



*Public Performance*

*Mare Nobbs*



**MARC NOBBS**

**PUBLIC  
PERFORMANCE**

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For Toilet attendants everywhere



The resident DJ churned out one dance smash after another. The combination of loud music, frenetic dancing, and alcohol made Kenny's head spin. It was his twenty-first birthday party—even though he'd been twenty-one for almost a week. He'd hired the small nightclub at the local non-league football club with his best friend, Adam. It was Adam's birthday in a few days.

Kenny broke off from the clinch with his gyrating girlfriend, Jessica. "I need a piss and a drink—in that order."

"Okay. Get me a vodka and Coke while you're at the bar. I'll meet you at our table."

In an alcoholic daze, Kenny wandered across the room towards the lavatories. He passed several friends, some of whom patted him on the back and thanked him for the party. Others were too busy to notice him. Adam was standing at the bar with his arms around his two favourite women, Hannah and Lucie. Adam fancied both of them, and Jessica had mentioned that the two girls were going to give him a very special birthday present after the party. Kenny nodded towards Adam, who grinned like an idiot and nodded back.

The toilets were close to the club's entrance. Before he went in, Kenny noticed a group of strangers walking past him. He hurried over to the doorman. "Who the fuck are they?" he demanded.

"How should I know? I only work here. Aren't they your friends?"

"I've never seen them before in my life. You do remember you were only supposed to let people with tickets in, don't you?"

"No need for that attitude, mate. They had tickets, so I let 'em in."

"They had fucking tickets?"

"Yeah, look." The doorman held out the stubs. Kenny snatched the tickets out of his hand.

"Fucking hell! These are photocopies!"

"Are they? How can you tell?"

"'Cause they're black and fucking white. My tickets are yellow. Fuck! Some bastard's been copying 'em and handing 'em out. All and sundry will turn up now. Bastards! I told Adam we should have used blue paper. It's harder to copy blue. How many have you let in with these fakes?"

"I dunno. A couple of dozen maybe. Something like that."

"Fucking wonderful. Can you round 'em up and chuck 'em out?"

“Yeah, right. Like I can remember who had which tickets. Do you want to go around with my assistant and point out people you don’t recognise?”

“Not much fucking point is there? It’d cause more trouble than it’s worth.”

“Sorry, mate. I mean, how was I supposed to know? Maybe you should have put a hologram on the tickets, eh?” The doorman chuckled.

“Thanks a fucking bunch,” said Kenny. He threw the ticket stubs back at the doorman. “I’ll remember that, and if they ever bring out a printer that does holograms, I’ll get one.” He stomped away and muttered under his breath, “Stupid fucking arsehole.”

He skidded on the slippery floor as he entered the bathroom. “Fuck! That better not be some dirty bastard’s piss.” He walked over to the urinal, ripped open his button fly and aimed at the pan. He groaned as his bladder emptied. His stress level was already high, and the incident with the doorman had raised it higher. It was the middle of the university’s exam fortnight, and Kenny was finding the tests more difficult than he’d expected. The party was meant to de-stress him and his friends. It wasn’t working. Kenny had wound up doing all the organising while Adam did nothing at all. For a few weeks now he’d felt his temper bubbling just beneath the surface, and he’d worked very hard on keeping it under control.

He took a deep, calming breath as the stream of urine became a trickle and then stopped. He tapped away the last few drops, stuffed his cock back into his jeans and then went to wait at the bar for service. His friends let him jump the queue, and he ordered a pint of lager and a whisky chaser for himself, and vodka and Coke for Jessica. He took them back to the empty table he’d commandeered early in the evening. Jessica was still having fun on the dance floor. Kenny settled down to watch.

She was dancing with Ruth, who shared their off-campus house along with Adam, Hannah and Lucie. Kenny had a thing for Ruth, although he’d never admit that to Jess. He watched the two girls dance. They were surrounded by a group of drunken gatecrashers. Jessica had made a real effort for his birthday—dolloed up in her best clothes, her hair and make-up perfect.

