

**THE UNFEASIBLY TALL GREEK BILLIONAIRE'S  
BLACKMAILED MARTYR-COMPLEX  
SECRETARY MISTRESS BRIDE**



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## The Rules, Determined by Tumperkin:

1. Each chapter will be posted on the blog of that chapter's author (if wished), and here at my place. Each chapter will appear on a weekly basis (though not necessarily *exactly* 7 days after the last one).
2. Each chapter must contain a minimum of three elements from the title. For example, chapter 1 establishes *\*unfeasibly tall\**, *\*Greek billionaire\**, *\*martyr-complex\** and *\*secretary\**.
3. Max 750 words per chapter.
4. Pastiche category-romance feel, please. No surprise vampires.
5. You get **one point** for every time:
  - Molly indulges her martyr complex;
  - Nico mentions his belief that Molly's a whore;
  - Nico cuts Molly off mid-sentence;
  - You make a reference to the global hummus industry.
6. You get **ten points** for every time you use one of the following phrases:
  - *To her consternation, Molly's nipples hardened.*
  - *What was the point? Nico never believed her!*
  - *He came, roaring his pleasure.*

## CHAPTER ONE

By Tumperkin

Molly Ordinary tried to ignore the sounds of slurping behind her. She doggedly typed on, concentrating on the sound of Nico Lefkas' husky voice coming through her earphones and trying to ignore the real-life Nico, who was currently making out with Sasha Bitch, his supermodel girlfriend in the doorway of her office.

"Nico, you're such a stud," Sasha giggled in her breathless-sex-kitten voice and Molly gritted her teeth, suppressing a curse as she realised she had misspelt "chick peas" for third time in five minutes.

Nico laughed and the slurping started again. It was several minutes before Nico spoke.

"I've got to go, Sasha," he drawled. "I need to be at the airport in thirty minutes. I'm flying to Athens in my luxury private jet for a global hummus conference."

"Oh Nico!" Sasha pouted. "Well, call me as soon as you get back."

The click-clack of stiletto heels told Molly that Sasha had left, but she had no intention of turning round. She wouldn't be able to stand the self-satisfied smile on Nico's face.

She typed on, frowning with concentration. She was trying to complete a pie chart illustrating global hummus consumption patterns when Nico drew her earphones off and whispered in her ear, "Well, Miss Ordinary, have you finished typing up my talk yet?"

His hot breath on her ear made her jump. She hadn't realised he had gotten so close. To her consternation, Molly's nipples hardened. She didn't dare look round. Instead she stared at the pie chart. Did they really eat that much hummus in Austria? It seemed a lot.

"I'm almost finished, Mr. Lefkas," she said, trying to sound cool and capable. I'm just working on the PowerPoint presenta—"

"*Almost?*" Nico snapped, walking round her chair to face her. Molly looked up. And up. At six foot five inches, Nico towered over her—and everyone else. His black eyes were blazing, his big, toned body taut with anger. To her consternation, Molly's nipples hardened.

"Almost isn't good enough, Miss Ordinary. I don't know where your concentration has gone lately, but this isn't acceptable! I have to leave for the conference in ten minutes!"

Molly felt like pointing out that he'd only given her the talk to type up half an hour ago, but what was the point? Nico never listened to excuses. She stared at Nico's pinstriped crotch, just inches from her fingers, which still rested on her keyboard.

"I—I'm sorry, Mr. Lefkas—it's just that—"

"I don't want to hear excuses Miss Ordinary. There's only one thing for it. You'll have to come to the conference with me. You can finish the PowerPoint presentation in Athens."

"Can't you finish it yourself? There's only a few more slides to—"

"Absolutely not. I haven't the faintest idea how to operate a computer. Why do you think I employ you?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lefkas. I—I can't come with you. I have other plans for this weekend. I've got to—"

"Let me guess: you have plans to engage in a range of sordid sex acts with a variety of men you barely know. Frankly, Miss Ordinary, your plans do not concern me. You will cancel your plans. This is the most important hummus industry conference of the year and I am the keynote speaker. I *need* you to be there."

