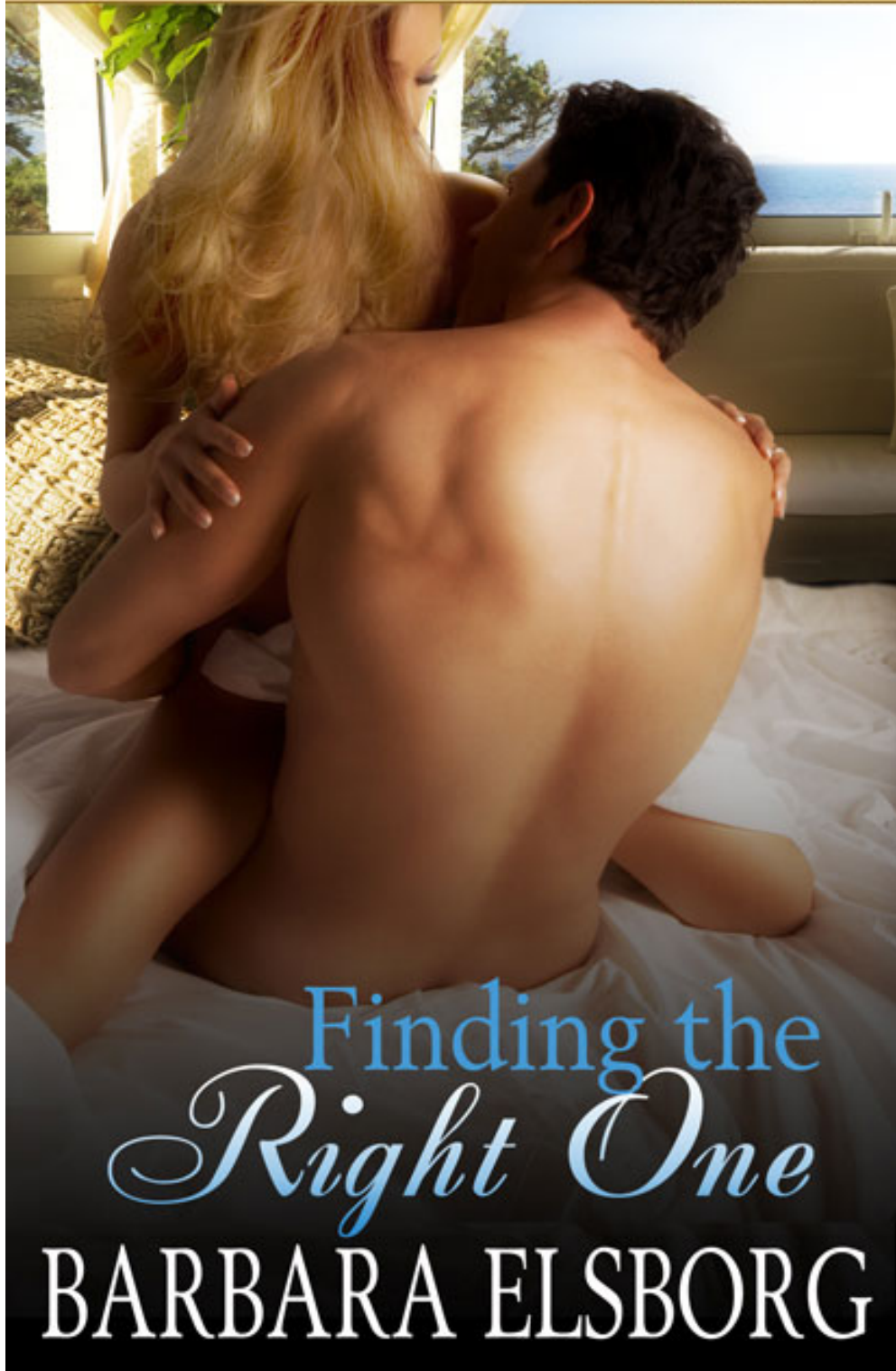


ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



Finding the  
*Right One*  
BARBARA ELSBORG

## Finding the Right One

Barbara Elsborg

Take a gorgeous man and a sexy woman. Add a sprinkling of Greek sunshine, a splash of blue sea. A perfect recipe for love. Except the man is nursing a broken heart and the woman is nursing a black eye.

Imo needs something to help her forget the man she's left in London. When she throws open the shutters of her villa to see a Greek god reclining in all his naked glory, how can she resist?

Working as a sailing instructor in Greece is just what Will needs to forget the woman he can no longer have. Not easy when she's rarely out of his thoughts. When he's attacked by a minx wearing red underwear, he wonders if he's found the perfect way to distract himself.

Finding out if Imo's the right one could be just the cure Will needs...so long as it doesn't get him killed. With Imo's past in hot pursuit – it might.

*Note: Will and Imo's story is a wonderful tale on its own, but if you're wondering how Will came to be reclining naked on a Greek Island, nursing a broken heart, grab a copy of Doing the Right Thing to discover where it all went wrong.*

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Finding the Right One

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# ***FINDING THE RIGHT ONE***

**Barbara Elsborg**

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## Chapter One

"Time to go, Mama. That's your flight boarding."

Stefan helped his diminutive mother, Elena, to her feet. She flung her arms around him, and gave him a loud smacking kiss on each cheek. "Don't forget to water my plants."

"No, Mama."

"Remember beds are also for sleeping in."

"Yes, Mama."

"Don't fall in love with every pretty girl you see."

"No, Mama."

She clutched his hand. "Just fall in love with one."

Stefan sighed. She went through this ritual every time she flew.

"But don't marry her until I get back."

His mother tapped him on the head with her knuckles. "And no squirting next door's cat with the hose when you water my flowers."

Stefan raised his eyebrows. "What – me?"

She peered at him over the top of her glasses. It was a look long perfected by a mother with four livewire sons and it still made Stefan quake.

"I'm thirty-five. I haven't done that since I was –"

"Thirty-four," said his mother.

Stefan laughed. "You need to go through to the gate now. Don't drink too much ouzo and no flirting with the cabin crew. Ouch." He hoped no one had witnessed his mother pinch his ear.

"Look after Will. He's hidden from happiness long enough. If you can't find a woman for yourself, find one for him."

"I've tried. He's not interested."

"Make him interested. *Yassou*, Stefan."

"*Yassou*, Mama."

Stefan watched until his mother reached the corner. A stroke of luck that she happened to be leaving at the same time he had a flight of clients coming in. She turned, blew him a kiss and then was gone to spend two weeks with her sister in Athens. Two weeks with no clucking. Two weeks of peace.

"Stefan, Stefan."

He looked behind him to see Rachel, the shore-based representative of his company, hurrying across the concourse waving her clipboard. "We're missing two."

Stefan groaned. How could anyone get lost in an airport this small?

Raven-haired Rachel reached his side and huffed. "I've herded the rest onto the coach. On my own. With no help." She raised her eyebrows.

Stefan had never known a woman to moan so much out of bed. He'd briefly considered her for Will, but the guy needed someone cheerful, not Miss Doom and Gloom.

"What are we going to do?" Rachel asked.

Stefan snapped into work mode. "Right, check they were actually on the flight and didn't parachute out half-way here."

He grinned. Rachel didn't.

"I suppose I'd better make sure they haven't been arrested." Stefan ran his fingers through his thick sun-bleached hair. "No matter how many times people are told not to take photographs they... Oh shit."

His attention settled on a tall, willowy blonde dragging a large pink suitcase with a squeaky wheel across Aktion airport's marble floor. Stefan's gaze swept from her pink high heels, over the very short, very tight pale pink skirt and matching jacket to the very large, very dark sunglasses covering her eyes and most of her face.

"Please tell me she's not one of ours," Rachel whispered.

"Please tell me she is," Stefan whispered back and his cock nodded in agreement.

Rachel glowered. "No way is she with us. For a start, she's on her own. We're missing a pair. Geez, what's she wearing? Did she get on the right plane? She looks like she expected to arrive in Los Angeles and be greeted by paparazzi. She's not ours. Our instructions specifically say no hard cases."

Stefan thought this woman looked as far from hard as anyone could get. More like a cloud of cotton candy. Her blonde hair was fastened up in a loose bun with a floaty pink tie. God, her finger and toe nails were the same shade of pink as her suitcase. He licked his lips. He was in lust.

"Is it too late to hide the sign?" Rachel asked with a groan.

Imo had spent the flight hoping a tall, dark, handsome man dressed in a chauffeur's uniform, cap included, would be waiting for her. Okay, forget the uniform and the tall, dark and handsome. Even forget the cap. A man happy to see her would be enough. She was more than ready to be whisked away to an exclusive resort where she'd be pampered to within an inch of her life—correction, pampered to death. At present, she verged on hoping that happened literally, her life was so shit.

When Imo caught sight of the back of the woman's clipboard and recognized the name of the holiday company, she swallowed a groan. The male and female holiday reps wore shorts and sun-faded red polo shirts. They were lean and tanned and had

that healthy glow that yelled, "I love the outdoors!" Imo had a feeling they weren't going to be whisking her to an "I love to lie down and do nothing" paradise.

As she walked toward them she registered the fierce scowl on the woman's face and the glazed grin on the guy's. Imo straightened her shoulders, smiled and kept walking. Before she reached the two reps, a young couple overtook her and cut straight in front. Imo almost tripped on the soft bags dragged on leads in their wake like recalcitrant dogs.

"Ionian Adventures?" the man panted. "Roger and Diane Bigley. Sorry to keep you waiting. Diane lost her glasses on the plane."

"No problem. I'm Stefan. This is Rachel. Welcome to Greece."

"Thank you," said Diane. "We're really looking forward to this. We were so lucky to get that last-minute cancellation."

"Great." Rachel gave them a big smile.

Imo watched the exchange and wondered what she'd done to earn herself a scowl instead of a smile.

Stefan gestured toward the exit. "The transport is outside. A white bus. There's only one, you can't miss it. Well, people have, so don't let me down."

Imo liked his slight Greek accent, though she preferred dark-haired guys. As the British pair set off across the empty concourse, Imo took a step forward ready to give her name, only to face backs as they walked away.

"Er...excuse me," she called.

Two bronzed faces turned to look at her.

"You forgot me. Imo Hughes."

Stefan and Rachel exchanged puzzled glances and Imo's stomach clenched. She knew what had happened. It explained the mix-up at the airport. Imo had a ticket but she'd more or less had to talk her way onto the plane. These two hadn't forgotten her because they hadn't expected her. That last-minute cancellation the couple had snagged was Imo's holiday. Leo must have called and said they weren't coming. The bastard. He'd probably done it to spite her.

"You cancelled," Stefan said.

"No, I didn't," Imo said.

"Yeah, you did." Rachel shrugged. "We had an email. You can't change your mind after you've cancelled. Sorry."

"I didn't. I was the one who paid." Imo tried not to sound desperate. "It was my credit card. You haven't refunded the money."

"Nothing to refund at this short notice," Rachel said.

Imo tried again. "He had no right to cancel the holiday."

"The booking—" Rachel began.

"I paid," Imo repeated.



"It's okay." Stefan smiled at her. "Take a seat on the bus. We'll sort something out."

"Thank you." Imo returned his smile. He was more appealing now he'd been nice to her—a good-looking guy, a little taller than her with brown eyes and streaky brown-blond hair.

Imo pulled her case toward the exit and above the squeak of her wonky wheel she heard them whispering. There might be a lot of things Imo wasn't good at, but deciphering backstabbing whispers happened to be one of her specialties.

"What the hell are we going to do? We don't have any spare accommodation," said Rachel. "Oh Christ, she'll sue us and whose fault will it be?"

"She—"

"She's not staying with me and I'm not giving up my room. Don't even think about asking."

"Rachel, shut up. She can stay in Villa Agape. It's empty for two weeks."

"But—"

"Villa Agape."

"You sure?"

"Yes."

"But isn't—"

"Yes, but it'll be fine."

Imo let out a relieved sigh. All she wanted at that moment was a bed. She'd had a long, tiring day after the worst week of her entire messed-up life.

The moment she slumped onto the backseat of the coach, her eyes closed. It wasn't just that it was late at night, all the recent emotional trauma had wiped her out. At least she could now breathe again. The relief in being away from England and so far from Leo had lifted the weight from her heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Misss, missss."

Imo blinked her eyes open behind her sunglasses and found a wrinkled Greek face inches from hers.

"You here," said the driver and set off back down the bus.

Imo stood. She was the last passenger. She slung her purse over her shoulder and followed the driver. He dragged her case from the belly of the vehicle and dumped it in front of her on the sandy verge.

"Down track. Villa Agape on left." The man pointed to her right. "Dimitri's taverna down beach." Imo was already confused. "Stefan and Rachel see you tomorrow. Ten. Stefan sorry no stay but one of guests have problem."

Before Imo had time to ask him a question, he jumped on board and the coach pulled away, leaving her coughing in a swirl of dust. The retreating tail lights turned a corner and disappeared, stranding her at the side of the road in the pitch black. Ah, still wearing her sunglasses. Taking them off helped.

Imo took a deep breath of the warm night air, inhaled the sweet scent of jasmine and smiled. Once her eyes became accustomed to the dark, she spotted a trail winding between thigh-high shrubs. It looked dark and dangerous, full of snakes waiting to bite her ankles or lascivious Greeks ready to bite other parts of her. Imo grinned. She should be so lucky.

Well, the suitcase wasn't going to move itself. Imo grabbed the handle and pulled. Nothing happened. She hadn't exactly packed light but she'd managed to shift it before. She bent down to find the wheels had fallen off. Ah, no, disappeared into the sand. Like her heels.

The moment Imo stood in line for the charter jet at Gatwick airport and surveyed her fellow passengers, she'd suspected this was not going to be the holiday she'd hoped for. Leo had promised two weeks of luxury in Greece. Two weeks of fun in Greece. Two weeks of his undivided attention in Greece. All that was before Imo decided Leo's undivided attention was something she wished to avoid. She'd still hoped for luxury, but a villa without a road leading to it didn't make her heart pound in the right way. Imo recalibrated her expectations so she wouldn't be disappointed.

If only that worked.

She kicked off her shoes, stuffed them in her purse and squished cold sand between her toes. Pushing back thoughts of what else she might be treading on, Imo yanked the case the other way up, grasped the handle and lifted it a scant inch off the ground. As she staggered over the sand, the noise of cicadas rubbing their back legs or front legs or whatever bits they rubbed together – grew louder and louder.

The outline of a building lay a hundred yards ahead, a gray shadow against a dark, cloudy sky. No lights. Judging from the conversation between Rachel and Stefan, they hadn't expected to use this place, so maybe it hadn't been prepared for guests. Imo dismissed all lingering thoughts of a catered villa with gourmet chef, on-site masseur and a towel-bearing pool boy.

As she bulldozed her way through the bushes, the trail having disappeared within a few yards, the scent of thyme and sage rose around her. The sound of waves crashing on the shore grew louder, and Imo allowed herself the small hope that this villa sat on the beach. This was the only holiday she might get for ages, she'd paid for it and she wanted to enjoy it. Plus it was the last place Leo would think to look for her.

Hopefully.

She came to a dead end at a white painted wall too tall to see over and realized if there had been a path, she'd veered off it. Her sense of direction was appalling. Leo had – well, she had to forget Leo. Imo followed the wall to metal gates, which stood wide open. To her right, a paved driveway curled up toward the road where the bus

had dropped her. Typical of her to make matters more difficult than they needed to be. She rolled her case past a garage and into a garden.

As she dragged the case down the path, a light flickered on, illuminating a simple one-story structure with shuttered windows sitting either side of double wooden doors. Two Greek words were written on a blue and white sign. The first started with an A, ended with an e and looked like the name Agape so Imo presumed she had the right place. Four stone steps led up to a narrow verandah. To the left, on the landward side, was a terraced patio with a large table and lots of chairs. The seaward side of the villa lay in shadow. Imo imagined herself flinging open the shutters in the morning to look out onto an azure sea. Eating alfresco. Drinking alfresco. Except not the local wine. Retsina was an acquired taste and she hadn't acquired it.

Imo glared at the steps and then gritted her teeth and lifted the case one stair at a time. By the side of the door, moths busily conducted a frenzied dance around the light, plastering themselves against the bulb, too enamored to realize they were being drawn to their deaths. Each sizzling *phizt* made Imo shudder.

Too deep, too fast and she should have known Leo wasn't the one. What had made her think he was different?

The door of the villa was unlocked. How trusting was that? In London, you'd be lucky to come home and still find you had a toilet. Imo fumbled for a light switch and the entrance hall lit up. She closed the door to keep out the bugs and looked around. A key hung on a hook to her right so she locked herself in.

The hallway floor was a work of art, mosaic tiles in every shade of blue featuring dolphins dancing in the waves. Imo almost didn't want to step on it. The paintings on the walls were delicate watercolors of Greek islands—all originals. Her grandpa would have loved them. Imo took two more steps and the bulb overhead snapped out with a loud ping. It not only made her jump but she couldn't see a thing. *Damn*. What was the layout? Two doors either side of the hall and one facing her? Or one either side and two facing?

For a brief moment, Imo had a vision of Leo waiting behind one of them.

*Don't be stupid and do the wrong thing.*

She shuddered as she remembered his words. Imo shook the thought from her head and felt her way along the left side of the hallway. A door. Another fumble for a light switch. Imo's gaze swept the room. A neatly made bed, comfy chair, wardrobe and chest of drawers. A line of photographs on the wall. Young boys playing. Older boys in school uniform. Good-looking guys with a small lady. Their mum? One of the men looked very like Stefan. Imo guessed this was someone's home rented out for the summer.

She left the bedroom light on so she could find her way to the other rooms. A cozy-looking lounge with a flat screen TV. A bathroom with a shelf of toiletries—that was thoughtful, though Imo had no idea what most of them were. Greek was a really hard language. You couldn't even guess what things meant. A lovely kitchen. She opened the

fridge hoping for a welcome pack and found it stuffed with food. Some packets were open, but wow—she was impressed. Imo snagged a bottle of water and wandered to the last room. By her reckoning the window in here would look straight out to sea. She opened the door and flicked on the light.

Imo blinked—hard—but it made no difference. The white-washed bedside tables were there and the matching wardrobe and a very pretty rug but no bed. Imo sighed. *This* was where she wanted to sleep. She squared her shoulders. *This* was where she was going to sleep. After turning on the ceiling fan, Imo went to get her case.

She slipped out of her suit and laid it over a chair. Unpacking could wait until morning and what she had to do now would be more comfortably done in her underwear.

Maneuvering the double mattress out of one room and into another wasn't too difficult, but when Imo looked at the metal frame and twisted metal headboard, she had a moment of doubt. It didn't look as though it came apart so she'd have to drag it over the marble floor, flip it onto its side to get it into the hall and through to the room opposite before she turned it over again.

With her first tug, the bed scraped along the marble with a tooth-jarring screech and Imo clenched her jaw. This wasn't going to work. The bed was too heavy and she was too tired. She'd push it back into place.

A loud hammering at the front door froze her in midshove.

Imo waited. The banging stopped. Maybe it was killer moths. She smirked and shifted the bed a couple more clanking inches until it was back against the wall. The heavy thumps resumed hard enough to make the door vibrate. *What the fuck?* Imo flipped her sunglasses over her eyes then stalked down the hall. She turned the key and opened the door only to rear back at the mountain of incensed male looming over her. A tall, dark-haired guy clad only in boxers towered in the doorway, his face contorted in anger. *Shit, he's not the only one in his underwear.* He opened his mouth and Imo slammed the door. She locked it and yanked out the key with trembling fingers. Where the hell had he come from? This place was in the middle of nowhere.

*"Ti sto diaolo kanete eki mesa?"* he yelled.

*"Goawaygoawaygoawaygoaway,"* she shouted.

In between her screams, she recognized the words "not your villa" among an avalanche of Greek and English expletives. In an instant, all was clear. The guy was drunk and thought he lived here. Imo spoke through the door in a slow, loud voice. In English, obviously, but he was bound to understand. "No, this is my villa. *I* live here."

A moment later she heard him pad down the steps and gave a sigh of relief. Imo pushed her sunglasses up on her head. Through the gloom and underneath the fury, a quick glance had told her he was rather good-looking with a great body. But if he got so drunk that he didn't know where he lived, she didn't want to know him. He'd probably got lost on his way home from the local taverna.

As she walked back to the bedroom, a thought hit her that stopped her in her tracks. What if he wasn't drunk? What if it wasn't him who had the wrong villa, but her? The word on the name plate had looked like Agape but what if it wasn't? Imo dragged the holiday information details out of her bag together with her mobile phone.

"Stefan? It's Imo Hughes. I think I might have got the wrong villa."

"Dolphins on the hall floor?"

"Yes."

"You're in the right place. Sorry, I'm dealing with an emergency here. I'll speak to you in the morning."

"But —"

She'd been cut off. Imo dropped her phone in her purse. She went back to the other bedroom to get a bedside lamp and as she walked across the hall, the door of the villa creaked open. *Shit*. She flipped her sunglasses over her nose and let out a whimper of alarm when she saw the drunk advancing over the dancing dolphins like a towering Titan.

"Calm —"

"Go away," she yelled and ran at him brandishing the bedside light. "I live here, not you. It's my villa, not yours."

The guy put up his hands and reversed so fast, he missed the steps and fell backward off the verandah into the garden. Imo leapt at the door, shoved it closed and locked it again. *Oh God, he had a key*. How else could he have got in? Or maybe she hadn't locked it properly. Knowing her, that was more likely. He might be drunk, but he was determined.

So was Imo.

She collected every metal pot and pan from the kitchen and laid them over the hall floor. If he got in again, she'd have some warning and he'd have a nasty shock. She had a quick wash and brushed her teeth, helped herself to another bottle of water from the fridge—God it really was well stocked, alcohol included—and closed the bedroom door.

She checked her watch. *Shit, two thirty!* Imo threw herself on the mattress and closed her eyes.

Peace.

For about ten seconds.

There was a series of clanks and crashes followed by shouts, yelps and cursing from the hall. It took a moment for her brain to figure out what had happened.

Her mantrap had worked.

Imo jumped up and cracked open the bedroom door, hoping not to find the guy lying dead amidst a pile of kitchen equipment. There was no sign of him. The pans were all over the place but the front door was closed. Imo scooted back inside her room

and pulled her suitcase across the door. Back on the mattress, she gave a heavy sigh. She'd never manage to get to sleep now.

## Chapter Two

Will lay on his back in Elena's garden wondering if he'd damaged more than her plants. He lifted his hand to the back of his head and it came away wet. A tentative sniff of his fingers told him it wasn't blood, just crushed vegetable matter. Will rested a moment until he was sure nothing was broken. Three times he'd failed to get into the villa. Twice he'd ended up sprawled on his back. He wasn't going to try again. He levered himself upright and staggered around the right hand corner of the house, back to his bed.

Slumping down, Will reached for his mobile, and groaned at the sharp pain in his back. He pressed a couple of buttons and waited.

"Stefan, some mad woman has taken up residence in your mother's house."

"Uh?"

"She's wrecking the place."

"It's three in the morning. Fuck off." Stefan hung up.

"She booby trapped the villa and tried to kill me," Will said to no one.

He let his head sink deeper into the pillow. If Stefan couldn't be bothered to come out here to check what was happening, Will didn't see why he should risk getting brained with a bedside lamp. It was probably some relative of Elena's and she'd forgotten to warn him. Most likely one she was trying to set him up with. *Shit*. He'd made a really good first impression.

An image of the home invader sleeping a few feet away crept into Will's head. Well, not so much her face, he'd hardly seen that. Who wears sunglasses in the middle of the night? Why would she bother to hide her face and not her body? Though Will wasn't complaining. Obviously she didn't want to be recognized. A celebrity? Someone he knew? Will sat up. His heart thumped.

No, he didn't know her. Only one woman he really didn't want to see and it wasn't her. The other woman was one he shouldn't want to see except it wasn't her either.

He lay back.

That body. Will swallowed. Skimpy red underwear. An almost-not-there bra and panties that were no better. How come a raving lunatic's underwear got him going? Who was he kidding? A luscious, pissed-off figure in red had turned him on. He slid his boxers down and kicked them off the end of the bed.

