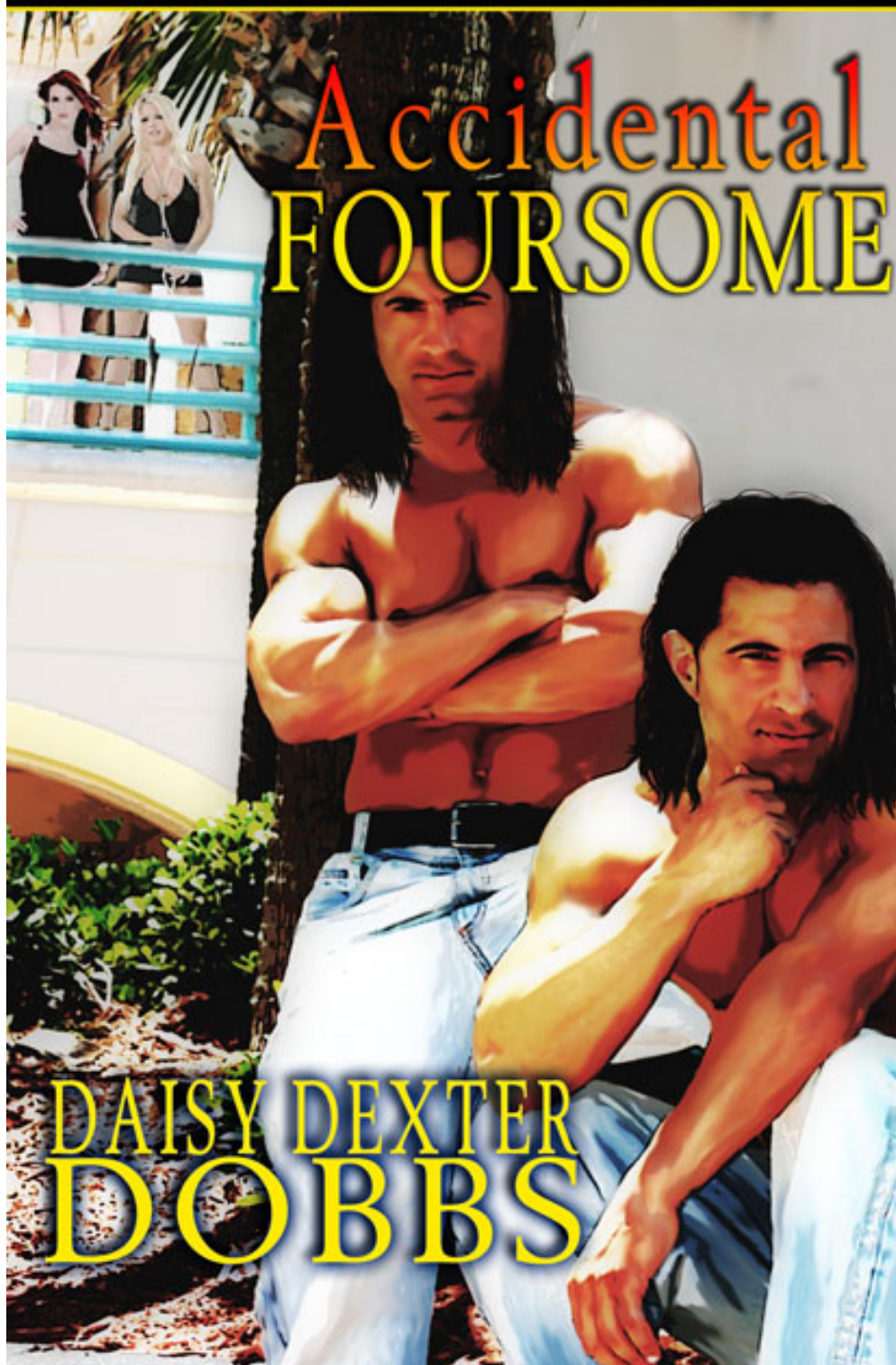


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Accidental FOURSOME

DAISY DEXTER
DOBBS



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Accidental Foursome

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ACCIDENTAL FOURSOME

Daisy Dexter Dobbs

Chapter One

“Heart-shaped, oval or rectangular?”

Yorgo “George” Kokoris cocked his head to the side as he studied the appealing view just a few feet away. It was clear by the American twang in the woman’s accent that Greek wasn’t her native language. “Definitely a rounded heart-shape,” he answered in English, eyeing the store clerk’s curvy bottom as she bent forward from the waist to reach a low shelf. The seam of her denim jeans perfectly divided the plump inverted heart. It was all he could do not to grab the inviting halves and squeeze.

“Oh, good, you speak English. That makes things easier.” The clerk popped her head up and turned toward George with a bright smile, a large heart-shaped box of chocolates in one hand and a smaller one in the other.

George straightened but not before the luscious little blonde caught him checking out more than the chocolates. Her pale cheeks flushed pink almost immediately and George couldn’t help smiling.

After a moment of contemplative silence, she cleared her throat and blinked. “Our two-pound Helena’s Grecian Chocolates deluxe assortment,” she said, thrusting the larger box under his nose, “is covered in quilted satin, which gives a softer, rounder appearance. It has two each of our most popular chocolates.”

“Perfect,” George said. “I’ll take it.”

“We also have an assortment of free gift cards in English or Greek to include with your purchase if this is for a special occasion,” she said with a glance at his ring finger so quick it was almost imperceptible. “Like a wedding anniversary or your wife’s birthday.”

“I’m not married. It’s for my mother’s birthday. Do you have a card appropriate for that? Something in Greek.”

"Yes, absolutely," she said as she walked to the cash register and plucked a small card from the display there. "*Eytyx...eytyxis...*" With a sigh of frustration the clerk looked up at George. "I'm sorry, I still have trouble with some of the pronunciation." She handed the card to George with an apologetic smile. "But I know this one says Happy Birthday, Mother."

Feeling the coolness of her fingers against his skin as he took the card, George read aloud, "*Eytyxismena Genethlia, Mitera.*" He smiled. "I can see how this could be a difficult phrase for an American."

"Oh, you can tell?" she asked. "That I'm American, I mean."

"The accent is unmistakable," George said, nodding. "My brother and I own a fitness club in Portland, Oregon. We split our time between there and here so I've become familiar with the nasal character of American speech."

"Nasal?" The woman bristled noticeably. "My voice isn't nasal. I'm from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. That's a Midwestern accent." Elevating her chin, she stood proud, forcing her shoulders back and chest out.

"Wisconsin...ah, yes, I know that!" George fought the magnetic pull to lock his gaze on her breasts. "You are a cheesehead, eh?"

The clerk gave an indignant huff. "I most certainly am not." She stood straighter still.

"Da Bears," George added in his best American accent, hoping that she'd thrust those inviting pink-apron-covered breasts of hers clear into his face.

"That's Chicago," she said with a tsk as her shoulders slouched. "I think you'd better stop while you're ahead."

George made a dramatic, sweeping bow. "My sincere apologies if I've offended you, ma'am." When he straightened he could see that she was trying to squelch a smile.

"That's all right," she said with a dismissive wave. "Will there be anything else for you today?"

"Just you," George said and the woman gazed up at him with a curious expression. He watched as her big green eyes grew wide, deciding that they were every bit as mesmerizing as her cute behind.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Just you," George repeated. "For dinner." Her eyes grew even wider and George winced. "No, that wasn't right. I don't want to eat you." He paused because the notion was actually quite pleasant and then he shook his head, frustrated at his lack of mastery of the difficult English language. "What I mean is that I would like very much to take you to dinner." He gave a hopeful grin. "Unless you're married or have someone else, of course."

"Oh."

Her cheeks colored again and she lowered her head. George felt hopeful when he saw the telltale signs of a smile emerge.

"No."

George's face fell. "No?"

"I mean, no, I'm not married or in a relationship," she clarified. "And —"

"Excellent," George cut in, anticipating a lusty evening of food, drink and dessert. Especially the dessert. "So what time can I pick you up?"

"And, no," she continued, ignoring George's question, "I can't go to dinner with you because I don't even know you."

"Sure you do. I'm Yorgo," he said clapping one hand twice against his chest as he projected his most charming smile. "George in English." He rested his elbows on the counter. "I was born right here in Mytilini, the capitol of Lesbos, thirty-one years ago. My family has owned Kokoris Olive Oil for several generations. My mother and father, most of my brothers, and all my aunts, uncles and cousins work there. No one in my family has ever committed murder, although rumors of insanity are whispered about at holiday dinners. I already told you that my brother Nikolas and I own a fitness club in

the states, the Apollo Health and Fitness Club. We split our time working there and working here at the family business. And, let's see...oh yes, Nikolas and I are identical twins. We're six-foot-four and upon close inspection it's clear that I'm definitely the more handsome twin." George grinned. "The only other difference between us is that Nikolas recently got married to an American girl and I'm still single. There. Now you know everything there is to know about me." He leaned in closer. "And when I pick you up for dinner tonight, we'll spend the evening talking all about you. What time is good for you? Six, seven, eight?"

"My goodness, you certainly don't waste any time, do you?" The woman laughed. "You forgot to throw in the part about you being a man who's thoughtful enough to buy his mother designer chocolates for her birthday."

"Ah, yes, being a perfect son is one of my many redeeming qualities." George winked.

"I'm Helena." She took his hand and pumped. "Well, it's really Helen, actually. I just use the name Helena for the shop because it makes it sound more Greek."

"Ahh, so you're the store's owner?"

"Yup." She gestured around the cheerful pale-pink, cream and chocolate-brown shop. "Welcome to my very own little corner of chocolate heaven."

"It's a fine little corner. Almost as pretty and sweet as its owner. So," George persisted, "how about that dinner date, eh?"

Helen looked at him for a long moment. "I have to admit it's tempting. Especially after all of your barefaced sweet talk." Her eyes sparkled as she grinned. "But I'm afraid I still have to say no."

"Ouch!" Clutching his shirt just over his heart and stepping back, George sucked in a deep breath, letting it out with a noisy whoosh. "That hurt. What was it, the mention of possible insanity? Because I can assure you, Helen, *sanity* is my middle name. In fact, I'll even have my mother write a note to that effect if it would help."

"No, it's not that." Helen laughed. "You seem relatively normal, and you're quite charming, George, it's just that..." She trilled an audible sigh and stepped around the counter, standing in front of George with her arms outstretched. "Look at me, George."

He did. She looked so damned delicious he wanted to lick her from head to toe, paying special attention to a couple of particularly promising areas.

"I'm soft and round without a speck of muscle definition," Helen said, poking herself in the belly and patting her hips.

For someone as devoted to fitness and muscle tone as he was, George was more than a little surprised to find himself on the verge of drooling. At somewhere in the vicinity of five foot two, Helen embodied all the best attributes of a classic mid-century movie siren.

"You look like you were carved out of marble," she went on. "You own a health club and I own a chocolate shop. Trust me, the two aren't compatible. Besides, you're too young for me. I'm...well, let's just say that I'm old enough to be your..." she cleared her throat, "your older sister." She blew a wisp of hair out of her eye and went back behind the counter.

"Why do women insist on doing that to themselves?" George asked, shaking his head. "You're always busy finding fault with yourselves. Helen, listen to me, if I didn't find you attractive, I wouldn't have asked you out. For the record, I like my women to look like real women, not like...how do you say it...like lollipop sticks. And I don't care if you're twenty-five or sixty-five. What difference does it make if we're attracted to each other?"

"George, I'm thirty-nine."

"Yes?" He shrugged. "So what's the problem?"

"Okay, what's wrong with you?" Helen asked, a distinct look of suspicion etched across her features as she planted her fists at her hips.

"What? I don't understand."

"First of all, you waltz into my chocolate shop looking like you just stepped off the cover of the *Greek God Gazette*. Second —"

"So you think I look like a Greek god, eh?"

"Second," Helen continued, her cheeks flushed, "you're buying birthday chocolates for your mother. Third, you like your women fat and old. And finally, you speak like a poet..." She gazed at him with such intensity George almost felt it bore a hole right through him. "You're gay, aren't you? I mean," her arms flew into the air and then flapped against her sides, "what else could it be? Unless maybe you're just kinky. Is that it?"

"Gay? Me?" That got George's hackles up. Just because he and Nikolas were buff and good looking, people were always assuming they must be gay, or at least bisexual. "If I was gay why would I ask you out to dinner? To chat about how you put those little swirls on top of the chocolates? No. If I were gay I'd be two doors down at the butcher shop buying a *kefalaki* for my mother and asking the six-foot-five tobacco-chewing Demetrius to tea."

"So I guess that leaves kinky," Helen pointed out. "Well, I'm not into that sort of thing."

"*What* sort of thing? What do you have spinning around up there," George twirled a finger at his temple, "that you think I want to do to you, eh?"

Helen's cheeks zipped right past pink to a deep shade of plum. "How should I know? You like older women. Maybe...maybe you have a mother fixation."

George was aghast. "That's disgusting."

"Or maybe you're into...I don't know...handcuffs, whipped cream and chocolate sauce."

Before George could answer he felt his dick spring to attention.

"Whatever it is," Helen said, "I'm not into it. Just because a woman is older and wears a plus size doesn't mean she's desperate." She took a deep breath. "Or so grateful for attention that she'll jump at the chance to perform wild, wanton sex acts."

George's erection bloomed mightily.

Growling, he shoved a hand through his hair. "*Hazi Americana!*" he blurted.

"Crazy!" Helen gasped, waving an accusatory finger toward George. "You just called me a crazy American woman!"

"Sorry." He closed his eyes in a long blink. "I forgot that you understand Greek. But, still, if your foot fits into the shoe then you are wearing it."

Helen looked at him as if *he* were crazy. "Huh?"

George tsked. "I'm not good with American sayings. What I mean was—"

Crossing her arms over her chest, Helen pinned him with a narrowed glare. "*If the shoe fits*. Is that what you're trying to say?"

"Yes." George nodded. "I think so. It means—"

"Oh, I know exactly what it means," Helen shot back. "Well, I may be a little eccentric, but at least I'm not nutty enough to eat *kefalaki*." She shuddered. "Ugh."

"Roasted lamb's head is a time-honored tradition in Greece," George said in proud defense of his country's customs. "And even all throughout America's Greek community during special holiday celebrations."

"Each time I see those things hanging in the window of Demetrius' shop staring at me with those dead eyes and grinning with those huge teeth I feel like I'm in the middle of a horror movie." Shuddering again, Helen rubbed her arms where George saw visible goose bumps.

"The eyes are considered a delicacy," he explained calmly, pegging her for one of those taste-bud-challenged Americans whose idea of culinary heaven was to slather ketchup over everything.

"Ugh!"

"Along with the cheeks, the tongue and the brain," George added. It never ceased to amaze him how the average American preferred junky fake food to fine quality, traditional ethnic cuisine.

"Eew, ew, *eeew!*" Helen clapped her hands over her ears and stamped her feet. "Please, not another word. I'm not kidding, George. I'll have nightmares about sheep faces chasing me all night long."

George studied the skittish woman. "What is your last name?"

Helen frowned. "Krasilkowski, why?"

"That is, what – Russian, Polish?"

"Polish, but what has that got to do with –"

"You eat feet pickles," George said. "Yes?"

"*What?*"

"Animal feet and knuckles made into pickles."

"You mean pickled pig's feet?" George nodded and Helen shrugged. "Well, sure, but for heaven's sake, George, they don't stare back at me when I eat them."

"True, but many people would find the idea of eating animal feet most unpleasant. So you see, Helen, we have tradition from our ancestors in common. You eat the feet, I eat the head and I think we both eat most of the meat in the middle. It's what we've known and have become accustomed to since childhood." He gifted her with a patient smile.

"Uh-huh, well thanks for the lesson in food history but I have to get back to work now." Helen snatched the money George had deposited on the counter and rang up the sale, slapping his change back on the counter. Then she rammed the quilted heart-shaped box into a bag and held it out to George. "Thank you, sir. Have good day." A saccharine smile did little to mask her curtness.

George took the bag and stood there gaping. The woman may be beautiful, but she was obviously beset with mental problems. "I don't understand. Didn't we just establish that we have something in common? Why are you angry now?"

"Because you said I was crazy, remember?" Helen explained before turning on her heel and marching off to the backroom.

"Look, I'm sorry," George called after her. "But what did you expect me to say after you accused me of being gay and kinky?"

"I didn't accuse. I was only asking," she retorted from the other room.

George could tell by the sound of her voice that she was pouting. He stared at the pink and white striped curtain separating the store from the backroom, replaying their conversation in his head and wondering how it had escalated into this mess. He'd been quite nice, he thought. A perfect gentleman. He'd been charming, complimentary and reassuring. And what did he get in return? A tongue-lashing from a crazy American woman living in Greece who hadn't bothered to learn anything about local customs, much less appreciate them. She was nothing more than a ditzy, curvy blonde who made his dick twitch. He could have slapped himself at that moment for instantly wondering if her pussy would give her away as a bottle-blonde. No...he didn't need this kind of grief—not when he could have most any woman he wanted with a snap of his fingers. Grumbling a sigh for having wasted a good portion of his morning, George turned to leave.

"George," Helen called in a tiny voice from the backroom.

His shoulders slumped. "Yes?"

"Eight."

"What?"

