

A photograph of a muscular man in profile, shirtless, looking down. He is positioned on the right side of the frame. The background is a red and blue patterned fabric, possibly a flag. The title 'Measuring Up' is written in a large, white, cursive font with a drop shadow, positioned in the upper left quadrant.

Measuring Up

A banner with a red and blue patterned background, featuring the name 'Marc Nobbs' written in white cursive script. The banner has a slight 3D effect and is positioned at the bottom of the image.

Marc Nobbs

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Something About Bob

Marc Nobbs

MEASURING UP

P A R K L A N D

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www.marcnobbs.com

For Middle England

“Good night, Bob, Maggie. Thanks for a lovely evening. The food was wonderful.” I didn’t mean a word of it, especially the bit about the food.

“Yes, lovely evening,” said Susan. I immediately recognised the phoney voice that my wife reserved for her estate agency’s most awkward customers.

We stood on the doorstep and shook hands with our hosts, then walked down the driveway to where Tom and Annie waited for us in their car. Susan and I clambered into the back seat, Tom started the car, and we pulled away.

Tom and I had been best friends for more than five years. We’d worked on several projects together, and our wives had become best friends, too.

“Well,” I said. “That has to be the most boring dinner party I’ve been to this century.”

“Mike! Don’t be so horrible,” said Annie. “Bob and Maggie tried really hard tonight.”

“Come on, Darling,” said Tom. “You can’t tell me you had fun.”

“I might have done. At least nobody told any dirty jokes, like they usually do.” She turned around to glare at me.

I held my hands against my chest. “I’m positively offended, Annie. I never tell dirty jokes.”

Susan playfully thumped my arm. “Stop teasing her, Mike. You tell dirty jokes every opportunity you get. It’s one of your many talents.”

“Oh? And what are my other talents?”

Susan giggled. “You know what they are.” She leaned across to kiss me. Annie turned to face the front of the car, blushing.

Tom caught us kissing in his rear view mirror. “Please, you two—get a room.”

“We’ve got one, thanks,” I said. “And if you put your foot down and get us home, we can make good use of it.”

Annie must have been really mortified now—even the backs of her ears had gone red. “Now look,” said Tom. “You’ve embarrassed my poor, innocent wife.”

Everyone, including Annie, laughed. Annie’s embarrassment over anything remotely sexual was a constant source of amusement for rest of us. I freely admit that seeing Annie’s face turn beetroot-red was one of the main reasons for my dirty jokes at dinner parties.

“Where are we going next Saturday?” Susan asked.

“Jack Hutton’s,” said Tom. “He’s working on a new project with Mike and me. We’re the only ones invited. He said he wants to get to know us.”

“Jack’s a good laugh,” I said. “It should be fun.”

“Well, it can’t be any worse than tonight,” said Susan. “Maggie gave me the recipe she used for tonight’s curry. I’ll be filing it under *How Not to Cook*.”

“Don’t be horrible, Sue,” said Annie. “She tried her best.”

“Why do we always end up at dinner parties on Saturday nights?” I asked. “They’re the bane of my life.”

“There was an article about it in *The Times* last weekend,” said Susan. “They called dinner parties ‘the plague of middle class suburbia in Blair’s Britain’.”

“Damn straight,” I said. “I don’t understand it. Everybody hates them, but we still go. Why?”

“Human curiosity,” said Annie. “We want to see how other people live.”

“And reassure ourselves that our taste is better than theirs,” said Tom. “Then we throw our own because we want everyone to see the trappings of our success.”

“I get you,” I said. “Take Bob. He used to run around in a shabby old convertible when he was younger. Always had the top down, even in winter, and the stereo playing full blast. He was a right nutter. But this evening he spent nearly an hour extolling the virtues of his new conservatory.”

“Well, conservatories are one of the best ways to add value to a property,” said Susan. “Which is vital in today’s slow market.”

“Shut up, Miss Property Expert,” I said.

“I was only offering the benefit of my vast knowledge.”

“You were showing off.”

“Well, yeah. That too. Did I mention we’re up for the East of England Estate Agent of the Year award?”

“Once or twice,” said Tom.