Will was hot and sweaty. And bruised. He ran his hand down his chest. His nipples were hard despite the heat. His back was probably filthy. He wanted a cold shower but he wasn't going to risk going back into the villa, nor using the one in the garden. She'd probably pull out a gun—though not from inside those lace panties. Will's fingers

slipped to his cock. Rock-hard. He usually started from some point less than that. It was the fucking underwear. Why did it have to be red? One tight drag up from his balls and he let out a deep sigh.

If there were competitions for wanking off, Will was pretty sure he'd win a medal. He'd even beat the teenagers. He smothered a laugh. Maybe that was an unfortunate turn of phrase. In the seven months since he'd left England, he'd not touched a woman, though he touched himself most days, often more than once. Will had started to count the number of times he jerked off and then it had depressed him so he stopped. Then he started to count the different ways he could make himself come, timed how fast he could do it and how slowly and that had depressed him too. He obviously needed the challenge of paid work to keep his brain occupied but he couldn't face going back. Not yet. Maybe not ever, though lack of money might force his hand to do more than jack off.

Will made a tube with his fist and drew it up and down his rigid cock. A tremor ran the length of his spine, fizzling from his neck to his butt.

Had she been wearing a thong?

If she'd turned around, he'd have seen. His fingers tightened at the base of his shaft.

What was he in the mood for tonight – well, this morning? Fast and frantic or slow and tortured? On his knees? On his back? Standing up? One hand? Two? None? Finger in his ass? Finger out? Metal ring? Rubber ring? Did he want to take hours or minutes? Maybe seconds. Hell, he was too tired for hours and that was usually something he started first thing in the morning so by the time he let himself come in the evening, he blew like a volcano. Lube or no lube? Will was too lazy to get up. No lube it was then.

How wet could she make those red panties?

Will opened his eyes. He didn't want to think about crazy females with wet panties who wielded lampshades. Something else to add to his list of "don't want to think about". Will hadn't let himself say her name for seven months, one week and three days. Only an obsessive would add hours and minutes. *Shit*. Couldn't stop himself *thinking* her name though.

He used one hand to stroke the root of his cock with his thumb and two fingers, and the other to massage his balls. Even his wanks had become halfhearted – the flesh perfectly willing but the mind weak.

*Red underwear.*

Will's shaft warmed in his hand, grew and twitched.

*Sweet breasts swelling from the lace cups.*

Maybe not so weak. He worked his way from the base of his cock using two fingers to rub and tease until he reached the swollen head. Pre-cum oozed from the slit and a sigh slipped from his lips. Why was he doing this? Nothing more than a displacement activity, yet he'd let it take over his life. With the flat of his hand, he rolled his palm over the crest, and as he spread the silky liquid, he squeezed his balls a little harder.



Will let his mind run, too tired *not* to think about who he'd like to be lying on top of him with her mouth wrapped around his cock, then her snug pussy hugging his length. Never going to happen again, couldn't happen, shouldn't think of it but her sweet, trusting face filled his head, then the look of disappointment that he'd caused, and his hands froze. Will opened his eyes and hissed.

This verged on sickness, he knew that. She wasn't his, she was his brother's. So when would the morning come that Will would wake up and start the day without her being the first thing to enter his mind? When would he fall asleep without her face filling his head? His mother knew without him saying a word. She'd assured Will it *would* happen, that after a while he'd realize he'd gone a whole day and not thought about her.

The woman he loved. *Had* loved. *Did* love. *Fuck*.

His mother said weeks would turn to months and months to years. Only that presumed Will didn't *want* to think about her. He released a short laugh. Even if he was capable of banishing her from his thoughts, it would never happen. His life couldn't be one in which he never said her name, never talked about her, never saw her, not if he wanted to see his brother ever again. They'd marry, have kids, she'd— Will's hand tightened around his balls to the point of pain.

*Stop it. Think of something else. Someone else.*

The woman lying in bed a few feet away, a wall between them, had at least given him hope that his libido wasn't completely screwed. Elena and Stefan had been throwing eligible women under his feet for months and Will had stepped over all of them. So maybe this was all he'd needed, to get pissed off with a female in order to fancy her. She reminded him of—except he wasn't going down the path of recalling annoying women.

Will imagined lifting the shades off her face to look into her eyes. So long as they weren't some wild, tawny color he'd be fine. Will dragged his hand up his cock, easing back on his grip as he reached the head and then tightening his hold around the less sensitive base. The muscles of his belly clamped down and his balls throbbed in his hand.

Fast, not slow. He needed to sleep. Another night he might have held back and loosened off, teased his body into a delayed explosion, but now he pumped harder. His cock slipped in his fingers, the length of him slick with his juice. Veins bulged under his palm. His musk rose around him. Will imagined the woman watching him from behind those dark glasses and he began to slide toward release.

At the apex of each dragging pull along his cock, Will made an infinitesimal pause to wrap his fingers and thumb around the weeping glans before he swept his hand down to meet the one holding his balls. Harder, tighter, faster. Muscles contracted at his feet, the sensation moving to his calves, tormenting the back of his knees before shifting to his thighs and then his butt. Delicious tension that never lasted long enough.

Christ, now Will didn't want to come, wanted this to go on for longer. He tried to slow his breathing but he'd gathered too much speed. His stomach clenched and he felt the burn in his balls as they exploded. Will gave a long shudder as his hips bucked, his body jerking as if he'd been hit by a stun gun. Then he was coming, long ropy threads of cum spurting over his belly and chest, one white fleck flying as far as his mouth, while he tugged at his cock to milk himself dry.

Mouth slack, limbs trembling, Will let his hands fall to his sides and allowed himself a quiet groan.

Too tired to even remove her underwear, Imo lay on her stomach and pressed her face into the pillow. She wanted to sleep but needed the comfort of coming to get there. Wouldn't take long. Imo was an expert on bringing herself off, not such an expert in coming with Leo no matter what he did to her, or maybe because of what he did to her.

Most nights after he'd been to the bathroom to dispose of the condom, he rolled over and went straight to sleep. Imo always waited for a kiss, hoping for some show of post-coital affection but every time she was left disappointed. She'd wondered on each occasion why she was still with him. Even his insistence on using protection, although Imo was on the Pill, had made her feel a little insulted—as though he didn't trust her. Now she was glad he'd used condoms.

Had all of her love life been a disaster? Imo didn't want to feel that was the case but here she was, nearly thirty and trailing strings of failed relationships of varying lengths behind her like leper's bells. That succession of single dates when she'd believed every time that she'd met Mr. Wonderfully Right until she was forced to accept she'd found another Mr. Horribly Wrong. The graduation to three months of living with guys who made all the right noises, said all the right things, when everything was great until suddenly it wasn't. Through all that, Imo never lost hope that the next guy and then the next would be the one for her, even though deep down she suspected all men were the same. They'd say anything to get you into bed and fuck you until they found someone more interesting. The only consolation when she was dumped had been knowing the next one wouldn't last any longer than she had.

In between men, Imo lived on a diet of romantic books and movies and wept for the love that eluded her, even for the bastards who dumped her because she just wanted someone to return the love she freely gave. Then along came Leo who'd swept her off her feet like a whirlwind. A bit too much like a whirlwind, as it happened. With his dark-eyed charm and easy manner, he'd made Imo believe she was the one he wanted, that his life wouldn't be complete without her.

Still hard to believe she'd walked away. Every guy Imo had been out with had dumped her. Not a secret she'd be sharing anytime soon.

Imo couldn't accuse Leo of not caring about her pleasure because she always pretended to come, but once he snored quietly at her side, she drifted into another world where she was loved and cherished, and in absolute silence, keeping as still as

possible, she found her own delight. Imo needed nothing but her hands and now she slid them under her body and inside her panties.

With a finger either side of her folds, she gently rubbed, catching her clit as she rolled one finger against the other. The buzz was instant and she tuned into her current fantasy – her and a cowboy she'd just met on a dude ranch. He brought her back to the bunkhouse, stripped her naked and wrapped his whip under her breasts. His friends watched them fuck and while the pair of them weren't supposed to know, they did. It turned them both on – big-time.

Imo's tight little clit swam in cream like a pearl in an oyster, slipping between her wet fingers as she rubbed harder. No need to keep quiet now, no one could hear or see her. Her breathing grew choppy and she began to rock her hips into her hands, pressing her body into the mattress as she wound tighter. Her nipples rasped against the material of her bra and she imagined a cowboy's calloused fingers stroking them. Imo stuck her backside into the air, as though she was being taken from behind and imagined a hard cock ramming into her with such force she could almost feel wiry pubic hair pressing against her asshole. Then Leo's face was in her head, his body behind hers while he yanked at her tied wrists, forcing her legs apart, forcing...

*No.*

Yet Imo still came, the climax shuddering through her, cramping her stomach, freezing her lungs until the breath rushed out of her like gas from a shaken bottle of soda. Her trembling limbs stilled and she gave a quiet sigh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Imo came round slowly, eyes squeezed shut, stretching like a starfish until one set of knuckles hit the marble floor and she remembered where she was and why she was there alone. Why did Leo have to be the first thing she thought of? Imo opened her eyes and sat up. She wasn't going to let Leo spoil her holiday. She could still fling open the shutters and look out to sea with a smile on her face. Sun, sea, sand – perfect. Imo unfastened the windows, pulled them back into the room and reached for the shutters.

*Fabulous sea view here I come.*

"Tada," she cried and flung the shutters wide.

*Shit.*

Not a sea view but a fabulous view nonetheless. Just below her window, lying naked on a bed, in a sort of outdoor living area at the side of the villa, reclined a dark-haired Greek. Long muscular legs, a huge erection, washboard abs, oh God, a really huge erection, nicely rounded pecs with dark coppery nipples, a massive erection – and don't forget the firm hand wrapped around it – tanned all over – oh Christ even his cock was tanned – and dark eyes – wide-open eyes looking up at her.

*Double shit.*

In the instant before Imo yanked the shutters closed, everything became clear. She *had* got the wrong villa. It belonged to this guy. The food in the fridge wasn't for her, it was his. Not so hard to believe there was more than one villa with dolphins on the hall floor. Because he'd not been able to get in last night, he had to sleep outside. Her brain whizzed into overdrive. Maybe he'd taken the bed out to mend or paint. Maybe he just liked sleeping outdoors.

Last night, when she'd dragged the bed those few inches over his beautiful marble floor, she'd woken him. He'd let himself in with his key to see what the fuck she was up to and she'd threatened him with a lamp, made him fall into his flowerbed, and when he tried again to check his belongings were still in one piece, she'd almost broken his legs with the contents of his kitchen. Imo scampered to the wardrobe and opened the doors. Full of clothes. Men's clothes.

"Oh shit, shit, shit."

Will didn't move for several seconds after the shutters had closed. He wasn't sure what had disturbed him more—the sight of two creamy breasts about to burst out of skimpy red lace or the purpling bruise around her eye. He had no time to take in her face before the shutters slammed closed and everything was removed from his sight. At that point he registered his hand was still wrapped around his over-excited cock.

"Sorry," she yelled through the shutters. "If you don't mind, I'll just take a quick shower and I'll be gone. Sorry."

A few moments later he heard the faint sounds of the shower running. Will imagined her standing under the water, droplets bouncing off her nipples, and his fingers flexed. His tongue slid out to wet his lips. Maybe he could make this one to savor. A few well-timed, expertly effected pumps and twists and his body readied for orgasm. Will brought up his knees and spread them, reaching between his legs for the strip of flesh between his anus and the base of his scrotum. At the same time, he kept pumping his cock in slow, steady strokes.

*Red fucking lace.*

Will spread his fingers, feeling for the spot behind his balls, the little dip, and when his body tensed as orgasm threatened, he pressed down and at the same time squeezed even harder with his other hand.

"Oh shhhhit," Will hissed.

Timing off? Maybe he missed the spot or, worse, he'd lost his touch but his cock spewed like a geyser.

*She has the bluest eyes.*

## Chapter Three

Imo closed the door and slunk out, sandals in her hand. From the safety of the villa, she'd spotted a small gate that looked as though it led toward the sea and she made a dash for it, keeping her gaze firmly fixed ahead. After a lightning-fast shower, she'd slipped into her flowered halter-top dress, grabbed her sunglasses and escaped before Adonis came calling. With a bit of luck, she'd never see the guy again.

Hard to think if she'd ever been more embarrassed in her life. Still she couldn't help thinking that if only she hadn't been quite so vigorous in throwing the shutters open, she could have snuck a longer peek at his lovely tackle. Imo wished she'd been able to come out with some amusing quip to make light of the situation, but as usual, her wit failed her until the moment passed. Only maybe he wouldn't have appreciated a joke about the early bird catching the – well, never mind.

As Imo stepped onto the beach, she sighed. Overhead, the sky was streaked with clouds, torn strips of chiffon blending into the blue, and at her feet gentle waves lapped along a narrow strip of sand already warm underfoot. She'd thought about bringing her suitcase so she could relocate to the right villa after the meeting at the taverna, but rather than drag it down the road, she'd decided to walk over the sand and ask for it to be retrieved. After all, it had been partly Stefan and Rachel's fault she'd ended up at the wrong accommodation. They might have had a guest with a problem but now they had two.

The soft sand caressing her feet and the sun warming her back lightened Imo's heart. The weather in England had been gray for the last week. Well, ever since she'd met Leo—if only she'd noticed. Once she'd been pointed in the direction of the villa where she was supposed to be staying, Imo intended to relax by the pool with one of the paperback books she'd brought with her.

Dimitri's Taverna was farther down the beach than she'd anticipated, though at least she'd gone in the right direction, and by the time Imo came upon it, she was late. Stefan and Rachel stood under the loggia with their backs to the sea facing tables of expectant faces. Imo slipped on her sandals and slunk across the cracked terracotta tiles, hoping not to be spotted.

"Good afternoon, Imo," Stefan said. "Hope you enjoyed your lie-in because that's the last one you'll get for at least a week."

*What?* Imo didn't intend to get out of her bed—once she'd located it—before ten in the morning on any day of the entire holiday. She had no interest in crack-of-dawn excursions that involved travelling for hours in search of quaint villages selling handmade lace, actually imported from Taiwan, and even less interest in team activities, particularly if they were sporting. She shuddered and tuned back in to what

Rachel was saying. Stuff about the best places to eat, the prettiest beaches, local doctors, dentists, morticians.

Thank God she hadn't done that guy serious damage last night.

Only what if she had?

Maybe he still lay in bed and the only thing he could move was his hand, his rising cock an involuntary reflex. An impressive erection but what the hell must he think of her?

One guess. A crazy squatter.

Imo found her mind wandering again. Would she meet anyone nice while she was here? Most of those listening seemed to be sitting in pairs, although a group of four women her age sat together. She clashed gazes with a brown-haired waiter who winked at her. Maybe some uncomplicated, no-strings-attached sex would do her good. Only Imo was addicted to falling in love. She wasn't sure she could *do* uncomplicated, no-strings-attached sex.

Her attention snapped back to Rachel who lectured about the danger of spiny Normans. *What?* Oh, something to look out for when swimming. Sea urchins. Imo's mind slid away yet again to create the image of a dark-haired devil called Norman with one over-large spine, who lurked under the water waiting to prey on unsuspecting women.

Then Stefan took over from Rachel. Lovely voice, lovely body, lovely teeth—delivering horrible news. Imo's jaw dropped lower and lower. Goose bumps broke out on her arms despite the heat. Leo told her he'd booked a two-week luxury holiday in Greece. What he'd failed to add was that one week was shore-based learning to sail, and the following week was spent sleeping on a yacht as they travelled around in a flotilla exploring local islands. *Sailing?*

Imo tried not to hyperventilate. The winking waiter put a bottle of iced water in front of her and she grabbed it with shaking hands. *Sailing?* That was Leo's idea of luxury—a cramped caravan on water? Something else they didn't have in common. Imo dreamed of a five-star hotel, gourmet room service and a huge pool. Her life would be utterly complete if there was a lazy river to navigate while she reclined in an inflatable tube and read a book—oh, and let's not forget the mojito. She knew nothing about sailing, had never even been on a boat if she didn't count that pedal-swan on the pond in Greenwich Park. It had been her fifth birthday and she'd panicked. Her dad had been forced to wade out and pull her back to shore.

Daydreaming about her parents, wishing they were still around, Imo started when she realized Stefan had finished speaking and everyone was clapping. He and Rachel moved between tables handing out information packs. He looked distinctly uneasy as he headed in Imo's direction. He couldn't possibly be as uncomfortable as her. The moment he saw Imo looking at him, he turned on his smile. She didn't—shouldn't—trust men who smiled all the time.

"Good morning. You look very beautiful today."

Behind her sunglasses, Imo didn't blink. He sat in the chair opposite.

She longed to say *I want to go home*. Instead she blurted, "I'm not in the right villa."

To Imo's horror, out of the corner of her eye, she spotted a dark-haired guy in faded gray shorts and a white T-shirt making straight for her. Even with his clothes on, she didn't fail to recognize her neighbor. He sat at the next table and stretched out his legs so they almost touched hers. Imo's pulse jumped and she looked away.

"Is there something wrong with the villa?" Stefan asked.

"It was dark. I must have gone down the wrong track. I ended up in the wrong place." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I might have scratched the floor. I wanted to put the bed in the other room."

"Don't worry about it."

"So will you move my suitcase to the place where I should be staying?"

"You're in the right villa."

"I don't think I am."

Stefan sighed. "Believe me, you are."

"But —"

"There isn't anywhere else."

Imo could feel the bronzed statue staring at her. She waited for him to speak, to complain about what she'd done, but he stayed silent.

"There's someone already living there," she whispered.

"He won't be any bother."

He already bothered her. In a big...er...way.

"He likes to sleep outside so I thought you'd be okay inside. I'm sorry we haven't been able to put you in one of our regular villas. I'll be honest. When the cancellation came through, we made an incorrect assumption and deleted your booking. We could hardly turn you away so we did the best we could."

"But there's no pool, no maid." Imo wanted the words back as soon as they'd come out of her mouth. As if she was used to having pools and maid service. *Right*.

"The pool is here at Dimitri's. You can use it any time. The villa you're staying in belongs to my mother. She's gone to stay with her sister."

Imo had to force herself not to look at the man at the next table. What the hell was he doing sleeping next to the villa then? Maybe when Stefan had said he wouldn't be any bother, he'd meant he was going to get rid of him.

"I'll get someone to move the bed," Stefan said.

"Okay." Imo's unhappiness welled up inside her, squeezing her heart.

Stefan smiled. "We can sort everything out. I'm just a little concerned about next week, because once you've trained, you're not going to be able to handle one of our yachts on your own."

Imo opened her mouth to say she didn't want to learn to sail, that she had no interest in even looking at a yacht that didn't have a crew of at least ten to wait on her hand and foot, but she wasn't sure she could speak without crying so she pressed her lips together.

"But it's our problem that we're in this position, not yours," Stefan said. "I've re-jigged the boats and sorted something out for this week. You can come with me, Liz and Karen today."

"I'll train her," said her nemesis at the next table. He leaned across and held out his hand. "Will Mansell."

Perfect English, not even the hint of a Greek accent, and the way he'd said *train her* sent a shiver down Imo's spine.

"That's not a Greek name," she said.

"Probably because I'm not Greek. You are?"

"Imo."

She put her hand in his and the jolt of electricity that shot down Imo's spine almost welded her to the chair. Was it her imagination that he held onto her a little longer than necessary?

"He's a friend of mine," Stefan said. "Sorry I didn't warn you, but he spends so long in bed, I didn't think you'd meet up."

"Thanks for that," Will said.

"Pleasure and it's okay. You don't need to be involved with her training. She can come with me. Us," Stefan said.

"I'd like to do it."

"It's an imposition."

"It's no problem."

Imo watched the two of them square off.

"Except the Agrippa is at Lefkas," Stefan said with the hint of a smile on his face.

"I can take my —"

"You're waiting for that spare part."

"Send one of the engineers for the Agrippa and I'll come with you today, just so I know what you've covered. Tomorrow, I'll take over the training."

Will looked at her and for a split second, his mouth curled in a smile. Imo was lost even though it wasn't a smile that said, "Hello, beautiful, training you will be my pleasure," but rather one that said, "I'm going to make mincemeat of you."

*Bugger.*

"Are you sure?" Stefan asked. "Don't you have better things to do?"

*Bless you for trying to save me.*

"Nope," Will said.



"Have you done any sailing?" Stefan asked her.

Not the moment to mention the pedal-swan. "No."

"Good, I love a challenge," Will said.

Imo narrowed her eyes behind her glasses. He did, did he? Well she wasn't that easy. Her eyes dropped to the bulge in his khaki shorts and the flip-flops on his large brown feet. Maybe she was.

He glared at her. "Go put on something more suitable. Shoes without heels. Be at the quay in thirty minutes."

Imo didn't move.

"Now," Will snapped and she fled. "And bring a hat," he yelled after her.

Will watched her stoop to take off her sandals as she reached the sand. *Oh God, lovely bare back and great backside.* His cock stirred and he stuck his hand in his pocket. Will turned to Stefan to see he had his hand in his pocket as well. Stefan laughed. Will wanted to do the same and couldn't. Stefan had found at least one guest to fuck every week that Will had been here, sometimes two and not always a woman. It annoyed Will that he didn't want Stefan to touch Imo.

"You sure about this?" Stefan asked.

Will moved so he could watch her walking back down the beach. "Stefan, do you think she was stupid? That I'm stupid? You think I wouldn't notice someone had moved into the villa or that she wouldn't spot it was occupied?"

"What choice did I have? She's paid. I didn't have anywhere else to put her. I thought it was so late, she'd just fall asleep. You rarely get up before ten. I figured she'd have gone by then and in the meantime Rachel could try to sort out another place for her to stay."

Will stared at him. "Alternatively?"

Stefan chuckled. "You grew to like her."

Will glared.

"Fine. I'll ask her to sleep on the boat with me."

"Don't."

Stefan laughed. "She cracked your shell, my friend?"

"She woke me in the middle of the night trying to drag your mother's bed across the floor."

"And you woke me in the middle of the night to tell me."

Will shook his head in disbelief. "You honestly thought she'd fall asleep and not notice the villa looked occupied?"

"Yes."

"She came at me with a bedside lamp and I ended up flat on my back in the garden. Not only that but she set up a trap with every pan out of the kitchen and I damn near broke my ankle crushing your mother's zucchini."

Stefan paled. "Her zucchini?"

"My ankle," Will snapped.

"Yet you still want to come with us today?"

"Hell yes, I want to make her suffer."

Stefan smirked. "I'm sure you do."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Will saw Imo walking along the quay, his jaw dropped. The sundress had gone and been replaced by the tiniest bikini he'd ever seen. The three shiny red triangles barely covered anything. She had legs to her armpits and curves in all the right places. He swallowed hard. The lump in his throat didn't move but something else did. Will stuck his hand in the pocket of his shorts to adjust his cock. Again. *Fuck it*. At this rate, he'd never be able to take his fingers out.

A large red bag hung from her shoulder. On her head, instead of the baseball cap he'd expected, sat a wide brimmed, floppy yellow hat, smothered in multicolored flowers. She looked as if she was off to a wedding. Except not in that bikini. No, he took it back. She looked as though she was off for a day at the beach. What the hell did she think this vacation was about? His gaze dropped to her feet. Sandals with heels. He glared. She waved and Will found himself waving back. He yanked his arm down.

"Bloody hell, what has she got on?" Stefan whispered behind him.

"Not much."

The head of every man on every yacht turned as she passed. For some reason that aggravated Will. He stepped from the boat onto the quayside.

"Hi." She gave him a huge smile. Artless or artful, he wasn't sure. He'd met yet another woman he had no idea how to handle. Then he remembered the shoes he'd expressly told her not to wear.

"What the hell do you think you have on your feet?"

Imo bent to slip off the sandals. "Nothing now."

*Oh Christ. A thong.* Her backside was smooth, tanned and delicious. He really didn't need this. What he needed was to step off the boat and go back to the villa and perfect his expertise in wallowing in misery, only that would mean leaving her to Stefan whose tongue already lolled around his knees.

She popped the footwear in her bag. "I don't have anything without heels. Is barefoot okay?"

Will made some sort of noncommittal noise that sounded too much like a low growl. He walked down the plank onto the boat and turned to offer her a hand before

dragging his fingers back. He wasn't going to touch her. Something had happened the last time he'd done that. It had felt uncommonly like an electric shock.