"Eight," Helen repeated. "You can pick me up at eight."

Pick her up? George felt dazed. "*Hazi Americana,*" he whispered to himself. Half tempted to tell Helen to go to hell, he found himself saying instead, "Eight it is."

"The shop closes at six today," Helen said, peeking her head out of the curtain and smiling. "That will give me time to finish up a couple of custom orders I'm working on and then take a shower and change. I live upstairs, so you can just ring the doorbell outside." Her smile broadened. "See you then." And then Helen disappeared behind the curtain.

"Yeah...see you then," George echoed softly as he left the shop and wondered just what in the hell he was getting himself into.

Chapter Two

Flummoxed. Yes, that was the word. Helen was flat-out flummoxed over what had happened that morning. After all, it wasn't every day that a too-hot-for-words towering hunk of muscle strolled into her chocolate shop – and asked her out to dinner!

Good God, the man was handsome, probably the most gorgeous specimen of manhood she'd ever had the pleasure to see up close, much less converse with – and smell. The surge of lust she'd felt at catching his scent that morning had surprised her. But the biggest surprise of all was that Mr. Greek God Gazette thought she – lackluster, nearly forty-year-old Helen Krasilowski from Milwaukee, Wisconsin – was attractive!

With midnight black shoulder-length hair, dark jaw stubble accenting his swarthy olive complexion, and eyes the color of semisweet chocolate chips hooded with a thick fringe of raven lashes, George Kokoris looked more like a magazine model than a businessman. That wasn't even taking into consideration the long legs, and those wide shoulders straining the material of his white linen shirt.

"What on earth could a man like that possibly see in me?" Helen asked her reflection as she drew close to the full length mirror mounted on the back of her bedroom door. "Especially after I not only insulted him but did a damn fine impression of a babbling moron too."

She took a long moment to assess herself, studying each line, wrinkle and imperfection in her face. When she smiled she could see telltale old-lady crinkles at the corners of her eyes, which made her frown. That was worse. When she frowned, she saw even more lines around her eyes and mouth. People who saw them together would probably think she was George's mother instead of his dinner date, for chrissakes.

In lieu of getting an emergency facelift or a muscle-numbing injection before dinner, she supposed she'd just have to concentrate on keeping her face still as much as

possible throughout the evening. Helen practiced smiling until she found a way to keep the smile from including her eyes. Yes, that was it. The crinkles were almost invisible now. She'd have to practice her new smile to make it look natural before George picked her up for dinner.

Helen took a step back, appraising her outfit—which she'd already changed at least a dozen times. She'd chosen her favorite figure-slimming black dress, even though the jersey material made it a bit warm for the balmy weather. If she had any sense she'd opt for the airy white cotton wrap dress, but with its straight lines, long sleeves and deep vee neckline, the black jersey knit looked good on her. Damn good. She grinned at her reflection, quickly altering the smile to her new, more youthful unlined version. She felt certain the dress made her appear a good fifteen pounds thinner. And what woman wouldn't gladly trade in a little discomfort for appearances?

The three-inch heels she'd purchased that afternoon added the final touch, elongating her petite profile and enhancing the slender, lanky theme she was striving for. It would also help her not to feel like an elf next to the big Greek. Sheesh, the guy huge! At that thought, Helen's mind immediately wandered, stopping in the vicinity of George's trousers, and the sizeable bulge she couldn't help noticing there earlier today. She'd never been intimate with a man that tall. Were their cocks exceptionally large? She didn't think it necessarily worked that way, but that bulge in George's pants certainly did seem to be—

Helen blinked. What in the hell was she thinking?

Shoes. She was supposed to be thinking about maneuvering around on those damned pinpoint-heeled shoes. She wasn't supposed to be thinking about a complete stranger's cock, regardless of how tempting the thought may be. And she wasn't supposed to be thinking about how long it had been since she'd last had sex with a living, breathing human being, either. *Shoes...* Since all she wore were flat-heeled shoes and sandals, she'd have to practice walking around her apartment until George arrived so she didn't look like a stumbling idiot.

Helen hadn't planned to accept George's invitation. Men with striking good looks and physiques to match usually intimidated the hell out of her. But he really seemed nice, genuine and, dammit, this might be her only chance to spend an evening with a sexy fantasy man before old age set in. She was tired of working all day, often seven days a week just to come home and hide away in her apartment each night. Her biggest thrill was curling up in her cushy chair with a spicy romance novel and living vicariously through the heroines. It was high time Helen broke out of the doldrums she'd created for herself and experienced some romance, instead of just reading about it.

"If he tries to kiss you, you're going to let him," she said, wagging a finger at the mirror. "You're way past the point of having that ridiculous no-kissing-on-the-first-date mentality. You're not a geeky teenager anymore, Helen Krasilowski, you're a mature, independent divorcée living on her own in a foreign country. You have no one to answer to but yourself." She smiled as she gave herself a resolute nod. "Maybe I'll even kiss George first," she said. "And then maybe I'll invite him back to my apartment so I can find out what's hiding behind that bulging fly of his." She hugged herself at the delicious thought, twirling slowly as she whispered, "And then the handsome hero swept her into his strong arms and fucked her senseless with his enormous tall-guy cock." Helen couldn't help but giggle at that. Oh yes, she'd like very much to be fucked senseless at least once in her life.

Helen glanced at the clock. She had about forty-five minutes to practice her chic new wrinkle-free smile, and to practice walking in the damned uncomfortable shoes, while remembering to keep her belly sucked in so it wouldn't pooch out. And she had to make sure it all looked nonchalant and perfectly normal, as if she actually went around looking glamorous every night instead of morphing into a shorts-and-T-shirt-wearing couch potato.

She gathered her purse and walked into the living room, struggling to maintain balance and a modicum of grace as her ankles wobbled. Head up, shoulders back, she

pulled in her belly and sauntered around the perimeter of the area rug repeatedly, practicing the new smile and trying out witty, urbane dialogue. Yes, tonight she'd be *Helena*... nonchalant, elegant and sophisticated. When the doorbell rang and she came face to face with George, she'd –

The doorbell rang and Helen froze – all except for her wobbly ankles.

"I can't do this," she said. "Who am I kidding? I can't go on a date with someone who looks like a goddamned movie star. I can't –"

The doorbell rang again.

"Yes you can," she muttered. "You can do this, Helen. You deserve this one little night of romance and happiness. Not get your fat ass down those stairs and open the door!"

* * * * *

"Helen, you look so beautiful you take my breath away."

The man knew how to deliver a great opening line, she'd give him that. "Thank you, George." Helen gave him her wrinkle-free smile. "You look very handsome, yourself." His open-necked black shirt gave her a glimpse of chest hair. He looked dark and mysterious. Rather like a romantic masked marauder, but without the mask.

"I made dinner reservations at Eleni's *Estiatorio*," George said. "Have you ever been there?"

"No, but I've heard it's fabulous. I've been meaning to try it for some time." She repeated her silky smile.

Slanting her a perplexed look, George asked, "Are you feeling well?"

"I'm fine. Why do you ask? Oh," Helen went on without waiting for his answer, "the bleary eyes, is that it? Sorry. They get that way after hours of putting all those little identifying squiggles on the chocolates, that's all. I should have remembered to use eye drops."

"No, no, it's not that, Helen, it's..." His eyebrows knitted as she smiled again. "Eh...nothing. Never mind."

Well that wasn't encouraging. What the hell was wrong? Had she suddenly developed a bright red zit on the tip of her nose or something? Helen nonchalantly brushed her fingers across her nose, relieved when she didn't feel any bumps. Maybe it was her mascara. She wasn't used to wearing it. Had she rubbed her eye without realizing and smeared the stuff? Why hadn't she bought the waterproof, smudge-resistant mascara?

"Um...excuse me for just a minute, George. I...I forgot something." Helen zipped back inside, snatching the mirror from her purse and examining her face. Satisfied that a catastrophe hadn't rendered her face too hideous to gaze upon, she returned, stepped outside and locked the door.

She hadn't been in the night air for more than two minutes before humidity enveloped her. The slimming black jersey knit dress may as well have been a diver's wetsuit for the way it clung to her now, trapping the moisture against her skin. Damn. She thought about the light, crisp cotton wrap dress hanging in her closet. If she had an ounce of sense mixed in with all that vanity and insecurity floating around inside her head she'd have worn that instead.

"Ah." Closing his eyes for a moment, George breathed deeply and Helen's eyes were immediately drawn to his expanding chest. "Feel that warm ocean breeze? It's a beautiful evening. Perfect for our first dinner date."

As they walked down the white stone steps toward George's car Helen felt the first signs of her carefully styled hair slumping from the damp air. "Mmm, yes. Lovely."

"Too nice to drive, don't you think, Helen? Why don't we walk to Eleni's instead? It's just down the hill."

Helen's thoughts turned to her sexy new shoes with the skinny toothpick heels. After calculating the chances of maneuvering down the hill without tripping like a

clumsy buffoon, she took in a fortifying breath. "Sure. Sounds good to me," she answered, giving a hesitant, crease-free smile.

George extended his arm. Helen clutched it as if she were drowning and he'd thrown her a lifeline. She answered his questioning expression with another of her oh-so-chic smiles. By some miracle, she made it all the way to Eleni's without embarrassing herself by stumbling, although her ankles felt as though she'd put them through a wobbling marathon.

Eleni's *Estiatorio* surpassed all of Helen's expectations, from the well-executed menu offerings to the wine and the superb service. Their cozy table for two in the restaurant's open air courtyard couldn't have been more romantic. George was a wonderful conversationalist and she felt at ease, as if she'd known him for weeks instead of just a matter of hours. As delectable as the food was, sitting across the small table from George and gazing upon his Greek god visage was even more delicious.

"I must tell you again how stunning you look," George said after finishing the red wine in his glass. "The black dress is a perfect contrast to your pale skin." His gaze traveled from Helen's face to her cleavage, resting there a moment before he added, "You must have to work hard to keep from getting a sunburn here, especially with the way the sun reflects off the ocean."

Helen was surprised when she felt her pussy juices trickle. The Greek was so sexy it practically made her toes curl inside the pointy toes of her impractical shoes. If she'd been a gutsier type of woman she'd be jumping his bones right here and now. "Making chocolates keeps me so busy that I'm not outside all that much," she said. "When I do venture out, I wear broad-brimmed hats and plenty of sunblock."

It had been a long time since she'd had such a strong response to a man...well, actually, she couldn't *ever* remember being so turned on by anyone before. She and her ex-husband, Herbie, were just out of school when they married. He was a great guy, but definitely not stud material. She'd always thought of him more as a best buddy than a hunk.

Hunk, on the other hand, was a perfect term for George. Everything about him spoke of tantalizing sexuality, the way he looked, spoke, moved... As she sat there relishing the tingle between her thighs, Helen hoped that she'd succeeded in presenting herself as sophisticated and alluring. She'd worked hard to be a brilliant conversationalist throughout dinner, peppering their discussion with lots of questions about George and making certain to give him her rapt attention when he spoke about himself or his family. She was especially proud of herself for refraining from too many nervous giggles or endless babbling.

Breathing a contented sigh, Helen placed a flaky forkful of pistachio *baklava* on her tongue, closing her eyes while she savored its sweetness.

"That has to be the best *baklava* I've ever had," she said, licking her lips. "First time I've had it made with pistachios." After sipping from the small cup of earthy Turkish coffee, Helen gifted George with another of her sophisticated *Helena* smiles. She was getting so used to keeping her facial muscles still it almost felt natural.

"It is delicious," George agreed. "We often make it this way in our family." He paused and then nailed Helen with a purposeful gaze. "Speaking of family, tell me about your ex-husband," he said finally. "You said you've been divorced for a little more than five years and then came here to Greece afterward. Did he mistreat you? Is that why you came here—to get away from him?"

"Herbie?" Helen almost laughed until she remembered that laughter wasn't conducive to a smooth, creaseless face. "Oh, no, never. Herbie's one of the kindest, gentlest men I've ever known. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

His fork of *baklava* poised in midair, George asked, "So you're still on good terms? You two still talk?"

"All the time," Helen said. "Well, as much as we can afford to with Herbie still living in Milwaukee. We had a very amicable divorce, nothing messy or awkward. It was just a mutual parting of the ways. Herbie and I realized we wanted very different things out of life and decided it was time to go our separate ways."

"Do you still love him?"

"Yes, and I'm sure I always will." As George shifted slightly, Helen got the distinct impression that her statement had made him uncomfortable. "Oh, not in *that* way," she clarified. "I mean as a friend. I'm not *in love* with Herbie. You see, Herbie is...well, he's found someone else and they're very happy together. I really couldn't be more delighted."

"And you're not maybe a little bit jealous of the other woman because you still love him, eh?"

"George."

"Yes?"

"Herbie is gay."

George's fork fell to the dessert plate with a clatter. "You married a gay man?"

"Well, yes and no. Herbie didn't realize he was gay when we got married. We were still just kids. We'd been best friends for years and everybody just sort of assumed that we'd end up getting married one day and that's what we did. It was kind of a natural progression, I guess. I don't think either of us was ever really all that physically attracted to the other. Our relationship went beyond that. And the sex—" Suddenly aware that she was beginning to jabber, Helen stopped.

George arched an eyebrow. "Yes? The sex?"

"Let's just say there were no fireworks." Helen shrugged. "Of course, being a virgin when I got married I didn't have anything to compare it to, so it didn't bother me."

"But you've had fireworks sex since the divorce, yes?"

"George."

"Yes?"

"Don't you think that question is just a wee bit personal? I mean, I wouldn't dream of asking you how many women you've slept with or how you rated your sexual encounters."

“*Touché*. My apologies, Helen.” George gave her a charming smile. “I think I just got carried away with your story. It’s quite fascinating, you know. I hope you’ll believe me when I say that I don’t usually interrogate my dates over dinner.”

“Oh, you just leave the interrogation for after dessert, hmm?” Helen rolled her eyes. She could have kicked herself for blurting that sassy question.

“I’ve...I’ve found there are more *interesting* ways to spend an evening other than giving women the third degree.” The sensuous expression across George’s features left no mistake about his meaning.

After another sip of coffee, Helen set the small cup back in its saucer. George took her hands in his and gazed into her eyes. If she were an ice cream cone she’d have melted right on the spot—which had nothing to do with the fact that she was already perspiring like crazy because of the dress, the wine and the hot coffee.

Now, with George tenderly clasping her hands, Helen knew the moment had arrived. She’d been waiting semi-patiently for it all evening. The moment where George, clearly mesmerized by her charm, beauty and wit, would whisper sweet nothings to her, then perhaps kiss her hand and suggest they depart Eleni’s and head back to her place for a sensuous romp. She gazed into his dark eyes, parting her lips ever-so slightly, just the way she’d seen models do as they struck a sexy, come-hither pose. She wanted to look just right when he made his move.

George brought one of her hands to his lips, feathering a kiss along her knuckles. Now her panties were practically sodden. “Ah, Helen, you’re such a fine little trooper,” he said, which wasn’t at all what she’d expected.

“I’m sorry, what?”

“It’s all right. You don’t have to be strong for me, Helen.” George rubbed his thumb where his lips had been a moment before.

Somewhere along the line Helen had obviously gotten lost in the flow of conversation, or severely sidetracked, because she had absolutely no clue what George was talking about.

She looked at him for a few seconds, trying to decipher just what in the heck he meant. "You're losing me, George," she finally said with a shake of her head. "With the little trooper and being strong stuff, I mean."

George leaned forward and cupped Helen's chin, while still holding one of her hands. "You've been putting on a good front all evening, ever since I picked you up."

"I have?"

George nodded. "I admire your stamina, but you don't have to do that for me. I don't deserve it."

"Don't deserve..." Helen slipped her hand from his and sat back in her chair, puzzled as hell. "George, what in the world are you talking about?"

"I could tell when I picked you up and saw how hard it was for you to smile through your discomfort that you weren't feeling well," he explained. "If I were a gentleman I'd have suggested then that we postpone our date. But I was too selfish. I wanted to spend the evening with you, getting to know you better. And now look what I've done."

Her smile? George was talking about her perfect practiced smile? Oh dear God. No wonder he'd been looking at her so strangely throughout the evening. Helen blinked. "What? What have you done?"

George gestured with a sweeping motion of his hand. "Look at you, you poor thing. Your face is flushed and covered with perspiration. You should be in bed resting instead of sitting here with me, struggling as you try to make yourself smile."

Helen swallowed hard. She picked up her purse and withdrew her mirror, uttering an audible gasp as she gazed at her limp hair, sweaty red face, raccoon eyes and the blotch of lipstick that had somehow found its way down to her chin. Calmly dabbing at her chin and then the black rings beneath her eyes with a tissue before returning the mirror to her purse, Helen sucked in a deep breath and contemplated her options. She could locate a crack in the patio's stone floor big enough to ooze into and hide. She could go along with George's false assumption that she was sick. Or, she could —

Before she realized it Helen found herself collapsing into laughter. Adding to her soaring level of mortification, she laughed so hard that she actually snorted, which only served to make her laugh even harder. Aware that she'd attracted the attention of the other diners in the courtyard, Helen struggled to control her outburst. She dropped her head into hands, convulsing as her shoulders shook.

