



Private Party

Marc Nobbs

MARC NOBBS

**PRIVATE
PARTY**

**P A R K L A N D
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Parkland Publishing

Northampton, UK

Published 2008 by Parkland Publishing

Text © 2008 Mark Everitt writing as Marc Nobbs

Cover art © 2008 Mark Everitt

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For anyone who's ever tried...

Paul woke with morning wood, which was nothing unusual, especially if he'd been talking to—or even just been in the same room as—the lovely Angela Sinclair before going to bed. Angela was, literally, his dream girl. And his dreams about her were always *extremely* detailed.

He didn't know what he found so appealing about Angela. It might have been her eyes, which were the very definition of come-to-bed eyes, or it might have been her sweetly innocent—and, at the same time, devilishly nasty—smile. Or was it her deliciously wicked sense of humour and downright dirty laugh? Of course, her being hot as hell might have had something to do with it, too.

Paul tried hard to hold on to his rapidly fading dream. All he managed to retain was a vision of Angela's naked breasts. He'd never actually seen them completely naked, but he'd been in the front row when she won a wet tee-shirt contest at the campus nightclub. He tried to imagine how it would feel to suck on her nipples or slide his cock between her boobs. His hand went instinctively to his erection. He'd managed only a few long, languid strokes before someone banged on his door.

“Paul! Get your lazy arse out of bed, mate.”

“Fuck off, Jack! I'm busy.”

“Yeah, right. Doing what? Watching porn and wanking? Get the fuck up, will you? It's nearly midday, and we've got to go down Tesco and stock up for the party.”

Jack lived in the room next to Paul. They had been best friends from the day they moved in to the hall of residence on the university campus. The party he was referring to was to celebrate Paul's birthday. Paul reluctantly let go of his stiffy and forced himself out of bed. He grabbed a towel and unlocked the door. “Is it okay with you if I have a shower before we go?”

Jack wafted his hand in front of his nose. “That's a good idea, mate. You smell like that pub we ended up in last night. Not nice.”

The shower was agony. Paul saw Angela head into the communal bathroom before him. She was wearing a short, red satin robe that only just covered her curvy arse. He took the cubicle next to hers, and the thought of her naked, soap-covered body under the shower with only a thin plasterboard wall between them kept him painfully hard. He'd have finished himself off there and then if he hadn't been so scared that she'd hear him.

Just under an hour later, Paul and Jack were in the vast drinks section of the local superstore. They already had two large trolleys chock-full of crates of the supermarket's cheap, own-brand bitter, lager and cider, and they were trying to decide which spirits, if any, to buy.

"If we're going to get whisky and vodka and stuff, we really should get a brand name. At least we know it'll be half-decent."

"Jack, do I look like a fucking connoisseur? Or like I'm made of money? This party's costing me enough as it is. Just get the cheapest shit they've got."

Jack picked up a few bottles and put them in the trolley.

"You can put that back." Paul pointed at the collection of bottles.

"Put what back?"

"The tequila. I hate that stuff."

"So don't drink it. The girls asked me to get it especially."

"Which girls?"

"Angela, for one."

Paul grunted and nodded. "Oh. All right, then."

They wheeled the trolleys to the checkout. While they were waiting in the queue, Jack asked, "So, are you finally going to get off with her tonight, or what?"

"Get off with who?"

Jack rolled his eyes. "Who? For fuck's sake, I was talking about Angela. You know—the girl you've fancied like, forever. The fittest bird in the hall. Legs like one of Girls Aloud, arse like Kylie in the 'Spinning Around' video, and tits the size of watermelons—"

"They aren't that big."

"All right, maybe not watermelons, but they aren't exactly vanilla muffins either, are they? You can't deny you wouldn't love to get your hands on them. I know I would."

"I don't know. Don't you think she's a bit out of my league?"

"Yeah, right. We're not in fucking secondary school now, you know. These girls are smart, and they're in to big-brained bastards, not meatheads with muscles. And you're the biggest-brained bastard I know."

Paul smiled. "You reckon?"

“Fuck, yeah. I tell you what—you play your cards right, and I’d be willing to bet you wake up next to Angela tomorrow morning. Or, if not Angela, some other fucking hottie.”

During the next few moments, Paul considered this. His funny little smile gave away his train of thought.

“Mind you,” said Jack. “She’s been around the block a bit, hasn’t she?”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Well, she’s not exactly virginal, is she? I mean, they don’t call her Kit-Kat for nothing, do they?”

“Kit-Kat?”

