

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



Daisy Decker Dobbs

POLLY'S PERILOUS PLEASURES
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POLLY'S PERILOUS PLEASURES

Daisy Dexter Dobbs

Chapter One

"Oh my God, Nick, we...have...to...stop," Polly managed to eke out between pants. "I can't take it any more. Too hard...too fast...too," she paused to suck in a deep breath, "it's just too damned long!"

"Come on, stay with me, Polly. You can take it. We're almost there. Just," Nick grunted, "just another few pumps." He flashed a devilish smile as he flipped the sweat-soaked hair out of his eyes and watched her generous breasts bounce and jiggle to the vigorous rhythm. "Besides, remember, this was your idea, not mine."

"That's before I realized you have the stamina of an ox," Polly said, gulping for air. "I can't go anymore!"

With a final burst of energy, Nick pumped furiously. "Almost...almost... Yes!" Expelling a deep satisfied growl when he stopped, his features slowly smoothed into a contented grin.

With an extended moan, Polly's body went limp.

"I knew you could do it. Great job, Polly." Nick hopped off his exercise bike and patted Polly's shoulder as he checked his watch. "That's your best time so far. I'm really proud of you." He studied her inert form. "You okay?"

"Better check my pulse." Her lip hiked into a half-smile as she presented her wrist. "I think I might be dead." She let out a meager laugh.

"I think you'll live," he teased, rubbing his thumb over her pulse point a bit longer than necessary before dropping her hand.

"It's a miracle," Polly said, feigning awe and adoration. "Your touch has brought me back from the dead." They both laughed. "Seriously, Nick, you're a hard taskmaster, but a great personal trainer...and an even better friend. I could never do this without all of your help."

"I'll have to remind you of that the next time you start ragging at me about how exhausted your bones are," Nick teased with a wink. As Polly stretched her limbs and groaned, his gaze locked on her lush curves.

"I'm sorry I've been so difficult," she said as Nick snapped his gaze back to her face and cleared his throat. "It's just that all of this *whipping me into shape* stuff has been so damned tough. Trust me, I never would have kept up this torment just on my own. Not without all your help and coaching." She winced as she eased herself off the exercise bike.

"Hey, don't worry about it." Nick waved his hand in a dismissive fashion and smiled. "That's what personal trainers—and friends—are for." He grabbed his gym towel and swiped the perspiration from his face.

Absently fiddling with the elastic band and slapdash cluster of hairpins keeping the mass of sweat-plastered russet curls off her neck, Polly laughed. "I don't know what you're wiping at, Nick. Look at you," she eyed him up and down and sighed. "You haven't even broken a sweat!"

A tantalizing image of their sweat-glossed bodies writhing amidst satin sheets immediately assaulted Nick's senses. "Believe me," he breathed in deeply, "I can work up a good sweat, given the right circumstances." After a quick glance at his watch, he said, "I've got some time before my next appointment. How about indulging in one of Kenny's specials?"

"Mmmm." Polly nodded. "A nice tall glass of fresh juice sounds positively mouthwatering right now." She blotted her face and neck with her gym towel. "But I've got to hit the showers first. I'm a mess." Motioning to her disheveled appearance, which Nick didn't find distasteful in the least, she laughed.

"Hey there, Hercules," a sultry come-hither voice cooed just behind Nick as he opened his mouth to answer Polly. "Seems like I haven't seen you in forever, handsome."

"Amanda." He nodded with a smile as the woman stood beside him and trailed her fingers from his shoulder to his elbow and back again. "Nice to see you."

Nick chuckled, shaking his head as she sailed by, blowing a kiss over her shoulder and wiggling her little ass. It was all in a day's work for Nick. He'd become used to women at the club coming on to him—not to say he didn't enjoy it. Still chuckling, he looked back at Polly, who stood with her arms across her chest, frowning as she watched Amanda's rear end sway.

"Another one of your adoring clients I presume."

"No. She just thinks I'm hot." He broke into laughter as he watched Polly's big blue eyes widen and her jaw drop in surprise. "Must be my Greek accent, eh?"

"Yeah..." Polly cleared her throat and gave Nick a slow appraisal. "Must be. I'm sure it has nothing whatsoever to do with all those bulging muscles." She rolled her eyes. "Meet you in the juice bar in about five minutes, okay...*Hercules*?" Snickering, she gave him a hearty pat on the back.

He nodded and watched Polly walk away, thoroughly relishing the enticing view of that plump round ass of hers undulating as she retreated. Of all the women to choose from at the Apollo Health and Fitness Club, the only one who interested him wanted nothing more than to be his friend...his buddy...his pal...

While other women openly admired the muscled physique he'd worked hard to hone, Polly didn't even seem to notice. Hell, he'd even caught himself reverting to his days as a horny testosterone-driven teenager as he performed various stunts like one-armed push-ups and pressing heavy weights trying to impress Polly when he thought she was watching. It was all to no avail because she was clearly oblivious to his charms.

Grumbling in Greek, Nick laughed at himself for being such a horse's ass and headed for the juice bar.

* * * * *

"I'm finally feeling clean and half human again after a good drenching," a beaming Polly said as she hiked her denim-clad hips onto the bamboo barstool next to Nick.

"What can I get for you guys?"

"How about an allover, head-to-toe body massage, Kenny," Polly said to the bartender longingly. "Every fiber of my being aches."

Grinning, Kenny leaned against the bar toward Polly and spoke in a low, seductive tone. "Why, I'd be more than happy to oblige, Miss Polly, after I get off duty here." He jiggled his eyebrows playfully. "And I've got great hands." He winked, displaying his long fingers for her inspection.

"So how are those wedding plans coming along, Kenny," Nick said, smirking. "You and Alicia set the date yet?"

Kenny laughed. "Okay, okay," he said, raising his hands in surrender. "I get the message. But you can't blame a guy for trying." He winked at Polly.

"Thanks, Kenny," she said, patting his hand. "I appreciate the thought." Resting her elbows on the bar and her chin on her fists, she tried in vain to stifle a gaping yawn.

"I hope it's not the company," Nick teased.

Polly chuckled through a second yawn. "No. Sorry. It's all me." She sighed. "I wouldn't feel so drained if I hadn't stayed up half the night immersed in spreadsheets, trying to perfect the record-keeping system for my catering business. If I'm going to accurately determine business growth for Polly's Provisions, it's imperative that I keep an extremely precise accounting of income, expenses and profit or loss. And for tax purposes, of course."

"Of course." Mirroring her nonchalant shrug, Nick smiled.

"Ooh." Polly sat straight up and clasped her midsection. "Did you hear that growl?" She laughed. "I'm positively famished."

"Me too." Nick nodded, perusing the familiar menu. "I'll have a mango-passion fruit smoothie made with raspberry sherbet instead of the orange, and how about one of those fist-sized wheat germ oatmeal walnut cookies with the dried cherries and chocolate chunks."

"Chocolate." Polly's eyes nearly rolled back in her head. "Mmmm, that sounds scrumptious. I'll have the same." Licking her lips, she bounced in her seat and rubbed her hands together briskly in anticipation.

"Uh, scratch that, Kenny," Nick said, his gaze involuntarily zeroing in on Polly's big bouncing breasts. "Polly will have the usual." He tore his gaze away, fixing it instead on Kenny, whose eyes were also fastened to Polly's happily bobbing bosom. Polly was either too exhausted or distracted by the lure of chocolate to notice their rapt attention.

Nick couldn't help chuckling when, at the mere mention of chocolate, the astute businesswoman seated next to him had instantly morphed into an exuberant sprite. The

palpable transformation brought to mind the corny American romance movies he'd watched on television as a kid in Greece—the ones where a shy, bookish woman shed her horned-rim eyeglasses and a single hairpin, magically turning into a bouncy sex kitten. As often as he'd witnessed Polly's transformation, it never ceased to amaze and delight him. The woman was fascinating...a true contradiction in terms.

"You got it." Meeting Nick's gaze, Kenny winked and pointed at Polly with an impish smile. "Carrot, apple, celery juice with a nice crisp stalk of celery for garnish, and a chaser of mineral water for the lovely little lady."

"Blech." Whimpering, Polly stuck her bottom lip out in an exaggerated pout. "Oh, come on, Nick. Don't you think I could splurge just a little bit after all that working out I did today?" She eyed him hopefully. "I haven't had any chocolate in nearly three months. I'd give my soul for just one tiny taste." Holding her thumb and forefinger close together she smiled. "Please, please, please?"

Nick frowned. She was doing that damned bouncing again and he really wished she wouldn't. He felt much safer around Polly when she was spreadsheet-oriented and sitting still. His thoughts raced wild as he eyed Polly's bopping bosom. *Press those dazzling breasts against me and I'll subscribe you to the chocolate of the month club for life.* Folding his arms across his chest, Nick cleared his throat and leaned against the back of the barstool. He arched his brow and fixed Polly with a commanding gaze. "Sure, go ahead." He shrugged his shoulders. "Whatever you want, Polly. You're an adult...well, most of the time, anyway." He snickered.

"Excuse me?" Polly's chin jutted forward. "And just what exactly is that supposed to mean?"

Nick shrugged. "Nothing. I—"

"Tell me, where is it written," she stabbed an accusatory finger through the air, "that just because a woman owns a business she can't also be passionate and enthusiastic, hmm? Where does it say that in order to be taken seriously as a businesswoman she has to be an impassive stick in the mud?"

Nick raised his hands in surrender. "Nowhere, Polly. I—"

"And is it a crime that the focus of her passion and enthusiasm just happens to be an intense, all-encompassing love of chocolate?" She shifted uncomfortably in her seat and huffed. "I think not. And is becoming half-crazed over the object of one's desire after having been utterly deprived of it for nearly ninety days an indication of weakness or immaturity? Well, perhaps it is...but for heaven's sake we're talking *ninety days*, Nick! Give me a break!"

After staring agape for a moment, Nick sucked in a deep breath, letting it out in a whoosh. "Point taken. You're right, Polly. If you want or need to have something chocolate, it's entirely up to you." He flashed an earnest smile, thinking that she'd missed her true calling as a trial lawyer.

"Never mind," she said with a dignified sniff. "I don't want—or *need*—the chocolate anymore. Just give me the damned carrot juice, Kenny."

Nick bit his tongue to keep from laughing. "Good girl," he said, beaming a smile as he gave her a hearty pat on the back. "You're so close, Polly, you don't want to risk falling short of your goal now, do you?"

"No, I suppose not," she mumbled, doodling invisible images on the bar with her finger as she indulged in a dejected pout. "But I can't wait until all this sadistic torture is over." She glanced up at Nick and shrugged. "No offense."

Nick threw his head back and laughed. "None taken. That's what makes a good personal trainer. Knowing just how much torture to exact to get your clients to reach their goals. Kind of like being the Marquis de Sade, but without the benefit of sex." Nick's core ignited like a blast furnace as the cavalier reference to sex tripped past his lips.

Clearly taken aback at Nick's offhand comment, Polly broke into laughter and he quickly joined in.

He was glad Polly couldn't read his thoughts because he'd wondered often enough what it would feel like to hold her in his arms while deep in the throes of passion. He imagined hiking her bare ass into the air as he filled her pussy to the hilt with his cock and then riding her to climax. It would, no doubt, be the ultimate joyride of his life. Hot and sweaty as they became entwined in the sheets... Polly raking her nails down his torso... Capturing her jutting nipple between his teeth... Crying out in rapture as they quaked in climax together...

"...is that okay with you, Nick?"

"Huh?" Snapping himself back to reality, and ripping his gaze from her inviting curves, Nick shook the inappropriate images from his mind and cleared his throat. "I'm sorry, Polly, what did you say? I...I was thinking about my client roster for tomorrow."

Slanting him a bemused smile, Polly tapped a fingernail against the small PDA she'd retrieved from her purse. "I said that I have the entire morning clear tomorrow except for our regular appointment. So, first thing tomorrow, before our run, can we do my weigh-in?"

"That works for me." Nick slowly eyed Polly up and down. "Yes...I have a feeling that you're going to be able to fit into that dress now, Polly."

Brightening considerably, Polly sat erect and turned animatedly toward Nick. "Do you really think so?" she bubbled, bouncing in her seat and clapping her hand over his forearm.

Willing his gaze away from her jiggling breasts—again—Nick grinned and nodded. "As of your last weigh-in two weeks ago, you only had three pounds to go to make a total of thirty." He gave her another quick once-over and covered her hand with his, smoothing his fingers over hers. "Yeah, Polly, I think you're there." Smiling warmly, he gazed intensely into her big alarmingly blue eyes for a lingering moment, then suddenly averted his gaze, clearing his throat and snatching his hand away from hers as if he'd been burned. He grabbed the smoothie Kenny set before him, hoping it would squelch the fire in his loins, and began to sip the thick, sweet concoction, making

satisfying sounds as he did. Damn! What was it about this woman that turned him into a hormone-riddled teenager?

Turning in the direction of a singsong chorus of *Hi Nickys*, Nick watched a trio of willowy, nubile creatures giggle and wave as they eyed him. He was sure he felt Polly inch closer to him just then, but when he glanced at her she seemed entirely focused on sipping her juice, oblivious to the young women lavishing him with attention. Shrugging, he nodded and waved back at the nymphettes.

"How about stopping by my place in the morning," Polly suggested, "instead of meeting here. Say about seven-thirty. I'll make us a nice breakfast and—" She started to laugh when Nick gave her *the look*. "Don't worry, I'm not talking about pancakes and syrup with a buttered stack of toast and three kinds of meat on the side. I'll fix us a nice healthy breakfast—omelets, fresh berries with organic yogurt, and a couple of my sugar-free carrot-almond muffins."

"A healthy breakfast feast, huh?" Nick arched his eyebrows and nodded approvingly. "Sounds great, especially those muffins. I'll be there."

"You know, just because I'm a professional caterer who specializes in sinfully decadent, artery-clogging, heart-attack-on-a-plate fare doesn't mean that I can't cook healthy things, too." Polly laughed. "In fact, Polly's Provisions will soon be expanding its offerings to include a specialty line of wellness menus, including weight loss selections."

"Good thinking," Nick said. "You must really know your nutrition."

Polly shrugged. "I have to. It's my livelihood. You know, according to last night's calculations, thirty-eight percent of my client base is comprised of people concerned with watching their weight, while at least another seventeen percent are diabetic or on doctor-prescribed diets."

Nick stifled a grin as he listened to Polly's no-nonsense shoptalk. "Then there should definitely be a huge demand for your specialized diet menus."

"I hope so." She sipped her juice and crossed her fingers. "So, tomorrow morning we'll do my official weigh-in before we eat, and," she paused for effect as she broke into a wide grin, "if I fit into my special red dress, I'll model it for you so you can tell me how I look!" She bounced excitedly and Nick groaned. "I haven't been able to get into that dress since the day I bought it more than a year ago. That's the last time I was that size—for all of probably about five minutes." She giggled. "In fact, I think the tags are still on the dress."

Captivated, Nick watched Polly smoothly shed her entrepreneur façade and become caught up with all the animation of a schoolgirl. A *very* sexy schoolgirl. So full of life. So spontaneous. So impossibly sexy... No other woman had ever intrigued him to this degree. "Ms. Patrick, I would be honored to be the first to see you in your fancy red dress," Nick said as he made a sweeping bow gesture and smiled before chomping on his chocolate-studded cookie. *But most of all, I'd love to see you out of it.* His gaze briefly locked on her enticing anatomy. Yes...he could very easily imagine the bountiful

delights hidden beneath her utilitarian exercise garb. *Breasts far more than a handful; hips deliciously Rubenesque; a pussy sweeter and more inviting than...* Groaning, he bit into his cookie again and chewed.

Their time together as trainer and trainee was almost over and Nick would sorely miss spending so much time with her. All new members at the health club received the services of a personal trainer free of charge for a three-month period upon signing a three-year membership commitment. With just one week of their time together remaining, he felt the beginning pangs of separation anxiety. The groan he breathed was louder than he'd intended and when it caught Polly's attention, he sidetracked her with a quick casual smile. On the bright side, he and Polly discovered that they lived in the same sprawling riverfront condominium complex, so, not only would he be running into her at the health club, but hopefully near home, as well.

Nick caught Polly eyeing his mouth as he licked off the little crumb of chocolate clinging to his bottom lip. He cocked his head. Her big blue eyes seemed to be in a constant state of wonder, never failing to mesmerize him, drawing him into their liquid depths. "Something wrong?" he asked.

"Nope." She quickly averted her eyes and munched on the chaste rib of celery.

The light caught her head of fiery curls, still damp from her shower. Her hair looked as though molten copper and blood-red wine had been whisked together into a silky concoction. And that almost translucent skin of hers, so milky and white. And then there were those amazing breasts...

After polishing the celery stick off with a series of hearty crunches, Polly washed it down with the last of her mineral water and then hopped off the barstool. "Time for me to go. See you in the morning, buddy." Without so much as a second glance she gave him a solid slap on the back and left.

Nick remained sitting at the juice bar. There was no way in hell that he was about to hop off that stool and strut around the health club with a raging hard-on tenting his gym shorts. No doubt about it, he had to stop drooling over Polly...stop his constant daydreaming about impaling her ripe softness with his hard, throbbing cock.

She was so unlike most of the other woman he'd known. Nick gazed at the two attractive young women who'd been eyeballing him since they sat down at the juice bar. He recognized them from their frequent visits and could tell they were attracted to him. They certainly didn't take any pains to hide their interest. He offered a smile and wink before looking away, laughing to himself when he heard them converge in a joint giggle.

He was used to having beautiful women throw themselves at him, and he certainly wasn't above sampling their saucy offerings every so often. But something always seemed to be missing. The two giggly chicks at the juice bar were appealing eye candy all right—hot, buff, fashionably angular to the point of being bony and obviously pumped up with silicone in all the right places. They were neat little photocopies of the rest of their ilk, but they couldn't hold a candle to Polly Patrick as far as he was

concerned. No, after three excruciating months of watching those generous breasts of hers jiggle, bobble and bounce, Nick was certain that she was one hundred percent real—soft, earthy and curvy—the way a woman was meant to be. He could easily imagine cushioning his cock between those magnificent orbs, stroking himself against the domes until his seed cascaded over the creamy hills and valleys.

Damn! His engrossing daydreams certainly weren't helping matters. Nick shifted on the barstool, determined to douse the fire burning within and to get rid of his extremely inconvenient erection. As he sipped the last vestiges of his smoothie, he forced himself to remember why Polly was working so hard to lose weight and get fit. He huffed a humorless laugh and his features contorted into a grim, sour mask.

"Of course," he said under his breath, "All I need to do is to remind myself that while I'm lusting after Polly, she's lusting after another man."

Chapter Two

Polly whizzed around the kitchen alternately humming and singing as she prepared a healthy breakfast feast and brewed a pot of organic coffee. She was dying to hop on the scale and weigh herself to see if she'd reached her thirty-pound weight loss goal, but she was determined to wait for Nick.

Images of her reunion date that evening pirouetted through her thoughts as she worked. It had been nearly thirteen months since her fiancé, best-selling novelist Thomas Vainder, left for London to work on his latest book, *Bloody Jack is Back*—a mystery with paranormal time-travel elements based on London's grisly nineteenth-century Jack the Ripper murders. Sharing similar convictions to method actors, Thomas firmly believed that the only way to get a real feel for his characters and their settings as he did his research and writing was to thoroughly steep himself in the environment of his stories. With his frequent trips, Polly felt more like she was engaged to a traveling salesman than a writer.

He'd insisted that Polly accompany him this time but, immersed in the growth and success of her catering business, she couldn't take an indefinite amount of time away from her work. After Thomas had been there about six months, Polly flew to London to spend a week with him. She kept her trip a secret from Thomas, looking forward to surprising him.

It was a surprise alright. When Polly entered his unlocked flat she discovered that her fiancé had engrossed himself in more than just local color and history. She'd caught him in the act, blissfully fucking the bony twenty-something Brit actress who'd been cast as the lead's love interest in the screen adaptation of his book, *Veiled in Blood*.

Thomas humbled himself, begging and pleading for Polly's forgiveness. He swore the dalliance was an isolated one-time blunder and that it had meant absolutely nothing—that he'd only given in to temptation because he missed Polly so much. He even played the *guilt card* by insisting that it never would have happened if she'd come with him in the first place as he'd asked.

After nearly a week of listening to his endless groveling, teary explanations and devout promises, Polly reluctantly agreed to give Thomas a second chance—but she made it clear that she no longer wanted to be formally engaged. When she slipped the engagement ring from her finger and held it out to Thomas, he'd closed her fingers around it, insisting that she keep it. As far as he was concerned, he told her, they were still engaged to be married.

So, at least to Polly's mind, that left her *semi-engaged*. And she supposed that made Thomas her *semi-fiancé*.

During the long flight back to Portland, by some quirk of irrational thinking, she'd managed to convince herself that if she'd been thinner and in better shape, Thomas would have never strayed.

Three months ago he called to let her know he was wrapping up the manuscript and doing his final edit before sending it off to his agent and then flying back to Portland so they could pick up where they'd left off. That gave her just ninety days to whip herself into shape after practically feeding her face nonstop since she'd discovered him cheating.

By the time the doorbell rang promptly at seven-thirty, Polly's thoughts were focused on her weigh-in. She rushed to greet Nick, whose tall luscious frame towered across the threshold. Just one glimpse of the gorgeous Greek and a warm thrill washed over her, settling happily at the balmy notch between her legs. Looking as charming and handsome as ever, Nick's grey and black running outfit complemented his dark hair and eyes to perfection. Polly's heart drummed like a bongo as he brushed by her and she inhaled his familiar masculine scent.

"What's that?" she asked, motioning to the box he carried. "Donuts?" She arched a brow and smirked.

"Hardly," Nick said, laughing and patting the foot-long box. "This is for later." He winked and followed Polly into the kitchen, setting the box on the counter. Rubbing his hands together briskly, he beamed a smile. "So, are you ready for the official weigh-in?"

Flaunting an unabashed grin, Polly nodded enthusiastically. "Yup, I've got all my fingers and toes crossed." She raised her pretzeled fingers and led the way to the second bedroom, which she used as a combination home office and workout room, and headed straight for the digital scale. It had taken her more than an hour the night before to clear a visible path through the mountains of files, books and spreadsheets randomly stacked throughout the room.

Nick chuckled as he scrutinized the chaotic room. He picked up a small, stuffed purple reindeer from the top of one stack, examined it and then placed it next to the orange hippopotamus that topped another pile.

"Ooh, no," Polly said, returning the purple plush toy to its original spot. "If you move my color markers I'll never be able to find what I'm looking for."

With a look of utter bafflement on his face, Nick nodded as if he understood what she was talking about. "Okay, Polly, I have to ask. What is all of this?" He gestured to all the piles topped with colorful stuffed animals.

"Well, it's my filing system, of course," she said, matter-of-factly. "While some people might call my unorthodox method of filing haphazard, I prefer to think of my unique color-coded technique as cozy and creative." She glanced around the room and beamed a satisfied smile.

Nick's lip quirked and he nodded. "I see." He locked his hands behind his back and rocked on his heels as he looked around.

Polly cocked her head when she heard what sounded like a muffled chuckle. "Nikolas...are you laughing at me?"

"Certainly not," Nick said, unsuccessfully stifling another chuckle.

"I know it may seem a bit frenzied to someone who's more of a linear thinker," Polly added with a shrug, "but believe it or not, all of the files inside of the computer are efficiently and precisely organized."

"I have no doubt." Nick nodded and she watched as his gaze alighted on a fluffy chartreuse ostrich atop a teetering stack of files.

"I believe that it's important for people to enjoy their work," Polly absently patted the stuffed purple reindeer, "and how can anyone possibly enjoy it if they don't try to make it as much fun as possible, right?"

Nodding slowly as he did a prolonged scan of the room, Nick said, "Absolutely."

Polly began her usual ritual of stripping before mounting the scale. Off came her pearl-gray sweatshirt, which left her in a purple workout top and shorts. Then she removed her watch, running shoes, socks, and even the small amethyst studs in her ears. Her fingers automatically went to her ring finger before she remembered that she hadn't worn her engagement ring since her visit to London several months ago.

Nick folded his arms across his chest and laughed.

"Go ahead and snicker," she chided. "I've weighed all this stuff and, believe me, it's heavy enough to make a difference."

"Did I say anything?" Nick asked innocently as he raised his hands in surrender. "In fact, maybe you should take off the rest. That top and shorts look mighty heavy to me."

"Good one, Nick." Laughing, Polly gave him a playful punch. "Actually, if you weren't here I'd be doing exactly that." Nick's expression grew serious...or was it hungry? She couldn't tell. But whatever it was, she liked it. For one crazy instant she was tempted to just go ahead and strip naked in front of him. And then he'd swoop her into his powerful arms...clamp his teeth on one of her nipples...grind his massive cock against her soft pussy... *Oh my!* Flushing as tantalizingly forbidden erotic images skipped across her mind, she cleared her throat as well as her thoughts. Drawing in a deep breath and exhaling slowly, Polly stepped on the scale standing arrow-straight and motionless while Nick eyed the digital display. If inappropriate sexual fantasies carried any physical weight, she'd be sunk. Her heart thumped madly against her chest as she awaited the verdict.

"You did it, Polly!" Nick shouted as he impulsively grabbed her off the scale and swung her around in his arms. "In just three months, and with two pounds to spare."

Polly squealed with glee and wrapped her arms around Nick's neck as he twirled her around. "Oh Nick, I made it! Thirty-two pounds! I can't believe it." She snuggled her cheek against his as she giggled in triumph.

"Congratulations, Polly," Nick said, his mouth dangerously close to her ear. "I knew you'd do it."

The next thing Polly knew, she was being soundly kissed by her personal trainer while he still held her off the ground, as if she were a wispy sprite. It began as a light but effective kiss on the lips, but soon transformed into a deep, erotic plunder. In what seemed to be a nanosecond, Nick quickly deposited her on the floor and practically leapt away from her. But the fleeting caress of his lips, the honeyed wet warmth of his tongue tangled with hers and the delicious sensation of sliding down his long hard body and bulging cock as he released her from his arms, was strong enough to zap a powerful jolt of awareness through Polly's body that blazed in her core.

"Jesus, I am *so* sorry, Polly," Nick said, nervously wiping his hands on his shorts. "I...I guess I got carried away with the excitement. That was totally unprofessional on my part. Please accept my apologies."

Still stunned and craving more of Nick's aromatic taste, a wide-eyed Polly's fingers flew to her lips, feathering a quick touch there before she dropped her hands to her sides. She, too, nervously smoothed the sides of her shorts.

"It's alright, Nick. You have nothing to apologize for." She gulped hard, prompting her heart to make its way back from her throat to her chest where it belonged. "We're friends, and, after all, it was just a friendly, congratulatory sort of kiss, right? I mean, we've worked very hard together to get me to this point and a," she paused to clear her throat, "a friendly little peck on the lips in all the excitement is perfectly natural. Friends do it all the time. And...and I do think of you as a very dear *friend*, Nick," she said with a reassuring smile, realizing that she was babbling at about twice the speed of light. Nick's little kiss may have been nothing but a friendly gesture as far as *he* was concerned, but it had rocked her world clear into another orbit. Yup, she and Thomas had definitely been apart for *far* too long.

"Right," Nick said with a quick smile. "*Friends*. Thanks for understanding, Polly."

"The, um, the coffee's all ready," Polly said, licking her lips as she eyed Nick's. "So why don't you go grab a cup and make yourself comfortable at the kitchen table while I see if I can squeeze myself into my sexy little red dress." Holding up crossed fingers, she winked and smiled hopefully. "If it fits I'll come show you so you can tell me if it looks okay."

"Great," Nick said cheerily through a too-wide grin plastered across his face as he gave Polly the thumbs-up sign. Furrowing her brow, Polly slanted him a curious look as his grin stretched implausibly wide and he hiked his thumb higher. She shrugged and followed the cleared path back to the doorway.

Polly's pulse thumped wildly as she shed her running outfit and got ready to put on *The Dress*. She closed her eyes and licked her lips, tasting the succulent remnants of Nick's essence that remained. Damn it! If only he hadn't kissed her. If only he hadn't been so close that she could smell him, feel him...taste him—all hot and musky and intensely male. "For chrissakes, get a hold of yourself, Polly," she mumbled. "That kiss

was nothing more than a knee-jerk reaction. He was just trying to be nice, that's all. He's not interested in being anything other than your fitness trainer and your friend. Platonic friend," she amended. "Just like...girlfriends." She rolled her eyes and gave a resolute shrug. "And, besides, you're not supposed to be interested in Nick anyway."

She removed the dress and its matching jacket from the protective plastic covering. True to her vibrant sense of style, the strapless cocktail dress with its plunging neckline was a saucy tomato red, rather than the more traditional black. She knew better than to blindly accept the old *redheads should never wear red* rule. With her deep auburn hair and pale skin, she happened to look positively smashing in most shades of red.

Mouthing a silent prayer, Polly lifted the dress over her head and let it slip down, terrified that it would come to a standstill at her hips. As the fabric glided smoothly over her curvy hips, Polly erupted with an excited giggle. She pulled up the zipper in back and then turned to see the results in her mirror. It was all she could do not to cry. It fit! Her beautiful dress actually fit! And she looked good...*damned* good.

She slipped on the matching jacket and a pair of high heels and headed for the kitchen. "Okay, Nick, here I come," she called out. "Close your eyes."

Polly positioned herself in front of Nick, spread her arms, and sang out "Ta-da!" And then she twirled slowly, removing the jacket and slinging it casually over her shoulder as she executed her pirouette.

Nick opened his eyes and took in a sharp, audible breath. "Polly." His voice was almost a whisper as eyed her with a searing gaze that made her tingle to her toes. After a moment of silence, he made eye contact and said, "Polly...you're stunning. Absolutely breathtaking."

"Oh Nick, do you really think so? You don't think I look too fat to wear this?" She spun around again so Nick could see her backside and gazed up at him as she patted her bottom.

A deep hoarse laugh escaped Nick's lips. "Trust me, Polly. You most definitely do *not* look fat. In fact," he paused as he looked up into her eyes and they locked gazes, "you look hot, Polly. Sizzling. What's-his-name will have a heart attack when he sees you in this." After giving her another slow appraisal, he wiped his hand across his face and took a lengthy sip of the strong, hot coffee.

"Thomas," Polly said. "His name is Thomas Vainder."

"Vainder? Wait a minute." Nick slanted her a curious look. "The writer? You mean your fiancé is the guy who wrote—"

"Yup," Polly jumped in. "*Leaves Etched in Blood, Invisible Bloodstain, Blood at Breakfast*, and more than a dozen other suspense novels. The one he just finished is called *Bloody Jack is Back*. It has something to do with Jack the Ripper finding a portal that transports him into modern-day London."

Nick's chin dropped to his chest and he gazed at the floor. "So the guy's a celebrity."

Polly shrugged. "Yeah, I suppose so. But he certainly wasn't when we first met." She laughed at the memory. "I worked two jobs for nearly three years so that Thomas could stay at home and write. It only took eight gazillion rejections before his first novel was accepted by a publisher. After that, I quit one of the jobs and started Polly's Provisions on the side."

Nick nodded slowly and raised his gaze to meet Polly's. "You must care for him very deeply to make such a sacrifice."

"Yes, I...did." Polly stood motionless for a moment in silent contemplation, and then she took a deep breath and smiled. "Anyway, I've got it all figured out in my mind," she said brightly. "How I'm going to welcome Thomas home, I mean. I'm going to stage an elaborate, very sexy seduction. I want to make him so glad to see me that he'll never want to leave again." She arched her eyebrows high and grinned. "I'll tell you all about it over breakfast so you can give me your opinion—as a friend. But first I need to get out of this dress."

Polly scampered out of the room, leaving Nick and his burgeoning cock alone in the kitchen.

"I'm going to wear a merry widow, too," she called out.

Nick knew he shouldn't ask. "What's that?" he said, swallowing.

"Oh, it's this ultra-sexy one-piece undergarment, a corset, that enhances the bustline, cinches at the waist and has satiny garters attached to it for nylon stockings instead of pantyhose. I'm thinking of wearing black fishnets instead of nylons though. What do you think? Which would be sexier?"

Nick look skyward and shook his head. "The black net," he said, immediately picturing Polly's long shapely legs encased in them as she straddled him, riding his cock.

"The corset's all in red satin and lace. So, I figure if the dress doesn't have Thomas panting, then the merry widow will!" Polly laughed.

"The guy would have to be dead not to want her," Nick mumbled to himself, suddenly seething with jealousy at the thought of this other man seeing Polly's beautiful, alabaster flesh spilling out of her merry widow. What was wrong with this guy? How could he just fly off to London and leave a passionate, sensational woman like Polly alone for a year? He didn't care how rich and famous Thomas was, any man who put his work before his woman—especially one who supported him for more than two years—was an idiot and didn't deserve her. He thought of Thomas touching Polly and pounded his fist against the table.

The last thing he'd needed was to have Polly model her sexy little red dress for him—the dress that she planned to use to drive another man insane with desire. But, hey, they were *friends*, right? Pals...buddies...chums... And that's what friends did for each other. *Friend*. While bland and benign, the foul and oft-repeated word from Polly's lips had power enough to corkscrew through his heart, en route to his soul, where its

sting lodged like a pulsing thorn. She couldn't have made her feelings toward him any clearer.

Nick raised his forefinger to his temple as if it were a pistol. "Psheew," he said, pulling the imaginary trigger.

She'd asked him if he thought she looked fat. *Fat?!* Lust coiled and tightened deep in Nick's gut. He'd probably seen more of her flesh in her workout clothes at the health club, but this was different. The sight of those huge, luscious breasts popping up over the plummeting neckline of the strapless red confection, rising and falling with each breath had scrambled his senses. All he could think about was scooping them out of their confines and feasting on Polly's nipples. He could see them clearly etched through the fabric, poking out like a couple of firm berries, waiting to be plucked, teased, suckled...