She wore light green eye shadow to highlight her vibrant emerald eyes. Her coal-black tresses had grown long over the two years they’d been together. They hung in loose spiral curls and cascaded over her shoulders and down her back. She’d got on her favourite black, backless

halter-top and when she turned to the side, her arms raised as she danced, anyone watching could clearly see the gentle swell of her wonderful breasts. Her skirt was unlike any he'd seen before—a white satin underskirt beneath a cream chiffon over-skirt. On the right-hand side, the skirt reached down to just past her knee, but it swept up to her mid thigh on the left. Her legs looked long, lithe and divine in black, lace-top stockings and strappy, black high-heels.

Kenny stared as she danced and two hefty guys vied to get closest to her. She wiggled her hips and jiggled her boobs. She had them hooked and any moment now, she'd toss them back in the water. She glanced over at Kenny and flashed her most wicked smile. She was showing off—letting him know just how lucky he was to be taking her home when so many others would give the world to take his place. She positioned herself with her back against Ruth's. They held hands for a moment. And then Jessica put her hands in her hair and shimmed down until her head was level with Ruth's hips. She bounced on her toes a couple of times then slowly ascended, throwing her head from side to side and making her hair whip around her face. The guys around her went wild.

Kenny held up her drink and shook the glass. She nodded and whispered something to Ruth. Then she sauntered across the dance floor. Heads turned as her hips swayed and her heels clicked. He really was the luckiest man in the room.

When she arrived at the table, she stood at his side and reached across him to pick up her drink. He got a glorious flash of her delicious boobs. They were her best feature. Not because of their size—they were actually quite small—but because of her ultra-sensitive nipples. One light brush and they were hard, and her pussy was wet. A prolonged assault would have her on her back with her legs open, screaming, "Fuck me." Kenny had been known to make her come just from playing with her breasts.

She gulped down her vodka in one go and then drank some of Kenny's lager. "Coming to dance?"

Kenny shook his head. "Nah, I'm enjoying the view from here too much, thanks. Besides, I'd rather save my energy for when we get home."

"Ohhhh, I like the sound of that. Perhaps I'd better get back out there and tease you some more just to be on the safe side. I love it when you're all worked up." She bounded back to Ruth, every male eye in the house following her.

Kenny had no idea how long he sat watching Jessica reel in bloke after bloke only to brush them off. Each time she tossed a suitor aside, she grinned and blew Kenny a kiss. Some of his friends asked him to dance or offered to buy him a drink, but he told everyone he was fine and just wanted to relax. He sipped his pint and enjoyed the show.

Adam threw himself into the seat next to him. “All right, Kens?”

“Top draw, Ads.”

“Cool.” He sipped from his bottle of beer. “Jess is turning up the heat tonight. I reckon you’re in for a treat later.”

Kenny smiled. “I hear you are too. Hannah and Lucie all set are they?”

Adam chuckled like an idiot, rocked back and forth on his chair and nodded. “I fucking hope so, mate. I fucking hope so. You reckon I can handle them both?”

Jessica trotted over and slowly straddled Kenny’s lap. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. It was a sloppy, drunken kiss—Kenny’s favourite. She wiggled on his lap and rubbed her soft, round arse against him. “Hmmm. Guess my little show is working. I’m going to enjoy myself later tonight. My favourite toy has never felt so big. But don’t you worry... I’ve not forgotten it’s *your* birthday. I’ve got something special planned.”

“What?”

“Something *very special*. Can’t say anymore... it’s a surprise.”

She stood and went back to the dance floor. Kenny smiled and looked at his watch. He wanted to get home and find out what his surprise was. More out of habit than thirst, he picked up his glass, necked the dregs, and slammed it back on the table.

He stared at the empty glass. “I might go and get another. You want one?” he said to Adam.

“Nah, mate. I’m all right. I don’t want to get *too* drunk, do I? It’d be a bit embarrassing if I can’t perform.”