Jack held up his hand, tucked his thumb behind his palm and waved at Jack. “You can get four fingers in her twat, mate,” he said with a grin. “Four fucking fingers.”

It turned out to be a pretty normal party by their own outrageous standards. It was loud—there were two competing stereo systems at either end of the corridor, both playing at full blast—and alcohol-fuelled. They started slowly on cans of cheap supermarket beer and cider, but someone had opened the equally cheap and nasty vodka and tequila within a couple of hours.

Paul and Jack spent the evening trying out cheesy chat-up lines and collecting kisses from the female students. Jack pushed it too far with one of them and got a vodka-and-Coke thrown over his crotch. While Jack nipped back to his room to change his jeans, Paul started on the tequila. Paul and tequila had a history—to say they didn’t get along particularly well was an understatement of titanic proportions. Mortal enemies would be a better description. Normally, he didn’t touch the stuff, but Angela and two of her friends were slamming, and they invited him to join in.

“Beat all three of us and I’ll snog you,” she offered.

Paul was never one to turn down a challenge anyway, but this time the prize on offer was *definitely* worth having. He tried to act cool, gulped down his nerves and said, “And if one of you beat me?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know. We’ll think of something, won’t we girls? Best two out of three?”

“Okay, you’re on.”

Three glasses of the evil firewater later, Paul and Angela were sitting on her bed, four rooms down from his, and he was cleaning her tonsils with his tongue. She tasted as good as he had imagined—like strawberries and vanilla ice-cream sprinkled with cinnamon. He had one hand on the back of her head and fondled her boobs with the other. When they eventually came up for air, all Paul could do was sit and stare.

Say something clever, said the voice in his head that had been drinking orange juice all night. *This might be your only chance. Say something witty. Make it memorable.*

“Angela, you’re fucking gorgeous, you know?”

Is that the best you could come up with? Fucking hell, I’m putting in for a transfer.

Angela stared back at him, her eyes twinkling like sapphires. She shook her head and her black hair fell around her shoulders. “You really think so?”

I can’t believe this. Worst line you’ve ever used, and it might actually work. Don’t fuck this up!

“God, yeah. You’re fucking top-drawer.”

Angela’s smile widened. “I thought gentlemen preferred blondes?”

Careful. Careful. “Oh, they do.” *Fuck! You’ve fucked it up, moron!* “But I’m no gentleman.” *Ohhhh, good save!*

“That’s good. ’Cause I’m no lady, either.” She threw herself at him, locking her lips to his. This time it was Paul’s tonsils that got cleaned. The little fella in his boxers sprang to life—at least brewer’s droop wasn’t going to be a problem.

Their passionate embrace was so intense that they could only manage a short session. When she sat back to catch her breath, Paul said, “My God, Angela. I’ve fancied you since the first time I saw you. I said to myself, ‘Paul, that’s one fit bird.’ And you are. You’re the fittest bird on campus.”

Angela grinned. Paul’s inner voice sighed with relief. *I can’t believe you got away without a slap for that one. She must be really drunk.*

“Awwww, that’s sweet. Why did you wait so long to say anything?”

Like a true stud, Paul shrugged. “Dunno. Just didn’t.”

An awkward silence followed. *You’ve blown it*, screamed Paul’s increasingly annoying inner teetotaller. Angela suddenly leaped off the

bed and ran towards the door. Paul's little fella was little again as he prepared to beat a humble retreat.

"Back in a sec," she said. "Don't go nowhere."

Like we've got anywhere to go.

Paul counted each of the agonising forty-eight seconds that she was gone. He half expected her to return with her friends and start laughing at him. He cursed Jack for persuading him to give up smoking—he could do with a fag.

Angela bounced back into the room with a bottle of tequila in her hand. She slammed the door shut with her foot, jumped on the bed beside Paul, and grinned. It was devilish, seductive, cheeky, drunken and downright horny.

I've seen that type of grin before. She's about to get nasty. Wey-hey!

She dropped the bottle on the bed between them. It was empty.

"What's going on?" Paul asked.

I can guess! I can guess!

"Duh! Strip Spin-the-Bottle."

"What?"

"Don't tell me you haven't played before, because everyone has. We take it in turns to spin the bottle, and whoever it points at takes off an item of clothing."

Just nod, agree and get on the floor so we can play. But do it slowly. Don't make any sudden moves.

"Are you serious?" Paul had given up listening to the voice.

"Do you want me to be?"

Yes! Please be serious. Serious is good.

Paul nodded.