He'd had a devil of a time keeping his rowdy cock from bursting through his shorts as she'd twirled in front of him. At least he'd had the presence of mind to wear his running shorts with a loose pair of sweat shorts over them this morning. Not exactly armor plating, but at least it was extra protection from that persistent cock of his shouting, *Me, me! Look at me!*, whenever Polly was around.

As the incredibly sexy curvaceous woman had stood before him so proudly in her red celebration dress, he'd forced himself to look away. The same woman he'd briefly tasted only a few minutes ago...whose firm breasts had momentarily been mashed against the planes of his chest...whose soft, yielding belly had slid down across his ravenous cock... Fisting his hands at his temples, Nick reminded himself that he had to maintain professional distance. Polly Patrick wasn't his woman. He was simply her personal trainer and she was his client, and his...*friend*.

To say that Nick was uncomfortable was putting it mildly. His rock-hard cock strained mightily against his shorts, demanding to be appeased. "Not now," he said under his breath, as he dropped his head to the kitchen table and groaned. "How the fuck am I supposed to get out of this without exploding?" he wondered aloud. He had to leave...had to distance himself from Polly, or else he was going to lose control. He'd already made the gargantuan mistake of kissing her. He rolled his eyes at his stupidity. His hard-earned professionalism was in immediate danger of flying right out the window.

Nick cocked his head. Something had sparked a memory. Hadn't he seen something about Thomas Vainder in the tabloids a while back? Something about him and —

"Do you want me to show it to you, Nick?"

Yes! You show me yours and I'll show you mine... "Show me what?" Nick answered cautiously.

"The merry widow."

"No!" Nick barked. He shoved his fingers through his hair and groaned. "Uh...I mean...no, Polly," he said more softly. "That's okay. I've got the general idea."

That's it. He had to get out...*now*. If he had to sit there and listen to her seduction plan for Thomas, Nick might find himself savagely jumping on Polly like a raving lunatic and then ravaging her completely. *Friends* simply don't do that to each other.

"Listen, Polly," Nick called from the kitchen. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to cancel our run today. I, uh, just got paged," he lied. "There was a scheduling mix-up and they need me at the health club right away."

"Oh...okay." Disappointment was evident in Polly's voice as she answered from the bedroom. "But what about breakfast? Don't you have time for just a quick bite?"

A *quick bite*. Laughing to himself, Nick's eyes closed in a long blink. Nope, that wouldn't satisfy. He wanted much more than that. He wanted to devour her completely, to nibble on her jutting nipples, to feast on her sweet juicy pussy. He wanted to bury his cock in her to the hilt, and then ram it into her over and over again, watching her wondrous blue eyes as she shattered into a million pieces. No, he was a starving man, and a quick bite most definitely wouldn't suffice.

"Sorry, Polly, I can't. I was really looking forward to having breakfast and hearing all about your seduction plans for...Thomas," he could barely spit the man's name out, "but I'm afraid it'll have to wait."

"It's okay, I understand. I'll see you Monday at the club. We can talk then."

"Right," Nick answered. "I'll just let myself out." Groaning, he rose from the kitchen chair and headed for the door when he spied the box he'd brought. "The box on the counter is for you, Polly."

Nick was glad to hit the cool late October air as he left Polly's place. Walking along the riverfront the few blocks to his own condo unit, he drummed up images of his wrinkled old aunt, his crinkly grandmother and one of his new clients at the health club—Harry Belson, the obese guy with horrendous body odor—anything that might help to reverse the effects of luscious Polly on his poor suffering cock.

* * * * *

Polly shuffled back into the kitchen and poured herself a big mug of coffee. Plopping down at the small oak table she took a deep, appreciative whiff and then sipped from the strong brew. As she gazed out the window, smiling at the tranquil scene, she went over the details of Thomas's seduction. The river view had been a pricey premium when she purchased the Portland condo a couple of years ago, but it was worth every penny to her. It was the next best thing to a full-body massage—or a two-pound box of Belgian chocolates—when she felt stressed.

She thought about Thomas again as she watched the calming water and smiled. "Granted," Polly said, lifting the lipstick-red ceramic mug to her lips, "while my semi-fiancé may be somewhat flawed in the fidelity department," she squeezed her eyes shut for a moment to block out the lingering image of Thomas and that emaciated starlet, "and while he may not have a burnished gold tan, a sculpted chest, brawny arms or

well-defined muscles like...well, like Nick, for instance," she sipped generously and swallowed, "he certainly has plenty of other admirable qualities." She gave an affirmative nod in agreement with her assessment. "Thomas is intelligent, creative, and...and he's a true intellectual," she continued, merrily counting his attributes on her splayed fingers.

"And, so what if he falls a bit short in the humor department?" She shrugged. "Scholarly, writer types often do. I mean, after all, he's socially adept, fluent in three different languages, and he has a pleasing personality. Those qualities are just as important as wittiness, aren't they?" Her eyebrows furrowed as she listened to the infectious sound of Nick's deep rolling laugh dancing through her head. Yes, Nick was a rare fusion of brains, brawn and a delicious sense of humor. She swigged back another mouthful of coffee.

"And just because my personal trainer happens to be nearly six-foot-five and Thomas is only half an inch taller than I am has absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with anything of significance. Wouldn't I be terribly shallow if that bothered me? Who cares about height," a flitting image of Nick pierced her senses, "or length...or girth...?" With a hard blink she flicked her wrist, as if tossing away any objection and then eyed the fingers still spread before her. And then she ticked off another of Thomas's positive characteristics. "While Thomas may be on the soft side physically, he does look positively distinguished in a three-piece suit." Pleased with her objective assessment, Polly indulged in a self-satisfied smile and then sighed as she suddenly pictured Nick stripping *out* of a three-piece-suit.

With thick black shoulder-length hair, a swarthy olive complexion and coffee bean-brown eyes hooded by a thick fringe of raven lashes, Nikolas Kokoris was the epitome of a walking Greek god—no, more like an ancient Greek warrior accidentally set down in the present time. The kind of man that never failed to turn heads wherever he went. The fact that he actually *was* Greek, with a charismatic accent coloring his rich baritone voice, just added to his magnetism.

Hands down, the major attraction at the popular Apollo Health and Fitness Club was Nick Kokoris. And he seemed to take it all in stride. It hadn't escaped Polly's attention that both women and men alike ogled Nick. She could certainly understand the interest. He was one choice specimen of man alright. Perfectly sculpted, with a broad chest, powerful shoulders and sleek, well-formed muscles. He was bulked up enough to make a woman's eyes pop, and to stir her innermost fantasies. But he wasn't over-pumped like some gross 3-D roadmap of bulging veins and tendons.

And then Polly remembered the way Nick looked at her when she'd modeled her outfit for him. He'd branded her with a scorching gaze that all but melted her into a puddle of goo. She trilled a lengthy sigh as she rested her chin on her fist. God that bulge between his legs looked enormous. She could easily imagine herself happily squirming naked under his bronzed flesh.

For three long months she'd done her best to keep her libido under control by treating Nick like a buddy. She'd tried to ignore all the gorgeous women flirting with

him. She'd pretended that the reason her pussy quivered whenever he was near was a mere coincidence. If only he hadn't kissed her...if only she hadn't tasted him...if only —

"No, no, no, no, *no!*" Polly growled as she pounded the table. "Thomas! You're supposed to be thinking about Thomas!" She fisted a cluster of curls, yanking them in frustration as her good intentions failed miserably.

Seriously sidetracked, she thought about the box Nick left for her and retrieved it from the counter. The crisp white box was embellished with red satin ribbon. She smiled as she thought of the phrase, *Greeks bearing gifts*, and when she lifted the cover and peered inside she squealed with delight.

"Chocolate!" she nearly growled as she eyed one large, perfect rose, sculpted from her favorite edible. She noticed a card in the box and removed it from its envelope. *Dear Polly*, the card read. *I brought this little congratulatory gift for you today because I had no doubt whatsoever that you had met your weight-loss goal. I'm so proud of you!* Polly could almost hear Nick's rich, rolling Mediterranean accent as she read the words. Under his signature — which read, *Your fitness trainer and friend, Nick* — was a P.S. *By the way, this is sugar-free chocolate, nearly guilt-free, so nibble away to your heart's content — you deserve it!*

"Aw, Nick, how thoughtful," she said. Eagerly raising the luscious-looking confection to her lips Polly's gaze settled again on Nick's note as she sank her teeth into the rose. "That's so sweet and lovely. You really are a good friend, Nick...a friend who just happens to look like a finely chiseled Greek god." She laughed and took another bite. Pleasantly surprised that the sugar-free candy was nearly indistinguishable from the regular version, Polly smiled. "Mmm, sheer sugar-free ecstasy. Who knew chocolate could be so healthy and still taste divine?"

Her lips curved into a devilish smile as she chewed, relishing the sweet sensations of chocolate-bathed bliss. As she tongued the succulent morsel around the inside of her mouth, she closed her eyes and moaned. Each nibble on a petal was punctuated by little incoherent sounds of pleasure and satisfaction. With the fervor of a starving tigress, she clamped her teeth on the remainder of the chocolate rose and tore it from its stem. Nothing could ever measure up to her powerful passion for chocolate...nothing.

Luxuriating in the last vestiges of the treat as it melted on her tongue and slid down the back of her throat she glanced at the box and Nick's note.

Well, maybe there *was* one thing...

Chapter Three

"It was just the sweetest most thoughtful gift I've ever received," Polly said to Nick Monday morning when she arrived for her appointed workout. "Thanks for making me feel so special." She reached up on her tiptoes and planted a soft kiss on his jaw, where a five o'clock shadow nearly always resided. Her breasts brushed momentarily against his biceps as she lowered herself.

Nick's goose was cooked. Even something as simple as a fucking peck on the cheek and the brief feel of Polly's breast against his arm had his traitorous cock doing the happy dance. His eyes darkened as he touched the searing spot on his jaw where her lips had just pressed.

"So, do you have anything scheduled for Friday evening?" Polly asked, seemingly oblivious to the fact that she held such power over him.

Folding his arms across his chest, Nick frowned. "Why?" His tone was harsher than he'd intended.

"My, aren't we ornery this morning." Polly tsked. "Because I want to make up for you not being able to have breakfast at my place on Saturday, that's why."

Things could be so much easier if she wasn't so damned sweet. "Polly, that's not necessary," Nick said, allowing his lip to hike into a half-smile.

"You didn't answer my question," she persisted through a wide grin. "Are you free or not?"

Beaming a full smile, Nick studied her for a moment. Naturally he'd have to tell her that he was tied up, because, this time, he wasn't going to let his eager cock do his thinking for him. He was her personal fitness trainer and would maintain a proper professional distance, no matter how much his relentless cock disputed it. "Yes, I'm free," he heard himself say, and rolled his eyes. Mumbling an expletive under his breath, he added, "What do you have in mind?"

"Dinner," Polly stated. "Friday night, at my place."

Nick's eyebrow shot up as he led the way to the treadmills. Alone together at her condo again? And at night? No, this wasn't good. This wasn't good at all. Steeped in a scowl, he adjusted the controls on their machines.

"This is our last week together as trainer and trainee," Polly continued as she stepped up on the treadmill. "And I'm making an authentic Greek dinner to say thank you for all your help."

"I'm honored," Nick said, clapping his hand to his chest. "How can I refuse such a wonderful offer?"

"Great!" Polly beamed. "Then I'll expect you Friday at seven, unless, that is, I don't live to make it through this final week of your tortuous workouts."

Nick just smiled in response, realizing that if one of them was going to drop dead from torture this week, it wouldn't be Polly.

* * * * *

When Nick Kokoris arrived at Polly's door Friday evening, she was tempted to throw the dinner down the toilet and spend the night feasting on her guest instead.

This was the first time she'd seen him in anything but his workout clothes, and, while he looked spectacularly sexy in those, he looked positively magnificent in his tight well-worn jeans and black silk shirt, which was opened at the neck to reveal soft black curls sprouting from his darkly tanned neck and chest. Her fingers ached to swirl through those curls—and then continue exploring.

Willing herself to breathe, Polly stepped aside, inviting Nick in and drinking in his maleness as he passed her. God, what a spectacular man! She watched the ripple of his muscles as he moved and swallowed hard, feeling the telltale dampness in her panties.

As she blew an errant, springy tendril of hair from her eyes, she wished the unruly red mass wasn't so damned hard to control. She'd really wanted to look good for Nick tonight—to show off the results of all that laborious working out he'd led her through.

Annoyed when her conscience decided to send a prickly guilt-trip reminder that this wasn't really a date, Polly's shoulders slumped a bit. After all, it was merely a thank-you dinner for her personal trainer—for getting her in shape for her reunion with Thomas. With telltale warmth creeping into her cheeks, she nervously smoothed unseen wrinkles and invisible specks of dust from her soft midnight blue sweater and new jeans. The jeans fit like a glove, hugging and attractively accentuating her ample curves, making her feel sexy and confident.

Nick's intense gaze slid over her in a lingering appraisal, locking on her clinging jeans before returning to her eyes. "You look beautiful in blue, Polly." She felt herself tremble at the husky timbre of his voice. Closing his eyes, Nick sniffed the air and then filled his lungs, letting his breath out in an appreciative and prolonged *ahhhhhh*. "It smells just like my home back in Greece," he said. "I can't wait to see what dishes you've cooked up."

"With apologies in advance for butchering the pronunciation," Polly said, laughing, "we've got egg-lemon soup, *agvolemene*; shish kabob, *souvlak*; Greek lasagna, *pastitsio*; rice-stuffed vine leaves, *dolmathes*; crusty Greek bread, and *retsina* wine." She rattled off the names of the dishes proudly, counting them on her fingers as she went along. "Ooh," she added excitedly, "and best of all, phyllo nut pastry, *baklava*; and custard phyllo pie, *galactobouriko*, for dessert, along with authentic Turkish coffee."

"So many different dishes?" He beamed a grin.

Polly smiled and shrugged. "I did it tapas-style. I forget...what do you call it?"

"Mezes," Nick answered.

Polly nodded. "Lots of variety but small portions of each dish."

Nick's eyes widened as he sniffed the air again. "And all of them favorites of mine." He took a deep breath and swallowed hard. "You did a fine job of pronouncing all of the names, too." He grinned as Polly puffed up with pride and flashed a smile. "You're amazing, Polly. Where did you learn to cook all of that?"

She shrugged nonchalantly. "I catered a Greek family reunion a few months ago. I have to tell you it was very...um...interesting." She smiled. "Quite a challenge." Her smile expanded to a broad grin.

Nick rubbed his chin. "You mean learning how to make the food, or dealing with all the Greeks?"

Polly caught a knowing gleam in his eye and tried in vain to hide her laughter. "Um...maybe a little of both."

Rolling his eyes skyward, Nick nodded. "I understand completely." Looking down at the bottle in his hands, he held it out to Polly. "I almost forgot. This is for after dinner," he said.

"Ouzo," Polly read from the label. "Thanks. I've always wanted to try this. It's supposed to be pretty strong, right?"

"Very," Nick said, accentuating the word as he arched his eyebrows. "It's a distilled liqueur with a strong licorice taste. It's Greece's national drink."

"I love licorice." Polly looked at the label again and cocked her head. "Oh, it's...it's from the island of Lesbos." She couldn't help breaking into a grin.

Nick nodded with a perceptive smile. "More commonly known as *Lesvos*. That's where the finest ouzo is made, and it's also where I'm from."

"Oh!" Polly's eyes widened with a distinct twinkle. "So, I guess that would make you a..." She looked the solid six-foot-four hunk of man up and down and giggled. "A Lesbian!"

Rolling his eyes at the popular misconception, Nick patiently corrected, "A Lesvonian."

"Hmmm." Stroking her chin as she appraised the gorgeous mass of hetero Greek male, Polly nodded. "Yeah, one thing you definitely *don't* look like is a lesbian." She laughed. "Do you still have family there, in *Lesbos*?" She drew out the word.

Smiling, Nick shook his head with a resigned sigh. "You really like that word, don't you?" Polly nodded and chuckled again. "Yes, most of my family is still there. As for the ouzo, my family always served it as an aperitif whenever we gathered together. But we'll be saving it for *after* dinner this evening so you have plenty of food in your stomach before trying it."

"Hmm, that strong, huh?" Nick gave a resolute nod. "Are any of your family here in the United States?" Polly asked.

"Only my big brother, Yorgo—George, in English," Nick said. "Everybody else is still back home in Mytilini. That's the capitol of Lesbos. My mother and father, my other brothers, and all the aunts, uncles, and cousins are all in the family olive oil business there."

"You must miss them very much." Polly led the way to the small dining room, where the white linen-draped table was set with white china on gold chargers, polished silver, and gleaming crystal.

Nick nodded. "Yes, but I usually get back there to see them a couple of times a year. Have you ever been to Greece, Polly?"

As she lit the candles, she looked up at Nick, envisioning him in an abbreviated Greek tunic as his bronzed body glistened in the Aegean sun. Sighing, she blinked the unsuitable image away. "No. I hear it's lovely...and very romantic."

"It is. So full of color and life and history. Greece is a country steeped in ancient culture that's apparent almost everywhere you look. It's a slower, less busy kind of life. Mytilini is a city full of great restaurants, cafes, nightlife, friendly, intelligent people and an abundance of the world's best ouzo." Nick smiled. "I think you'd love it there, Polly."

"I'd love to visit one day." *With you.* Polly's imagination went into overdrive as she pictured them hand in hand romping along the seaside in their little white tunics and then dropping to the sand and rolling around as they made wild Grecian love to each other... *Wild Grecian love?* Where in the hell had *that* thought come from? This wasn't good at all. She simply *had* to stop thinking of her good friend...her best buddy...in such a decadent manner. She cleared her throat. "Does your older brother live close by?"

"Yes, he's here in Portland, too, just on the other side of town—but he's been back home visiting the family for the last few months—since just before you joined Apollo. He got back a few days ago. George is my partner in the business here."

"What business?" She eyed Nick curiously. "Olive oil?"

"No. The health club. George and I own it." Polly's jaw dropped and Nick threw his head back, laughing. "I take it that you didn't know."

"I had no idea. I just thought you were employed there as a fitness trainer. Why didn't you tell me?"

Nick shrugged. "Some people feel intimidated working with the owner. I wanted you to feel comfortable there."

"Comfortable?" She burst out laughing. "You mean as you spent the last three months torturing every bone in my poor aching body on all those monstrous exercise machines?"

"It got you into your little red dress, didn't it?" He waggled his eyebrows and grinned.

"Okay." Polly smirked. "I suppose that means I'll have to let you off the hook."

After dinner Nick insisted on helping Polly clear the table for dessert and coffee. Upon returning to the dining room, he stuck out his flat, firm stomach and patted it. "Whew, I'm stuffed. That was a lot of food. I can't remember when I've eaten so much. Everything was delicious, Polly."

"I'm so glad you liked it." Polly had merely picked at her food. She'd been a bundle of nerves sitting across the table from Nick. It felt too much like a date, rather than a couple of friends sharing a dinner she'd prepared as an expression of her thanks.

"Maybe we should wait a while before having coffee and dessert, hmm?" Nick said, patting his trim belly again. He glanced at the bottle of ouzo that he'd brought. "How about some Greek liqueur in the meantime?"

"Perfect!" Maybe a little taste would help settle her anxiety. Polly seized a couple of stemmed gold-rimmed glasses from the china cabinet.

"We'll need some water, too," Nick said. "Greeks drink ouzo straight or mixed with a little water to keep from getting too drunk. In your case, water is *definitely* in order." He laughed and poured a glass of the fragrant liqueur for each of them as Polly brought a pitcher of cold water to the table. "Now, remember, Polly, this isn't like most of the sweet liqueurs you might be used to. This one is forty-six percent alcohol and packs a hell of a punch, so be careful." He poured a bit of water into each glass.

"Duly noted." Polly offered a neat, mock salute. "How come it's turning cloudy?"

"That happens naturally when the anise oil mixes with the water." Nick swirled the pale liquid in his glass. "I think we should make a toast."

"Great," Polly agreed, scooting her chair closer to the table and smiling. "What shall we toast to?"

"To your carefully planned seduction of Thomas Vainder." Nick raised his glass without smiling.

"Oh...perfect," she said, raising her glass and clinking it with Nick's. "To the seduction." Polly flashed a smile that quickly faded as she noted Nick's considerable scowl. She met his strangely intense gaze as they sipped from their glasses. Downing the small quantity of liquid, Polly suddenly felt her face become hot. Then her entire digestive system went up in flames, and she was gasping for air. It was as if the drink had filled her veins with white fire.

Her eyes wide as saucers, Polly's hand flew to her throat as she finally managed to draw in a breath. She made some weird shouting noise that sounded like a cross between a *whoop* and a *yeow*, and then grabbed a napkin to dab her tearing eyes and runny nose.

Nick poured a tall glass of water into her tumbler and handed it to Polly, who was half-tempted just to throw it in her own face, rather than drink it. Instead, she took a few gulps and then sat back in her chair, fanning herself.

No longer able to hold back his laughter, Nick erupted with it until tears rolled down his cheeks. "I tried to tell you, Polly," he said, blotting his eyes. "It's *very* potent stuff."

"Well, I'm glad you find my predicament so hilarious, Mister Kokoris."

"I know. I shouldn't have laughed, but..." Nick dissolved into laughter again. "I'm sorry, it's just that...you should have seen yourself, Polly. I thought steam would shoot out of your ears next, just like a cartoon." Dramatically gesturing as he spoke, he finally covered his face with his hands and continued to laugh, all the while repeating that he was sorry.

"I guess I shouldn't have expected anything else from a man who's a Lesbian!" Polly retorted.

"Lesvonian!" he corrected adamantly.

As she watched Nick's features change abruptly from hilarity to indignation, Polly couldn't help but start laughing herself. She could only imagine what she must have looked like after she was foolish enough to ignore Nick's warning and gulp the entire glass of ouzo at one time. The sight of Nick caught up in gales of laughter was definitely contagious.

After a few minutes of joint laughter, Polly held out her glass. "I'm ready for another," she said bravely.

Nick slanted her a wary look. "I don't know, Polly...are you sure? You only pecked at your food tonight. You don't have enough in your stomach to—"

"Certainly I'm sure," she interrupted, actually already feeling the effects of the first glass. Her jangled nerves were calming, and that's exactly what she needed. "Now I'll know just to take small sips." With a resigned look, Nick poured them each another round of ouzo, adding extra water to Polly's. "So, Nick," Polly said, looking down and smoothing the tablecloth, "are you ready to hear about my seduction plans for Thomas?" She glanced up at him and caught his smile morphing into another dark scowl.

Nick's shoulders sagged and he breathed a sigh. "Sure. Go ahead." Tossing her an indifferent look as he shrugged, Nick seemed less than happy.

"Okay," she said, gingerly sipping from her glass. Jeez, that ouzo was powerful, even with the water. Polly had the distinct feeling her eyes were crossing.

His frown subsiding, Nick reached across the table for Polly's hand and clasped it. "Hey...are you okay?" Smiling warmly, he added, "Friends shouldn't let friends get drunk, you know." He winked.

Friends...that's the only way Nick thinks of me. She sighed. "Thanks," Polly paused to take another little sip from her glass, "but I'm not getting drunk. In fact, I've never been drunk in my life." She gently extracted her fingers from Nick's grasp and patted his hand. Friend or not, she couldn't think clearly when he was touching her. "I appreciate your concern, though."

"Another glass?" Nick asked, holding his empty cordial glass aloft. "You've still got to tell me all about your plans for the seduction."

Lifting her glass, Polly shrugged and smiled. "Why not. A few more sips couldn't hurt."

"So," Nick said, as he finished pouring and returned the bottle to the table, "tell me your plans."

After a healthy sip, Polly rested her arms on the dining room table and sat forward. She opened her mouth to speak and broke into a stream of giggles. Surprised, she put her fingers to her lips. "Where in the world did that come from?" she said. "Sorry. Must be the ouzo. The first part of my plan was to lose the weight I'd put on after I caught—" She stopped abruptly and cleared her throat. "Well, after Thomas left for London. And I've accomplished that." She paused to sip more ouzo. "Granted, I'm no size zero like...well, like some of those adoring young groupies of his." She motioned to her ample curves. "And I'm *way* past twenty-something," she chuckled, "but I'm happy with who I am." She gave a resolute nod.

"Trust me when I tell you that you look fantastic," Polly," Nick said, taking her hand again and stroking it with his thumb as he gazed deeply into her eyes. "Those skinny young girls can't hold a candle to you. America is fairly unique in worshipping bony child-women. In Greece women are cherished for their full, womanly curves, and for the beauty and wisdom that comes with age. Any man who claims to be satisfied with a size-zero woman is only fooling himself."

"Oh, that's lovely." Perching her chin on her fist, Polly sighed as she gazed at Nick with an adoring smile. "Thank you, Nick." Feeling herself blush, she giggled again and then waved a finger in Nick's direction. "You know, you're mighty damned good-looking yourself."

Nick's eyes widened and he grinned.

Polly nodded. "Very sexy, in fact." And then she gave an exaggerated wink. "Like a mighty Greek warrior who's been planted in another century." She spread her arms wide and gestured dramatically. As Nick stared at her, smiling, Polly cocked her head and looked puzzled. "Did I just say that?"

"Say what?" Nick asked innocently.

Polly waved her hand dismissively. "Nothing." She blinked a few times and scratched her head. "No, of course I didn't say that out loud. I was just thinking it, that's all." Seemingly reassured, she grinned. "So anyway, when Thomas sees me I want to look so hot that he'll forget about any of his little pre-pubescent fans—or his thoughts of jetting off to some other country to write his next book. I just want him to want *me*." She slapped her hand against her chest. Pausing, she slanted Nick a bewildered look and hiccupped. "Does it seem like I'm talking in slow motion?" she asked loudly. And without waiting for Nick to answer, she shrugged, hiccupped again, and continued.

"I'm going to drive Thomas wild with lust and desire and give him the best damned sex he's ever had in his life." She pounded her fist on the table, punctuating her action with another round of giggles. "I'm going to fuck his brains out!" More

giggles. "Make that little dick of his keel over from a profusion of pleasure." Louder giggles as she demonstrated by holding her finger erect and letting it slowly droop.

"Oh boy." Shaking his head, Nick chortled. "I think maybe it's time for coffee now, Polly." He reached for her half-filled ouzo glass, but she grabbed it first and poured the rest of the contents down her throat. And then she noisily smacked her lips—several times.

"Ahhhhh. You know," Polly said loudly, "I really like this licorice stuff, Nick. It tastes just like candy." She patted the glass. "I'm glad you brought it." She peered at Nick over the rim of the empty glass, squinting through one eye and then the next. "And I'm glad you brought yourself, too. Did I ever tell you that I think you're terribly sexy?" She nodded an affirmation. "Yup. It's true. Sometimes when I'm watching you do push-ups I can't help thinking what it would be like to see you pumping like that when you're on top of me." Polly rested her chin on her fist again and stared at Nick, smiling dreamily. "All those beautiful rippling muscles, in and out, in and out..." She rocked her head to the left and right as she spoke. "Can you picture it, Nick?"

A hoarse groan escaped Nick's lips. He put his hands over his face and laughed. "Oh Lord, give me strength."

"Are you laughing at me?" Polly said indignantly as she tried in vain to sit up straight in her chair.

"Oh no, no, Polly. Not for anything in the world. It's just that...well, you're going to hate yourself tomorrow if you remember any of this."

"Any of what?" she asked too innocently. Smiling, she crooked her finger and motioned for Nick to come closer. He stayed put.

"Nikolas," Polly purred.

"What?"

"Come here for a minute." She eyed him hungrily. "I think we should do some role-playing. I *love* to role-play." She frowned. "Thomas never wants to do it. He doesn't appreciate my games..." She sat in silent contemplation for a moment and then grinned. "I'll be Polly and you can be Thomas." Her giggle advanced to a husky laugh. "And instead of just telling you about my seduction plans, I'll do some *show and tell*, okay?"

"Role-playing and show-and-tell?" Nick's usually deep voice came out in a near-squeak. Swallowing hard, he looked down at his lap and shifted in his seat. "Uh, no. I don't think so, Polly." He gave a nervous laugh. "In fact, I think maybe it's time for me to go now."

Polly gasped. "But we haven't even had the Turkish coffee and pastries yet." She stuck her bottom lip out in a pout and rose unsteadily from her chair. "And I worked so hard to make them for you, Nick." She teetered back and forth, as if on a rocky boat. "Hours and hours. Especially for you." She slowly extended her arm and pointed to him.

"Yes, okay, coffee sounds good." Nodding, Nick shoved his hand through his hair. "Let's make a big pot. Strong and dark." He got up from his chair.

"Strong and dark," another throaty laugh escaped Polly's lips, "just like you, Nick." She stood still for a moment to get her sense of balance, then slowly walked over to Nick, grabbed his shirt collar and yanked him close.

"Let's do some role-playing before coffee," Polly said. She let her head fall back as she encircled Nick's neck with her arms. "Kiss me, Nikolas. I want to taste you again." The tip of her tongue slowly trailed across her lips.

"Jesus Christ," Nick said, instinctively wrapping his arms around her. "This isn't a good idea, Polly. You're drunk, and I'm trying *very* hard to be a gentleman."

"Well then don't try so hard." She pressed against his length, moaning as she ground herself against him.

Nick uttered a low growl. "But I'm only human," he said, running his fingers through Polly's curls.

"And I'm not drunk," she said, gazing at him through half-shut eyelids. "Maybe just a little bit tipsy. I just want to see if you approve of my seduction methods."

"Baby, you left tipsy behind about thirty minutes ago," Nick said, quickly losing the battle to keep himself from turning into a testosterone-driven animal. "You're playing with fire, Polly."

"Kiss me," Polly repeated, in a voice as fragile as a reverent whisper. "Deep...and hard...and long."

Nick's gaze fastened on her pouty lips. He knew he shouldn't do it, even as he crushed her to him and felt her curvy softness send potent tingles to his core. He felt her legs tangle with his just before their lips met.

He increased the pressure of his mouth, forcing her lips to open and then plundering the depths of her silken mouth with his tongue, savoring her intoxicating sweetness. As her breasts pushed hard against him, desire thundered through his nerve endings. He pulled her tighter, welding her to his body so she could feel the hard ridge of his throbbing erection against the curve of her belly.

He swallowed her moan as they kissed and felt her shudder as her hips instinctively arched against him. A guttural sound erupted from deep within his chest as he deepened their kiss. The sweet herbal taste of the ouzo flavored her own hot sweetness as Polly's tongue danced in tandem with his.

His hands around her waist, Nick lifted her from the floor and moved to the wall until her back was against it. He felt her molding herself against him as she responded wildly to his touch.

Cupping her ass, Nick positioned Polly so that his straining cock was nestled in the soft crevice between her legs. He rubbed his erection back and forth against her, groaning aloud at the exquisite pressure.

An irksome warning dimly registered somewhere in the back of Nick's brain. Not wanting to listen, he crushed his mouth to hers again, desperately searching and seeking with his tongue. Hungry, no, *ravenous*, for more.

"Damn!" Nick heard himself say as he somehow managed to pry himself away from Polly's warm, welcoming body. Her little mewling cries of protest as they separated only made things more difficult.

He wanted Polly, but not like this. Not when she was so intoxicated she probably wouldn't know what she was doing. And certainly not under the guise of role-playing – when Nick was merely a stand-in for Thomas Vainder. Not only would Polly hate herself afterward, but she'd hate him, too. "Fuck!" Nick cursed again, pounding a fist against the wall as he reluctantly lowered Polly to the floor.

His painfully impatient cock screamed for release and his entire body prickled with hot jabs of electricity. Slowly weaving back from a dense fog of passion, Nick realized that Polly's legs were too wobbly to support her. He pulled her back to her chair and positioned her there.

"Oh, please don't stop, Nick. This is fun." Puckering her lips, she held her arms out to him, beckoning him to return to her embrace, but he immediately stepped to the other side of the table, placing a solid barrier between them. "More, Nikolas...please."

Nick's breath came in hard, ragged puffs. "That's enough, Polly," he said, swallowing hard. "Quite enough."

"But I want to do more role-playing with you," Polly purred, easing into a come-hither smile as she gazed dreamily up at Nick. "I've got *lots* of very creative ideas in mind." She coiled a tendril of hair around her finger and licked her lips, as Nick watched, mesmerized. "How about this?" Polly covered her breasts with her hands and moaned as she smoothed her fingers over the sizeable mounds, pausing to caress her nipples with her palms. With agonizing slowness she trailed her hands down the front of her sweater and jeans until they rested in the warm, inviting vee between her legs.

"So, what do you think?" she asked huskily, as one hand inched back to her breasts. "Do I make a good seductress?" A deep saucy laugh punctuated her question.

"Fuck!" Nick uncharacteristically swore for the umpteenth time that evening. Leaning with both hands against the table, he dragged his fingers toward himself, bunching the linen tablecloth into his fists. His jawbone clenched and unclenched as he felt his features stretch into a grimacing mask of anger and frustration.

"A good seductress?" Nick repeated with a harsh, humorless laugh. "A vixen, a wicked devil of a temptress is more like it. Yes," he nodded, "you definitely pass the test, Polly – that is, if killing me is what you had in mind." A rivulet of sweat trickled from the pulsating vein in his forehead to his jaw. "But, I'm not interested in being a stand-in for Thomas. And I don't want to hear about your plans for seducing another man." Dropping his gaze to the table, he closed his eyes and groaned in extreme discomfort. He shifted his stance and mumbled a string of expletives under his breath, some in Greek and some in English.