Kenny decided Adam was right. There was pressure building up in his bladder again, and he needed to release it. He stood and strode to the bathroom just as Hannah dragged Adam onto the dance floor. He wasn’t gone long, but when he returned, Kenny got the shock of his life.

Jessica was in the centre of the dance floor, snogging Adam’s face off.

She'd been an outrageous flirt ever since he'd known her and, despite his best efforts, Kenny had been unable to change her. He didn't like her flirting, but he'd forced himself to accept that if he wanted to be with her, he'd have to put up with it. In recent months, he'd even learned to enjoy it a little bit. He enjoyed the feeling of power it gave him to know that even though there was a roomful of men aching to nail her, it would be *his* cock sinking into her and making her moan. But there'd always been a line that she'd never crossed. She'd promised him very early on that she wouldn't—and she'd kept that promise. Until now.

Her arms were around Adam's neck and her hands ruffled his hair. His hands cupped her arse. The movement of their heads made it clear there was a lot of tongue action going on. Kenny stared, open mouthed, as Adam kneaded her buttocks with one hand. The other hand had moved upwards. Adam slipped it inside her top and squeezed her tit. Jessica tipped her head back and Kenny swore he heard her moan over the thump-thump of the music—a sure sign that she was enjoying the attention. Kenny had seen enough.

He knocked over the table as he rushed past it, smashing glasses and spilling their contents on the floor. “What the fuck?” he screamed over the music. All eyes turned to him. “Get the fuck off her! You fucking bastard!” He sprinted across the dance floor and pulled the couple apart. He stood between them, breathing heavily, and squared up to his friend. “What the fuck d’you think you’re doing, mate?”

Adam's immediate reaction was to square up too, but he quickly backed down. “Hey, sorry, man. I didn't mean... I mean... You know what's she's like. She threw herself at me.”

Kenny turned to Jessica. “Explain?”

“It was only a little birthday kiss—”

He held up his palm to her face. “I don't want to hear it. You've gone too far this time, Jess. Too far by a fucking mile.” He turned back to Adam. “If you want her, she's yours. Good luck. You'll fucking need it.” Kenny turned on his heel and stormed away. He didn't look around but he knew that Jessica and Adam were following him. He could hear their pleas. He ignored them.

His rage carried him through the foyer and out the front door. He couldn't believe what he'd just seen. It may have been due to the alcohol as much as Jessica's actions, but he was livid, and weeks of frustration finally boiled over. He screamed in anger and kicked a stone lying on the pavement. The stone flew towards the car park and smashed the headlamp of a Ford Focus. His Ford Focus. “Bollocks!”

Jessica and Adam caught up with him. She grabbed his arm and spun him around. “Kenny? Kenny, listen to me. It wasn’t what you think.”

“Fuck you, Jess! Fuck. You. Or is that why you’re here? You after that fucking threesome you keep fantasising about? One cock not e-fucking-nough for you, is that it?”

“That’s a bit harsh, mate,” said Adam. “Like she said, it’s not what you think.”

“You can shut the fuck up, you backstabbing bastard. Nicking a bloke’s bird is bad enough. But when it’s your best mate... Fuck, man, we’re like fucking brothers. What the fuck were you thinking?”

“I sort of wasn’t thinking.”

“Thinking with your dick is more like it. I’ve seen you eyeing her up. Don’t think I haven’t. I can’t stand to be near either of you right now. Get out of my way.” Kenny pushed between them and headed back to the club.

He heard Jessica call after him, “Kenny, wait.”

Kenny turned and she stopped. “Get the fuck away from me, Jess. I mean it. Before I do something I’ll regret.”

“Let him go, Jess. Let him calm down,” said Adam.

“Best idea you’ve had all fucking night, mate,” said Kenny, pointing at his friend. “Leave me the fuck alone. Both of you.”

As Kenny reached the door, he met Ruth coming out. “Kenny? Are you okay? Is everything all right? Is Jess okay?”