Molly gritted her teeth. Typical. As usual, Nico assumed that she would be spending

her weekend in bed. He was determined to think the worst of her. In fact she was a virgin, and her weekend plans involved volunteering at the children's hospice. Not that Nico would ever believe that. There was no point trying to convince him otherwise. He was convinced she was a tramp.

"Fine," she snapped. "But I expect to be paid time and a half."

"You're a tough negotiator, Miss Ordinary," Nico said, his voice tinged with grudging respect. "Be ready to leave in five minutes."

Nico strode to the door, then turned.

"Oh, and one other thing,"

Molly looked up.

"I need you to pretend to be my fiancée."

To her consternation, Molly's nipples hardened.

## CHAPTER TWO

By Carolyn Jean

“What is this, Madame?” The toothless old airport customs guard lifted two baggies of talcum powder from Molly’s suitcase—she’d brought the powder in anticipation of changing diapers at the Greek children’s hospice. The girls at the hospice back home had told her there was a diaper rash epidemic raging, and that the poor Greeks had never heard of talcum powder!

The customs man grinned a kindly toothless grin. Molly’s heart broke to see such a lack of dental work.

“Sir, that is—”

“I apologize for my secretary’s gross lack of judgment,” Nico said, slipping the man a thousand-dollar bill and whispering in his ear. All Molly could make out were the words *drug-addled* and *nymphomaniac*.

The old man’s eyes brightened and he cackled as Molly choked back her tears. Oh, what did it matter? Nico always thought the worst of her anyway, and with a thousand dollars, the poor old fellow could get his teeth fixed! And maybe get his shirt whitened.

The towering captain of the global hummus industry then snatched up the baggies and her suitcase and pulled her away by her slender wrist. To her consternation, Molly’s nipples hardened.

They slipped into Nico’s princely limousine, as sleek and unfeasibly long as he was tall, and sped for the hotel.

“I’d remind you that we’re no longer back home where you can dole out sexual favors every time you get into trouble,” he growled. “I am a Greek billionaire, yes, but I

have many enemies, such as those in the Kalamata olive sector, as well the manufacturers of baba ganouj, which is inferior to hummus in every way. I hope you worked that into my keynote address.”

“Yes, of course, but—”

“And the audacity of making hummus from eggplants. Or should I use the term aubergines?”

To her consternation, Molly's nipples hardened.

“At any rate, as my fiancée, I can't have you visiting every disco and orgy in Athens tonight.”

“That wasn't—”

“I know you're used to a certain level of stimulation.”

Molly shook with indignation, eyes blazing. “I would never—”

“As my fiancée, you must be in bed at a decent hour. Naturally I've booked us a romantic suite, and we're going to have to make it look natural, in case the enemies of the global hummus industry have installed spy cameras. They must be convinced that you are my fiancé, and I mean 100% convinced. Do you understand what I'm saying?”

Molly gasped. “I'm your secretary, not your mistress! I only agreed to pretend—”

Nico pulled the baggies of talcum from his briefcase. “I think you'll pretend more convincingly now.”

To her consternation, Molly's nipples hardened. She focused on the baggies. She had been so excited to introduce the Greeks to the wonders of talcum powder. She imagined the wide eyes of the nurses as they saw how effectively it prevented diaper rash. “Please, I need that for the orphans—”

“Orphans!” Nico roared with cruel laughter that shook his unfeasibly tall frame.

What was the point? He never believed her. "You'll be my mistress or I'll turn you into the authorities. Is that clear enough?"

Molly eyes flashed as she imagined the police testing the substance and declaring it to be talcum powder. However, the tests would involve all sorts of chemicals, which would ruin the powder for the infants. And knowing Nico, he'd take his bribe money back from the needy customs worker. There was no amount of sexual humiliation she would not gladly endure on behalf of orphans—or spry, bright-eyed, toothless customs guards. To her consternation, Molly's nipples hardened.