"Oh, Helen." George rose from the table and came to her side, bending over her and holding her shoulders. "I've made you cry. I'm so sorry. I'll call our waiter over to bring the check so I can take you home."

Helen shook her head back and forth, finally getting a grip on her giggles. When she looked up at George she knew damn well that her mascara was running from her tears of laughter and by this time she barely even cared. She'd bungled the entire evening so badly that there really wasn't any use trying to impress the man any longer.

George took the linen napkin from her lap and wiped it softly across her cheeks, leaving streaky deposits of black on the material. The Eleni's staff would just love that. Helen stilled George's hand and patted it.

"Sit down George. I have a confession to make."

George paused a moment before returning to his seat.

"See this?" Helen asked, with a wave of her hand from the top of her head down toward her feet. "It's not me." George just gave her one of those *huh?* looks. "I'm not sick. I was just trying to impress you."

"Impress me?" George scooted his chair closer to the table and leaned closer. "Helen, I don't understand —"

"I was smiling like that to hide my eye crinkles, see?" She gave him a full smile, crinkles and all. "I thought I looked younger and more sophisticated."

"But it was that beautiful bright smile of yours that first caught my attention in the shop," George said. He held up his hand. "No, wait, that's not entirely true. Since we're making confessions, it was that full heart-shaped bottom of yours that first caught my eye. After that it was your breasts. But your smile came in a close third." He winked.

"Thank you...I think." Helen laughed, suddenly aware of her nipples stiffening at George's mention of her breasts. "Anyway, George, I'm just not a high-heels, lipstick and mascara-wearing kind of girl. I'm definitely more of a blue jeans and T-shirt type. The reason I'm perspiring is because I wore this hot knit dress and —"

"You're right about that," George interjected with a sexy smile as his gaze locked on her cleavage. "It's hot all right."

"And that's exactly the response I was trying to go for, which is why I didn't wear my cool cotton dress instead. The combination of the humid air, the wine and the hot coffee didn't help matters. That's why my face is flushed, my makeup is running and my hair looks like wilting cotton candy." Her shoulders hiked in a shrug. "I'm sorry, George. "I'm sure the last thing you wanted was to spend the night with a disheveled *hazi Americana*."

George signaled the server for the check. "On the contrary, Helen, I can't remember when I've enjoyed an evening more. You might be just a *little* bit crazy," he held his thumb and forefinger an inch apart, "but I think you're a beautiful, sexy and extremely refreshing woman. And, personally, I like those little crinkles at the corners of your eyes."

"You think I'm refreshing? And sexy? How can you think I'm sexy when I'm sitting here looking like a clown?"

"Refreshing, yes, because not many beautiful, sexy woman have the ability to make me laugh too." George chuckled before adding, "That's where the clown part comes in."

Helen rolled her eyes and huffed. "Yeah, well the idea was to get you to seduce me, not to make you laugh." As soon as the words left her lips, Helen clapped a hand over her mouth. "Oh, Lord, I didn't mean to say that," she muttered through spread fingers.

"I'm glad you did." George gifted her with one of his sensuous smiles, along with a knowing nod. "It seems that we had the exact same plan in mind. I'm very flattered that

you went to so much trouble to look sexy for me, Helen. But none of it was necessary. You don't need makeup and fancy dresses to turn me on. You just need to be yourself."

"Wow." Helen leaned forward, planting an elbow on the table and propping her chin in her fist. "You sure do have a way with words, Mr. Kokoris."

"When I take you home," George's voice took on a deep seductive tone, "I'll show you that words aren't the only thing I have a way with, Ms. Krasilkowski."

Chapter Three

George couldn't stand it a moment longer. How could something as deceptively simple and ordinary as watching the gentle sway of Helen's hips as she put on a pot of coffee before heading off to take a shower give him a hard-on of epic proportions? He'd been with many women in his day, sexy, gorgeous girls, but none of them had ever affected his libido like the crazy little blonde. Helen was soft and earthy and funny and everything his previous women were not.

There wasn't any logic to it. He should have been repelled by the drippy smudged makeup and sheen of perspiration glazing her features as he sat across from her in the restaurant, but it only made her all the more endearing. He should have been turned off by the lack of muscle tone beneath her ample padding, but gazing at her lush curves excited him beyond reason. He should have lost all interest when her limp mass of fuzzy blonde hair sagged in some places while poofing out ridiculously in others, but all he could think about was running his fingers through the strands of gold and smoothing them. Watching her ankles wobble as she tried to move about on those foolish, skinny-heeled shoes, and then witnessing her trip over her own feet and break a heel off on the way back up the hill from Eleni's should have had him eager as hell to drop the limping woman at her door and make a run for it. But George found her vulnerability and eagerness to impress him most engaging.

And sexy as hell.

No. There wasn't an ounce of logic to this strange magic the *hazi Americana* seemed to possess. The magic that set his heart racing and had his cock rigid with an almost desperate need to feel himself inside her. If he didn't know better George would have thought he'd been bedeviled, bewitched. No other explanation seemed plausible now as he watched Helen wiggle her fingers in a coy wave before heading into her bedroom.

He had to get his mind off her. George's attention turned to the coffeemaker as dark liquid dripped into the glass carafe. He should have left her apartment before she got in the shower. Helen Krasilkowski most definitely was not the kind of woman he wanted or needed in his life. Yes, he'd think about the coffee instead of Helen. *Drip...drip...drip.* He'd concentrate on the way the dripping liquid picked up speed, flowing in a steady stream and then, finally, with gushing a shot of steam coming to a hot, satisfying climax.

Fuck!

* * * * *

As soon as Helen got under the showerhead and started washing off the makeup and rinsing away the perspiration she felt better. What a sad, sorry impression she'd made on the gorgeous Greek. To his credit he'd remained a smiling, understanding gentleman throughout everything that had gone wrong that evening. Too bad. George Kokoris would have been quite a catch. What's more, he actually seemed to be genuinely interested in her...or perhaps he was simply amused. In any case, Helen was certain this was a date she'd remember for the rest of her life, for both the good reasons as well as the bad.

So what if he never called her again? At least she'd had this one semi-idyllic, partially romantic evening with a modern-day Greek god. Of course, the night would be perfect if it ended with them in a hot, steamy tussle between the sheets but fat chance of that happening. She was pretty sure she'd squelched any thoughts of a carnal nature that George may have been harboring. As a rule, klutzy clowns probably weren't high on the Greek god list of sexual stimulants.

It was a shame she'd probably never have the opportunity to show George her non-clownish side because he just might have liked it. They might have really hit it off if the evening had gone differently. George had a way of making her feel beautiful, sexy and interesting.

That didn't even begin to compare with the way she felt when George slid the shower door open and joined her.

"George!" With the initial shock, Helen's first thought was to cover herself up and her hands instinctively flew to her breasts and pussy. Fighting back the urge to let her jaw drop, her gaze traveled from George's eyes down the faultless planes of his gorgeous naked torso, stopping at his cock. Then her jaw did drop. "Oh my goodness, George," she whispered. The man had a cock quite unlike any she'd seen before. Any doubts she'd had about George being the incarnation of a Greek god were put to rest with a single glimpse of his magnificent attributes. She shifted as the folds of her pussy began to heat.

George's searing gaze nearly made the droplets of water simmer against her skin. He tugged her arms away from their protective positions and placed them at her sides, holding her at arm's length while he appraised her. At the first brush of his skin against hers, the impatience of raw sexual hunger pervaded her senses and she heard a little moan catch in her throat.

"You are so beautiful it almost makes me ache to look at you," George said just above a whisper.

"George, I—" Whatever the hell she'd been planning to say washed right down the shower drain as she admired his fantasy-man physique. The man was so beautiful, so perfectly formed, she was truly at a loss for words. Her gaze roved over his broad chest and she watched as two droplets of water ran down from the hollow at his throat, merging in rivulets on one of his pecs. The tiny stream paused at his nipple before dripping, lingering on his flesh the way she imagined her tongue doing. Her body trembled in response.

"I'm sorry, Helen, but I had no choice," George said, tracing a finger from her arm up to her lips. He smoothed the tip of his finger back and forth across her bottom lip before capturing it between his teeth and drawing her into a full kiss. Helen felt the most delicious sensation shoot clear to her clit. "I was going crazy out there thinking

about you all wet and naked in the shower,” George continued as their kiss ended. “I just had to join you, Helen. Please tell me that you don’t mind.”

Mind? *Mind?*

“I’m glad you’re here, George. More than a little surprised, but glad.” She reached out to touch his jaw, almost afraid that he’d be an apparition, no more than a figment of her wishful thinking. When her fingers connected with warm, solid flesh, she breathed a delighted sigh of relief.

Helen heard a low chuckle rumble in George’s throat. “I’m a little surprised myself,” he said. “I’ve never found myself so immediately and powerfully captivated by a woman before. There’s something...special about you that I can’t explain, Helen. Something that draws me to you like iron filings to a magnet.” As he spoke he turned her around so that her backside faced him.

The showerhead pelted her breasts with water. She felt her knees tremble when he snaked his arms around her, cupping her breasts with his large hands and kneading her wet flesh until her nipples peaked in response. But that wasn’t the best part. As if they carried an electric current, the phenomenal sensation of George’s lips and tongue trailing from the nape of her neck to the dimple low in her spine had her knees actually go weak. Feeling as if she’d been drugged with pleasure, Helen sagged against him. With the prominent evidence of George’s desire nestled firmly at the small of her back and then sliding into the crack of her ass, she savored the resurgence of passion that she’d feared had been lost to her forever.

“It feels so good to have a real woman in my grasp,” George said against her ear as he ground himself against her. “A full, ripe woman with soft, sensuous curves on her frame. A woman with the body of a goddess.”

He couldn’t have just said those beautiful things to her, could he? But he had. And he sure as hell sounded as though he meant it too.

“Oh, George, you have to stop.” His hands stilled and for a moment the only sound she heard was the water bombarding the tiled walls.

"What?" he finally said.

Helen looked over her shoulder. "You're making me so hot with your words and caresses that I'm practically ready to come just from that alone."

"We can't have that," George said, turning Helen to face him again. She felt the spray of water against her back, dribbling down between her ass cheeks where George's cock had just probed. "The first time you come, Helen, I want to be able to look into those big beautiful green eyes of yours. I want to see the passion burning as I make your body tremble."

Before Helen knew what was happening, George's mouth was on hers and his fingers were between her thighs, searching between her pussy lips until they found her clit. She gasped as the tender bud swelled and pulsations, tiny and almost imperceptible at first, grew until she was on the verge of either exploding or bursting into song or both.

Tiny utterances escaped her throat. At just the right moment George pulled back from the kiss and held her so close that Helen's head instinctively fell back so she could look up at him. The intensity of raw desire in George's eyes made her heart skip a beat. This was far better than any dream or fantasy she'd ever had, and she hadn't even felt his cock inside her yet. The mere thought of his big, hard cock filling her had torrents of liquid surging from her clenching pussy as the first shudders gripped her being. While the shower rained down on them, George's hand supported her back as the other deftly worked to bring her to unparalleled completion.

"Don't move," George commanded a moment later as he stepped out of the shower. "I'll be right back."

Move? Hell, she couldn't even think. Helen couldn't remember the last time she'd climaxed so hard. In fact, she probably never had. An orgasm like that was something a woman definitely would remember. If the man could do that to her with just his fingers, imagine what—

"I had to put on a condom," George said as he slipped back in and closed the shower door. "You looked so beautiful when you came for me that I need to see it again, except this time I want to be inside you when it happens."

"In here?" Helen said, wiping water from her face. "But there's not enough room for us to lie on the —"

"It doesn't matter." George's hands clasped Helen's waist and he hoisted her into the air. "I can't wait a moment longer to feel myself inside you, Helen."

"Oh!" Clenching his shoulders with her hands, she was nothing short of flabbergasted when, instead of wrenching his back in pain over the heavy load, George handled her as if she weighed no more than her shop's signature ten-pound box of deluxe assorted chocolates. Before she could open her mouth, he had positioned her with her back against the shower wall and Helen found her pussy being pierced with the tip of his cock.

She'd never experienced anything like it and loved the feeling of being held up and supported by a pair of strong hands. As he held her aloft, Helen watched the muscles in George's arms and chest bunch and cord while water sluiced down his body. It was a beautiful, erotic sight that had her pussy weeping in joyous expectation. "I've never done it standing up before."

"Technically," George said as the tip of his cock twitched inside her, "only one of us is standing." He gave her a roguish smile and wink.

"George..."

"Hmmm?"

Quickly becoming lost in pleasure as his cock invaded her senses, Helen hesitated to go on, but she owed it to the man to warn him. "We shouldn't do this. I'm too heavy. You'll hurt yourself."

George shook his head. "You're perfect, *hazi mu*. Just right. Trust me, you're like a feather compared to the weights I use for working out."

Hearing a man say that to her as he held her in the air was curious and incredible. As a plus-sized woman Helen never dared to dream that she'd ever experience feeling downright diminutive in a man's arms. "*Hazi moo...*" she repeated as she tried to remember exactly what that meant. It was getting damned hard to think clearly with her mind fogged with raging desire. "George, did you just call me *my crazy girl*?"

"Uh-huh. Close enough."

He pushed a little deeper into her, eliciting a moan from somewhere deep in her being. At that moment she saw his eyes darken with passion. No one had ever looked at her that way before. How perfectly delicious.

"Because you make me crazy in more ways than one," George added.

"I do? How?" She smoothed George's wet hair from his eyes.

George belted out a sigh. "Like talking too much during sex, for one thing." The humor in his voice was apparent.

"Oh. Sorry. George?"

"What, chatterbox?"

"This is all happening so fast."

George's body became so rigid he looked like a statue in the rain. "Do you — are you saying you want me to stop?"

"God, no! I'm practically dying of curiosity to feel that big cock of yours all the way inside me." She couldn't help but lick her lips. "It's just that...well, before you picked me up tonight, George, I was trying to talk myself into letting you kiss me goodnight on our first date."

As George held her aloft his body vibrated with laughter, right down to his mighty cock. "Shame on you," he grunted. "I'm trying to make love to you, *hazi mu*. This is not a good time to make me laugh."

Helen couldn't keep herself from giggling a bit herself until George put an end to it by dropping her further on to his seemingly endless cock.

"Lord, you're so big, George. I honestly didn't think you'd be able to fit. But I'm awfully glad you did. It feels heavenly." She leaned her head close to his, capturing his sensuous lips in a kiss. Wiggling her hips slightly as they kissed, she delighted in the wonderfully strange feel of his thick shaft filling her. Her happy pussy began to throb, dripping with her cream. She must have been a very good girl at some point in her past to deserve something this splendid. Closing her eyes, she indulged in a dreamy sigh.

"You're only about a third of the way down, Helen. I'm easing you slowly to give your insides a chance to stretch enough to accept me. There might be some discomfort because of my size and I don't want to hurt you."

Her eyes popped open. A third of the way? She already felt fuller than she had with any other man. Oddly enough, the thought of palpable pain combined with untold pleasure appealed immensely. "Um...do you think you'll get it all in?"

"Baby, you're going to take every inch, even if I have to drill it in." George swivelled his hips and she felt his cock pulsing inside.

There was something about the experience of making vertical love in the shower with George that seemed surreal. The intermingling of hot sex and cascading water was so intensely, sublimely erotic. She felt she was on the brink of something spectacular, something inexplicable.

"Give it to me, George," she whispered through a shuddering breath. "Now. All of it. All of *you*. Please don't make me wait." She shifted her hips, trying to seat herself.

With a low, impassioned grunt, George thrust fully into her depths, wedging himself tight. Yes. There it was. The mix of pain and pleasure Helen had anticipated. Oh, but there was so much more. George's cock reached places deep inside her that came boldly alive at his touch. Not only did she feel a thrumming sensation as his cock pressed against her clit, she could also feel a similar but even more powerful sensation deep inside. Helen's head fell back as she engaged in a protracted moan of pleasure beyond measure.

"I'm sorry, Helen. I didn't mean to be so forceful. Did I hurt you?"

With her head still back, Helen peered at the ceiling thinking that if she looked hard enough she might be able to glimpse a corner of heaven because she felt that close to it at the moment. "I've never felt better in my entire life."

When George clamped his teeth on her nipple and tugged, Helen was almost certain she caught a peek of paradise just before her eyelids fluttered shut. Letting go of one of his shoulders she skirted her hand up the nape of his neck and into his damp hair, fisting it as he played with her breast.

He drew her nipple into his mouth, sucking hard enough to make her squirm with delight. As she babbled incoherently, George's hands travelled from Helen's waist to her ass and he squeezed her cheeks.

"You have beautiful breasts, Helen. The nipples are like exquisite dew-topped berries and taste just as delicious as they look." His tongue caught a drop of water as it trickled from one of the taut buds. "Ah, you have no idea how long I've waited for this wealth of pleasure." George's voice was so husky with passion it was almost a growl. "The magnificent feeling of your slick, hot pussy clamped tight around my cock as I dug my fingers into that luscious little ass of yours. I am a happy man, Helen."

At the sound of his words, her juices surged, bathing his cock with almost as much force as the needles of water bathing their bodies. "I'm very glad you feel that way, even though it hasn't been very long." With its breathy quality, Helen almost didn't recognize her own voice. "May I remind you that we just met this morning, Mr. Kokoris?"