"God knows I want you, Polly. To touch you, to taste you, to feel myself inside of you." Nick returned his gaze to Polly's face, locking it on her questioning eyes. "Me, Nick Kokoris." He clapped a hand firmly against his chest. "When we embrace, I want you to be thinking about *me*. When we kiss, I want you to be thinking about *me*. And when we make love, Polly, I want you to be thinking about *me*—not Thomas Vainder, or any other man. I cannot do this...this *role-playing* as you call it. Do you understand?"

He scowled at her for another moment and then shook his head in resignation. With the heady effects of the ouzo lacing its way through her system, it was clear to Nick that Polly was past the point of understanding much of anything.

He watched as she plopped her elbows on the table and did her best to rest her chin on her hands. "I love listening to your accent, Nick," she slurred. "It's so sexy." She gave a sleepy-eyed grin. "*You're* so sexy." She crooked her finger for him to come close, but Nick stood statue-still. "Aw, come on, Nikolas. Come here and touch me." Her lips curved into a slow, sensuous smile. "And then I'll touch you."

Nope. Uh-uh. There was no way in hell he could touch her now. Not when his dick was in danger of bursting out of his jeans and zeroing in on Polly's silky wet pussy, like a heat-seeking missile. Ramming itself into her hot, wet depths and fucking her senseless.

"Okay." Polly shrugged. "If you won't come to me, then I guess I'll just have to come to you." She slapped her hand on the table with conviction and then rose quickly from her chair.

"No!" Nick held up his hand. "Just stay there. I've got to leave, Polly...before something happens that we'll both regret."

"Please don't go, Nick. Stay with me. *Please*." As she took a step towards Nick, she wavered in place. "Uh-oh," she eked out as her hand flew to her forehead.

Nick skirted the table and caught Polly in his arms as she began to pass out. Looking skyward, he muttered a passionate string of Greek expletives. He couldn't remember another time when his cock felt so goddamned close to exploding right through his pants. His powerful erection could probably force its way through a brick wall. And here he was holding an unconscious Polly in his arms—and in danger of ejaculating all over himself like some hormone-driven pubescent teenager. Damn it!

His heart hammered as he held Polly close to his chest, breathing in her enticing essence. The jutting peaks of her nipples beneath her sweater drew his gaze like iron filings to a magnet. His hand crept slowly towards her breast, longing to caress it. Stiffening with resolve, he sucked in a deep breath and stilled his wayward fingers before heading for her bedroom, where he deposited her beautiful inert form on the bed. He figured he should take off her clothes so she'd be comfortable. But as he extended his fingers toward her sweater he eyed the gentle rise and fall of her breasts and stopped. It was sheer lunacy to think he could trust himself to undress her. Rolling his eyes, he took another deep breath and reached across the bed to pull the bedspread

and sheets up and over her clothed form. He smoothed back her auburn locks and kissed her softly on the lips. And then he left the room.

From the dining room, Nick glanced at the front door and then back at Polly's bedroom. What he should be doing is leaving—getting as far away from her as fast as possible. He shook his head.

He couldn't do that to her. Sneaking out was the coward's way. What if she got sick or something and needed him during the night? Yes, no doubt about it—he had to stay—just to make sure that she was okay. He nodded resolutely. After all, he wasn't some weak-willed kid. He was a mature man. He could handle this.

He laughed and scratched his head. "Yeah, all I have to do is to get myself—and my goddamned painful cock—under control."

Grumbling untold curses in Greek, Nick draped his long body across the sofa in Polly's living room and stared at the ceiling.

Chapter Four

Polly's eyelids cracked open and she peered at the digital clock on her nightstand. Two in the morning. Why was she sleeping on top of the bedspread? Her fingers skimmed her arm, connecting with the soft weave of her sweater. And why was she still dressed? She tried to remember how the evening had ended but her mind kept drawing a blank. Heck, she couldn't even remember going to bed. She pulled herself up to a sitting position and rested her elbows on her knees as she struggled to untangle the whirling jumble of thoughts cluttering her mind.

"Coffee. That's what I need to clear my head. A big pot of that mega-strong Turkish stuff." She peeled down to her bra and panties, then wrapped herself in her extra-comfy, ratty old blue fleece robe. After slipping into her teddy bear slippers, Polly padded into the kitchen.

She cocked her head in confusion when she saw that the clutter had been cleared and the sink was empty of dirty dishes. All that remained were a few stemmed glasses filled with water. Strange...she couldn't even remember cleaning up after dinner.

Working by the dim light over the stove, Polly poured water on top of the loose grounds she'd measured into the pot. "Well, that coffee will either kill me or cure me," she mumbled as she turned the heat on under the mixture and then went to the cabinet for a dessert plate. After all, she reasoned, no sense letting those scrumptious Greek pastries go to waste. She rubbed her hands together in anticipation of sinking her teeth into the *baklava*.

I want to taste you again. Gasping, Polly's eye's grew wide and her fingers flew to her lips as the words flashed before her like a neon sign, recalling that she had said just that to Nick earlier that evening.

And then she remembered the kiss. His lips on hers...their tongues lashing... And Nick's huge erection, throbbing...pressing...rubbing against her. She caught herself moaning in pleasure at the memory and shook herself out of it. And, finally, Polly remembered taunting the man by striking a seductive pose and touching herself...her breasts...between her legs...

"*Oh my God!*" She dropped the silverware she'd just pulled from the drawer to the floor and just stood there, stupidly staring at the jumbled spoons and forks as if waiting for them to hop back up to the counter by themselves. She mechanically picked them up and placed them in the sink.

"Do you always make this much racket in the kitchen in the middle of the night?"

Polly just about jumped out of her skin at the sound of the baritone voice coming from behind her. With an earsplitting shriek, she whipped her head around to see Nick

leaning against the doorjamb, arms folded across his broad chest, one leg crossed over the other and a charming, teasing smile firmly planted across his handsome kisser.

Slapping her hand against her chest as she turned toward him, Polly breathed an audible sigh of relief. "Nick! What are you doing here? I thought you were a thief or murderer or something."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you." He had the attractive, slightly rumpled look and languid expression of someone who'd been asleep. "I thought it might be best to stay, just in case something happened."

Polly screwed her features into a bewildered expression. "Huh?"

"You know," Nick explained, "after you got drunk and passed out. I was about to leave but you begged me to stay just before you keeled over."

"Before I..." Polly barked an incredulous laugh. "For heaven's sake, what in the world are you talking about, Nick? Number one, I most certainly did *not* beg you to stay, and number two, I have *never* been drunk or passed out in my life." She crossed her arms across her chest in a purely indignant posture.

Nick stood silent, his smile just growing wider.

And then vivid glimmers of memory pricked the fragile membrane of Polly's thoughts. Like a wicked slide show, the images flashed rapidly, leaving her with little doubt that Nick was telling the truth. Her shoulders sank and she groaned.

"You're right. I'm starting to remember." She covered her eyes with her hand. "I apologize, Nick." Her eyes scanned the kitchen floor, seeking a crack large enough for her to slip into.

"Don't worry about it." Offering a warm dimpled smile, Nick waved his hand in a dismissive fashion. "Hey, I don't know about you," he said as he crossed the kitchen floor toward Polly, "but I could really go for some coffee and that dessert you promised." He winked.

"At two in the morning?"

"Sure." Nick shrugged. "Why not?" He surveyed the kitchen and laughed. "That is..." he nodded at the counter, "unless you were planning to keep it all for yourself."

Following his gaze, Polly eyed the generous pan of *baklava* and the single dessert plate next to it mounded with three large triangles of the nut pastry. She felt her cheeks redden. "No, of course not. You don't think I was... I mean I wasn't going to—" Polly rolled her eyes and sighed. "I was just going to have one teeny piece—honest." The rich sound of Nick's laughter was like a caress and she felt a familiar pulsation between her legs. Forcing herself to the refrigerator, she blindly took out the *galactobouriko* and set it on the kitchen counter. At that moment she gave serious consideration to running out of the house and hiding under a rock somewhere until she could face Nick again. Forty years or so might do it.

Cringing as additional snippets of her brazen actions popped to the forefront of her mind, Polly groaned then shook her head and mumbled something.

"What was that?"

"Oh, um, nothing," Polly said. "I was...I was just thinking that I couldn't even remember doing the dishes after dinner. I must have really been out of it." She managed a meager laugh.

Nick thumbed his chest and grinned. "I did them for you. And you're right...you were out of it." He chuckled.

"You did them?" Her jaw dropped a bit in amazement. In all the time she'd known Thomas he'd never even brought a dish to the sink, much less washed any. "Thank you, Nick."

"Except for those delicate glasses. I was worried that I might break them with these big paws of mine." He held up his hands, turning them back and forth, then winked as he grabbed a kitchen chair and straddled it.

Polly smiled to herself. How could she have so utterly and completely embarrassed herself like this in front of Nick—a man she truly respected? Sure she'd lusted after the big, gorgeous Greek in her heart, but never in her wildest dreams did she ever intend to let him know it. She was semi-engaged to Thomas for chrissakes! Nick was only supposed to be her *private* fantasy lover.

It must have been the ouzo. She *must* have been drunk. That was the only logical explanation she could muster for her blatant attempts to seduce her personal trainer. Funny...at the time she was coiling herself around the man and doing her best to drive him insane with desire, it all seemed so perfectly normal and natural.

"Oh, here's a nice thank-you dinner that I made for you, Nick," Polly muttered under her breath as she sliced the desserts and set them on the plates. "And for dessert, how about a nice big juicy slice of *slut ala mode*?" She shuddered.

"Did you say something?" Nick asked.

"No, just mumbling again." Polly gave a nervous laugh. "Bad habit of mine."

Worst of all, she finally recalled that she had asked poor Nick to role-play...to play the Thomas role. Flinching at the thought, she dropped her head into her hands and let out a tortured groan.

"The coffee smells good, Polly," Nick said, snapping her back to the present.

She glanced up to find him eyeing her with a bemused grin. "Coming right up." Catching the coffee just as it was ready to boil over, she poured some of the muddy liquid into a couple of cups. Nervously assembling everything, Polly plastered a prim, ladylike smile across her face, took a deep breath and carted the gleaming silver dessert tray to the table.

"Here's cream and sugar," she said in her best Susie-Homemaker voice, not daring to look at Nick yet. And most definitely not daring to think about what he would look like naked—with all those beautiful bulging muscles rippling as he positioned himself over her, ready to plunge into... "And the desserts," she added, clearing her throat. "Anything else I can offer you?" she asked, beaming a choirgirl smile. And then she did

glance up at Nick, who was smiling devilishly. "I, um, I meant like a glass of water or something," Polly added. "Yes, that's it. I'll bring us some water."

After setting filled water goblets on the table, brushing off the skirt of her robe half a dozen times and clearing her throat and pushing back locks of unruly hair and whisking invisible crumbs from the tablecloth, she couldn't find any other excuse not to sit down opposite Nick.

Adding ample sugar to his coffee, Nick stirred the hot liquid, let the grounds settle at the bottom of the cup and took a sip. "Mmmm. Just like back at home," he said. "Great job, Polly."

Nick hadn't said anything about what happened earlier—other than the fact that she'd unceremoniously passed out. Maybe she should just pretend like nothing happened. Yes, that would be easier on them both.

Following Nick's lead, Polly added sugar to her own cup and tasted it after a moment. "Whew! Now that's a strong cup of coffee," she said, far too giddily. Looking down, she rolled her eyes and placed her hands in her lap, folding and unfolding them.

"Polly," Nick began, "I—"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say," Polly quickly interrupted as she brought the pastry to her lips and took a bite. "With all that sugar and honey syrup, *baklava* and *galactobouriko* certainly aren't diet fare. But," she paused her rapid-fire speech long enough to chew and swallow, "I figured that we both deserved something special after being deprived for so long." Nick's eyebrow quirked as he gave another wicked smile and Polly's eyes grew wide. "Of dessert! Deprived of dessert, I mean." Swallowing hard, she nervously knotted the napkin in her lap.

Nick laughed. "No, Polly, I wasn't going to comment on the food, I wanted to say that—"

"That you'd like some more coffee?" Polly asked through an unbelievably bright grin as she rose from the table. "Great idea. There's plenty left."

Nick reached across the table and locked his hand over Polly's before she could escape. "Polly, will you please stop interrupting and let me finish." He shook his head and took a deep breath. "Sit down," he said, fixing her with a searing gaze.

Polly slowly took her seat again. Slipping her hand from Nick's, she sat with her hands folded neatly on the table in front of her, like a student who'd been called in for a meeting with the principal. "Nick, I—"

"Enough!" He pointed a finger and slanted her a no-nonsense look. "I want you to be quiet." Making a zipping-the-lip motion, Polly nodded. Nick plowed his fingers through his hair, which was endearingly tousled as if he'd just tumbled out of bed. "After I've finished," he said, "then you can respond, okay?" Polly nodded again.

"I know that you're embarrassed about what happened earlier," he cleared his throat, "and I just want to let you know that you shouldn't be."

"But—" With a warning glare from Nick, Polly clamped her mouth shut and slunk down in her chair a bit.

"I fully understand that you were under the influence of the ouzo, Polly. You obviously became intoxicated and got carried away because you were thinking of your reunion tomorrow with...Thomas."

Polly noticed that the name always seemed to stick in Nick's throat.

"And since he wasn't here and I was..." he shrugged, "you were simply acting out your feelings for him by coming on to me, instead." Nick paused for a deep breath. "And, because I'd also had my share of ouzo, I didn't respond to your advances as appropriately as I should have—and I apologize for that. All I can say in my defense is that you were extremely," Nick's eyes darkened and his lip curled into smile, "irresistible," he finished. "Now, I suggest that we just forget about what took place as though it never happened and continue being good...*friends*." Nodding acquiescence to Polly, Nick held out his hand, indicating that it was her turn to speak.

Sucking in a deep breath, Polly pulled herself erect in the chair. "First of all," she glanced up at Nick and then let her gaze drop to the table, "thank you for being so gallant and understanding. I have to admit that a lot of what went on is kind of fuzzy, but I certainly remember enough to be thoroughly embarrassed." Now Polly raised her eyes and looked directly at Nick. "I just don't want you to think that I'm...that I'm..." She grumbled under her breath.

"What, Polly?"

She heaved a tuneful sigh. "That I'm a slut, okay?"

The last thing Polly expected from Nick after her heartfelt speech was belly laughter, but there he was doubling up. Her jaw dropping in disbelief, Polly gasped. "Nikolas Kokoris, how dare you laugh after I've poured my heart out to you!"

"A slut," Nick eked out between laughs. "Oh, I'm sorry, Polly, but that's hysterical."

"Oddly enough, it didn't strike me as being funny in the least," she said, jutting her chin into the air.

"You misunderstand," Nick said. He blotted his eyes with his napkin and then reached for Polly's hand, clasping it in both of his before she could pull away. "You see, it's funny, Polly, because you are the furthest thing from being a slut than I can possibly imagine. What you are is a warm, wonderful, beautiful, sexy woman who is full of passion and life."

Polly felt her face brighten as a smile took hold.

"And the fact that you have the ability to drive men insane with desire and turn them into drooling, lusting animals does *not* mean that you're a slut."

"Me?" Polly squeaked through an emerging grin. "I have that ability?"

"You." Nick nodded. "You've been driving me crazy for the past three months."

"I have?" Polly was stunned.

"I can barely look at you without growing hard," Nick said huskily. "Even in that atrocious robe and those big stuffed animal slippers you're wearing." He chuckled.

She looked down at the dreadful shabby ensemble she'd forgotten that she was wearing and rolled her eyes. "But I thought that you only liked me as a friend. You...you made that clear to me. I don't understand, Nick."

Nick's head bobbed up and down. "I know, I know. And I also know that telling you otherwise now is probably a mistake, but you need to know, Polly, so you don't think that what happened earlier was entirely your fault. If it wasn't for three things, the ouzo, your feelings for Thomas and the fact that you've told me that you just want us to be friends, rest assured, Polly, that you and I would be tumbling in a mass of tangled sheets right now." He flashed a dimpled smile.

A series of deliciously explicit sensuous images involving hot, sweaty, writhing bodies flitted across Polly's mind and her pulse raced.

"And," Nick continued, "*not* because you're a slut. But because I want you...desperately." He stroked his thumb over Polly's hand.

"Wow." Polly placed her other hand over Nick's. "I had no idea, Nick. So...so you really meant it when you said earlier tonight that you want me. It wasn't just a spur-of-the-moment ouzo-induced kind of thing?"

Nick chuckled. "No, definitely not spur of the moment. And definitely not because of the ouzo."

"Everything's so confusing," Polly said, licking her lips. "All I could think about when I first signed up at the health club was getting in shape for my semi-fiancé and how I wanted to make him drool when he saw me again. But then you became my fitness trainer, Nick, and suddenly I found myself thinking about you most of the time." She caressed his hand with her fingers.

"Whoa." Nick slanted Polly a baffled look and held up a hand. "Back up a bit there. *Semi-fiancé?*"

"Oh...that..."

"Yes. That."

"Thomas and I are only semi-engaged. Well...at least as far as I'm concerned." Polly felt her cheeks grow warm as she nodded and shrugged. "We haven't been formally engaged since I went to visit Thomas in London and walked in on him in a," she cleared her throat, "a compromising position." With a quick glance at the ceiling she wrinkled her nose.

Nick nodded slowly, his eyes grave and knowing. "You caught him in bed with another woman?"

"Yup." Polly expelled a tuneful sigh. "A skinny young actress."

"And you honestly want him back after that?" Nick sounded incredulous.

Polly frowned. "You have to understand, Nick. Thomas was terribly lonely all those months and —"

"And you weren't?"

Polly licked her lips nervously. How could she be lonely for Thomas when she'd been working out with Hercules at her side? "Well, of course I was, but, you see, Thomas isn't as strong as I am. He—"

"He's a cheating scumbag. No honorable man would do that to his woman." His fingers tightened around Polly's.

"He's not really like that." Extricating her fingers from Nick's firm grasp, Polly fidgeted in her chair. It wasn't easy hearing him verbalize the same thoughts she'd had when she'd caught Thomas boffing the little tart.

"He readily admits that he was very immature and feels terrible for hurting me." She absently pleated the tablecloth in front of her. "If I'd moved with him to London like he'd asked me to it never would have happened."

"Ahhh...so it's your fault." Nick snickered and Polly frowned in return.

"No, I didn't say that. I—"

"He expected you to give up the catering business you love and have worked so hard to build so you could follow him around the globe. Just like that, huh?" He snapped his fingers.

"Well he—" As neatly buried memories nudged forth, Polly's eyes narrowed a bit and she folded her arms across her chest. Thomas had always referred to it as her *little* business, as if she were some freckled-nose kid playing with a toy oven. She gave a resigned shrug. "He only asked me to give it up because—"

"Because he's a selfish, self-centered idiot? A pompous ass? A deceitful jerk?"

"Nikolas! Will you *puhleeze* stop cutting me off in midsentence!" Shaking her head in resignation, Polly screwed her features and laughed. "Tell me, why is it that I come across sounding like such a fool, and Thomas sounds like such a rotten bastard when you put your spin on things?"

"As for Thomas—there are better words for his kind in Greek, but *rotten bastard* is a good start." Nick's lip quirked into a half-smile and Polly gave him a reproving tsk. "And you're not a fool, Polly, but for a woman who's so bright and independent, you surprise me. Your fiancé beds a skinny girl and so you put yourself through three months of torture, as you call it, so that he finds you suitably attractive when he gets back." With a humorless chuckle, Nick belted forth with a string of Greek words as he nailed her with his gaze. "That's crazy, Polly. You were just as beautiful and desirable the first day you walked into the health club as you are now. Granted, not as fit," Nick gave her a slow appraisal and she felt herself blush, "but no less attractive."

"Thanks. I appreciate that Nick." And she did. It was a nicer compliment than any Thomas had even given her. "But I did it for me, not for Thomas."

"Bullshit." Nick sat back in his chair, folding his arms across his chest as Polly eyed him with surprise. "We both know better than that."

Mirroring his stubborn position, Polly crossed her arms over her bosom and cast Nick a narrowed gaze. "You are positively incorrigible."

"Perhaps." Nick broke into a full grin. "But I'm still right." He winked.

Polly's mouth opened and closed. Damn. He *was* right—and she hated that. She studied him for a moment as he sat there grinning at her. Whether he was fuming or indulging in a self-satisfied smile, the gorgeous Greek set her pussy aquiver.

"And I'm not a wimp, Nick. Thomas begged me for a second chance. I believe everyone deserves that." She thrust her chin into the air defensively.

"I don't think you're a wimp—any more than I think you're a slut." His expression became dead serious. "And it's a good thing, too, because everyone knows there's nothing worse than a wimpy slut." Arching an eyebrow he gave a resolute nod, but the teasing quirk at the corner of his solemn mouth gave him away.

Caught off guard, Polly's jaw dropped and her stiff, self-protective posture relaxed as she dissolved into laughter.

Nick grinned. "That's better. You're a loving, loyal, trusting woman, Polly. Not to mention damned sexy." Leaning forward, he brought her hand to his lips and kissed her palm, then trailed his tongue along the delicate, sensitive skin of her inner wrist and down to the tips of her fingers, placing a gentle kiss there. His intimate gesture sent a whopping current of desire clear to the moistened cleft between her legs. "It's just that I care very much about you, and I hate to think about anyone hurting you the way Thomas has."

She gazed into Nick's eyes and relished the look of unguarded yearning she found there. Her pussy clenched at the deep tugging sensation low in her belly. God how she craved him. The last three months she'd valiantly fought her desire for him out of some misplaced sense of loyalty—keeping herself chaste for the man who had cheated on her—probably more than once.

Polly watched Nick's eyes darken as their gazes locked. The temptation sizzling between them was so hot she felt the burn clear down to her clit.

She breathed his name in a sultry whisper.

Bounding from his chair, Nick was at Polly's side in an instant. He pulled her up out of the chair and crushed her to his chest. Slanting his head and lowering his lips to Polly's, he paused. "Are you fully aware of what's happening right now?" he asked. "No cloud of ouzo fogging your thoughts?"

Polly's lips curved into a slow, seductive smile. "Fully aware." She wrapped her arms around his neck and they kissed. The slow, erotic glide of wet lips escalated into a ravenous kiss as they plundered each other's mouths with their tongues.

Fluid hot need coursed through Polly's veins, nearly obliterating all other thought. As if attuned to her thoughts, Nick swept her into his arms and gazed deeply into her eyes, as if waiting for her permission. Nodding her assent, she rested her head against Nick's chest as he carried her to her bedroom.

Protest wasn't an option for Polly. She craved Nick with a molten need that burned in her core. Giddy with anticipation, she clung to him, her body willing and pliant. She wanted Nick, craved him, needed him in a way that she'd never experienced with Thomas. The expectation of finally making love with the living, breathing object of her fantasies zapped a superb tingle to her impatient pussy.

Standing at her bed, Nick quickly tore off Polly's robe, allowing it to fall to the floor. With an audible gasp that sent a wet rush of heat to her needy cunt, Nick's gaze coursed her body. Longing for the feel of his mouth, her nipples protruded against the material of her bra as he studied her. She gasped as he seized her close, welding himself to her curves and bringing her in startling contact with his iron-hard erection.

"Beautiful, supple and voluptuous," he whispered as he rubbed himself against her with a provocative rhythm. And then he seared her lips with a demanding kiss.

His enormous erection felt as hard and stiff as a metal girder as it pressed against her belly. She squirmed against him, hungry to feel the swollen ridge of his cock against her flesh, delighting at its firmness and insistence.

Eager to get a close-up and personal view of the chest she'd fantasized about so often, Polly pulled back just enough to unbutton Nick's shirt. She shivered as her fingers traced the hard curve of his pecs beneath the silk before yanking the shirt from his jeans. She wasn't disappointed as she exposed the magnificent muscles that drove her wild with desire. Polly nearly drooled as she found herself gazing at the most breathtaking, massive expanse of male chest she'd ever seen. Like Hercules in the flesh. A sultry heat settled low in her belly and she moaned.

"I've fantasized about this beautiful chest of yours for three long months," she purred. Firmly tracing the sculpted planes and rubbing her thumbs against the hard peaks of his nipples, sweet hot pressure grew between her legs and she felt her clit throb.

Stepping back for a moment, Nick shucked off his jeans, shoes and socks. He wasted no time in pulling Polly close again, as if afraid to let her go.

Polly let out a low, throaty chuckle. She wasn't about to go anywhere. She was far too busy watching her fingers track the hair across his chest as it trailed down the center of his abs, disappearing into his black silk shorts.

With a seductive grin, Nick lowered them to the bed where they sank against the thick lavender chenille spread. "I've pictured this moment since the day we first met," he said roughly as he brushed his thumbs over the lace covering her beading nipples. "Well, all except for the furry bear slippers, of course." He laughed and Polly joined him as she kicked the slippers off, letting them sail across the room.

"Do you know that the thought of tasting your breasts has driven me to distraction, Polly?" Nick pulled the lace binding over one breast down until the orb bounced out, jiggling in place as he watched and played with it. "Ahhh, I knew they were real," he said, chuckling. "Oh, Polly, you have no idea what an absolute pleasure this is for me." He suckled her nipple and her back arched.

A ragged moan left her throat as the feel of his hot mouth on her breast made her dizzy and crazy with want. She raked her nails leisurely across his pecs as he sucked, licked and nibbled.

"Se thelo," he spoke in Greek as he cupped her breast in his hands. A melodious string of Grecian love-speak followed.

The resonance of his voice sent a thrill down to her pussy. "Tell me what you're saying," Polly whispered, swept away by the rhythmic romantic sound of Nick speaking love to her in another language.

"Se thelo means I want you." Nick smiled and brushed his lips across Polly's. "It's hard not to speak my native tongue to you when I hold you in my arms, Polly. I cannot express in English the fire, the passion that you make me feel. The lush beauty that I see before me."

A tremor of pleasure rippled through her as she listened to him.

"I was also saying in Greek that at times I thought I would go insane watching you while you exercised. Imagining myself ripping the fabric from your chest so that I could see your soft, pale nakedness, bury my face between your breasts, rub my aching cock between them." A groan rumbled deep in his chest as he dipped his head and captured her nipple between his teeth.

Bottomless waves of pleasure sailed to the tips of Polly's nerve endings as Nick rolled the other bud between his fingers. Her taut, sensitive nipples responded fervently to his copious attention, transporting powerful currents of need to her pussy.

"Insane..." Polly breathed through a euphoric sigh as she moved her head from side to side. "Oh Nick, you're driving me insane." Threading her fingers through the hair on the back of his head, she drew him closer, delighting in the continuous waves of rapturous tingles his teeth and tongue caused.

Nick yanked the bra cup from Polly's other breast. It popped free of its lacy binding and bounced. "Ahhh...such an inviting morsel," he said, swiping his tongue across the pebbled peak. "Like a ripe summer melon topped with one perfect, plump raspberry." He grasped both of her breasts and studied them for a moment, stroking, kneading and playing.

Polly's pussy grew warm and moist in response, readying itself to welcome the delicious invasion of Nick's cock. With his dark passion-filled gaze and thick black shoulder-length hair wild and tousled as he dipped over her, Nick reminded her of a half-naked savage. The fierce ancient Greek warrior of her fantasies. Just the thought of actually being in bed with her fantasy man made Polly so blistering hot she almost came.

Her fingers smoothed over Nick's sculpted abs and then slid beneath the waistband of his silk shorts, causing him to groan and press himself hard against her. She wondered if his cock could really be as enormous as it appeared to be—as big as that colossal bulge in his workout clothes had suggested. As he pressed harder against her, Polly smiled. It certainly seemed to be gargantuan. She eagerly anticipated how

magnificent it would feel to have him impale her, completely filling her hot aching need with his swollen shaft.

Nick drew away from Polly's breasts, causing her to whimper in protest. "Let's get up for a minute, Polly. I want you to take off your bra and panties so I can see you standing naked before me."

As they rose from the bed together, a shiver of concern invaded Polly's thoughts and she sucked in a deep breath. She prayed that Nick had meant what he said about not finding bony size-zero women appealing. She smiled as a welcome prickle of confidence nestled in the back of her mind. If Nick was going to see her naked, then there was no better time. Thanks to his torturous exercise regimen, she felt more fit, attractive...and sexy...than she had in years.

Nick fixed his attention on Polly's curves as she yanked the lacy sapphire blue scrap of her panties down her hips and thighs until it was low enough for her to kick off. She watched his gaze fly to the cluster of auburn curls at her pussy. A wildfire stirred between her legs as his eyes lingered at her cunt and he licked his lips. Then she unhooked her bra, allowing the fully liberated twin mounds to bounce freely.

He placed his hands on Polly's shoulders, holding her at arm's length as his eyes raked her from head to foot in one all-encompassing glance. The intensity of his gaze made her feel as if her soul was open to his inspection. "Such magnificent nakedness. Do they have such a thing as Irish mythology, Polly?"

She slanted him a quizzical look. "You mean something similar to Greek myths, with gods and goddesses?" Nick nodded. "I don't know." She shrugged. "My grandma used to tell me stories about *the little people* back in Ireland, but that's all I recall."

"Ah yes, leprechauns." He nodded.

"Why?"

"Because to me you are the living epitome of an Irish goddess," he said, appraising her as she stood nude before him. His fingers slowly traveled over her curves, setting her nerve endings aflame. "With your soft white skin, big blue eyes, full womanly curves and your flaming copper hair—not to mention your penchant for spontaneity—I picture you standing naked, bold and proud as hordes of lusty Irishmen kneel in adoration at your feet."

"Hmm...Polly Patrick, Queen of the Leprechauns," she said, assessing herself with a chuckle. "Sure, I could be comfortable with that." Feeling her cheeks color as Nick's hungry gaze devoured her inch by inch, Polly beamed a delighted smile. She'd been so worried that he'd think she was fat. And here he'd made her feel like an absolute goddess instead. Oh yeah, the Greek definitely had a way with words.

"Your turn," Polly said, gesturing to Nick's shorts—his *hugely bulging* shorts. She sucked in a breath, impatient for the unveiling.

When Nick pulled the black silk down over his narrow hips, Polly's eyes popped and she gasped as his cock sprang from its confines, saluting the ceiling. "Oh my

goodness," she whispered, eyeing his colossal cock. "Why, Nick, you're positively huge...even bigger than I'd imagined."

Standing arms akimbo, Nick looked down at himself and grinned. "So you've been imagining things about my cock, huh?"

A throaty laugh escaped Polly's lips. "Oh, Nikolas...you have *no* idea." She was unable to shift her gaze from his incredible penis. It was so large in length and girth that it looked unreal. Her first thought was that she could never possibly accommodate its massive size—but she sure as hell would do her damndest trying.

She closed the distance between them, gliding her hands over his torso before exploring new territory. And then she stroked the insides of his thighs, watching his erection bobbing in response. Her fingers itched to go further.

Nick's fingers skimmed down the side of Polly's face and he cupped her chin. "Touch me, Polly," he whispered as if he could read her mind. "Let me feel the caress of your soft hand."

She gently wrapped both hands around his cock and felt it twitch as Nick groaned. An anxious cry of longing escaped Polly's lips as she anticipated the unfamiliar sensation of being filled entirely.

"Oh, God..." She dragged her gaze from his cock to his eyes. "I want to feel you inside of me, Nick...*now*."

She coiled herself around his limbs and in the next instant they were back on the bed with Nick on top of Polly. He spoke something in Greek again, his voice thick and rough, and then he translated. "I want to fuck you, Polly. Deep and hard."

He reached his hand between her legs, her flesh quivering as he parted her thighs. She arched instinctively when he found her clit, massaging it with his thumb as he slipped one finger deep inside her in preparation for his entry.

"Mmmm, you're so wet for me already," he said, swirling his tongue just below her navel. Nodding, Polly sucked in a deep breath, wantonly writhing beneath him. Before long Nick slipped another finger into her depths, gently probing and stretching as he continued to stroke her nub. His breathing deepened as his fingers delved further.

Shuddering at his intimate touch, Polly's body threatened to explode with yearning and pleasure. Her muscles instinctively tightened around Nick's intruding fingers and a moan of pleasure reverberated in the back of her throat. When his free hand plucked hard at her nipple, the force of liquid pleasure coursing through her body was almost more than she could bear. Her body quivering madly, Polly fisted the sheets at her sides and gasped. "Oh Nick, I— I—"

"Just relax, Polly. Let yourself give in to the sensations and come for me, baby." His capable fingers continued to barrage her with untold pleasure. "Come for me, baby," he whispered again, finger-fucking her hard until she came all over his hand.

With pounding wave after wave of commanding spasms her body vibrated and quaked as she reached up to Nick and called out his name. He enveloped her in his strong embrace as she moaned and shuddered in his arms, clutching at his chest until

the sweeping orgasm had subsided. Nick rocked her for a moment, murmuring Greek in Polly's ear until she was reacquainted with her senses.

"Oh God, Nick. You're *way* better than my vibrator." She beamed a bright smile and Nick laughed.

"I'm glad you think so." He brushed her lips with his and then positioned her under him again so that he could return his attention to her pussy. "I'll try to take it slow, Polly. I'm large and —"

"Large?" Polly chuckled. "Well that's an understatement!"

Nick smiled. "And I don't want to hurt you," he finished. Polly nodded. He slid three fingers in and out of her wet pussy a few more times. "I can't wait to feel my cock slipping in and out of you, Polly." He stroked her sensitive button again and her hips bucked intuitively. With each writhing movement she made, he seemed to grow hotter and stroked her faster. "The anticipation of feeling myself plunging into my passionate Irish goddess is almost more than I can bear," he said through ragged breaths. Clearly unable to wait another moment, he withdrew his fingers, guided the head of his hard cock into place and began easing it into Polly's hot depths.