"I'm glad you see things my way," the billionaire barked. "Now, hows about a kiss?"

"You don't understand!" She shook her chestnut mane. "I can't pretend a passion I don't feel."

"You have passion enough about these." To Molly's horror, the global hummus tycoon appeared to be stuffing the baggies down the front of his pants. She chastely looked away, but when she looked back, she spied a prodigious bulge.

"I must have those baggies!"

"Then you will extract them, my dear."

"Surely you won't go through the whole conference with those in your pants!"

"I can and I will. And if you want them, you know where to get them."

Molly's eyes misted up, but then she remembered the orphans and the old man. With a trembling hand she reached over and undid Nico's belt buckle, emblazoned with the worldwide hummus insignia. She could feel the Greek billionaire's hot breath on her ear. She placed her hand on the ample tummy hair that snaked down, down.

To her consternation, Molly's nipples hardened as she searched for the baggies in the Greek tycoon's pants. Suddenly she found herself gripping his straining, throbbing



manhood. Why did this excite her so? What was going on? The skin on his member felt soft as a baby's bottom, so soft. She squeezed her thighs together. So soft yet so hard! She felt confused, and then Nico came, roaring his pleasure.

“Oh, Molly,” Nico whispered, spent. “I know I’m just one in a faceless parade of men for you, but that was amazing.”

Why should she tell she was a virgin? That she’d never touched a man in such a way? He wouldn’t believe her.

Nico buttoned his pants, then leaned forward to give the driver directions.

Molly lowered her gaze and that’s when she spotted the baggies lying on the floor.

She gasped—Nico must’ve tossed them there when she wasn’t looking! Her blazing eyes roamed to his feet, shod in tasseled Greek billionaire loafers, and hideous black nylon dress socks. To her consternation, Molly’s nipples hardened.

## CHAPTER THREE

By Kate Rothwell

A hammering on the door made the panicked Molly run across the huge shower enclosure to turn off the water and hastily wrap herself in a towel.

The tall Greek billionaire filled the entrance to the bathroom.

To her consternation, Molly's nipples hardened at the sight of his unfeasibly tall body, but the peaked points were not enough to hold up the towel and the terrycloth slipped off revealing her womanly curves. She gasped. "I told you I needed a shower before I—"

"A fast shower. Miss Ordinary." His dark eyes greedily feasted on her flustered attempts to cover her naked dripping body with her hands. "You've been in here for at least fifteen minutes. We have work ahead of us. The global hummus industry never rests."

She hung her head in shame. He was right. She had wastefully used so many gallons of hot water—but only because she wanted to look her very best for their charade. What was the point of explaining? Nico never believed her!

"Mr. Lefkas. I'm sorry if—"

"Work," he repeated in a gruff, throbbing voice, "But also some play, I think."

He boldly stepped toward her. She suddenly recalled that she stood, naked, streaming with water. The heated desire in his dark eyes awakened her own inexplicable excitement she'd never felt before she'd touched what weren't bags of talcum powder in the limo. To her consternation, her nipples hardened again. She quickly bent to retrieve the towel but he was there first, snatching it away with a low chuckle.

"No need to hide your body made for pleasure," he gritted out. "And you must know it, the way you dress and flaunt yourself at work."

"I?" she cried, stung. But perhaps she had been trying too hard to appear feminine and she should return to wearing the high-collared shirts she'd inherited from her grandmother. "I have always tried to look like a profession—"

"A professional yes, but in which field," he spat. "I'd say in one of the oldest professions and that is not the global hummus industry, my dear." His harsh laughter filled her with chagrin. She felt guilty for acts she'd never even thought of committing. Oh, but his rumbling chuckle made her imagine so many unspeakable acts. To her consternation, her nipples hardened.

He towered over her. "I have seen other captains of the global hummus industry look at you with lust. How many of them have you had?" he growled.