"A veritable eternity, Ms. Krasilkowski." George punctuated his statement with a no-nonsense twist and thrust that sent Helen's senses reeling. "So soft," George whispered. "So sweet. So tight and so very, very sexy. I-I can't last much longer."

"Me neither," Helen managed to breathe out.

He hammered fast inside her pussy, building the friction to an inferno until his cock convulsed and he roared out something in Greek along with Helen's name.

Her body engulfed in sweet convulsions, Helen was unable to translate George's heated cry. She was lost in a sea of feelings too exquisite to describe. Just before all rational thought escaped her, she heard herself call out George's name.

Helen didn't know how much time had passed. She was only aware that George had somehow managed to dry her off and carry her to her bed without her even realizing it. Once her brain cells came fully alive again she felt certain that nothing could ever top the sheer splendor of what they had shared.

That conviction lasted only as long as their next lovemaking session when George's mouth did magical, mystical things to her swollen pussy and clit.

After a brief break to regenerate as they downed cups of strong Greek coffee and a few of her chocolate truffles, they were back in Helen's bed spending blissful hours in each other's arms. Until daybreak they explored each other, pleased each other and talked about their interests, their hopes and dreams.

When the first ray of sun peeked through her bedroom curtains, Helen sat up, watching the golden light bathing the rooftops in the distance. With a sharp intake of breath she found herself wondering if it had all been real...if George Kokoris would disappear like some fantasy apparition.

Both startled and comforted by the feel of his hand on her breast, Helen turned to George. He was still there, very much flesh and blood. She'd only known him for a day—less than that, actually—and already his presence seemed so perfect and natural next to her in her bed. As if he belonged there. As if they'd known each other intimately for years. As if a piece of her would die if he left and she never saw or heard from him again.

"Good morning, *hazi mu*."

Smiling, Helen stroked her fingers along his arm. "So is that how you're going to remember me? Crazy girl?"

"My crazy girl," George corrected. "And what do you mean *remember you*? Are you already planning to give me the shoe?"

Helen slanted him a curious look. "What?"

Sitting up, George stretched and yawned. He looked just as delicious in the morning light as he had the night before. She, on the other hand, probably looked like hell with her hair sticking out and her face completely devoid of makeup. Hopefully it was one step up from looking like a raccoon-eyed clown.

"You know, get rid of me."

"Oh!" Helen laughed. "You mean shoo you out or give you the boot."

George nodded. "Is that what you have in mind?"

"Is, uh...is that what you want?" she asked, wondering if George was looking for an easy out. Although it would be damned hard, she'd be reasonable and mature enough to let him walk away if that's what he wanted.

Tugging Helen against his chest, George kissed the top of her head. "What I want, *hazi mu*, is to get to know you. To know everything about you."

Helen felt her heart skip a beat. And then she started to move off the bed. George tightened his embrace and tugged her back.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"I must look a fright. I just want to freshen up a bit. Comb my hair, brush my teeth, put on some makeup..."

"You look beautiful. Sleepy and sexy and tousled like a woman who's been well fucked." He laughed when her jaw dropped. "Look at those big green eyes of yours and those full sensuous lips. And that crowning halo of wild golden hair. Helen, you don't need makeup or artificial things to enhance your beauty. You're perfect just as you are. Now stay here next to me so we can watch our first sunrise together."

He was talking as if he meant to stick around long enough to be a part of her life—at least for a little while. "Are you for real, George?" Helen asked, eyeing him suspiciously. "You seem too good to be true."

George reached down beneath the sheet and pinched her butt.

"Ow! What was that for?"

"A real pinch from a real man who has found himself a real woman and doesn't plan to let her go, that's what." He held Helen about a foot away from him, studying her features. "Unless, of course, you plan to shoo my boot out of your life."

Helen burst into laughter, partly because of what George had said and partly because her heart was spilling over with joy. She shifted her position so that she sat opposite George. "No, you big, silly, handsome Greek. I don't plan to do anything to you involving feet. Except maybe this." She snaked her toes up to his groin and played footsie with his cock, marveling at how it bloomed at her touch.

George reached under the sheet, grabbed her legs and dragged Helen toward him until his cock was nestled at the vee between her thighs. "As long as you're making contact with my cock, I don't care what part of your body is doing it. I can attest to the fact after last night that every inch of you is deliciously appealing. Just in case I haven't made myself perfectly clear, Helen, we are now officially having a relationship. Understand?"

"Yes." Helen nodded enthusiastically, determined not to spoil the moment by letting tears flow, which would leave her face blotchy and her nose and eyes red and puffy.

"That means you and me, *hazi mu*. Exclusively."

Hell, this was almost—*almost*—better than the slew of fabulous orgasms that had rocked her world the night before. As Helen scrambled to sit atop him she gazed into his eyes. "George?"

"Hmm?"

"Can you maybe call me something other than *hazi mu*?"

George thought for a minute and then shook his head. "No. Sorry. I'm afraid not. You will always be my very own, very special crazy little girl. Just remember that when I call you that, Helen, I am speaking love to you. Understand?" He beamed a bright smile.

"*Hazi mu*," Helen said slowly, and then she repeated the phrase a few times. "You know, the more I hear it the more I like it. It has a rather nice ring to it." Helen punctuated her heartfelt declaration by sliding down onto George's shaft and taking him on an exuberant sunrise ride before breakfast.

Chapter Four

"I can't believe I'm finally going to meet my future sister-in-law in a few days." Polly Kokoris pulled her car into a parking space down the block from the Apollo Health and Fitness Club, turned off the engine, closed her eyes and relaxed against the headrest as she continued her conversation.

"I know, Polly, me too," Helen said. "But after several months of long distance calls I feel as though we've known each other for years."

"Nervous about the wedding?"

"Not the ceremony as much as the whole being-accepted-into-a-Greek-family thing. They've all been great but I know damn well that Mr. and Mrs. Kokoris aren't too keen about their boy George, or *Yorgo* as the family calls him, marrying a Polish country girl from a modest farm on the fringes of Milwaukee, Wisconsin." Helen chuckled.

"I must admit that I laughed when George first told me your last name was Krasilkowski. With the name of your shop being Helena's Grecian Chocolates, I naturally assumed you were a Greek girl. At least this takes a lot of the heat off me for being the first non-Greek to marry into the Kokoris family."

"Yeah, I guess that makes us a couple of heathen hussies who are forcing the Kokoris twins to betray their ethnicity, huh?"

"Something like that," Polly said. "But seriously, Zacharoula and Stavros aren't so bad. They've been very nice to me."

"Do you call them by their first names?"

"Hell no." Polly smiled when she heard Helen's resulting laughter.

"So what time does your flight get in?"

"Greek time? About six in the morning." The mere thought of jet lag after all those hours in the air had Polly yawning absently. "George, Nick and I should be in Mytilini a few hours later. George is dying to see you again. You're all he talks about. And I can't wait to be back in Greece. There's nothing like spending the summer on a sun-drenched Grecian isle." She indulged in a dreamy sigh, remembering her honeymoon there several months earlier.

"Mmm-hmm. All the bright white houses with their pastel candy-colored rooftops," Helen said. "Gorgeous. I feel like I'm living in inside a picture postcard."

"I'm not sure if I'm more excited about getting back to Greece, meeting you or finally getting to visit that chocolate shop of yours." Polly slid an anticipatory lick across her lips as she laughed. "I'm sure George has told you that having a chocolatier in the family is akin to winning the lottery for me...maybe even better."

"My dear future sister-in-law, I'm making a special batch of hazelnut chocolate ganache as we speak," Helen said. "Just for you. George told me how much you like it."

"Like it?" Polly barked a laugh. "Oh, Helen, that's an understatement. Lordy, I'm never going to fit into that matron-of-honor dress. I'm already as big as a tugboat from all those Greek breads and pastries Nick keeps feeding me. Of course, he insists he likes his women well rounded." She rolled her eyes and smiled at the thought. "Honestly, how lucky can one woman get? I'm married to a man who not only looks like Adonis, but who appreciates ample womanly curves too!"

"Speaking of womanly curves, George brought up the subject of us doing a foursome again during our phone call last night," Helen said with a sigh. "I told him I still haven't made up my mind."

"Did you tell him we talked about it?"

"Yup. I told him that neither of us was sure it was something we felt comfortable doing. Naturally, George was *very* nice. Not pushy or insistent whatsoever. He said whatever you and I wanted to do would be fine with him and Nick—even if we never wanted to do it." Helen let out another tuneful sigh. "It's like we've discussed, Polly, it's

the part about the two of us engaging in woman-to-woman stuff that makes me...well, hesitant."

"I know, me too. The idea of fondling another woman is odd. No offense, Helen." She chuckled. "I know seeing two women together drives men crazy, so it would be nice if we could get past our inhibitions enough to give our guys a real thrill." Polly massaged her forehead while she thought about it.

"You know, missy," Helen said, a teasing tone in her voice, "if it weren't for me you wouldn't have had that blissful one-month wedding anniversary threesome with George."

"Oh, I know. Believe me, Helen, I'm eternally grateful. It was the most incredible event I've ever experienced. It was exceedingly nice and understanding of you to let George participate."

"I'll admit I was a bit taken aback when he first told me about the *special anniversary present* Nick had in mind for you." Helen laughed. "It sounded pretty damn kinky to me, to tell you the truth, but at the same time I found it to be strangely intriguing. George was so sweet about it. After he explained all about the ménage and exactly what it entailed, he told me that if I objected in any way he'd tell his brother it was off."

"So you weren't hurt or jealous? I've wondered about that."

"Maybe just a smidgen jealous," Helen answered. "But I believed George when he told me that he wasn't emotionally vested, that it was purely physical and something special that Nick wanted to do for you. Besides, he'd just told me that he was in love with me, Polly, so I was pretty much in seventh heaven."

"That night was the first time Nick and I heard about you," Polly offered. "After George told us that all the delicious chocolate goodies he'd brought came from your shop, he announced he was going to ask you to marry him."

"He proposed the very next day," Helen said on a dreamy sigh. "George says he thinks I'd love participating in a ménage but..."

"I think it'll be a lot easier for us to talk about after we've actually met," Polly said, "and are sitting down together over a nice cup of coffee—and a big platter of hazelnut chocolate ganache. But positively no mutual tit touching the first time we meet, okay?" Her comment had Helen erupting with laughter and Polly joined in.

"Deal. And definitely no pussy pawing," Helen managed through her giggles.

"Oh, Helen, we're going to have great fun being sisters-in-law." Glancing at the time on her cell phone Polly sat upright, giving herself a mirror-check. "I've got to go, Helen. I'm meeting Nick for lunch. Talk to you later."

After ending the call, Polly got out of the car and walked the block to the health club her husband and his brother George owned. She felt saucy and sexy in her new white cotton halter sundress, pleased with the way it showed off her toned arms and legs. Nick called it her Marilyn Monroe dress because it reminded him of the one the star wore in *The Seven Year Itch*. Polly's ridiculously expensive mules with four-inch heels made it damned near impossible to walk, but offered the perfect enhancement to her outfit.

Waving and offering little greetings as she waded through the sea of beautiful bodies working out at the club, Polly found she wasn't nearly as intimidated as when she'd first joined and Nick was assigned as her personal trainer. Back then she'd felt like a pudgy blob with about as much tone and definition as a bucket of grape jelly. While she'd never be a single-digit-sized woman, at least now she felt comfortable in her full body. Nikolas certainly knew how to pump up her ego by telling her she looked like a cross between Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield—except with red hair and muscle definition.

With that pleasing thought bringing a smile to her lips, Polly climbed the stairs and turned the corner into the alcove where her husband's office was located. She reached for the doorknob, pausing when she heard the distinct sound of a female on the make.

"Oh, come on, Nicky," the woman's voice cooed. "Polly would never have to know. She's certainly not going to hear it from us."

As she sucked in a gasp, Polly heard two women giggling.

“Now, Amanda.” The sound of her husband’s rich, rolling Mediterranean accent tinged with laughter was unmistakable. “You and Andrea know better than that. I told you before that I’m a happily married man.”

Polly’s eyebrows rose sharply. The Sabatini sisters! Amanda Sabatini had been dying to get her hands on Nick since before Polly and Nick got married. She had the annoying habit of calling Nick *Hercules* and finding frequent excuses to touch him. The thought had Polly’s pulse stamping out a flamenco dance in her ears.

“And I’ll be married in a few days.” The other voice belonged to George.

Those size-zero sisters were after her husband and brother-in-law! Polly yearned to burst in and give them a couple of good swift kicks in their bony, man-hungry little cunts but then curiosity got the better of her and she decided to listen a while longer – just to see how the little scene played out. It wasn’t as if she were eavesdropping or anything. Well, okay, so what if it was? This was a matter of dire urgency! Besides, if the blinds were drawn, the Sabatini sisters had most likely locked the door too.

“Well that sounds perfect, boys,” Amanda said. “Andrea and I can give Georgie here a bachelor party sendoff he’ll never forget.”

“And what’s good for the groom is good for the best man,” Andrea added.

“It’s not that we’re not very flattered,” Nick said. Polly had learned to tell the difference because George’s voice was slightly more nasal. “Or that we don’t think you’re both lovely, but we’re just not –”

“When’s the last time you and George had your hands on a pair of tits like this,” Amanda interrupted.

“Or this,” Andrea purred.

Polly’s jaw dropped when she realized the sluts were showing off their humongous fake breasts. They *had* to be fake because women their anemic size didn’t come outfitted naturally with cantaloupe-sized breasts. *Bitches!*

There was a prolonged silence. What the hell was happening in there? Were Nick and George looking at the Sabatini sisters' big plastic tits? Polly rolled her eyes and tsked. Well of course they were. Nick and George were good, faithful men but they were still human. The more important question was...were they touching them? Maybe they were sneaking a little tweak. A little beep. Just one little honk.

Aacckk!

No. They would never do that...would they? No! Of course not!

With her pulse beating faster by the second Polly tiptoed back through the small alcove to the main walkway overlooking the first floor workout room. After a quick glance left and right to make sure no one was coming, she sidled over to the edge of the office window, doing her best to peek through the drawn blinds. If she could just get one tiny glimpse...

"We guarantee it would be the best damn sex either of you have ever had," Amanda, the whoring slut said. "Every groom and best man should engage in a sizzling hot foursome before getting hogtied." The sisters laughed.

"My pussy's getting all wet just thinking about it," Andrea, the sleazy fuck-happy bitch added. Polly could picture her with her hands between her legs, rubbing herself for George's benefit.

"The gym is full of attractive, single men who would be honored to take you up on your generous offer, ladies," George said. "But as tempting as your proposal is, I'm afraid Nick and I simply can't accept."

Way to go, George! Polly expelled a sigh of relief.

"We're just a couple of faithful old dogs," Nick added with a chuckle and Polly grinned. *My hero!*

"Bullshit. I know you want me, Nick. I've seen the way you've looked at me. Are you going to tell me that Polly's chunky little body could ever begin to compare to mine?"

Chunky! Polly's jaw dropped again. Well, at least Amanda said she was *little*. Then Polly heard something that sounded like clothes being shrugged off.

"Take a look at what you'd be missing, Nicky," Amanda purred. "That juice running down my leg is because of you, Hercules. Come on. I'll give you a blowjob right here. Right now. On the desk or on the floor. However you want it. Our little secret. Polly and George's fiancée will never find out."

"Get off me, Amanda," Nick said, his voice sounding firm but a bit raspy.

Off me? *Off me?* The bitch was straddling her husband. Or she was wrapped around him. Or she was clinging to his neck with her legs wrapped around his waist. Or she was... Polly doubled her efforts to sneak a peek into the office, to no avail. She tried sucking in a deep breath but she could barely breathe.

The treadmill. That's what Polly would do, she'd tamper with Amanda's favorite treadmill so it would go berserk and send Amanda and her cantaloupes flying off at a hundred miles per hour. No, the sauna. That would be even better. She'd fix it so Amanda's melons would burst from getting roasted in the locked sauna. Or maybe she should just run over the brazen bitch with her car. *Oops!* Polly's expression turned decidedly wicked.

"You're making a big mistake, Nick," Amanda said, her voice huffy as the sound of clothing being put back on accompanied it. "Mark my words, one day you'll come around, after you get tired of fucking your fat wife. Come on, Andrea. We've got better things to do."

Polly's eyes widened. She couldn't let the Sabatini sisters catch her spying on her husband. The broom closet! She turned and reached for the doorknob of the room on the opposite wall of the alcove where the maintenance crew kept their supplies. Damn! It was locked. With her heart about to leap out of her throat, Polly scooted further down the short hallway to the only other possible place she could escape. The men's room. She pushed open the door and slipped inside.

Once she caught her breath she inched the door open a crack so she could hear what was going on. As soon as the Sabatini bitches left and headed down the stairs, she'd let herself out and go to Nick's office. A moment later their muffled chatter caught her attention. As soon as she heard their footsteps on the stairs she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well *that* was an experience," George said, just as Polly was about to haul the door open.

Nick chuckled. "Those horny sisters just won't take no for an answer."

Polly panicked when she realized their voices were getting closer. They were heading for the men's room! She looked around at the row of urinals and the two stalls and raced for the nearest stall, locking it behind her. Amazed that the human heart could pump so fast, she climbed onto the toilet seat and scrunched down so the top of her head wouldn't be visible.