Without thinking about what he was doing, Kenny grabbed Ruth, pulled her into a clinch and kissed her forcefully. Then he turned back towards Jessica and shouted, “There you go. See how you like it, bitch. Feels shit, doesn’t it?” He stomped past a bewildered Ruth into the club.

He couldn’t face going into the packed dance hall where everyone would be staring at him. Instead, he went into the gents’ toilet. As nightclub toilets went, it wasn’t that bad. The floor was wet and muddy, and it reeked of stale urine, but there wasn’t anything nasty on the walls. He kicked open the nearest unoccupied cubicle and went inside.

“Fucking hell!” The smell hit him like a hammer. He looked in the bowl. “Fucking wanker! Bastard! Shit! How hard is it to flush the bog!” He yanked the handle and, as the offending material flushed away, he abandoned the cubicle for one at the other end of the row. At least whoever had used this one last had the decency to clean up.

He locked the door and put the toilet seat down. He didn't know how long he sat with his head in his hands, trying to gather his thoughts. He was more than a little drunk and found it hard to concentrate. He read the adverts scribbled on the wall—"For a good hard fuck, call Lucie on 07897 789546". He wondered if she was the same Lucie he lived with—he didn't recognise the number, but she had recently changed her phone. He read another. "I love to give blow jobs. Call Frank on 07775 216573". That number he *did* recognise and he wouldn't be calling it anytime soon. He shuddered at the thought of Frank sucking his cock.

"Hey, lady, what are you doing in here? This is the gents'." The agitated voice came from the urinals on the far wall. "Didn't you hear me? You shouldn't be in here."

"Oh, shut up. It's not like I've never seen a cock before. Mind you, that's barely big enough to see anyway." It was Jessica. She knocked on one of the locked doors. "Kenny?"

"Who?"

"Never mind."

She knocked on the next door but before she could say anything the occupant said, "No. I'm not."

Kenny's door was next. She knocked. He didn't answer. She knocked again. "Kenny? Baby?"

"Fuck off, Jess."

"Let me in, Kenny. Please. I'm getting stared at."

"You're in the gents' bog, what the fuck do you expect?"

"I don't think they like me here."

"Funny that. Probably best if you fuck off then, don't you think?"

"I'm not going anywhere until you hear me out. So you can either let me in and we can do it quietly, or I can stand here and everyone can listen."

Kenny thought for a moment and then said, "Hang on." He stood and opened the door. Jessica slid past him into the cubicle.

She smiled sheepishly. It was her *naughty school-girl* smile. "Thanks."

She sat on the toilet while Kenny locked them in. He turned to face her and leaned against the door. Seconds passed. Minutes. Neither spoke. Kenny couldn't stand to look at her so he stared at the wet floor instead.

“Look at me, Kenny.” Her voice was full of remorse—how could he stay mad at her?

He looked up. Her eyes were wet and puffy. “You’ve been crying.” It wasn’t a question.

“Well, duh! What did you expect? They way you reacted, I thought I’d lost you.”

“The way *you* acted, I thought you had too.” He stared at the writing on the wall, not knowing what to say. After a few tense, awkward moments, he said, “Is that *our* Lucie’s new number?”

Jessica read the numbers under her breath then nodded. “Yeah, I think so. I wonder who put it there?”

“I think I can guess.”

“Well, that explains why she keeps getting calls from strangers out of the blue. If I tell her where they got the number, do you think she’d stop going on dates with them?” She giggled nervously.

Kenny looked her in the eye. “Why, Jess? Why d’you do it?”

She shrugged. “I dunno. Hannah and Lucie had both given him a birthday kiss. I guess I just got carried away when I gave him mine.”

“If I understand right, Hannah and Lucie are going to give him a birthday threesome later. Were you going to get carried away and make it a foursome?”

She shook her head. “Course not. I *was* planning to be too busy with you. Still could be. If you want me.” She stood and stepped forward until she was pressed up against him. She put her hands on his chest. “Say you want me. Please.” She slid a hand down his torso and cupped his crotch. “This thing means so much to me. Makes me feel so special. I’d hate to lose it. It’s the only one I’ve ever had. You know that, don’t you? I know I flirt, but there’s only ever been you.” She kissed him tenderly. “I could show you how much it means to me, if you need convincing.”