"Never. I never—" she whispered, but at that instant his mouth swooped down, crushing her lips with cruel rapaciousness. She gave up telling him that she never had a man, had never known true desire until she worked for him. What was the point of telling him the truth? Nico never believed her!

He seized her with hands roughed by years of work in the global hummus industry. Nico had started at the bottom, she recalled as he kneaded the flesh of her bottom. He'd begun life as a garbanzo bean sorter before rising to his dizzying heights as a captain—nay, admiral—of the global hummus industry. He was ruthless and cruel and she was in his grips now, literally. To her consternation, her nipples hardened as he rolled one nubbin, then the other, between thumb and forefinger, as if testing the quality of two satisfactory chickpeas.

He moved back to yank off his own clothes, buttons popping and pinging as they hit the polished marble floor. Within seconds he stood before her, naked and unfeasibly magnificent.

She gulped at the sight of his tall broad iron-hard masculinity. "Please," she pleaded.

“Be gentle with—”

“Touch me,” he grated.

She tentatively stroked the rock hard silky softness of his love rod.

“More,” he gasped.

She grasped his proud purple-helmeted love warrior and watched as roaring, he came, filling her hand with love-cream.

A moment later, he swept her up in his arms as if she weighed no more than one of the many sacks of chickpeas he'd carried on his broad shoulders. He strode to the palatial bedroom with windows that opened onto sweeping vistas, breathtaking views of garbanzo trees, the heart of the global hummus industry.

Nico tossed her onto the round bed. “Look at me!” he barked. She could see him in the mirrored ceiling and in the mirror headboard that surrounded the bed. “Into my eyes,” he rasped.

She stared into the dark pools as between her legs, something hard, much harder and larger than bags of talcum powder, prodded at her moist love nest.

“You are so tight,” he panted as, inch by inch, he sheathed himself in her slick love chunnel. Then he encountered the barrier of her maidenhood. His eyes darkened. “You slut! You should have told me you were a virgin!”

“I tried, Nico, but you don't—”

“And now. Now! It's too late,” he snarled as he pushed home. Two hard thrusts later, the excruciating pain filling Molly's love sheathe dissolved into pleasure. She clung to him in rapturous ecstasy. The stars echoed in her heart and her head as he pumped and she banged against a mirror. She lay on broken glass and held him tight as, roaring, he came.

## CHAPTER FOUR

By Carrie Lofty

Molly answered the door, chenille bathrobe cinched around her infinitesimal waist, and accepted the bottle of icy champagne. When the door closed, she slipped off the robe and walked naked to where the unfeasibly tall CEO of a global hummus empire sprawled on the bed. Virile and gorgeous, Nico made her feel super naughty.

“Nico, I—”

His eyes never left her mouth as she sipped the bubbly liquid. “Come here, my pet,” he rasped, his manhood flaring to life.

Oh, yes. Again!

“But we should—”

“I want you. Never deny me your bountiful-yet-trim body.”

To her consternation, her nipples hardened. No! No longer! She *liked* how her body felt with Nico.

He dragged her onto the satin duvet. After drinking deeply of the champagne, he pushed her legs open. She fought a ferocious blush, riding waves of pleasure as his mouth closed over her wet feminine core.

“What are you—?”

“You’re sweeter than strawberries, more potent than champagne.”

“Oh, Nico! I can’t—”

“I must have you!” He drove between her legs, riding her with aching tenderness. He came, roaring his pleasure. A thundering release crashed over Molly.

\* \* \*

Deliciously sated, Molly remembered the orphans. She needed to prove she was more than a mere secretary. She could discuss her plans, but what was the point? Nico never believed her!

But what he did with his mouth...! To her consternation, her nipples hardened. Thoughts of their lovemaking were so distracting!

She grabbed the talcum powder and spied Nico's wallet. Oh, he would want to help the orphans, too. He would love them as she did! He might even love...but no.