The next sound she heard was twin streams of pee being expelled and she cringed.

"You going to tell Polly about it?" George asked.

"No reason to. She'd just get upset."

"Before or after she disemboweled Amanda?" The brothers laughed.

And that's when one of Polly's laughably pricy, totally impractical heels slid off the toilet seat and onto the tiled floor. "Woooo!" She clapped her hand over her mouth as soon as the unintentional yelp left it and then struggled to regain her balance before the other shoe slipped. But the damage was already done. She eased her foot back up to the seat and chanted a silent prayer that the brothers had been too busy peeing and talking to notice.

"Polly?" Nick said incredulously. "Polly, is that you?"

How the hell could he possibly know it was her just from that one little yelp?

"No," Polly said in her deepest baritone. "Name's Bob."

"Well isn't that amazing, George?" Nick said. "Bob has a pair of high heels exactly like my wife's." He and George laughed, and then they knocked on the stall door.

Damn.

"*Kukla mu*," Nick said, using the affectionate Greek term for *my doll*, "what are you doing in there?"

"I...uh...had to go to the bathroom?"

"But the women's bathroom is down the hall on the other side of my office."

"Oh yeah, well I had to pee really bad and couldn't make it that far."

"Or maybe she got lost," George offered, and Polly rolled her eyes as she caught sight of his snicker through the narrow space on the hinged side of the door.

"Or maybe she was listening outside my office," Nick said.

Polly sucked in an audible gasp of indignation. "I did no such thing."

"So why are you hiding?" George said.

"I am *not* hiding. I was just going to the bathroom."

"While you're standing on the toilet seat?" Nick said.

"Everybody knows it's not sanitary to sit on the seats."

"Come out of there, sweetheart," Nick said.

Clearly defeated, Polly eased her way down from her toilet seat perch and unlatched the door. She felt her cheeks flush as she came face to face with the grinning twins dressed in their gym shorts and tank tops.

"I wasn't spying on you, if that's what you were thinking. When I arrived at your office I couldn't help overhearing what was going on, that's all. I only listened for a few seconds."

"Uh-huh." George nudged his brother with an elbow. "She wanted to see if we'd take the Sabatini sisters up on their offer."

Nick closed the distance between himself and Polly, clasping her arms with his large hands and pinning her with his gaze. ““She knows better than that, don’t you, Polly?”

Polly nodded. “That’s why Helen and I love you two so much. Because you’re good men.”

“Damn.” Nick looked disappointed. “And here I thought it was because we’re hot.” He and George flexed their impressive pectorals for effect and Polly grinned.

“Well, that too.” She laughed. “And speaking of hot,” she sped ahead, “you guys don’t have to feel bad about not being able to participate in a foursome with those skinny, obviously fake-titted Sabatini sluts because Helen and I are planning a fantasy foursome so hot you’ll be in danger of incinerating.” She broadcast a wide grin, wondering how she’d managed to get herself—and Helen—into this fix.

“Trust me, *kukla mu*, we don’t feel bad. The Sabatini sisters can’t even begin to compare to the beauty of *our* women.” Nick pulled Polly into a firm embrace. “But I’m *very* glad to hear about your plans for our foursome.” She felt the clear indication of his interest nestled against her belly.

“Me too,” George said. “But I’m surprised because last night Helen said she didn’t think she was ready.”

“Oh...uh...it was supposed to be a surprise,” Polly said quickly. “So, um, please don’t call and tell her that I’ve spoiled it, okay?”

“Sure.” George shrugged. “So when and where do we do it?”

Nick eased his hold and Polly took a step back, her thoughts racing. “Eh...on the second week of your honeymoon,” she said. “Nick and I will take the ferry over to the island of Santorini where you and Helen will be staying and we’ll all have a fabulous, fun, hot and steamy... Well, since the term is French I guess it would be a *ménage à quatre*.” She jiggled her eyebrows and smiled as she watched the brothers all but drool. “We’ll make it an all-day affair,” she tacked on as the twins happily nudged each other. “Out on the secluded terrace of your honeymoon villa,” she added, burying herself

even further, but loving the look of eager expectation in the brothers' eyes. "Naked under the summer sun of Santorini by day and sliding all over each other under the stars."

"So we're going to get to see you and Helen getting sexy with each other?" George said.

Polly looked him straight in the eye and without hesitation said, "Well of course. What would a foursome be without that?"

* * * * *

"Helen? I've got good news and bad news," Polly said into her cell phone after she and Nick had finished their lunch and she was back in her car. "First the good news. My husband and your groom-to-be are loving, faithful men who wouldn't dream of cheating on us even if a pair of naked skinny-bitch sisters threw themselves at them promising a hot and heavy foursome to serve as a bachelor party to end all bachelor parties." Polly waited through the ensuing silence.

"Well," Helen finally said. "That's good to hear."

Polly sucked in a deep breath. "Okay, here's the bad news—"

"Um, I think I already know what it is, Polly."

Chapter Five

As she stood amidst tantalizing scents and exquisite visuals of impossibly intricate chocolate creations, Polly thought, surely, this must be a tiny glimpse of a chocoholic's heaven.

"If I died right now I'd die a happy woman," she muttered to herself.

"I'd recognize that voice and those sentiments anywhere."

Snapping herself out of her chocolate reverie, Polly turned to see a cute bubbly blonde advancing on her with open arms. "Helen!" She grabbed the woman and they hugged. "You look just the way I pictured you from George's description, although you don't fit your own description much at all." Polly tsked and shook her head. "Short, blonde and fat, indeed."

"What?" Looking down at her ample curves Helen made a slow pirouette and then shrugged. "Where's the discrepancy?"

"Helen, you are *not* fat. You're gorgeous. Just like George said."

"Oh yeah, and what about you, hmm? I expected a tugboat the way you described yourself, Polly. Tall, auburn and chunky. Hah! It's a good thing George told me what you really looked like."

Polly laughed. "There's nothing like being in the company of another woman with body image issues. No wonder we relate so well. And now that we're about to become sisters-in law, I expect you to spill your guts, woman and tell me your secret."

"Secret?" Helen looked baffled. "Oh, you mean how I landed a handsome hunk like George? Because, trust me, Polly, I haven't a clue. I'm still trying to figure that one out myself." Her lips twisted into a self-deprecating smirk.

"No, silly." Polly gave Helen's arm a playful whap. "I want to know how the hell you don't weigh eight hundred pounds being the owner of a chocolate shop."

"Oh, *that*." Helen grinned. "It was murder at first because I ate half the stuff I created, but after a few months of steeping myself in chocolate I became sort of anesthetized, you know?"

"No."

Laughing, Helen hiked her thumb toward the ceiling. "My apartment's upstairs. Every room is permeated with the scent of chocolate, Polly. When you're around the smell day and night you get used to it. In fact, sometimes it really gets to me and I just want to escape from the smell because I get so sick of it."

Polly's jaw dropped. "I would *love* to have a chance to be around chocolate so much that I actually got sick of it. That's my dream, Helen!"

"Well in that case, it looks like I can fulfill your dream. Are you busy for the next few hours?"

"No, Nick's with George for the final fitting of their wedding clothes. Why?"

Helen pointed her finger at Polly. "Don't move a muscle." She disappeared into the backroom and was back in a moment thrusting a white chef-style jacket at Polly. "Tula called in sick today and I've got a huge order to get ready. I'm putting you to work."

"I'm more than glad to help, but I don't have much experience making chocolates, Helen. What if I screw up?"

Helen gave a dismissive wave of her hand. "You're a caterer, Polly, how bad can you be?" And then her lip curved into a wicked smile. "Did I mention that you get to eat all your mistakes?"

Polly had the jacket on and buttoned in the blink of an eye. "Glad to be of service." Saluting, she smiled and licked her lips as Helen led her to the candy kitchen.

"I'm so glad you're here, Polly," Helen said, excited at the prospect of having the affable woman as a member of her new family. "We've gotten to know each other so well just by talking on the phone these past few months and we have so much in common that I almost think of you as a sister."

"I feel the same way," Polly said slipping her hands into the thin plastic gloves Helen gave her.

"I never would have met George, or you for that matter, if I hadn't moved to Greece." Scooping a huge wad of chocolate ganache from a pan, Helen slapped it onto the marble table in front of Polly and then did the same for herself.

"I've been wondering about that. What brought you out here, Helen? Do you have family living here?"

"No. The only family left, although we're not technically family anymore, is my ex, Herbie, and he's back in Wisconsin. My parents came to Greece for their honeymoon and fell in love with it. They always talked about coming back one day, maybe even to retire here. I loved Milwaukee, lived there all my life but about five years ago—after Mom and Dad died in a car crash and then Herbie and I got our divorce—I needed a change." Helen demonstrated how to section, weigh and roll the chocolate into balls as she talked. "Mom made Greece sound almost like a fairytale world, with picturesque scenery, charming townspeople and wonderful little *tavernas* and cafés. So I figured, what the heck." Helen shrugged.

"Am I doing this okay?" Polly asked.

"Perfect. Except for the part where it looks like you're about to salivate all over your work." Helen winked.

"Hey, give me a break." Polly nudged Helen with her elbow. "I'm a chocoholic, what do you expect?"

"Okay I'll give you some leeway seeing as how you're a chocolate-making virgin." Helen and Polly exchanged grins. "I had a small inheritance," Helen continued as they worked the chocolate, "that provided enough to move here and set up a little chocolate

shop of my own and, *voilà!* Here I am." She beamed a bright smile. "And I don't have a single regret."

"And now the little Polish girl from Milwaukee is about to become a part of the huge Greek Kokoris family. And you even get one Irish-American sister-in-law thrown in for good measure." Polly laughed as she smacked a noisy kiss through the air in Helen's direction.

Arching an eyebrow, Helen gave Polly a sideways glance and smirked. "Mmm-hmm. A sister-in-law who commits me to a fantasy foursome before she even meets me."

"About that..." Polly wrinkled her nose and gave a sheepish grin. "I am *so* sorry I got you into all of this. Me and my big mouth." She rolled her eyes.

"Stop with the apologies already. I'm only teasing. How many times do I have to tell you it's okay? I would have done the same thing in your situation. Well, except for the whole toilet seat thing." She laughed. "Besides, this gave me the nudge I needed. And all the stuff you came up with makes it sound like lots of fun. And very hot."

"It will be. I even brought costumes, so we're all set."

"Costumes?" Helen said. "Polly, how in the world did you manage that in such a short time?"

"Jasper, one of my clients, owns a costume shop. He thrives on giving themed parties for friends and customers, and he hires me to cater them—and I rent costumes from him for the fantasy sex scenarios I create for Nick." Polly waggled her eyebrows. "All we have to do is to pretend we're actresses in a play, Helen. We'll be acting a part, that's all. It's going to be fun and easy, you'll see."

"Oh yeah, sure." Helen looked skyward and sighed. "And now, gentlemen, for your viewing pleasure," she said in a deep voice as she made a grand gesture, "Helen and Polly Kokoris in the role of the costumed lesbian lovers."

Polly cringed. "Trust me, Helen. With the script I wrote for us to follow, it will be a breeze."

“Uh-huh. So why do I feel like Ethel to your Lucy?” Helen said.

Polly laughed. “Ricky and Fred never got *this* lucky.”

Chapter Six

Awed by the spectacular landscape when she and Nick stepped off the ferry in Santorini, Polly sucked in a gasp. Then she got the workout of her life as they climbed hundreds of winding steps cut into the rock. Her primary thought along the way was that she wasn't going to have to worry about ingesting all those tasty chocolate mistakes she'd made in the kitchen of Helen's shop. She was burning off every calorie and then some.

As they neared George and Helen's honeymoon villa, Polly savored the striking view. Villages with buildings boasting bright white facades and colorful rooftops were situated on cliffs, offering breathtaking panoramas over the submerged volcano. The island offered an array of impressive beaches, some with black sand, some with red and some with white. The setting was almost otherworldly in appearance.

Already enjoying a reputation as being in the vicinity of the mythical Atlantis, Polly could see why tourists crowded the picturesque island, especially in the summertime.

"Nikolas, Polly, *kalimera!*" With open arms, George greeted them using the Greek word meaning *good morning* as they came up the walk.

"Yorgo!" Nick said, pulling his brother into a hug and giving him a few hearty pats on the back.

"It's a long climb, eh, Polly?" George said, removing the backpack from her shoulders.

Still breathless from the hike, she opened her mouth to speak, but just nodded emphatically instead.

"You're here!" Helen greeted them with a gleeful shout as she ran out of the villa. "And I see you made it up here alive." She laughed as she eyed Polly. "When George

brought me up here I swear I thought he was trying to kill me before the honeymoon even started. But isn't it gorgeous?"

Finally managing to take a deep breath, Polly said, "It's a killer, but dazzling." She gave Helen and George a hug and then followed them into the house.

"We set out some refreshments on the terrace," Helen said. "Oh, Polly, wait until you see the view from there. And it's fully secluded. Perfect for our, um, purposes." She smiled and winked. Grabbing Polly by the hand she rushed through the luxurious villa across the granite floors to the wide doors leading to the partially covered terrace. "See? The deep blue Mediterranean, the dormant volcano, jagged cliffs and whitewashed buildings dotting the mountainsides. It's like we're all alone on top of the world and looking down on everything."

"It's exquisite," Polly said, turning to take it all in. "And you've even got your own swimming pool up here. Wow!"

Nick and George strolled onto the terrace a few minutes later and they all sat down at the umbrella-topped mosaic table to partake in a platter of *keftedes*, the deep fried tomato balls with chick peas and mint that were an island specialty, and small glasses of *raki*, young and extremely potent brandy.

They relaxed for the next hour, rehashing the wedding and making small talk about the future. Then Polly asked Helen, "Did you get a chance to look at the script?"

"Mmm-hmm." Helen's lips curled into a devilish smile as she nodded. "I know it almost by heart."

"What script?" George said.

"Come on, Yorgo." Nick patted his brother's shoulder. "Don't tell me you've already forgotten Polly's penchant for fantasy role-playing."

"Ah." George broke into a wide grin. "So this is for our foursome, eh?"

"Naturally." Polly gave a coy smile. "Now that Nick and I have had a chance to rest a bit after our trek up here, I think it's time to engage in some mythical sex."

"Personally," Nick said with a twinkle in his eye, "I'd rather have real sex."

"I phrased that wrong," Polly laughed. "Don't worry, it'll be real sex, all right. For our first little fantasy, Helen and I will be whisking you two big Greek studs back to the times of ancient Greek mythology." Nick and George exchanged approving glances.

"Oh, it'll be *sooo* hot," Helen cooed. "Boys, get ready to be pleased like you've never been before."

"Eh...just one thing before we do this," George said.

"What's that?" Helen asked.

"The six-to-twelve-inch rule. Nick and I just want to make sure you girls understand it."

"Rule?" Helen said to Polly. "Do you know anything about this?"

Polly nodded. "Yup. They don't want us to do anything that would entail bringing their cocks any closer than within twelve-inches of each other. And if either cock encroaches within the six-inches, alarm bells go off and their cocks shrivel to the size of an itsy-bitsy little Greek olive." She held her thumb and forefinger an inch apart and giggled.

"Oh." Helen nodded with an understanding smile. "I see."

"Don't exaggerate. Our dicks never get that small," Nick challenged. He glanced at his brother. "Well, at least mine doesn't."

"Very funny. We're identical, remember, Nikolas? Anyway, girls, it would just be too weird and...and..."

"Icky?" Helen offered.

"Exactly," the brothers chorused.

"Don't worry." Polly waved a dismissive hand. "We won't do anything to compromise your manly or brotherly reputations. I packed the costumes for you and George in your backpack, Nick. Were you able to get an air mattress, Helen?"

"A king-sized one. It arrived yesterday." Helen nodded. "It's in a tote bag in the closet. It has a self-pump so all you have to do is pull the cord to inflate it. And there's an extra comforter on the closet shelf to throw on top."

"Sounds perfect," Polly said and then she addressed the brothers. "In the bag marked *myth* you'll find your outfits. Put them on then return here with the mattress and set it up. We'd better keep it under the covered area so we're not all baking out there in the sun. As soon as Helen and I have changed we'll be back."

As Nick and George walked into the house, Polly heard George say, "She thinks of everything, doesn't she?" She and Helen giggled at that and then headed off to Helen's room to change.

* * * * *

Once Polly and Helen were attired in white silk mini-togas, complete with gold braid trim crisscrossing their breasts and banding their waists, Polly took Helen's hands and squeezed. "It's showtime. Are you ready?"

Helen took a deep breath and smiled. She was half filled with excitement and half with trepidation. But whenever unease started setting in all she had to do was remind herself about the Sabatini sisters offering themselves up to George and Nick. "Yup, I'm ready," she answered. "And you know, I never would have believed it but you were right about the outfits. They really are flattering on us."

"That's why I adore Jasper so much. He always knows what will look best on a," she cleared her throat for effect, "full, womanly figure. Don't forget your basket," Polly added, looping the handle of hers over her arm before leaving the room.

At their first glimpse of the muscular twins dressed in their short togas, Helen and Polly indulged in dreamy sighs. With their bronzed skin, espresso-brown eyes and shoulder-length black locks, the duo was entirely convincing as a couple of hunky Greek gods. While they drooled, the brothers hungrily eyed their zaftig, scantily clad women.

