



*There's Something
About Bob*

Marc Nobbs

MARC NOBBS

**SOMETHING
ABOUT BOB**

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 Bob

Six months she'd been using the dating agency. And in all that time Ruth had yet to meet a guy she cared to see again. Until tonight.

She stood on the doorstep of her Victorian terrace. "Thanks for a lovely evening, Bob."

"The pleasure was all mine, Ruth. We really should do it again."

"How about next weekend?" She blushed. She wasn't normally this forward. But then she hadn't met anyone like Bob before.

"I can't think of a better way to spend a Saturday evening."

The crimson in Ruth's cheeks intensified.

"Care for a coffee?" She asked, surprising herself.

"Thanks."

She fumbled in her bag for her keys, then fumbled again to open the door. Inside, she made straight for the kitchen, turning on lights as she went.

"Is coffee okay, or would you prefer tea?"

"Coffee's fine."

"Decaf?"

"God, no. Decaf's a bit like a broken pencil."

"Sorry?"

"Pointless."

Ruth laughed. She'd been doing it all evening. "You're so funny."

Usually the guys from the agency were so stiff and formal. Bob was different, he'd been cracking jokes all evening.

By the time the drinks were ready, he'd wandered back into the hallway.

"That's my son," Ruth said of the picture Bob was admiring.

"He has his mom's eyes," Bob said, taking the coffee. "Bright and alive."

Ruth felt her cheeks flush again.

"Do you miss him?"

"Yeah. He was my whole world. But he's a good man, and I'm proud of him."

"Wish I could say the same about my boy."

"You shouldn't blame yourself, Bob."

“Who else should I blame then?” He paused then quickly said, “Sorry. I’m sorry. I just get angry when I think about the mess he’s made of his life.”

“It’s okay,” Ruth said soothingly.

That was only the third time Bob had mentioned his son all evening, and each time she could sense his pent up anger. She admired how he managed to control it. That was something he ex-husband had never been able to do. Those brief flashes of emotion told her there was more to him than a constant stream of gags.

“You know, I was just thinking, this is the first time I’ve had a man in my house that wasn’t trying to sell me something for as long as I can remember.”

Bob chuckled, “Well if you’re interested we’ve just had a new line of vacuum cleaners in the shop.”

This time they both laughed.

Ruth rested on the edge of the kitchen table, and slipped off her shoes. She sighed. “That’s better.”

“I’ll never understand why women wear shoes that cause them pain.”

“I wouldn’t expect you to. After all, you’re only a man.”

“Only a man?” Bob positioned himself in front of Ruth.

“Only a man. A very charming man...”

Bob leaned in close.

“And so very...”

He kissed her before she could finish the sentence. She kissed him back. Suddenly, she broke off, gasping, her face flushed.

“I never dreamed I’d meet a man like you through the agency.”

“You should see some of the women they paired me up with. I’m the lucky one.”

He pulled her to him, kissing her deeply. Then he dragged himself away.

“I shouldn’t be doing this,” he said.

“Why?”

“It’s not right. We only met a few hours ago, and here I am, in your kitchen, kissing you.”

All sorts of thoughts jostled for space in Ruth’s head, but one shouted louder than all the others. I don’t care; kiss me again!

“Don’t you think that sometimes, it just feels right?”

“Maybe.” He looked at Ruth and smiled. A Hollywood star smile, that lit up his face.

She kissed him again, slipping her tongue into his mouth and entwining it with his.

“I want you. I know it’s crazy but I can’t help it. I want you.” She was breathless with desire. “Right here.”

She rapidly undid her blouse buttons, revealing her red satin bra. Bob stared. With all her buttons open, she set about his shirt, ripping it open. Two of the buttons ripped off and fell on the kitchen floor.

“Ruth, we shouldn’t...”

“Shut up and kiss me again.”

Bob appeared to give in. He brought his hands up to her breasts, mauling them, and at the same time locked his lips to hers.

She’d ran her hands down his bare chest, past his stomach, and on to the belt that held up his trousers. She made short work of it, the button and the zip. His trousers fell to the floor. Ruth dug her hands into his boxers, searching for the treasure hidden within.

He had lifted her bra up, exposing her breasts, and he rolled her nipples between his thumb and forefinger.

She had her hands on his cock. It might have been her imagination, or having not felt one I a long time, but his cock felt huge. She stroked it back and forth. At least I haven’t forgotten what to do with it, she thought.

Without warning, Bob abandoned her breasts and moved his hands down to her bum. He lifted her up, sitting her on the table. He tugged at her panties, but she was sitting on them. Finally, desperately, he tore them in two.

She gasped at his forcefulness. “Put it in.”

She let go of his cock and he guided into her waiting pussy. In it slid, all the way in one smooth stroke.

He didn’t wait. There was no finesse. They were like two animals, each fucking the other like they may never get another chance. It lasted barely two minutes.

When it was over, Bob moved to stand next to Ruth. “My god. That was good.”

Ruth started laughing.

“What? What?”

“I was thinking about what I said earlier, about salesmen.”

“Oh?”

“Well I gotta say, that was one sales technique that I never seen before.”

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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