"Excellent. I'll go first." She grabbed the bottle and slipped onto the floor. "Come on. Down here. We can't spin it on the bed." Paul joined her. She put the bottle between them and spun it hard. When it stopped, it was pointing towards the bed.

"It's closest to you," Angela yelled. "Lose the shirt."

Damn! Oh, well—better luck next time. We have to play fair—strip.

He pulled his shirt off over his head and lobbed it across the room. It was his turn to spin.

Take it easy—don't spin it too hard or you'll have no control over where it stops. Nice and gentle.

Paul took his inner voice's advice. He prayed the bottle would point at her when it came to rest. It didn't. Paul kicked off his shoes.

Bugger! That was useless. You're useless. We're never going to get to see her tits.

"Yes!" Angela punched the air. "Excellent. At this rate, you'll be naked, and I won't even have lost my socks."

Angela's next spin finished pointing straight at her. Paul threw his hands up. "Direct hit! I reckon that's worth two."

Nice one! Wish I'd thought of that.

"You're on, buddy." Angela slipped off her trainers and her socks.

That's cheating!

"Hey, no fair. I lost my shirt first."

"That's only 'cause I wanted to check out your bod, and see if it's worth my while. Don't worry—I'm sure you'll see the goods soon enough."

We'd better, or I'm putting in for that transfer again.

Angela was right. A few spins later, and she sat in just her skirt and knickers, preparing to spin the bottle again. Paul was down to just his boxer shorts and they were doing a very bad job of hiding his boner. Angela gripped the bottle and spun it with force. Paul noticed that her eyes were fixed on his crotch. "I hope it's you this time," she said. "He looks like he wants to be set free."

Yep! Let's get him out in the open and then we can play Hide the Sausage.

The bottle seemed to spin for ages. Paul held his breath. When the bottle stopped, it was pointing at the same spot that Angela's eyes had been focused.

"Yes! Get 'em off. Get 'em off." The way Angela bounced in delight made her breasts jiggle in the most enticing way. Paul had trouble tearing his eyes from them. He managed when she leaned forward and reached for his waistband.

"Hey! What are you doing?"

Just shut up and let her get on with it!

"You didn't look like you were going to play properly, so I decided to help. That okay?"

“Okay? Sure, that’s okay.” Paul knelt so that she had better access. Angela yanked his shorts down, and his cock sprang free. She caught it in her mouth. That was almost enough to hit Paul’s jackpot by itself. She moaned and made his cock vibrate. He gasped. His breathing was heavy. Even in his dreams, she hadn’t been this good. And then she stopped. “Hmmm, tasty. Perhaps I can get some more later. But we have to finish the game first.”

Bugger! We were so damn close!

Paul was still breathing heavily when she sat back, wiped her mouth with her finger and winked at him. “My turn,” she said as she spun the bottle once more.

“Wait,” said Paul, “I’ve already lost. I’m starkers! What happens if it lands on me again?”

Good question. I hope there’s a good answer too.

Angela shrugged. “Dunno. Guess I’ll have to think of a forfeit.”

Yep. Good answer. I can suggest a forfeit or two.

The bottle slowed to a stop.

“Hmmm...” Angela tapped her chin with her finger. “A forfeit. I wonder... What would be fitting? Oh, I know.” She stood up and whipped her knickers down from underneath her skirt. They joined the rest of their clothes in a pile on the floor. “I think you’ll like this,” she said, before leaping onto the bed.

I like! I like!

She hitched her skirt up around her waist, lay back and opened her legs. Paul grinned. He had an idea of what was coming—or rather, who would soon be coming.

“Eat me!” she commanded. “Eat me, and make me come.” She pulled her pussy lips apart. Paul’s eyes nearly popped out of his head.

Well, what are you waiting for? A written invitation? Get stuck in, lad.

Paul dashed across to the bed and dived into her honey pot before she changed her mind. He lapped at her nectar like a dog at a water-bowl on a hot day.

You’re doing it all wrong. Too much tongue. Slow down. My God, you’re useless.

Angela wasn’t complaining. She purred like a kitten and held his head in her hands. “Clit,” she panted. “Suck my clit.”

Do as she says. Do absolutely anything she says. Maybe you're not so useless after all.

Her sweet and spicy scent filled his nostrils and set his whole body alight with desire. He sought out her clit with his tongue. Once he'd located it, he tickled it, then bit it gently, and finally sucked it best he could. Angela moaned and shifted her hips. She pulled his head tighter against her and arched her back. Her legs were over his shoulders and her feet rubbed against his back.