"You two look delicious," George said.

"And we're starving." Nick winked.

"George, darling," Helen said, "since you're the bridegroom you'll have the starring role of Eros, god of erotic love and son of Ares and Aphrodite."

"Nick," Polly said, "you're Anteros, brother of Eros and god of returned love who punishes those who have defied or scorned love."

"I'll be playing Ionna," Helen said, "and Polly is my best friend, Thalia. We're naïve, innocent virgins from a nearby village, poor and struggling to survive. We've been out in the forest collecting herbs and berries and wishing we had two strong, handsome men to satisfy our deep, newly discovered carnal itches." She beamed a bright grin.

When Polly failed to deliver her next line, Helen looked over at her and understood. She'd clearly been momentarily sidetracked by the twin Greek god physiques. She let Polly stare silently at them for another moment before elbowing her in the ribs.

"Oh, is it my turn?" Polly asked with a start and Helen nodded. "Um, from this point forward," Polly said, "we'll use only our role-playing names. Now you two go sit down there on the stone wall until you hear your cue." She gestured to the foot-high wall surrounding a small garden about ten feet away. "Don't forget," she whispered to Helen, "we're just actresses playing a role. Just pretend we're making a campy porno flick."

"But I've never seen a porn film," Helen whispered into Polly's ear.

"Me neither." Polly chuckled and shrugged. "We'll just use our imagination. We can do this. And we can do it a whole lot better than those scuzzy Sabatini sisters."

"Damn right." Helen gave a thumbs-up.

"Hey, Thalia and Ionna, what are you virgins whispering about?" Nick asked through a smirk. "Isn't it about time we got to the carnal itching part?"

"And we haven't seen a script," George added. "How will we know our cue?"

Helen opened her mouth to answer, but Nick nudged his brother. "We don't get a script, Yorgo. Don't worry, we'll know."

Polly cleared her throat and swallowed hard. "Oh dear, we've been picking herbs and berries for hours, Ionna," she said, swinging her basket. "I'm getting tired. Maybe we should rest for a while."

"Good idea, Thalia," Helen answered. "All that bending over thorny bushes has made me sore all over." Sliding her basket handle toward her elbow, she skimmed her hands over her breasts and down her waist to her hips.

"Me too," Polly said, mimicking Helen's movements. "And I have this deep itch inside. *Way* inside." One hand disappeared beneath her tunic and between her thighs for a moment. "Maybe we should give each other a massage."

George and Nick, whose tongues were already hanging out, muttered encouraging little asides, some in English, some in Greek.

"We could do it with our fingers and tongues," Helen suggested.

"Mmm-hmm. Where does it hurt most, Ionna?" Polly asked.

"My breasts and my furry little pussy," Helen answered without a hitch, circling her breasts with her fingers before reaching between her thighs.

"Fuck," George muttered in the background.

"Uh-huh," Polly agreed. "And my ass hurts too." Keeping her legs straight, with her back facing George and Nick, she bent over from the waist, mooning them with her bare butt and then giving it a saucy little shake. "How about your ass, Ionna?"

"Double fuck," Nick said, raking his fingers from his hairline down to his throat.

"Yes, mine too." Helen bent over, rubbing her ass cheeks with her hands. "I think some sharp, stinging little slaps might make our soft, round asses feel better, don't you, Thalia?"

"What a good idea," Polly said. "How does this feel, Ionna?" She gave Helen a slap across one ass cheek. "Oh how pretty! It made a nice, bright peppermint-pink mark."

Helen rubbed the spot. "Ooh, yes, now it feels nice and warm. Can you do it on the other side too?" Polly complied. Helen did her best not to chuckle when she heard the brothers groan and moan as she wiggled her ass.

"Here, Thalia, let me show you how good it feels," Helen said. And when Polly presented her bare ass, Helen cracked it once on each cheek with her open palm.

"I see what you mean," Polly said, still bending over as she rubbed both ass cheeks for the boys. "Not only did it make my ass feel warm, but it made my pussy feel all hot and juicy too." She gave a little shimmy.

As they stood up and faced the drooling, panting twins, Helen and Polly licked their lips and uttered a low "Mmmmmmm."

"I'm not going to last, Nick," George said, his gaze taking a leisurely tour of the women's bodies, lingering over their curves.

"You damn well better," Nick said. "Because I doubt premature ejaculation is written into the script." He laughed.

"Did you hear something, Ionna?" Polly said, cupping her ear as she leaned in the brothers' direction. "Like the sound of a pair of Greek gods chattering up on Mount Olympus?"

Helen cupped her ear. "Yes. It seems they're conversing about untimely emissions. And, by Zeus, if they know what's good for them they'd better not succumb." When she gave the brothers a narrow-eyed warning glare they just laughed and shook their heads.

"Come, Thalia, let's sit on this soft mound of earth and rest." Helen took Polly by the hand and led her to the covered mattress where they took a seat on the edge.

Polly turned to Helen and slid open the silk crisscrossing her chest until one of Helen's breasts was exposed. "I think it looks swollen," Polly said, cupping it with her hands. And when she kissed the tip of the nipple, the groans from Nick and George grew long and heavy.

"The other one hurts too, Thalia," Helen said, shifting her shoulder to let the garment fall so that her other breast was free. "Kiss it for me." Helen held her breast, presenting it to Polly as if on a tray. "Do you suppose our big heavy tits might feel better if we licked and sucked each other and then rubbed our breasts together?" Helen asked with practiced wide-eyed innocence as she shrugged fully out of the top portion of her toga, letting it fall to her waist. The slightly cool ocean breeze immediately crinkled her nipples.

"Well, since we're inexperienced young virgins I really don't know. Let's try it and see, Polly said, spreading the silk of her own toga and baring her breasts.

Helen noticed that Polly's nipples were puckered and darkly flushed as well. "Ooh, look, Thalia," she adlibbed. "Our rosy nipples are getting all firm and crinkly."

"They look like ripe little berries, don't they?" Polly said, picking up on Helen's impromptu comment, smiling as she flicked her beading nipples with her fingers.

Helen mimicked Polly's actions and then cupped her own breasts, rolling the buds between her fingers and moaning. "Here's where I'm the most sore, Thalia."

"Oh Lord...give me strength," George groaned. "Hey, Anteros," he said loudly, "I think I'm suddenly in the mood to do some berry plucking. How about you?"

"I'm right with you, Eros," Nick said. "And then we can nibble them with our teeth."

Helen bent forward and licked Polly's breasts as Polly thrust her chest forward and let her head fall back. And then Helen took one of Polly's nipples into her mouth and sucked.

"Oh my God," Nick mumbled. "This is so fucking hot."

"Oh, Ionna, that feels so good." Polly grabbed underneath her breasts and nudged them higher. "Suck my tits hard, Ionna." Helen shifted her mouth from one of Polly's breasts to the other.

"Holy shit," George said. "You wicked, naughty little virgins."

This intimacy was the part Helen and Polly had been dreading but, surprisingly, it wasn't nearly as difficult as Helen had expected. She just kept reminding herself that she was playing a role—and she was determined to do a better job than the Sabatini sisters ever could. In fact, she found the interplay with Polly to be both fun and stimulating. Helen stopped sucking and it was Polly's turn to return the favor.

As Polly took the firm bead of Helen's nipple into her mouth, holding it gently between her teeth as she sucked, Helen found the experience to be most interesting. She heard the little catch in her own throat as Polly nibbled and sucked. Curious and quite fascinating.

Once Polly had finished, amidst chorused groans and moans from their Greek gods on the sidelines, Helen and Polly positioned the tips of their nipples against each other and crushed themselves together, writhing and moaning as they did. And then they opened their mouths and kissed briefly. Again, it wasn't any big deal and Helen didn't mind it at all.

"Jesus, isn't it our cue yet?" George growled. "Look at that gorgeous tit and mouth action, Nikolas. It's driving me crazy."

"That's it. You girls are killing us," Nick ground out in a hoarse voice. "You can't expect us to just sit here doing nothing as you two squirm around kissing and mashing those beautiful breasts together."

"Shhh!" Polly admonished. "Not yet."

"Did I tell you how much I love the way your yellow hair glimmers so brightly under the Aegean sun, Helen—eh, I mean, Ionna?" George said, in a clear attempt at derailing his wife. And he was doing a damn good job of it too. She sucked in a deep breath and swallowed hard as cream drenched her already moist pussy. "And," George continued, "how much I love those ample round curves of yours? Those luscious big round breasts and that succulent, rounded heart-shaped ass and —"

"Shhh!" Helen scolded again, hotly aware of the juices trickling down her thigh while her cunt throbbed with aching need. "My breasts are starting to feel better,

Thalia," she said, struggling to stick to Polly's script, "but my pussy is still sore." She moved one hand beneath the short skirt of her tunic and rubbed.

"Mine's sore too," Polly said, and then she settled her hand between her own legs.

"Christ," Nick murmured, dropping his head into his hands.

"Being a sweet young virgin it's hard to say, but maybe if we kissed and sucked on each other's pussy we'd feel better," Helen said. "What do you think, Thalia?" Both of her hands disappeared beneath her skirt and she let out a moan.

"I can't take much more," George said.

"We could try," Polly said. She bent her head low, as if to bury it in Helen's crotch, but then she stopped, inches away from her target. "But I wish we had a couple of big, strong muscular men here to do that for us, instead."

"Maybe a couple of Greek gods," Helen said. "With their magical powers I'll bet they could make our pussies feel all better."

Polly picked her head up and pointed at the twins. "Oh look, Ionna, isn't that Eros, the god of erotic love, and his brother Anteros walking toward us?"

Fluttering her hand at her breast, Helen uttered a small gasp. "Why, yes, I think it is. Perhaps they'll soothe our cunts for us if we asked them real nice."

"And maybe they'll let us suck their enormous godly cocks too!" Polly squealed with delight and then she and Helen looked at the brothers and nodded, finally giving them their cue.

"It's about fucking time," Nick said, bounding over to the women.

"You practically had me coming all over my toga," George said, crowding in next to his brother.

"How do you do, Anteros," Polly said, completely removing her toga, leaving her in nothing but the golden leather sandals with long straps that crisscrossed up to her knees. "I'm Thalia the sweet young virgin. I'm sore and horny as hell. Can you and your mythical cock help me?"

“Aw fuck. *Se thelo*, baby,” Nick groaned out the Greek term meaning *I want you*, as he pushed his wife down on the mattress. Positioning his face just over her pussy he breathed in deeply through his nostrils and sighed. “Ah, my little Thalia, the sweet scent of your arousal is like perfume, intoxicating me.” And then Nick zeroed in on his wife’s pussy with his mouth.

Helen was so turned on watching Nick pleasure Polly she couldn’t believe it. “What about you, Eros?” she said with a deep breath, stripping down to her sandals and thrusting her breasts at George. When she saw the way he devoured her with his gaze, a new frisson of sexual heat ambled down her spine. “Think you can lick away some of the soreness from my aching nipples and my puss—” Before she could finish her sentence, George had pushed Helen down next to Polly. A sigh of pleasure escaped from her throat as the weight of his body pressed her into the mattress. Then George grasped one of her breasts and one of Polly’s before burying his face between Helen’s thighs and sliding his tongue down her cleft.

Coming up for air long enough to see what his brother was doing, Nick followed suit and clasped one hand on Polly’s breast and one on Helen’s.

Helen somehow managed to prop herself up on her elbows, admiring the play of sunlight across George’s silky black hair as he ate her pussy. There was nothing as satisfying as having a gorgeous Greek god curl his tongue around her throbbing clit. At first his tongue performed as if she were a delicately strung harp but within a few seconds Helen dropped back flat against the mattress, moaning and writhing under more insistent tongue lashings. Somewhere in the distance she was aware of Polly uttering similar noises. George maneuvered his talented tongue in such a way that it flicked continually over Helen’s engorged clit. As soon as his teeth caught the swollen little bud and nipped it, spasms shook her body and she belted out a torrent of unintelligible murmurs as she came. It seemed that Nick had oral talents of his own because Polly soon joined Helen in a chorus of impassioned moans.

The women hadn't forgotten the two luscious Greek gods who, with straining erections eager to be appeased, had generously brought them to this point. Determined to follow the script, as soon as Helen and Polly could function again, they demanded that their men remove their togas. Soon George and Nick were stark naked except for their sandals.

Rising to their knees, Polly and Helen exchanged devilish glances, kissed each other on the lips and then with a nod said in unison, "Oh please, mighty Greek gods, may we repay you by sucking your splendid cocks?"

It was startling just how fast two big, muscular men could move when so motivated. In what seemed an instant, George and Nick were flat on their backs with hugely happy anticipatory grins on their handsome faces. Helen and Polly positioned themselves over their husbands, licking their lips before lapping at the pre-cum glistening at the tips of their bobbing cocks and then clamping their mouths on the rigid flesh.

As Helen's tongue swirled around George's shaft she raked her nails lightly down his chest, over his hips and then slipped her hands beneath his ass, clutching his firm cheeks and squeezing. Groaning his pleasure, George entwined his fingers in Helen's hair, tugging softly and then fisting his hands and exerting more pressure.

She heard similar sounds of rapture coming from Nick and loved the fact that she and Polly were able to carry out their foursome plan so successfully.

"Mmm, this tastes so good, Thalia," Helen said letting George's cock pop out of her mouth. "Would you like a lick?"

"Oh yes, Ionna. I know...why don't I lick one side while you lick the other?"

George verbalized a monumental groan, propping himself up on his elbows as two heads converged over his erection. Helen noticed that Nick had pulled himself up on one elbow, resting his head in his hand and grinning as his brother was about to receive dual tongue-action. No doubt he was anticipating his own turn. When Helen and Polly swiped their tongues up and down George's length, he belted out an impassioned curse

in Greek. Polly lavished a long lick across his balls as Helen sucked his cock and George fell back flat against the mattress. She loved being able to provide her husband with such pleasure.

"That was delicious," Polly said, licking her lips. "Just for being so generous, Ionna, I'll let you swirl your tongue around my Anteros' beautiful cock too."

Gleefully rubbing his hands together Nick sang out, "My turn, my turn," reminding Helen of an impatient kid at Christmas. She and Polly repeated their lip-smacking performance with Nick in the starring role this time. Polly slid her tongue over his balls as Helen sucked him. His hips bucked and he cried out his own string of foreign oaths.

"Yummy," Helen said, giving her lips a nice, slow lick before returning her attention to George. She took him deep inside until he butted the back of her throat, then Helen milked him with a steady suctioning action. She reached between her husband's thighs and cupped the heavy sac, the core of his manhood, gently crushing it with just enough pressure to make her man groan with pleasure. Then with a wicked series of nibbles up and down George's cock, some adept scraping of her teeth along his length and a smidgen of hard sucking action, she had George succumbing to the throes of orgasm as ribbons of his hot cum spurted down the back of her throat. A moment later Helen heard Nick cry out as Polly sucked him to completion.

As the brothers lay murmuring their closed-eyed satisfaction, the Kokoris sisters-in-law sat up on their knees beside their husbands, giving each other a knowing smile. The sea breeze billowed their manes and Helen noted that Polly was pink-cheeked and looked especially radiant. She suspected that her new sister-in-law felt as sated and as accomplished as she did.

Helen drew a canister of wet wipes from her basket and passed them around. Once they'd all towed off they strolled out into the sunlight, stretching before they went skinny-dipping in the pool. Helen sighed with joy. Relaxing in the sun-warmed water while perched hundreds of feet high on the edge of a Grecian cliff was an extraordinary experience.

"Is everyone ready for our second fantasy?" Helen asked after they'd frolicked in the water for about twenty minutes.

"Not yet," the twins chorused.

"We need some time to recoup, *hazi mu*," George said to Helen.

"Otherwise you'll kill our cocks, *kukla mu*," Nick added, addressing Polly.

Polly slanted Helen a questioning look. "*Hazi*? What does that mean?"

With a quick glance at George, Helen breathed a sigh of mock frustration. "Crazy girl. That's George's pet name for me. Cute, huh?" She shrugged. "What can I say? Your husband calls you *my doll* and mine calls me *my crazy girl*."

"You know," Nick said, stroking his jaw in thought, "I think George just might be on to something here, Polly. You're definitely a —"

"Never you mind!" Laughing, Polly wagged a warning finger at her husband. "Now get ready for fantasy number two."

"Just give us a few more minutes," Nick pleaded.

"Nonsense," Helen said with a bright smile. "You've had ample time. We're women on a mission and we expect our men to be up to the task. Come on now, boys. Cocks up!" She snapped her fingers twice.

George turned his head toward Nick and with an incredulous expression etched across his features said, "Dammit, Nick. You didn't tell me my bride has been taking lessons from your wife."

Helen shook her head and tsked as she climbed out of the pool. With an exaggerated shrug she trilled a tuneful sigh. "What a pity. I hear there are two wanton gypsy girls eager to cavort with two studly pirate captains."

"You mean the sex addict gypsy girls who love to get it in the ass?" Polly asked, clapping her butt cheeks after she was out of the water.

Nick and George followed them out of the pool.