“Anyway,” Susan continued. “Maggie is as bad as Bob. You never used to see her in any other outfit than her micro-mini and white stilettos. Now she’s the model of a respectable housewife. She kept

going on about her new Dyson.” Susan put on a fake, high-pitched voice. ““Oh, it’s so wonderful—picks up so much more than my old vacuum. James Dyson is a genius’. I swear, you’d think she was best friends with the man.”

“I wish I had a Dyson,” said Annie.

“Trouble is,” said Tom, “Once you’re on the dinner party carousel, you can’t get off. Each invitation has to be reciprocated, and each party you throw results in still more invitations to still more dinner parties. It’s a vicious circle.”

“An endless merry-go-round of idle chitchat, experimental cooking and New World wines,” I said. “Why can’t we just go to the cinema one Saturday night instead? *Harry Potter* opens soon—I’d like to see that.”

“Look at these houses, Mike. Aren’t they lovely? All chocolate-boxy,” Susan said as I drove through the village. “Houses like these are so easy to sell. They fly off the books.”

“They’re very nice, Sweet Pea. But isn’t it expensive around here? I know that Jack and Gabby paid more for their house than we did.”

“Well, you’re paying for the postcode, really. Potter’s Lodge is an impressive address for your headed notepaper.”

“What number is it?”

“Fifty-seven.”

“Here’s Forty-nine... Fifty-one... There it is. That’s Jack’s car on the driveway.” The black Mercedes was parked alongside a new Ford Focus. A blue BMW was parked on the road. “Looks like Tom and Annie are already here.”

I parked behind Tom’s car and then we trotted up the driveway. Susan clutched a bottle of red wine. I carried a six-pack of Carlsberg. Jack greeted us at the door before we’d even had a chance to knock. “Evening, Mike. And this must be the lovely Susan?”

I nodded.

Jack took Susan’s hand in his and kissed it. “It’s a pleasure, at last. I’ve heard so much about you.”

“All good, I hope,” she said with a wry smile and a wink in my direction.

“Of course,” I replied.

Jack gave us the halfpenny tour of the ground floor. Susan took particular note of the magnificent Aga in the kitchen. The tour finished in the lounge, where Tom and Annie were chatting with a dark-haired woman.

“Gabby, this is Mike and Susan Towers.”

Gabby stood and offered her hand. “Nice to meet you.”

“Likewise,” I said.

“It’s a lovely house you have here,” said Susan. “I’ve seen a lot in this area, and this is definitely one of the nicest. I love the Aga. I’ve always wanted a big country cooker like that, but you need a big country kitchen to go with it. You don’t get that in loft apartments like ours.”

“Oh, they’re wonderful. Come on, I’ll show you.” Gabby dragged Susan away to show off her cooker. I watched my wife leave. She looked as fabulous as ever in a white blouse and black skirt. Her blonde curls cascaded down her back and bouncing as she moved.

“Beautiful wife you have, Mike,” said Jack. “Three beautiful women in my house at one time. I don’t think it’s ever happened before.”

Annie blushed. I knew she wasn’t used to compliments—it was usually Susan, with her lean body and long legs, who got all the attention when they were together. Jack offered me a drink and topped up Tom and Annie’s glasses. It was like every other dinner party I’d ever been to. The main topic of conversation was the upcoming general election. Not the politics, heaven forbid. That would have been far too interesting. We talked about the media coverage instead, and how the campaign seemed somehow less exciting than previous ones. The conversations were just as banal over dinner. Jack, Tom and I discussed our upcoming project. Our wives tutted their disapproval of ‘shop talk’ and did their best to steer us in another direction.

“This lamb is wonderful, Gabby,” said Susan. “You must let me have the recipe.” She was right—it was fabulous. Although I doubted Susan would be able to do it justice.

“It’s a Gordon Ramsey. I’ll lend you the book if you like. Actually, there’s not much too it. As he keeps saying on the telly, use fresh ingredients and then keep it simple.”

“All these vegetables are from the garden,” said Jack, “I only picked them this afternoon. You can’t get much fresher than that. And according to the butcher, this lamb was frolicking in a field in Snowdonia just last weekend.”