She arched against him and cried out. In response, Nick began to ease out but with a hunger born of long-restrained desire she grasped his hips and forced him deeper. The exquisitely painful sensation and pressure of Nick's enormous cock entering her made her entire body come alive, as if it had been waiting an eternity for their joining.

"No. It's okay, Nick," she said, panting. "Don't you dare go anywhere now." And then she gave a sultry chuckle. "In fact...it's already way beyond *okay*." She'd never been on the cusp of such immense pleasure before and she certainly wasn't about to throw in the towel now.

"But I'm hurting you..."

"Yeah, but in a good way." Polly managed to eke out a little laugh. "Look, Nikolas, I don't care if we need a crowbar, but one way or another we're going to fit that huge cock of yours inside of me. Got it?"

With that, Nick belted out a laugh and leaned down to kiss Polly. Using what appeared to be sheer force of will he took it gradually, slowly sinking deeper, inch by maddening inch, stretching her pussy beyond all reason.

"God you're so unbelievably tight."

"And you're so unbelievably enormous." She hiked her hips closer to him and he slid in a bit deeper. "Come on, Nick. Push."

"You feel incredible, Polly. It's like making love to a virgin, only better." Cupping her ass he raised her hips and watched himself entering and retreating from her depths. "You have such a beautiful pussy, with all of those dark red curls, glistening with your juices."

Polly clutched the sheets and arched. "All of it," she cried. "I want all of you inside me. Give it to me. Give it to me, *now*, Nick."

That did it. With a savage growl, Nick gave a powerful thrust, driving himself deeper. She arched convulsively in an instinctive effort to adjust to his massive size. Her fingernails firmly planted on either side of his spine, she cried out and trembled as he penetrated deeper, harder.

Nick slowed. "Are you all right, Polly? Am I hurting you?" he asked through labored breathing.

Polly rolled her head back and forth, unable to respond at first. "It's...it's the most wonderful pain I've ever experienced," she finally rasped, gazing up into his passion-hooded eyes. "Superbly exquisite pain. More, Nick. I can take it. Fill me completely." She dug her nails into his powerful shoulders. "*Please.*"

Apparently that was all Nick needed to hear. With a final, forceful thrust he fully impaled Polly swallowing her scream with his mouth as he kissed her profoundly. And then he rammed his cock into her again.

Polly's senses flooded with such an incredible all-encompassing force of sheer pleasure that it frightened her. With each of Nick's powerful thrusts, the fierce intensity amplified until her entire body began to tighten and shudder. Her last orgasm had sent her clear to the moon, but this time she felt she was on the verge of something even more marvelously cataclysmic...something life-altering.

"Harder," Polly begged. "Faster. Don't stop."

Nick's giant cock obediently rammed harder and faster with each thrust, filling Polly to the hilt with each penetration. Awash in a gripping sensation of pleasure, such as she'd never known, she screamed as spasms rocketed through her body.

With the next thrust, a feral growl rumbled from deep within Nick's chest, churning into a savage roar as it escaped his lips. His body convulsed as he joined Polly in the crackling flames of ecstasy, transported somewhere in space where the essence of their beings splintered into a million shards and the universe revealed its full spectrum of colors and light.

Breathing a dreamy sigh, Polly almost felt as if she were floating above her body, her limbs cushioned by a warm, cozy cloud of supreme satisfaction. Never. Never had she experienced anything so close to sheer nirvana before in her life. Her oft and vivid sexual fantasies of Nick paled miserably in comparison to the real flesh and blood experience of gloving his gargantuan cock with her pussy.

Nick propped himself up on his elbow, a lazy smile taking hold as he gazed at Polly. "This is the way I pictured us during the last three months," he said, leaning to plant a tender kiss on her soft, puffy nipple, which puckered immediately in response. "Every time I watched your beautiful round ass shifting back and forth on the seat of that exercise bike as you pumped those long legs of yours, I wanted to tear your clothes off and ravage you on the spot." He cupped her ass cheek and kneaded it. "But, as good as I believed it would be with us, Polly, I never could have imagined anything like this. So powerful. So intense. It was like...like joining with Aphrodite, the goddess of love."

"Aphrodite, hmm? Is that a promotion from Queen of the Leprechauns?"

Chuckling, he circled her nipple with the rough tip of his finger and then kissed the beading peak. "After making love to you, Polly, it's clear that your mythic passion and ardor elevates you to the status of Queen of all Goddesses." He jiggled her breast and then nibbled its rigid center. "Ah, yes...you're a full, ripe, curvaceous goddess of a woman. Voluptuous and delicious."

"Mmmm. Did anyone ever tell you that you have an incredible way with words, Mister Kokoris?" Her eyes half-closed, Polly smiled. "Having sex with you...well, the pleasure was almost too much to bear." She breathed a contented sigh. "It was amazing, Nick." She turned to face him and propped up on her elbow.

"And if I was Aphrodite," she broke into a slow smile and curled her finger through his chest hair, "then you must have been Adonis – because that was definitely an otherworldly experience we just shared."

After brushing his lips across Polly's, Nick speared his tongue between her lips. Her tongue danced wildly with his for a long, hot, sensuous moment. As their lips parted she licked his essence from her lips and sighed happily. Nick drew himself up so that he was sitting against the pillows at the headboard and she inched up next to him, resting her head in the crook of his shoulder. They breathed a joint sigh of satisfaction.

And then the telephone rang.

Polly sat up and turned to look at the clock on her nightstand.

"Four o'clock. It must be a wrong number," she said, snuggling up to Nick again. "I'll just let the machine get it." She purred another sigh of fulfillment.

After the fourth ring the answering machine picked up. "Hey Pol, it's me."

In that instant, everything came to a crashing halt. Rudely snapped out of her blissful afterglow by the sound of Thomas' voice, Polly bolted upright in the bed, lifting the sheets to cover her breasts, as if he could see her there, naked with Nick. Nick groaned and folded his arms across his chest.

"Sorry for the early call, Pol, but I wanted to let you know that I'm in town and I've just checked into the hotel. I really wanted to start the day out hearing your voice, but you must either be sound asleep, or already up baking cookies and stuff for your little business. Can't wait to see you tonight." And then there was a beep, followed by an agonizing silence.

Polly glanced over at Nick, opened her mouth and then closed it again. For once, she couldn't think of anything to say. Nick looked just like she felt – as if cold water had been thrown on them, dousing their fiery passion.

Expelling a stream of air through his nose, Nick bent his knees and rested one arm over them, while he massaged the bridge of his nose with the fingers of his other hand, seemingly lost in thought. After a long moment, his chest heaved with a sigh and he stabbed his fingers through his hair.

"I've wanted to make love to you so much, for so long, Polly. Since the first moment I laid eyes on you when you walked into my health club three months ago. And it was beautiful. Perfect. Exquisite." He reached over and stroked Polly's face gently with his

thumb, from her temple to her jaw. "But it shouldn't have happened. Not tonight." He hopped out of the bed and began retrieving his clothes.

Yanking the top sheet from the bed, Polly wrapped it around herself hastily and scrambled to the floor, watching as Nick finished dressing. Battling between feelings of guilt after hearing Thomas's voice, and her longings for more of Nick's magic touch, she was still at a complete loss for words. Part of her was aghast that she, a semi-engaged woman, had given in to the palpable temptation to have sex with another man. The other part of her felt as if she'd just experienced a monumental, almost magical, life-altering event, thanks to Nick Kokoris.

After picking up his shirt and slipping it on, Nick walked back to Polly and placed his hands firmly on her shoulders. She sucked in a sharp breath, afraid to hear what he had to say.

"If I stay here any longer," he told her, "I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off of you and we'd just end up making love again—and again and again."

"And that's a bad thing?" Polly whispered, trying to smile as she searched his gaze with her eyes.

"Yes." Nick closed his eyes and nodded. "On the eve of your seduction of Thomas Vainder, it would be a bad thing." He buttoned his shirt as he spoke, briskly stuffing the tails into his jeans.

Their sensational lovemaking session had knocked all rational thought from her mind so that all Polly could see, hear, or think about was Nick—her gorgeous Greek warrior with the colossal cock—until the phone rang.

"The problem is," Nick said, kissing her cheek, "your feelings for Thomas stand between us, Polly. And unless that changes—unless I'm the one and only man in your life—I won't allow myself to touch you again." He gazed at her long and hard—as if committing her to memory—and then he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "As difficult as that may be."

"But I-I—" Polly began, and then she stopped with a frustrated sigh. "Oh, Nick, nobody's ever made me feel the way that you do. Not Thomas, not anybody—ever." She gnawed at her bottom lip. "I'm just not sure how I feel about Thomas anymore." She splayed her fingers through her tousled curls, giving a hearty yank just for good measure.

"Well, when you *are* sure, you know where to find me," Nick said. "And when you're with Thomas tomorrow night, the idiot who was brainless enough to leave his beautiful woman for months just so he could immerse himself in his precious book, I want you to think of this." Nick's fingers pressed into Polly's upper arms as he dragged her impossibly close, grinding his burgeoning erection against her soft belly. He took her mouth with fierce urgency, kissing her deeply, harshly, until she wrapped her arms around him, whimpering...pleading for more. And then, just as abruptly, Nick broke away from her and he was gone.

Stunned, and heady with desire, Polly stood there mute, touching her bruised lips and listening to the front door close as Nick left.

Chapter Five

A chorus of voices, all of them hers, flooded Polly's thoughts as she scrubbed the dessert plates squeaky clean and scoured the countertops repeatedly until they were raw.

"Well, of course Nick's right," she said, viciously attacking water spots on the crystal stemware with a towel. "What did I expect? The man has pride, and I acted like an idiot." She cringed as she thought again about asking Nick to role-play. "What the hell was I thinking?" She twisted the towel so hard into a glass that it broke away from its stem. Her shoulders slumping, Polly groaned.

Since Nick left she'd been rolling around the events of the evening in her mind. There was simply no doubt about it—Thomas couldn't hold a candle to Nick when it came to sex. Not in a million years. For starters, Nick was hung like a horse and Thomas...well, he was hung more like a gerbil. Polly giggled for a moment and then clapped her hand over her mouth with a gasp.

"Why, Polly Patrick," she chastised herself as she handled the other glass more gently, "that is positively awful—and terribly shallow. It's simply not fair or logical to judge Thomas solely on his lackluster performance in the sack...or by the size of his teeny-weeny dick." She couldn't help grinning as she held her thumb and forefinger an inch apart. "Tiny little dick...bony little actress. Very fitting." She snickered. Of course, she'd never realized just how puny Thomas was until she caught her first mouthwatering glimpse of Nick's massive cock.

"And, correspondingly, it's not fair to judge Nick solely on the basis of his mind-blowing performance in bed, or on his humongous family jewels." She paused from her cleaning frenzy and smiled, licking her lips. "Oh, who am I kidding? Nick's gotta score a few gazillion extra bonus points in the carnal category alone. I mean, *puhleeze*, let's be honest here. Not only does the man have a cock like a Grecian pillar, but he knows just exactly what to do with it, too!"

She rested her elbows on the edge of the sink, staring at the blackness of the kitchen window and allowing herself to become awash in memories of her delicious tryst with Nick. She sighed and then snapped herself out of her passion-fogged musing.

"Plusses and minuses," Polly mumbled as she marched out of the dazzlingly spotless kitchen and headed for her color-coded home office. "A logical, sensible, completely objective list of advantages and disadvantages," she continued as she positioned herself in front of her computer. "That's what I need."

She opened the bottom drawer of her desk and pulled out a cute brown gorilla with a fierce, devilish smile. "This will be Nick," she said. And then she picked out a pea-green turtle with half-closed eyes. "And this will be Thomas."

Of course, she couldn't resist introducing the animal stand-ins to each other with a touch of role-playing. Finally, she selected two manila file folders and wrote Thomas's name across one and Nick's across the other. She placed them on her desk, topping each with its corresponding stuffed animal.

With rapid-fire strokes, Polly had soon created detailed spreadsheets for each man, keying in a number of descriptive categories. Switching to her word processing program, she created two documents, one for Nick and one for Thomas, nodding her approval at the idea.

Two hours and three cups of high-fat, high-carb, high-calorie hot cocoa later, Polly slumped in her black leather desk chair, letting her hands drop to her sides after she'd hit the print icon. The printer belched page after page of paper until it finally wheezed to a stop and the room was silent. Snatching the stack of printed sheets and her trusty red pen, she reclined in the chair, propping her feet on top of her computer desk and began to examine and dissect.

Once she'd finished her arduous task, Polly glanced at the computer's clock, groaning when she saw that it was nearly seven in the morning. "That's okay," she said with a resolute nod. "At least I'm no longer confused."

The "Thomas" side of the spreadsheet and the supporting doc pages were full of red exclamation points, underlines and random scribbles, but then so was the "Nick" file...but for entirely different reasons. Thomas's file recounted how he had persistently badgered her to lose weight and get in shape—to be fashionably thin. She'd been perfectly happy and well-adjusted veering between a couple of different sizes but no, Thomas had to keep pushing her to get down to a single digit size.

"Hell, I'd never even had an eating problem or been focused on weight issues until you began harping on me about my figure, Thomas," she said, jiggling the papers in her hand. "It was only after you left me alone for a whole fucking year, Thomas—not to mention cheating on me with that little bimbo—that I ate my way up to a seam-splitting, self-conscious mess."

Polly remembered when Thomas had pointed out a photo of the rawboned young actress set to play the love interest in the movie adaptation of his novel—the same skinny twit she'd caught him screwing in London. "You'd really look great at this size, Pol," he'd told her. The actress was reported to wear a size zero. A fucking *zero* for chrissakes! One of Polly's thighs probably weighed more than her entire body!

She stared into space for a moment and then her eyes narrowed. "Nope, there's nothing even remotely appealing about your fixation on my becoming skeletal, Thomas. And, interestingly enough, Nick appreciates me for who I am—whatever my size."

Polly looked at the clump of papers that she clutched.

"Thomas, you're not all bad...really you aren't. If you were, I'd have been an ass to put up with you for this long. You're a glass of tepid milk, vanilla wafers and elderberry wine. Nick, on the other hand, is a cup of espresso, *baklava* and ouzo."

While comfortable and familiar—kind of the same way she felt about her ratty old fleece robe—her relationship with Thomas was far from the one of passion and excitement that she'd always dreamed about. It never had been, even at the beginning.

What she had with Thomas had been so mundane, so...white bread... And what she'd found with Nick... *Damn! That incredible mind-splintering orgasm!* Her pussy got all balmy again just thinking about it.

Polly nodded and tapped her pen against the paper where she'd written the word *Fear*. She'd clearly been afraid to make a change. The patronizing Thomas had taken her for granted. He'd been her comfort zone, her excuse for not blossoming into the complete woman she yearned to be—while Nick's support and respect encouraged her petals to open and bloom. Yes...it was definitely time to stop living in the past and move on with her life.

Polly whizzed the Thomas pages through the air, where they scattered around the floor near the exercise machines on the other side of the room. Then she dug into the bottom drawer of her desk again and drew out a glittery stuffed snake—perfect for the role of the anemic little actress she'd caught him with. She balled it together with the sleepy-eyed pea-green turtle and threw them across the room. "So long, Thomas," she said with a fond smile and wave of her fingers. "You'd really be much happier with the skinny snake."

The lung-filling breath Polly took felt so free...so fresh and cleansing, and she smiled for the first time in hours. Later she'd call Thomas to cancel their reunion date—and tell him that it was over.

She drew her attention to the Nick file and her smile grew wider as she noted the words *Hard Working. Integrity. Respect. Honor. Great Sense of Humor. Patient. Handsome as Hell. Huge Gorgeous Cock*. And other equally praiseworthy notations emblazoned across each page. Over the last three months she and Nick had become great friends, talking, sharing and really communicating with each other in ways that she and Thomas had never done in the five years they'd been together.

Polly chuckled. Thomas and Nick were so dissimilar they seemed to be from different stratospheres.

After flipping through all the pages filled with Nick's venerable virtues, Polly picked up a red felt-tip pen and wrote four large letters across his file amidst a plethora of curlicues, fanciful little hearts and flowers. *L-O-V-E*. And then, pausing in the middle of doodling she stared at her handiwork, drop-jawed.

"Well I'll be damned," she said. "I'm in love with the gorgeous Greek!" She broke into a grin so wide it ached.

Dead tired, but happily enlightened, Polly padded into her bedroom and flopped onto the bed. She needed to get some sleep so she didn't look like a limp dishrag when she went to seduce Nick at the health club that afternoon.

* * * * *

"Mmmm." Polly licked her lips. "I'm going to have to ask him to do that the next time we're in bed making love," she said to herself as she watched Nick demonstrate one-armed push-ups to one of his advanced male clients. She stood for a moment watching his delectable muscles expand and contract with each movement. With his strength and agility he made the difficult push-ups look like a cakewalk.

Polly pictured him positioned over her like that, with one arm behind his back while the other arm pumped up and down as his beautiful cock plunged in and out, in and out, in and out... God, she was getting wet. If she didn't stop watching him she'd start fingering her clit right there in the middle of the health club.

Thankfully, Nick rose to his feet and stood over his nicely-muscled client who'd dropped to give his best shot at the one-armed push-ups. As Nick, hands on hips, shifted his weight from one leg to the other, Polly watched his muscles bunch and cord.

"The man is simply too damned appetizing for words," she said under her breath.

When Nick finished with his client he grabbed his gym towel and swiped at the sweat that glistened on his face and across his chest. Polly's tongue peeked out of her lips, wishing it could serve as his towel, instead. As he walked toward his office he raised his head and smiled when he saw Polly leaning against the wall just outside the door, waving her fingers at him. She felt her heart thwack against her chest with a mighty wallop as she returned his smile.

"Well hellooo there!" he said in a singsong voice as he appraised her. Then, apparently noting her slight shiver and edgy expression, his eyebrows knitted with concern. "Are you all right?"

"No...yes..." Polly rolled her eyes and hissed a frustrated growl. His eyebrow shot up and he looked at her curiously. Just hearing Nick's mellow voice and having him close enough to smell his earthy maleness gave her a sudden case of cold feet.

With a quick glance around the crowded health club, Polly had an intense urge to bolt. What on earth made her think she could pull this stunt off, here, at Nick's place of business, of all places? No, she was *not* going to chicken out. Nick was far too important to her. And she most certainly was *not* about to let him put her off, either. Nick Kokoris was going to be seduced this afternoon whether he liked it or not.

Polly sucked in a deep breath, crossed her fingers and stayed put. "I mean," she cleared her throat to get rid of the squeak, "I really have to talk to you."

"Oh?" A bemused expression crossed his features as he cocked one eyebrow. "You do, huh?" He placed his hand on the wall above her head and leaned so that he was dangerously close. His gaze traveled from her eyes to the telltale pulse thumping at the base of her throat.

"Yes," Polly said, nodding with conviction and feeling her heart rise to her throat. "And it's important." She swallowed hard.

"Certainly. Is this about your health club membership?" He rubbed his jaw. "If you need a personal trainer, I come very highly recommended." He winked.

"What?" Polly screwed her features. "Are you trying to be funny? Or is that just your attempt at being blasé?"

"No, I—"

"Because this is *really* important." Polly jabbed a crimson talon at his rock-hard chest. "So don't think you're going to charm or wheedle your way out of this discussion so easily, Mr. Kokoris."

Chuckling, he put his hands up in surrender. "Believe me. I wouldn't dream of it." Looking at Polly as if she were a moist chocolate cupcake with chocolate fudge icing and sprinkles, he raked the damp hair away from his face with splayed fingers. "Come on." His mouth quirked into a devilish smile. "Let's go into the office where we can have some privacy." He led Polly into the small office where he perched one of his enticingly squeezable buns on the corner of the desk. And then he just sat there staring at her with a silly grin on his face.

Polly took a few more calming breaths in preparation for her impending performance. Stalling for a moment to shore up her confidence, she turned to take everything in, observing that the small office was crammed full of stuff, but perfectly neat and organized, so unlike her own.

"This place is definitely in need of some colorful stuffed animals," she said absently.

"Toys?" He looked around the office and laughed. "And just what would I do with those?"

Polly rolled her eyes and shrugged. "Never mind. I forgot that you're a linear thinker."

He gave a clueless shrug. "Okay, you have my undivided attention," he said, smiling broadly. "So what is this very important matter that you need to discuss with me?"

She slanted him an incredulous look. "Well I think you already know the answer to that." His eyebrows quirked. "Do you really have to ask?" Nick was carrying this cool, calm and detached act of his a bit too far. Breathing in one final gargantuan breath, Polly was finally ready for *show time*.

"I thought," she purred seductively as she closed the distance between them, "that while we were talking, perhaps we might engage in a little bit of role-playing."

"Is that so?"

"Mmm-hmm." She nodded and licked her lips. "But this time you'll be you and I'll be the saucy little temptress who's come to seduce you."

Moving a clipboard from the desk over his groin area, his eyes flared wide and he licked his lips. "This time?" he said in a strangled voice. "But we've never—"

Heaving a growl of frustration, her eyes bugged. "Oh for heaven's sake! What *is* the matter with you? Will you *puhleeze* stop acting as if nothing ever happened last night."

"Last night?"

"Ugh! You sound like a parrot!" Her face reddened. "Just stop with all the dopey questions. You're completely ruining the romantic ambience I'm trying to set for the scene. Look, just because you didn't like my role-playing *then* doesn't mean you won't like it better *now*. Trust me, okay?"

"Ahhh, now I think I understand." He slapped his hand against his knee and nodded slowly. "You think—"

"Right now I'm thinking that you're getting real close to being an insensitive jerk." She rolled her eyes. "I'll have you know that I stayed up for hours thinking about everything and making comparison spreadsheets and coming to some very important conclusions. And now you're ruining everything."

"Please...calm down. Everything is going to be alright. It's just that..." He eyed her trembling bottom lip and her heavy black wool coat and frowned. "You look hot," he cleared his throat, "uh, warm, I mean. Why don't you let me take your coat." He reached out to take it from her shoulders, but she touched his arm to stop him.

"Are you saying you want me to stay?"

"Yes. Yes, of course you can stay. I'm just trying to tell you—"

Pressing a finger to his lips, she brightened. "It's alright. You don't have to say anything. I know you're confused after what happened last night. But you won't be in a while." She arched a brow.

Chuckling, he held his hands up in surrender. "If you say so."

"Just give me a minute to get back into the mood. I learned this technique from one of the yoga classes I took." Closing her eyes, she took a few cleansing breaths and hummed a long low note. "Now I'm picturing us together last night." She hummed again and hugged herself, twisting back and forth slowly for a long moment.

"Mmmm...yes, much better." She opened her eyes and smiled. "Okay, I'm ready now. Go ahead and tell me again that I look hot in my coat." He looked at her curiously. Tsking, she flicked her wrist toward him, gesturing impatiently. "Well, go on. Tell me!"

"Okay. Okay." He held his hands up in defense. Shaking his head and laughing, he cleared his throat and followed her instructions. "You look hot. May I take your coat?"

"Ooh, you're so right. I *am* hot," she said, curling her lip into a slow, seductive smile and trailing a fingernail from his jaw to his abdomen. "But it has nothing to do with this coat." Then she stepped back, opened her coat and let it drop to the floor.

He let out a strangled choke. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph!"

"Nope," she cooed. "Just lil' ol' Polly." There she stood in the center of the small office attired in nothing but her sexy red satin and lace strapless merry widow corset, with black fishnets affixed to the garters and a pair of black stiletto heels completing the knockout ensemble.

"I thought you might like to see firsthand what a merry widow corset is," Polly purred, striking the sexiest pose she could.

After all the consternation, the damned unforgiving corset stays were constricting her breathing, making it feel as if they were squeezing the life out of her, but she knew the garment's merciless construction had its advantages, enhancing her hourglass figure beautifully. Her full breasts jutted up and out, presented to perfection. Her cinched waist led the way to rounded hips and down to...

"Oh, dear me," Polly said, her fingers dashing to her lips in mock horror as she dropped her head and looked at her crotch. "It seems that I've forgotten to put on my panties."

His gaze immediately flew to her crotch and he groaned when he saw the auburn bush peeking out beneath the corset. The clipboard he'd positioned across his groin shifted noticeably.

Only the sound of someone opening the door to the office seemed to snap him out of his lusty stupor. At the same time, Polly was about to have a heart attack. Moving to the door in an instant, his hand shot out to close it but he wasn't fast enough.

"Hey, what's going on?" came the much-too-familiar voice.

In what seemed to Polly like a *very* bad dream, the door pushed open and Nick's mirror image walked into the office.

Chapter Six

"Polly?" Clearly stunned, the double's eyes popped as he took in Polly's beguiling state of undress. "Yorgo!" he barked at the other man. "What in the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Yorgo?" Polly squeaked. "Oh...my...God... *George!*" She began flailing her finger in George's direction. "You're...you're Nick's brother, George!"

"Guilty as charged." George nodded at her with a roguish wink. "Take it easy, Nick," he said through a chuckle. "The lovely lady obviously thought she was seducing you."

"But...but...but..." Polly sputtered, becoming more animated by the second. The men were identical, except for the color of the workout clothes they wore. Nick in his usual black and gray, and George in blue. "But you're twins! You told me he was your *big* brother, your *older* brother, Nick."

"He is." Nick grinned. "George is five minutes older than me." As Nick took another look at Polly, his grin quickly morphed into a frown. "Polly, you're not wearing any panties."

George nodded matter-of-factly. "She was just telling me how she, uh, *forgot* them when you had to barge in and spoil all the fun, little brother." He flashed a broad grin.

"Oh God." Polly could almost feel her complexion turn eighteen shades of red as she slapped one hand over her crotch and the other over her face. She rushed to retrieve her coat from the floor, plopped into the chair behind the desk and draped the coat over her head and body. "I could die," she muttered through the wool. "I could just die."

At what sounded suspiciously like a chuckle, Polly dared a subtle peek from behind her coat. She watched as Nick dropped his chin to his chest and shook his head. Then his shoulders began to shake. Soon his brother followed suit and both men were openly laughing.

Fully dragging the coat down across her face and clasping it just beneath her chin, she breathed in an audible gasp of indignation. "Nikolas Kokoris! You're laughing at me! Stop it this instant, do you hear me? This is *not* funny!" She whipped her head in George's direction. "And that goes for you, too, you...you...imposter!"

George slapped his hand against his chest and gaped in mock horror. "Me?"

"Yes, you!" Polly blasted him. "How dare you let me think you were Nick when I was about to... I mean..." Her cheeks churned pink. "Well, you know..."

"But I kept trying to tell you," George protested. "You wouldn't let me get a word in edgewise."

"Oh my poor little Polly," Nick said, still chuckling as he cut his brother off. "What am I going to do with you, eh?" He walked behind the desk and tugged her out of the chair, clasping her to his chest in an embrace. He stroked her wild curls and kissed the tip of her nose. She immediately buried her face against his chest, still holding her coat to her throat.

"Yorgo, I think it's time for you to go now," Nick said, hiking his thumb over his shoulder as Polly turned her head just enough to peek at George.

"Hmm, I don't know, Nick." Smirking, George folded his powerful arms across his chest and rubbed his jaw. "Maybe we could think about sharing. She's every bit as breathtaking as you said she was, little brother." He arched his eyebrows as he gave Polly another appreciative once-over. "And so much more."

"Never mind, Yorgo," Nick said.

But George ignored him. "I'm picturing a nice cozy little threesome."

"Out!" Nick barked.

George laughed. "Okay, okay. I'm going." Rising from the desk, he started to cross the room to the door.

"Where do you think you're going with my clipboard?" Nick asked.

"Believe me, Nikolas. It's very necessary at the moment." Winking, he shifted his gaze to Polly and back again, and Nick nodded in understanding. George paused when he reached Polly.

"It was a pleasure meeting you, Polly." She untucked her head from Nick's chest and smiled. "And if you ever want to, um, *talk* to me again, just let me know."

Huffing, Polly felt her cheeks flame cherry again as George winked, chucked her chin and left the office. She'd never been part of a ménage à trois, or even considered the idea, but try as she might, she couldn't quite erase the tantalizing image of being sandwiched between the two gorgeous beautifully muscled Greeks in a threesome. And if they were truly identical, then...

Oh my! She gulped as she envisioned being sensually impaled on a glorious pair of anatomical pillars. A rush of moisture gathered between Polly's legs and she took a deep breath. *Just imagine the delicious possibilities!*

Nick slammed the door shut, locking it and stirring Polly's attention back to the present.

"You and my brother have a lot in common," he said, prying Polly's coat from her iron grip and tossing it on the desk. "You both make me crazy," he finished. He gave her a slow, longing appraisal and groaned when his eyes alighted, first on her breasts and then on her pussy.

By the look in his eyes, Polly felt certain that Nick was awash in memories of their passionate lovemaking session the night before. Her gaze fell to his cock in time to see it spring to rapt attention and she smiled.

Nick cocked an eyebrow. "What is that thing you're wearing?" His heated gaze scorched up and down Polly's sexy corset as he motioned to the garment with his hand.

Enlivened by Nick's evident arousal and the fact that they were finally alone, Polly grew confident enough to return to her playacting. "Don't you like it?" She pouted. "It's the merry widow I told you about."

"I remember. The one you bought for the seduction of your fiancé," Nick spat.

"Semi-fiancé," Polly corrected. "But I wanted to wear it for you instead. I thought you might like to see it...on me." She slid her hands slowly from her breasts to her thighs. "And then, maybe off..."

Nervously licking his lips, Nick swiped at the perspiration on his forehead with his hand. "So...you came here to seduce me, huh?"

"Yup. That's my mission." Polly nodded. "You in the role of Nick Kokoris and me in the role of the irresistibly nearly naked temptress," she said saucily. "I'm afraid you missed act one—although your brother George seemed to like it quite a bit." She grinned and Nick scowled. "But don't worry...act two through the finale are even better." She licked her lips slowly.

"Of course...it's a shame that you had to miss the part when I discovered that I'd forgotten my panties." She dropped her gaze and Nick immediately followed suit, adhering his stare to the rust-colored cluster of curls as if mesmerized. With a monumental groan, he forced his attention back to Polly's face, frowned and folded his arms across his chest.

Polly indulged in a throaty laugh. "There's no sense trying to hide your obvious arousal," she momentarily dropped her gaze to his growing cock, "through a mask of feigned annoyance, Nick. I'm afraid it's too late for that."

"Believe me, my annoyance is as genuine as my arousal," Nick said. "So is this more of your games?" He motioned to her abbreviated garb. "Your role-playing?" He grumbled something in Greek and Polly opened her mouth. "Before you ask," he said, waving an outstretched finger at her, "I just called you the equivalent of a witchy woman." He tsked and plowed his hand through his hair. "I thought I made it clear last night—"

Someone knocked at the door and Nick groaned again. "What?" he called out brusquely, his gaze riveted again to Polly's pussy. "Damn it, George, that better not be you again." He gaped as Polly's hands inched up her thighs.

"Uh...Nick, it's Carolyn. I need Mr. Forrester's file," came the woman's uncertain voice.

Cocking her head a bit so she could see around Nick, Polly spied the woman's curious eyes peering through the slats of the still open blinds on the door. A giggle churned inside her chest as she looked from the woman to Nick's hot-and-bothered expression. Swallowing her laughter before it erupted, she decided that a semi-public

seduction of her personal trainer might definitely be more fun and exciting that she first thought it would be.

"Um...maybe you'd better shut the blinds, too," Polly's husky voice cooed as her hand slipped down to her crotch where she wove a crimson-tipped finger through her auburn patch of curls.

Nick's eyes bugged. "Shit!" Swallowing hard, he noisily drew the blinds closed over the door and windows to his office. "Not now, Caroline," he all but bellowed. "I'm busy."

"But Forrester's complaining again that he's been overcharged," the woman persisted. "He does this every month, Nick, and I need to show him the—"

"I said *not now!*" Nick's breathing was ragged. It seemed clear that the last thing he could think of with Polly's pussy beckoning to him was business. "Get George to handle it—or give Forrester whatever the hell he wants—as long as you see that I'm not disturbed."

Begrudgingly, the woman grumbled her concurrence and was gone.

Nick turned and slanted Polly a no-nonsense look. "Now, you, you wicked little minx," he said, closing the distance between them. "What are you up to? Aside from trying to give me a heart attack."

Polly stepped close, wrapping her arms around Nick's neck and boldly pressing her breasts against his chest. "I have to talk to you." She did her best to ensure that her eyes were the ideal illustration of innocence. Wrapping one of her long legs around one of Nick's nicely shaped hairy legs, she pressed her belly against his crotch. Oh yeah. No doubt about it, she had him flustered and he wanted her...bad.

Through a series of groans, Nick untangled himself from Polly's intimate embrace and held her at arm's distance. It seemed to take him an eternity to compose himself before he was able to speak.

"I thought we decided that you need to make a choice between me and Thomas—you remember, the man you're meeting tonight...the one who is your *semi-fiancé*...your lover," Nick's eyes narrowed, "—*before* I would touch you again," he said, scowling.

"Well," Polly shrugged, "technically, *you* made that decision, not me."

Pounding his fist against a filing cabinet, Nick spouted something loudly in Greek that a wincing Polly was relatively certain was not a term of endearment.

"Don't you understand? I'm finished playing games, Polly. Now why don't you go home and get ready for your date tonight with your semi-whatever-you-call-him." He turned away from her and walked to the back of the office, clearly endeavoring to look busy.

"I've already made my choice, Nick." He turned and Polly looked down at the sizeable bulge between his legs and smiled. "Oh, Nikolas...your lips may say *no*...but that great big luscious Greek cock of yours definitely says otherwise."

In an instant she was beside him, her fingers molding themselves over his erection, massaging gently, loving the way his super-sized cock rapidly responded. She watched a rivulet of sweat trickle from Nick's shoulder to his biceps and she licked it off with a long, lavish swoop of her tongue. "Mmm, I just love tasting you," she cooed. "I want to taste every inch of you."