"Yup." Helen nodded. "The ones who like to get their pussies and asses filled at the same time." She clasped herself, back and front, purring. "Oh well," she shrugged again, "I guess they'll just have to find another couple of hard-cocked pirates ready and willing to cooperate." As she glimpsed George's cock twitching, she bit the inside of her cheek to keep from smiling. But when she spied Nick's deflated cock jerking too, Helen couldn't help but chuckle. Yes indeed, her sister-in-law was definitely on to something with this role-playing stuff.

"Come on." Helen extended her hand to Polly as golden specks of sunlight winked around her wet hair. "We need to find us a couple of brawny pirates."

The brothers groaned. "Okay, okay." Nick chuckled as he held up a hand in surrender. "We'll be ready for round two in a few minutes."

Polly smiled. "Your pirate gear is in the bag marked *pirates*. George, you're Captain Ironblood Flint and Nick, you're Captain Cutthroat Ivan."

"We expect you back here in fifteen minutes, in full costume," Helen said as she and Polly linked arms and skipped, naked, into the house.

Chapter Seven

"This is so much more fun than I thought it would be," Helen said, adjusting the wide elasticized neckline of her gypsy blouse so that it fell off one shoulder. "Playacting in costume makes it seem a lot easier. How in the world do you come up with all these ideas, anyway?"

"I've always had a pretty vivid imagination," Polly said, draping long strands of colorful beads and golden coin necklaces over each of their necks. "I was on the shy side when I was a kid. And because I wasn't thin like most of the other girls, I struggled with self-esteem issues too. I discovered that I sort of bloomed when I got up on stage to do school plays. Somehow it was easy for me to pretend to be somebody bold and brave and gorgeous." She shrugged and laughed as she threaded large golden hoop earrings through her ears. "When I became an adult I participated in some local drama groups, which gave me more confidence. I finally realized that when I incorporated the same sort of role-playing in the bedroom, I could overcome any shyness or self-esteem problems and accomplish all sorts of marvelous things."

"Will you share some of your fantasy ideas with me? I think George would love it if I added some unexpected spice to our lovemaking." Helen waggled her eyebrows and smiled.

"Absolutely. I've got a million of 'em." Polly winked. "Here's your head scarf. The ties are supposed to fall over one ear. And I've got some gypsy-style makeup for us too. Dark red lipstick, blush, smoky purple eye shadow, black eyeliner and mascara and —"

"Uh-oh," Helen interjected. "The last time I wore mascara was my first dinner date with George. I was going for chic sophistication but I ended up looking like a wild raccoon." She rolled her eyes at the memory. "I'm not good with makeup, Polly. We're just not compatible."

Polly laughed. "Don't worry, everything is waterproof and smudge-proof. I guarantee we won't end up looking like a couple of gypsy clowns instead of provocative peasants."

"Oh good." Helen rubbed her hands together. "We've graduated from a pair of innocent virgins to a couple of painted gypsy hussies, complete with ample experience." She giggled.

"Just wait until you see George and Nick." Polly swirled and smiled as her full peasant skirt swished with the movement. "Jasper put together billowy white pirate shirts, tight leggings, cuffed knee-high boots and eyepatches."

Helen could easily imagine her strapping husband and brother-in-law in another time period, brandishing swords as they bravely sailed the high seas. "Sounds sexy!" Okay, I have to ask you...is Jasper gay?"

"Yup." Polly nodded. "He and his partner have been a couple for nearly fifteen years." Her mouth formed a little O as she put on mascara.

"Herbie's gay too," Helen said, and Polly froze in mid-mascara-swipe.

"Your ex-husband?"

"Yup." She couldn't help laughing at the look of surprise stamped across Polly's features.

"You never told me," Polly said. "How did you find out? Oh no, you didn't catch him in bed with another man, did you? That's what happened with me and my former fiancé. Well," Polly clarified, "all except for the part about it being another man. I paid him a surprise visit while he was in London working on one of his books and walked in on him as he was screwing another woman."

"Ooh, ouch." Helen cringed. "That must have been awful. No, it wasn't anything like that with Herbie and me. He was faithful during our marriage. Didn't fully realize he was gay until after we'd been married quite a while." She paused and cocked her head. "George seems straight as an arrow, don't you think?"

Polly laughed. "History repeating itself is one thing you definitely don't have to worry about. Nick and George and entirely hetero. So do you and your ex keep in touch?"

"Uh-huh. We parted on very good terms and we're still great friends. The man Herbie's with now is perfect for him and they're very happy together."

"Wow, fascinating," Polly said. "Well, I'll take you to visit Jasper next time you come to Portland. You'll love him. He's already talking about doing a special themed lunch for us."

"Sounds like fun." Helen affixed the bold printed silk scarf on her head and fluffed her blonde curls. "Speaking of Portland, it's going to be weird having homes in two different countries."

"Talk about decadent, huh?" Polly said with a chuckle. "This is our first visit back to Greece since Nick and I got married a few months ago. We'll come back for a month-long visit about twice a year. That gives him a chance to help out in the family's olive oil business too. Nick makes sure he's got staff at the health club to cover his absence, and I do the same for my catering business."

"George said we'll be doing the same thing, only opposite," Helen said. "We'll visit Portland two or three times a year so George can help out at the health club. The rest of the time he'll spend working at the family business. So that means we'll get to see each other at least four times a year." She grinned and then turned her attention to the mirror where she applied a slash of deep red to her lips.

"Looks like we're done," Polly said, giving herself and Helen a once-over. "Let's make sure we've got everything we need in our baskets, then we'll put on our best come-hither looks and head out to the terrace." In another moment they sallied forth to cavort with their sexy pirate captains.

"Ah, what do we have here?" Helen said in her best Romanian gypsy accent as she and Polly strolled arm in arm onto the terrace. "A couple of sexy, swarthy pirates, eh?" She nearly keeled over when she saw how scintillating George and Nick looked in their

outfits. Open to the waist, the shirts bared their broad chests and the smattering of hair across their well-defined pecs. She couldn't help but lick her lips as she caught a glimpse of their ripped washboard abs and the trail of dark hair leading to the waistband of their clinging knit britches and what waited just beyond. Damn, what a sizeable bulge. It was no wonder the Sabatini sisters and most any other women who laid eyes on the Kokoris twins wanted a piece of them.

Helen heard a low moan emanating from Polly and knew she'd been similarly affected. Fisting her hands on her hips as she shook her head, Helen veered from her script and said, "Damn, you boys look hot."

"And you two look so fucking wild and sexy it's going to be murder not to come in our pirate pants," George said with a slow appreciative appraisal.

"You can say that again, brother," Nick agreed, raking the gypsy girls up and down with his gaze as if he were a starving man at a feast.

"You guys have got to be about the hottest thing I've ever clapped eyes on," Polly purred. Shaking her head as if to clear it, she got into character. "I am Drina the gypsy," she said with an accent that sounded more like a cross between Swedish and Irish than Romanian, but it was fun and sexy nonetheless. As she gestured to Helen, the plethora of bangles and charm bracelets at her wrist jangled. "And this is my sexy gypsy friend, Vadoma."

"It's been such a long time since we've had our openings packed full of hot, hard pirate flesh," Helen cooed in her accent. "We're hoping you two sexy beasts can satisfy us."

"Avast and shiver me timbers," George said, clearly doing his best to cover his Greek accent and sound like a pirate.

"Ah, and what a nice big timber for us to shiver," Helen cracked as she eyed the bulge at her husband's crotch and licked her lips.

"Lookee what we have here, Captain Cutthroat Ivan," George continued, gazing at his wife and sister-in-law as if they were tasty morsels of sweet baklava. "A pair of buxom beauties at our disposal."

"Aye, Captain Ironblood Flint," Nick answered in with the same contrived accent, only slightly less nasal. "It seems the saucy wenches have come to see why our rogers are so jolly." He jiggled his eyebrows and then winked at his brother as they cupped their groins and grinned at their wives.

"Arrr. Our cocks are hard and ready for ye," George said with enough gusto to prove that he really enjoyed this role. "We be at your service me fine beauties." He finished by tacking on another "Arrr."

Pinching her thigh to keep from laughing at their odd accents and enthusiastic pirate jargon, Helen refused to look over at Polly because she knew they'd both lose it then.

Helen cleared her throat. "My clothes are scratching against my hot skin and my breasts feel so heavy and tight." Her fingers splayed, she ran then slowly up and down her midriff and across her breasts, moaning as she touched herself. "Drina and I were just about to have a little snack." Drawing a jar of *Helena's Sokolata aythadiaz* from her basket, Helen held the chocolate sauce from her shop aloft. "Would you like to share it with us?"

"Yes," the brothers said readily.

"Good," Polly said. "And then maybe you two buff pirate boys would like to," she paused to arch an eyebrow for effect, "drop anchor in our lagoons."

"Well, blow me down," George said.

"Uh-huh, maybe that too." Helen laughed.

"But, Vadoma," Polly said in a loud whisper to Helen, "shouldn't we hide our valuable pirate booty first?" She fingered the long strand of faux pearls draped around her neck.

"You're right, Drina," Helen answered in a whisper loud enough to make certain their pirates overheard. "Those pirate captains may be chivalrous, but we don't want to take any chances. Maybe we can hide our costly baubles in our baskets."

"No." Polly shook her head. "That's the first place they'd look."

"Wait," Helen said with a wicked gleam in her eye. "I have an idea." She turned to the twins and said, "Ironblood Flint and Cutthroat Ivan, would you mind waiting a moment for us over there in that cove?"

"What cove?" George said looking clueless.

"You're supposed to use your imagination," Nick said, tsking as he clasped his brother's arm and led him a few feet away to sit on the low stone wall again.

"You've thought of a hiding place, Vadoma?" Polly said.

"Come lie down on this soft patch of earth, Drina, and I'll show you." Helen led Polly to the mattress, positioning her so that she sat facing George and Nick. "Take off your valuable pearls and give them to me," Helen commanded and Polly complied. "Now lift up your skirt, bend your knees and spread your thighs."

Again Polly obeyed and as the boys got a view of her glossy cunt, Nick said, "Holy shit."

Helen scooted alongside Polly, careful not to obstruct the twins' view. Then she took the beads and slowly began stuffing them inside Polly's vagina. They hadn't actually practiced this part, but Polly told Helen she was relatively certain it would work when she wrote it into her script. As Helen's fingers gently smoothed in and out of Polly's moist channel, they made a slick, wet noise. Polly began to pant and Helen glanced at her cheeks, which were flushed pink. "You look warm," Drina," she adlibbed. "Here, let me help to cool you off while I bury your treasure." Helen reached up and yanked the wide, stretchy neckline of Polly's blouse down over her breasts to expose them. She watched the rise and fall of Polly's chest for a moment, taking particular notice of the way her nipples darkened and puckered. Helen knew she

wasn't a lesbian or bisexual, but damn if she wasn't getting horny just watching Polly get turned on.

"Helen—" George started.

"Vadoma," she reminded him.

"Vadoma," he said, "you and Drina are incredible. This is hot. So fucking hot."

She arched an eyebrow. "This is just the beginning my darling Captain Flint." And then she returned to the task of filling Polly's pussy with the pearls. "There, Drina," she said. "Now you must help me bury my treasure."

Sucking in a deep breath, Polly faced Helen and whispered softly, "My God, Helen...this sensation is so...so...Jesus, I almost came."

Helen grinned. "Good," she whispered back. "It's like you told me—that's what this is all about, right? Letting ourselves go so we can have fun and drive our husbands wild at the same time." She winked and then lay flat with knees flexed and her thighs spread, giving her husband and brother-in-law a choice view. "Now tighten your inner muscles to make sure you hold your beads in while you stuff mine inside of me."

"I'll try."

As Polly's cool fingers slid inside her pussy followed by the unusual sense of tiny balls traveling deep into her vagina, Helen squirmed a little. She understood why it made Polly so hot because it was indeed a most remarkable feeling. As the beads were pushed deeper and Polly's fingers glided in and out, Helen too began to pant. Taking the lead from Helen, Polly uttered the line about her looking warm then bared Helen's breasts. Her nipples beaded almost immediately and ached for attention. Anticipating Helen's need, Polly pinched each peak with her free hand, giving Helen a secret smile. And then she went back to work until the full strand of pearls was safe inside Helen's cunt. Helen remained still for a moment, willing herself not to come.

All the while the women were burying their booty the twin captains croaked out encouraging words, gave low wolf whistles and indulged in drooling groans.

When Helen and Polly looked each other in the eye they laughed. It was a damn strange sensation they shared and one hell of a unique experience they were busy executing.

"Oh Captain Flint, Captain Cutthroat!" Helen called brightly. "Time for you to come back from the cove and have a little snack." Sitting with her knees together and legs folded beneath her, it was impossible not to be aware of the booty her depths held. "We don't have any cookies or cake, but perhaps you brawny pirates would enjoy slathering some of this fudge sauce on our tasty breasts and nibbling away to your heart's content." Helen passed the jar to George who unscrewed the cap in an instant, scooped a dollop of sauce with his fingers and buttered his wife's breasts with it. Nick followed suit with Polly.

"I've never been more tempted," George said licking his lips and then swiping a hard, wicked lick across Helen's rigid nipple before pinching it between his teeth. "Ahhh...nothing can compare to the succulent taste of my wanton, wild gypsy woman."

Engaging in a melodious chorus of sighs and moans, Helen and Polly remained sitting, jutting their chests out as they leaned back on their hands. The position was a little awkward, but it showed their breasts off to their best advantage and gave the brothers good access to their chocolate-covered nipples. As the pirate captains hungrily licked, nibbled and sucked, Helen and Polly clasped hands, squeezing and smiling at each other as they were being pleased. Helen wondered if Polly was experiencing the same throbbing deep inside as the men brought them ever closer to satisfaction.

Once George had licked his wife clean and reached again for the jar of fudge sauce, Helen said, "That's enough for now, boys." She turned to Polly and, still employing her low, throaty accent said, "I do believe we can trust these fine pirate captains, Drina. What do you think?" She had to be more careful because she was starting to sound like Bela Lugosi playing Dracula.

"I agree, Vadoma," Polly answered. "In fact, they did such a good job feasting on our chocolate-tipped tits that I think they deserve a reward."

Her hand flying to her chest, Helen gasped in mock surprise. "You mean...our buried treasure?" Polly nodded. "My, what an excellent idea," Helen said. "I think we'll switch. Your Captain Cutthroat Ivan can dig out my treasure while my Captain Ironblood Flint tunnels for yours."

"And once we empty your caverns," Nick said in his pirate accent, "will it be time to drop anchor in your lagoons?" He jiggled his eyebrows and the women laughed.

"Yes, Captain Cutthroat," Polly said. "You'll find a supply of condoms in our baskets." She studied her husband for a moment. "You know, Captain C, you and your cohort look awful damned sexy with those pirate patches over your eyes. Maybe you should wear them all the time." She broke into a grin.

"Arrr," Nick said in response. "Quiet gypsy wench while we dig for buried treasure."

"When you plunder our depths for booty," Helen said, "Drina and I want you to draw the beads up and out slowly and carefully so that they rub against our swollen little gypsy clits as you work." Hiking up her skirt she reclined on the mattress with knees flexed, smiled up at Nick whose tongue was practically lolling. "Make me scream, Captain Cutthroat," she said, her accented voice low and sultry as Polly fell back next to her.

"Should we use our mouths?" George asked, staring at dual pearl-packed pussies with passion-fogged eyes.

"Nope," Polly said. "If you did that then you'd miss all the fun as Vadoma and I play with our nipples."

"Good God," George croaked. He reached his fingers just inside Polly's pussy and found the loop at the end of the strand. When he began sliding it up and out over her clitoris, Polly stiffened and yelped. George's fingers stilled. "Are you all right?"

"Oh yes," Polly said. "Oh God, yes." She swallowed hard and then thrust her hips high.

As soon as Nick started withdrawing the beads from Helen, she fully understood what caused Polly's reaction. Sucking in a sharp, audible gasp, Helen shrieked, "Ohmigod, ohmigod." Nick stopped. "No, no, no. Don't stop. Please don't stop."

Nick turned to look at his brother. "I'm going to fucking come all over myself in a minute if your wife keeps this up."

"Tell me about it," George said, watching Polly's rapturous reaction.

"A good pirate captain never gives in to premature ejaculation," a panting Helen said hoarsely as she reached for Polly's nearest breast with one hand and clutched her own breast with the other. Mirroring Helen's action, Polly sucked in a deep breath. And then they began pinching and tugging on their own and each other's nipples, moaning and writhing as their men drew the beads from their pussies up and over their clits so slowly it was agonizingly, deliciously tormenting.

"Ah...that's beautiful," George said. "I love to see you play with yourself, and with Pol—I mean Drina. How does this feel, Drina?" George said as he pinched her clitoris between a row of little beads.

"Fucking sensational," Polly managed to eke out.

"What?" Nick asked his brother.

"I'm squeezing her little bud of flesh between the pearls," George explained.

Nick mimicked the procedure on Helen and she thought she'd explode. As the tangled beads unfurled inside her, clicking together and snaking along the walls housing her inner muscles until she was forced to clench, Helen wondered how Polly had come up with an idea as magnificent as this. Right then and there she promised herself it was something she'd be doing again—often.