The dessert was simply heavenly—homemade apple and blackberry pie. The fruit was also from the garden. The six of us polished off three and a half bottles of wine during the meal, and we boys enjoyed a couple of bottles of Carlsberg each too.

“Shall we go through to the lounge, lads?” Jack asked after we’d all finished eating. “I’ve got a bottle of twenty-year-old Scotch that I’ve been looking for an excuse to open. Picked it up last summer on the Isle of Oban.”

“Sounds good to me,” I said.

“Aren’t you driving?” Gabby asked.

“No,” said Tom. “We’ve booked a couple of Scooter-men.”

“Those guys with the foldable scooters?” Jack asked.

“Yep,” I said. “They stick the scooter in the boot and then drive you home. It’s cheaper than hiring a taxi, and at least you know where the stains on your own back seat have come from.”

“Mike! That’s disgusting,” said Annie in her usual shocked tone.

“What’s disgusting? I was talking about beer and ketchup stains. I can’t help it if you have a dirty mind.” Annie went bright red.

“Stop teasing her, Mike,” said Susan.

“Yeah, stop teasing,” said Gabby. “Or one of these days someone might just get their own back.”

In the lounge, Jack poured Tom and me a glass of fine single malt. The women had vodka cocktails. Gabby and Jack were very easy to get along with. Probably because of the amount we’d all had to drink, the conversation got increasingly racy. Gabby told us about an affair that one of her co-workers was supposed to be having, which prompted Tom to fill Jack in on all the affairs in our office over the past few years. Susan lapped it up. Annie sat quietly, looking as embarrassed as she always did when the conversation turned to sex.

“Mike, I’ve heard you tell the dirtiest jokes in the office,” said Jack.

“He’s got a filthy mouth,” said Annie. She gave me a look that clearly said she didn’t want her evening spoiled by one of my jokes.

“And he uses it for more than just jokes, I can tell you,” said Susan. She and Gabby burst into a fit of schoolgirl giggles—something they’d been doing all night.

Annie wore her best ‘offended mother’ look. “Do you have to be so crude, Susan?”

“Who’s being crude?” Susan said. “I meant he’s a good orator. It must be your dirty mind again.” Annie blushed. Susan and Gabby giggled again.

“Ignore them, Mike,” said Jack. “I want to hear one of these jokes.”

“Yeah,” said Gabby. “The dirtier the better.”

“Tell ’em the one about the priest,” said Susan.

“I haven’t heard that one,” said Tom. “Is it new?”

I nodded. “A friend e-mailed to me a couple of weeks ago. I’ve been saving it for the right occasion.”

I rolled up my sleeves and launched into the joke. It was about a priest with an overly large cock. He couldn’t get laid because girls took one look at his todger and ran away in fear. My joke-telling technique can be awful, especially after a few drinks. Unfortunately, booze makes me think I’m a *Comedy Club* headliner. I rambled on with the story, ignoring interruptions and questions from Gabby and Susan. Annie sat with her arms folded across her large bosom and her legs crossed. She bounced her foot impatiently as she waited for the joke to end. Finally, the priest in my story got himself alone with a pretty young woman and insisted they turn all the lights off.

“The priest strips the girl naked, right, and gets ready to fuck her. Then she says ‘I’m a bit surprised, Father, you know. I thought all you’d want to do was talk about... *Jesus Christ!*’ Get it?”

I chuckled at my own joke. Tom, Jack, Gabby and Susan all laughed too. Annie looked confused.

“I don’t get it.”

“Think about it,” I said. I wiggled my little finger and then drew my hands apart like a fisherman boasting about the one that got away.

“Oh,” Annie said. She went bright red, which made the rest of us laugh even harder. “So,” she said, “is it meant to mean that the priest is so big that he hurt her?”

“*Yes!*” Susan, Gabby, Jack and I shouted together. This was the first time that I could remember Annie showing any interest in my jokes. It was certainly the first time I’d had to explain one to her. I don’t know if it was because there were so few of us—normally dinner party guests numbered in the teens—the unusually relaxed atmosphere, or the amount she had drunk, but there was a different air about Annie.

“But,” she said. “it’s not real is it? I mean, it’s only a joke. You don’t really get them that big, do you? So big that they hurt, I mean?”