"Aw, Polly," Nick's voice was hoarse, "you're killing me. Do you know how many ice-cold showers I've had to take because of you?"

"You were right," she went on, still stroking his mounting erection and relishing the apparent power she had over him. "I needed to make a decision. And I did. I'm through with Thomas, Nick. It's finished...finite...finito..." She waved her hand through the air as if flicking the memory of Thomas from her mind.

Nick's eyebrow arched high. "Are you sure about this? Entirely? No doubts whatsoever?"

"Uh-huh. Absolutely positive." Polly grinned. "As of eleven o'clock this morning, Thomas Vainder's title was officially downgraded from *semi-fiancé* to *former fiancé*."

Nick's face lit up. "You broke it off with him?"

"Yup. I tossed the turtle and the snake across the room and followed that up with a phone call to the turtle a couple of hours after that." She brushed off her hands as an indication of finality.

Scratching his head, Nick slanted Polly a befuddled look. "Am I supposed to understand what you're talking about?"

Polly laughed. "I mean, yes, I ended it. Before I came here this afternoon, I stopped by Thomas's hotel, told him it was over, and gave him back his engagement ring. It went well. We had a good talk and agreed that it's for the best."

Nick was absolutely beaming now. "So you chose me," he thumped his chest, "eh, little one?"

Polly huffed. "Why, Nick, you're ten times the man Thomas could ever hope to be." She gave Nick's burgeoning three-piece package a gentle squeeze and let out a throaty chuckle. "In more ways than one." She wagged her eyebrows.

Through a pained grin, Nick shook his finger under Polly's nose. "You have this wicked way about you Polly," he said, cupping one of her breasts and teasing the nipple to attention with his thumb, "of driving me to distraction...of pushing me to the brink of sanity and reason...of steering me into wild states of lust with these fanciful role-playing games of yours...of slaughtering me with your zealous seductions..."

"Ooh, sounds like a terrible itch," Polly hissed against his lips. "Here, let me scratch it for you." She covered Nick's lips with hers, plunging her tongue into the warm wet recesses of his silken mouth as she scratched his swelling dick.

"Oh, you curvy scarlet-clad seductress," Nick managed through a groan as their kiss ended. A string of raw, poetic sounding Greek words tumbled from his lips and Nick lifted Polly off the floor, positioning her panty-less pussy over his cock. After

looking around frantically, Nick headed to the only clear space in the office, a small area of wall between two filing cabinets. Pinning Polly in place against the surface with his strong body, he tore his gym shorts down to his knees and then yanked his T-shirt over his head.

His impatient cock bobbed a series of salutes to the ceiling, and his pecs twitched as he secured her against the wall.

"I want to fuck you so bad right now that it's tearing my insides apart, Polly." He rubbed his colossal erection against her soft exposed pussy. "You make me crazy. *Crazy!* You hear me? Like no other woman I've ever known." He reached up to free one breast from its satin binding. Like a starving man he feasted on the jutting nipple, causing Polly to moan with delight.

"Damn you, Polly, you're all I can think about. All I dream about." He pinched and twisted the bud with his fingers and she moaned louder. "You've created a madman and now you're going to pay for it."

"Yes," Polly breathed as she nibbled his ear. "Oh, yes, Nick. That sounds good. Make me pay. Screw me so hard and fast that—" Her words were cut short as the head of Nick's cock plunged into her creaming pussy, partially impaling her on the hard-as-gold shaft. Her eyes widened and she gasped.

"Wow—we're going to do it standing up!" She'd never really believed those stories in romance novels about a man having the strength to take a woman vertically, but—*hot damn!*—Nick with his powerful biceps and his superhero cock could apparently do anything! And then Nick reached down with his fingers and hunted for her clit, triggering Polly to quiver with delight as his rough fingertip zeroed in on the slippery flesh, stroking it slowly back and forth.

She gasped. "Oh dear Lord!"

Nick brought his finger to his lips and tasted her juices. "Mmm. Like sweet, musky honey," he said, returning his finger to her waiting clitoris. Polly shuddered agreeably at the intimacy. "The next time we make love—when we're not standing up," he added with a smile, "I want to eat you. I want to torture your sweet little bud with my tongue until you go insane with desire."

Nick's words made Polly shiver in willing anticipation. In all those years, Thomas had never shown any interest in her pussy, except for shoving his dick into it. Hell, Thomas probably didn't even know she had a clitoris—and if he did, he certainly didn't care. Trilling a tuneful sigh, Polly kneaded Nick's hard pecs with her fingers, instinctively digging in as her muscles tightened and she edged closer to a walloping orgasm.

"Oh, Nick, it feels so...*oh my God...*"

"Yes. That's right. Come for me, baby," Nick said as he rammed his cock fully into her opening so that he was buried to the hilt. At the same moment Nick's adept massaging of her clit became rapid and intense. Good God the man was talented!

"Come for me," he said again. "I want to feel you shudder in my arms."

In less than a nanosecond the sweet combination of pain and pleasure sent the secret essence of Polly's being spiraling into a vortex of unrivaled bliss.

The phone in Nick's office rang, but he ignored its persistent jangling, clearly because he was far from finished with exacting his juicy punishment on his temptress. Before her quaking had fully subsided, he rammed his cock further into her succulent depths and again he fingered her clit.

Polly's muscles involuntarily clenched around Nick's invading cock as she tried in vain to close her legs. Her head thrashed from side to side as her senses filled with almost intolerable pleasure.

"No, Nick. No more. I can't...oh God, I can't possibly take any more." Her voice had gone up nearly an octave. Her mind and body were enveloped in *way* too much pleasure. She'd never make it out alive.

"You're killing me, Nick. I swear to God...I can't take it. I really can't."

"Oh, baby, you're going to take it alright, and you're going to come for me again," Nick grunted, slamming his throbbing length into her again. She moaned deeply, her head lolling against his chest. "You're only getting what you deserve, you wicked little seductress."

He seemed to know how much she could take, how much she needed, how easy it was to push over her the edge.

Lost in a private place between almost unbearable pain and the most superb, intense pleasure she'd ever experienced, indiscernible declarations of pleasure and appreciation hummed in her throat.

Raised a good eight inches from the floor and pinned firmly in place by Nick's hard-muscled arms and torso—as if she were nothing more than a diminutive size zero—Polly was sublimely suspended on Nick's enormous cock. Hanging there, impaled on his magical organ, the palpable pain of being filled with his cock was sweet, irresistible and overwhelmingly satisfying.

She was helpless to fight against him as he continued to crash into her—not that she had even the slightest inkling of fighting, anyway. She could feel the delicious girth of his penis rasping and thumping against places inside the aching walls of her pussy that she'd never known existed, and she never wanted it to end. She could gladly stay this way for eternity.

Bracing Polly under the arms, Nick altered their position in such a way that each time his penis slid inside, it abraded her tender, engorged clit. She whimpered against him, nipping and clawing at his chest as her pleasure-meter registered previously unknown heights.

"You're incredible, Nick," a breathless Polly somehow managed to eke out. "That fantastic cock of yours should be in a museum!"

"I'd much rather have it inside of you," Nick said, sliding his dick over her tortured clit as he pushed into her. "God, how I love fucking you!"

"Oh...the way you do that," she whispered, feeling his cock rasping over her ultra-sensitive nub. "It's...it's so..." And then, just when Polly couldn't possibly imagine experiencing even a single degree more of sheer, unadulterated joy, Nick proceeded to intensify the pleasurable sensations by spreading her legs and cupping her ass to hold her still while he pummeled even deeper into her passion-slicked cunt.

Murmuring incoherent little blasts of ecstasy, Polly closed her eyes and swallowed hard as Nick's exquisite torture transported her to the perimeter of sanity. She moaned, mumbled and begged as he hammered into her with one glorious thrust after another.

"I want you to open your eyes and look into mine as we come together, Polly." She obeyed immediately, gazing into the ardor-cloaked depths of Nick's eyes. Like the eyes of an impatient, hungry animal.

Just then someone knocked at the door and then jiggled the handle.

"Hey, Nick, what's with the locked door?" The Texas drawl belonged to Kenny, the young man who tended the juice bar. "Open up." Nick and Polly froze as the handle jiggled again. "I gotta talk to you."

"Fuck!" Nick hissed under his breath. "Go away, Kenny," he called out sharply, keeping his gaze locked with Polly's as he shoved into her again. "I'm...in a meeting," he grunted, slamming into her again, "and...I...can't...be disturbed." He gritted the last few words through his teeth.

"Don't stop now," she whispered.

Nick thrust his cock into her a final time, staring deeply into her eyes as his ejaculation flooded her cunt with bursts of hot semen. As they shuddered together, whisking Polly into idyllically divine sectors of nirvana, tears of bliss rolled down her cheeks.

Nick eased his hold on Polly, letting her slide down his length to the floor, and then yanked up his shorts and pulled on his T-shirt.

"Making love to you is incredibly addictive." He lifted her chin and studied her face, gently swabbing away her tears with his thumb. Then, smiling, he reluctantly tucked her exposed breast back into its satin binding, smoothing his fingers over the mound that spilled over the top. "Like a powerful drug."

"Mmm." Polly nodded. "It's a habit I could definitely get used to," she whispered against Nick's ear. "You make damned good love for a Lesbian."

* * * * *

The unrelenting telephone resumed its assault on their ears as Nick and Polly broke their embrace.

"Damn voicemail system must be acting up again," Nick half growled as he rolled his eyes skyward. "I better take this call. But please," he continued, his gaze locked on

her glistening swollen pussy, "if you care anything at all about my sanity, put on your coat." He laughed and picked up the receiver.

Still floating down from somewhere in the clouds, Polly wrapped her coat around herself, tying the belt across her middle and hugging herself dreamily. Until Nick, Polly had no idea she was even remotely capable of such passionate response. Her self-induced, fantasy-inspired orgasms paled miserably compared the Nick-induced versions.

I'm definitely going to have to get a more powerful vibrator. Maybe one with two heads and lots of fancy attachments and –

"I'm sorry, kookla moo, but –"

Polly's eyebrows knitted. "Who moo?"

Nick's eyes glittered with laughter. "*Kukla mu* – it's an affectionate term that means *my doll*." He scooped Polly into his arms and kissed the tip of her nose. "Anyway, we're short on the floor today with two trainers out sick. They need me out there as soon as possible."

"My doll..." Polly smiled. "That's nice. I like it. So I guess you just want to get rid of me now that we've had delicious, seemingly impossible vertical sex, hmm?" she teased.

Throwing his head back, Nick laughed harder. "Oh, my little Polly. You come out with the strangest things. Of course I don't want to get rid of you. For heaven's sake, Polly, say *agah poe*."

Polly looked at Nick strangely and shrugged. "Um...okay... *Agah poe*," she repeated the words. "Now tell me why I'm saying that."

Nick hugged her, rocking them from side to side as he chuckled softly. "No, you silly goose," he said. "I just said to you, *s'agapo*."

"Right." Polly nodded. "And I just said it." She scratched her head. "Nick, I'm really getting confused here."

"I'm trying to tell you..." Nick shoved his hand through his hair and groaned in frustration. "You're making this very difficult." He grabbed Polly by the shoulders and shook her gently. "Polly, just listen to me and don't talk, okay?" She nodded. "I just told you that I love you."

"You *did*?" Polly's eyes were wide as saucers.

"Shhh. I said no talking." Nick placed his finger against her lips. "And yes I did. *S'agapo* means I love you."

"You...you love..." Polly gulped air with an audible gasp and then she began to hyperventilate.

"Polly! What is it?" Nick looked panicked. "What's wrong? Can't you breathe?"

She frantically pointed to her midriff with both hands. "It...it's the stays," she managed to squeak through a breathy whisper. "Strangling me..."

"Stays?" Now Nick's face was a mix of panic and mystification. "I don't understand. What are stays? What can I do?"

Polly kept sucking air and wheezing. She felt certain she was about to die right there in Nick's office. But at least she could die a happy woman, because Nick loved her! She loved him and he loved her, and all was right with the world! Except for the part about her impending death. She gasped again.

Nick tore off Polly's coat. "Show me, Polly. Where does it hurt?"

Again, she frantically motioned to her midriff. But this time she pinched one of the corset's stays and plucked it away from her body, wincing as the hard piece snapped back against her soft skin.

His eyes widening with sudden understanding, Nick dashed to his desk drawer, grabbed a box-cutter and rushed back to Polly. Her eyes bugged at the razor-sharp blade in Nick's hand and she wheezed harder, shaking her head back and forth and pointing to her back.

"It's okay," he said. "Try to relax. You're going to be alright, Polly. Now just stand still."

Starting from the top of her insanely expensive brand-new beautiful merry widow, Nick pulled it away from her body and gingerly began to slit the corset down the front. A strangled cry escaped from Polly as the garment fell from her body, leaving it and her black fishnets in a puddle at her ankles, and her body completely devoid of clothing.

She gasped, filling her lungs with air and then she began to cough—loud, wheezing, rasping, highly unattractive-sounding coughs. Nick pounded his open palm against her back until Polly's ears rang. In another moment she was taking full breaths again.

"My beautiful merry widow," Polly said, shrugging as she kicked at the slashed corset. "It hooked up the back." She smiled, pointing to the fallen garment. She kicked off her shoes to remove her stockings and then stepped back into her heels.

"I'm sorry," Nick said sheepishly, eyeing the corset's fasteners. "I didn't know. And I thought you were going to —"

Polly leapt at Nick, wrapping her arms around his neck and sprinkling his face with kisses. "Oh, Nick," she said. "It doesn't matter. You love me. You *love* me!" Fisting his hair, she brought his mouth to hers and kissed him soundly. "I love you too!" she said when they ended the kiss. "I figured it out last night."

"Because I'm such a good lover?" Nick gifted her with a charming dimpled smile.

"No." Polly gave him a playful slap. "Although that did get you a heap of extra points." She laughed. "Actually, I think I've been in love with you for quite a while, but I just couldn't admit it to myself."

"I realized that I was in love with you a couple of weeks ago, as our time as trainer and trainee was coming to an end," Nick said. "The thought of helping to get you fit and ready for Thomas's greedy clutches was making me crazy." Nick pulled her close and wrapped his arms around her, stroking her hair and whispering Greek next to her ear.

"I don't want any man touching you but me, ever again." He retrieved Polly's coat from the floor. "Put this on, or I swear to God we'll never get out of here." He brushed his lips against hers and helped her shrug into the coat. "I've got a full client load this evening, but what about breakfast at my condo tomorrow morning? I'm cooking."

Polly raised an eyebrow. "Really?" She trailed a fingertip down his chest.

"You look surprised." He laughed.

"On the contrary, Nikolas, I've learned that you're a man of many talents." She licked her lips and smiled. "And I have a feeling I've only just scratched the surface." Her fingernail dragged languidly across his biceps.

"After breakfast," he brought her fingers to his lips and kissed them, "I'll let you scratch as deep as you like." He wagged his eyebrows then reached around her and jotted his address on a sticky note.

"Definitely an invitation I can't refuse," Polly purred. "What time?"

"How about nine?" Polly nodded. "And for heaven's sake," Nick reprimanded as he slipped his hand between the buttons of Polly's coat and caressed her naked breast, "keep your coat wrapped around you tightly until you get home."

He lowered his head and her breath quickened when his tongue flicked back and forth over one pebbled nipple. He jiggled her breast in his hand before extracting his fingers and pulling her coat's belt so tight Polly may as well have been wearing stays again.

"Jesus, Polly," he said with a groan. "How am I going to think about anything else for the rest of the day except for the thought of you, completely naked under that coat?" He folded the note with his address into her hand and kissed her soundly before opening the door to his office and walking his nearly naked woman to her car.

Chapter Seven

"The omelets and bacon were delicious, Nick. You weren't kidding when you said you could cook."

"My mother taught all of us boys—there are eight of us—to cook and to clean house, too. She said she didn't want to raise lazy sons who'd sit around on their asses while their wives slaved away doing the household chores."

"She sounds like a very wise woman. And with eight boys, *very* busy!"

"I know she'd like you very much. Would you like to meet her?"

"Absolutely. Did she come back here with George for a visit?"

"No. She's still in Mytilini."

"Oh. Well, next time she visits I'd certainly like to meet her."

"I don't think I want to wait that long to show you Greece, Polly." Nick reached into a kitchen drawer and withdrew an envelope, tossing it to her. "Open it."

Polly looked at him warily before opening the envelope. When she saw what was inside she gasped. "Airline tickets to Greece? Oh, Nick! Really? For you and me—together?" Her breath started coming in rapid gasps and, remembering the constricting garment she wore underneath her sweater and jeans, she worked to calm her breathing.

"Of course, together." Nick nodded. "I made them for a month from now to give us both plenty of time to clear our schedules. And we'll be there for two weeks. Will it work for you?"

"Are you kidding? I'll make it work." Polly laughed. "It's not every day that I get a chance to go to Greece with my gorgeous personal trainer." She opened her purse and pulled out her PDA.

"Polly's Provisions has a pretty full catering schedule the next couple of months, but I've got a terrific staff who've been nagging me to give them more responsibility. This will give me a great chance to practice the art of delegating." She smiled. "Oh, Nick, I'm so excited!" She bounced up and down on her stool.

Nick all but drooled as he watched her breasts.

"Good." He tore his eyes from her chest to gaze at her wondrous eyes. "Now you're supposed to say to me, '*Oh Nick, how can I ever thank you?*'"

Polly slanted him a bemused look. "Oh Nick, how can I ever thank you?" she mimicked, batting her eyelashes for good measure.

"I'm so glad you asked." Sipping from his coffee, Nick flashed a devilish smirk. He leaned in close. "You can provide the dessert."

"Oh?" Polly arched a brow and smiled. "I thought dessert was only served after dinner, not breakfast."

"Ahhh, but I can't wait that long." Nick's eyes darkened. "I'm hungry for dessert right now."

"And what do you have a taste for?" Polly squirmed in her seat with a divine itch that begged to be scratched.

"Something soft and sweet...like your succulent, juicy pussy." Nick's hand reached under the table and slipped between Polly's legs, caressing her warm mound through the denim. "I want to nibble on your womanly fruits and lap up the tasty liqueur that flows there."

As if drugged with desire, Polly felt her cunt creaming joyfully in anticipation. "I've, uh...I've never served this particular dish to any man before," she said softly. "But I'll certainly do my best to please."

Nick frowned. "You mean Thomas never...?"

Polly shook her head and shrugged. "He wasn't really interested." She recalled the times she'd tried to spice up their sex life with some fun and games only to have Thomas freak. He was strictly Mister Missionary Position. The creativity he displayed in his writing wasn't extended to the bedroom.

Nick huffed. "Idiot."

"You know...as tasty as that breakfast of yours was, Nick, I think I could definitely go for some dessert, too. Something long and hard and smooth." Nick groaned as Polly's hand found his already huge erection, cupping it firmly.

"Something that I can *lick* and *suck* on," she drew the words out, "like a great big lollipop. Do you think you might have anything like that in the house?" Her lip curled into a slow smile.

"I think I might be able to accommodate you." He got up off the stool and took her hand. "Follow me to the pantry of pleasure." He waggled his eyebrows.

Nick's bedroom was decorated in the same contemporary theme and color scheme as the rest of his condo. The king-size bed was covered with a black satin comforter and silver satin sheets. Satin pillows in black, red and cream lined the headboard. It was the absolute perfect backdrop for a tantalizing after-breakfast dessert.

Nick ran his fingers around the open neckline of Polly's navy cardigan sweater. "Are you wearing another happy widow under there?"

"Merry widow." She laughed.

"Maybe I call it *happy* because it makes me feel so good to see you wearing it." His lips brushed hers. "And even better when I see you out of it." He gave her another soft kiss.

"Why don't you undress me and find out if I'm wearing one for yourself?"

Cupping Polly's breasts, Nick trailed his hands slowly to her crotch, searing her with his erotic touch. She quivered and her already-moist pussy ran with balmy juices.

After fumbling with a couple of the tiny pearl buttons, Nick grew impatient and pulled Polly's sweater up over her head. His gaze widened and he licked his lips as he spotted the black satin and lace merry widow, identical to the red one she'd worn at his office yesterday morning. Polly helped by undoing her jeans and shimmying out of them. Her legs were clad again in a pair of the black fishnets that she knew Nick favored.

Nick eyed her hungrily. "Now you really *do* look like a dominatrix." He growled and kissed the ivory flesh spilling over the top of her corset. "Go ahead, do with me what you will...I'm already your slave." Nick's hot tongue slicked across her breasts, slid up her chest and throat and then plunged into her mouth, battering her tongue with his thrusts then sucking it gently.

Feeling as if he'd set a fire inside her cunt, Polly fanned herself as their kiss ended. "Whew, you certainly do know how to make a girl hot!" She smiled dreamily. "Oops! Well, what do you know about that?" She dropped her gaze to her crotch. "It seems that I've forgotten to put on my panties for the second day in a row." She intentionally gave him a tantalizing view of her pussy.

Holding her at arm's length and then clasping her hips, Nick's eyes immediately zeroed onto the target area and he grinned. "Oh, Polly. I'm a happy man. A *very* happy man."

"Uh...before we go any further, Mister Happy, you don't happen to have any box cutters tucked away in here, do you? Because I'd really hate to see this corset suffer the same fate as the last one." Polly grinned.

"No, but I've got razor blades in the bathroom just in case of another, uh...*breathing emergency*." Nick's eyes twinkled as he shrugged. "I mean, it's evident that I drive you wild and that you simply can't keep yourself from swooning when you're around me."

Polly drew in an audible gasp and clobbered Nick's chest with her fists. "Why you pompous, arrogant—"

Nick stilled her pummeling fists as he pulled Polly against his chest and captured her mouth with a scorching kiss, momentarily erasing all thought from Polly's mind other than the fact that her pussy ached to glove his cock.

"—gorgeous Greek," she finished dreamily after their lips parted.

Sliding his hands down along Polly's midriff and bringing them to rest at her fluff-covered mons, Nick dropped to his knees. Spreading her soft pussy lips with his fingers, he paused to touch the trimmed fur around her slit. Then he buried his face between the folds of her cunt and lapped at her flowing juices like a kitten with a bowl of sweet cream.

Bound and determined not to swoon, Polly's eyes widened and a subdued cry escaped her lips. She felt his tongue jut out, laving her as the dew dripped freely from her pussy. She couldn't help but lose herself in the chaos of new sensation. Highly agreeable sensations tingled through her core, triggering a series of satisfied little whimpers.

And then Nick's talented tongue found her waiting clit. And he tortured it mercilessly with a lavish succession of swirling licks, convincing Polly that she'd surely died and gone to heaven.

She felt his breath wash over her swollen nub and moaned as her fingers dug into his shoulders. "I had no idea it could be like this." Polly moaned. The deeply erotic sensations of velvety tongue against slippery clit were indescribable.

And then, still floating on a cloud of pure pleasure, she felt his teeth scrape against the sensitive little bud. How implausibly, magnificently splendid! Like nothing she'd ever experienced before, superbly tickling her tender, engorged clitoris until it felt as if it were about to detonate. She shuddered, struggling valiantly to hold back the emerging scream of pleasure that threatened to burst forth, shattering glass in its wake.

Polly placed her hands on Nick's head, half gripping, half stroking his long black locks as he continued the exquisite torment with his tongue and teeth. She writhed, pressing her pussy harder into Nick's face. As he nibbled and licked her to within seconds of a screaming orgasm, his name tumbled from her lips again and again.

And then Polly's universe exploded, with all sense of time or reason tearing apart at the seams. Otherworldly cries of bliss echoed around her, and she finally realized that they were coming from her. Caught in an intense series of bucking quakes and shuddering spasms, she struggled to remain on her feet.

As Nick rose from his knees, he trailed a hot line of kisses from Polly's thatch of auburn curls all the way up to the top of her head. Then he wrapped his arms around her, supporting her until the last vigorous orgasmic quiver had ceased.

"Ahhh, sweet and juicy," Nick said as he stroked the back of her head. "Your pussy is like a sweet little bonbon with a honeyed liquid center." He licked his lips. "Unquestionably the best dessert I've ever tasted."

Polly felt pleased to the depths of her being. "Oh God that was great," she finally said, her voice still harsh from her wrenching climax. "Beyond great. Inexpressible." She gave a throaty chuckle. "When I think about what I've been missing all these years..." Indulging in quiet laughter, she let out a contented sigh. But she wasn't satisfied yet. She itched to feel the heat of Nick's skin against hers.

"Take off your clothes for me, Nick. I want to touch you." She didn't have to tell him twice. Every nerve ending in her body quivered as she watched him undress. In a moment Nick had shucked his sweater and jeans until he stood before her in all his bronzed, naked glory with his magical cock saluting her.

Beginning at the broad chest that she loved so much, Polly wove her fingers through the crisp curls across his pecs. She smoothed her thumbs over his nipples until they beaded and then she nibbled on them. Her mouth and fingers trailed down across Nick's sculpted abs and nestled in the raven curls at his crotch.

He sucked in a sharp breath when Polly took his penis in her hands and cradled it. She thought it was almost mystical the way it grew wider and longer as she held it with

one hand curled around the base of his shaft while her other hand lovingly caressed his balls.

She had an almost overpowering urge to explore him with her mouth. Following Nick's lead, she dropped to her knees and ran the tip of her tongue along the generous length of his dick. His hips gave an involuntary jerk and he fisted handfuls of her curls as she dragged her tongue along the sensitive underside. Paying special attention to the tender head, her tongue swirled around the tip, savoring his potent male taste. Nick groaned with pleasure as her lips closed around his cock, taking as much of it as she could into her mouth and sucking gently.

Nick groaned and murmured words of love to her in Greek.

When Polly released his cock from her mouth and licked her lips, Nick drew her to her feet. He stepped over to his bed, folding back the comforter and sliding onto the shimmering satin bedding. He cocked a seductive grin at her and she joined him, tumbling eagerly into the bed. Skin on skin, they seared the cool slippery sheets.

Nick eased a satin-encased pillow beneath Polly's hips and went down on her once again, dragging light, open-mouthed kisses along her thighs.

"Oh no, Nick, I don't think I can take it again. Not so soon. Besides, it's your turn."

Ignoring her protests, Nick paid homage to Polly's cunt, sucking her nectar and coaxing forth more. Even though she'd just experienced a stunning orgasm, her pussy greedily pulsed with need as he spread her labia and investigated the satiny insides with his tongue. Feasting on her, his talented tongue curled, circled and fondled before plunging into her drenched center.

A shiver of ripe excitement pulsed deep in her belly as his tongue delved into her sensitive flesh. With a hushed shriek as she sank into velvet depths of desire, Polly's hips arched against Nick's mouth, begging, seeking, needing something more. At the first vigorous swipe of his tongue across her clitoris, Polly gasped. At the second stroke she yelped and her thighs jerked involuntarily, cleaving to his head and keeping it against her throbbing pussy.

The towering peak of delight she'd experienced only a few minutes earlier as Nick brought her to orgasm with his tongue was about to be eclipsed. Polly didn't think it was possible to attain a higher level of pleasure than what she'd already achieved—but here she was, being catapulted into yet another dimension as he paid heed to her happy little clit. Ooh, the remarkable way that hot tongue of his slicked back and forth against her passion-inflamed clitoris. It was enough to drive a woman insane!

His tongue plundered every bit of slick territory it could reach. She thought she heard herself beseeching him from far away, begging him, pleading with him, "Oh, Nick...please!" She wasn't even certain that she knew what she was asking for—that is, until Nick's gifted mouth performed its next amazing feat. It was when she felt his teeth gently capturing her exquisitely sensitive clitoris as he sucked on it that Polly felt her inner essence soar high, hovering above her earthly body, awash in a timeless wave of

ecstasy. Floating above reality, every muscle, tendon and nerve ending twitched and pulsed as a succession of potent contractions engulfed her being.

Sprawled blissfully amid the satin sheets, Polly giddily coddled herself in a long, indulgent sigh of supreme fulfillment. When she was able to focus her eyes again she saw Nick grinning down at her and looking mighty pleased with himself—as well he should be.

“Oh, Nick...that was seventh heaven, sheer ecstasy. I never dreamed anything could be so divinely extraordinary.” She indulged in another jubilant sigh.

Propped on an elbow, Nick’s grin grew even wider and he bent to kiss the tip of her nose. “I’m glad it brought you such delight, *kukla mu*.” He freed each of her breasts from their black satin and lace bindings, then circled a fingertip at one nipple, watching in wonder as it immediately peaked and crinkled at his touch. “Thank you for giving me the great pleasure of dipping my tongue into your depths and tasting the sweet perfumed honey of your beautiful pussy.”

“Oh, anytime, Nikolas. Anytime at all.” Polly stretched languidly and then pulled herself up on her hands and knees. “Now it’s my turn to play,” she said, straddling Nick. His cock twitched in joyful anticipation as Polly leaned over him, skimming the crown of his rigid shaft with the tips of her breasts. She played with his cock for a while, marveling at it as if it were her new favorite toy.

Then Polly cradled Nick’s cock between her plentiful breasts, holding the orbs together as she leisurely rubbed back and forth. Fisting the sheets at his side, Nick’s gaze was fastened to the sensual sight of her slowly fucking his cock with her gorgeous tits. Arching against her, his muscles tightened as she increased the speed and pressure. Just when Nick thought he’d go out of his mind, spilling his seed in the valley between her breasts, she stopped.

“Did you like that, Nick?” Polly’s voice was husky.

Gulping for air, Nick nodded enthusiastically. “Very much.”

“Good. I thought it was fun, too. Let’s see how you like my next presentation.” She winked and then slipped her lips over his hardness. And she sucked. Forgetting how to breathe for a moment, Nick froze. As Polly’s tongue and teeth continued to explore his cock, a feral growl erupted from deep within his chest.

He watched as her coppery curls cascaded over his groin, shifting in silken waves as her head moved up and down. The sight of her mouth sliding over his cock as she hummed her pleasure nearly sent him over the edge. Threading his fingers through her hair, he caressed her as she paid homage to him.

She moved her amazing mouth up his cock until she reached the tip. He watched in fascination as her little pink tongue peeked out, swirling as she licked up the droplets seeping from his cock.

“Oh, Polly...my God...” He trilled a lingering groan of deep gratification.

Polly paused long enough from her new adventure to look up at the man she loved and smile. “Now who’s swooning?” she teased. And then she recaptured his bobbing

shaft with her mouth, licking more of the salty pre-cum from its head. "Mmmm," she purred.

Nick's eyes all but rolled back in his head. "Ahhh, my little Circe," he ground out as he curled his fingers around her long, wild locks of hair.

Abruptly sliding her mouth from his penis, Polly looked up at Nick with a cautionary glance. "Did you just call me by another woman's name?"

Nick rasped a husky chuckle. "Of course not."

"I could swear you just called me Susie."

"Circe, not Susie. Because of my accent it maybe sounds similar." He gently guided Polly's head back to his groin, but she popped up again.

"Okay...and so Circe is...?"

Nick grumbled in frustration. "In Greek mythology, Circe was a seductress, the sorceress who turned the companions of Odysseus into swine and kept them with her for a year." He took in a deep breath and groaned an impatient sigh. "Now, will you please go back to what you were doing?"

Polly slanted him an amused smile. "You're not afraid that I might turn you into a pig and keep you for a year?"

"I'm not too crazy about the pig part." Nick laughed. "But, baby, you can keep me for a lifetime—if you'll have me."

Polly's eyes widened. "A lifetime?"

"We'll talk about that later. Now," Nick continued, "weren't you in the middle of doing something important when I so rudely interrupted you?" Placing his hands on her head again, he eased Polly back down to his impatient cock.

She lavishly tongued the purple head and Nick shivered. "It would be my honor, my magnificent Greek gladiator, to service your mighty warrior's cock." She gently raked her teeth along his cock and then looked up at him, licking her lips. Nick felt sure he would combust right there on the spot. "Mmm, such a lavish sexual feast," she said and then sheathed the soft skin of his hard shaft with her mouth. She took her time, slowly taking more into the wet silky recesses.

Unable to swallow his whole cock, she wrapped her hand around the base of its shaft, pumping slowly and then matching the rhythm with her mouth. As she fucked him with her mouth and hand, Nick's hips bucked involuntarily.

Swept away once again in the raw, rapturous pleasure of her wetness, Nick groaned loudly as he hovered on the delicious edge of orgasm. Polly slid her other hand beneath him and clenched one of his ass cheeks, kneading and massaging as she increased the tempo of her movements on his cock.

Nick fought the overwhelming urge to thrust into her mouth. "Polly," he swallowed hard, "you have to stop now. I-I can't hold back much longer."

Without missing a beat, Polly simply moaned her pleasure as she shook her head and kept her mouth busy slipping, sliding, sucking, licking...

Every muscle in Nick's body tightened as Polly's sizzling mouth magnificently assaulted his senses. He felt his mind go blank but for the euphoric tide of ecstasy that swept him away as his muscles began to pulse and contract. Growling and quaking as the essence of his being fractured into infinitesimal fragments of rapture, Nick's seed detonated into Polly's mouth, cascading down the back of her throat. Caressing him, she murmured agreeably as she swallowed.

"I love your salty flavor." Polly planted little kisses from Nick's groin to his navel. "You taste as if you'd just risen out of the Aegean Sea."

"I was right," Nick said as soon as he could catch his breath. "You *are* a sorceress." He drew Polly up into his arms and kissed her.

She nestled her head in the crook of his arm. "I guess that means you like having me suck your cock, hmmm?" She batted her eyelashes and curled a finger through his chest hair.

Nick grinned. "On a scale of one to ten, I'd say it rated a ninety-two."