She sighed. Would she ever be worthy?

\* \* \*

Nico awoke. His massive manhood throbbed, needing the soft, slick comfort of his dear Molly. But the hotel room echoed a deafening silence. She was gone!

He dressed quickly, pulling on the socks Sister Helena had knitted for him. He wore them for luck during conferences and hostile hummus takeovers. Her socks reminded him of his humble roots as an orphan.

But he was a billionaire Greek CEO now. He would *never* go hungry again!

Suddenly pensive, he sought the reassuring comfort of the dozen \$100 bills he kept for global hummus industry emergencies. The money was gone!

His head throbbing as hard as his phallus, he remembered the champagne. She must have drugged him and stolen his money. She probably even faked her virginity, the sneaky, lying whore!

He glanced at his platinum Rolex. The global hummus conference was in six hours. He should forget Molly, but he wanted to punish her. She made him feel...tingly. And...*something else*.

That dirty, delicious whore. She could've learned a thing or two from a good woman

like Sister Helena. No matter. He would break Molly Ordinary. He would possess her again and again. And for the *100 Flavors of Hummus* presentation, his whoring “fiancé” would work the damned PowerPoint.

\* \* \*

Molly reached the construction site where workers had nearly completed the new orphanage/chapel/bingo hall. Father Apollo greeted her, smiling broadly. Never one to give a shirtless man a second glance, Molly couldn't help but notice how Father Apollo deserved his title as Greece's Hottest Priest. Three years running!

To her consternation, her nipples hardened. Father Apollo's rippling torso only reminded her of Nico—her tall, wonderful Nico.

“Father Apollo! I have the talcum powder!”

“Molly, you're so good,” he said, sweeping her into a brotherly hug. “I've been telling the orphans of your wonderful gift. It soothes *and* cools, you say?”

“Yes!”

“Let's dance to celebrate!”

Music started up. “But how?”

Father Apollo grinned. “Little Michael Grecopholopolis wants to be a big band leader. All the children play instruments!”

Everyone danced and twirled like a big fat Greek family.

“Molly!” Nico roared.

She spun in Father Apollo arms, clutching his bare, bulging bicep to ease her girlish dizziness. “Nico! I'm so happy you're—”

“Shut up, my breathtaking whore.” He turned to Father Apollo. “And you, *Turk*, release my fiancé!”

Such dark power raged behind his eyes, eyes usually devoted to the glorious pursuit of hummus perfection. To her consternation, her nipples hardened.

“Nico, this is Fath—”

“No! I fell for your lies. I—” Nico’s voice cracked.

Her heart leapt. “What, Nico? What do you—?”

“I am Nico Lefkas. I do not lose. Ever. You will be mine.”

“What do you—?”

“Choose, Molly. Marry me, or I close this orphanage. Forever.”



## CHAPTER FIVE

By Ann Aguirre

Molly gasped.

To her consternation, her nipples hardened. This was just like Nico Lefkas! All he thought about was hummus and humping, not that she objected to either.

Her face burned with mortification. To her consternation, her nipples hardened again. She rather liked the thought of Nico's unfeasibly tall body smeared with hummus. She could take little bites of his iron hard pectorals and nibble her way down the ridged slope of his belly. Molly's mouth dropped open, her eyes going out of focus.

Only when Father Apollo cleared his throat did she remember she'd been issued an ultimatum!

"Oh no," Molly cried. "Don't take your wrath out on the poor orphans. Your grudge is against me, Nico! Please do not punish anyone else in my stead."

Whatever he meant to do to her, she could take it! Even if it involved four goats, a baby lemur, a tiny car full of clowns and six yards of nylon mesh. She could take anything so these poor, darling children didn't suffer. She gulped, eyes wide and shining like two pork chops left in the pan overnight.

Nico sneered, his handsome face drawn into angry lines. "Then you will marry me, accept my seed, bear me fat Greek babies and work the PowerPoint for the global hummus presentation later today?"