She stood with her foot poised over the stretch of wood straddling the quay and the boat as though it was a tightrope over the Grand Canyon. Will couldn't see her eyes through the sunglasses but he recognized fear when he saw it. Before he could move, Stefan stepped forward.

"Pass me your bag." He gasped when he took it. "What the hell do you have in here?"

"Towel, sunscreen, books, MP3 player, water, shirt, shorts, sandals, kite, jigsaw."

Stefan gaped. "What?"

Will smothered his smile. At least she had a sense of humor.

Imo sighed. "Plus a battery-powered fan, camera, hairbrush, hair dryer and wet wipes. I thought I'd leave the portable DVD player for another day."

Now Will had no idea whether or not she was joking.

Stefan laughed and carried her bag into the cockpit. Imo lingered on the quayside staring at the plank. Will knew he ought to help her, but the devil in him made him stand and watch. With curves like hers, she looked as though she'd have a great sense of balance, yet with her first step he could see she was in the grip of abject terror. It was only a four-foot length of wood, with a few feet to drop into the harbor—hardly going to kill her.

"You going to stand there all day?" Will asked.

She moved forward an inch.

Stefan went to help her and Will gestured him back. He told himself he wasn't being mean. If she couldn't get onto the boat unaided, he could see no point in taking her out to sea. To Will's amazement, Imo dropped to her knees and crawled along the plank giving both of them a great view of her breasts. A crowd of Greek men rushed to stand behind her, mouths open, hands in pockets.

It didn't take her anywhere near long enough to traverse the gap. She crawled onto the deck, stood and huffed out her relief. "Phew, made it."

"What a disappointment." Will could have kicked himself the moment that came from his mouth. Her smile faltered for a moment and then sprang back into place. He bit his lip. *Oh God, what am I doing? Did I learn nothing?*

"Sadly I can't swim so you'd have had to dive in to get me or let the sharks eat me."

Will's pulse thundered in his ears. "You can't swim? What the hell—"

"And after you were in the water, she'd have told you she *could* swim," Stefan said with a smirk.

"Smartass," Imo said.

"Takes one to know one," Stefan retorted.

Will scowled when he meant to laugh. Christ, had he forgotten how? He grabbed her hat, skimmed it down the companionway into the cabin, lifted the faded blue cap from his head and put it on hers.

"Thank you." She smiled straight at him and Will began to melt.

*Oh God, she's gorgeous.*

"If you have a t-shirt, put it on. You'll burn in this sun." Had he snapped that too?

"I've used sunscreen."

"It won't be enough."

Imo pulled a pink t-shirt out of her bag and slipped it over her head. Will was about to breathe a sigh of relief when he saw it wasn't even long enough to cover her navel. In fact it drew attention to her navel, a tiny dip in—he dragged his gaze up—*oh Christ*, and got stuck on her breasts.

"Shorts?" he croaked.

She slithered into a tiny piece of blue fabric.

They had to be the shortest, tightest shorts he'd ever seen.

"What do I have to do?" she asked.

"Watch, listen and learn. Try not to trip up or fall overboard," Will said.

He yanked his gaze away as two women in baseball caps, sensible shorts and proper t-shirts hurried along the quayside and skipped down the plank onto the boat, well-worn deck shoes on their feet.

"Hi, I'm Karen," said a gorgeous blonde, her hair swishing in a ponytail.

"I'm Liz," said a ravishing brunette, sporting a matching ponytail.

Will shook their hands and felt absolutely nothing.

Imo recognized two of the four she'd seen sitting together at the briefing. They were both shorter than her and wearing clothes she'd have worn if she'd had them. When Imo heard them say they'd sailed before, her heart sank.

"Only dinghies," Liz said.

"Her father won an Olympic silver for the two-person lasers," said Karen.

Imo's heart hit her stomach.

"We've competed in a few national races," Liz added.

Imo's heart reached her knees.

"My mother coaches the under-tens at the local yacht club," Karen said. "I help sometimes."

"We're just not used to big...craft." Liz giggled. "I understand they need careful handling. I can't tell you how glad we are to learn with you guys."

Imo let a snort escape and tried to make it sound like a cough. Will glared. Did the guy never smile?

"What about you?" Stefan asked.

Everyone turned to look at her. No point checking to see if there was an Olympic gold medalist sitting behind her. Nor in lying. Her crawl on board had given her away. "Absolute novice. No experience whatsoever of handling big or small...things. Maybe I should stay here and sunbathe."

"Nonsense. By the end of the week, you'll be handling big things with no problem." Stefan winked at her. Thank God she had huge sunglasses to hide behind.

"Now, a few safety issues before we set off," Stefan said. "The life vests and harnesses are kept in this locker. Each of you try one on, make sure you know how to use it. Yeah, I know you two already know, but I still need to give this spiel."

Will flipped open the locker and handed out a pile of straps attached to strips of thick red material. Imo's fingers trembled as she took hers.

"If we encounter heavy seas, you can use the harness integrated into the life vest to clip yourselves onto the guide rails that run down the side of the boat. But if we actually *get* heavy seas, I'll eat my shorts."

Imo struggled to put on the life jacket.

"Upside down," Will said.

She tried again.

He sighed. "Back to front."

Imo took it off and started over.

"Inside out," Will muttered.

When he reached to help, Imo stopped breathing. She stared at his strong brown fingers as he adjusted the straps. Why did she fancy a guy who clearly detested her? But when he accidentally brushed her breasts, she heard the hitch in his breath. *Oh God. He doesn't detest me.* A flood of warmth sank into her bikini bottoms. Thank goodness she was wearing dark shorts and he wouldn't know. Except his head shot up and he stared at her face. *Oh God, he knows.*

It seemed to Imo that they stared at each other for hours, well, minutes. Okay, a long second but something passed between them.

"You can take the life vest off now," Stefan said.

"We don't get to keep it on?" Imo blurted, her hand tightening around the clasp.

Everyone laughed except for Will who stared at her with an intensity that encouraged another surge of moisture between her legs.

"I'll tell you if you need to put one on." Stefan smiled.

"Do yachts like this sink often?" Imo asked.

"Usually just once," Will said.

Everyone howled. Not Will.

Once they all sat in the cockpit, sans life vests—Imo had bid hers a fond farewell and made sure it went on top of everyone else's—Stefan went through the names for

the equipment. Within seconds, Imo's brain had frozen. Main sail, jib sail, cleat, fender, winch, bow line, stern line, halyards, sheets and the boom.

Watch out for the boom, Imo registered that. Only everything seemed to be something to watch out for. Don't pull too hard, don't get your fingers in there, between that, under this, and especially don't yank the rudder.

"What do you think's the main danger on board?" Stefan asked.

Apart from Will? Sinking, Imo thought. Getting trapped underwater as the boat submerges, your head in a pocket of air but no way of getting out and knowing that you're going to drown. Or the boat going down and you manage to get off only you're doing the doggy paddle in shark-infested seas. Oh, and you're bleeding. And piranhas on vacation from the Amazon are heading straight for you.

"Fire," said Karen.

"Got it in one," said Stefan.

*Damn.*

"Which is why there's an automatic fire extinguisher for the engine, a lever to pull that I'll show you in a minute and a handheld extinguisher next to the cooker, plus a fire blanket. Fire is the biggest danger by far."

"If the boat's on fire, you don't just jump overboard?" Imo asked.

The girls gave her she's-so-stupid looks.

"Only if the fire's out of control and the boat is actively sinking," Stefan said. "Theoretically, you should just step from a sinking vessel into the dinghy we're towing."

Imo tried to surreptitiously check the whereabouts of the rescue vessel. Would it hold all of them? Would she be the one who'd get eaten if they spent days at sea? How would they choose?

"In desperate times, there's a life raft that automatically inflates once it touches the water. Actually, it needs to come on deck."

"I'll get it," Will said.

"Want to give him a hand, Imo?" Stefan asked.

Imo followed Will down the steps. It was quite cute down there, a dinky little sink and cooker and –

"You going to help or not?" Will pointed to a bright orange case on the floor.

Imo reached out, grabbed a strap and yanked. There was a loud bang followed by an equally loud hiss and the next moment she was engulfed by a large yellow monster.

## Chapter Four

Imo froze as the life raft expanded in front of her. *What have I done?*

"Shit. Fuck. Bollocks." Will used even more inventive words as he disappeared under the inflatable.

Imo had been pressed back against the sink but she now slipped underneath the still-growing space invader. The fabric rose over her mouth and she thrust up a hand to give her room to breathe. *God, I'm going to run out of air and I'm not even underwater.*

Loud bangs echoed around her as wood cracked and objects went flying. Something sharp poked her backside and she squeaked.

"For fuck's sake, stab it," Stefan shouted.

*What with?* Imo fumbled under the sink and her fingers emerged with a can-opener.

"Will, do something, you fucker," Stefan yelled.

Imo suspected Will was doing his best but the damn thing continued to grow until all she could see and feel in front of her was yellow material. For a moment, the raft seemed to subside and she gave a sigh of relief, until it hissed and started to swell again as another compartment filled. The pressure on her chest made it hard to breathe. The creature had already eaten Imo's sunglasses and she feared she'd be next.

"Get the fucking thing out of there before it breaks the engine box," Stefan bellowed.

The weight lifted a little and Imo saw a knife slashing at the yellow fabric. Before it got a second wind, Will surged forward and rammed the tattered craft past her, up the stairs and out into the cockpit. Imo rose to her feet, shaking, and followed. The five of them stared in disbelief at the quivering remains hissing and groaning in its death throes.

"Bloody hell," Liz said. "Good thing we weren't out at sea and needed to use it."

"A thousand Euros." Stefan groaned.

The misshapen yellow monster gave a final shiver and expired with an elongated fart.

"RIP. Raft In Peace," Karen said and sniggered.

"I have no idea what happened," Will said. "Sorry. We just tugged and it exploded."

Imo's gaze shot up. Is that what happened? She hadn't managed to grab something she wasn't supposed to?

"Fuck. Must have been faulty. I'll get Rachel to contact the manufacturers." Stefan turned to Imo and winced. "Hey, are you okay? Your eye? You must be quick to bruise."

"Sorry," she muttered. "It was my fault. I think I yanked too hard on a bit that was sticking out."

Karen and Liz barely held their laughter in check.

Stefan smiled at her. "Christ, if a life raft can't stand a bit of yanking, it's not going to be much use in an emergency."

Imo retrieved the cap Will had given her and pulled it down over her forehead. The sunglasses were beyond repair. She suspected Will had seen her bruised eye this morning and she wondered why he'd not set Stefan straight.

Will tried not to look at her black eye because the sight of it made him irrationally angry. She might have had an accident but a sneaky, tiny part of his brain worried someone had hit her. Still, it was none of his business. She hadn't told Stefan she already had the shiner before she got on board so he'd keep quiet.

"Help me get this thing off the boat before – oh fuck, too late," Stefan muttered.

A group of Greek men, fine-tuned for amusement, gathered to see what was happening. Will helped Stefan heave the ruined raft onto the quayside where they were greeted by a great deal of pointing and laughter. Watching other people cock-up was the highlight of the day in most harbors, for locals and for yachtsmen already in harbor. At the end of the afternoon when the yachts came back into port, there was always some idiot who motored in too fast and took a chunk out of the quay or threw his anchor into someone's cockpit.

When Will stepped back on board, Imo sat looking white as a sheet. Oh Christ, seasick while they were still in the harbor?

"Right, no major damage done below," Stefan said. "We'll have a new raft by tomorrow so no sinking today. Before we were interrupted I was discussing safety. Flares. Kept in that screw top white tube. Find a moment to read the instructions. Don't think we'll risk taking out the gun. I don't want any more incidents. It's basically load, point in the air and fire. The grab bag is next to the flares. It holds emergency supplies in case we have to abandon ship. To avoid the embarrassment of that happening while we're still in the marina, we'd better get underway."

Stefan went through the procedure for switching on the engine, but Will could see Imo took nothing in. She sat pressed against the bulkhead, holding herself very still, as if trying to take up as little room as possible so they wouldn't notice her. Despite the dark ring around her eye, she was very pretty. High cheekbones brushed by long eyelashes, a slight turn up to her nose and lips –

"Cast us off, Will," Stefan said.



Will jumped off the boat to unfasten the stern lines and stow the plank. Moments later the thirty-five-foot yacht motored out of the marina. Karen and Liz had already scrambled to the bow and sat with their legs dangling over the sides, two giggling figureheads.

"You okay, Imo?" Stefan asked. "Anything need kissing better?"

She gave a little smile. Will tidied the ropes and wished *he'd* asked her that.

Stefan nodded to the cabin. "There's a bag of ice in the cool box. Get some for your eye."

"She's not—" Will snapped his mouth shut.

"I got on board with the black eye," Imo said.

"Oh. What happened?" Stefan asked.

"A flying giraffe."

She laughed and Stefan took the cue and laughed too. Will didn't. He didn't think it was just a joke. Had someone thrown something at her?

"While we're maneuvering out of the harbor, let's see what you remember," Stefan said. "I'll point and you tell me what it is. How about that?"

He pointed to a winch.

"Umm...the side of the boat?"

He laughed. "The thing that sits on the side of the boat."

"The metal whatsit with the rope wrapped around it?"

Stefan chuckled. "Yes."

"Umm..."

"Umm" was her response to the next five questions.

Will gaped at her after the last one. "How can you not know that's a sail?"

"I know it's a sail, but they all had names. I can't remember which is which," Imo said.

Will shook his head in disbelief. "What did we say that you *can* remember?"

"Don't trip up."

Stefan roared with laughter and Will glared.

"Hey, don't worry. You'll get it," Stefan said. "Boat speak is its own language."

"Sorry," Imo mumbled. "I'm not good with verbal instructions. I need things repeated for a while before they sink in."

As they pulled out into open sea, the other two made their surefooted way back to the cockpit and sat opposite Will and Imo.

"What do you do for a living?" Stefan asked.

"I'm a chartered surveyor," said Karen.

"Physiotherapist," said Liz.

Karen smirked. "She's had her hands all over some famous footballers."

Four pairs of eyes looked to Imo. "I used to work in a bar. I've had some famous footballers try to put their hands all over me."

Everyone laughed and when Imo's face lit up in a smile, Will's cock jerked. Oh Christ, he didn't dare look down in case there was a tent in his shorts.

"You want to go below deck?" Stefan looked at Will. "Show them the head?"

"The head of what?" Imo asked.

Will's shoulders slumped. This was going to be a long day. At least the toilet had a diagram to show how to use it, so he didn't have to go into details.

"Most important thing to remember is that nothing goes down the head unless you ate it first," Stefan said.

The three women shuddered in unison.

Will rattled through an explanation of how to operate the VHF radio, his gaze constantly drifting to the middle of Imo's body. He longed to slide his tongue over the strip of flesh below her T-shirt, to dip into her navel before trailing down to the edge of her bikini bottoms and – Will bolted up the companionway.

He was seriously worried he was losing his mind. It was his own fucking fault, obsessing over someone he couldn't have, refusing all offers from attractive women only to get the raging hots when he found one he liked and didn't like at the same time. How did *that* work? She reminded him of – *oh fuck*.

"Will, take the helm. I might as well show the ladies how to tie on the fenders while we're taking them off," Stefan said.

Will took the tiller. He thought it highly likely Liz and Karen already knew how to tie a bowline or a clove hitch, whichever knot it was Stefan preferred, but he knew this was Stefan's tried and tested method of assessing a woman's interest. Will had one eye on the sea and one on his friend who stood behind Liz, his groin pressed into her pert backside, arms wrapped around her to demonstrate the knot. Will didn't miss the little wriggle of Liz's butt nor Stefan's noisy gulp.

Karen's bum seemed equally effective. Stefan had a distinctive ridge down the left side of his shorts and a broad grin on his face. Stefan reminded Will of his brother, Ed. There was something about the pair of them that women loved, some natural charm that Will didn't have. Karen moved away and as Stefan looked for his next conquest, Will shouted, "Imo, come and take the helm."

Stefan smirked. If the bastard grinned any harder, his face would crack.

"What do I have to do?" Imo asked.

"Sit here in front of me and hold this. When you move the rudder to port the boat goes to starboard."

Imo's fingers curled around the tiller and the boat swerved violently to the right. Liz yelped when she almost slipped overboard.

"Sorry," Imo shouted.

"Pick a point in the distance and keep us in a straight line," Will snapped.

The boat veered the opposite way and Will grabbed the tiller.

"Sorry, sorry." Imo's shoulders tensed.

"For f—" *Oh Christ, can't I be civil?*

"Don't worry. You'll get the hang of it," Stefan called.

Will's mouth tightened. He should have said that. He moved back and let Imo steer on her own. What the hell must she think of him?

Stefan continued to practice tying on the fenders with Liz and Karen until Will thought the guy's cock would either wear a hole in his shorts from all the friction or would knock one of them overboard. By the time the women were back in the cockpit and the fenders stowed, Imo had the hang of the tiller though her grip on it was so tight, no color remained in her knuckles.

"Ready to put up the sails?" Stefan asked.

"I think you already have the main sail up," Liz said and she and Karen burst out laughing.

"At least you recognize it's bigger than the jib," Stefan retorted.

"Dunno about that, maybe you should show us later. Will too," Karen said.

Stefan turned to Will and gave him a look that said — we're in.

Imo wished she was lying on a beach reading one of her regency romances and falling safely in love with the wounded hero. She'd nurse him back to health and despite him at first thinking she was the most annoying person in the world, he'd come to realize he couldn't live without her. Imo wanted to be needed. Leo hadn't needed her and the four on the boat didn't need a fifth. Liz wanted Stefan and Karen had her eyes on Will. She took every opportunity to plant herself next to him.

Will took over the helm and Imo curled up out of the way. A long sigh burst from her lips. She didn't *have* to do this. It was her holiday. She could do what she wanted and what she wanted was to lie by a pool. Imo had tried hard to remember what Stefan said but she'd been bombarded with so much information, she forgot almost everything a moment after he'd said it.

She'd been diagnosed as dyslexic when she was seventeen. The problem had been disguised until then because Imo had coped by memorizing everything, but when the amount of information she had to recall grew too large for her to learn by rote, she stumbled. For a pupil who'd flown through school with more or less straight As until she was sixteen, her inability to keep up with even the laziest boy in class came as a horrifying shock. By the time an educational psychologist had pronounced her dyslexic, it was too late. Her teachers predicted her to achieve low grades and suggested hopes of going to university were pointless. Imo's confidence evaporated and she'd walked out of school midterm much to her grandpa's disappointment.

She had no problem reading, though she did have a tendency to get words the wrong way around, nor could she hold detailed verbal information in her head for any length of time. Remembering phone numbers was an impossibility and repeating back a list of instructions beyond her. So when Stefan whizzed through how to put up the sails while Karen and Liz nodded and helped, Imo cowered in the cockpit. The one word she'd remembered. A pit of cocks. Stefan's and Will's. She wouldn't be explaining her recall method.

Only when she registered the lack of noise, merely the ripple of water passing under the boat, did Imo realize the engine was off and they were sailing. *Woohoo*.

"You don't need to hang on so tight," Will said.

Imo relaxed her grip on the side of the boat but didn't look at him. That way led to disaster. She didn't want to fancy Mr. Snappie but she did. What was it about her? Did she have some inbuilt disaster-seeking magnet that made her go for the wrong type of guy? Did it matter if all that was involved was a quick fuck?

It did to Imo. She never started any relationship on that basis, she always hoped for true love. Maybe she was wrong. Was there any harm in a holiday fling? Karen and Liz didn't seem to think so. They took every opportunity to brush against Will and Stefan, yet Karen wore an engagement ring. Imo had seen Stefan touching both of them but not Will, though that hadn't stopped them flirting with him. Maybe he was gay and all that electricity when they touched, wishful thinking.

Imo was quite happy to let Karen and Liz do everything. She turned her face to the sun and stayed in the safety of the cockpit.

"Imo, would you go to the front and push down the cover over the forward cabin?" Stefan asked. "It's getting choppy and we might get spray into the boat."

"Shall I put on the life vest?" she asked.

Karen and Liz rolled their eyes.

"You don't need it," Stefan said.

Imo thought she was going to have a heart attack. "What if I fall over the side?"

Stefan smiled. "Try not to."

"What if I can't help it?"

He laughed. "We need to practice the man overboard drill. Only not until you've all had a turn on the helm while the sails are up."

"I've shut the hatch cover," Karen said, dropping back into the cockpit.

Imo was both pleased and peeved. Everyone but her moved like a mountain goat, completely at ease clambering all over the yacht. Even sitting down, Imo felt unsteady.

Liz and Karen proved their competency with the tiller in minutes and then it was Imo's turn.

Will sat on the ledge behind her. "We're sailing on what's called a beam reach which means the wind's coming from the side. There's plenty of room for error, so

don't worry. Try to keep the wind in the sails and you'll be fine. Aim for that mountain."

Imo's gaze flicked between the sails, the shore, the sea ahead, the sea either side, the mountain and the depth gauge. Miss one of those and it could be disastrous but the boat behaved, the wind stayed in the sails and they started to fly.

"I'm sailing," Imo whispered, not intending anyone to hear except maybe her grandpa who would never have believed this.

"Yep, you are. A lighter touch," Will said at her ear. "The sails are balanced so you don't need to hang on for grim death. You get better results if you don't hold it quite so hard. Firm but gentle. You'll feel the boat respond."

Imo bit back a whimper. *Oh shit*. Was he teasing her deliberately? Getting his own back for last night? She went so hot, she found it hard to breathe. Imo was certain her face was beet red.

"Okay. Man overboard. Any volunteers?" Stefan asked.

Imo put up her hand and Will yanked it down. "He's joking. Keep control of the boat."

Stefan brandished a fender tied to a bucket. "Want to give our handsome volunteer a name?"

*Leo, only I don't want to rescue him.*

"Brad Pitt," Karen said.

"Bye, Brad." Stefan threw him over the side.

Imo was astounded by how quickly the boat moved away from the fender.

Stefan yelled instructions. "Karen keep pointing, don't take your eyes off him. Heave to. That's you, Imo. Engine on, Liz."

Imo was prone to panicking if she had to parallel park her car. It didn't matter that it wasn't Brad Pitt in the water, she had to do this right. Only she had no idea how to heave to. Wasn't there a word missing off the end?

She gulped in distress and then Will was there, next to her, his hand over hers on the tiller and her heart raced out of control.

"Depower the sails so we don't move further away. We need to turn and get back to him as soon as possible. I'll do it this time," Will said.

"Can't we leave him out there? I don't fancy Brad Pitt."

Will chuckled in her ear, the feel of his breath exciting her nerve endings, and Imo was glad she was sitting down.

Three more times Stefan threw Brad overboard. The third time it was Imo's turn to take charge. Of course Experts One and Two had rescued the drowning fender with no problem at all, scooping it from the water with a flourish. On her first pass, Imo mowed

it down. On her second she was too far to the right. On the third, too far to the left. And so it went on. Full of grim determination, she kept trying and kept missing.

"You know what they say," Stefan called.

"What?" Imo muttered.

"If at first you don't succeed..."

"Don't try bungee jumping," Imo said.

When they'd all stopped laughing, she had another go and mowed Brad down again. Will slid his hand under hers and finally she succeeded in bringing the boat to the right place to enable recovery of a desperate fender.

"Thank fuck for that," said Stefan. "Right. Lunchtime. Would one of you lovely ladies go below and make sandwiches? Everything's in the cool box. We're going to anchor off a quiet bay."

"I'll do it," Imo said and scurried down the steps. At least making sandwiches was something she could do. A chorus of voices followed her.

"No cheese for me."

"No tomato on mine."

"Not too much margarine, please."

"Hold the mayo."

*Shit, shit, shit.*

Imo took the top off the cool box and before she'd taken out the food, she'd forgotten who wanted what. She was torn between guessing or going back on deck and asking each person in turn what they wanted. When she worked in the bar, she used a memory technique to help her so she didn't get the orders muddled but there were so many other things to remember here, that wouldn't work.

She felt rather than saw Will come down the steps.

"Can I help?" he asked.

*Thank you, God.* "Yes, please. If I cut the loaf and spread the margarine, can you do the fillings?"

He stood next to her, his body almost but not quite touching.

"So—"

"So—"

They both laughed. He had the most beautiful smile, Imo thought. Pity he didn't do it more often.

"I'm really sorry about last night," she said. "I thought you were some crazy drunk who'd got the wrong villa."

