



*Prison Break*



*Mare Nobbs*



**MARC NOBBS**

**PRISON  
BREAK**

**P A R K L A N D  
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*Marc Nobbs*

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BREAK**

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For Convicts everywhere.



It was stiflingly hot day. Ken and Jill had spent it at the beach where they'd met fifteen years ago. Back then, Ken had proudly shown off his trim figure with tight swimming trunks. These days he kept his burgeoning beer gut covered with a pale summer shirt. But the day at the beach had taught him one thing—his wife looked as good in a bikini now as when she was a teenager. Maybe even better.

He sat in bed, propped up against the headboard, naked from the waist up with the bed sheets folded back to cover only his feet. He tried not to think about how sexy his wife was. If he did, he'd have to tell her. She'd get excited and then he'd have to fuck her. But it was too damn hot for fucking. He thumbed through the novel he'd been trying to get into, decided it wasn't worth any more of his attention and put it on the bedside table. He glanced at the clock. It had just gone ten. He picked up the remote and switched on the television.

Familiar theme music finished booming and a sombrely-dressed, stern-faced woman appeared on screen. "Good evening. This is the news at ten and I'm Rachel Lawler. We start tonight with a breakout at supposedly Britain's most secure prison. From Milton Keynes, Matt Stevens has the details."

Ken stared at the TV. "Jill! Jill, come look at this. There's been a breakout at the prison."

Jill entered the bedroom, toothbrush in hand. Her dark brown hair hung loosely around her shoulders and her scarlet silk nightdress clung to her curves. "Seriously? A breakout? Why didn't we hear the alarm?"

"I don't know. I guess they switched it off before we got home."

A middle-aged man standing in front of the prison gates filled the screen. "At twelve-fifteen this afternoon, five prisoners were discovered missing from the category A prison behind me. Details of the escape are sketchy, but questions are already being asked at the highest levels because Milton Keynes is supposed to be the most advanced and secure in the prison service."

"See," said Ken, "we were at the beach then."

The reporter continued. "Four of the prisoners have been re-captured but Dale Cummings, forty-three, who was convicted of rape fifteen years ago, is still at large." A picture of the convict flashed up on screen, beside the reporter. The image chilled Ken to core. There was something in the man's eyes that said he'd do anything to get what he wanted. His dyed blonde hair was cropped close to his head and he sported a black goatee beard. But it was his eyes that gave Ken the willies.

“He looks a bit evil,” said Jill. “I hope they catch him soon. He looks like he deserves to be in prison.” She wandered back in the bathroom to finish brushing her teeth.

“Officials have warned all residents within the locality to be vigilant. Dale Cummings is an extremely dangerous man.” He went on to interview the prison warden before heading back to the studio.

“Well, well,” said Ken. “A rapist on the loose. I told you we should have brought that house in Furtho Fields.”

Ken heard Jill spit into the sink before she replied. “Oh, don’t be so melodramatic. He’s probably long gone by now. I know I would be.”

“What?”

“If I’d just escaped from jail, I’d want to get as far away from the place as quickly as I could.” She re-entered the bedroom, picked up the remote and switched off the TV. “The news is always so depressing. Let’s do something a little less depressing.”

She swung a long slender leg over Ken and straddled him. He put his hands on her thighs. They were firm and smooth and the time at the beach had been enough to hint at the colour they would turn over the next few weeks.

He rubbed her legs absent-mindedly. “I don’t know, Jill. Maybe he’s cleverer than that. Maybe he’s thinking that the police will be thinking that he’ll run for it. Maybe he thinks they won’t think of looking for him close by.”

Jill closed her eyes and ground her pussy against Ken’s crotch. His cock responded in the only way it knew. “Hmm. Nice.” She opened her eyes, but kept grinding. “He’ll be desperate. He’s been locked up for fifteen years. He won’t be thinking about anything other than getting away. Except maybe getting some pussy. Would you like some pussy? Some of this pussy? Or you prefer something else?” She flicked her eyebrows up. “My mouth’s still cold from the water.”

She lifted his hands to her breasts and he caressed them through her nightdress. She moaned. Ken had known many women who enjoyed a breast massage, but none as much as his wife.