Tears prickled in Molly's eyes. Now she would never have the happy life of which she'd always dreamed. Who would live in her grandmother's English cottage with its bower of roses and picket fence? Certainly not Nico Lefkas! He was too tall and would hit his head

on the low hanging timbers. The idea of marrying without love caused turmoil in her stomach she felt sure was unrelated to hummus, even if Nico insisted she butter her muffin with it every morning.

“Yes,” she sobbed. “I will marry you, Nico. Just do not harm the children.”

“See here,” Father Apollo said, flexing his gloriously muscled chest in priestly protection. Two nearby nuns fainted. “I will not let you force this woman to do anything against her will.”

“Is it against your will, Molly?”

“Well—”

Nico swept her into his arms, taking her mouth in a harsh, punishing kiss.

To her consternation, Molly's nipples hardened. They felt like twin aching BBs responding to the demand of Nico's love-gun.

“No,” she whispered. “I *want* to marry Nico Lefkas.”

*To save the children.* For them, she would permit all manner of shameful degradations, including spankings and oral sex.

If only she could tell him she loved him...but what was the point? Nico never believed her! Ever since he had caught her in the elevator with another captain of the global hummus industry, he thought the worst of her. He hadn't listened to her stumbling explanation. He thought she was the sluttiest secretary ever to type a memo.

As she'd leaned to press the button, her sweater had gotten tangled on the man's suit jacket and the more they struggled, the worse the snarl became. When the elevator opened to their floor, Nico found them straining together, the man's hands on her hips so she didn't lose her balance. Everything had gone so wrong that day! He'd never trusted her since.

Father Apollo clapped his hands. “Then let the preparations begin!”

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Molly wore a white dress for her forced wedding, though she wasn't pure anymore. Nico didn't believe she ever had been. He thought she was the sort of woman who rode the pink pony in an elevator without a second thought! She sobbed aloud.

"Why, child, whatever is the matter?" A kindly old nun came into the courtyard where Molly sat weeping artistically.

She spilled out her painful, sordid tale of woe. "But what's the point? Nico never believes me!"

"Oh my poor dear child," Sister Helena said. "You must clearly pray over this."

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When Nico Lefkas, CEO of ALL UR HUMMUS R BELONG 2 US, came upon Molly talking to Sister Helena, he wanted to shake that whore Molly until her teeth rattled, and then kiss her into a coma. He nearly did.

Then he heard Molly's words. Nobody could lie to Sister Helena, so it must be true. The mighty Greek billionaire Nico Lefkas fell to his knees in a pile of incredibly handsome Greek grief. He had used her like a savage, and she was pure and gentle, giving as the spring rain that gave life to his cherished chickpeas.

How could he *ever* make this up to Molly?

## CHAPTER SIX

By Lisabea

“...As the global hummus industry continues its domination of the protein enriched snack food market, I would like to draw your attention to the next—”

“Molly!”

Molly snapped her mouth shut and shifted her gaze from the hastily crafted, sub-par, PowerPoint presentation. The unfeasibly tall form of Nico, ruler of all he purveyed, stood giant-like at the back of the packed grand ballroom of the Falafel Fairways Resort and Conference Center, drawing every eye.

“Nico?”

He was angry, and of course he had every right to be. She should have known better than to let herself enjoy a moment of happiness on behalf of the orphans. He had misconstrued her dancing with the Hottest Priest in the Greek Isles for something tawdry. Oh, she was doing her best to make up for it, standing in her grandmother's beloved prairie dress discussing market share with 1000 sweaty conventioners. She only wanted to please him!

Molly sighed. Swallowing her pride, she considered the fate of the orphans. To her consternation, her nipples hardened.

He ran toward the stage. He hadn't returned the 27 messages she'd left on his All UR HUMMUS R BELONG 2 US company expensed cell phone. She needed to apologize. But what was the point? Nico never believed her. To her consternation, her nipples hardened.