“Here?”

She nodded. “Here. Why not?”

“The floor’s covered in piss for one thing.”

“I don’t plan on sitting on the floor. Or kneeling. I can squat.” She demonstrated. “See?”

“I don’t reckon you’d be all that comfortable like that if you were busy.”

“I don’t know... with how worked up you were earlier, I don’t think it would take long. Let’s see, shall we?” She slowly unbuckled his belt.

His button fly jeans offered no resistance when she ripped them open. Kenny's hard cock had already made a tent in his boxers. Jessica popped open the buttons and freed it. She never took her eyes from his as she feasted. She licked and sucked and scraped along his shaft with her teeth. Her head moved back and forth, taking more of his cock into her mouth each time until her nose nestled in his pubic hair and his cock lodged in her throat. She massaged his scrotum, squeezing his balls gently and making him moan. In short order, Kenny felt his orgasm build. He held her head and gently thrust into her mouth. His cock nudged her throat and his balls slapped against her chin. When it came, his release was an untapped well, and he flooded her mouth. As she always did, Jessica swallowed all he had to offer. She removed his cock from her mouth, stroked it and licked her lips. "Stay hard for me?"

"Depends what for."

"Like you can't guess." She stood, turned around and rested her foot on the toilet. Supporting herself with one hand on the wall in front of her, she hitched her skirt over her hip with the other. "Get the idea yet?"

"Oh, I get the idea." Kenny pushed his jeans and boxers down around his ankles and waddled forward. His belt dragged in the slurry on the floor. Jessica pulled the gusset of her black panties aside and held her pussy open for him. It took one easy thrust. Jessica moaned loudly.

"Shush! Someone might fucking well hear."

"Let them. I don't give a... ohhhh fuck! Fuck me."

He put one hand on her hip, covered her mouth with the other and fucked her with a slow, smooth motion. She pushed back against him and moaned into his hand. Jessica was a vocal lover. Kenny knew he wouldn't be able to keep her quiet, but they were in a public place so he had to try. After they had settled into a gentle rhythm, Kenny moved his hand from her hip and slipped it inside her top. He groped her boob and tugged at her nipple. She gasped and bit his hand. He winced and released her mouth.

He mauled her breast and increased the pace and force he used to slam his cock into her. She matched his every beat. Her moans grew louder—a sure sign she wasn't far from home. Kenny had already come once so he had a marathon still to run.

"Go on, mate. Give it to her. Make the fucking bitch scream." The voice came from just outside the cubicle. Kenny thrust harder without realising. Jessica squealed and panted.

"Which one are they in?" It was a different voice.

“That one I think.”

“Cool. Let’s see.” There were noises from the adjacent cubicles, and then the second voice said, “Yeah, man. Go on, fuck her. Fuck her ‘til she comes.”

Kenny looked upwards. Two unfamiliar faces poked over the top of the wall, one on each side of the cubicle. One of them gave him a thumbs up and then said to the other, “We’ll have to thank Ross again for copying those tickets. Mind you, I didn’t expect live entertainment.”

*Fucking Ross, thought Kenny, I should have known. Wanker! I’ll have him for this.*

“Hey, Bob, isn’t it that tart you were trying to dance with earlier?”

“Fuck, yeah. It is.”

“I told you she was a dirty slut, didn’t I?”

*Yeah, thought Kenny, she is a fucking slut. But she’s my slut. All mine.*

“Yeah, man. Hey, dude, it’s our turn next, yeah?”

Jessica looked up at the spectators. “Not. A. Fucking. Chance.” She squealed as Kenny thrust particularly hard. “There’s. Only. One. Cock. For. Meeee.” She strung out the last word and it became a low moan as she shuddered in orgasm.

“Well if we don’t get a turn, at least show us some tit, mate.”