“Fuck me, Kenny. I want you to fuck me.” She reached down and slipped her hand into his flies. A moment’s fumbling freed his cock. She rubbed it along her swollen slit. Her nectar flowed over him, lubricating him. With a small amount of downward pressure, she speared herself on him.

Ken closed his eyes and savoured the wonderful warmth of her pussy. Not matter how many times he experienced it, being buried within her depths remained the greatest feeling he knew. They sat for merely seconds, before Jill ground herself to a rapid, vocal orgasm. She fell forwards. Her head landed next to his.

“Your turn,” she whispered. “Fuck me so we can come together. Fuck me until I’m crawling on the ceiling.”

Jill’s language of love was straight from the gutter. It was dirty and that was just how Ken liked it. He wrapped his arms around her and thrust up into her. He was hard. He was fast. He was almost brutal. But he knew Jill liked it—her mewls and whimpers told him so. He felt his orgasm build. A few more strokes. Just a few more...

There was a crash of breaking glass downstairs. Jill sat up and looked at Ken. “What was that?”

“It sounded like a window breaking.”

“You should go and look.”

“I’m not going. What if it’s... you know...” Ken nodded towards the TV. “Him.”

“Oh, don’t be so silly. It’s probably just a cat breaking a bottle or something.”

Thud! Thud! Someone was climbing the stairs. Jill clambered off Ken, his cock leaving her body with a plop. She looked terrified. “You don’t think it’s really him, do you?”

“I hope not.”

The bedroom door flew open and Dale Cummings burst through, holding a knife in one hand and a length of rope in the other. He looked older than the photo on the news. His hair was greying and much longer. A couple of day’s stubble had replaced the goatee, but there was no doubting it was him. The eyes were the same. They were surrounded by dark circles, but they still had the desperate, evil look that terrified Ken.

The convict brandished the blade at the young couple. “Money! I need money.”

“We don’t keep cash in the house,” said Ken.

“That’s right,” said Jill. “We only ever use credit cards.”

“I don’t believe you,” Dale growled. Those dark, scary eyes flashed with anger and hatred. “I’ll soon find out if you’re lying. You!” He pointed at Ken. “In the chair.”

Ken had no intention of moving from Jill. This madman was a convicted rapist.

“Move! Now!”

Ken slunk out of bed and sat in the chair by the window. “What are you going to do?”

“Shut up!” Dale tied Ken to the chair then turned to Jill. He clambered onto the bed and grabbed her leg as she tried to scramble away. He was easily twice her size and had no trouble pulling her towards him despite how much she struggled. She tried to hit him but he simply caught her arms and pinned her to the bed.

“No, need to struggle, my girl. I’m just going to take what I need and then I’ll be on my way.” He tied Jill’s arms to the bedposts. Ken shivered as the monster leaned over his precious wife and appeared to nibble her ear. She squirmed away from him but he went with her.

“Noooo,” she cried, still wriggling but unable to get away.

Dale turned back to Ken. “I’ll be right back! Don’t make any noise. Either of you. Or I’ll...” He stabbed the air in front of him.

Ken looked at his wife. Her nightdress had ridden up and her pussy was on display. It still glistened with the aftermath of their passion. With her arms held wide, her breasts were thrust out. Ken noticed her nipples were still hard. How could any man resist her? “Oh my god, Jill. He’s going to rape you!”

Jill shook her head. “No, he’s not.”

“Of course he is! He’s been locked away for fifteen years. He must be desperate for a shag.”

“So he’d only fuck me if he’s desperate, would he? Gee, thanks. I’ll have you know I could name a dozen guys at work who’d like to fuck me.”

“That’s not what I meant, and you know it. Look, sweetheart, I don’t think you should fight him. If you just let him take what he wants, we might get out of this alive. I know it’ll be tough, but I love you, and I’ll be there for you. Be strong, my love.”

“He’s not going to rape me.”

“Jill! He’s a convicted rapist!”

“Trust me. He’s not going to rape *me*.”

“What d’you mean by that?”

“Fifteen years in prison can change a man, darling. He whispered that to me while he was tying me up.”

“Whispered? What else did he say?”

“He said that you were really cute and he asked if we had any Vaseline. I don’t think you should fight him, babe. Just let him take what he wants, and we might get out of this alive. I know it’ll be tough, but I love you, and I’ll be there for you. Be strong, my love. Be strong.”

## 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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