"That's what I thought too." He raised one eyebrow.

"How come you're sleeping outside?"

"Elena, Stefan's mother, offered me her spare room for when I'm ashore but I like being outdoors. I often sleep on deck on my boat. It's cooler."

"Sorry about this morning as well," Imo mumbled. "When I threw—I mean I didn't—well I was hoping for a view of the sea."

"Sorry to disappoint."

Imo dragged her flirt out of the closet. "You didn't."

A loud splash made her jump. The rattle that followed set her heart pounding.

"It's the anchor," Will said.

They carried the food, bottles of beer and water on deck. The yacht sat in a tiny cove with a pristine sandy beach a short swim away. Liz and Karen had stripped to bikinis and sat either side of Stefan who'd taken off his t-shirt. His body was as honed as Will's, so why didn't it do anything for her? Imo wondered. The moment Will sat down, Karen crossed the cockpit to plant herself next to him.

"Going to show us your chest?" she asked.

Will pulled off his t-shirt and Imo couldn't look. She slipped out of her shorts and top, picked up a sandwich and sat in the sun.

"What do you do in the winter?" Karen put her hand on Will's arm.

Imo's fingers sank through bread and cheese and the sandwich fell in half.

"People don't come to sail then, do they?" Liz asked.

"Some do," Stefan said. "The winds are good but I move over to Thailand and Malaysia."

"You too?" Karen plucked a chip from Will's bag.

"Do you want to come this year, Will? Or are you going home?" Stefan asked.

"Had enough of me?"

"Yeah, when I was twelve."

The two men laughed.

"How do you know each other?" Karen asked.

"We were at school together. Boarding school. I was an innocent Greek boy and Will taught me how to swear."

"I taught you a lot more than that."

They looked at each other and sniggered.

"Do you two run the business together?" Liz asked.

"It's not my business," Will said.

"Will's taking a long break from his. I just rope him in every now and again to help me."

Imo wondered how long Will had been out here, what sort of job he did that let him take a long break. She glanced up and found him looking straight at her.

"I need to cool down," Karen said. "Fancy a swim?" She stood in front of Will and slowly stripped off her yellow bikini.

Imo's mouth fell open. She snapped her jaw shut so fast, she jarred her teeth.

"Coming?" Karen stared straight at Will.

Will shook his head. Karen climbed onto the side of the boat, giving him a eyeful of her backside and did a graceful dive into the water.

Stefan stood and stripped off his shorts. Imo tried not to look at his long, thick cock. Only she didn't try too hard. *Wow*. He winked at her and did a backflip into the sea. Liz hesitated only for a second, then whisked off her bikini and jumped in after him. Imo sat holding her sandwich in her mouth. Was she that brave? Her bikini might be small but it still covered the important bits.

She tried to swallow before she'd chewed and began to cough. And cough. Will handed her a bottle of water. Imo wondered if her heart had ever beat faster. She looked down expecting to see her chest fluttering. Had Will said no to Karen because he wanted to be with her?

He lay on his back with his face in the shade and closed his eyes.

Imo sighed. Clearly not.



## Chapter Five

Will might have his face in the shade but he lay on a red hot section of seating. Nothing he'd like better than to throw himself in the sea, but not with female piranhas in the water. Will didn't often come sailing with Stefan when he was working for this very reason. Find a willing guest, or two, and the guy couldn't keep his dick in his pants. In a moment, he'd ask Imo to join them. Will counted.

*One, two, three...*

"Imo, are you coming?" Stefan yelled. "The water's warm and I'm on fire."

Will's heart lurched into his throat.

"No thanks," Imo called.

Liz shrieked with laughter.

"Will? Come and play chase," Karen shouted.

"I'm tired. I had a bad night."

Oh fuck, couldn't he have come up with something better than that? Out of the corner of his eye Will watched Imo. She'd come up from below deck carrying a book and a towel and now gingerly made her way over the top of the boat to sit in front of the mast. A lingering view of that perfect backside was enough to make Will's cock tent his shorts. How difficult could he make this? He was half sure she was interested. He was half sure *he* was interested. Will swallowed hard but he was a hundred percent sure the lump in his throat didn't move.

He had to snap out of it. The woman he wanted wasn't available and never would be. He couldn't spend the rest of his life pining. Will had flown to Greece to spend a month with Stefan, bought a boat which gave him the excuse to stay longer, two months slid to three and drifted into seven. Clearly, Ed could run the business on his own. After a few terse phone calls in which Will had snapped that his brother could do what the fuck he wanted and to stop bothering him, Ed hadn't spoken to him again.

Their mother had. Will cringed. He avoided talking to her now. And...the woman he wanted messaged him once, to ask him not to hide himself away because of her, that she couldn't be happy unless she knew Will was happy too.

Good, he'd thought. Then wanted it back.

Liz and Karen shrieked as they fooled around with Stefan. Will lifted his head and saw the three of them on the beach. For once, Stefan wasn't doing the chasing. Liz had big breasts, Karen small, their pubic hair trimmed into heart shapes. Will preferred no hair there at all. Then the three dropped down on the sand, Karen's lips wrapped around Stefan's cock while Liz's mouth lapped at his balls. Stefan groaned. The echo reverberated around the little cove and Will moaned as quietly as he could.

Will's hand had slipped inside his shorts without him even realizing, the warm glow in his gut a warning. For a moment he froze, but Imo couldn't see what he was doing unless she stood up. He'd never had two women do that to him. He'd never had two women do anything to him at the same time apart from one drive him mad with lust and the other drive him insane because she wouldn't leave him alone. Liz pushed Stefan's thighs apart and lay belly down on the sand, white backside in the sun, her face pressed below Stefan's balls. *Licking his asshole. Oh God, is she?* Will's fingers gathered pre-cum from the tip of his cock and he let his erection slide in his hand. His balls tingled and he swallowed a groan.

Stefan's face was a mixture of pain and pleasure, his fingers stroking the heads of both women. Will could hear every slurp, every moan, every word he said—the sounds carrying over the water.

"Suck me harder. Oh fuck, that's so good. Yesss."

Will's hand moved faster until he remembered where he was. Imo might not be able to see, though she could at any moment, but she could hear. He stood up and threw himself overboard.

He powered down to the bottom of the cool, clear water and then kicked his way to the surface, bursting into the sunshine. Will shook the water from his hair and started to swim out of the bay. His fucking cock was still hard.

Imo was hot, sticky and horny. When she heard Will drop over the side, she put down her book and gave a sigh of disappointment. So he wasn't going to make a move on her. When he hadn't joined Stefan, she hoped it was because he wanted to be with her, but he just stretched out in the cockpit. Imo watched him swimming away from the beach. *Damn.*

Back on the shore Liz sat on Stefan's face, his brown hands plastered against her backside, while Karen sucked his cock. The three of them looked sexy, their lean bodies glistening under the hot sun, and a trickle of excitement coiled in Imo's belly. When a gush of warmth wet her bikini bottoms, she sighed. Maybe a swim was a good idea. She shut her book, tucked it under her towel and picked her way to the back of the boat. For a moment, she considered diving in but decided not to make a splash in case she attracted the attention of some lurking shark.

Imo slipped off the back and sighed with relief as the cool water rose over her. She dipped her head below the surface and then headed away from the beach, swimming out of the bay. Will was no longer in sight, but Imo was pretty sure he'd turned left. Although knowing her luck, he probably hadn't.

Around the corner she found another inlet, smaller than the one where they'd anchored. At the back, a tiny beach curved in the shape of a narrow crescent moon, but there was no sign of Will. Imo swam toward the shore and when it became shallow enough, she found a patch of sand where she could stand. The rocks looked slippery and she remembered the warning about spiny Normans.

Maybe Will had swum further on. Imo decided to climb onto the dry rocks edging the beach.

She didn't have to climb far. Nor did she have to look out to sea. Will sat on a wide ledge a few feet below her. His knees were bent, his shorts slung over a rock behind him and he had his fingers wrapped around his erect cock.

Imo held her breath. A jolt of lust slammed into her so fast and hard that her knees trembled. If she'd been a good girl, she'd have backed away and left him to it. No fun being good. She crouched down.

Will didn't know she was there. Well obviously, otherwise he'd have yelled at her like he had done all day. He was facing out to sea so if she kept quiet, he'd never even know she was watching.

*Oh fuck, fuck, fuck. She's watching me.* Will closed his eyes and took a deep breath. What the hell should he do? Turn and confront her? Pull on his shorts, swim back to the boat and pretend he hadn't seen her? Carry on bringing himself off?

*She's watching, you pillock. Put on a show.*

His fingers tightened around his cock and it pulsed in his fist, swelled for its audience. Sensible thought began to fade as sexual pleasure increased. The tight press of his balls against his fist as he completed the downward stroke made him shudder. Excitement overwhelmed every doubt. Will wanted her to watch.

The realization dragged a groan from his throat and his heart pounded. He mustn't look in her direction, mustn't let her know he knew she was there. Only what if she knew that he knew that she knew? Oh Christ, maybe she'd gone? Except Will somehow was sure she hadn't.

Will loved being exposed like this, jerking off in fresh air, though it wasn't something he'd be trying in London. Water lapped only inches away from his right foot. Open sea stretched out ahead, not even a distant yacht in sight though a speed boat could appear from nowhere. So risky but not that risky. He didn't want to spend months in a Greek jail.

A warm breeze drifted off the sea, teased the hair around his anus and Will trembled. What would she think if he touched himself there? Would she be disgusted? Intrigued? Excited? Suddenly, Will wanted her to see everything, know everything he did to bring himself pleasure.

He shifted his position and lay flat on his back to face her but tilted his head toward the sea. With his legs bent, his body was exposed to her scrutiny. The thought of that brought a fat drop of pre-cum oozing from his cock. She could see what his fingers did now, see what pleased him. A wave broke against the rock and sprayed his face with a fine mist of cold water. Will licked salt from his lips. What was she thinking?

He used one hand to pump his shaft in a slow, smooth movement, dragging his fingers down to the base before pulling his fist up over the crest, tugging his foreskin to

cover the smooth head. Pre-cum coated his fingers and Will lifted his hand to his mouth and tasted himself, wishing she was tasting him.

Was that a gasp? He almost called her, asked her to come closer but he was afraid of scaring her away. Maybe her kink was to watch. Will hadn't known he liked to be observed, but his twitching cock and aching balls told him otherwise.

Spreading his toes on the warm, smooth rock, he opened his thighs wider. He pressed one finger against his anus, circling the tight ring of muscle while his other hand squeezed his cock. Timing, Will thought, everything was in the timing. Not just sex but life. If he hadn't agreed to go to the gym that night, he'd never have met her. If he'd driven slower, driven faster...

Will breathed out and eased his middle finger through the puckered ring of muscle, kept pushing until he was up to the webbing and could get no deeper. At the same time, his thumb settled over the pressure point behind his balls and pressed. The twist in his gut came at once, the need to come rising fast like a barometer in unsettled weather. Will tightened his grasp on his cock while he pressed hard with the thumb and finger of his other hand. Pleasure and pain surged together, one taking turns to overwhelm the other until he craved something bigger and harder, deeper inside him. Or maybe something smaller and thinner. Her fingers.

What did she think? Did it turn her on? Turn her off? Was she brave enough to come closer? Would she do this for him? Will imagined Imo's slender fingers stroking his chest, working their way to his cock. Would she wrap her soft lips around him while her finger played in the crease of his backside? Would Imo be brave enough to slip her finger into his asshole?

*Oh fuck. Imo?* When he realized who filled his mind, Will's arousal spiked. Miss Perfect with her pink nails. Miss Nervous as she crawled down the plank chewing her lip. Miss Disaster when she inflated the life raft. Oh God, he'd been torn between fury and laughter. That bruise on her face she'd tried to hide. A fucking flying giraffe? Anger tightened his grasp and Will quickened his stroke.

His breathing grew more labored as his hand pumped harder. Will broiled, the sun beating down on him, his veins full of fire. A boatload of day-trippers could have anchored yards away and he wasn't sure he could stop if he wanted to. He squeezed the tip of his cock on the upstroke, wrapping his fingers and thumb around the head, teasing for a moment before he dragged his hand down.

His cock had turned hard enough to hurt, his balls full enough to explode. His asshole burned around the finger thrusting into it and still he maintained the pressure with his thumb to stop himself coming. One thumb against the combined power of his brain, balls and cock. Will gave a choked laugh and pressed harder. This was the best part, these moments before he lost control and his body took over, the torment exquisite, the tension that surged through him like an electric current. Heat flashed down his limbs, his balls drew up to the base of his cock and the muscles in his legs tingled.

Will neared his limit. A couple more caresses of his cock and he'd come. Did she know how close he was? Was she wet? Will felt the teeth of the first spasm take hold and he clenched his jaw. *Now*. He jammed his thumb hard into the slight dip between his balls and anus. Had she ever seen anyone do this? Ever done this to a guy?

Waves of pleasure built until they swept over Will's head, his orgasm in full flight but nothing came from his cock. No spurt of fluid jetted through his fingers to coat his chest. The pressure of his thumb held his cum in the channel it longed to rush down, forced it elsewhere, yet it didn't stop his orgasm. Nor could Will prevent the cry leaping from his throat.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck."

The surge of adrenaline lifted him to another level of sensation. The biting contractions seizing his body were so long and intense that Will shuddered and gasped for breath. His back rubbed against the rock as his legs jerked and his hips bucked. He came again and then again and again.

Imo hadn't realized she'd been holding her breath until her head began to swim and black dots marred her vision. She dropped behind the rock to gulp air into her lungs. *Oh my God, that was amazing*. Will looked so beautiful, his skin glistening in the sunlight as saltwater sprayed over him, his face displaying his pleasure, his hands expertly working his body. Oh Christ, his cock. Long and thick, rising from a wreath of black curls, the head dark with blood, the thick veins along the length—it was magnificent.

And he'd not come. No, that wasn't right. He had. Imo knew he had but he hadn't let his cum spurt out. Unless he'd had the invisible woman on top of him. Imo sniggered in silence. He'd done something to stop it and because of that he'd heightened the experience. *Wow*. Though a little bit of her was disappointed she'd not got to see the streams of his juice coating his hand and body. Something about that really turned her on.

Imo took another peek over the top of the rock and frowned. He'd gone. *Damn*. Then again, maybe it wasn't so bad because she was desperate to come now and if he'd still been there, Imo wasn't sure she'd have dared do anything about it. She got on her knees and pressed her forehead against the rock. It wasn't going to take much to bring her off. One touch and she'd explode.

Only maybe she should make herself wait. Could she? She took her hand out of her bikini.

\* \* \* \* \*

Everyone had jobs to do as they came into port. Imo's was to tie the fenders on the left side of the boat. Port—she kept telling herself. Karen showed her how to do the knot and left her while she hung the protectors on the other side. Imo was a bundle of nerves. When she'd swum back to the boat, the others were waiting, swimming

costumes back in place. Will ignored her but occasionally she caught him staring at her and Imo convinced herself that he knew she'd watched. She spent the rest of the afternoon hardly listening to Stefan's instructions while she thought of a way to ask Will for a drink. Imo tied on the third fender and crept back to the cockpit.

"We'll go in bows to," Stefan said. "Liz on the anchor. Drop at my signal."

There was so much to remember and this part looked really tricky. The harbor was full of boats. It reminded Imo of a grocery store parking lot at Christmas. Stefan aimed the yacht at a gap that looked too narrow and then someone whistled on the quay and pointed behind them.

"You lost something," the guy yelled.

"Shit," Stefan said. "Anchor away. Fend off on the port side. Will, would you pick up Brad, George and Matt?"

"Yep."

Imo looked behind the boat and jumped up. To her horror, the three fenders she'd attached were bobbing around behind them.

"Knot practice for somebody tonight," Stefan said. "There's book on the chart table. Borrow it."

"I'm sorry," Imo muttered. She thought she'd copied Karen exactly. Imo glanced up and saw her whispering to Liz as they leaned out to stop their boat brushing against the yacht next to them. Had Karen taught her wrong deliberately?

Will rowed off in the dinghy to retrieve the fenders.

"Man overboard drill while you're inside the harbor, Captain?" a guy called from a few yachts down.

"I like to keep my crew on their toes," Stefan said.

Mortified, Imo went below to gather her things. She pushed her shorts and t-shirt in her bag and looked for the book Stefan had mentioned. When she couldn't find it where he'd said, Imo kept looking. There was place to sleep at the front of the boat and books were tucked in a long shelf that ran down the side. Among several magazines, she found *Knots for Dummies* with two pieces of string tied around it.

The boat rocked and Imo heard Stefan's voice. "Well, that was a first."

"Hopefully the last," Will said.

"If she can't tie a simple bowline, I don't hold out much hope."

"Only no one showed her how," Will snapped and Imo smiled.

"Whose fault was that? Anyway, Karen showed her."

*Had she?* Imo wondered.

"Cute but dim," Stefan said. "Pity she's not your type. Though why a brain matters, I have no idea."

Never a good idea to eavesdrop when people were likely to talk about you. But instead of walking forward, Imo backed behind the curtain and hid in the cabin at the rear – stern.

“There’s more to a relationship than fucking,” Will said.

“Yeah, I agree and when I’m looking for a wife, I’ll bear that in mind, but unlike you, I’m not going to turn down a fuck when it’s offered.”

“Or two.”

Stefan laughed. “Or three.”

Imo held her breath.

“You’re slipping. She didn’t come swimming when you called,” Will said.

“Maybe she’ll take a bit more work. The only way any woman can resist me, is if there’s something more tempting available.” Stefan paused. “Like chocolate.”

Imo heard a scuffle and laughter.

“Help me clean the deck and I’ll buy you a beer,” Stefan said.

Her shoulders drooped. Now she’d have to stay until they’d gone. She wished she’d heard Will say something nice about her. He didn’t even seem bothered that Stefan intended to make a move on her. Imo found chocolate far more tempting than Stefan. She curled up on the bed, unfastened the string and opened the book at random. The Portuguese whipping knot. The square Turk’s head. Bloody hell, there were hundreds.

## Chapter Six

Late afternoon and Will nursed his beer in the taverna, half listening to Stefan's clients discuss the day's sailing, competing over the number of knots they'd managed to learn and also listening to a couple of Stefan's skippers discuss football. All of the guests seemed to be there except one. Imo. He wondered where she was. Probably in the wrong taverna. Karen and Liz sat, surrounded by guys, holding forth on the accident with the life raft, making it look entirely Imo's fault. Will thought about saying something and decided not to get involved.

"Christ, sounds like you've got a right one there," said Mick, one of the Australian skippers who worked for Stefan. "Life raft inflating inside the yacht? That's a new one on me."

"Just one of those things," Stefan mumbled at Will's side.

Mick laughed. "Well, if it happens on my boat, I hope you're as understanding. Not by any chance the same one who was responsible for your fenders going walkabout?"

"Yep. That's her over there," Stefan said.

Will turned and saw Imo walking past the taverna, right at the edge of the beach next to the sea.

"Over here, Imo," Karen shouted. "Come and have a drink."

Imo turned and Will saw the slump of her shoulders. She'd obviously been hoping to pass by unseen.

"Jesus in a dump truck, she's fucking gorgeous. Who's she with?" Mick asked.

Will's jaw twitched.

"She's on her own," Stefan said. "If you'd made the briefing on time this morning, you'd have seen her."

Imo walked into the seating area in her teeny, tiny red pieces of nothing and Will's mouth watered.

"Can I have her tomorrow?" Mick asked.

"No," Will snapped, much louder than he'd intended. Imo and everyone else in the taverna looked around.

He buried his face in his beer. Mick and Stefan chuckled.

"Don't tell me the mighty have fallen," Mick said. "Couldn't you have hung on another three weeks? I'd have won."

Will raised his eyebrows. "You've been betting on me?"

"Well, we started off thinking it would be days before you succumbed to a woman, only you hid yourself away so we changed to weeks." Mick grinned at him.



Will glared at Stefan.

"He was the first one out," Mick said. "I was beginning to wonder if you were made of stone."

"Nothing's happened," Will muttered through clenched teeth. "Nothing's going to happen."

Now why the fuck had he added that? Was it because they were all so sure he'd make a move on her? Will had learned the hard way that being reliable and predictable wasn't always for the best. Or was it because his brain had actually managed to overrule his cock?

Imo sat when Karen pulled a chair over and put a bottle of beer in front of her but Will could see she didn't fit in. She wasn't quite as close to the table. Her body language said she'd rather be somewhere else. The four women were about the same age as her. They should have something in common yet Will somehow doubted they had. As he watched Imo pull on her t-shirt, his cock stirred. Why did she have this effect on him? Something in the way she held herself? Her smile?

They were talking about her black eye. Will sat too far away to hear but he understood the gestures. Imo waved her arms, pretended to duck and laughed, and he knew she'd lied. She still wore the baseball cap he'd given her, loops of her hair falling out at the back. Her ears were tiny. Will bet he could fit his mouth around one and – *Oh fuck*. He crossed his legs and stuck a hand in his pocket.

"Will?"

No use pretending he didn't want her.

"Will?"

He spun to face Stefan. "What?"

"You can't use the Agrippa yet. It needs work on the engine. Did your spare part arrive?"

"Yes, but it isn't fixed."

"So you coming out again with me tomorrow?" Stefan asked.

"I might." *Try and stop me.*

Will watched Imo get cajoled into leaving with the four women and wondered what they were up to. He swallowed the last of his beer and stood. Someone needed to keep an eye on her and he had nothing better to do.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This is going to be fun," Karen said and tugged Imo's arm.

It sounded fun but Imo had learned the hard way that things that sounded fun often weren't. Her idea of fun would be to collapse in Will's arms and be carried to bed but it didn't look like that would happen anytime soon.

The five women made their way down the road to the sports beach. Apparently quicker than walking along the shoreline. Imo took off her t-shirt again. It was still boiling hot. Liz and Karen laughed and joked with the other two, Sally and Jaz. They were comparing the size of the skippers' cocks. Learning to sail was clearly not the only activity planned for these two weeks. Imo felt like she'd been living in a convent, but then she didn't have any female friends left thanks to Leo. He'd gradually peeled her away from all of them.

The three guys in charge of the parasailing stood when they saw the bikini-clad women coming their way. Chests puffed out and stomachs sucked in, their synchronized action made Imo giggle.

"Lovely ladies," said one of the guys. "You try us out. We the best."

"We all want a go," Liz said.

"No problem."

"And we want a discount," Karen added.

"No problem."

Imo handed over her money. She couldn't feel a breath of wind. Wasn't there supposed to be some sort of breeze to fill the parachute canopy?

"Is it windy enough?" she asked.

"No problem."

If that was all he could say, it didn't fill Imo with confidence.

"You go first." Karen pushed her toward the curly-haired Greek who smiled at her with tombstone teeth. *Shit*.

Karen lifted Imo's purse from her shoulder and Imo fell out of her sandals as the guy tugged her down the beach. She didn't want to go first. Imo wanted to watch what you had to do before she actually had to do it, but two guys propelled her onto the large wooden raft and clipped her into a harness.

Hands caressed her backside. "You come for drink later, lovely lady?"

"No thanks."

"Hit here, to release," said the other.

Why would she want to do that and plummet hundreds of feet into the sea, breaking arms, legs and probably her neck? She'd read that water rushing up your—well, she wouldn't be falling in.

"Hold back until signal. Then run to end. Up you go. Simple."

Just as she knew fun wasn't always fun, Imo knew simple was rarely simple, especially for her. As she watched the speed boat pull away, her heart thumped so hard, she felt sick. What the hell was she doing? She didn't like heights.

"I—" The only word she managed to utter before the rope attached to her chest went taut and tugged at her.

Her hand hovered over the release catch.

"Run," someone shouted.

Imo ran. She sprinted toward the end of the wooden raft, terrified she'd get dragged onto her face and end up with a mouthful of splinters. Instead, she was yanked off the end of the floating pontoon and pulled straight into the sea. No gulp of air as she flew like a bird, only a mouthful of salt water as she surged like a fish.

It was a moment before she panicked. Imo still expected to emerge from the water like an elegant dolphin and be hoisted into the air, instead she was dragged deeper. Then forward motion ceased and she was left in a tangle of lines from the chute, her arms and legs so wrapped up so she couldn't reach the release button.