Kenny grinned and pulled at the knot behind Jessica’s neck that held up her halter top. It came undone, and the top dropped forward to hang around her waist. She was braless so her tits were on display but, unfortunately for the spectators, they were viewing from above and she was bent over. Her tits bounced in Kenny’s hands as he fucked her. He squeezed them hard and tugged at her nipples.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!” She came again and thrust her hips backwards, impaling herself even more on Kenny’s invading cock. This set him off. He rammed into with all the energy he had left and filled his lover with a final, forceful thrust. They stood, basking in their own lust as they came down from their highs. His cock shrank and slid from her cunt. Semen flooded out of her and landed with a splat on the toilet seat.

“Yeah, man!” said one of the watchers.

“Cool,” said the other. “Hey, mate, are you sure we can’t have go? She looks like she could do with a bit more.”

Jessica looked upward with a glazed expression and said, “No fucking chance.”

“Sorry guys,” said Kenny, “but you heard the lady.”

One of the watchers sniggered. “If she’s a lady, I’m fucking a monkey’s uncle.”

“Wouldn’t that make you gay?” said the other.

“What?”

“Fucking a monkey’s uncle?”

“Fuck off.”

Jessica wiped the semen from the seat with some toilet paper and sat down. The spectators finally got an eyeful.

“Great tits, bitch.”

“Yeah, real nice. Can I suck ‘em?”

Jessica looked at Kenny and said, “I need to pee.”

“And?”

“Well, I can’t pee in front of them, can I?” She nodded upward.

“You’ve just fucked in front of them.”

“Well, I was hardly going to stop, was I? I mean, it’s not like I invited them or anything. Get rid of them. Please. For me. I’ll be *extra* nice to you when we get home.”

Kenny looked up at the two watching men. “All right, show’s over, boys. Fuck off.” With smirks on their faces, and no doubt steel in their shorts, they disappeared.

Jessica stood to pull her panties down and lifted the toilet seat. Then she sat with her legs spread so that Kenny could see a stream of urine mixed with his semen trickle into the pan. She wiped herself clean and then stood, pulled up her panties, adjusted her skirt and re-tied her halter-top. Carefully, she replaced the seat and then threw her arms around Kenny’s neck. She kissed him as hard as he’d fucked her. “Am I forgiven?”

“I suppose.”

“You suppose?”

“Well, I’m still not entirely convinced.” There was a playful tone in his voice.

Jessica’s eyes glinted. “Come on. Let’s get out of here.” She took his hand and strode brazenly out of the bathroom. The men standing at the urinals looked shocked to see her, but her two gatecrasher spectators grinned stupidly as she passed. “I’ll just go and get my coat. Wait here,” she commanded.

Kenny felt stupid waiting alone outside the bogs. He felt even more stupid when the two gatecrashers patted him on the back as they went back to the dance floor. Jessica returned carrying both of their coats. They put them on and went outside where they found Ruth waiting for them. “Where have you been? I’ve been waiting for ages.”

“Eh?” said Kenny.

“He took a little bit more persuading than I bargained on,” said Jessica.

“Eh?” said Kenny.

“But I thought he’d be out here like a shot when you told him what we had in store.”

“Actually,” said Jessica, “I never got around to telling him.”

“What d’you mean?” said Kenny. “What have you got in store?”

“Your birthday treat,” said Ruth. “You, me, Jessica. I can’t believe you haven’t told him.”

“What? You mean... Us three? Together? At the same time?”

Jessica stepped towards Ruth, slipped her arms around her neck and very deliberately, very passionately, kissed her. For the second time that night, Kenny stared open-mouthed as his slutty girlfriend snogged someone else. They stopped and stood side by side, each with an arm around the other’s waist and a hand on their hip.

“So what do you say, Stud?” said Jessica.

“Reckon you can handle us both?” asked Ruth.

Kenny thought for a second. The uncomfortable restriction in his jeans where his cock throbbed was distracting him. “I... Er... Bloody hell!”

## 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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