Paul pulled her pussy lips further apart with his fingers and pushed his tongue into her sweet, pink cavern. He wiggled his tongue about as much as he could, then started fucking her with it. Angela panted his name and pushed her hips towards him, as if trying to get more of him inside her.

Use your fingers. You'll get them in deeper.

First one finger. Then two. He slid them in and out slowly, stopping to tease her clit with his thumb when he was knuckle deep. Her pussy was soft and warm and glistened with her ever-increasing desire. She gasped each time he forced his fingers back in and moaned as they retracted.

“Hmmm, that's so nice,” she said.

If she thinks that's nice, try that thing Jack told us about.

Paul removed one finger from her cunt, but pushed the other as far into her as he could. He wiggled his finger inside her, rubbed her clit with his thumb and blew gently on her pussy. She sighed long and low. He lifted his head to see her reaction. Her eyes were closed and her mouth wide open. She massaged her breast and pulled on the nipple with one hand.

Time to bring her home! And make it quick so we can plunge something else into that pussy.

Paul finger fucked her rapidly and licked her clit. She didn't last long.

“OhmyfuckingGod! OhmyfuckingGod! Yes! Yes!” She went silent, and her whole body tensed as the orgasm rocked through her. She arched her back, forcing her head into the bed and lifting up her hips. Then she collapsed like a rag-doll. While she recovered, Paul lapped her pussy gently from one end to the other, and kept slowly fucking her with two fingers.

Angela lifted her head and tried to sit up, but this forced Paul's fingers deeper into her. She collapsed again. Her breathing increased in tempo and depth. She moaned again and shifted her hips.

You know, I reckon she'll soon come again if you keep this up. Go for it.

“Give me your fingers,” she said, breathlessly. “I want to taste them. I want to taste me.”

He removed his fingers from her with an audible pop and held them up for her to suck clean. Her pussy lips were red and swollen and stayed slightly open. He bent his head and slipped his tongue into her. She gasped. Encouraged, he covered her pussy with his mouth and slipped his tongue inside her. He sucked her lips and probed her with his tongue.

His fingers fell from her mouth as she started panting again. He mauled her breast—squeezing it and pulling at her nipple while still French-kissing her cunt. She rotated her hips as if trying to kiss him back.

I have an idea. Shall we see if Jack was right about the Kit-Kat thing?

Paul replaced his tongue with two fingers. Two fingers quickly became three. A few thrusts later, and her pussy stretched to accommodate a fourth finger.

A-ha! I don't believe it.

Paul's cock was aching, but, as much as wanted to sink it into her, there was something he had to try. Something he'd never done before. He didn't even know if it was possible. He folded his thumb so that it too slipped inside her, stretching her pussy even more.

Hang on. Where did you come up with that?

“Ow! Ow! Oh, my God! What are you doing?” She lifted her head, but Paul knew she wouldn't be able to see. “Ow! That hurts, Paul. Ow! Are you trying to do what I think... Ohhhh, yes. Go on—fill me up, you bastard.”

Half his hand was now pumping in and out of Angela's slick cunt. On each inward stroke, he rubbed hard against her clit. Her breath came in short, sharp bursts and she muttered constantly. She rolled her hips as if helping him. It was now or never. He adjusted the angle of his hand and applied a little more pressure on the next inward stroke. A little more pressure. A little more force. She held herself up on her hands, and he looked her in the eye. Those baby-blues widened and her mouth opened as her pussy stretched over the widest part of his hand. She clenched her mouth shut, gritted her teeth and shook her head. He eased forwards into her and her lips closed around his wrist.

“OhmyfuckingGod,” she said. “It’s... I don’t believe... It can’t... Ohhhh, fuck... Yes!” Her eyes glazed over, her body shook, and her cunt spasmed around his hand as another orgasm wracked her. It seemed to last forever. Her head fell back onto the bed, and she shook and twitched.

Cor blimey, guv’nor. Now that’s impressive. Nice one, son.

Only when she was still did Paul try to move his hand. He pulled it out slowly. “Oh, oh, oh. Be careful. Oh, that’s... Careful.”

When his hand was free, a flood of her juices followed. He lent forwards and lapped up as much as he could before she pushed him away.

“No more.” She shook her head. “No more. I can’t take any more.”

Paul sat back on his heels and watched her as she struggled to sit. He held out a hand and pulled her up. She looked exhausted, but satisfied. She gradually caught her breath and said, “Jesus! That was amazing. I didn’t even know it would fit. Wow!”