*Fuck it. I'm going to die.*

Imo couldn't understand why she didn't feel she needed to take a breath. Just as well since she was deep under water. Oh God, was she already dead? Had she hit her head as she was pulled in? She could see the surface shimmering above. Tried to kick up and then something splashed through the light and came at her like a cannon ball.

Ah, she was going to hell.

Will stood at the back of the beach, under the shade of a tree. He'd had a few goes at parasailing but always when it was windier than this. Still, Imo was light as a feather. She should have no problem.

The moment she began to run, Will knew there was a problem. She'd started too soon. The boat wasn't going fast enough. Almost as though the guy driving had realized that, he put on a sudden burst of speed. Imo ran out of decking and crashed head first into the water. The four watching burst out laughing, as did several others on the beach. Will found himself walking forward, wanting to know she was all right, hoping she was only embarrassed and not hurt. The power boat turned and slowly came back to the beach. Imo still hadn't surfaced. Had she come up under the raft?

Will began to run. He sprinted along the pontoon at a speed Imo should have reached and stared into the water. The red and white chute floated on the surface, but there was no sign of Imo. He dived in and saw her at once, tangled in the lines, struggling to get her hand to the release on her chest. Will wrapped his arms around her and kicked for the surface, away from the parachute canopy.

Imo took a gulp of air and he sighed with relief. Will clicked open the release and supported her while they untangled the lines.

"Oh God," she gasped.

"You okay to swim to shore?"

"Yes. Thank you."

Will followed her in, saw the tremble in her legs when her feet touched the bottom, then the way she straightened her back and adjusted her bikini as she walked out of the water onto the beach.

"Are you all right?" Karen asked. "You poor thing. We weren't even supposed to get our hair wet."

Will had a feeling the show of kindness was for his sake. Imo said nothing.

"You didn't run fast enough," Liz said.

Imo still didn't speak.

One of the Greek guys came over. "You want another go?"

Imo shuddered. "No, thank you." She picked up her bag and her sandals.

"Give her the money back," Will said.

The Greek glared but peeled several Euro notes from a wad and handed them to her. He turned to the four waiting. "Who's next?"

"Can we do the banana boat instead?" Liz asked.

"Sure."

The women ran off into the sea without a word to Imo. Will remembered another woman who'd always been on the outside. He waited to see what Imo would do.

"Good riddance," she muttered, then turned to Will and gulped. "Oh God, you've got your clothes on."

Will laughed. "You sound disappointed. I wasn't sure I had time to strip off. I figured you might be drowning."

"I was. Oh shit."

Her knees buckled. Will scooped her up into his arms, then almost dropped her. *Oh God, she feels perfect.* She nestled trembling against him.

"I lost your hat," she whispered as he strode off the beach.

"Don't worry. I'll buy another."

"I liked that one."

She smelled sweet even soaked in seawater.

"I'll try and get you another the same."

"I liked it because it was yours."

*Fuck, fuck.* Will tried to shift her a little higher in his arms so his erection didn't poke her in the backside.

"I'm too heavy. You can put me down," Imo said.

Will would rather die.

By the time the villa came into view, Will thought he was going to die. He was desperate for a drink of water. It might be late afternoon but the sun was still blazing hot. He wanted his t-shirt off, his shorts off, everything off. Even his cock was wilting despite the luscious temptation hovering inches away.

"Let me walk now before you collapse with heat exhaustion," Imo said. "You're already my hero, nothing's going to change that."

Will lowered her to stand on the sand. He wanted to kiss her but while he hesitated, she took hold of his hand and twined her fingers with his. Will looked down at their hands, his thumb stroking the back of her knuckles, her thumb stroking the back of his. He felt like there was some current running between them, an electrical charge zipping into every organ—one in particular. Will's desire for her shot into overdrive. He wanted to pull her down onto the sand and dive into her.

Oh God, one slight problem with that. Not slight. Mega. No condoms. Only he didn't want to let this moment slip and there was a lot they could do without protection. And he was jumping well ahead of himself. They were holding hands. That was all.

"Did I see a shower in the garden?" Imo asked.

Will nodded. He didn't trust himself to speak. He might pitch his voice an octave too high. He needed to tell her something about the shower but for the life of him, he couldn't remember what it was.

Imo tugged him the last few hundred yards until they reached the little gate that led to the villa. Will clicked the latch into place and followed Imo up the track, still holding her hand, their fingers sliding together as they walked. He'd forgotten that this simple action held such pleasure. Only now she was in front of him, that strip of red material up the crease of her butt was driving him insane. His brain having sent the urgent message—you're in for a treat—to his cock, the damn thing was now so hard that Will had passed uncomfortable and moved to painful. He flipped open the button on his wet shorts and eased down the zip a couple of inches. A little better.

Once in the garden, Imo dropped her bag on the path, kicked off her sandals and turned to look at him. Her eyes wide, she gave a slow smile. They still held hands. No way would Will be the first to let go. His heart jumped around like an excited puppy promised a walk. He pulled her to stand under the shower. The sprinkler head was large but they needed to stand close together for the spray to hit them both. How lucky was that? He turned the shower on.

*Oh fuck, fuck, fuck.* Hot. Hot. Hot. Imo yelped. Will bit back his yelp. The hose had sat in the sun all day so in a moment it—in a moment—in— Will lost his train of thought. Her free hand found his free hand and they stood face-to-face, hips-to-hips, under water that gradually cooled. His lips hovered so close to hers he could feel her breathing. Her hair hung in wet tangles over her sun-kissed cheeks. Will thought he'd never seen anything so beautiful in his life.

He wanted to kiss her but before that happened he wanted to savor this precious moment because they could never have it again. Will's fingers tightened around hers. She leaned forward and her breasts pressed into his chest and then nothing seemed more important than that they were skin-to-skin.

Will let her go long enough to whip off his t-shirt and then he dragged her back against him. His cock quivered in his shorts, head up, determined to escape at the first opportunity. Only Will didn't want to stop touching Imo. His hands slid over her back, velvet under his fingers. He wanted this first kiss to be perfect, wanted to look back and remember this moment. He lowered his mouth toward hers and Imo screamed.

"F-freezing," she yelped.

Then Will felt it too. The warm water stored in the hose now gone, arctic water poured over their heads. He dragged Imo from under the flow and twisted the tap to shut it off. That's what he'd been trying to remember.

"Are you okay?" Will asked.

"N-no. Warm me up."

Will cupped her face and pulled her closer, brushing water droplets from under her eyes with his thumbs. The bruise distracted him for a moment but it had already begun to fade as her skin succumbed to the caress of the Greek sun. Will was struck with a moment of indecision. The kiss had to be right, had to be fantastic. He wanted her so desperately, it was all he could do not to crush his lips against hers, and while she might like that, what if she preferred slow and gentle? *Fuck*. What the hell was the matter with him?

It took a moment before Will registered his lips had taken charge and were brushing hers, a soft sweep from one side of her mouth to the other. He swallowed her moan, felt his cock respond and let his hands drift to her shoulders, on down her back until he reached her butt. Will's body throbbed with anticipation. He spread his fingers over her trim ass and tugged her into him, wishing his shorts had dissolved in the water. When the tip of her tongue slid between his lips to trace the edge of his teeth, a soft kiss morphed to hard.

He growled into her mouth, his tongue surging to play with hers, teasing, stroking, dancing while he tasted her sweetness and forgot to breathe, forgot to let her breathe. Even as he told himself to slow down, Will's finger slipped into the crease of her bottom and rubbed the thin strip of material that masqueraded as a bikini. His hips rocked into hers, his tongue surged in time with his finger, and Imo shuddered against him.

"Oh Christ," she gasped. "My lungs have stopped working."

"I better check."

Will surrendered her backside and inched his hands inside the red triangles that hardly covered her breasts. Imo groaned. His knees shook and Will straightened his legs. Her nipples felt like hot berries under his thumbs, her lovely curves a perfect fit for his hands. Will slipped his fingers under the bikini straps and eased them off her shoulders. One flick at her back and the top dropped to the wet concrete.

Adolescent of him to stare but how could he not? His hands settled on her breasts and Will knew he was acting as though he'd never seen a woman naked before.

"Yes, I have two," Imo said.

Will laughed. "Lucky me. One for my hand and one for my mouth. Lucky you."

She raised her perfect eyebrows. "Now you have something to prove."

"Mind if I take the rest of the day?"

He trailed his tongue down the side of her neck, along the ridge of her collarbone and on to a nipple. When he sucked, his balls tightened and his cock jerked. Will sucked harder. He couldn't help it. Even worse that his mouth watered, but he couldn't help that either. And how could he prevent the wicked hand that had nothing to do, jealous of the one cupping her breast, from creeping into the front of her bikini pants.

Will touched smooth, bare flesh and dragged his hand away. "Oh fuck, fuck, fuck. Shaved. You match one more of my fantasies and I won't believe you're real."

"Not shaved – waxed," Imo said. "Now prove men can multi-task."

Oh God, if she made him laugh, he'd had it. While one hand secured the treasure of her gem-tipped breast, his lips settled back on their partners so his tongue could persuade hers to play. His other hand went exploring—into the little dip of her navel where he was tempted to linger, over her gently rounded belly, along the line of her bikini and – oh God, that smooth skin—before he discovered soft, wet folds.

Imo melted into him, her legs brushing against his stupid shorts that refused to melt. He wanted them off but he couldn't move his hands. He dipped a finger into her soaking pussy and her muscles convulsed around it.

More multi-tasking.

*Don't fucking come in your pants,* Will yelled at himself.

The more choppy her breathing grew, the more her fingers tightened on his back, the hotter she became, the closer he drew to explosion.

Will wanted this to be good for her. Not good, but great, fantastic, mind-shattering, out-of-this-fucking-world sensational. He could tell she was close and he kept her there with careful teasing strokes along the length of her sex, tormenting her by drawing little circles around the hard nub of her clit, thrusting his finger deep inside her, followed by a slow calculated withdrawal, when she growled into his mouth.

He thrust with two fingers, harder and faster, and she exploded with a loud cry. His mouth swallowed the sound as her muscles spasmed around his fingers, her cream dripping from her, soaking his hand. Will kept gently stroking, extending her pleasure, holding her tight as her body unraveled, thrilling with every bite and release until she slumped boneless in his arms.

"You are so gorgeous," Will whispered. "So hot, burning for me."

"Maybe I've had too much sun," Imo said with a sly smile.

Will shook his head. "No, my fault entirely."

## Chapter Seven

Will pressed his face into her hair. He didn't dare look down, but he suspected his intrepid cock had found a way out of his shorts. Thank God this garden was private.

"Bend your head," Imo said.

Will sighed as she landed a line of breathy kisses down his forehead, over his nose, mouth and chin, the length of his neck – pausing to lightly suck his Adam's apple – and then down the center of his body. When her tongue teased his navel, Will gulped. He could feel her fingers working at his zip, easing it down. One tug and his wet shorts slithered to the ground. He stepped out of them so he didn't fall ass about face when he forgot they were around his ankles. He hadn't expected Imo to pull them under her knees.

She looked up at him and Will let out a choked groan. *Oh Christ*. Was she about to do what he thought? Hardly likely to be worshipping the ground he stood on.

"Can I?" she asked.

She was *asking*? *Yes, yes, yes, yes*. He tried to give a single nonchalant nod and thought his head would fall off he nodded so hard.

Imo kept looking at him and slowly ran her little pink tongue from the base of his cock to the tip. Then never shifting her gaze from his face, she ran it all the way down again. Moisture leeches from Will's mouth and he licked his lips. A bead of pre-cum glistened at the head of his cock.

*Lick it.*

Her hands slid up the back of his thighs and she trailed her nails in the crease where his legs joined his butt before spreading her fingers and massaging his bottom. An icy trickle slipped down his spine – lone drip from the shower or inner electricity? Will neither knew nor cared. As her fingers played with his backside, she landed feathery kisses up and down his cock. The pearl of pre-cum grew larger.

*Please, lick it.*

Will had been ready to come a year ago but now he took delight in her slow torture, breathing deep as she traced the lines and textures of his shaft, licking down the sensitive underside and nuzzling his balls before teasing the point where the inside of his thigh met his scrotum. Still her fingers maintained their rhythmic pressure on his butt and the bubble of pre-cum slid down his cock. She ran her tongue over her lips and waited.

*Oh Christ, she knows what she's doing.*

Will wasn't sure whether that pleased him or not.



The tormenting trickle of moisture made his toes curl on the wet concrete until her tongue flicked out like a lizard and whipped it away. Will gasped. She tightened her fist around the base of his cock and rolled the flat of her tongue over his crest.

"Jeee – sus," Will whispered.

The triple sensations of her hand stroking his butt, her fingers squeezing his cock and her mouth lapping his cock head, plus the way she looked at him, sent Will's mind soaring into space. When she started to pump his cock and suck harder at the tip, he lost the ability to do anything other than stand there and take it. And standing wasn't easy. Oh for a wall to lean on. Slow and steady, fast and firm, every touch, suck, lick and tease wound him into a spring so tight the metal fused.

"That feels so good," he gasped. "Oh God, don't stop." *Ever.*

His hands settled around her head, holding her gently as she pumped him deeper and deeper into her mouth. Every muscle in his body sprang to high alert, tense as if he stood on a high board waiting to dive. Watching his cock disappear into her mouth was mesmerizing. The feel of her lips and the way her tongue tightened and loosened around him sent tremors through his body.

How could she get all that into her mouth? While her tongue slid along his cock, Will's fingers dropped to her throat. He felt his flesh moving inside her and flew off the diving board. Dimly aware he should have given her some warning and pulled back, done something, Will jetted into her mouth. He felt her swallowing against his cock and he tipped his head back, closing his eyes as his balls boiled themselves to empty.

Months of his own invention wiped away in a few minutes. How could anything beat this? A woman on her knees, wide eyes smiling up at him, silky mouth wrapped around him. Imo licked him clean, caressing his softening cock with one hand while the other stroked his backside.

*I don't have any condoms.*

Will pulled her to her feet. He had so much he wanted to say and the words had a log jammed in his throat. Imo pressed herself against him and his cock attempted an optimistic recovery.

*I don't have any condoms.*

"I have to go out," Will said. He grabbed his wet shorts and hopped on one foot trying to get them on. "Something I need to do – get. I'll be right back."

He ran to the garage, zipping himself up as he went. Elena had offered him use of her car. Will stopped partway there. Keys. He ran to the villa, down the hall into the kitchen and grabbed the keys from the hook. He was almost back to the garage when he remembered he needed money. He dashed past an immobile Imo to his sleeping area, lifted his wallet from the hiding place under the loose slab and sprinted past her.

As Will pulled out of the drive, it occurred to him that Imo hadn't moved since he'd first dashed away from her. He hadn't wanted to tell her he was going to buy condoms. It was hardly romantic and a bit presumptuous but maybe he should have said something. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

"Fuck, fuck, fuck."

Imo turned on the tap and let a flood of icy water pour over her to see if she could stun her brain into sensible thought. She'd just given a guy a blowjob and he'd run away. That hadn't happened before. It didn't usually happen, did it? Not just to her, to anyone. Leo had never complained about her technique and if there *had* been something wrong, he would definitely have let her know. So what was wrong with what she'd done for Will?

She turned off the tap, picked up her bikini top, collected her things and walked up the garden path into the villa.

By the time Imo had showered in lukewarm water and washed her hair, she was pissed off. Very pissed off. Not that she was watching the clock but thirty-seven minutes and he still wasn't back. She put on her prettiest dress and paced.

Sixty-four minutes.

Imo huffed and went out for dinner.

\* \* \* \* \*

Will pulled up outside the pharmacy in town and sighed. Not open. Although come to think of it, he didn't want to buy condoms from there. Alek, the owner, was a friend of Stefan's. Will set off for the next village.

Maybe that was too close as well. The farther he went, the less likely it was that word would get back.

Halfway over the mountain pass Will wondered what the hell he was doing, acting like a schoolboy. He grinned. At least he hadn't ended up outside five pharmacies with five rolls of mints like his fourteen-year-old brother Ed. Though when he'd emerged from the sixth store, Ed finally had a packet of condoms.

Only it was a mistake to think about Ed because it made him think of *her* and how Will had left her in the hotel room without telling her why. And what had he just done? Left Imo with no explanation. His grin faded.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Stefan saw Imo walk into the taverna—alone—he wondered what the fuck Will had done. News of the parasailing incident had spread fast. Will had saved her life and carried her from the beach, but what had happened next? Stefan hoped they'd had mad, passionate sex to celebrate. Except if they had, by the look of it, Will had fucked up.

Dimitri ushered her to a table facing the water. Before the empty chair next to her was whisked away, Stefan strode over.

"On your own?" he asked, lowering his backside onto the seat.

"Whoa," Imo yelped and he sprang up. "Are you blind? You nearly squashed my friend."

Stefan sat down. "Ha ha. Where's Will?"

"How should I know?"

Stefan couldn't discern from the tone whether Will had pissed her off or disappointed her. Probably both.

"Mind if we join you?" Liz said, dragging a chair over to sit between him and Imo. Karen sat on his other side.

Whereas Stefan was obliged to be generous to every guest, he saw the way Imo's mouth tightened and jumped to his feet. "Why don't we all sit together? Dimitri!"

Stefan helped the taverna owner and a couple of the waiters arrange several tables to seat all his guests and employees in a long line. He made sure Imo sat at the other end of the table from the four women. A pure coincidence the only free seat for him happened to be opposite her. But the glare from Karen and scowl from Liz told him he'd pay.

"Got the weather forecast for tomorrow, skipper?" Roger Bigley asked from the far end.

"I'll check it before the morning briefing but it looks like more of the same. High pressure. Blue skies. Wind picking up in the afternoon."

"Good thing you didn't need your life raft today," Ralph, one of his skippers, said with a smirk.

Stefan ignored him. He ignored the comments about the wayward fenders too, aware of Imo pushing moussaka around her plate.

"I heard about the parasailing. Are you okay?" Stefan asked.

"Embarrassed. I should have known better than to try. I'm not very sporty."

"How was your first day sailing?" Stefan asked. "Live up to your expectations?"

"Ah, well I didn't actually know this was a sailing holiday."

Stefan paused with his fork halfway to his mouth. "What did you think it was?"

"Two weeks in Greece with me doing nothing more energetic than rolling off a sun lounger into a swimming pool." She gestured toward the sea. "Though that's a pretty big pool."

She smiled and Stefan felt his pulse jump. If it hadn't been for Will, he'd have made a move. This one was different.

"What happened to Leo?" Stefan watched her face. It was the name of the guy who'd been booked to come with her.

"Changed his mind."

"Boyfriend?"

"Once upon a time."

"Until you encountered a flying giraffe?"

She laughed. "Something like that."

Stefan had hoped she'd walked into a door. The thought that a guy might have hit her sent adrenaline rushing around his body to fire every nerve into a fury. Women were to be looked after and cherished, never abused. His mother had made sure all her sons understood that. "I'm glad you decided to come."

"Even though I'm completely crap at everything?"

He filled up her wineglass. "I doubt that very much. I've just not found what you're good at yet."

Stefan cursed himself as he said that. Couldn't he talk to a pretty woman without flirting?

Ralph leaned over to put two lengths of slender rope in front of each of them. "Knot contest. Boat points. You're already in negative equity after the life raft and fenders."

"Oh no we're not," Stefan said. "Though the 'over and outs' that came from your boat's VHF today are adding up and they definitely count."

Ralph rolled his eyes. "I can't tell you how many times I told her not to say 'out' unless it was the end of the transmission. I've sworn to tape Diane's mouth shut. Her husband said he'd provide the tape. It doesn't help when his name's Roger either. Every bloody boat in the flotilla kept calling with some excuse to say, 'Roger, Roger.'"

He moved down the table distributing the rope and Stefan shot Imo an encouraging smile. "Scoot around here. You can watch what I do with my hands." *Fuck – and again.*

She almost choked on her wine.

"What?" Stefan put on his most innocent look.

"It's okay. I've been practicing."

*Practice on me*, Stefan wanted to say. She had beautiful fingers, long and slender, the nails topped with pink polish. When she'd arrived in her pink suit and high heels, pulling that case, she had no idea what she'd let herself in for. In more ways than one. *Fuck Will*, Stefan thought. The guy had perfected the art of wallowing in misery and Stefan was running out of ways to help him. If he *did* fancy Imo, maybe a bit of jealousy would work a miracle. If he *didn't* then Stefan could be the beneficiary of his hard work.

Not so hard, he thought looking at Imo. Maybe he should lay off Karen and Liz because once the training was over and Imo came out with him and George, the engineer, she might be less willing to succumb if he'd spent six days fooling around with the other two.

Imo looked across at him. "Do you think Will's going to come tonight?"

That one question told Stefan everything. He clutched his heart. "You're immune to my charms. Oh the pain."

"I had an injection against cheeky Greeks before I came out," Imo said. "Along with one for swine flu."

"That makes me feel better."

"So do you think Will might come?" she asked.

Stefan wished Will was there because he wanted to strangle him for walking away from yet another interested woman. But this time, Stefan did something he'd never done before and opened his mouth when normally he'd have closed it.

"He's been hurt," Stefan said. "It's complicated."

*And now he's hurt me as well,* Imo thought.

"Ready?" Ralph shouted. "Hands up when you've tied the knot. Skippers to check. Ready. Steady. Bowline."

Imo handled the thin pieces of rope without thinking what she was doing. Who'd hurt Will? How?

"Reef knot," Ralph called.

Had he come out here to hide, a bit like her, and never gone home?

"Clove hitch."

He'd wanted her, Imo knew he had, only something had scared him off.

"Bowline on a bight."

"Sheet bend."

"Round turn and two half hitches."

"Fucking hell, Imo. You've done every one of those right," Stefan said.

"Who's left in?" Ralph shouted.

Stefan yanked up her hand and wouldn't let her pull it down. A guy at the far end of the table had his hand up. Imo didn't like competitions. She preferred to stay in the background because there was always a point at which she'd end up looking stupid. She jerked her fingers from Stefan's grip.

"Carrick bend," Ralph said. "I'm going to run out of knots in a minute."

"Is that right?" she asked Stefan.

He nodded.

"Monkey's paw," Ralph called.

"Bloody hell," Stefan said with groan. "I can't do that one."

Imo balled a small piece of her paper napkin and tucked it into the core of the ball before tightening it up. She dangled the complex knot from her finger.

"Ten points to the Argo," Ralph said.

Imo's face heated up when everyone clapped. Several people came over to ask her to show them how to do the final knot. All men, Imo noticed.

When she looked up and saw Will standing by the bar, Imo waited to see if he'd come over. He gave her a long stare and then began talking to the guy next to him. Imo sighed. So that was that.

She got to her feet. "Here tomorrow at eight thirty, right?"

Stefan jumped up. "You're going?"

"I'm tired."

"I'll walk you."

"There's no need."

"I want to."

Too tired to argue, Imo accepted. She glanced toward Will but he'd turned his back. When she and Stefan reached the beach, she slipped off her sandals. They walked in silence for a while before Stefan spoke.

"Will and his brother fell in love with the same woman."

*Oh crap.* "And she chose his brother?"

"No, she wouldn't choose but Will knew she loved Ed more."

Imo sighed. "Will gave her up. Oh God and he still loves her."

Stefan kicked at a sandcastle. "He's trying not to. He needs someone to help him not love her. He's been here in Greece since it happened. He won't go back."

Imo wasn't sure she could put someone else's life right when her own was in such a mess.

"He can't even say her name. He hasn't spoken to his brother in months. He keeps going out in his boat for days at a time and coming back looking haunted. You're the first..."

"First what?" Christ, did Stefan know about the blowjob?

"Woman he's shown any interest in."

Imo's heart did a little bounce. Then she remembered Will running off. "I just annoy him."

Stefan clicked open the gate and gestured for Imo to go in first. "Annoying him is good. At least it sparks a reaction. All I'm asking is that you give him a chance. He needs a couple of weeks of fun and I think you do too. He's not looking for more than that. He needs reminding life's worth living."

Imo didn't say anything but she was thinking plenty. She wanted Will but did she need this sort of pressure?

Stefan picked up the hose. "I might as well water the garden while I'm here. My mother will kill me if her plants die."

Imo sat on the steps of the house and watched. A small black cat jumped down from a wheelbarrow and headed for her. It leapt into the air when Stefan aimed a jet of water at the ground behind it.