"I think you guys better get those condoms on now," Helen said, "because, I don't know about Polly, I mean Drina, but I'm just about ready to come and I want to feel a nice, big, stiff cock hammering inside of me when I do."

"Ditto," Polly said through panting breaths.

In a flash the brothers had unbuttoned their knit pants, rolled on condoms and returned to their agreeable tasks until each had slipped out the final bead. With a feral growl, Nick plunged into Helen's depths and George did the same with Polly. Helen was able to maintain control until Nick picked up the strand of pearls, sniffed it and then sucked on the beads. With a scream, Helen's body succumbed, shimmying and vibrating through a vigorous orgasm. Before the final quake had subsided she heard Nick howl out and felt his cock pulsing inside as he came. Mutual sounds of satisfaction and completion echoed alongside them as George and Polly achieved release.

Muffled gasps, murmured approvals and mutterings of wonder and disbelief pierced the air.

After enough time to regain their senses had passed, Helen said, "Flint, Cutthroat, you have twenty minutes to give those marvelous cocks of yours time to regroup. After that, we'll be ready to proceed to the grand finale...the climax to end all climaxes. The rip-roaring culmination to our afternoon of decadent delights before we all sit down together and have dinner."

"I don't think my cock can't take any more rip-roaring, Helen," Nick said, chuckling. "It's going to be all curled up and resting for at least the next hour. Besides, I don't want to change into another new outfit and learn new names and roles. My cock and I are tired." He pouted.

"Silly man," Polly said rolling to her side and propping her chin on Nick's chest as she played with the crisp hair across his pectorals. "You don't honestly think Helen and I would let you get away with that wimpy attitude after all the effort we've put into this fantasy foursome, do you? And anyway, the next scene doesn't require a costume change. You'll still be pirates and we'll be gypsy girls. See, honey? Problem solved."

"But—"

"Nikolas, have you forgotten what Polly put you and me through during that threesome she concocted after you were married?" George asked.

"Are you kidding?" Nick groaned. "She damn near killed our peckers that night, Yorgo."

"And I have no doubt she will again." George laughed and then groaned as he pulled himself up into a sitting position. "Especially now that she has my lovely new bride as her more than willing accomplice. But at least you know it will be worth it in the end. Come on, you have to admit that you never had as much fun as you did that night...well," George shrugged, "at least until today, that is." He smacked a kiss on Polly's nose and another on Helen's before he captured his wife's lips in a drugging kiss. "I've enjoyed every single minute of this sexy escapade."

"I have too, but..." Nick shook an admonishing finger at Polly. "Don't think I don't know what you're up to, Polly," he said. "Vertical sex, right?" He looked at Helen, shook his head and said, "That's Polly's favorite."

"Mmm-hmm," Helen answered through a knowing smirk. "I know. Mine too. Trust me when I tell you that Polly's got a humdinger planned for the four of us."

Helen and Polly exchanged winks.

"That's what I'm afraid of," Nick said, rolling his eyes.

Chapter Eight

"Tell your fortune, pirate boy?" Polly said, clasping George's hand and turning it palm up after the brothers returned to the terrace for the final showstopper. Trailing her finger along the lines etched into his flesh, she said, "Ah...I see that very soon you and Captain Cutthroat Ivan will engage in a lusty round of upright sex with my beautiful gypsy friend, Vadoma." She gazed up into his eyes and smiled. "And I see that you will survive the sensual ordeal with your cock still whole and unbroken." She did her best not to laugh as George cocked his head and gave her a reproving look.

Coming to stand next to his wife, Nick crossed his arms over his chest and arched an eyebrow. "And what, my lovely Drina, will you be doing while the three of us are playing together?"

"I will be touching and rubbing and squeezing each of you while Vadoma enjoys her first experience being filled both front and back," Polly said with a wink. Then she dropped George's hand and picked up her wicker basket, whipping out a long beige object and holding it aloft. "And I'll also be keeping myself occupied with the help of my handy-dandy Gyrating-Gypsy-6000." Indulging in a wicked grin, she licked her lips.

"That's not really what it's called, is it?" Nick said, studying Polly's new vibrator.

Nodding affirmatively, Polly turned it so the raised lettering was visible. "I found it when I went shopping in Lesbos the other day. Figures." She rolled her eyes and laughed. "Now I ask you," she said, still amazed that she'd found her newest toy with the oh-so-appropriate name. "After creating my gypsy fantasy-foursome script, how could I possibly pass this little gem up?"

"Little?" Helen said, poking her head between the brothers to get a look. "That thing is enormous!"

"Hey, stop drooling on my gargantuan gyrator," Polly teased. "I'll give you the name and location of the shop later."

Stiffening, George sniffed. "Helen doesn't need one of those when she has me."

"Oh, George, George, George," Helen said chuckling and giving her husband a hug. "You still have so much to learn about women."

"Oh for fuck's sake, Yorgo," Nick said. "There's nothing to get insulted about." He gave George a playful whap on the arm and then shook an admonishing finger under his nose. "Don't try to tell me you don't masturbate too, because I know better."

George flushed a bit and then kicked at a crack in the stone floor. "Well, I..."

"Uh-huh. So don't be such an old-fashioned chauvinist." Belting out hearty laughter, Nick clapped his brother on the back.

"Okay, time to get back to the script, everybody," Polly said with a sharp clap of her hands. "Captain Cutthroat Ivan," she said, motioning to her husband, "you'll need a condom for this one because you're going in Vadoma's back door. Captain Ironblood, after Cutthroat fills her you'll pack her in front. Vadoma, you'll need to strip so the pirates can see what they're doing."

"Your wife is a very bossy woman, Nikolas," George said, elbowing his twin.

"Yes, but I know how to keep her in line," Nick said with a resolute nod.

"Aha!" George snickered. "Now who's the chauvinist, eh?"

Once Helen had stripped, leaving her only in her headscarf and the jewelry around her neck, wrists and in her ears, she took center stage. The summer sun was already starting its slow decline and its burnished-gold glow was better than any artificial stage lighting. Polly thought Helen looked like a pale gypsy goddess as she spread her arms and wiggled her fingers at the brothers in invitation. Knowing firsthand the magnificent treat her sister-in-law was about to experience for the first time, Polly smiled and hugged herself.

Flanked by the studly pirate captains, Helen pressed the back of her hand to her forehead and moaned, “Oh, woe is me,” according to the script. “After taking a dip in the lagoon I returned to find my clothing gone. See how chilly I am?” With a look to the left and then to the right, Helen took her nipples in her fingers and tugged, eliciting happy grunts from the brothers. “And I’m even colder on the inside,” she said, slicking the fingers of one hand between her thighs while trailing a finger up her butt crack with the other. “Do you suppose there’s something you two burly pirates can do to warm me up deep, deep inside?” She batted her eyelashes at George and Nick.

“My sweet, lovely wife—do you have any idea how beautiful you look at this moment?” George said, stroking Helen’s cheek and feathering a kiss across her lips. Then he looked down at the significant bulge in his pirate leggings and laughed. “Jesus, I think I’m fully hard already.”

“It’s Polly’s sexy scripts,” Nick said. “Happens every damn time.”

On Helen’s cue, Polly ambled over to Nick, pressing her wicker basket against his flat belly. “Some fine gypsy lubricant for you, Captain Cutthroat. And a good strong gypsy condom for your fine, handsome pirate cock.”

“Thank you my saucy little wench,” Nick said with a wink and solid pat on his wife’s ass as he retrieved the tube of lubricant and condom packet.

She turned to leave then paused. “Oh, and why don’t you chesty pirates remove your shirts so Vadoma and I can admire all those beautiful bronzed muscles.”

Once Nick and George had complied, complete with a dual round of impressive pectoral and biceps flexes, Polly skipped away. After stripping her clothes off she sat on the low stone wall so she had a good view of the threesome and they had a good view of her.

“Sorry, but this has got to come off now so I can see what the hell I’m doing. I don’t want to miss one single bit of this.” Winking, George tore off the pirate eyepatch, tossing it aside. Nick followed suit.

Nick greased his fingers and placed the other hand on Helen's shoulder. "Let's see how well I can warm you up back here. Ah yes," he said as he trailed a finger down Helen's crack and found the opening, "here's your poor, chilly little rosebud." He eased an oiled finger inside and Helen gasped. After slipping it in and out a few times he asked, "How does that feel, Vadoma?"

Helen swallowed hard. "Mmm, good. Very good."

Getting hornier by the minute as Polly watched Nick prep Helen from the back while George caught one of Helen's nipples in his teeth, tugging and nibbling as he slid a hand between her thighs and rubbed, Polly decided it was definitely time for the Gyrating-Gypsy-6000 to go to work. She spread her thighs and glanced down to see the juices already dribbling from her pussy. With one little twist, the vibrator was humming and Polly traced her pussy lips with its head, sending delicious vibrations inside. She avoided swiping it across her clit because she didn't want to come so early. As she played with herself she glanced up to see her husband looking over Helen's shoulder at his wife and smiling.

They locked gazes and she looked on, fascinated as Nick rolled on the condom and began easing his cock into Helen's ass, loving the rapturous expression on both of their faces. In another moment Nick had obviously filled Helen and she sagged against him, moaning.

"So fucking tight," Nick said hoarsely. "She's ready for you, Yorgo." Bending his knees behind hers, he supported Helen.

George bent to position himself and then he slowly guided his cock into Helen's cunt. Amidst her loud moans and shudders as he filled her, he kept asking how she was doing. She answered verbally when she could and simply nodded when she was unable to utter anything. Polly remembered the feeling well. And then the brothers straightened their knees, standing erect and carefully supporting Helen, whose feet dangled a good six inches from the floor.

Vibrator in hand, Polly strolled over to the sandwiched threesome, circling them slowly as she smoothed her cool fingers up, down and across sweat-slicked backs, bellies and thighs. She was rewarded with a chorus of pleasing moans and groans.

"I know how you're feeling right now," Polly said to Helen in a whisper loud enough for the brothers to hear. "As if every cell in your body is sexually charged. And you can feel the wild, wonderful sensations of pulsing pleasure clear down to your toes." Polly turned the vibrator on low and ran it from Helen's waist down her leg and across her ankle.

"Unbelievable," Helen breathed out, her eyes passion-fogged and heavy lidded as she clung to George. "Unfuckingbelievable."

"And I have a good idea how this feels for you too," she purred to George. "Seeing your lovely new bride relishing this pure bliss and knowing that you're bestowing pleasure on her beyond anything in her wildest dreams." Polly set the vibrator on low again and ran the tip lightly up and down George's butt crack.

"Jesus Christ, Polly," he growled out. "It's so fucking hot." He slanted his head to take one of Helen's nipples in his teeth, tugging it hard.

"And you, my darling, husband," Polly cooed to Nick. "Right now your magnificent cock is providing your sister-in-law with the same immeasurable elation that her husband gave me a few months ago when we enjoyed our own honeymoon threesome. Feel the tightness of Helen's ass muscles clenching you. Know that each and every twitch of your cock is bringing her one step closer to an orgasm such as she's never known." And then Polly reached down and glided the head of the vibrator over her husband's balls.

"Polly! Fuck. Fuck!" Nick sucked in a shuddering breath and steadied himself. "George I can't hold out. I'm going to explode."

"Me too," George growled.

"God oh God oh God," Helen shrieked as her head swayed from side to side. "It's too much. Too good."

Clearly close to detonating, the brothers widened their stance enough to get the best foothold possible.

"Nick," George eked out, "make sure you have Helen good and tight. Stand firm with me so we don't fall. She'll get hurt."

"Got her."

"Nick, baby," Polly said breathlessly and he turned to look at her. "Watch me fuck myself for you as the four of us come together." She set her Gyrating-Gypsy-6000 at high-speed and jammed it into her cunt, hammering it in and out as she made sure to slide it over her clit.

In the next instant, at the same moment that the summer sun dipped behind the hills of Santorini, four euphoric cries of unbridled rapture were carried away on the warm Aegean breeze that swept over the Kokoris brothers and their wives.

Chapter Nine

After the grand finale, George, Helen, Nick and Polly crumbled against the inflated mattress into a jumbled mass of supremely sated flesh.

"Dear God in heaven," George pleaded once he'd regained the power of speech, "please tell me that we're finished because, I swear, I'm done for."

"Don't worry, George." Helen patted his thigh. "We're done...well, at least until after dinner – and then it's Polly's turn to get double-packed."

"Hey," George flipped his flaccid cock, "these aren't toys made of rubber with an on-off switch like your gypsy vibrator, you know. Ours," he gestured with his thumb to Nick's cock and his own, "don't come with rechargeable batteries."

"Oh come on you big old fake," Helen said as she sat up and gave George a playful whack on his abdomen, eliciting an *ooph* from him. "You know you guys loved every minute of it." Helen reached over and cupped each twin's groin, gently massaging, smoothing and twisting, not a bit surprised when the limp cocks twitched and trembled, struggling to rejuvenate for an encore. "Oh look, Polly." Helen winked at her sister-in-law. "We might even be able to get in a quickie before dinner."

"Oh, that's just plain wicked," Nick said.

"And impossible," George added. Doing his best to hide an emerging smile, he propped himself up on one elbow and looked down at his reclining brother. "Nikolas, if we were smart we would have taken the Sabatini sisters up on their generous offer." Helen and Polly gasped. "Because they'd never have the inhuman stamina of our sex-crazed women," George continued, "and our poor petered out peckers wouldn't be in jeopardy of falling off from excessive overuse."

"You're right, Yorgo." Nick pulled himself up on his elbow to face George. "I say we toss our wives over the wall and into the sea and then place a call to Amanda and Andrea, begging them to forgive us."

"If we work fast maybe they can catch the next plane out here," George said."

Polly sat up exchanging narrow-eyed glares with Helen as they listened to their husbands guffawing. "Are we just going to sit here and let our smartass husbands talk like that?" she asked Helen.

"Hell no," Helen said with a dangerous smile as she fingered a long strand of small beads around her neck. "Let's make them pay. It's time for the beaded cock strangehold you invented, Polly."

"The what?" the brothers cried in unison as they covered their slowly burgeoning cocks.

"Sabatini sisters, indeed," Helen mumbled just before leaning in close and snatching George's mostly limp cock into her mouth. Next to her, Polly did the same to Nick. After a succession of wicked tongue swirls that left her husband groaning Helen lifted her head, letting him pop out. Eyeing the pair of merrily bobbing cocks, she and Polly exchanged devilish smiles.

"That's just not possible," George said, eyes bugging as he spied his rapidly swelling cock. "Not this quickly."

"Oh but it *is* when you're dealing with the Kokoris women, mister," Helen teased as she whipped the beads from around her neck and began wrapping them around George's stiffening cock. Polly mirrored the action with Nick.

"Hey! What are you doing?" George said.

"Exactng cruel and unusual punishment," Helen said. "Retribution that will erase all thoughts of the bony-assed, melon-titted Sabatini sisters from the blackboard of your dirty little mind, sweetheart." She gave the beads a tug.

"Jesus!" As Helen wound the beads securely around George's flesh he turned, wide-eyed, to his brother. "Nikolas. They *are* trying to kill us." And then he let out a low groan as his cock expanded, trying to break free of its beaded prison. "Damn, that hurts. That hurts *so* good." He ground out a low, husky chuckle.

"Yorgo," Nick said in a strangled tone.

"Uh-huh."

"Remember when we were—*ooh, damn!*" Nick's eyes rolled back in his head as Polly wrapped another row of beads around his cock and tugged. "When we were kids," he continued after finding his voice again, "and our teacher used to make us write about what we did on our summer vacation?"

"Yeah...wouldn't old Mrs. Loukianos love to read about what we're doing on this one?" George choked out a strangled laugh that matched his brother's.

"Sabatini," Helen said, cupping her hands around George's beaded cock and rubbing as if it were kindling and she was trying to start a fire—which she was. "What does that name mean to you?"

"Nothing," George growled as he clapped his hands on Helen's hips and squeezed. "Never heard of it."

"And you?" Polly asked Nick as she toiled to stir up a flame.

"Not a damn thing," Nick said, covering her hands with his.

"Mission accomplished," Helen said. Nodding in accordance, she and Polly each gave a sharp jerk on the strands of beads, quickly and carefully disengaging them from their husband's cocks. Then they promptly straddled the twin pillars of flesh, sliding down to fully seat themselves as the brothers belted out rapturous groans.

And then, with a reciprocal wink, the Kokoris women gleefully rode their men into the Santorini sunset.

About the Author

Imagine frantically trying to file your way out of a locked bathroom door with a teeny nail file, dressed in nothing but a too-small towel while you're waiting for a real estate agent and a family with three small kids to arrive for a showing of your house.

Okay, now picture the contents of a box of just-delivered sex toys (purely for research purposes, you understand) strewn on the bed just outside the same locked bathroom door.

Welcome to the madcap real world of award-winning author Daisy Dexter Dobbs.

With her works hailed as the best in screwball romantic comedy, Daisy firmly believes in the healing power of love and laughter, although she's quick to disavow any notion that the often hilarious foibles and mishaps that frequently happen to befall her have any connection whatsoever with the zany predicaments of the characters in her romantic comedy novels.

Uh-huh. Right.

A Chicago native, Daisy now lives in the Pacific Northwest. She is happily married to her high school sweetheart, and has one child.

Daisy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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