Paul grinned. He had finally silenced his inner voice. “Me neither.”

“You’re a real dark horse, aren’t you?” She laughed and shook her head. Her eyes fixed on his hard cock. It twitched and throbbed. The head was soaked with sticky clear pre-come. “You must be dying to come. But you’ll have to settle for another blowjob, I’m afraid. I can’t take any more down here. Unless you want me to call one of my mates? I’m sure someone’ll oblige.”

Paul shook his head.

“Didn’t think so.” She slipped off the bed and crawled on all fours towards him. She opened her mouth wide, held his cock in one hand and gobbled him up. Her mouth was warm and wet on his cock—just like her pussy had been on his hand. She moaned from the back of her throat and he could feel it in his cock. He groaned back.

She clamped her lips tightly around his shaft and drew them back and forth. He tried to grab her head because he was close to home and wanted control, but she wasn’t going to allow that. She held his hands at his side and sucked him harder. He tried to thrust against her, but couldn’t—it didn’t feel natural while she held his arms still.

She wasn’t only moving her head. Her teeth scraped his head and shaft on the way in, and she sucked hard and ran her tongue against him on the way out. Paul could feel the pressure rising. One more stroke. Two more. Three. Four.

“I’m ready,” he warned. “I swear, I’m coming.” She smiled as his semen erupted from his cock and filled her mouth. He pushed his dick forward and it bumped her throat, making her gag. She quickly pulled away from him as he spurting again. She had just enough time to close her eyes before they were splattered with come. A third squirt landed on her chin.

With her eyes closed and her mouth open, she leaned forwards in search of his cock. She sucked and licked it clean as it wilted. He expelled all the air from his lungs in a long sigh. He looked down at her. She was strangely beautiful with her face covered in his come. He wiped it from her eyes so that she could open them again.

“Don’t waste it,” she said as he made to wipe his finger on his leg. She grabbed his hand and licked it clean. It was the same hand he’d had inside her. “Still tastes of me. How cool is that?” Semen dripped from her chin and landed on her breast as she giggled. She scooped it onto her finger and ate that too. She stood and giggled some more. “You were dying for that, weren’t you? Jesus, you nearly drowned me.”

Paul nodded. He was dizzy and light-headed from his orgasm. In truth, he was still shocked by the whole thing. One minute he’d been slamming tequila with Angela and her friends, the next he had his whole hand inside her cunt. And, soon after that, he’d covered her face in come. It was surreal—almost like one of his dreams. His cock shrank back to its flaccid state, and he wondered what was next. Where was his inner voice when he needed it?

Angela opened a drawer in her bedside cabinet and pulled out a packet of cigarettes. She held the packet out to him. “You still quit?”

He nodded. “Yep. Six weeks now.”

“Good for you. But I bet you could use one now, huh?” She opened the packet but it was empty. “Bugger. I bet that bitch Stacey nicked my last one.” She shrugged. “Oh, well, I’m damned if I’m going out there to look for one. I’m not that desperate—yet.”

She sat on the bed and patted the spot next to her. “But maybe not there,” she said. “It’s the wet patch.” She scooted up towards the headboard. Paul sat next to her and put his hand on her thigh.

“Not tonight, sweetie. I think you stretched me out too much. Perhaps in the morning.”

“Morning?”

“What? Don’t think you’re leaving me alone tonight after that. I need to cuddle.” She stood and retrieved a towel and her red satin robe from

the wardrobe. “But I’m going for a shower first. I think I need one. God knows what I must smell like. Stale sweat, pussy and come.”

“It’s sexy,” said Paul. “Like you.”

“That,” she said, “is the corniest line you’ve come out with all night. And you’ve come out with some corny ones. Lucky for you, I’ve fancied you for ages. Get in bed—I won’t be long.” She blew him a kiss as she left the room.

Paul lay back on the bed, aware that he was grinning like a fool. He was asleep before Angela returned. It was after nine the next morning when he woke. As usual, he had morning wood. Angela was standing in front of him in a short yellow summer dress.

“Hmmm. As tempting as that looks...” She pointed to the tent his cock had made in the covers. “We’ve got lectures, and you’re going to be late if you don’t hurry up.”

He sat up and smiled. “My God. So last night wasn’t a dream.”

“Nope. And I think I’m still stretched out to prove it. Should be back to normal by tonight though. Maybe then we can do it in the traditional way. Unless you’ve got any other bright ideas?”

This woke up Paul’s inner-voice. *Nothing springs to mind right now, but I’m sure we’ll think of something.*

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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