"Hey, leave it alone," Imo shouted.

"I can't hit it. It's too fast."

Didn't stop him trying again.

"Pick on someone your own size," she yelled.

"Who like?" Stefan asked and flicked the hose her way.

Imo shrieked. "You wet me."

"Sorry."

He would be. Imo nipped into the villa, dropped her purse and sandals in the hall and hurried to the kitchen. She filled a glass with ice cubes and opened a bottle of beer. She stayed a safe distance from Stefan and held up the bottle.

"Want a drink?"

"Sure." He put down the hose and took the bottle.

Imo kept her hands wrapped around the glass so he couldn't see it only held ice.

"Oh God, is that a snake?" she gasped.

The moment Stefan turned to look, she yanked open the back of his shorts and tipped in the contents of the glass. Most of the cubes slid inside.

"What the fuck?"

Imo jumped back and Stefan yelped.

"You little...oh fuck...shit."

He wriggled around trying to dislodge the cubes and Imo laughed. She stopped laughing when he picked up the hose.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"Yes." She pouted.

"Liar." Stefan aimed the jet straight at her chest.

Imo screamed and tried to run away but all he had to do was aim. She was soaked, her hair plastered to her head, her dress clinging to her body. As she tried to avoid the spray of cold water, Imo trod on an ice cube and got an idea. She pretended to stumble and grabbed a handful of the melting ice.

"Are you okay?" Stefan asked.

He lifted her to her feet by her elbow and Imo stood facing him.

"I'm wet," she said.

Stefan's gaze dropped to her chest. "So you are."

When her fingers brushed the waist of his shorts she heard the hitch in his breath. Imo's heart raced. It was a long time since she'd played like this.

She moved closer. "Something about me you should know."

"What?" Stefan whispered.

"I always have the last word."

She pushed the handful of half-melted cubes inside the front of his shorts and squeezed his cock. *Oh God, erect cock.*

Stefan grimaced. "You little...monkey." He flipped the button free and yanked down the zip. "Ahhh my balls."

"Having fun?" Will snapped.

Imo spun around. Will stalked past them toward the side of the house. *Oh fuck*. Talk about wrong end of the stick. Will had grabbed the pointy end and stabbed himself.

"Will—" Stefan began.

"Don't let me stop you. But keep the noise down please."

"Fuck." Stefan glared at Will's retreating back.

Imo grabbed the hose, aimed the jet at Will and sprayed him with water. He froze in his tracks and then carried on walking. Imo's shoulders slumped.

"I don't think you should try that trick with the ice cubes," Stefan said.

No, Will would probably rip her head off.

"Night, Stefan."

"See you tomorrow."

Imo made her way to the house. She hesitated at the door. Should she go and explain that Will hadn't seen what he'd thought? He'd walked out on her earlier after she'd given him a blowjob and ignored her in the taverna. How much plainer did he need to make it that he wasn't interested? In any case, if Stefan was right and he just needed a fling, was that what *she* wanted?

Will stared at the bag of condoms next to the bed and considered setting fire to the lot. This wasn't going to happen to him again. If Stefan wanted her, he could have her. Will stripped off, flung his clothes onto a chair and lay on his back. He pulled at his cock, trying to nudge it into life and it remained limp. Will gave it a few halfhearted yanks and then rolled over in disgust. It was her fault. Imo's.



## Chapter Eight

"Morning, Will." Ralph slapped him on the back as Will walked along the quay. Will grunted.

"Have a good night?" Christos asked from his yacht as Will approached.

*What?* Will walked faster.

"Hiya, mate." Billy, standing next to Christos, winked as he passed.

*Fucking hell.* Will climbed onto the Argo and worked his way to the cockpit. Stefan looked up from the cleat he was messing around with and then quickly looked down again.

"How do they know?" Will asked.

"The pharmacist's daughter is married to a friend of the harbormaster's son's dog groomer's mother."

Will groaned. He'd driven miles and nowhere would have been distant enough.

"Five boxes?" Stefan grinned. "Ribbed, flavored, glow in the —"

"Shut up." Will dragged his fingers through his hair. "Do they also know that the boxes remained unopened because when I got back, I found her in the arms of my *friend*? Who. Had. His. Pants. Unzipped?" Will spat out the words like bullets.

"She dropped ice cubes on my balls."

Will gave a short laugh. "Of course, that explains everything."

"I'd squirted her with the hose. She was getting her own back. Nothing happened. We were fooling around and she tried to get you to join in. But Mr. Miserable walked away. Oh forget it. Are you coming with us today or not?"

*Oh crap, am I a moron, or what?*

Karen and Liz clambered into the cockpit, their long tanned legs slithering past Will's face.

"Why not?" Will muttered.

"Morning, Stefan. Morning, Will," the girls chorused.

"Hi there, gorgeous girls," Stefan said.

"Morning," Will mumbled.

"Imo's struggling," Liz said, nodding to the quay.

"Will you do the honors?" Stefan asked Will.

"No."

"You fucking idiot," Stefan whispered.

Will turned away from Imo and faced the bow. He'd slept badly last night. He hadn't even managed a wank. His cock refused to cooperate, which was a distressing first. Everything and everyone annoyed him. Liz and Karen's perky grins annoyed him. Stefan's quiet anger annoyed him. Will turned to look at Imo just to complete the circle of annoyance. She stood on the quay in those tiny shorts and just her bikini top and yep – she annoyed him. Will's cock swelled. *Fuck it. Fuck it. Fuck it.*

"Hold onto the boat and walk up the rope," Will shouted.

She looped her bag across her body and as the yacht next to them motored out, Will sensed disaster looming. As Imo put her foot on the rope, their boat rocked. Will leapt up and dashed along the gunwales.

In the second it took him to get there, Imo managed to sprawl the length of the rope. She clung on desperately as she twisted to hang beneath it like a hyperactive sloth, wobbling frantically, her bag trailing below. Stefan appeared at Will's side and laughed.

"Not funny," Imo squeaked.

"One arm each," Stefan said.

Will sighed. "Or we could let her fall in."

"I've got my passport in my bag," she gasped out.

Stefan laughed. "Okay. I'll take one arm and Will the other. Then you'll have to let go of the rope so we can pull you on board. When I say – now. Now."

As they hoisted her onto the boat, it was Will who Imo ended up plastered against. Now he had her, he wanted to keep hold of her but she pulled away and carefully clambered to the cockpit. She mumbled her thanks for the second cap he gave her but didn't meet his gaze. He really *had* fucked this up.

Will said little but he watched her. He couldn't help himself. He watched Stefan too. Too much watching, too much thinking and not enough talking. Karen and Liz were all over Stefan while Imo said hardly a word. Was she waiting her turn?

Stefan made them practice tacking. No problem for the dinghy sailors once they'd done the first couple of direction changes and adjusted to the size of the boat. Imo struggled. Then at Karen's insistence, Stefan showed them how to jibe. Imo looked as though she'd been asked to perform brain surgery. Will tried to help her but she insisted on doing it herself.

"God, you're making me seasick," Karen groaned as Imo fought to get the boat back under control.

"Okay, that's enough for now," Stefan said. "We'll head downwind for Nidistri Island. That one dead ahead, Imo. You okay on the tiller?"

Will could see she wanted to say no, but she nodded. Karen slid her hands over Stefan's shoulders and began to massage his muscles.

"Oooh, that feels good," Stefan mumbled.

Liz sat behind Karen and circled her thumbs at the bottom of her friend's neck. The bulge in Stefan's shorts grew larger. And larger.

"I need to sort a couple of things out below deck." Stefan got to his feet.

"Need some help?" Liz asked.

"Oh yeah." Stefan laughed.

Karen and Liz followed him down the companionway.

The groans and moans that followed made it clear what was happening. Will thought again about what Imo had done in the garden. And what he'd done afterward. Dashed off without a word. If he'd just told her where he was going, he wouldn't have pushed her into the arms of Stefan. Only, maybe he hadn't. Was he so insecure he couldn't see the truth? What had Stefan said, that they were just fooling around? She *had* turned the hose on him. Why would she do that if she were into Stefan? Was Stefan telling the truth? He wasn't coming on to her? That would be a first.

*Shit.* One word. Sorry. He could manage that, surely? Will stood at the precise moment the wind caught the leeward side of the sail and the boat accidentally jibed. Even as he told himself to duck, the boom smacked him on the head.

One moment Will stood in front of her and the next he wasn't there. *Oh Christ, what have I done?*

"Man overboard," Imo screamed.

She struggled to remember everything she had to do. Point at the person in the sea. Release sails. Don't take your eyes off the guy in the water. She couldn't do all that at once and seconds counted. Imo tossed her new cap after Will as a marker, and then threw herself in after it. Whether it was the right or wrong thing to do didn't matter. But when she surfaced, Will wasn't there.

"Imo, what the fuck are you doing?" Stefan yelled.

Her heart pounding, Imo tore after the cap and dived below the surface. Several yards away, to her absolute horror, she saw Will sinking through the sun-dappled sea. Not stopping to take a breath, Imo swam straight for him. Fueled by adrenaline, she powered through the water and caught him under the arms. She kicked to bring them up but for a while they hung in limbo as she struggled against the momentum of his falling body. Then gradually they rose to the surface.

Imo gulped air in noisy gasps. Where was the boat? *Oh fuck.* It was miles away. Well, not miles but it might as well have been. Trying to keep both of them afloat was almost impossible. Why wasn't Will taking noisy breaths too? Imo kept one arm around his chest, tipped his head back on her shoulder and stuck a finger in his mouth. Water spewed out. Oh God, how was she supposed to do CPR when she couldn't put her feet down? Somehow she managed to pinch his nose and land one breath in his mouth.

"Hang on, we're coming," Stefan shouted.

Another breath, another kick to keep them afloat but he was so heavy.

"Catch hold of this," Karen yelled.

The yellow life belt hit Imo on the back of the head. She twisted around and forced Will's arm onto the plastic. His face was so pale, Imo thought he was dead. Then his eyelids fluttered and she almost burst into tears.

"Will, wake up," she pleaded.

Imo kept one hand tight around him to stop him slipping off the support and kicked her legs as hard as she could.

"If you die, I'll never forgive you," she choked out. "Bloody well wake up and help me. Will, please."

"It's okay, Imo. We're here. Get him to the back of the boat and I can pull him on board," Stefan called.

Imo could feel her strength draining fast like the last grains of sand in a timer. Her limbs were shaking and her teeth chattered. She hauled Will to the back where Stefan waited on the low diving platform. He tucked his arms under Will's and lifted. Imo did her best to help, but pushing Will up sent her under.

When she surfaced, she brushed water from her eyes and saw to her relief that Will sat coughing on the ledge. Stefan held out his hand to her, his sun-creased face full of concern. Imo reached up and he yanked her out of the water. Karen hauled her into the cockpit, wrapped a towel around her and gave her a hug.

"You okay?" Karen asked.

Imo nodded, grateful for the concern. A moment or two later, Will and Stefan joined them.

"I'm sorry," Imo whispered.

"How many times did we do the man overboard drill?" Stefan asked. "It's not that hard to remember. When did I say throw yourself over the side? Throw a flotation device, but not yourself. Fucking hell. I could have lost both of you."

"Stefan," Will's voice was croaky.

"What if I hadn't heard you shout? What if there'd been just the two of you on board? What—"

"Stefan," Will snapped.

"I'm sorry." Imo fought hard not to cry. Her fault Will had gone overboard. Her fault he'd nearly drowned. *Oh damn.* A tear slipped free and rolled down her cheek.

Then Will was holding her, his strong arms tight around her while she gulped into his wet t-shirt.

"I'm fine. You're fine. It's okay," he whispered. "Not your fault. The wind changed. The boat jibed. I should have been paying attention."

"You went under," Imo gasped. "I couldn't see you. I *had* to dive in. I lost another cap."

Will pressed his face into the top of her head. "You saved my life."

"I've never had such an eventful week," Stefan said. "Will saved you yesterday and now you save him today. Neither of you are coming out with me tomorrow. My nerves won't stand it. We have to go back and get you checked out."

"I'm okay," Will said.

Stefan glared at him. "You lost consciousness. You might have a concussion."

"I've got a hard skull. I didn't even bleed. I know my name, I know what happened. I don't have spots in front of my eyes or double vision. I don't feel sick. I just need to lie down for a while."

"Right. Imo, you go with him. Don't let him go to sleep. If he starts rambling incoherently or has an outburst of inappropriate behavior, call me."

"Don't you dare call him," Will whispered in her ear as they went below. "I'm going to have a quick shower to wash off the salt. Want to go first?"

"No, it's okay."

He stripped off his shorts and t-shirt and tossed them into the galley sink. Imo's gaze fell to his backside. She had a thing about men's butts and Will's ticked every box. Her mouth watered. Tight and brown and kissable and —

Will looked at her over his shoulder. "Are you staring at my bum?"

Imo widened her eyes. "No."

He laughed and part-closed the concertina door. Before she could take another breath, a hand reached out and pulled her into the tiny cubicle.

"I want you safe by my side so I know you're not off wrestling an octopus or teasing sharks. Plus if we shower together, we'll save water."

She couldn't move and doubted Will could either. There was barely room for one person in there let alone two and an impressive erection. Using soap was impossible.

Imo lifted her face to the water. "I thought you didn't want me. You ran away and didn't come back."

"I didn't run. Well, I did but I wasn't running away. I might as well tell you. The whole bloody village knows. Probably the whole of Greece. Maybe word has even reached my mother."

Imo swallowed hard, worried what he was going to say.

Will sighed. "I went to buy condoms."

Imo bit her lip but a muffled chuckle slipped out. "How does the whole village know?"

"They've got nothing better to do around here than bloody gossip, particularly about strangers. After seven months I'm still a stranger. I even drove to a place miles away and they found out."

"I wasn't doing anything with Stefan," she whispered.

Will switched off the water and looked at her. "I know."

"Good. That's settled then."

"Right."

"Okay. So how do we get out of here?"

"Very carefully."

Will handed Imo a towel and snagged one for himself. He winced as he dabbed the towel over his hair and then threw it aside. Imo stared at the dark copper discs of his nipples and longed to lick the glistening beads of water that lingered there.

"I'm shattered," he whispered.

He crawled onto the bed in the aft cabin and stretched out on his back, his balls a plump handful beneath his erect cock. Only how fair was it to take advantage? Imo gave a reluctant sigh, then pulled her red bra and panties out of her bag and put them on before she crawled up to lie next to him. He looked at her through half-lidded eyes.

"Oh Christ," he groaned. "You'd have been safer naked."

"Are you okay?"

Will ran his hand over his hair and screwed up his face. "I think an eagle's nested on my head and laid an egg."

"Want aspirin?"

"No."

"A drink?"

"No." He stroked her cheek. "I just want you."

Will's head pounded. He felt sick. Until he'd stepped out of the shower, he'd seen two of her. He knew he'd nearly died. The sudden jibe wasn't her fault and in any case he should have been paying attention. If Imo hadn't dived in to get him he might be dead. Much as he might have longed to be dead on several occasions over the last few months, Will hadn't really meant it. Nothing like nearly dying to knock some sense into his skull. There was a chance for something here and he didn't want to fuck it up. Will kissed her forehead, her eyes, her nose, then her cheeks.

"You missed the best bit," Imo whispered.

"I like saving my treats."

He didn't dare move his hands. They were wrapped around her back, safely in the middle, except if he moved one finger he could unsnap her bra. *Shit*. She could hardly fail to notice his cock was full of life. Exhilarated by the near-death experience, it had obviously decided to waste no time proving it had fully recovered and was ready to go. Only, irony of ironies, he had no condoms.

"Thank you for saving me," he said.

She smiled. "I did, didn't I?"

"But Stefan was right. If we'd been on our own, you'd never have got me back on the boat. So if it's just us two together..."

"I couldn't stand by and watch you drown."

He stared into her eyes. A clear, beautiful blue. "You have gorgeous, straightforward eyes."

She nodded. "Right. Much easier to see where you're going. I always wonder how birds manage with one either side of their head."

Will laughed. "I don't mean that. I mean the color's not mixed up."

"Yours are so dark I don't know what you're thinking."

"I think you do."

Will teased the line of her lips with his tongue until she opened to let him in. A sigh caught in her throat as his tongue slipped into her mouth. Every one of Imo's breathy moans set a fire blazing somewhere in Will's body. He'd forgotten the pleasure of kissing, the warmth of a woman's mouth, the teasing curl of one tongue around another. He'd forgotten a lot during the time his sex life revolved around him and his fist.

As her tongue played with his, Will could barely think straight. It might be down to the blow on the head, but he'd be fooling himself if he thought it was only that. The sweet scent of her overwhelmed the remnants of the salty tang of seawater. She felt as warm and comfortable as snuggling under a duvet on a frosty morning. *Oh God, I'm going soppy.*

When she tried to touch his cock, Will caught her wrists and pulled them above her head. If he was to maintain some semblance of control, he couldn't let her fingers near his skin let alone his cock, much as he longed to feel her touch. With one hand he explored her face, his lips following his fingers as he traced the line of her nose, the dark *fucking* ring under her eye, the soft curve of her jaw and up to her delicate ear. When he breathed into it, she fluttered against him like a little bird. Will smiled into her neck, knowing he'd found a place to drive her wild. He traced the shell of her ear with his tongue, wrapped his mouth around it and she tugged against his hold, struggling to get free.

"Oh God," she gasped. "Let me touch you."

"Not yet." He whispered the words directly into her ear and her back arched so she thrust her breasts into his chest.

Fire licked up the back of his legs and flared the length of his spine. Will took a deep breath, closed his eyes and pushed back the desire to thrust into her, clamping down hard on the need to come until the moment passed and he could take a breath.

He feathered his lips down the long, slender column of her neck, stopping at the place where he felt her pulse beat against his mouth. Then bit down gently, raking his teeth over her skin.

Imo released a long groan. "Please let me touch you."

"Not yet."

Will wanted to suck, mark her so that everyone knew she — He dragged his mouth away and panted onto her shoulder. Maybe that blow on the head had rattled his brains harder than he'd thought.

"Kiss me," she whispered.

"I want to kiss you all over."

Will slid his finger under the lacy upper edge of her bra and teased her nipple. Already hard, it grew harder. It wasn't the only thing. His cock ached. He licked along the line of her bra and every squirm wound him tighter, every breathy cry dragged him closer to eruption.

No choice but to release her hands to tug off her bra, and as her fingers clutched his shoulders, Will cupped her breasts and buried his face between them, his thumbs stroking the plump lower curve. The idea of fucking her here, the image of his dark cock wrapped in those creamy mounds swamped his mind and coated his crest in pre-cum. Would she let him? Will licked and sucked and kissed each breast until Imo cried out, shuddering beneath him.

*Oh fuck.* He'd made her come from just doing that? Will wasn't sure if he was more thrilled with her or himself. Her grip on his back loosened as her body relaxed. He lifted his head to look at her face and watched her eyelids flutter open.

"Wow," she said. "That's never happened before."

The lump in Will's throat grew large enough to choke him.

"Make it happen again," she whispered.



## Chapter Nine

Will stroked the sides of her body as he kissed his way to her navel, her flesh quivering beneath his lips. Imo gasped when he pushed the tip of his tongue into the little dip and Will smiled. Another place where he could drive her wild. He wanted to find all of them.

"Oh God," she groaned.

Will slid his palms beneath her hips and pulled her into his face. He rubbed his chin on her belly and she swung her legs over his back, heels digging into his butt. As Imo writhed beneath him, Will thought he'd never been more frustrated in his life. He had enough condoms sitting back at the villa to supply the whole fucking village and he hadn't thought to bring a handful with him. Although if he could persuade his overeager cock otherwise, Will wanted the pleasure of their first time to be both private and special, not something snatched in the muggy heat of a cabin reeking of diesel, not to mention three smirking people sitting inches above their heads.

No condoms didn't mean no fun. He licked his way back to her mouth.

"Wrong way," Imo said and he laughed.

Will wanted to kiss her between her legs but he wanted to drive her crazy first. While his lips traveled north, his hand slipped south. He ran his finger down the crease of her groin along the edge of her panties. He loved women's underwear, the way it hid and didn't hide what lay beneath. It tempted, teased and tormented. Will slipped one finger under the side of the material and stroked Imo's gently rounded mons, drawing tiny circles that got bigger until he reached the point where her body divided and found it wet.

"Oooh," Imo groaned.

Will pressed his mouth against hers, exploring with his tongue and slid his hand under the lace, parting the folds of her sex with his thumb. Imo clutched his back, arching against him. Her musky scent swirled through his head. She was soaking wet. His fingers were drenched. He wanted more. Will curled his hand around the lace and tugged hard.

"Ouch," Imo yelped.

"Shit, sorry."

Her body shook as she laughed. Will released his hold on the scrunched-up material and rolled to one side.

"Please tell me these panties are made from some indestructible fabric so my pride isn't hurt," Will said.

She laughed some more and reached down to peel them off. "Eighty pounds from La Perla."

"Oh fuck, thank Christ I didn't rip them."

It vaguely flittered through Will's lust-soaked mind that, for a woman who worked in a bar, eighty quid was a lot of money to spend on panties. Not that he was complaining. Although the idea of ripping her underwear away had excited his cock into an outpouring of pre-cum, the disappointment when he failed to yank them off hadn't lessened his ardor. He really hoped it was the panties that were strong and not him being weak. Then Will's brain clicked back into gear and registered Imo lay stark naked next to him, a smile teasing the edge of her lips. He had to swallow twice before he could speak.

"You are so beautiful," he whispered.

His lips settled back on her breasts. As he licked and teased her sensitive nipples, one breathy cry followed another. Will loved that she was noisy, loved that she didn't care, loved that he *made* her noisy. Imo shuffled closer and slung her leg over his hip, trying to position herself under him so her folds brushed his cock.

Yes. Yes. Yes.

No.

Will shifted out of the way of temptation, ignored his furious cock and pressed his pelvis into the sheet beneath him. Imo groaned and climbed on his back, rubbing her wet pussy against his butt and her nipples against his spine. As she squirmed, his cock found a home inside a couple of thick folds in the sheet. He could hump—*Fuck*. Will rolled over, flipped her onto her back and clamped his hand between her legs.

"You little devil," he whispered. He was *not* going to come that easily.

He slid a finger up to the knuckle in her hot, wet folds and she tensed around him. *Jesus*. Imo whimpered and Will buried his face between her breasts to stop the echoing whimper escaping from his throat.

He had more control than this. He could stop himself coming all day. But maybe with only the promise of himself at the end, perhaps his mastery had been an illusion. Will lifted his head and brushed his lips over Imo's, gentle strokes from side to side while he slipped his finger in and out of her silky heat.

Will shifted his thumb back to her clit and the hard knot of tissue pulsed under his caress as Imo groaned into his mouth. Will nibbled her fleshy lower lip, sliding his tongue under her upper lip, pressing and pushing his way into her gasping mouth as his finger dipped and dived between her folds.

The infectious rhythm of his thrusting finger was caught by his tongue, matched by his hips as he ground his cock into the sheet. Imo's hips joined the dance, rocking into his hand. Will's heart pounded, the pressure tightening his chest, knowing he was going to come.

Then a little hand slipped under his hip on an up thrust, fingers tightened around the root of his cock, squeezed to the point of pain and Will jerked.

"Fuck," he blurted.

He didn't come but she did. A series of contractions wrapped around his finger, one following another like a chain reaction until she cried out into his mouth and he caught her bliss and swallowed every drop.

Imo panted her way back from oblivion while Will quivered at her side, chest down, her fingers still tight around him. She nudged him onto his back and Will groaned when he saw his cock. Dark purple with fury, it looked like some ugly monster reaching to crush his heart, her tiny fingers wrapped around the root both cruel and kind.

"Lift your knees and spread your legs," she whispered.

Will did as he was told. He wondered how far guys would go when they were held in sexual thrall.

A long way.

In the confines of the small berth, she crouched between his thighs. He risked a glance at her face to be greeted by a bone- and muscle-melting smile. Thank God he was lying down. Her head dropped and Will trembled when her lips touched his cock. Tight to the point of bursting, he had a sudden vision of his dick popping under the pressure of her mouth to go rushing around the cabin, hissing like a deflating balloon.

While her mouth sucked gently at the head of his cock, teasing the slit with the tip of her tongue, she maintained the pressure at the base. Her shoulders rocked into him, her hair tickling his thighs. With her other hand, she stroked the back of his legs, teasing a path to his balls.