Jack and I looked at Tom and laughed again. I wiggled my little finger at him. He looked angry for a second, then smiled and laughed too.

“Oh, I don’t know,” said Gabby. “Jack was quite painful the first time. But I soon got used to you, didn’t I, babe?”

Jack smiled.

“Now, Mike didn’t hurt me one bit the first time,” Susan said. “Mind you, I was so drunk that I nearly passed out.”

We were all in hysterics, apart from Annie. But she didn’t look embarrassed or horrified like she usually did. She wore a funny little smile. “So, Gabby, how big is Jack?”

“Big enough!”

“No, really. How big is he? I mean, how big would it have to be before it hurt?”

“I don’t know, Annie. I’ve never measured it.”

“Let’s do it now,” said Susan, clapping her hands and bouncing in her seat. I looked her in the eye. She winked and smiled at me. I knew she could be racy, but she’d never gone as far as suggesting something like before. “In fact, let’s measure all three of them. Have you got a tape measure, Gabby?”

“It’s in the kitchen. I’ll go fetch it.” Our hostess dashed out of the room and quickly returned holding a seamstress’ measure in her hand. “Okay, boys. Get your dicks out for the girls. Let’s see what you’re working with.” She unravelled the tape measure with a flick of her wrist.

I sat in the armchair closest to Gabby. Tom was on the sofa wedged between Susan and Annie. Jack stood in front of the fireplace. I looked at Tom and he shrugged. Jack did the same when I looked at him.

“I’m game if you are,” Jack said.

“I’ll bet you are, if Gabby’s telling the truth,” I replied.

“Come on, Mike. You first. Stand up and drop ’em,” said Gabby.

I pushed myself upright and fumbled with my trousers.

“Oh, come on. We haven’t got all night.” Gabby knelt down in front of me and pushed my hands out of the way. She opened my trousers and yanked them down, along with my shorts. Jack and Tom chuckled. Annie looked a bit shocked at this turn of events, but fixed her eyes on my half-hard cock as it swung in the warm air. I looked at Susan. She was on the edge of her seat, watching intently. I’d seen that expression

many times before, but never in company. Her eyes were slightly glazed. She slowly licked her lips.

“That’s a nice size,” said Gabby. “Not too big and not too small.”

“It certainly suits me,” said Susan. “He knows which spots to hit with it too.” Susan and Gabby erupted with laughter.

Annie giggled nervously. “Measure it, then,” she said. I think she was getting into the swing of things.

“I can’t,” said Gabby. “It’s still growing.”

“He’s holding back,” said Susan. “I can see it in his eyes. You might have to give him a helping hand, Gabs.” It was just one surprise after another.

Gabby carefully wrapped her pianist’s fingers around my hardening prick. I jumped when she touched me. She pulled the foreskin back to reveal the angry looking head. A drop of pre-come oozed from the tip. Gabby’s eyes lit up. She snaked out her tongue and licked it away. I heard a gasp from the sofa. I looked across and saw Susan with her hand over her mouth and her eyes as wide as the River Mersey. Annie was also staring, open-mouthed. Gabby stroked me a couple of times, her movements painfully slow.

“I don’t think it’s going to get any bigger,” she said. I wasn’t about to disagree. It had never felt so big.

She let go and picked up her tape measure. She put one end at the base of my dick. “Centimetres or inches, girls?”

“Inches,” said Susan. “Centimetres mean nothing to me.”

Gabby ran the tape along the top of my erection and looked at the measurement.

“Come on,” said Susan. “I’m dying to know. I can’t believe I’ve never thought to measure you before.”

“Hold your horses... It’s seven and three eighth inches long and... four and a half inches around.”

Susan clapped and cheered. “Hey, that’s not bad. What d’they say is the average? Five and a half? Six?”

“Five and half,” said Tom. Jack and I looked at him and grinned.

“My turn!” said Susan. Her eyes were dilated, making her look even more beautiful than usual. “Pass the tape measure, Gabby.”

Gabby threw the tape measure at my wife. Susan snatched it out of the air and knelt down in front of Tom.

“I’ll leave Jack for you, Annie.” She winked at her friend.