“If you'd care to have a seat next to Mr. Dimitrakisisapoulis, the Mikkinian Moussaka Magnate,” she indicated a furry man in the third row with her laser pointer,” I'd

like to cont—”

“I’m not here to discuss acquisitions, Molly!” Nico thundered, his voice filling the sweltering silence. A thousand pairs of curious eyes shifted to focus on Nico, his arms akimbo. “I’m here to tell you that you are not a whore!”

Molly quivered in shame. “*Mr. Lefkas!*”

“You had never parted those succulent yet trim thighs for any man until I rode you like the gloriously unfettered pink pony I always dreamed of. I tore your fragile maidenhead, and I came, roaring my pleasure into your deflowered ears.” Nico paused.

Molly gasped, clutching the silver macramé macaroni crucifix little Michael Grecopholotopolis crafted for her as she had sobbed her thanks to the half-naked priest earlier that day. To her consternation, her nipples hardened.

“When I knelt before the altar of commerce, pledged myself to the sacred order of the tahini brotherhood, and took up the reigns of the global hummus industry, I promised myself, someday, a worthy virgin would stand beside me and powder the chafed arses of orphans everywhere.” To Nico’s consternation, his nipples hardened.

“But, Mr. Lefkas, earlier today you said—”

“Molly, I demand that you forget everything I’ve ever said.” Nico vaulted onto the stage. “Come, Molly.” To her consternation, Molly’s nipples hardened. “Take my hand and together we shall create an unfeasibly loud dynasty of rash resistant hummus tycoon babies. I promise to keep your muffin buttered with my protein enriched spread for the remainder of our natural lives.”

“Nico, I don’t deserve you! Surely you could find a woman for whom diaper rash holds less interest!” Oh, what was the point? Nico never believed her.

“True as that might have been yesterday, my love, today I learned you are innocent.”

“How? When—”

“I eavesdropped on your private conversation with that representative from an outdated religious order and denied you your privacy for my own gain. You are clean!”

“But, Nico—”

“Will you forgive me?” To their mutual consternation, nipples hardened in rapid succession.

“Oh, Nico!” Molly opened her arms, the laser pointer finding its target on the beaded pearl of his left nipple. Licking her perfectly proportioned lips, she pressed her succulent mouth against his in a shocking display of self worth. “But what of the orphans? They demand the precious salve only I can deliver.”

“I love you, Molly. I am a billionaire and the global hummus market is at my disposal!” He laughed, sweeping Molly and her yards of musty calico into his unfeasibly strong arms. Nico stormed from the stage, two thousand legume-stained hands clapped in syncopated rhythm with his lust-filled heart.

“I love you, t—”

“I know.” Nico ducked behind the velvet curtains, his rock hard manhood demanding the attention of his blushing secretary. “I need you, now!” He pushed her down into a pool of tabu-scented cotton. To her consternation, her nipples hardened. “But Nico, there are peop—

“Molly, you mustn’t deny me. We have the rest of our married lives for that.” No, she couldn’t deny him. Unzipping his chickpea-colored batiste trousers, she released his slithering one-eyed python of promise and kissed its eager, drooling head.

As it would for the rest of her life, the taste of tahini, garlic and garbanzo filled her mouth. Nico came, roaring his pleasure.

## EPILOGUE

(Also by Lisabea)

Dogs and ponies play happily on the rolling lawn with the Lefkas' gifted, attractive, precocious, exceedingly clean six children: Olympia, Helena, Athena, Anthopoloupisis, and the twins: Peloponnesia and Bibby. Molly ages beautifully and butters her muffin each and every morning, to her husband's approval. Nico, silver streaks gracing his temples, unfeasibly good looking and still, somehow, in his prime, continues to roar his pleasure; frequently all over poor Molly's muffin.

THE END

Fall 2008:

**THE ITALIAN GOURMET-BABY-FOOD BARON'S  
PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE PREGNANT  
VIRGIN MISTRESS WIFE**