Not quite. Will froze.

Her finger lingered on the strip between his anus and his balls—feeling, pressing, searching.

"Higher," he gulped and then let out a long groan as she found his sweet spot.

Her fingers relaxed their hold on his cock and all she did was lick his tip while she maintained the pressure with her finger. Circling. Pressing.

Ecstasy.

Agony.

When Will felt a finger against his asshole, he released a long moan. No one had ever touched him there but himself. He wanted and didn't want. His fingers twisted in her hair as his body tightened. Every muscle, tendon and sinew readied for release. Every hair follicle prickled. Imo's finger eased into his body and Will gasped.

"Oh God. Oh God."

He didn't know whether to be grateful she knew what she was doing, or pissed off she'd done this for some other guy. Or maybe she'd just learned from watching him. Her finger inside him hooked in a "come here" motion and Will lost the capacity for

thought. Pressure outside, pressure inside and the rumbling volcano was unstoppable. The orgasm swelled deep in his belly, grew inside his head, set every limb trembling, made his heart pound and his back arch. Lightning shot down his spine, a fuse wire burning to his balls.

One perfect moment of complete joy before he exploded into her mouth. He yelled out. He couldn't help it. Stefan's anxious face appeared in the entrance and Will mouthed, "Fuck off." Well, he tried to. Stefan smirked and disappeared, and Will registered his cock was still spurting. *Shit.*

Imo swallowed and swallowed and swallowed. Good grief, how much was there? Cum dribbled out the sides of her mouth. Good thing Will tasted nice, otherwise she'd have a problem. After the last spasm faded, he pulled her up so she lay on top of him and they were face-to-face. Imo wiped her lips and wondered if he'd kiss her. Leo hadn't — *don't think about Leo.*

"I'm speechless," Will whispered. "How the hell did you know how to do that?"

"Google."

He laughed. "So you saw me yesterday."

Imo tried for a puzzled look but suspected the sudden jolt of her heart gave her away. Will raised his eyebrows.

She sighed. "You had your eyes closed. How did you know?"

"I saw you before I closed my eyes."

Which meant he didn't care that she watched, that he liked to be watched. Oh, interesting kink. Will grinned as if he knew what she was thinking.

"You should have stayed a bit longer. I put on a show of my own," she said.

That wiped the smile from his face and dragged his Adam's apple on a little voyage up and down his throat.

"Like to put on a repeat performance?" he asked in a husky voice.

Could she? Imo had never —

"Please?"

She ran her tongue around her suddenly dry lips. Will groaned and his eyes fluttered shut.

"I need something to keep me awake. Remember I'm not supposed to go to sleep," he mumbled.

"That's terrible acting."

"I can see a long tunnel with a bright light at the end."

"You dreaming you're a soccer player about to emerge onto the pitch?"

"I can hear harps."

"I could get a cold cloth and slap you with it," Imo said.

He opened his eyes. "Alternatively?"

Could she? Her heart pounded in excitement. This was the most alive she'd felt for months. Okay, she'd fallen for Will, so shoot her. Imo couldn't help it. He was gorgeous and he wanted her. He'd known she'd watched yesterday and he'd carried on so could she do the same? Something about him made her feel brave and different. She wasn't fond of the sea but she'd dived in after Will without thinking. Too much thinking and she'd talk herself out of this. She eased off him and sat with her back to the wall, knees up, her heels tight to her butt. Will shifted to his side and watched.

Imo closed her eyes and spread her knees. She heard him sigh as she wrapped her hands around her breasts and squeezed them together. Imo had a feeling that if she just rubbed her clit once, she'd come, but he'd hardly be impressed with that. Or maybe he would. She slid her hands over her belly to the inside of her thighs and back to the wet folds between her legs.

No need to imagine some cowboy hunk to make her excited; Imo had one in front of her except she couldn't look at him. She trailed her fingers over the entrance to her body, sweeping them back and forth, tantalizing her clit and gathering her cream. She rolled the delicate flesh between her fingers, feeling the increase in heat, in moisture. Her heart beat so hard she could feel the vibration all over her body.

She allowed one finger to slip inside her. One slow slide and then she pulled it out and brought it to her mouth. Her eyes opened as she sucked and her gaze settled on Will. His mouth slightly ajar, he stared at her without blinking. Imo wanted to see his face when she came but she wasn't sure she could do this while she looked at him. Her eyes closed.

As if reading her thoughts, Will whispered, "Look at me. I want to see your eyes when you come."

Imo stared at him and spread her pussy lips to expose her clit, expecting Will's gaze to drop but it didn't. A rush of pleasure flashed through her. Sliding one finger against the other on either side of her clit, Imo began to rub slowly. The warmth in her belly travelled fast through her body. Pinpricks of sensation blossomed at her core as the first shimmers of orgasm rolled over her. Imo rubbed harder, faster. Like throwing herself off a mountain, she thought, not that she ever had or would. But she imagined the rush, the surge of adrenaline with the soar from safety into danger, no way back, only one way to go.

Her body bent like a bow as the spasms pulsed through her. Imo's eyes closed. She couldn't help it. She could have been flying, riding from one thermal to another until she landed gently on the ground. Her breathy gasps subsided to a low moan and she looked straight at Will. He growled deep in his throat and then sprang. His face buried between her legs, he licked and sucked and kissed. Tugged onto her back, her legs hoisted over his shoulders, Will consumed her. He slid his palms up her arms to lock his fingers with hers and fucked her with his tongue until Imo found her body coiling once more.

She couldn't come again so soon—could she? Oh God, maybe. His tongue was hard and fast and each time it swept over her clit, Imo gasped. Under the warm and relentless attention, Imo was swept along, dragged up the cliff and back to the edge. She tried to cling on but her back bowed, her breathing quickened and flickers of light flashed across her vision.

For one blissful moment, Imo hung in the sweet limbo of anticipation before the moment her muscles tightened, then she fell. Will's fingers locked around hers and she unraveled against his mouth.

"Will," she gasped as long ribbons of pleasure trailed through her.

Then his mouth was back against hers and they rolled together, bodies slick with sweat and he was kissing her, sucking the air out of her lungs. His cock—oh God, hard again—pressed against her belly, and as he shifted position, it nestled between her legs.

"Can't, can't," Will gasped into her mouth. "I won't. Shit. Fucking condoms."

He pushed himself up. Imo slipped down until his cock rested against her breasts.

"Oh God." Will lowered his knees either side of her ribs. "Can you read minds?"

Imo wrapped her hair around him, stroked him through the damp blonde strands, teased his bulbous tip with the dry feathery ends.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Will grunted.

She could see the little slit at his cock head winking at her, a tiny bead of pre-cum waiting to fall. Imo squeezed her breasts from the side to trap his length, pushed her breasts in and at the same time moved them up and down, changing the pressure along his cock. Will's hair had dropped over his eyes. He shook as he held himself over her. Imo maintained her rhythmic massage, tightening around him and then stuck out her tongue, bringing her head forward to lick the tip of his cock.

She dropped back and showed him the pearly jewel before closing her mouth.

"Not fair," Will gasped. "Oh Christ."

He stiffened and a sticky thread of cum hit her lips. And another. The rest went on her breasts and neck. Will knelt over her, his hand milking his cock, his eyes wild, his breathing choppy. Imo ran one finger along her breast to her nipple, scooped up a dollop of his cream and licked her finger.

Will groaned. "I died, didn't I? Or I'm lying in a coma imagining this. Or I'm dreaming."

He rolled onto his back and flung his arm over his eyes. "Yeah. I'm definitely dead. Shit."

\* \* \* \* \*

Stefan wondered if he'd ever had a harder cock. As if the grunts and groans from below weren't enough, the image of Imo's pert little backside as she buried her face in

Will's crotch was burned on his retinas. Next time he went down to answer the radio he'd look the other way.

Maybe.

He looked at Karen and Liz sunbathing at the front of the boat and sighed. Not difficult to anchor in another secluded bay and let four willing hands and a couple of hot mouths ease the ache in his groin, so why didn't he want to? It wasn't that he wanted Imo. Well, he did but he didn't at the same time. If Will had maintained his cold shoulder, Stefan might have made a try for her but now she'd lured Will away from his fist, no way would Stefan interfere.

But it *was* thoughts about Imo that stopped him from calling Liz and Karen back from the prow. The little idiot had dived overboard and saved Will, and Stefan suspected she'd have done the same even if it had only been the two of them on the boat. She had no more idea about sailing than before she'd crawled on board yesterday and Stefan guessed that wasn't going to change. She wasn't stupid, her grasp of those complex knots showed that, but she was different, a challenge, and Stefan was getting tired of things being too easy. How was he going to find the right sort of woman when he never said no?

Liz climbed back into the cockpit and Stefan crossed his legs. He forced himself not to check if his cock was making a bid for freedom in case her gaze followed his.

"Are we stopping for lunch?" she asked.

"The next bay has a taverna," Stefan said.

There'd be no skinny-dipping or jaunts to deserted beaches.

His cock fainted in shock.

## Chapter Ten

When Will woke, he and Imo lay half wrapped in a sheet, entwined in a sweaty ball, arms and legs tangled together. The boat rocked gently but there was no sensation of forward momentum and Will guessed they were back in harbor. The ache in his head had almost gone and been replaced by one in his heart. The last time he'd woken up next to a woman... Will's thoughts shot bull's-eye into the present.

He stared at Imo's face, inches from his, her mouth slightly open. The bruise around her eye was fading fast but Will tensed every time he saw it. The idea that someone had deliberately hurt her filled him with fury. All his relaxed calm from what they'd just done dissipated to grumbling discontent. Forget any worries about getting involved – he was in way over his head. Will extricated himself without waking her and pulled on his shorts before he went on deck. The yacht was back in the marina, moored in its usual spot.

Stefan sat in the cockpit, nursing a beer, paperwork piled at his side. "I wondered when you were going to emerge. How are you feeling?"

Will ran his hand over the back of his head and tried not to wince. "Much better."

Stefan grinned. "I shall have to remember vigorous sex is a cure for concussion."

Will sat across from him and stretched out his legs. "We didn't actually have sex."

Stefan straightened. "Are you sure?"

A loud chuckle burst from Will's lips. "Pretty sure."

"Damn, now I've lost another fifty Euros. Well, maybe not if you say –"

Will glared.

"Okay, fine. So how do you feel?"

"You already asked me that."

Stefan raised his eyebrows. "Okay. How does Imo feel?"

"Like a breath of fresh air." Will spoke without thinking but that was exactly how she made him feel, as though she was blowing the bad things out of his life, the memories he wanted to forget, the face of the woman he had to forget.

There was silence between them for a while before Stefan said in a quiet voice, "She was booked to come with her boyfriend, guy called Leo, but he rang and cancelled. We thought she wouldn't come either. Imo said he changed his mind. I don't know any more than that."

Will nodded. "I'm taking her out on *The Right Thing* tomorrow. And the day after."

Stefan nodded. "What about next week and the week following?"

Will wasn't touching that. "Have fun with Liz and Karen today?"



"Not in the way you're thinking. I'm getting bored with it being so easy. They know they won't see me again after the holiday's over and I know I won't see them. Seems pointless."

Will reached to put his palm on Stefan's forehead. "You sick?"

Stefan knocked his hand away with the beer bottle. "Ha ha."

"You're the one who's been trying to fix me up with a quick fuck since I arrived," Will pointed out. "What was it you said? Get back in the saddle. Fuck yourself stupid. Don't ever say no to free pussy."

Stefan squirmed. "Maybe I've decided I want more than that. I'm beginning to see the attraction of a marathon, instead of lots of hundred meter dashes. The greater sense of satisfaction."

Will wondered what had changed since yesterday. "So how are you going to put off your latest two conquests? As I recall, you have an inability to say no."

Stefan rolled the bottle over his forehead. "If you're not coming, I could take Rachel out on the boat tomorrow. There's nothing on shore that can't wait. Maybe she'd like a day out of the office, and there's little doubt that Miss Doom and Gloom will provide an effective dampener." He sank a slug of beer. "You joining us for the karaoke tonight?"

"I'd rather have my cock pierced."

"Ooh, can I come?" Imo asked.

Will spun around at the sound of her voice. She was back in her bikini, her hair tied in a loose knot at the back of her head. The pull in his gut was immediate. She smiled for him, tucked herself next to him and Will put his arm over her shoulder. *Mine*. Will didn't care how chauvinistic that sounded. He was only saying it to himself, anyway.

"To watch or participate?" Stefan asked.

Her eyes sparkled. "I'd love to see how much pain you can withstand, though I think you ought to go to someone who's an expert with needles."

Will laughed.

"I could help you choose which piercing to get. Or maybe you should have more than one. The frenum ladder looks great or maybe just go for a PA. If you're really brave, you could have an hafada or a guiche piercing as well." She beamed.

"W-what's a PA?" Stefan asked.

"A Prince Albert. Goes in through the urethra and out again," Imo said.

Beer spurted from Stefan's mouth.

"I hate to ask, but an hafada and a guiche?" Will said.

"Anywhere on your scrotum. A guiche is on the strip between your anus and—"

"Oh Christ." Will swallowed hard.

"You could both have piercings. You'd probably get a discount for two."

"An even better discount if you came too," Stefan said.

"No way," Imo said. "I'm never having anything pierced. I just think—blood poisoning, gangrene, amputation."

"Come here, you." Will pulled her onto his lap. "How do you know so much about body piercing?"

"A gay guy told me."

"Do you want to come to the karaoke tonight?" Stefan asked.

"No, she doesn't. I'm cooking us a meal," Will said.

"You are?" Imo asked.

"Anything you can't eat?"

"No, well apart from things with bones. I can eat them after they've had the bones taken out but don't feed me those tiny fish—whitebait. I'm the only person in the world who has to fillet them. It once took me an entire evening to eat my starter. The waiter was mesmerized and videoed me on his phone. I think it's on YouTube."

Will laughed and pushed her to her feet. "My brother—"

"What?"

"He doesn't like bony fish either. Want to come shopping or go back and have a shower?"

"Shower. I'll see you later." She picked up her bag and moved over the top of the boat.

"A woman who doesn't want to go shopping?" Stefan whispered.

Will shrugged. There was something he needed to remember but he couldn't—

"Help," Imo shouted.

*Fuck.* That was it. Will and Stefan raced for the front. Bows to, it was a matter of hauling on the mooring line to bring the yacht near enough to step or jump down onto the quay. Of course, that hadn't occurred to Imo who hung by her fingertips from the guard rail above the prow, one leg hooked on the side, the toes of the other resting on the quay.

They hauled her back on board, Stefan almost paralytic with laughter. She'd not been in any danger, but if Stefan laughed any harder, Will thought he might have to thump him.

"Watch," Stefan said and tugged on the rope to bring the boat close to the quay. Then he jumped down. "You do it. I'll catch you if you look as though you're going to fall."

"I don't think so," Will said and jumped down to stand beside him. "She's mine."

As she stepped safely onto the quay, Will wrapped his arms around her, his hands sliding to her backside, and Imo kissed him. A chorus of wolf-whistles erupted one after the other from the line of yachts.

"Thank God for that," shouted Mick.

Will flipped him the bird, then took Imo's hand and tugged her along the quay.

"Thank God for what?" she asked.

"Do you really want to know?"

She nodded. He tightened his hold on her fingers.

"They've been trying to pair me off since I arrived. You're the first – well..."

"Fabulously irresistible woman you've met?"

Will laughed. She *was* a breath of fresh air.

\* \* \* \* \*

Imo skipped back to the villa. When Will had taken her hand on the quayside, she felt so happy she thought her heart would burst. She loved holding hands with a guy and Leo had never – *no*.

She'd almost been tempted to go shopping so Will would hold her hand a little longer, but she was desperate for a shower. The tepid sprinkle on the boat had done very little and the fun that followed undid most of it. Imo smiled. She wanted to wash her hair and put on a pretty dress before Will returned.

Her good mood lasted through her shower and dealing with her hair using her pathetic travel drier, right up until she opened her suitcase. Then the reality of her life crashed onto her like a landslide. She picked up her mobile phone and hesitated. Imo had thought about throwing the phone away before she got on the plane but decided screening her calls would make more sense. She switched it on, then tossed it on the bed to sort itself out and make the link to the local network while she pulled out a dress, shoes and underwear. The dress was a short and slinky black number with spaghetti straps. One of her favorites. The shoes were pink stilettos with little stars on the sides. More favorites. She'd only been able to carry the things she most loved.

Once she'd dressed, Imo sat on the bed and picked up her mobile.

Thirty voice mails. Probably the maximum she could store.

Twenty-two text messages.

All but one voice mail was from Leo. The odd one out was from her Uncle James, her grandpa's son. Imo deleted everything except that. The texts were all from Leo. She looked at a few. Most were one word. *Bitch*. Or two words. *Fucking bitch*. She deleted those, then listened to her uncle's message.

"Call me at once."

It wouldn't be anything important. He always expected people to run when he whistled.

Someone banged on the door and Will shouted, "Imo?"

She threw the phone down and stepped into the hall. Will had plastic bags in both hands. His eyes opened wide when he saw her.

"Wow. You look gorgeous." His gaze fell to her feet. "Oh Jesus."

"Problem?"

"No walk along the beach in the moonlight, then."

"They do come off."

Will frowned. "Don't you dare."

Imo laughed.

"Does give me another problem though. I failed to pack my tux. And don't take this as criticism but why the hell did you pack a cocktail dress for a yachting holiday?"

"Ah, well I didn't know I was going to be on a boat."

Will opened his mouth and closed it again.

Imo's fist curled behind her back. "The only thing he said was, 'two weeks luxury in Greece'."

"Why isn't *he* here with you?"

"It's over, finished, dead, dusted. But I was the one who paid. I didn't want to lose my holiday and I'm so glad I came."

"Not as glad as me."

Imo's heart launched into a medley of every love song she knew. When she was with Will, nothing else mattered. She felt like she was tumbling head over heels down a grassy bank. Nothing could stop her falling. She might get hurt but the joy of the ride was too much to resist.

"I need a shower," Will said.

"Shall I make a start on the meal?"

"Maybe prepare a salad? Put the other stuff in the fridge."

He passed the plastic bags to her and when his fingers brushed hers, Imo's breath caught in her throat. She'd felt like this before, the thrill of new man's touch, the spiraling heart rate when they were together, the warmth of anticipation deep in her belly. Imo fell in love all the time but this time there was something different. Maybe she hadn't been in love before because she'd never felt quite like this.

There was something about the way Will affected her that she couldn't explain, something deep inside that told her he was the one she wanted to spend the rest of her life beside. The fact that he'd been hurt made him even more appealing. He seemed so confident and strong and yet he was gentle and sensitive. No good trying to pretend he wasn't the most gorgeous guy she'd ever seen because he was, but it was more than that. *I think I'm in love.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Imo sat outdoors under a loggia covered with grapevines twirling a glass of wine in her fingers while Will stood a few yards away barbecuing fish on a stone-built grill. Not Retsina in the glass, thank God, though Imo would have drunk it to please Will. Night had fallen fast and he'd lit citronella candles to repel insects. Imo could hear the bugs clicking and buzzing in the garden. She watched Will as he worked. He'd dressed in a

smart white linen shirt and khaki shorts. Nothing on his feet. He was extraordinarily good-looking with a strong chin and eyelashes thicker than hers. Imo was really choosy about who she found handsome. No current movie stars ticked all of her boxes. Leo had – *no*.

Will's concentration on the grill amused her. He'd threaded vegetables onto skewers, marinated them in olive oil and herbs from the garden and was cooking those too, turning them in careful rotation.

"How long have you been in Greece?" she asked.

"Seven months."

"That's a long while."

"Yeah."

Imo wasn't sure if he knew Stefan had told her Will and his brother had fallen in love with the same woman.

"Whereabouts did you live in England?" she asked.

"London. But I travelled around."

"Doing what?"

"I was a management consultant."

"Was?"

He looked at her and grinned. "I don't do that now but it's so ingrained, I'm trying to keep quiet about how you made the salad."

Imo laughed. "How many ways are there to mix lettuce, olives, tomatoes, feta cheese and cucumber?"

"Did you put the cucumber in first?"

"No."

"There you are then."

She took another sip of wine. Could she make him open up? Well, not *make* him. If he wasn't ready to talk – he wasn't ready. She had her own secrets to keep.

"Why are you here, Will?" she asked.

"I'm hiding."

*That makes two of us.* "From what?"

It was a moment before he answered. "Reality. I fell in love and fucked things up."

Imo was surprised how painful she found that. Not just that Will had been hurt, but that he'd loved someone other than her. Imo pinched her thigh to flick some sense into her brain. *Love*? She'd only known him a couple of days. In any case, what did she know of love? Miss Expert on fucking things up. Maybe she and Will were well suited.

He carried the food over to the table and sat opposite her.

"No bones," he said. "I selected extra-special fish that were bred boneless."

"You took them out then?"

"The fishmonger did, so if you find one, blame him."

The fish melted in the mouth, delicious white flakes with a seared herb topping. Imo had never been out with a guy who could cook. She wanted to ask Will more about what had brought him to Greece but didn't want to push in case he pushed back.

"I can see why you stayed out here," she said. "This is so lovely. Sun, sea, sand. The air's so sweet. Even the wind is warm."

Imo wondered how he afforded it though. Did Stefan's mother let him stay free of charge?

"I haven't talked about what happened," Will said in a low voice. "I told Stefan a little, enough to persuade him to let me hang around."

"Do you *want* to talk about it?"

Imo wasn't sure she wanted to hear how Will had loved or maybe still loved another.

"It's hardly appropriate conversation," he said. "Sitting here with a beautiful woman I'm dying to drag into my bed, talking about the one I thought was the love of my life."

*Oh God. Shut him up.* But Imo could see Will needed to talk, that he'd bottled this inside until he'd trapped himself in a Mediterranean paradise he couldn't even enjoy. He opened his mouth and closed it again and Imo knew she'd have to help him even though she wanted to put her hands over her ears and run away screaming.

"What was she like?" Imo whispered.

"Funny. Sweet. Innocent." He gave a rueful smile.

Imo hoped she was funny and sweet but knew she couldn't claim the last. She'd slept with far too many frogs. When he said nothing more, Imo added details to the mystery woman's description. Clever, brave, stunning. None of which fitted Imo. "How did you meet her?"

Will gave a short laugh. "She came up to me in a hotel gym and asked me to spend the night in her room. Except it was only to convince her brother and her mother she really *did* have the boyfriend she'd been pretending to go out with the last few months."

Pretending to have a boyfriend? Imo couldn't see why you'd need to do that. It gave her another reason to dislike the woman.

"She was different. We spent a day at the seaside and she taught me to fly a power kite. We found a fossil on the beach and ate fish and chips with our fingers. But there was a specter at the feast in the form of my ex-wife who turned out not to be as ex as I thought. Vee yelled and I came running when I should have ignored her. On the night I planned to open my heart to the new woman in my life, the old one told me she was pregnant and the baby was mine."

Imo tried to swallow the lump of eggplant she was chewing but it wouldn't go down. More wine. Didn't help.

Will took the deep breath that Imo needed. "My — wife — faked her pregnancy, then faked a miscarriage. She nearly killed the woman I loved, and because I'd tried to do the right thing for everyone, I ended up losing the best thing that had ever happened to me when my brother scooped her up."

*Oh shit.* The floodgates had opened and Imo wanted them closed. Only how could she stop him now?

"What's her name?" She wanted the words back even as they emerged.

Will let out a choked sound. "I promised myself I'd never say her name again. She's not mine. She never will be mine."

The snake inside Imo tightened its grip, the tail slithering along the walls of her stomach, the head wrapping around her heart. Will still loved this woman. What chance did Imo have?

"Oh God, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he whispered.

He told her all of it. Every detail. Every detail of every horrible detail. Imo could tell he wanted to stop talking, yet couldn't. It poured out of him in a rolling flood, and she listened in fascinated horror, wanting and not wanting to hear. God, his ex-wife was a bitch and a half. Worse. Why the hell had he married her? Ah, well maybe she could go with the flow over that. Imo found herself feeling sorry for the woman Will had wanted. More than sorry, Imo imagined she'd like her. But while sometimes Will had been stupid, Imo saw that he thought he'd tried to do the right thing.