Tom looked hesitant. He glanced at his wife, who shrugged as if to say “May as well”. Susan grabbed Tom’s hips and tugged him forward to the edge of the seat. After a short struggle, Tom’s trousers and underpants were around his knees. There was no need for Susan to stroke Tom to full hardness, but she did anyway. Then she measured his cock.

“Well?” said Gabby.

“Hold on. Six and one eighth inches.” Tom looked satisfied.

“Is that all?” asked Annie. “Believe me, it feels a damn sight bigger than that.” I almost couldn’t believe my ears. This was the first time I’d ever heard Annie talk so frankly.

“Don’t they always?” said Gabby.

I had managed to sit back down and Gabby slowly stroked my cock. I wondered if she was even aware of what she was doing.

“And it’s just under four inches around.” Susan, like Gabby, slowly stroked the cock she had just measured. She held out the tape measure to Annie and nodded towards Jack. Annie took the measure and looked at her husband. He shrugged.

“Come on, Annie,” said Jack. “I’m waiting to show these two up.” He unbuttoned his trousers and dropped them to the floor. He left his underpants on but it was clear that he had a sizable erection hiding in them. “I’ll leave the fun bit for you, shall I?”

Annie walked over to Jack and knelt down in front of him. She pulled the waistband of his jockey shorts out over the bulge and looked inside. She gasped. Then she pulled his underpants down to reveal a cock that would have been more than at home in a porn movie.

“Good God!” She reached up and gripped Jack’s cock. It dwarfed her hand. She could barely get her fingers around it. At the first touch, I heard Tom moan and felt Gabby squeeze my cock. The whole situation was surreal. Annie measured the length and circumference of the final cock without saying a word. Then she turned to look at Gabby.

“How... How do you get this thing inside you?”

“With difficulty sometimes, but it sure is fun trying.”

“How big is it?” asked Susan.

Annie looked at her. “You won’t believe me.”

“How big?”

“Just under eleven inches, and five and bit inches around.”

I felt Gabby squeeze my cock again. All eyes were on Jack's enormous chunk of meat. Annie wrapped her stout fingers around it again and stroked the shaft tenderly. She looked over her shoulder at Gabby, who nodded her approval. Annie must have taken this as a sign to go further. She opened her mouth and sucked Jack's purple knob. Tom groaned at the sight of his wife trying to suck on a dick nearly twice the size of his. I glanced across at him and noticed that his wife's actions weren't the only reason for his groan. Susan's head was in his lap and his whole cock had disappeared inside her mouth.

I must have looked shocked because Gabby said, "If you think seeing your wife suck another man's cock is fun, wait until you see her with Jack's monster in her cunt."

That was the moment I had a revelation. "This isn't the first time you and Jack have done this, is it?"

Gabby said nothing but her eyes answered the question for me.

"Did you plan this?"

"I wouldn't say planned, exactly... Hoped would be a better word. Jack's always ready to show off for the ladies." Gabby mumbled something about not wanting me to feel left out and then joined the club that the women had formed. Jack and Gabby's lounge resembled the venue for the cock-sucking world championships. First to make their man come, wins. My money was on Susan because I knew she gave great head—although the way Gabby was sucking me, I'd have given fairly short odds on her too.

Either Tom had no stamina or the sight of his usually shy wife sucking Jack's cock had had a profound affect on him. I suspect it was the latter because I was suffering from a similar problem. I watched Susan swallow twice. She must have thought that Tom was spent because she took his cock out of her mouth. Two more spurts of spunk splattered over her face. That did it for me. I grabbed Gabby's head, held it still and thrust until I came.

Meanwhile, Susan jumped up and went to help out with Jack. She took his cock from Annie and sucked it herself. I groaned. Gabby swallowed. Susan and Annie took turns tasting Jack. Even with two hands and two mouths attacking him, it looked as if he had cock to spare.

Gabby stood, leaned over me and kissed me. I could taste my own semen. "Sorry to love you and leave you, but Tom's all alone. As a good hostess I must attend to him." She tossed her long dark locks over her shoulder and laughed. She stripped as she walked over to Tom, straddled

him and they kissed. She reached behind to feel for his still hard cock. "Let's see if your six inches can make me come as hard as eleven does."