Polly pouted. "Why not a hundred?"

"That's reserved for slamming my cock into your juicy pussy, baby." He scooped Polly up and rolled her onto his chest. "See what you do to me?" he said as his semi-erect penis rapidly jerked back to life, poking into her corseted belly.

"I'll have you know that I've been walking around in various stages of arousal for three long months because of you." He kissed her soundly. "As you can imagine, that can be most inconvenient at times." His eyebrow arched.

"Well, why don't we do some role-playing to see what we can do about taming that ornery cock of yours, Nick."

Frowning, he eyed her warily. "*Polly*." Nick drew out each syllable. "What did I tell you about playing these games of yours, hmm? I thought we were finished with all of that."

"On the contrary – we've just begun." She laughed at his admonishing expression. Waving her hand through the air dismissively, Polly smirked. "Oh, don't worry, I think you'll like this game."

Nick wasn't appeased – although he had to admit that he was more than a bit intrigued.

"Really. Trust me."

That still didn't seem to do the trick. Breathing a sigh of exasperation, Polly straddled him and clasped her hands around his growing shaft.

"See," she explained, "we're going to play rodeo." She rolled her hands up and down his cock as if she were making a clay pot. Nick writhed with a sudden gasp of pleasure as she continued her innovative manipulation.

"You'll be the wild bucking bronco, and I'll be the bronco buster who rides as hard and long as she possibly can before she gets ejected – or until she breaks the bronco." Winking, she let go of his cock and watched as it sprang to attention.

Nick was definitely smiling now, as his cock rose to heights previously unknown. He found himself completely captivated by his witchy woman and her imaginative role-playing games.

"Oh dear, I hope I can mount this great big dangerous wild bronco with my tight pussy," Polly said, mounting Nick's rigid shaft and easing herself onto it, inch by inch.

Nick groaned loudly. "I swear to God, Polly. One way or another you're going to kill me. You know that, don't you?" He loved the sensation of his cock sliding deeper into the hot, wet clasp of her juicy cunt.

"Shhh." Polly held her finger to her lips. "Now don't be silly. You know that bucking broncos can't talk." She smiled. "They can only buck..." she squirmed, pushing herself down further on his dick, "...and thrust..." Bracing her hands against his chest she inched down a bit further. "...and jerk..." Panting, she managed to go further yet. "...and, *oh...my...God!*" Saucer-eyed, she seated herself to the hilt. She appeared to be momentarily stunned and remained still for a moment.

After a series of deep breaths, she started to move in little clockwise circles...and then in little counterclockwise circles, until Nick was about ready to snap.

He clasped his hands on her cool ass cheeks and slowly trailed them down across her upper thighs and the satin garters that secured her sexy black fishnets. Mesmerized, he watched her legs pump, feeling the netting abrade his hips with each of her grinding movements.

"Here I am at the rodeo, in front of all these people, and I'm just so terribly embarrassed." Polly began to raise and lower herself on Nick's cock. "First I forget my panties..." She reached down to finger her clit, stroking herself as he watched, drooling. "...and then I forget to put on my cowgirl shirt." She started to bounce on his groin. "Which means my breasts will be bouncing up and down and all over the place as I ride this enormous bucking bronco. And everybody will see."

Instinctively drawn into her role-playing, Nick's hips bucked hard and his eyes bugged as he watched her giant orbs jiggling wildly.

"Hmmm, maybe if I hold my breasts in place while I ride this mighty beast..." Taking her hand from between her legs, Polly used both hands to grasp her nipples and pulled them, twisting and tweaking—moaning and licking her lips as she played with the jutting peaks. "Mmmm, yes...that's so much better."

No doubt about it, she was killing him, he could feel it.

Every nerve ending in Nick's body screamed as he watched his little bronco buster play with herself. "Jesus, Polly, what are you doing to me?"

She threw her head back and uttered a throaty chuckle in response.

He'd had his share of good sex, but sex with Polly was a whole different story. Indescribable. Incomparable. The sweet combination of passion, exuberance and amazing creativity she brought to their lovemaking had instilled in him a joy and fulfillment he could never have imagined—not to mention the best damn climaxes he'd ever had in his life. Now, if he could just manage to survive her role-playing...

"Oh...Jeeez Polly. Wait. I can't—"

Ignoring Nick's feeble protest, she raised herself high on his dick and crashed down against him, doing some wicked sort of twist as she did. And then she did it again...and again, faster each time—clamping her inner muscles and milking his cock with her pussy as she rode.

His face growing hot as he clenched his teeth, Nick let out a guttural howl and his hips involuntarily bucked high and hard as he spewed his seed into Polly.

As the ride of their lives came to its conclusion, Polly doffed her imaginary cowgirl hat, waving it high over her head and shouting, "Yippee kiyay, yahoo!" And then, crying out again, she joined Nick somewhere up in the next galaxy as she collapsed against his chest, quaking and shuddering with a rip-roaring *yahoo!* orgasm of her own.

Breathing as if he'd just run a marathon, Nick wrapped his arms around his little bronco buster and he hugged her tight. "Now you've done it. I hope you're happy."

"Done what?" She looked delightfully spent.

Gazing down at his groin, Nick flipped his limp cock. "You've thoroughly busted my bronco."

Polly laughed. Then she scooted down and licked the flaccid cock, obviously delighted when it twitched once, twice, three times. "Apparently the condition is only temporary, Mister Kokoris." She rested her head on his chest again, exploring his pecs with her fingers.

"Oh, *kukla mu*, have I told you before that you make me crazy?"

She giggled and nodded. "I seem to recall hearing you mention that once or twice."

"Just look at me," Nick went on, "I'm helpless. I can't even move a muscle. You're going to make me old before my time. I'll never even make it to thirty-two."

"What?" Polly bolted from Nick's chest and sat up. "Nick...how old *are* you?"

He folded an arm behind his head and braced himself up against a pillow as he looked at Polly. "Thirty-one. Why?"

Polly groaned. "Oh no. Don't tell me that. You *can't* be."

Nick laughed. "And why not?"

With a loud tsk, Polly rolled her eyes. "Because that would make you six years younger than me, that's why!"

"So?" He shrugged. "What of it?"

"That practically makes me a cradle robber!" Pausing to do some mental calculations, Polly tapped her finger against her chin. "What month is your birthday?"

"September, but why—"

"Ugh! That's even worse. That means you just turned thirty-one last month. My birthday is next month. I'll be thirty-eight, Nick! That's *seven* years older than you!" She covered her face with her hands and groaned.

"Seven years?" Nick sat up fully. His expression became grim as his eyebrows knitted. "Oh. Well that's a different matter entirely." He stroked his jaw, determined to stifle a rising grin. "You're right. This is a clear-cut case of cradle robbing."

Polly felt stricken as she breathed in an audible gasp. Pulling her into an embrace, Nick stroked her hair and laughed.

"I'm teasing you, *kukla mu*. A seven-year age difference is insignificant. Don't you remember when I told you that unlike American men, we Greek men prize older, full-figured women, for their incomparable beauty and wisdom?" He held her at arm's length and kissed her forehead, nose, lips and chin.

"Well, yes, but —"

"But nothing. In the first place, my little bronco buster, I can fully attest to the fact that you're far from ready for a rocking chair. In the second place, I already knew how old you were from the form you filled out when you joined the health club—so it's no surprise to me. And in the third place, trying to keep up with you, both in and out of the bedroom, will age me so fast that by the time we've been together for twenty years I'll catch up to you and we'll probably be the same age."

That immediately snapped Polly out of her doldrums. "What do you mean, *when we're together for twenty years*?" Her breath came in quick rasps.

Pulling himself up to a sitting position, Nick gave a lazy shrug. "Well, actually, as husband and wife we'll eventually be together much longer than that."

"Husband and —" Polly's breath became more ragged. "You mean," she sucked in a deep breath, "you want to *marry* me?" She began to wheeze.

"Of course I do. I love you, Polly. You don't think I'm in the habit of bringing casual flings all the way to Greece to meet my parents, do you? And, besides, I already told you—I'm yours for a lifetime, if you'll have me." He broke into a dimpled grin.

Clearly unable to respond verbally, Polly waved her hands frantically as she started to hyperventilate.

Without missing a beat, Nick promptly pulled her over onto his lap so that she rested backwards across his knees, her round white ass up in the air. He pulled down the zipper of her merry widow and then unhooked the fastenings beneath, freeing Polly from the tortuous stays. And then he gave her a solid pat on the back. And then another one on her ass, just for the hell of it.

After filling her lungs with air, Polly raised herself to her knees.

"Better?" Nick asked as he unhooked her net stockings from the garters and rolled them down Polly's legs.

Polly nodded and slanted Nick an incredulous look. "Why didn't you tell me? I had no idea."

"About wanting to marry you?" Hiking his shoulders in another shrug, Nick smiled. "I was going to wait to propose until I had you out of your happy

widow...because I was afraid you might swoon again. I know I have that effect on you."

Winking, he picked up the corset and examined it. "Don't they make these things without the bars?"

"They're *stays*, not bars," Polly corrected. "And it's hyperventilating, not swooning. I'm not the swooning type. In fact, before yesterday in your office I'll have you know that I never swooned, er, hyperventilated in my life. It's only happened the two times that I've worn these silly corsets – because they squeeze the living daylights out of me." She hugged her rib cage.

"Hyperventilating...swooning..." Nick laughed. "Call it whatever you like, *kukla mu*. But protest as you will, we both know that I make you swoon." He arched a cocky brow.

Still kneeling, Polly raised her butt from the bed and planted her fists on her hips. "Nikolas, for the last time, I do *not* sw –"

Nick grabbed Polly forcibly and yanked her into his arms. He mashed his mouth against hers and thrust his tongue inside, engaging hers in an insistent dance. At the same time he covered one plump breast with his hand and teased the nipple with rough, relentless twists and pinches. In the next instant his mouth left her lips and moved to Polly's other breast, where he sucked, nipped and nibbled.

And Polly swooned.

"Aha!" Nick withdrew his attention from Polly's breasts under protest and held her at arm's length. "I rest my case."

"Okay, I give up. You win." She smiled up at him dreamily. "I'll marry you if you promise to keep making me swoon."

Nick rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. "Only if you agree to keep busting my bronco."

"Deal." Polly extended her hand.

"Deal." Nick pumped her hand with a firm shake.

And then they celebrated their connubial pact with glasses of ouzo accompanied by a long, languorous night of lovemaking, including, by Polly's special request, screwing via Nick's amazing one-armed push-ups.

Chapter Eight

Polly awoke to the rich smell of coffee brewing and the fragrant aroma of something scrumptious baking. Recalling the glorious night she'd just spent with the man she loved—the man she was going to *marry!*—she smiled and sighed, stretching lazily. She started to get up from the bed but winced. After making love with her handsome Greek warrior and his Mount Olympus-sized cock for three days in a row, her pussy was so sore and tender she could barely move.

Nick came into the bedroom wearing a short black silk robe and carrying something in a plastic container. "Good morning sleepyhead. And how does the future Missus Nikolas Kokoris feel this beautiful morning?"

"Supremely happy." Polly grinned. "And *very* sore. I guess I'm just not used to being hammered by such a sprightly young man with such a huge demanding cock." She winked.

"I figured as much," Nick said, setting the plastic container on the foot of the bed. "Before we have our coffee and rolls, I'm going to give you a little treat." He drew out a large thick Turkish towel and spread it open lengthwise on one side of the bed. Then he removed a bottle and held it out to Polly for inspection.

"*Kokoris Extra Virgin Olive Oil*," Polly read from the label. "*Product of Lesvos, Greece*." She beamed a bright smile. "Lesbian oil!" Heeding Nick's warning glare, Polly held up her hands in surrender. "Sorry. I couldn't resist." She looked at the bottle again. "So this is the oil that your family makes?"

Nick nodded. "Yes, but this morning we're going to use it not for cooking, but for its therapeutic affects. Ready to do some role-playing?"

Polly hiked an eyebrow. "Hmmm. This sounds intriguing, but I thought you told me last night that you have to go to the health club this morning for client appointments." She patted the bed and Nick sat next to her.

"I called Yorgo. This is his day off, but I twisted his arm into taking my clients until I get there this afternoon." Nick grinned. "I told him it was the least he could do after what happened in the office the other day."

"Good. And I don't have any catering jobs until the art gallery's cocktail party tomorrow evening. So, tell me," Polly nestled against Nick, stroking her hand along his thigh, "what roles will we be playing?"

He stroked Polly's curls. "The fair maiden and the mighty gladiator. You are the daughter of a rich merchant, prized for your untamed, fiery locks, your velvety skin and your full-bodied goddess-like curves." His hand dipped to the slope of her ass, cupping it.

Enjoying the feel of Nick's large fingers kneading her ass cheek, Polly closed her eyes and sighed. "Mmmm, so far it's a winner. What comes next?"

"You've been abducted from your father's lavish home by a bloodthirsty pack of villains, hired by the evil king of another land who has conspired to make you his bride. And I am the mighty Greek gladiator who's been assigned to rescue you and to protect you at all costs."

A bolt ran from Polly's belly to her groin as tantalizing images of tangled sheets and entwined limbs flitted across her mind. "Oh, it sounds exquisite so far. What next?"

"And then I find you, rescue you and rub down your aching body with precious oils." Nick beamed a smile. His expression slumped when he saw that Polly wasn't smiling. "You don't like it?"

"On the contrary, my sweet, I think you did remarkably well." Polly leaned close to kiss his neck as she patted his knee. "Hmmm." She tapped her finger to her chin and thought for a moment. "Do you mind if I embellish it just a bit?"

"Not at all." Nick grinned as Polly narrowed her eyes and focused on another time and place. After a moment she nodded and smiled.

"Okay, I've got it," she said, rubbing her hands together. "You finally find me tied to a tree, naked and struggling because I'm in imminent danger of having my virginity stolen. With only your brute strength and a small crude knife, you slay the ferocious pack of villains, but not before they gang up on you with knives and whips, leaving angry red scratches and marks on your strong sweat-glossed body. And then once you've caught your breath and regained your strength, you stumble towards me, your massive cock leading the way. Before you have a chance to untie me, I reward you..." She gave Nick a come-hither look.

"How?" Nick's cock twitched beneath his silk robe and he shifted a bit. "How will you reward me?"

"By opening my legs just enough to expose my creaming pussy slit and begging you to impale me with your iron-hard cock." She repositioned herself to demonstrate and then grinned when she saw that her wide-eyed Greek hunk was on the verge of drooling.

"Then," she continued, "after you fuck me senseless, you cut my bonds and throw me over your shoulder, taking me to a soft thatch of grass and weeds, where you set me down. I lick all of your wounds and *then* you massage me with precious oils." Now Polly beamed. "Well, what do you think?" She bounced happily and Nick's gaze flew from her pussy to her jiggling breasts.

His jaw hung open as he eyed her incredulously. "That's amazing. Hot. Very hot." He cupped her breasts and played with them. "And you just came up with all of that now? Jeez, it took me all morning just to concoct that little scenario I told you."

Polly squirmed a bit, feeling the sweet wetness of desire dampen her cunt. "Well...actually, I've just given you a peek into my personal file of secret sexual

fantasies—the ones that I keep locked in the farthest corner of my mind.” She gave a throaty chuckle.

Suddenly grabbing Polly around the middle, Nick tossed her as if she were nothing more than a rag doll and flipped her onto her stomach. Then he positioned her further, hiking her ass into the air and pushing her legs apart with his knees. Smoothing his hands over the firm surface as he spread her ass cheeks with his thumbs, he stroked along the little pucker in the center. Polly’s hips jerked.

“Nick!” She peered at him over her shoulder. “What are you doing?”

Breathing hard and working fast, Nick said, “I’ve caught my breath and regained my strength after slaying all the bad guys. Now I’m claiming my reward by opening your legs just enough to expose your creaming pussy slit while you beg me to impale you with my iron-hard cock. Then, after I fuck you senseless and your body shudders violently in my arms as you come, you’ll get your damned massage.” His grin was wicked.

“Jeez, Nick! You’re getting me so fucking hot I’m about to self-combust.” Positioned on her knees, Polly’s pussy started to drip, the juices running down her legs. “Oh God, yes. Fuck me, my strong, mighty gladiator. I’m begging you to impale me with your—”

With one mighty, demanding thrust, Nick buried his cock deep into the slick recesses of Polly’s pussy. Moaning with unbridled pleasure, she grabbed a pillow and stuffed it under her belly and then propped herself on her elbows. He continued to play with her ass while driving his cock in and out of her slick vagina. She ground her ass against him, twisting and curving as Nick plunged deeply.

They moaned in tandem as the pace became frantic. Nick reached beneath Polly, cupping her breasts and tweaking the nipples hard, further intensifying her pleasure. She moaned, wiggling her ass back and forth.

With the maddening pulsation of a fierce crescendo overtaking her, Polly screamed out, tightening her muscles and bucking as their bodies jointly vibrated with furious quaking jolts. The next thing she knew, hot cum was shooting into her as Nick squeezed her tits and gave a howling grunt. Finally, they collapsed in a boneless heap against the cool satin sheets.

“You know,” Nick rasped once he’d come back down to earth, “I think I’m really getting to like this role-playing of yours, Polly.” He raised himself just enough to roll off of her.

“I tried to tell you.” She turned so that she was on her back and then rested her head on Nick’s chest. “Just think about the endless possibilities when you and I put our heads together, Nick.”

He shook his head. “No. On second thought, maybe it’s not such a good idea after all.”

“Oh?” She curled her fingers through the hair on his pecs. “Why not?”

“Because this damned cock of mine doesn’t have the good sense to stay limp when it should. With that big filing cabinet of sexual fantasies you have locked away in

there," he tapped a finger at Polly's temple, "you'll have me so weak and spent that I'll have to retire from being a personal fitness trainer before I'm as *old* as you."

"Old!" Polly straddled Nick and began to tickle his ribs. "Why you bratty young whippersnapper!" Oddly enough, along with making him laugh, her tickling actions along his midsection made Nick's cock spring back to life.

"There!" He pointed to his semi-erect dick. "See what I mean? That's not supposed to happen when you're tickling me. The damned thing has a mind of his own. Stay down, you fool!" he shouted at his cock. "Can't you see she's trying to kill you?"

He and Polly collapsed into laughter, embracing each other and then luxuriating in a slow kiss as they rolled along the slippery satin sheets.

"Okay, now get on top of the towel and lie down on your stomach," Nick commanded as he repositioned the Turkish towel, which now lay in a tumbled heap. "I'm going to give you your well-deserved massage."

"Oooh, Nick, that sounds positively heavenly." Polly rolled onto the towel, positioning herself as Nick instructed. "Especially now that you've just finished further assaulting my poor ravished pussy." She laughed.

Nick poured a bit of the olive oil into his hands and began to massage Polly's shoulders and arms, all the way down to her fingers. As his fingers worked their magic, stroking and pressing her tired muscles, Polly moaned deeply.

"Mmmm, that feels marvelous. You're just full of hidden talents, aren't you?"

Nick smiled. "Actually, I'm a certified massage therapist. George and I have all of our fitness trainers take the course so we can administer therapeutic massage when our clients need them."

"Hey!" Polly rolled onto her side. "Wait a minute here. How come you never gave me a massage during those three long sadistic months of torture you put me through?"

"You're kidding, right?"

Polly shook her head. "No. And I'm feeling terribly deprived." She pouted.

"Polly, just for a moment can you imagine what would have happened if I had attempted to put my hands on you any more than was already absolutely necessary when I was acting as your personal trainer? With that first stroke of my hands across that dimpled small of your back I'd be shoving my cock right into your pussy like some savage creature in the wild."

"Gee, I don't know. Sounds kind of appealing to me."

"Now, maybe, but you probably wouldn't have thought so two months ago."

"Oh, Nikolas, you really do underestimate yourself," she cooed.

"Well now we have plenty of time to make up for it. And I promise to give you all the massages you've missed since we began working out together. Okay?"

"Fair enough." She rolled back onto her stomach.

Nick poured a thin, tiny stream of olive oil down Polly's back. And then he began to work, kneading and digging and rubbing and caressing. Polly's body went completely relaxed and limp beneath his touch.

"Oh God, Nick...this is almost better than sex." She jumped a little when she felt something hard and rigid press into her bottom. And then she reached her hand behind her back, searching for the offender—not at all surprised to find that it was Nick's gleefully expectant cock.

Nick laughed. "See what I mean? I told you. I can't even touch you without getting an erection. It's going to take an iron will to get through this massage without spearing that sweet pussy of yours again."

"Spearing..." Polly chuckled. "See, you even talk like a gladiator. Maybe you were one in a previous life."

"Do I detect the beginnings of another Polly fantasy?"

"Perhaps. I'll think about it while the mighty gladiator finishes my rubdown. Come on now," she clapped her hands, "no lollygagging." He slapped her ass cheek hard and she let out a gasp of surprise. "Hey!"

"You're not the only one with fantasies." Nick chuckled.

After massaging her backside, including her legs, feet and toes, Nick had the half-asleep Polly roll over onto her back. He poured a tiny stream of oil down the valley between her breasts to her navel. As his strong oil-slicked fingers manipulated her muscles and tendons, Polly conferred little moans of joy. After giving an inordinate amount of attention to her breasts, Nick's fingers traveled south to the notch between her legs and he gently began to massage her aching, swollen pussy.

Pausing to reach into the plastic container he'd brought into the room, Nick retrieved a washcloth, wringing it out. "I want to warn you, this is going to be a little bit cold," he told Polly before placing it on her pussy.

"Oooh!" Polly started as the chilly compress made contact with her hot flesh. "That's really cold."

"I had it soaking in ice water," Nick explained. "Just relax and soon it will start to feel good. It will help to bring down the swelling."

"You seem to know an awful lot about fixing sore, swollen pussies." Polly propped up a bit on her elbows and eyed him warily. "Have you done this before?" Her eyebrow arched.

Nick laughed. "I can guarantee you that this is a first. It just stands to reason that, if ice or cold compresses help to reduce swelling in other areas, it will help there, too. Now stop jabbering, let yourself relax and allow me to do my work."

With a languid smile, Polly gladly obeyed and thoroughly enjoyed having Nick minister to her aching body. By the time he had finished, she was certain that every bone and muscle in her body had turned into jelly.

"Turn over onto your stomach again and get on your knees," Nick instructed. Once Polly had complied, Nick smoothed his oiled hands over the crown of her ass, stroking and kneading. And then his oiled fingers slid into the crack and began to massage along its vertical path. Unable to remain still, Polly whimpered and wiggled her butt a little bit. Then Nick's oiled finger probed the tiny puckered opening and she moaned. His finger circled the opening a few times and pressed just a little bit inside. Polly's muscles involuntarily clamped tight.

"This is new to you, *kukla mu*?"

"Yes..."

"Ahhh, then I see that I will become your personal trainer in more ways than one. It will be my privilege to introduce you to even more of the wondrous delights of lovemaking than those with which you're already familiar."

Polly hummed her delight.

"Just think of the fun we're going to have together as we explore every position known to man," Nick finished. While licking the small tender area above where his finger was busy probing, where Polly's crack blended into the small of her back, he probed a little deeper with his finger and Polly relaxed, moaning with pleasure.

"Oh yes, I'd like that. Very much."

Nick removed the tip of his finger from Polly's opening and planted a kiss on each plump ass cheek. She turned back to face him and kissed him softly.

"You were all that I could possibly hope for in a personal fitness trainer, and I have no doubt that you'll be all that and more as my personal sex trainer." Smiling warmly, Polly wrapped her arms around Nick's neck and hugged him close. "And I look forward to all the exciting new things you'll teach me. That way I can incorporate them into our role-playing."

Pulling Polly into a firmer embrace, Nick laughed. "Oh my wild and impetuous little Polly. I have a feeling that life with you will never be dull."

"Not if I can help it." Chuckling, Polly pulled back a bit and looked Nick in the eyes. "Can I ask you a very personal question?"

Nick's eyebrow quirked. "Yes, certainly."

Polly sucked in a deep breath. "Um...have you and George ever...uh...you know...shared?"

Opening his mouth to answer, Nick paused and then closed it again. He thought for a moment and then smiled. "Oh, you mean, have we ever had a *ménage à trois*. Is that it?"

"Uh-huh." Polly nodded shyly.

"Yes. A few times, when we were younger. Why?"

Dropping her gaze from Nick's eyes, Polly shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. I was just wondering, you know, after George made that comment the other morning about us

having a," she twirled her finger, "threesome. I just..." She cleared her throat and shrugged again. "I just wondered, that's all."

"Hmm, I see." Nick nodded knowingly. "And is this something you think you might be interested in, *kukla mu*?"

"Oh no, no. Not at all. I'm more than satisfied with you." Polly shook her head purposefully. "I was just asking."

Nick grinned. "Maybe just a little curious?" He held his thumb and forefinger an inch apart.

"Well..." Delicious images of being sandwiched between the two big gorgeous Greeks wafted through her brain and Polly felt her face color. "Maybe just a teensy bit curious." She mimicked the position of Nick's fingers.

Nick laughed. "There's nothing to be embarrassed about. Engaging in a ménage à trois, can be an incredible experience with the right people involved—especially," he brushed his lips across hers, "when two of those people are very much in love with each other, the way that we are. And I have absolutely no doubt that my brother would jump at the chance to have a threesome with us. I think it would work well. Yorgo is a good man and I trust him. But I think you'd need to do quite a bit of preparation for it beforehand."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing, remember that my brother and I are identical...in *every* respect. That means Yorgo is as thick and long as I am."

Polly's eyes glazed over with longing and she swallowed hard, determined not to drool.

"And you're still having trouble adjusting to just my size," Nick continued. "Now imagine yourself being filled in every orifice by a pair of cocks that big."

Silent for a moment while she obediently contemplated the highly erotic scenario, Polly couldn't help grinning. "It would probably kill me, but I can definitely think of worse ways to go."

Nick threw his head back in laughter. "Ahh, my insatiable little vixen. I think maybe by the time we're married you might be ready to try it. It would make a good wedding present for you, yes?"

"It just might." Polly grinned. "So...uh, when did you say we're getting married?"

"Positively *insatiable*," Nick repeated. He scratched the back of his head. "Anytime you like. I'll leave all of the arrangements up to you. Okay, now let's get that oil washed off of you so we can have our coffee and rolls. Come on." Nick took Polly's hand and led her to the bathroom where they stepped into the glass-enclosed shower together.

"Oh, look at that," Polly said in awe as she eyed the oversized natural stone shower with its multiple showerheads—one above her head, one at chest level and one aiming right for her crotch. "I think I'm really going to enjoy this."

"I think we both are." Nick turned on the water and began soaping his hands. Soon he had Polly thickly lathered from her neck to her toes, and she reciprocated by slathering soap all over his taut body. And then they took their sweet time helping to rinse each other off, while investigating and exploring every nook, cranny, crevice and orifice with their fingers, hands, mouths and body parts.

Nick poured some shampoo into the palm of his hand and, after soaking Polly's crown of curls under the showerhead, he massaged the shampoo into her thick, long hair. "I love your wild red head of hair, Polly. The way it so boldly misbehaves and has a stubborn mind of its own. Just like its willful owner." He laughed and then held up his hands to block Polly's playful punch. After rinsing the soap from her hair and slicking it back from her face, he cupped her face and kissed the tip of her nose.

"And I can tell you it was a very pleasant surprise when I discovered the first time we made love that you're a natural redhead." His hand traveled to her pussy and caressed it lovingly.

"Speaking of pleasant surprises..." Polly wrapped both of her hands around Nick's impressive erection. "From that considerable bulge in those gym shorts of yours, I'd always imagined that you sported a sizeable set of jewels, but, *hallelujah and holy cow*—I never dreamed that you were hauling a whole goddamned diamond mine in there." She laughed. "Talk about hitting the jackpot!"

And then Polly went down on her knees and surveyed his succulent nude cock before taking it in her mouth, curving her tongue around him and applying gentle suction.

"Awww, Polly." With a lengthy groan, Nick's eyes rolled skyward. "What you do to me." He stroked her wet head of curls as she spiraled her tongue up and down his straining cock and then sucked on it as if it were the world's most delicious peppermint stick. He stiffened and brought Polly quickly to her feet. Wasting no time, he lifted her up against the dripping shower wall and stabbed his primed cock into her slick canal. His cock toiled like a piston, her breasts bouncing with each thrust, until their joint cries of ecstasy merged with the sound of the steamy water spraying about them.

"You know," Polly said as she sat, joining Nick on the built-in stone shower bench, "there's just something about vertical sex that puts it just a notch above all the rest."

"You like it that much, hmm?" Nick placed his arm around her and pulled her close.

"Mmm-hmm. I think it has something to do with watching those big magnificent muscles of yours," she stroked her hand across his arm and pecs, "pop and bunch and cord as you hold me there in place while you fuck me—as if I weighed no more than a nymph. I find it extremely sensual and erotic." She closed her eyes and sighed.

"As if you're the mighty, powerfully muscled Hercules who's wild with passion whenever he's in my presence. And I'm the naughty, disobedient slave girl who's carnally obsessed with your strapping, beefy physique."

Nick's eyebrow quirked. "Beefy?"

"In a good way." Polly smiled and nodded. "Anyway, Hercules is so lusty with desire that he hasn't the patience to wait until we're flat on our backs, so, wherever we are, he simply lifts and impales me on his gargantuan cock and ravishes me while I beg and scream for more."

Nick chuckled and squeezed her closer. "Another of your secret fantasies, I assume. Soon to become another of your role-playing scenarios."

"This one might involve chains." Polly trailed a finger from Nick's chest to the thatch of black hair at his groin. "And leather." She kissed his abs. "And perhaps a few other gizmos."

Nick laughed. "I think we're going to need a house with an extra room just to store all of the paraphernalia for our role-playing, *kukla mu*."

"What a great idea, Nick!" Polly gave a bright smile. "Why, we could make up our very own sexual fantasy role-playing room. In fact, one of my clients owns a sex toy store just a couple of miles from here and I've been trying to get up the nerve to go in. We could go shopping together!"

She gleefully bounced on the stone seat and Nick's resting cock sprang to attention as he watched her breasts bob and jiggle.

Within a moment, Nick was on his knees. His fingers pinched and twisted one of her nipples while his tongue laved her clit. She twitched involuntarily, whimpering as he licked the engorged bud.

"Hot, wet and needy," he said, lifting his head from between her legs. "An irresistible combination."

His lips found her hooded clit again and Polly felt her whole body turn to fire as he placed it between his teeth like a berry and nibbled. He dallied with her until she was shaking, and then held her as she spun into the vortex of her orgasm.

Taking a break to recover from dissolving in a mind-blowing orgasm, Polly slipped to the floor of the shower and knelt at Nick's feet. His cock was clearly hard enough to pound iron rivets. She placed his cock in the valley between her breasts and fucked him with her tits until a feral growl rumbled up from Nick's chest and his pulsing dick spewed its hot seed all over the mounds. And then, purring with pleasure, she lifted her breast to her mouth and licked a spot where he'd just branded her.

Finally, they both lay against the wet stone totally, completely and delightfully spent.

"Oh God...I can't move a muscle. And my poor cock is dead, Polly. You killed it."

"That's okay. I have the magical power to rejuvenate it any time I want." Winking, she merely touched it and it twitched.

"No-o-o-o," Nick called out in an angst-ridden groan as he covered his suffering cock with his hands. "Please, oh great and powerful sorceress. Have mercy on this poor mortal man and his tortured cock."

"Oooh, what a great role-playing scenario *that* would make," Polly replied animatedly, tapping a finger against her cheek. "Yes, I can see it all now... Thrown back to Earth by the vengeful gods on Mount Olympus because he was more handsome than all of them combined, the now-mortal man is washed up on the shore of the Aegean Sea where he's found by a sorceress, renowned for her voracious sexual appetite and erotic skills and talents—"

"Oh no—*please*, Polly. Don't start. I swear I don't have the strength now to make it out of another one of your sexual fantasies alive."

Polly gazed at her exhausted lover and his depleted cock and smiled. "Well, okay, but it looks as though I'm not going to be the only one who needs a personal sex trainer." She folded her arms across her breasts and arched an eyebrow. "Don't worry, though. I think you're still young enough to learn how to build your stamina so you can keep up with me."

"What?" Nick's eyes bugged as he sat up straight. "Are you serious? Do you know how many times my cock has performed in the last twelve hours?"

Polly dissolved in gales of laughter as she hugged Nick close. "Of course I'm kidding, you big silly Lesbian."

"Lesvonian!"

Polly rolled her eyes and flicked her wrist. "Yes, yes, whatever. Now, come on." She took Nick's hand and yanked. "Let's get out of this shower before we both turn into a couple of spotlessly clean, eternally puckered prunes—and before that pot of coffee you made evaporates."

* * * * *

"Mmm, great coffee, Nick. And these rolls are delicious." Polly took another bite of the knot-shaped sesame seed-topped roll, making little satisfied murmurs as she chewed. "Are they from a Greek bakery?"

"I made them myself."

She chuckled. "No, seriously."

"I *am* serious." Nick laughed. "They're my *yiyia's* recipe. That's Greek for grandmother," he clarified. "She taught her daughter, my mother, how to make them and my mother taught all of her sons. I make up a batch every so often and store them in the freezer so I can pop them into the oven for a quick breakfast."

"You never cease to amaze me, Nikolas." Polly turned the roll to and fro, examining it carefully and then she craned her neck, looking around the kitchen.

"What are you looking for?"

"Your bread machine."

"I don't have one."

Polly's jaw dropped. "You mean you made these by hand—the old fashioned way?"

"It's the only way to bake bread according to my mother." He took a sip of steaming coffee and *ahhhhed*.

"I can't wait to meet your mother and the rest of your family. Do you think she'll approve of me—as your future wife, I mean?"

Nick smiled broadly. "She already has."

