carried away.”

“I don’t know Rac I mean, what she’s doesn’t now, she can’t get upset about.”

“If you don’t tell her, and she ever finds out, she’ll be even more upset that you lied about it.”

“I suppose....”

“Tell her. If she cares about you as much as I think she does, she’ll accept our friendship as just that. If she doesn’t, you’re better off without her.”

“Okay. Okay. I’ll think about it.”

The following weekend John told Susan everything. She didn't take it very well.

"How long have you been up to this?"

"I haven't been up to anything. I just been talking on the phone with an old friend."

"An old friend? Old girlfriend you mean."

"Same difference."

"No! Not the same. Very, very different. When you talk to an old friend on the phone you're not thinking about how it felt to lie next to her in bed, or what it felt like to ..."

"Felt like what?"

"You know."

"What?"

"What it felt like to fuck her." Susan went slightly red in the face.

"That isn't what I think about."

"How do I know? How do I know that when we're, you know, doing it, you're not thinking about being with her?"

"I swear that I'm not. We've spoken about the past a few times, but mostly it's just about life now, you know."

"What could you talk to her about that you can't talk to me about?"

"I don't know, just stuff."

"Stuff?" Susan was starting to get really annoyed. "I don't think I can be around you right now." She picked her coat up off John's bed and stormed out of the room.

"I'll call you when you've had time to calm down." said John.

Susan paused on her way down the stairs. "No John. I'll... call... you."

"So what did she say?" Rachel asked.

John sighed into the receiver. "It's all over."

"I'm sorry."

"She couldn't handle the idea of me just talking to you. Good job I didn't tell her about the other weekend."

“Very good job.”

They spoke for a while longer. When John said he had to go, Rachel had a surprise for him.

“I’ve sent you a letter.”

“A letter? I am honoured. What’s it say?”

“You’ll See.”

John tore open the letter when it arrived the next day. There were two pieces of paper inside. One appeared to be a cutting from a newspaper. The other was a hand written note, in Rachel’s elegant script.

John, There was an ad in this weekend’s Chronicle that I thought you might find interesting.

John looked again at the cutting. A small ad was circled. It was for a job. A Job perfect for John. He smiled. Maybe. Just maybe.

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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