"Careful, Tom," said Jack. "She rides like a Grand National jockey. She might well wear you out."

I had a perfect view of Tom's cock as it split Gabby's pussy and disappeared inside. The sight was enough to keep me hard despite having come just moments earlier. That was something I hadn't done since my early twenties. Gabby lowered herself and completely embedded Tom inside her. Then she lifted herself up. I could see her thighs straining with the effort. She was a very sexy woman. Tom put his hands on the small of her back and, like a baby, he searched for one of her nipples with his open mouth.

"Oh! Yes!" Gabby screamed when Tom found what he was looking for. "Suck my tit. Suck it. Bite it. Yes!"

Annie turned to watch her husband fucking. Susan concentrated on Jack's cock. She had more of it in her mouth than I thought possible.

"Oh, God," said Annie. "I could do with a fuck." I'd normally have been shocked by Annie using such words. But I'd gone so far beyond shock that I'd come out the other side, and would have been more surprised if she hadn't said it.

"I'm ready and willing," said Jack.

"I don't know," said Annie. "Something that big? I don't think I'm ready for that."

"Go and warm up on Mike. I sure he won't mind," Susan said. I couldn't believe she was telling her best friend to fuck me. But then, I couldn't believe she'd had to take another man's cock out of her mouth in order to speak either.

Annie looked at me as if asking permission. I nodded enthusiastically. She stood and sauntered over to me, swaying her ample hips. I stood up and hugged her to me. My cock pressed up against her belly. We kissed. I grabbed as much of her arse as I could and squeezed it. I knew she had a complex about the size of her backside, but I'd always liked it. I told her so. She broke off the kiss and peeled off her blouse, exposing her big, round tits inside a wonderful lacy, black bra.

"You know, I've always fancied getting my hands on these." I slipped my hands inside the cups and scooped out the flesh. Annie undid her skirt and wiggled out of it while I squeezed her mounds and tweaked her nipples. Her skirt hit the floor, rapidly followed by her big, white

knickers. We kissed again. She grabbed my cock and tugged roughly. I slipped a hand down her belly and fingered her cunt.

“For God’s sake, Mike, just fuck me.”

I bent her over the arm of the chair, so that we could watch the other two couples, and entered her in a single, hard thrust.

Susan stopped trying to swallow Jack’s cock and looked me in the eye. “Is that nice, hon?”

I nodded and grunted.

“Do you like fucking Annie? I know you’ve always wanted to.”

I nodded again.

“Would you like to see Jack fuck me? Would you like to see me split in two by this enormous dick?”

“Oh, God, yes!”

Susan hitched up her skirt and pulled her knickers off. Then she lay back on the floor, opened her legs wide and pulled Jack down on top of her.

“No. Wait,” I said. “I want to see!” What the fuck had come over me? I never dreamed I’d be asking my wife to reposition herself so I could see her getting fucked by another man.

“I thought you would, you old pervert. On your back, Jack. I’m gonna ride you like you’ve never been ridden before.” Susan stripped, and then mounted Jack. He held his monster rod steady while she impaled herself on it. I fucked Annie harder and faster until she screamed with orgasm.

“*Jesus Christ!*” screamed Susan. “He’s so fucking big, Annie. Mike, I swear, he’s stretching me so fucking much.” Now I knew Susan was really turned on. I didn’t think she’d manage to get all of him inside. She did, but it took a while. She lowered herself and then rose up several times. Eventually, she bottomed out and had the whole eleven inches buried in her cunt. Then she started fucking him in earnest. Or rather, he fucked her. He grabbed her hips and thrust up into her forcefully as he built to his first climax of the night.

Gabby suddenly screamed. I looked across and saw her slam down hard on Tom’s prick. She thoughtfully announced that she was coming—as if we hadn’t already guessed.

“Me too,” cried Tom. He didn’t pull out, so I guess he blasted his seed inside her.

It was too much for me. I blew my wad inside Annie and she screamed one more orgasm.

Susan made a strange whimpering noise as Jack fucked her. She told me later that, from the moment he was completely inside her, she'd had a stream of tiny orgasms. She described it as one long, constant climax. Jack was relentless. He fucked her with everything he had until he pulled out and spurted semen all over her arse and up her back.