Polly slanted him a puzzled look. "Huh?"

"She knows all about you and she's thrilled. Granted, she'd be even more thrilled if you were Greek, but," Nick hiked his shoulders into a shrug, "she said she can live with that as long as I'm happy. And I am. *Very*." He reached over and smoothed Polly's hand with his fingers.

"I called my mother the day you first walked into the health club—the day that David was assigned as your trainer and—"

"Wait a minute," Polly said. "Back up here. *David*? The cute muscle-bound blond kid?"

Nick nodded with a devilish smile. "Another one of our trainers. After I saw you I immediately reassigned him to a nice senior citizen and kept you all to myself." He wagged his eyebrows.

Smiling, Polly sat back in her chair and folded her arms across her chest. "Well I'll be darned."

"Anyway," Nick continued, taking another sip of coffee, "I called my mother that afternoon after our first session and told her that I'd found the woman I wanted to marry."

Polly's eyes grew large and she pointed to herself. "Me?" she squeaked.

"You, *kukla mu*." He laughed. "You're not the only one with a mental filing cabinet full of secret fantasies, you know. And you just happened to be the walking embodiment of mine." Polly's eyes widened even more. "The only fly in the ointment was your nonsensical determination to mess up your future by staying with Thomas."

"I know, I know." Polly bobbed her head in agreement. "Guilty as charged." She couldn't resist nibbling from a second sesame roll. "But, fortunately, once I'd made love with my first Lesbian, there was just no turning back." She giggled.

Nick breathed out a hearty sigh. "I'm never going to hear the end of that Lesbian business from you, am I?"

Polly shook her head. "Probably not."

"Well fine. When our children are born you can tell everyone that they're half-Lesbian." Now Nick grinned.

Polly thought for a minute. "I wonder if we'll have twins. Like you and George."

"Actually, fraternal would be nice," Nick said. "One very imaginative little red-haired girl, and —"

"And one adorable little lady killer who looks just like his father." Polly finished his sentence with a wink. "Hey," she scooped something up from the chair next to her, "do you have a bag I can put these in?" She brandished her black merry widow and fishnets. "My purse isn't big enough."

"How about this?" He opened a kitchen drawer and pulled out an Apollo Health and Fitness Club tote bag.

"Perfect!"

"So you didn't put that back on because you're afraid you might swoon again, eh?"

"No, I—" Polly stopped short and laughed. "Well, maybe. I figured I'd better not take any chances."

"So, you're naked under that sweater and those blue jeans." Nick's eyes darkened.

"Mmm-hmm."

He breathed in sharply. "Damn. I wish you hadn't told me that." He leapt up from his seat and scooped Polly out of her chair, seating her in his lap, facing him with her legs straddling him. Her nipples beaded immediately, notably poking against her navy blue sweater. Nick groaned as he captured both buds through the knitted material, abrading them as he pulled and twisted. Polly's head fell back and she moaned.

"All morning I had you completely naked," Nick said, "but now that you're fully clothed, and I know you're not wearing any underwear, it's even more provocative." He brushed his lips against hers. "And all I can think about at this moment is stripping those clothes off of you again and screwing that little red pussy of yours."

"But it's almost noon and you have to get to work," Polly reminded him, as she felt anticipatory wetness dampen her inner thighs.

Still playing with one of her erect nipples as she wiggled in his lap, Nick maneuvered the cell phone from his jeans pocket and punched in a speed-dial number. "Yeah, Yorgo—it looks like I'm not going to make it after all." He smiled and nodded. "Yes, I already asked her and she said yes. Thanks big brother. I knew you'd understand." He turned the phone off and set it on the table, returning his hand to her other breast.

"You told George that you were going to ask me to marry you?"

Nick nodded. "He's known for a while. And he thinks you're a very special lady."

Polly laughed, remembering their encounter in Nick's office. "Yeah, I'll just bet he does." Her eyes popped. "Oooh!"

"What?"

"Good news, Nick. Your cock's not dead after all." She squirmed against his groin. "I can feel that magical demanding organ of yours pushing right through your jeans."

Nick's gaze became intense. "Pull down your jeans, Polly. *Now.*" Scooting from his lap momentarily, she yanked her jeans down to her knees.

Nick unzipped his fly and his proud cock quickly uncoiled from its binding, aiming for the sky. Easing back into his lap, Polly captured his cock by sheathing it with her dripping pussy. And then they both moaned.

"We're never getting out of your condo today, are we Nick?" As she bounced up and down on his hard cock, Nick's eyes rolled back and closed.

"I don't think so, baby." He swallowed hard and clasped her ass cheeks. "I'm afraid we're trapped." When Polly stopped moving, he opened his eyes to find her smiling at the ceiling. "Uh-oh. You're getting that faraway look in your eyes again."

"I can picture it now..." she said, nodding. "Locked away together in a dungeon by the evil queen, with no apparent means of escape, the brave handsome dragon slayer and his sweet lady love await execution. But all that matters to them is that they have each other. With her beloved helplessly chained to the dungeon wall, she frees his massive cock from its confines and skewers her pining pussy with it. Hard."

Caught up in her fantasy, Polly twisted, screwing herself down harder against Nick's groin and he let out a sizeable groan. "Then they fuck with a vengeance for what seems like hours." Her movements became short, rapid and jerky.

Nick's head fell back. "Jesus, Polly..."

"Later, she cradled his handsome head between her breasts." Off came Polly's sweater. Guiding one sphere with her hands, she scraped a nipple back and forth against his rough five o'clock shadow and moaned at the exquisite twinge of pain mingled with pleasure.

"And then, with the time of the lovers' execution drawing nearer, *poof!*, the queen's sage and kindly wizard appears in their midst and he—"

"Oh, my sweet, adorable, creative little Polly." Nick laughed as he drew her close. "I'm the luckiest man on the planet." He kissed Polly soundly. "I love you so, *kukla mu.*"

Chapter Nine

Six Months Later

"What are you doing?"

"Writing another entry in my travel journal," Polly said, holding the open book out to Nick as they walked down the ancient stone path to the seafront.

"Are you writing about me?" He arched his brow and beamed a devilish smile.

Polly tsked. "Of course not. This is strictly G-rated stuff."

"Boring," Nick said with a feigned yawn as he pushed the book back toward Polly.

"No it's not! It's all about our time together in my new adoptive country."

He slanted her a stunned look. "And it's G-rated?" His voice almost squeaked.

Polly laughed and gave her husband a playful punch. "It's mostly my feelings about Greece. Listen." She cleared her throat. "Built on seven hills and boasting crystal clear water lapping at one of the best beaches in the world," she read aloud, "the inviting town of Mytilini enveloped me like a cozy, familiar hug." She looked up at Nick and he nodded.

"That's nice," he admitted with a shrug.

It was all the encouragement Polly needed. "Until recently," she continued, "the beautiful, fertile isle of Lesbos was virtually untouched as a tourist destination to all but the Greeks themselves. With its pleasantly warm weather and relatively empty off-season streets and beaches, April has been an ideal time for my second visit. The combination of faultless weather, charming ambience, great food and nights filled with astounding sex and passion—"

"That's good," Nick said, gesturing to her journal. "I like that part."

"—have succeeded in creating an absolutely perfect honeymoon for Nick and me," she finished.

"You really feel that way?"

"Absolutely. It's been the best time of my life." She stood on her tiptoes and kissed Nick's jaw. "Listen to this part. Just like Nick's family, the warm, generous townspeople have quickly and affectionately embraced me, the Irish-American wife of Nikolas Kokoris, as one of their own."

"It's true. The people here love you, Polly." He kissed the tip of her nose and slipped his arm around her.

"Fueled by ever-flowing ouzo," she went on, "the pleasant lunches the locals shared at the seafront *cafeneons* and *ouzeries* with Nick and me during the past few weeks of our stay often lasted until early evening. With involved and engaging

conversation a favorite pastime, people who hours before were strangers at the next table soon felt like family to me."

She cocked her head to glance up at Nick. "How could I not love it here, Nick. Especially sharing it with you?" With a furtive glance left and right, she discreetly clamped her hand on Nick's crotch and engaged in a wicked chuckle.

Nick breathed in sharply. "Have mercy, *kukla mu*. My tortured cock is still struggling to recover from our picnic lunch tryst up on the hillside this afternoon."

Polly rubbed her bottom. "Yeah, we did get a little exuberant, didn't we? It feels like I've still got twigs and gravel embedded where the sun don't shine." They both laughed.

"Here are my last couple of entries," Polly said, raising her book again. "Eager to learn everything about my new husband's birthplace, I've enjoyed exploring Mytilini's wealth of sights. The main industry is olive production so the island is dotted with an abundance of twisty, silver-green leafed, honeycomb-trunked olive trees, some over five hundred years old, making for a remarkable landscape.

"Nick has taken me to visit a number of Byzantine castles, ancient ruins and museums where I was often surrounded by a vast array of antiquities. I feel as if I've taken a giant leap back in time. It's all so magical and profoundly romantic—especially sharing it with my new husband."

"Hmm," Nick interjected as he rubbed his jaw, "wouldn't that part read better if you wrote '*with my very sexy and handsome new husband*'?"

"You'd make a great editor," Polly said, grinning as she scribbled in the new words. "Okay, this is what I wrote today." She cleared her throat again. "Daily life on the island is immensely different than that of a typical American city. Coming from Athens, the ferry wakes the town up at seven-thirty in the morning. The shops open at eight and close at two in the afternoon for the Greek version of the *siesta*. At six the Greeks come back to their jobs feeling relaxed and refreshed after their rest, and it isn't until ten in the evening when they're ready for dinner, usually followed by another round of ouzo and some rousing conversation. While I initially found the schedule a bit difficult to get used to, I was soon keeping hours like the locals and—"

"Look," Nick said, nudging Polly's arm.

"What?"

"Up on the hillside." He pointed. "There's a little cave. See it?"

Shielding her eyes from the sun, Polly craned her neck. "Oh yes. Now I do." She let out a *whoop* as Nick grabbed her ass with one hand and her breast with the other. She looked up at him and he gave her *that certain look*. "Ooh, Nikolas," she said excitedly, "you mean...?"

Nodding, he took his wife's hand and altered their course, heading up the hill. "After all," he said, "we've never done it in a cave before."

* * * * *

At ten forty-five Polly's eyelids fluttered closed while she savored the last bite of her dinner.

"I'm glad to see that you're becoming an aficionado of our local cuisine," Nick said.

"Mmmm, I really have to learn how to make these for Polly's Provisions." She opened her eyes and licked her lips. "And for you, of course." She gave a bright smile and leaned across the small round table to give Nick a kiss. "Imagine...zucchini flowers stuffed with cheese and deep-fried. Who would have thought? But it was when I dug into that plate of fresh grilled sardines seasoned with oil, lemon and oregano that I knew I was hooked. It's positively the *last* thing I would *ever* imagine myself eating, much less enjoying."

"Just wait until you try the grilled octopus." Nick laughed as Polly's features contorted.

"Eeew, are you kidding? I saw that thing you ate at the café yesterday. It was as big as an arm for chrissakes. No thank you!" Holding out her hand like a crossing guard, she adamantly shook her head.

Nick's eyes grew heavy-lidded. "Well, fortunately, my lovely wife, the one thing we can always agree on is," he took Polly's hand and brought it to his lips, kissing her palm, "dessert."

Polly arched an eyebrow and stroked his jaw. "Ooh, you're so right, my darling. And what sort of delectable Grecian sweet have you cooked up for us tonight, hmm?" She rested an elbow on the table and propped her chin on her hand as she gazed at her handsome husband.

"A surprise. Something you've never sampled before." Nick gave a devilish grin and slowly licked the inside of her wrist. "In honor of our one month wedding anniversary tomorrow." He nibbled at her pulse point.

"Mmmm, sounds intriguing." Polly squirmed a bit in her chair. She loved the way just a particular look, action, or a few simple words from Nick could make her pussy juices run. "I hope it's something big...and thick...and hard...because I've got a voracious appetite for dessert." She slowly slicked her tongue across her lips and smiled.

"Come here, you little vixen."

Polly rose from her chair and rounded the table, where she straddled Nick. "Shame on you, Nikolas. You've made my pussy all hot and wet." She watched Nick swallow hard. "So what are you going to do about it, huh?" Her fingers were busy with the buttons of his white shirt and then once she had exposed Nick's burnished skin, they traveled down his chest, his abs and his denim-covered groin, settling at his hard cock and squeezing gently.

Groaning in response, Nick easily found Polly's jutting nipples through the light cotton sweater she wore over her jeans. Latching on to the hard peaks with his thumbs

and forefingers, he pulled Polly close to his chest as he pinched and twisted. Then he swallowed her rapturous moans with an almost brutal kiss. After plundering the depths of her mouth with his tongue, Nick pulled back a bit.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do about it. I'm going to lick up every last drop of your succulent cream. And then I'm going to bring you to a screaming orgasm with my teeth."

Every nerve ending in Polly's body bristled, standing at rapt attention as she visualized the delicious scenario Nick had verbally painted. "Oh God, Nick. Yes. Do it to me. Please, do it to me." She threw her head back and moaned.

Nick kissed her long slender throat. "Not yet, baby. You have to be patient for a little while longer."

Polly squirmed against her husband's burgeoning cock, doing her best to drive him to distraction. "But, Nikolas, I'm so hot! And it's all your fault." Her bottom lip slipped into a pout. "It's positively cruel to make me wait."

Nick glanced at his watch. "Just another few minutes and my special anniversary surprise will arrive. And I promise you it will be worth the wait."

Polly perked up and her eyes widened. "It's something you're having delivered?" She could see that Nick was clearly enjoying this.

"Yes. You might say it's a special delivery."

"What is it? Come on, tell me, Nick, tell me." She bounced in his lap. "Is it some sort of food?"

Nick nodded and smiled. "Your favorite food could be involved."

"My fav—" Polly breathed in hard. "Chocolate?" Her voice was low and husky as she spoke the word with utmost reverence. "Ooh, Nick, you got me some sort of special Grecian chocolate, didn't you?"

Nick laughed. "Honestly, Polly, sometimes I think you love chocolate more than you do me."

Wrapping her arms around her husband's neck, Polly shrugged. "I'll admit, it's very close." She beamed a teasing smile as she held her thumb and forefinger an inch apart. "And that should make you feel *very* good—because nothing and no one before has ever succeeded in coming even minutely close to my passion for chocolate."

"That's what I figured." Nick laughed again. "Well, since this is dessert, I can tell you that my surprise does involve something Grecian, something chocolate and sex. Lots and lots of sex."

"All at the top of my list of favorites!" She could feel that hot moist notch between her legs creaming again in anticipation.

When then the doorbell to their seaside villa rang, Polly's excited gaze locked onto Nick's. And then she hopped from his lap. "Should I answer it?"

"By all means." Nick grinned as he nodded. "After all, it's for you, *kukla mu*."

Like an excited youngster, Polly dashed for the front door and eagerly threw it open. She smiled with delight as she observed her husband's twin brother standing across the threshold.

"George!" Polly wrapped her arms around his neck as Nick's twin leaned close to kiss her cheek. "I had no idea you were in Greece. When did you arrive?"

"Just this morning. Special delivery. Just for you." Winking across the room at Nick, he kissed the tip of Polly's nose. "And how is my beautiful new sister-in-law enjoying Greece?" he said as Polly ushered him into the villa.

"I love it! Absolutely adore it." Her smile grew wide as she eyed the red satin ribbon and bow slung across George's broad chest.

"Hmm." She fingered the red sash and looked at the gift-wrapped box he carried. "Greeks bearing gifts, I see."

"All for you, Polly," George said, handing her the ribboned box. "Both me," he made a sweeping bow and then gestured to his red sash, "as well as the contents of the box. In honor of your marriage to my little brother."

Polly looked back at Nick and smiled when he nodded and winked at her. The threesome! So this was Nick's surprise. Immediately, the thought of being sandwiched between the two gloriously muscled brothers sent a surge of liquid heat straight to her pussy.

"*Efharisto, Yorgo*," Polly said, carefully pronouncing the words *thank you*, as well as George's name in Greek.

"Very good. Arching an eyebrow, George smiled. "I'm impressed."

George and Polly walked over to the table where Nick still sat, sipping a glass of ouzo. The brothers greeted each other with a hug and pat on the back while Polly set the box on the table and carefully opened it. She drew out a jar, a bottle and a smaller box. All of them were labeled in Greek.

She held the jar aloft, twisting it to and fro. "Chocolate?" she asked hopefully.

George nodded. "*Sokolata aythadiaz*."

"Chocolate sauce," Nick clarified. "Remember, Yorgo, she doesn't speak Greek." The brothers exchanged a perceptive smile as Polly's eyes brightened at the mere sight of chocolate.

"But I'm learning quickly." Carefully setting the jar on the table as if it contained precious gems, Polly smiled. "And, in fact, as a hopelessly devoted chocoholic, the one Greek word I learned long before I even met Nick was *theobroma*. It's the botanical name for cacao bean and means *food of the gods*."

She held up the bottle and examined it. "And what's this?"

"It's *sokolata koniak*," George said. "A special chocolate flavored liqueur that a local chocolatier makes from Greek brandy."

"You're going to love this, Polly," Nick said, and Polly automatically licked her lips. He chuckled as Polly bubbled with childlike excitement. "You see, Yorgo, I wasn't kidding when I told you about Polly's passion for all things chocolate."

"That's why I made sure to bring plenty of it." George winked. As she reached for the small box, he said, "And that's *Sokolata Esoroucha*, Polly. Just in case you forgot yours again." His gaze dropped to her crotch.

Polly's brows knitted. "Huh?"

George and Nick laughed as they shared a knowing look. "Chocolate undies," Nick explained.

"Oh." With her fingers half covering her eyes, Polly felt herself blush as she remembered the first time she'd met George, mistaking him for Nick and brazenly announcing that she'd forgotten her underpants. Lifting the cover from the box, she held up a pair of chocolate flavored candy pants, laced up each side. She immediately pictured each brother nibbling at an opposite side and grinned. Unable to stop herself, she took a little nibble from the back.

"Mmmm, these are surprisingly good."

"Yorgo and I will have to sample them for ourselves a little later." Nick waggled his eyebrows. "So, *kukla mu*, are you in the mood for some very special dessert?" he asked, nipping the back of Polly's earlobe. "Perhaps you can think of some clever ways for the three of us to incorporate these chocolate items, hmm?" His hand fell to one of her ass cheeks and squeezed.

"Oh yes." Her pussy tingled at the thought of this gorgeous pair of amazingly well-hung Greek stallions taking her. Any timidity about engaging in this threesome was strongly diminished by her passion and expectation. The scathingly delicious idea of being sandwiched between two big, handsome men was too scrumptious to resist—especially when chocolate was added to the equation. She scooped up the chocolate goodies, then smiled and crooked her finger at the brothers as she headed for the bedroom. "Definitely."

Chapter Ten

Decorated in shades of dark blue and cream, the villa's sizeable master bedroom suite had a soothing, almost meditative aura. An imposing king-sized bed was positioned at the center of one wall, strewn with a profusion of pillows trimmed with the Greek key design. Tantalizing visions of the three of them happily fucking their way across the satin sheets danced through Nick's imagination.

Polly deposited the chocolate sauce and liqueur on one of the nightstands. "While I set the stage and then go change into something a little more...comfortable," she smiled as she playfully dangled the candy pants from her fingers, "why don't you two strip down to your shorts. That'll give me some time to cook up the perfect fantasy scenario for the three of us." She lit a profusion of candles and some sandalwood incense and then popped in a CD of classical music before heading for the closet.

George slanted Nick a puzzled look. "You didn't tell her?" he whispered to his brother.

"No." A devilish smile curling his lip, Nick shook his head. "I thought it would be more fun to surprise her." He winked and George grinned in return. "Sure," Nick called to Polly as she slipped into the bathroom to change, "but give us a few extra minutes. Yorgo and I need to get a few special things ready." He motioned for George to hurry as he unzipped his fly with George quickly following suit.

"Oh really? Like what?" Polly poked her head out of the bathroom, eagerly craning her neck.

"Hey, no peeking," Nick said, holding his jeans closed with one hand and gesturing for her to close the door with the other. "Just stay in there until we tell you to come out."

"Ooh. You've planned something special for us to role-play. Is that it?" Polly asked excitedly, holding the door open about an inch and peeking through the crack.

Hearing the unmistakable curiosity in Polly's voice, Nick grinned at his brother.

"That's for us to know and you to find out," George said, laughing. "Now close that door and stop being so nosy or else I'll —"

"You'll what?" Polly cooed. "You'll come in here and spank me?"

"As enticing as that sounds, no, that's not what I had in mind." George arched an eyebrow and let out a wicked chuckle as he shook his head in wonder. He looked to his brother who simply offered a shrug. "But what I *will* do if you don't behave," George continued, "is gather up all the chocolate and go home—and we won't play." He winked at his brother and Nick gave him a thumbs-up.

The bathroom door closed immediately.

"Smart thinking, Yorgo." Nick gave his brother a pat on the back. "I've learned the hard way that the only way the woman can be controlled is by threatening to confiscate her chocolate. Works every time." He laughed and yanked off his jeans. "Do you have your stuff on underneath?"

"Yeah." George nodded. "You were right. Polly's a little minx alright," he said as he began to strip. "I just hope she enjoys what we've cooked up for her."

"She'll love it. Trust me. You'll see." Nick indulged in a knowing laugh as he got down on all fours and dragged a paper bag from beneath the bed. "Yorgo, you have to understand what we're dealing with here. Polly is a woman who lives for creating and acting out elaborate sexual fantasies. And this one is..." He scratched his head. "What is the word in English?"

"Eh...a doozie?" George offered.

"Yes!" Nick beamed a grin. "That's it." With a wink he dumped the contents of the sack on the bed and selected a squeeze bottle of ketchup, popping the top before handing it to George. "Here, you can go first."

"Got our knives?" George asked, as he took the ketchup.

Nodding, Nick rummaged through the items until he found two small carving knives. He smiled as he held one aloft, watching the blade glint in the light, and then he passed it to his brother.

"Oh yes," Nick said, his smile growing broader, "this is definitely something Polly won't soon forget."

When the brothers gave Polly the okay she returned, wearing her new chocolate-flavored candy pants and a short black silk robe with the bow from George's red sash pinned provocatively at one breast.

"Do you know how long you guys kept me waiting in there? All I have to say is this better be—" Her eyes widened and she stopped cold when she looked at the two tantalizing men standing before her dressed in skimpy leather loincloths, with assorted leather strips tied over their biceps and a few discreet lines of blood crisscrossing their chests and arms. If she hadn't spotted the ketchup bottle on the nightstand she would have been worried, because the wounds looked so real. They each sported small leather-sheathed knives at their waists.

"—good," Polly managed to finish amidst a nerve-tingling crush of desire. She fanned herself as she took in every detail of their getups. The sexy pair of well-muscled hunks smiled and flexed for her. She thought they looked as if they'd stepped off the set of a big budget movie. Fully enveloped in a veil of passionate ardor, Polly licked her lips and wondered how the hell she'd ever managed to get so damned lucky.

"Ooh, my...this is a surprise," she cooed. There was no way she could hide her delighted grin as she eyed the enormous bulges beneath the loincloths, as well as twin fleshscapes of hard muscle flexing and cording across chests, abs, arms and legs as the brothers moved.

Her silk robe left no way to hide her anticipation as her erect nipples stabbed high beneath the fabric. "And a very nice one, I might add." As she allowed her gaze to linger on the ballooning loincloths she felt her pussy grow dewy in expectancy of the double treat.

Nick swapped the classical CD with one that he'd taken from his paper sack, positioning the player's setting to repeat the disc continuously. In a moment the bedroom reverberated with an enlivened, vigorous selection of jungle noises that included squawking birds, excited chimpanzees, blaring elephants, brawny Tarzan yells, exuberant native drums and chants and a host of other jungle-themed sounds.

"Good grief." Polly's eyes widened in awe. "Where in the world did you find *that*?"

"I am Tarzan," Nick said, ignoring her question and pounding a fist against his broad, naked chest. "And this is my twin brother—"

"I know, don't tell me," Polly said through a giggle as she pointed at Nick's brother. "He's George of the Jungle!"

"No," Nick said with a tsk as he stifled a grin. "He is Zantar. We are strong, virile and barbaric. And we are identical...in every way." His gaze fell to his groin and Polly's followed.

Her cunt juices started to pool in her candy pants. "Mmmm, I like the look of the loincloths. Very authentic." She licked her lips.

"We live deep in the jungle among the apes," George added. "We speak limited English and have never seen a white woman before."

"You are Jane," Nick said. "You have bravely come to the jungle to visit your milquetoast fiancé, Tobias the writer, because he was idiotic enough to leave his beautiful Jane behind. He is a limp, small-cocked, poor excuse for a lover..."

Polly's eyebrow arched. She couldn't help chuckling at Nick's thinly veiled distaste for Thomas, her former fiancé. The writer had been a recent subject of conversation when Nick and Polly read that Thomas had married a twenty-something actress. She wasn't the same one that Polly had caught him screwing in London. Another bony size-zero, this one was starring in the movie adaptation of his book, *Blood Over Troubled Water*.

"...and when Zantar and I steal you away from your exploration party and unexciting, mini-cocked fiancé," Nick continued, "you can't help but be mesmerized by the thought of the two of us driving our massive, rock-hard cocks into your silky, tight pussy and your firm ass."

With her clit enlivened by surges of electrical tingles, Polly was sure she'd come right there on the spot. She fanned herself with her hand until she caught her breath.

"I see you two have been busy putting your heads together to cook up your own sexy little fantasy for our ménage à trois, hmm?" They each smiled proudly and nodded in reply. Polly gleefully rubbed her hands together. "Great! I love it. What happens next?"

"First, you will wear this instead of the silk robe." Nick tossed her something. "Go put it on and then come back."

"And leave on the candy pants," George added.

In just a couple of minutes, Polly returned, wearing a leather Jane-type jungle tunic, complete with tears and holes in appropriately provocative places. Her breasts spilled over the top of the skimpy article of clothing. She couldn't help but notice that both Tarzan's and Zantar's loincloths were tenting mightily as they eyed Polly in her abbreviated fantasy garb.

"Obviously you two went to a lot of work to have these costumes prepared." She smiled as she fingered the tan leather. "I'm very impressed."

"Just for you, baby," Nick said with a wink. "And, if you'll notice, there are no stays." He laughed, and then cleared his throat and became serious. "From this point forward we will fully immerse ourselves in our roles. You shall address us as Tarzan and Zantar, and we will call you Jane. Is that clear?"

Polly nodded. "Yes, Tarzan."

"We have taken you against your will. You are both fascinated and frightened," George began.

"Your flaccid fiancé has formed a search party to find you," Nick added. "They are equipped with guns, spears, knives and whips. Zantar and I fight them off, as well as the hungry lion they have brought in a cage to kill us."

As she listened, Polly's body undulated to the strong primal rhythm of the erotic jungle fantasy.

"We protect ourselves and you with only our crude knives and our bare hands," George said. "As you can see, our hard muscular bodies have been bloodied and torn," he flexed his ketchup-striped pecs and biceps for effect, "but, as always, we are victors in battle." And then both he and Nick engaged in an impressive round of pectoral flexing.

Her pussy tingling with devastating need, Polly let out a mighty sigh as she watched their sizeable muscles tense and jump. She was in heaven.

"As we begin our fantasy," Nick said, "you have told your lily-white, cowardly, small-cocked fiancé that what he has done is wrong and you have sent him away. He has gone squealing back to polite society with his tail between his legs."

"You have decided to remain with us," George added, "and tend our wounds."

Nick nodded. "But we need little recuperation time because we are so eager to explore every inch of the beautiful white woman's voluptuous, goddess-like body. Zantar and I are hot for the big-breasted, shapely, flame-haired Jane. We have no use for rawboned, size-zero, childlike women. Only fools like the cheating Tobias are attracted to such skinny toothpicks."

"They look sickly, anemic and unsexy to us," George added, nodding in agreement.

Polly worked to squelch back a rising chuckle. "Thom — er, I mean, Tobias, was soft and flabby, with a flat little boy's chest," she said, trying to keep her smile at bay. "He wasn't hard, firm and sculpted like both of you magnificent specimens of manhood." Her tongue trailed a wet path from Nick's elbow to his shoulder.

"And Tobias's cock was indeed small and unimpressive. Jane has dreamed of being filled to capacity with a pair of thick...long...rigid cocks." Her gaze fell to their loincloths and she licked her lips slowly. "Do you two think you might be able to satisfy Jane with those gargantuan twin jungle vines of yours?" Polly batted her eyelashes as she gently grabbed the meaty packages that bulged beneath the brothers' individual loincloths. She found their surprised chorused groans most amusing.

She sucked in the picture of their hard muscled bodies, primed for making her dreams come true. "Oh yes...this jungle-themed threesome is going to be great fun," she said with a bright smile.

In the blink of an eye, Polly was swept up in two pairs of strong arms and roundly deposited in the center of the large bed's sea of deep blue satin.

"Mmm, you boys *are* anxious, aren't you?" She laughed.

As she lay flat on her back, the dark-eyed brothers mounted the bed, one on each side of her. Circling her on their hands and knees with arched backs and heated gazes, they resembled hungry tigers, moving in for the kill. Polly swallowed hard as fiery pangs of desire rippled through her like lightning. It was going to be damned hard not to collapse into orgasmic bliss at the first touch.

"Tarzan want to fuck Jane's pussy," Nick said.

"Zantar want to fuck Jane's ass," George said.

"Well that's good," Polly sucked in a deep breath, "because Jane wants to be fucked senseless." She squirmed in place as her pussy's warm honey flowed. "Come on, boys. Jane ready...*now!*"

Each brother clamped his teeth on a side of the candy panties and, in an instant, had ripped them from Polly's bottom.

"Mmmm, not bad," George said, chewing and swallowing a small piece of the chocolate-flavored undies.

"But Jane tastes even better," Nick said with a devilish grin as his tongue swiped across her dripping pussy. Polly shivered.

Then they each drew the knives from the leather sheaths at their sides. Polly drew in an audible gasp as she watched the shiny metal glint in the candlelight.

"Whoa! Nick, what are you —"

"Me *Tarzan*," Nick said, cutting her off. "Not *Nick*. Jane be still now."

Except for her heaving breaths as he brought the blade closer to her breast, Polly remained very still. She could see that George was closing in on the other breast. For a moment she wondered if her husband and brother-in-law could possibly be into something far kinkier and more dangerous than she had imagined.

Nick lifted the leather strap over one of Polly's breasts and slit the fabric, while George did the same on her other side. As the brothers tugged the leather down, Polly's breasts sprang free, bouncing and jiggling as the nipples crinkled to hard points. Pantyless and braless, the tan leather tunic now covered her midriff like a corset.

"White goddess Jane has huge bouncing breasts," Nick said just before locking his teeth over one inviting nipple.

George jiggled Polly's other breast for a moment and then grinned. "Zantar like very much. Zantar no like plastic tits." His teeth clamped onto her nipple and he pulled while Nick tugged on the other.

"Oh yes...yes...suck me hard. Oh dear God that feels *wonderful*." With extremely sensitive breasts, Polly enjoyed having rapt attention paid to her nipples. In fact, she could come just from nipple stimulation alone. With two sets of teeth paying homage to her aching nipples now, her passion intensified sharply.

As the twins continued to twist, suck and pull, Polly fisted a hank of raven hair on the backs of each of their heads. She was wet, willing and tingling with need. And then she felt two hands spreading her pussy lips and gliding across her eager clit. Her head thrashed about, sending wisps of auburn flying into the brothers' faces.

"Oh my God!" Polly shrieked, lost in orgasmic ecstasy.

"Jane feel good?" Nick asked with a smile.

She bucked upward, savoring the delicious after-thrills. "Incredible," Polly answered lazily. She reached a hand out to each side, resting them on the leather-enclosed crotches of her jungle lovers. With a solid squeeze, she caressed their bone-hard cocks and sighed.

"Tarzan, be a good boy and pass Jane the chocolate sauce."

In a flash, Nick had unscrewed the lid from the jar and passed the container to Polly.

"And Zantar, would you be a dear and pass me the chocolate liqueur?"

George eagerly opened the bottle and passed it to Polly.

"First, Jane wants both of you to take a swig." She held out the bottle to George, who complied and then passed the liqueur to his brother. After Nick took a gulp, Polly helped herself with a hearty swig.

"Whew, you Greeks sure do enjoy your alcohol potent, don't you?" She laughed and then took a second sip before handing the bottle back to George to set back on the nightstand.

"Okay, now Jane wants you both upright on your knees. And take off your loincloths so that Jane can get a good eyeful of her captors' great big jungle jewels." She grinned. Nick and George didn't waste any time abiding by Polly's wishes. In just a moment they were each presenting their thick, generous cocks as they sat up on their knees.

Polly moved across the bed so that she was facing the pair. She sat there for a moment just staring at the massive twin pillars and shaking her head, astounded by the erotic sensations surging through her.

"Damn...you really are identical. Exquisite. Simply superb," she whispered. "I swear to God, if I hadn't seen this with my own eyes, I'd never believe it." Her smile grew wide as she contemplated the implausibly huge cocks bobbing at attention before her. Their purple heads glistened with beads of moisture as they waited to fill her. Her body gave an involuntary shiver at the delicious thought.

Polly dipped her fingers into the jar of Grecian chocolate sauce, first slathering Nick's cock and then George's, much to their obvious, mutual pleasure. Leaning back to survey her handiwork, she licked her lips and grinned. In the next moment her tongue began swirling around Nick's cock slowly and sensuously, and then she paused to pay homage to George's dick, lapping up every last bit of the chocolate before she came up for air.