I was spent. I plopped out of Annie and collapsed on the floor. Gabby climbed off Tom and sat on the sofa next to him. Susan rolled off Jack and lay prone on the floor. Only Annie still seemed energised.

“Come on, Jack. I think I'm ready for you now.”

“You sure, Annie? I wouldn't want to hurt you.”

“Oh, yes. I've never been so wet. Look.” She sat down on the chair and spread her legs wide. Her juices mixed with mine and dribbled out of her pussy. Had I not already climaxed twice, I think I would have had another go at her right then. But Annie was begging Jack to fuck her, not me. She kept telling him how she wanted to feel his prick inside her. What man could resist? Jack couldn't.

“You're offering me sloppy seconds? Okay, you asked for it.” Jack hauled himself up from the floor and strutted across the room with his cock bouncing in front of him. He knelt in front of Annie and aimed his cock at her pussy, which she was holding open for him. The rest of us watched as he speared her in one sharp thrust. Annie gasped and clamped her eyes shut. Jack held still until she opened her eyes and looked at him.

“I'd never have believed I could feel so full. Fuck me, Jack. Fuck me like I've never been fucked before.”

Jack did exactly that. He set up a slow, steady rhythm at first. Then Annie grabbed his hips and tried to pull him further inside her and he upped the pace. He fucked her with a ferocity I couldn't believe. Finally, Jack roared like a lion, pulled out of Annie and splashed all over her belly. When he had finished squirting, he fell back on his knees. He sat on the floor and stared at Annie's gaping cunt. Her chest heaved as she sucked in great lungfuls of air. The rest of us sat in silence, mesmerised by this coy, suburban housewife-turned-slut.

“Jesus, Jack! That was fantastic. You have a wonderful cock.” She glanced at her husband. “But, to be honest, I think I prefer Tom's. He can fuck me for hours with it. But I like it mainly because it's attached to him.”

I was coming down from my high and wondered what would happen next. Would we all just get dressed and go home as if nothing had

happened? Or would I get my shot at Gabby while Tom took his turn with Susan?

The doorbell rang.

“Who could that be?” Gabby asked.

I looked at the clock on the wall. “It’s probably the scooter-men.”

“Oh, right. Doesn’t time fly when...”

“...you’re getting royally fucked.” Susan finished Gabby’s sentence and we all fell about laughing.

Gabby picked up her blouse and skirt from the floor and put them on. I noted that she didn’t put her bra or panties on and wondered just what she and Jack would get up to once we were gone. Probably the same as I wanted to do to Susan when we got home.

“I’ll go and stall them,” Gabby said. “You four should get ready to go. They’ll only charge more if you keep them waiting.”

“Good night, Jack, Gabby.” Susan and I stood on the doorstep to say “Good bye”.

I kissed Gabby’s cheek. “Thanks for a lovely evening. The food was wonderful. And I’m not just saying that. You’re a wonderful cook, Gabby.”

“Yes, it was lovely evening,” said Susan. “Very... entertaining.”

We shook hands with our hosts then walked up the driveway. The scooter-man was waiting in the car. We clambered into the back seat, Scooter-man started the car and pulled away.

“Well,” I said. “That has to be the best dinner party I’ve been to in ages.”

“I agree. It was *huge* fun.” Susan laughed at her own joke. It took me a couple of seconds to catch on.

“Seriously, Sweet Pea—what did it feel like?”

“Like I was stuffed full of eleven inches of cock.” Scooter-men aren’t supposed to listen to their client’s conversations, but Susan spoke so loudly that he must have overheard.

“Guess that’s ’cause you were,” I said, just as loud. The car lurched to the left as the scooter-man lost concentration for a moment.

“You do realise that we have to invite Jack and Gabby to our house for dinner now,” Susan said.

“Oh, yes—the carousel of the dinner party circuit. I’d forgotten about that.”

“Except that, with those two, it’s more of an endless merry-go-round of group sex, blowjobs and big, fat cocks.”

“Well,” I said. “It’s better than going to the cinema on Saturday night. When are we free?”

Susan smiled wickedly. “I’ll check the diary as soon as we get in.”

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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