Amid mighty groans from her jungle lovers, Polly smacked her lips. "Now I ask you, who needs chocolate covered bananas when they can wrap their mouths around these goodies instead, hmm?" And then she took Nick's cock into her mouth, greedily sucking while she gripped the shaft of George's cock, milking it firmly with her hand. After a short time, she switched and sucked on George's cock while she pumped Nick's with her hand. They had their hands on her breasts, her head and her shoulders – fondling, tugging, pushing. She halted her activity before allowing them to climax.

"Zantar, Jane wants your big cock in her ass." Polly licked a speck of remaining chocolate from one hand. "Tarzan, Jane wants you to fill her slick, wet pussy with your thick jungle vine." She licked a dab of chocolate from the other hand, moaning a long, low *mmmmmm*. "Are the mighty jungle lovers ready to fuck Jane with the ferocious passion of lions in heat? To fuck Jane until she's raw?"

"Jane is a she-devil," George said, gulping for air.

"I told you, didn't I, big brother?" Nick said with a laugh. "We'll be lucky to make it out of this jungle adventure alive."

"Ready," the brothers said in unison.

"Tarzan," Polly paused to run her tongue across the pseudo-wounds on his chest that tasted of ketchup and salty sweat, "you get under me and get ready to have me sit on your beautiful cock after Zantar fills me from the back." After a quick nibble on her breast, Nick complied.

George outfitted himself with a condom and lubed it generously. Polly bent over, presenting her ass to George, to allow him to lubricate her anus. The sweet sensation of his large oiled finger sliding in and around the tight rosebud opening, while his other hand kneaded her ass cheek – while at the same time having Nick's fingers slick inside her pussy – nearly made Polly come on the spot. Her cunt juices ran hot in anticipation of all that tantalizingly engorged flesh filling her.

George spread Polly's ass cheeks and then she felt him position the tip of his cock at her opening. As he eased the gargantuan instrument into her, she whimpered.

"Am I hurting you?" George asked.

"Don't worry about Jane," Polly said with a throaty chuckle. "She can take it. Tarzan has prepared her well for this moment. Haven't you, Tarzan, dear?" Smiling, she raked her fingers over Nick's chest beneath her.

"Now go ahead, Zantar, and give it to me, nice and slow." She kept her eyes on her husband's face as George slid further into her ass. She could see Nick's excitement as his wife's features altered with each of George's invading movements. Watching Nick's eyes darken with fierce longing while his jaw clenched and unclenched as his brother's big cock filled her from behind made the experience twice as exciting.

"Bite my tits, Tarzan," she nearly grunted. "Suck them hard." Nick reached up to catch both of Polly's jutting nipples into his mouth at once, teasing them with his teeth, just the way she liked. Polly moaned with pleasure.

"Good God, Jane is tight," George rasped. "Zantar must fight hard not to come."

"Slip onto Tarzan's hard rod now, Jane," Nick commanded, as if knowing that a burning emptiness suddenly tingled in Polly's cunt.

With a bit of careful maneuvering, Polly managed to position herself over Nick's huge waiting shaft. She was so wet that she was able to immediately impale herself, screaming as she slid down the enormous pole.

In unison, the brothers stopped cold and asked, "Are you alright?"

Polly was silent for a long moment. She sucked in a startled breath as her body adjusted to the delicious dual invasion. "Yes...yes, I think so." Her voice came out low, throaty and sultry. The acute feeling of fullness was overwhelming, all-encompassing – something she'd never before experienced.

"It...it's like being split open...but in a good way," she said, panting as her juices trickled down her thighs. "The best way." A precise mix of pain and pleasure spiraled through every cell of her body. "Yes, I'm okay. I know I'm going to be sore as hell tomorrow," she chuckled, "but I'm okay. My God you two are big!"

She started to rock gently back and forth. And then she slowly began to gyrate. The brothers groaned and she moaned as the twins matched her movements.

"Oh, this is hot. So fucking hot." She threw her head back as she continued to swivel slowly, generating incredibly erotic sensations both in her pussy and her ass.

"Oh yeah." George reached around and cupped her breasts, finding her nipples and twisting them hard as he continued to slide his shaft in and out of her ass.

"Come for us, Jane," Nick grunted as he slipped his fingers between her wet cunt lips, quickly flicking a finger across her clit while Polly continued to ride him. "Let me feel you come hard, baby."

In a nanosecond, the intense pressure and buildup of euphoric passion pounced and shattered through Polly's mind and body. As if spiritually conjoined, she and the

twins cried out shouts of pleasure as they came within seconds of each other. Gripped by a blustery whirlwind of orgasmic rapture, Polly felt as if electrically charged currents crackled throughout every cell of her being. She was wholly spellbound as she and the brothers became enmeshed in a vociferous series of passionate growls, grunts, groans and moans. The magnitude of their intense three-way climax left the trio limp, satiated and ecstatically blissful.

"That was the best damned sex I've ever had in my life," Nick announced once he'd come back to Earth and caught his breath.

"I second that," George said, easing his cock out of Polly's anus.

"Me three," Polly declared. She raised herself off of Nick's cock. "Let's do it again!" Her face was bright and gleeful as she briskly rubbed her hands together.

Exchanging astonished looks, Nick and George groaned in unison.

"Please, Jane," George said, laughing as he flipped his wilted cock, "have mercy. Tarzan and Zantar are only human. Our poor spent cocks need time to recuperate."

"Damn," Polly tsked, "I knew it."

"What?" George asked.

"Just like I thought," Polly teased, shrugging one shoulder. "I was afraid that you two young vine swingers wouldn't be man enough to keep up with me." Nick and George exchanged incredulous looks and Polly breathed a long, noisy sigh. "Come on, boys," she said as she grasped each of their malleable rods, "there's no time like the present. Cocks up!" She leaned over and zigzagged a path around each of their stirring shafts with her tongue.

George's jaw dropped as he saw his previously immobile cock twitch. "Jane is wicked."

"I warned you, didn't I?" Nick said, laughing as he watched his own dick spring back to life. "The woman is insatiable."

Chapter Eleven

Polly reached for the jar of chocolate sauce. "Well, maybe Jane will just have to go swinging on the vines through the deep dark jungle until she finds herself another pair of naked, muscle-bound hunks who will have enough stamina to lick the chocolate off of Jane's pretty little pussy and her round alabaster ass."

And then, positioned up on her knees, Polly scooped up a big dollop of chocolate and slathered it first on her cunt, and then along her butt crack—and then she slowly licked her fingers.

With a nonchalant look at the brothers, whose drained cocks were bravely springing back to attention, Polly hopped off the bed and stood before them. She shimmied out of the leather tunic that was still wrapped around her midriff and let it fall to her feet. Then she stretched—a big long, languorous, cat-like stretch that she knew displayed her ample curves to perfection.

"Jane is tired," she feigned a yawn, "but she still has enough strength to have some big strong barbarians eat her. Or...maybe she'll go in search of a couple of huge, hairy apes with giant dark cocks to satisfy her womanly needs." She threw her head back and ran her hands down her chest, over her breasts, down her midriff and belly and across her chocolate-covered crotch before resting them between her thighs.

With a high-spirited look at each other, Nick and George leapt off the bed and were at Polly's side in a flash.

She appraised their impressively mounting cocks and grinned. "Ooh, now that's more like it, boys. Chocolate, anyone?" With hands on her hips, she spread her legs so the he-men could catch a glimpse of the sweet dark sauce that glistened against her curls.

George and Nick dropped to their knees, with Nick contentedly eating Polly's pussy and George lapping up the chocolate from her butt crack. After licking the chocolate from her fingers, Polly placed a hand on each of their heads and let her head roll from side to side while she savored the exquisite sensations of being licked and nibbled front and back.

"Jane flows with her own musky honey that enhances the chocolate," Nick said.

"And licking Jane's ass is like kissing the moon in the heavens," George added as his tongue probed the puckered opening.

"Ooh, very nice, Tarzan and Zantar," Polly said on a breathy sigh. "Very nice."

Nick caught her engorged clit in his teeth and Polly gasped. He nibbled and sucked and slurped while she forcefully trembled and whimpered. He continued to torment

her clitoris until her legs involuntarily clenched around Nick's and George's faces as her passion-crazed body geared up to rocket off into space.

"Oh God, no, I can't take it!" With a sharp cry, Polly yanked the coal-black hair on the twins' heads and stiffened every muscle as a quaking orgasm ignited her insides like jet fuel. For the third time that evening she was swiftly propelled through another dimension and then thrust back to the present, where she was left with a most pleasing sensation of supreme satisfaction.

Firmly supported by two pairs of strong, corded arms as she collapsed into a mass of quivering jelly, she soon found herself back in the middle of the king-sized bed, nestled in deep blue satin.

"That was awesome, boys. Sheer, unadulterated orgasmic joy." She eyed her proud jungle captors and furrowed her brow. "Oh dear, I see that I've forgotten to tend to your wounds." She fingered the now dried ketchup-blood stripes on their chests and then reached for the bottle of chocolate liqueur. Holding the bottle close to the hollow in Nick's throat, she dribbled the deep amber liquid down his chest, lapping it up as it trickled over the hard sculpted planes of his pecs and six-pack abs. And then she repeated the process with George.

"All better?" she asked, pursing her lips as she batted her eyelashes.

"Almost." Nick's dimples appeared as he engaged in a devilish smile. "But Tarzan's big cock still aches. Needs Jane's attention."

Matching Nick's dimpled smile, George nodded in agreement. "Zantar's cock needs Jane's healing magic, too."

When Polly began to position the bottle of liqueur above Nick's crisp, curly thatch of hair, he yelped and quickly covered his cock. "Whoa! Alcohol not good on Tarzan's or Zantar's cocks, Jane." He shook his head. "Jane heal with chocolate sauce instead." He wagged his eyebrows and Polly laughed.

Replacing the bottle on the nightstand, Polly reached for the jar of chocolate sauce. As she slathered Nick's colossal cock with the delicious confection, she turned to George. "While Jane soothes Tarzan's cock with her mouth, she will heal your cock with the magic juices inside her silky pussy, Zantar." Polly got on her hands and knees, stuffing a couple of satin encased pillows under her midsection.

Beaming a bright smile, George reached for his strip of condoms and rolled one on his eager, bobbing dowel.

"Tarzan, on your knees before me. Let Jane see that big cock of yours so she can lick away all the aches." She didn't have to tell Nick twice. In an instant he'd positioned himself on his knees in front of her so that his super-sized rod pointed directly at her waiting mouth. Polly eyed the enticing thick rod of chocolate covered flesh, licking her lips as she moaned.

"Zantar, you fuck Jane's pussy from behind and bathe your cock in her cream."

Polly watched the muscles in Nick's powerful thighs bunch as she took him in her mouth. At the same time, George pierced her cunt with his cock, filling her, stretching

her and pushing her forward so that Nick's cock sank deeper into her throat. There was a chorus of harmonious groans as the threesome embarked on their newest sexual adventure.

Glancing up to Nick's face she found his heavy-lidded gaze glued to her mouth as she lovingly sucked his organ. She twirled her tongue around his cock, swallowing the luscious chocolate as she licked – emitting delighted little murmurs along the way. As George intensified his rhythm, savagely pounding into her cunt from the back, Polly felt herself teetering on the verge of a magnificent netherworld of fulfillment. Enraptured, she moved her mouth back and forth over her husband's firm cock, milking him hard.

Nick threaded his fingers through her hair and grabbed handfuls as Polly pleased him. She taunted the head of his cock, licking the sensitive slit at the tip, lapping at the pre-cum.

"This is too good," he said, breathing hard. "I'm...I'm not going to be able to last long."

"That's because Tarzan is still a boy," George teased as he drove hard into Polly. "Zantar can easily outlast his baby brother."

"Oh yeah? Well I—" Nick's retort was cut short as Polly's teeth performed her special magic on his cock. His rumbling growl was low and loud.

Next, Polly succeeded in wiping the self-satisfied smirk that she pictured on George's face by tightly clenching her cunt around his invading cock and then executing an amazing spiral twist. The magnitude of his growl harmonized with his brother's.

Now it was Polly's turn to engage in a lusty, self-righteous smile as she experienced the twins firmly ensnared in her sexual command. The episode was heady and gratifying.

At just the right moment, Polly released Nick's cock from her mouth just long enough to declare, "Jane wants to feel both of her virile jungle lovers come in unison." Her steadfast proclamation completed, she clamped her mouth over Nick's cock again. Her talented tongue and teeth proceeded to send him over the edge. And then she tortured George's cock with a wicked, clasping twist, propelling him head-on into orgasmic bliss.

Nick's hips bucked against Polly's face as his hot seed gushed down the back of her throat in surging torrents, his savage roar reverberating in her ears. Simultaneously, George dug his fingers into Polly's ass cheeks and, with a final thrust, spewed his semen as he howled his release.

Hanging on as long as she could before surrendering to the fervor engulfing her being, Polly finally bonded in lusty accord with the brothers as she found her libido swinging and soaring higher and higher from the uppermost pinnacle of jungle vines and then gently swooping back toward Earth and depositing her in a tangled musky heap of arms and legs.

"Jane has good medicine for aching cock," Nick said with a throaty chuckle.

"I don't know," George said with a twinkle in his eye. "I think Jane killed Zantar's cock." He gingerly fingered his shriveled penis.

"Oh, don't worry, Zantar," Polly said, beaming a bright grin. "Jane knows how to resurrect lifeless cocks...doesn't she, Tarzan?" She reached over and wove her fingers through the dark curls on Nick's chest before patting his pecs.

"Unfortunately, brother, she does," Nick said, propping himself up on his elbows. "There's simply no escaping this she-devil's powerful magic once she has her mind set on reviving a seemingly comatose cock." He kissed the top of Polly's head. "Be prepared to be sapped of all your vigor and stamina for at least the next few days."

Propping himself against a stack of pillows at the headboard, George scratched his head and laughed. "Well, if Zantar must breathe his last, he can think of no better way to go than to be done in by this ravishing temptress."

"I have to tell you both that I've thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the delectable jungle fantasy you created." Polly sat up between her twin lovers and leaned over to kiss each one on his cheek. "I can't remember when I've had more fun, or when I've felt so relentlessly horny and then so ultimately satisfied."

"I agree," George said. "I knew it would be fun, but I had no idea that my cock would get such a comprehensive erotic workout." He laughed and sat upright, locking his fingers behind his head and, closing his eyes with a satisfied sigh, resting his head against the wall. "It was a perfect multi-orgasmic evening. Shall we conclude our threesome tryst by polishing off the remainder of the chocolate liqueur?"

Polly burst forth with laughter and George slanted her a bewildered look.

Nick sat up fully, shook his head and tsked. "You still haven't learned, have you, brother?"

George frowned. "I don't understand, what—" He stopped in mid-sentence as Polly's fingers caressed their shoulders and then slowly slid down to cup each of their limp cocks, artfully massaging the tired, twitching penises.

Nick and George exchanged apprehensive glances. "Uh-oh," George said, and Nick nodded knowingly.

As Polly bent over and placed a kiss on the tip of each tortured cock the brothers groaned in chorus. "Thanks to your expertise, gentle concern and lively sense of playfulness, gentlemen," she said, "I would have to deem my first ménage à trois experience an utter whopper of a success." Then she swirled her tongue at the tip of each cock, smiling as they bounced and bobbed under her watchful gaze.

"It's just not physically possible," George said, eyeing his burgeoning cock in awe. "Witchy woman, what have you done to us?"

"Welcome to my world, brother," Nick said, arching his brow as he watched his well-trained cock wobble a bit.

Chapter Twelve

"Let's spice things up a bit for our final erotic role-playing scenario," Polly said, as she affectionately toyed with each mushrooming cock. "I thought we'd dispense with our jungle fantasy and come back to Greece – albeit ancient Greece. I've got a dynamite vertical sex fantasy I've been dying to play out. Sound agreeable?" She reached over and hit the stop button on the CD player, abruptly cutting off the brash jungle noises.

"Vertical?" George asked with a gulp.

"May as well agree," Nick whispered to his brother. "There's no way you're getting out of this one. Polly likes vertical sex almost as much as she does chocolate."

"Yes, but..." George wrinkled his brow. "You're talking vertical sex with the three of us standing at the same time?" He twirled his finger as if to demonstrate and then shook his head.

Nick nodded slowly in response.

"Seriously," George said, frowning. "I don't think that's possible."

"Wrong answer, brother." Nick laughed.

"But how would we –"

"George, how do we know it's not possible unless we try?" Polly said hopefully. "And can you just imagine the awesome, wild ride if it works?" She rolled her eyes skyward and licked her lips.

Smiling, George heaved a resigned sigh. "Okay. I'm in, as long as my brutalized cock doesn't fall off from exotic overuse, that is."

"Good!" Polly bounced excitedly in place, her bobbing breasts immediately drawing the attention of the brothers, whose gazes followed the up and down travels of the orbs.

"Now, my fine, strong, Lesbian lovers –"

"Lesvonian!" George interrupted. "Didn't you clarify that to her, Nikolas?"

Shaking his head and laughing, Nick rolled his eyes. "Forget it, Yorgo. Believe me, it's no use."

"Anyway," Polly continued, shrugging, "as I was saying, let's follow George's wonderful suggestion and finish that bottle of liqueur as I map out all the final details of our fantasy." She reached across Nick to grab the bottle from the nightstand and then took a healthy swig of the smooth, strong chocolate brandy before relinquishing it to Nick.

Passing the bottle between them, the twins watched as Polly propped her elbows on her upright knees, resting her chin in her hands and squinting at the space before her, as if envisioning another time and place.

"Mmmm, yes, it's coming into view." She nodded slowly and smiled as she leaned over to select a CD from the small stack on the nightstand and popped it into the player. "Greek bouzouki music...perfect," she said as the mandolin-like music wafted through the room.

"Okay, Nick and George, you're strong, well-muscled brothers, fishermen, with burnished gold skin, who live and work in ancient Greece. One day while you're out in your small wooden fishing boat, you hear the enticing song of a sea siren. Irresistibly drawn to the enchanting music, you observe an auburn-haired beauty with ivory skin and ample curves. That would be me," Polly added with a grin before unfolding the rest of her fantasy.

The brothers exchanged an agreeable nod.

"She's perched on a rock as she combs through her long fiery locks with her fingers." The fingers of one hand entangled in her hair, Polly paused to take another sip of chocolate liqueur when George passed the bottle to her, and then smacked her lips.

"When the siren spots you," she continued, adding thespian gestures as she set the scene, "she lunges back into the sea—and that's when you see her magnificent, shimmering turquoise-blue fish tail. Determined to capture the mermaid, you dive into the water's inky depths and search until you find your prey, each grabbing one of her wrists and dragging her to the surface with you."

"She's very imaginative," George said to Nick.

Nick nodded. "She stores these fantasies of hers in a filing cabinet inside her head." He tapped his temple.

"Shhh!" Polly admonished, hands on hips. "No talking or you'll make me lose my train of thought."

Smiling, Nick motioned to zipper his lips and George followed suit.

"Anyway," Polly continued, "you secure the lovely, naked maiden in your boat and head for a secluded patch of land. Once you carry your flesh and blood trophy ashore, you're mesmerized as you watch her tail morph into an alluring pair of human legs."

Polly smiled as she watched the captivated expressions on Nick's and George's faces. In between dramatic gesticulations, she kept her hands busy on each of their cocks as she wove her intriguing tale.

"The mermaid is love-starved and sex-famished. She hasn't had a human male take her in at least a century. She begs you both to fuck her—fuck her long and hard—filling her hungry pussy and yearning ass at once. She informs you that she wishes to be impaled while standing vertically, because once she returns to the sea, which she must

do in order to survive, she will no longer have feet or the ability to stand while she is being soundly fucked."

By now the brothers were bug-eyed and drooling—and Polly's sore pussy was eagerly weeping in anticipation of bringing her latest fantasy to life.

"God...she's incredible," George said with reverence.

Nick nodded with a bright smile. "Tonight, big brother," he said, "you have learned firsthand the perils and pleasures of role-playing with Polly."

Suddenly Polly hurdled off of the bed and stood on the floor before them. "Mighty fishermen," she cried, arms outstretched, "have mercy on me and take me here and now." She grasped her breasts and squeezed them, as if in anguish. "I beg you, ram your big, heavy cocks into my softness and fuck me so hard that I shall remember the experience for the next century."

Deeply invested in her detailed vertical fantasy, her cunt juices trickled freely down her legs.

Without hesitation, George rolled on another condom, generously lubricating it, along with his fingers. He took his place behind the grounded mermaid and stroked his lubed fingers along her butt crack, slipping one oiled finger into her opening and twisting it gently, preparing Polly for entry. He grasped her ass cheeks as he positioned himself against her backside.

Nick strolled over to Polly, capturing his wife's mouth in a brutal kiss as he clasped her jutting nipples and pinched them hard. Polly's knees buckled as she moaned.

"Ready yourself, lovely mermaid," he said, his gaze dark and dangerous, "for me to thrust my immense cock into the silky, wet depths of your ravenous pussy."

"Yes," Polly murmured, her eyes all but rolling back in her head. "Now, fisherman. Impale me now."

Nick locked his hands around Polly's waist and easily lifted her into the air. Instinctively, she opened her legs and, on the first attempt, Nick savagely buried his shaft fully to the hilt inside her dripping pussy. He captured her resulting moan with a kiss.

"Can you manage, Yorgo?" Nick asked his brother, never taking his gaze from Polly's.

"I sure as hell am going to try," George said, nodding as he spread Polly's ass cheeks apart. With the tip of his iron-hard cock positioned at her opening, he slid it in, inch by inch, amid the pleased cries and widening eyes of the beached mermaid, until he had nearly impaled her completely.

Polly's legs dangled in the air and tears coursed down her cheeks as her body rested helplessly on the twin marble-like pillars that filled her entirely. Her head lolled back and forth as she moaned and mumbled incoherently.

"Are you okay, baby?" Nick asked.

"Oh yes." Polly nodded dreamily. "I'm in another place, Nick," she whispered, wrapping her arms around her husband's neck and resting her head against his shoulder.

"Far away. An incredible castle in the sky where the delicate fibers of pain and pleasure are finely interwoven. Where the thought of experiencing even one more iota of pain would be agony—" She shifted purposefully, impaling herself even further on the twin stakes, forcing Nick's thick vertical stalk to abrade her clit, and she cried out. "—but agony in its purest most pleasurable, erotic state." She panted and then sucked in a deep breath.

Determined to experience the most intense pleasure possible while enmeshed in her greatest fantasy of vertical threesome sex, she couldn't resist yet another adjustment as she tried to sway her hips a bit to the left and right.

The brothers groaned.

"I've never experienced anything so difficult, and yet so vastly rewarding," Nick said. "Ah, how I adore you, my beautiful little mermaid." He captured his wife's mouth in a kiss as he tightened his grip on her.

Polly swallowed hard as their lips parted. "This is ecstasy. Like no other I've ever experienced." She licked her lips and moaned. "It feels as if my entire body is sexually charged. I can feel sensations of pleasure clear down to my toes." She wiggled them slightly and breathed in sharply as she felt the twin cocks twitch inside her.

With great concentration, she gingerly clenched her vagina and anus muscles in unison. The threesome chorused groans and moans of pleasure as their positions shifted minutely with Polly's action.

"She was right," George said to Nick through ragged breaths. "This is incredible. I don't think my cock has ever been in such a state of high excitement."

"That's because you've never made love to a mermaid before, Yorgo," Nick said before taking one of Polly's nipples in his teeth and tugging it hard.

"Yes..." Polly murmured. "This is even better than I imagined it." She shifted again slightly amid another chorus of pleased groans.

"The tightness," George continued, "the rasping... Jesus, it's too much. I'm about to go off."

"Me too," Nick growled out as his mouth left her breast.

"I'm...already...well on my way," Polly managed to add as her dangling form began to tremble and shudder. Her piercing cry did, indeed, sound like that of a siren's swooning song.

"Jesus! Hold on, brother," Nick cried out a moment before the cum spurted from his cock. "We need to stand firm or she'll get hurt."

"Don't...worry. I've...I've got her," George managed to get out before shooting his load.

With the brothers bracing tight for the impending flood of orgasmic ecstasy, Polly's body no longer seemed to exist as her inner being lay open and exposed to the elements of their erotic encounter.

The implausible sensations of fullness, combined with the mouthwatering mermaid tale she'd expertly fashioned quickly catapulted Polly into a swirling vortex that pulled her into the vast, blue-green depths of the Aegean sea and then, just as quickly, spewed her out of the water so high as to land on the crested slopes of Mount Olympus, where she was kissed by the mythical Greek gods of lore before being tossed back to earth.

When it was over, Nick and George managed to keep their shaky legs steady just long enough to ease Polly from their thoroughly worn-out cocks. Then the three of them collapsed into a jumbled heap on the floor.

"That was...God, that was..." Polly eked out through ragged breaths.

"You're right. It was," George agreed. "I've never, ever..."

"Me neither," Nick offered.

Coherent speech was clearly unnecessary, for the threesome seemed agreeably attuned to the same enthusiastic wavelength.

"The next time we do this, maybe we can think about a foursome," George said, folding his hands behind his head and staring at the ceiling.

Nick's eyebrow quirked as he propped himself up on one elbow and eyed his brother quizzically.

"Wait a minute." Polly sat up. "Don't tell me there's another one—that you guys are actually triplets instead of twins." She looked from one brother to the other.

"No." George laughed. "Although," he sucked in a deep breath and let it out in a whoosh, "my insatiable sister-in-law, I have a feeling that the idea wouldn't be at all objectionable to you."

"Ooooh..." Staring into space, Polly drummed her fingers against her cheek. "Just imagine the possibilities."

"And you can just forget about our other six brothers, *kukla mu*, because it's not going to happen." Nick tousled his wife's hair and laughed. "Now, Yorgo, what is this foursome you're talking about? *Den katalave'no*."

"Huh?" Polly asked. "Where the heck is that Greek to English dictionary when I need it?" She patted the floor in a mock search and laughed.

Nick turned to Polly and smiled. "Sorry, I keep forgetting. I just said to Yorgo, *I don't understand*."

George dragged himself up into a sitting position and scratched his head. "Well, you know the chocolate gifts I brought tonight?" Nick and Polly nodded. "They came from Helena's Grecian Chocolates."

"Sure, the little upscale candy shop at the center of town," Nick said. "I know it."

"A fancy chocolate shop? And you didn't take me there?" Polly squawked incredulously. Nick shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Helena and I have been seeing each other," George said. "And it's getting serious. I'm, uh...I'm going to ask her to marry me." He beamed a bright smile.

"George that's wonderful!" Polly said, crawling over to plant a kiss on his cheek.

"Opa!" Nick broke into a wide grin. "It's about time you found yourself a good woman and settled down." He gave his brother a hearty slap on the back.

And then Polly gasped. "Oh my God! A chocolatier in the family! Oh George, she just *has* to say yes!"

George laughed and Nick rolled his eyes. "I have a feeling she will," George said.

"This is so exciting. I can see it all now..."

"She has that certain look in her eyes again," Nick warned.

"Polly!" George bellowed.

"Hmm?" She rested her chin on Nick's biceps and smiled.

"No more of your bright ideas tonight. Please, I'm begging you," George continued. "If you care anything about me at all, *please* don't touch my cock again tonight. Don't even look at it. Don't even *think* about it."

Polly and Nick laughed and she patted George's leg affectionately. "Don't worry, George. No more role-playing tonight, I promise. Your wonderful cock has gone above and beyond the call of duty this evening. And, besides...I'm whipped. Drained. Thoroughly exhausted."

"You?" Nick said with disbelief as he propped himself up on an elbow and traced a finger around Polly's full lips. "My fantasy role-playing queen? I don't believe it."

"Yup." Polly nodded. "I'll be lucky if I can even walk from one room to another tomorrow. My insides feel as though they've been stretched and pulled beyond belief. But, *ooh*," she sat up and hugged herself as she giggled, "wasn't that just the most extraordinary experience ever? I mean, Lesbian sex is definitely the *only* way to go."

Nick and George just groaned.

* * * * *

Nick smiled as he watched his beautiful wife sleep. "Ahhh, little one, you are the crowning jewel of my life," he whispered before feathering little kisses along Polly's forehead, nose, cheeks and lips. "Happy anniversary, *kukla mu*,"

With an agreeable smile, Polly stretched languidly against the clean satin bedsheets. "Mmmm, is it morning already?" Her eyelids struggled to crack open.

"Almost two in the afternoon." Nick chuckled. "You're becoming a true Greek."

"Yeah, but it's going to be murder once we get back home and have to adapt to regular hours again." She laughed. "Mmm...what's that wonderful aroma?" She fully opened her eyes, sniffing the air and smiling. "Smells like those delicious sweet yeast rolls of yours."

"My mother baked these. She sent them over by messenger this morning, with a big pot of strong coffee and some fresh fruit, in honor of our anniversary."

Polly drew herself up against the headboard. "Oh Nick, our one month anniversary already! I hope we'll always be this happy."

"Until we're old and gray. Well, that is, if I live long enough." Arching a brow he sheltered his recovering cock with his hands and laughed.

Polly pulled him into a hug and then reached over to grab one of the large knot-shaped sesame rolls from the basket on the nightstand. "That was so thoughtful of your mother," she said, biting into the fragrant bread.

Nick poured her a cup of the espresso-like coffee she'd come to appreciate. "She loves you just the way I knew she would," he said, sitting beside her on the bed. "How could she help it? The whole family adores you—especially George." Wagging his eyebrows, he chuckled her chin and winked, and Polly retaliated with a playful slap. "Seriously, they've readily accepted you as one of their own...even though you're not a Greek. And, believe me, that honor doesn't come easily in Greek families."

"Oh I know." Polly smiled. "I was a little nervous about them accepting an Irish-American as your wife at first. In fact," she fingered her flaming curls, "I even considered dying this black."

"Oh no." Nick winced and shook his head as he clutched a fistful of Polly's tresses. "Please, *kukla mu*, don't ever do that."

"Don't worry," she laughed, "I decided not to after I tried on a black wig and realized I'd look more like a gothic vampire chick than a Greek. And your mother's been so sweet. She seems convinced that I'm really a Greek in Irish clothing." She laughed again and took another bite of the roll.

Nick nodded as he sipped from his coffee. "She proudly tells everyone that you embody the spirit of Athena, the Greek goddess of wisdom, war, the arts, industry, justice and skill."

"So I guess we won't tell her that I'm actually Queen of the Leprechauns, hmm?" Polly winked.

"I think we'll keep that one to ourselves and leave your new mother-in-law to her grand illusions." He laughed.

"Good idea." She nodded. "Speaking of your family...is George of the jungle still alive?"

Nick threw his head back in laughter. "Just barely. It was a perfect night, *kukla mu*, wasn't it?"

Polly nodded. "Fantastic. Especially the part about adding a chocolatier to the family," she teased with a laugh. She took a sip of coffee and then planted a kiss on the tip of her husband's nose.

"Oh Nick, if it's our anniversary today, that means we have to leave Greece tomorrow. I'm going to miss it here so much. I feel so at home here. It's so beautiful and romantic."

"I know. I always feel the same way when it comes time to leave and go back to work. But we'll be back many times. At least every six months for a visit." Nick smoothed the auburn wisps of hair from Polly's forehead.

"And this beautiful villa you found for our stay certainly added to the ambience, too, with its breathtaking location overlooking the sea," Polly said, looking around the tranquil bedroom. "I love it here. I wish we could live in a house just like it."

"I can't tell you how happy I am to hear you say that," Nick said, capturing her mouth in a quick kiss. "Because we can."

Polly slanted him a perplexed expression. "Can what?"

"Live here." Nick grinned. "My parents and George and the rest of the family bought the villa to give to us as a wedding present. They made me promise not to tell you until just before we left the island of Lesbos. It will be our home whenever we're staying in Mytilini."

"Nick!" Polly gasped. "Really?"

He nodded, thoroughly enjoying the transformation of her features.

"But your family has already been so generous to us. I can't believe they're doing this. Oh, we can't possibly accept it. It's too much."

Nick laughed. "You still have so much to learn about the Greeks, Polly. You must never turn down a gift that was given in love—especially not one from my very insistent family. Besides," he shrugged, "my family can well afford it."

"Oh just think of the mind-blowing sex we can have here each time we return to Lesbos in our very own private little fantasy villa, Nick!" She started to bounce and Nick's gaze became glued to her breasts. He doubted that he'd ever get tired of watching her buoyant breasts spring up and down.

"As soon as we get back home I'll have to get busy and cook up a slew of brand new exotic role-playing scenarios to keep us happily engaged in erotic Lesbian bliss for years to come!" She sipped on her coffee. "Ooh, maybe we'll do one with me as Queen of the Leprechauns and you as one of the little —"

"Oh no, Polly. Not that." Nick held his hands up in defense, determined to protect his self-respect. "I really and truly don't want to play a leprechaun."

"Hmmm..." Her eyes flew to Nick's cock and she shook her head. "No, you're right, that would never do. You could never play a leprechaun with that enormous cock of yours."

"Whew." Nick swiped the back of his hand across his forehead and looked skyward. "Thank you God." He and Polly laughed.

He became wary again as she squinted.

"Oh yes," she said breathlessly as she got that faraway look in her eyes, "and you'll have to help me whip up a batch of foursome fantasies," she paused to give him a meaningful look, "all of them including Helena's chocolate, of course."

Nick nodded with a matter-of-fact shrug. "Of course." He chuckled.

"Hmmm...I can see it all now..."

"Ah, my sweet, impetuous *kukla mu*." He pulled his wife into his arms. "How I adore you." Brushing his lips across hers, he trailed a line of kisses to Polly's jiggling breast, capturing the peaking nipple with his teeth.

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 mail from readers. You can write to her c/o Ellora's Cave Publishing at 1056 Home Ave., Akron OH 44310.



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