"I wanted her to choose between me and my brother and she wouldn't. Not couldn't but wouldn't. She'd rather have given us both up than choose. But I knew...I knew it was Ed she loved best. I let her down so many times and Ed never did. I didn't deserve her."

Will played with the remains of his food, pushing a piece of cucumber around his plate.

Imo had to ask though her heart urged her not to. "Do you still love her?"

He raised his head and released a shaky breath. "I can't not love her. She'll always have a part of me."

Imo held herself as still as she could and tried to make the look on her face appear sympathetic when she wanted to scream with fury, rant and rage and yell at him to grow up, not waste his life on something that couldn't be.

"But I can't have her. She's Ed's and that's the way it has to be."

Imo wished that made her feel better, but it didn't. Will hadn't accepted it otherwise he wouldn't be hiding and sulking in Greece.

Will reached over and took hold of her hand. "I've been going deeper and deeper into a long, dark tunnel, unable to see, unable to breathe, and then you flung open those shutters and showed me another world."

Imo squeezed his fingers.

"Too much about me. Sorry," Will said. "What about you? Have any fond memories of the giraffe? Able to forgive it?"

"Leo didn't mean to catch my eye." Imo thought he was aiming for her forehead.

"So you walked out?"

"Yes." No. Imo couldn't talk about that. "Right out of his life." She released Will's hand and stood. "How about that stroll on the beach that you promised?"

She gathered the plates while Will picked up the wine and the glasses.

"How long were you going out together?" he asked.

Imo might have known it wouldn't be that easy. She felt bad that Will had laid bare his heart and she couldn't do the same. "Not long."

"How did you meet him?"

"He came into the bar where I worked."

Every day for a week and just stared at her until she'd confronted him and asked what the hell was his problem? He'd said he wanted to marry her. She'd laughed but when he asked her out, she said yes.

Will loaded the dishwasher. "Have you always worked in a bar?"

"No. I've had more jobs than I can remember—shop assistant, mail delivery, doctor's receptionist, gardener, babysitter, dog sitter, old-person sitter. I could go on." But she'd rather not.

He stared at her. "Why do you keep changing?"

"Why do you think?"

Imo wasn't sure if she wanted him to guess or not.

"Lack of qualifications?"

She bristled because he was right. Did he think she was thick? "I get bored. I like variety."

*Oh God, I'm going to hell. Or my nose is going to grow and poke him in the eye.*

"Sorry. That'll teach me to make assumptions." A dark flush stained his cheekbones.

Imo felt terrible. She should be the one blushing. He'd opened his heart and she'd lied.

Will didn't believe her but wouldn't push it. She wasn't ready and he knew the feeling. He tugged her out of the villa and paused on the steps so he could remove her shoes.

"They can stay here until we get back," he said, looking up at her. "Then you have to promise to put them back on."

"If you're good."



Will ran his hands up her calves before he stood, stopping just under the hem of her dress. Her skin trembled under his fingers.

"I can be good but you might like it better if I'm bad," he said.

"You're probably right."

He took her hand in his and led the way to the beach. Will felt as though he'd just donated a pint of blood—a little lightheaded and somewhat pleased with himself. Okay, so he still hadn't thought her name let alone said it but at least he'd told his story to someone other than his mother. Will had a twinge of guilt when he thought about his mum. He'd had his mobile switched off for a long while. She knew where he was and should she need to get in touch, she could call Stefan's company, but that wasn't the point.

"The sea's a bit scary at night," Imo whispered. "All that black water, there could be anything lurking below the surface."

Will slung his arm over her shoulder as they walked. "Damn, so I'm not going to tempt you into skinny dipping?"

"Tell you what. You go in first and if you escape with your worm intact, I'll think about it."

He laughed. "My worm?"

"Think of it dangling down as you swim, tempting fish to nibble."

"It's not dangled since I saw you in that dress." He threaded his fingers through her hair. "Since before I saw you in that dress. Just thinking about you and what I want to do to you is enough to make me hard."

He turned and pulled her into his arms, tugging her against his body, letting her feel how much he wanted her. After he'd blabbed his pitiful story, what if she wanted to dump him? Will wished she'd opened up to him. He had no idea what she was thinking or feeling.

"Why are we walking on the beach when we could be in bed?" Imo whispered.

He swallowed his laugh. "I was trying to do something romantic after blurting all that out about my disastrous love life."

"Take me back and make me forget it."

## Chapter Eleven

"Whose bed?" Will asked as they rushed back to the villa. "Inside or out." *If she says inside, don't forget the condoms.*

"What if it rains?"

He laughed. "There's an awning I can pull over but it's not going to rain."

"Then your bed. Under the stars."

"Will you wear those shoes?"

"Weirdo," Imo called as she headed for the front door.

"There's a bottle of champagne in the fridge. Glasses in the cupboard."

Imo turned and put her hands on her hips. "Anything else while I'm in there. Dusting? Polishing?"

"Stripping?"

She flounced off. Will grabbed a box of matches and lit every tea-light. Elena had given him a set of glass containers and a bag of the little citronella waxy circles once he'd moved outside. Will had seen them as utilitarian, now they looked romantic, illuminating nooks and crannies, disguising piles of his junk. His little home at the side of the villa had turned into a fairy garden.

*Thank fuck he hadn't said that out loud.*

"Oh, it looks like fairy garden," Imo said.

Will smothered his laugh before he turned only to release a long sigh. She stood there in a transparent black bra and matching G-string wearing those sexy high heels that made her legs go on forever, champagne bottle in one hand and glasses in the other. She set the bottle and glasses down and turned to face him. Will had neither moved, nor blinked, nor taken a breath. His eyes had moved though, his gaze sweeping over her from head to foot and back, wavering over the best place to linger. The dark shadows and sharp peaks of her nipples pushed out the bra. The G-string was hardly worth wearing except for the delight it gave his cock. The shoes—oh God—something about a long-legged woman in high heels turned his libido into a raging torrent of lust.

Imo slunk closer on those heels and ran her finger over his lips. She whipped it away when he tried to suck it into his mouth.

"Do you want me to make you wait?" she asked.

His cock wavered in a haze of uncertainty, rather like his brain. Will shook his head, then nodded it, then shook it again. Imo laughed, the sound ringing out into the night.

"Sounds like fun," he said. "But I don't think I can wait, not tonight. I've waited long enough."

He poured out two glasses of champagne and handed one to her. Will chinked his glass against hers. He wanted to say, "to us", but "to tonight" came out of his mouth. Imo took a sip and put her glass down. She slipped open the buttons on his shirt and ran a cold, wet finger down the gap, following the line of his breastbone to his navel and on into the top of his shorts. Will swallowed his gulp before it could escape. When she pushed her finger inside the waistband and slid it around to his hip, Will set his glass down before he dropped it.

Imo knelt at his feet and struggled with the button and then his zipper. Will waited a polite length of time, maybe a third of a second, before he yanked his shorts open. His cock sprang out like a jack-in-the-box.

Imo reared back. "Hey, you'll have my eye out."

Hard was too soft a word. Rigid didn't work either. Rock was better, Will thought. His cock was so thick and...rock-like, it almost scared him. What if the condoms didn't fit? Will smothered a laugh. *In my dreams*. Imo pulled his shorts down and he kicked them away. He rolled his shoulders and shrugged off his shirt to stand naked in front of her.

Her mouth settled over his cock and Will let out a loud gasp. *What the fuck?* Cold liquid, hot lips, the bubbling fizz of champagne – how the hell had she managed to get a mouthful without him noticing? Oh God, but it felt good, the mixture of sensations leaving his cock awash in pleasure. Her tongue teased his cock head and as the tickling sensation of the bubbles faded, he felt her swallowing against him. Imo let him out of her mouth with a quiet pop and his fists and toes unclenched.

"Nice?" she asked.

Will managed to nod. Speech was beyond him.

"I'll tell you a little story to distract you. The first time I did that, I was sixteen. Behind the bike sheds at school. I used limeade and it dyed Mike's cock bright green. He didn't realize until he was in the locker room getting ready for PT. His mates thought he'd caught some horrible disease and teased him for ages. He never spoke to me again."

Will couldn't imagine not speaking to someone again who could make him feel like this – green cock or not. When she lifted her glass and took another mouthful of champagne, he gulped and readied himself. This time her mouth engulfed his balls and Will curled his toes into the rug and his fingers into her hair, trying not to yank it out by the roots.

*Fuck, fuck, fuck.*

Will tightened muscles he knew would help to stop him coming but he wasn't sure he could resist this siren kneeling at his feet, no matter how gentle the massage. The ache in his balls grew exponentially.

*Shit, shit, shit.*

Her thumbs stroked his groin in soothing circles as her tongue drove him crazy.

Just as Will thought he couldn't stand it for another moment, she let him loose. He locked his knees so he didn't sag like an old man.

"It would probably be better with something fizzier, like Coke. There's a can in the fridge, want me to get it?"

Will pulled her to her feet. "Yes. No. Another time. I really wanted to go slow and steady, make you come a million times before I did but I am so desperate to—" The words "fuck you" sat on his lips but he had different words in his brain, softer words, kinder.

He kissed her before he blurted them out. As his arms circled Imo's back, her mouth opened to let him inside. Will thought he could kiss her forever. He almost forgot he had to breathe, that Imo needed to breathe. The smooth edges of her teeth, the soft flesh of her lower lip, the arched curve of bone at the top of her mouth—everywhere entranced him. He unclipped the back of her bra and peeled it away—still kissing her. Slid his hands in the sides of her G-string and peeled it down her legs—still kissing her. Not an easy maneuver. They laughed into each other's mouth as they fought not to be the one to pull away.

Will edged Imo to the bed and pushed her down, falling with her, still kissing her. He supported his weight on his forearms as he pressed his cock into her belly. Her fingers clutched his backside, rocking him against her. If she kept doing that he'd last ten seconds. Will dragged his mouth away from hers and buried his face in her neck. He slid his lips down to lick around her nipple, pulling at the hard tip with his teeth until she moaned. Moved on to tease her navel with short jabs. Then he grabbed the champagne bottle.

Imo leaned up on her elbows. "What are you doing?"

"I haven't had a drink yet."

Will knelt between her legs, swigged a mouthful of champagne and wrapped his lips around her breast.

"Cold, cold," Imo yelped.

He sucked and slurped, playing with her nipple, drawing on it with his teeth, landing fluttering licks with his tongue.

"Hot, hot," Imo moaned.

Will tipped a splash of champagne over her navel and she shrieked. She stopped yelling when he kissed the cold liquid off her belly and licked her clean. Only to start yelping again when he positioned his mouth on her pussy and poured the bottle over her mons. Every cry that Imo made sent a shiver of desire shooting down his spine. Will had never done this before. He wondered if he could ever drink champagne again without remembering this moment. Will buried his face between her legs, drinking, swallowing, probing her folds with his tongue. He tipped until she was awash in bubbling liquid and only then did he put the bottle down.

"Drunk enough?" Imo panted.

"I've only just started."

Will sucked the little hood and nub of her clit into his mouth. He tormented her gently, a slow rhythmic flick with his tongue while her hips quivered around him.

"Oh wow," Imo muttered. "I like that."

Will increased the pace of his torture and her cream surged onto his face. Sweeter than champagne, he sucked harder, pulled her clit farther into his mouth, pressed more firmly with his tongue and felt the change in her body. He let her loose and Imo kicked her heels into his kidneys.

"You're not supposed to stop," she moaned.

"I wasn't sure if you were groaning in pleasure or pain."

"Liar. Did you know that there are eight thousand nerve endings in a clit? You just had one more to go."

"And only four thousand in a cock, covering a much larger area. Two of mine to go," Will said.

Imo looked at him and laughed. "We have far too much in common. Make me come."

"Patience," Will whispered, and licked the crease of her groin.

The sight of her champagne-soaked body glistening in the flickering lights, her salty-sweet taste and exotic scent filled his head to the point of intoxication. *I'm drugged*, Will thought, *I could get addicted to her*.

He drew circles on her smooth mons with his tongue, nipping lightly with his teeth, rasping with the emerging stubble on his chin. He knew he was driving her mad because she kept telling him—over and over—begging and cursing and Will wanted to laugh with the joy of it. One long, slow slide of his tongue from the start of her sex, back to the strip of flesh leading to her anus and she froze. Will was tempted.

Not yet.

He slid two slick fingers inside her soaking pussy, along with his tongue. Her thighs tightened around his head and Will tried to ignore the pain from his bump. Her thick, warm folds clung to his fingers as he pumped them inside her, her clit pulsed against his tongue and Imo released another flood of desperation. "Oh God, oh God. I want you. You bastard. You angel. Fuck. Please. Please."

It was all Will could do not to drive his cock into her without the condom.

"You don't need a condom, I'm on the Pill. I've never had sex without but I want to feel you. Please."

Will's hand flashed down to his balls and pulled hard. Squeezed until it hurt. Her words had almost made him spurt all over her. *Fuck*. He slid up to lie beside her. Imo's hand wiped his mouth, wiped her cream away and then she trailed her finger across her lips. Will gulped.

"You couldn't have told me this on the boat?"

"I didn't want you to strain yourself after the knock on the head."

"Imo, I—"

"I'm not trying to trick you. I *am* on the Pill. I always made Leo wear protection. Thank God. Oh, but if you—"

"No—yes—I mean, I'm safe. Imo, are you sure?"

Will's heart appeared to be trying to find a way through his ribs. It battered them like a raging storm against shutters.

"Yes."

Will stared into her glittering eyes and then he kissed her. He dragged his hands up and down her body and pressed his cock against her flesh as inch by inch he edged between her legs. He could feel sweat rolling down his temples, feel his heart beating in his head. Even at the point of penetration, one brain cell managed to think sensibly. Will held himself still, the slick head of his cock nudging her folds. *Shit, I could come without getting inside her.* He waited one last, long moment staring into her eyes.

It took every ounce of Will's self-restraint not to throw himself into her, like a launch down a slide at a water park. Instead, he took a slow ride down a lazy river, his broad cock head slowly stretching her, his firm shaft filling her and filling her until he was balls-deep. Imo released a soft sigh. Will felt everything—her heat, her creamy wetness, the little ridges of her pussy, the wet clasp of her muscles. Could she feel him? The thick veins of his cock, his hardness, the wide rounded head, the dip below, the length of him? Could she feel where he stopped, where he began? He didn't move. Buried deep inside her, Will held himself still, wanting to savor every second. Christ, it was almost like being a virgin.

For a change, Imo was quiet. She lay quivering beneath him, her fingers resting on his arms as she stared into his face. The intimacy of the moment almost overwhelmed Will. He felt a prickling behind his eyes and gulped.

"I'll be careful. I won't come inside you," he whispered.

Though he wanted to, his three hundred million and one sperm all desperate to rush from one warm harbor to another. Except...it only needed one.

"Please," Imo said. "I want you to. I promise I won't get pregnant."

*I wish—* Will banished the thought and began to stroke into her. Slow and steady. He refused to rush this. But teased to distraction by the quivering muscles that clasped his cock when he pulled back and resisted when he pushed in, his frustrated organ had other ideas. Within a few thrusts, Will was accelerating, incapable of slowing down. He thrust up as Imo pushed down to meet him and his breathing turned ragged. *Christ.*

*Deeper.*

*Harder.*

*Faster.*

The words looped in his head along with *not fucking yet, you dickwad. Don't you dare come inside her, no matter what she says.*

The sounds of lovemaking filled the air—grunts, cries, moans, the slap of slick bellies rubbing together, of his wet cock thrusting into her wetter flesh. Warm trickles of her cream coated his cock and Will thought he'd never felt anything so fucking fantastic in his life. Fiery bursts of sensation teased his spine, spreading over his butt and the backs of his legs. Like arming for battle, each part of his body prepared for this one approaching moment, girding itself, delighting in the anticipation, bathing in the adrenaline. Will felt her quiver, sensed the change in her body, the increased pressure of her fingers, nails digging in, her pussy tightening, squeezing.

"Will."

His name burst from her lips as she came, her orgasm washing over and through him like an electric charge. Every cell in his body sang with joy. She'd set him ablaze. His balls separated, tightened, tingled while the pressure in his head zoomed off the scale. *Pull out now.*

"Oh fuck," Will gasped and exploded inside her.

The tremors went on and on. Imo felt every hot pulse of his cum, and every jerk of his cock was matched by a delicious spasm of her own. Will lowered himself down to lie on top of her and pressed his face into her neck. They panted in unison, noisy gasps that seemed to elongate their orgasms, multiplying the aftershocks until Imo wondered if she'd ever come for so long.

She buried her hands in Will's soft, straight hair and rubbed his firm calves with the soles of her feet. He slipped his arms under her shoulders and hugged her.

Their shaking faded to gentle tremors.

Their breathing eased.

Imo slid her hands down Will's sticky back to hold him tight. They lay wrapped in each other's arms, hearts beating together, his cock still firm inside her.

She wanted to tell him how great that had been but was afraid to speak, afraid that wasn't what would slip from her lips but instead three stupid words would tumble out. Imo mustn't, shouldn't, couldn't say them. Maybe Will was just trying to forget this other woman. Imo might be doing nothing more than erasing a memory. The truth was that she was trying to make him forget, but if she couldn't—how could he?

Will eased off her, out of her and rolled to one side. For a moment, Imo felt bereft until his fingers wrapped around hers and squeezed. It suddenly felt right not to speak, not to spoil the moment with something he wouldn't want to hear.

She woke to find Will's lips and fingers on her breast. The other hand played with the sensitive folds between her legs, his thumb strumming as if he played a guitar. Her

clit hardened in response, searched for the melody, sang the same tune and Imo came undone with a low wail.

She woke to find Will's mouth pressed to her belly, his hands tucked under her butt, rocking her into his open-mouthed kisses. His fingers slipped into the crease of her bottom and his mouth edged lower. He licked down the line of her groin, bit lightly at her clit and Imo came, limbs trembling, heart thudding.

She woke to find herself facedown, Will's tongue trailing from her neck, teeth nibbling the length of her spine, his mouth setting fire to the small of her back until she reared up on the bed. A hand on her shoulder to push her down and Will spread her legs with his arms.

Licked – oh God, he was licking her ass. Imo tried to wriggle up the bed but he kept her in place until she gave in, let him do what he wanted and it turned out to be what she wanted anyway.

"Oh fuck, fuck," he whispered into her butt. "You are so cute."

"Me or my backside?"

"There's no part of you that isn't cute."

He had two fingers in her pussy, gently surging in and out and one finger circling her asshole.

"Imo?"

She knew what he asked. "Yes."

Do anything. Touch her anywhere. Tease her. Torment her. Suck, lick, bite. Anything to make that feeling of rising joy come and come again. Floating in a sensory cloud Imo accepted anything, everything. She trusted Will. His finger pressed against the pucker of her anus and slipped inside.

Imo shuddered into the mattress. Bad. Good. She didn't care. Will urged her to her knees and she crouched, backside in the night air while his fingers filled her, stroked her, warmed her. She could smell her arousal mixed with Will's musky scent. His mouth closed around her clit and the nerve-laden pearl inside exploded with pleasure. Imo shot straight to the stars in the grip of a climax that seemed to have come out of nowhere.

She felt the broad head of Will's cock nestling against the folds of her pussy, his thighs rubbing the back of her legs as he edged in and out the tiniest amount, letting the spasms of her orgasm trickle away. His hands settled over her hips and in one long, hard thrust he filled her, deep enough that she could imagine he touched her heart.

As the hint of light showed in the sky, Will realized he hadn't thought of *her* once.



## Chapter Twelve

By the time Will dragged Imo down to the quay, Stefan and all his charter yachts were long gone. Will had only persuaded Imo to get out of bed with the promise of a secluded bay, a picnic lunch and a bit of exploring. He even left her to sleep while he went to the store. Will wanted to teach her how to sail. He wanted her to love it as much as he did.

His yacht, *The Right Thing*, was moored at the far end of the pontoon, repaired and ready to go. Not quite as new as Stefan's boats but Will was thrilled with his purchase. Once he'd seen the name, it seemed destined to be his.

"Hop on board," he said.

Imo groaned as she pulled off her sandals. "I can't hop anywhere. I can barely walk."

Will laughed. He set the groceries on the pontoon, pulled on the rope to bring the boat closer and jumped on the yacht.

"You know I can't do that," Imo said.

He laid a plank of wood from the stern to the floating pontoon. "Going to walk the plank this time or crawl?"

While she thought about it, Will retrieved the groceries and carried them below. When he came back on deck, Imo still stared at the plank from the quay.

"If you fell, you wouldn't fall far," she muttered. "You're wearing your bikini anyway."

"Convinced yourself?" Will asked and began the boat checks, one eye on Imo. When he looked up, she stood beside him with a broad smile on her face.

"I did it."

"You walked across?"

She frowned. "No, I flew. Didn't you see?"

Will had but he shook his head. "Do it again. I'm going to need you to cast off and shift the plank when we pull out of here so show me you can do it."

He had to bite his lip when he watched so he didn't laugh. She took tiny footsteps like a Japanese geisha but with her arms flung out in the stance of a tightrope walker. Once she'd made the return journey, Will pulled her close and kissed her nose. "Well done. You want to stow the food while I sort out the boat?"

He'd bought a couple of bags of ice to keep the cooler chilled and another bottle of champagne. His cock perked up at the thought and Will huffed his dismay. He was worse than a hormonal teenager.

When Imo came back on deck, Will told her what he was doing and why, trying not to sound patronizing, but he'd registered Imo's comment about having difficulty following too many verbal instructions. She didn't have to do much. He could do everything on his own, but he wanted her to be involved.

"Okay," he said. "We're ready to go. Unfasten the rope on the...left side." He'd leave port and starboard alone. He'd given her easy ways to remember. The ship *left* port. Left and port both had four letters. Port should be *left* alone. Even so, Will wasn't going to risk it. "Unfasten the one on the right too. Let the left one go but keep hold of the right."

Two minutes later, all hell broke loose. He'd been clear hadn't he? He'd even bloody used left and right so as not to confuse her. Will apologized to the guy on the neighboring boat, cast a glance toward the rope and plank he'd never see again that lay somewhere in the murky depths of the harbor, and steered them out of their mooring.

"Sorry," Imo said. "I get left and right muddled. I usually think ring hand or not ring hand."

"You don't wear a ring."

She rubbed her finger. "No, that makes it trickier."

Will laughed. How could he be cross with her? He guided them out of the harbor and into open water.

"Do you think you could unfasten the fenders and bring them back here? One at a time."

He felt a rush of relief when she got safely back to the cockpit with the first. When all the fenders were off, Will lifted the hatch of the storage compartment. "They go in here."

Imo put two in and pulled them out again.

"What's that old plastic thing? Do we need it? It's taking up all the room."

"The dinghy. If the boat sinks, we might need it."

She yelped. "Shouldn't the dinghy be accessible? I mean, if I put all these fenders on top, we'd not be able to get it out in a hurry."

"Don't worry about it. Go look what I've left on the map table."

She came on deck holding a plastic bag containing an inflatable boat.

"Shall I blow it up?" she asked. "Oh, I'll stow the fenders first so there's room."

Imo eventually managed to cram all six fenders inside the locker. Will wished he'd timed her. Stefan would never believe him. She picked up the inflatable boat he'd bought that morning and unfolded it. Will wondered how long it would take her to realize it was a kid's toy.

Imo sat down and started to blow. Her sultry groan wiped the smirk off his face.

"Ooooh." Imo closed her eyes and caressed the expanding orange plastic. "Mmmm. You're such a big boy."

Will sniggered.

"I bet this is the best blowjob you've ever had," she whispered. "I'm lightheaded with lust."

Several minutes later, she pressed the button into the seal and slumped down.

"Well, I'll be all right. No room for you though. And I'm a bit suspicious about the outboard. Looks a bit plasticky. I hope you didn't pay more than ten Euros."

"Twelve."

"They saw you coming."

Will chuckled.

Imo pushed the inflatable down the companionway and turned to him. "I presume it has some purpose?"

"To transport our lunch and a couple of towels to the beach."

"Right." Imo paused. "But I could use it in case you ran out of puff blowing up the dinghy?"

"Ha ha."

She slid down the seat to sit beside him. "I'm sorry I'm not quick to pick things up."

"So if I speak slowly and clearly it won't make any difference?"

She caught his smirk and glared. "Nor if you shout."

"Did you have a problem at school?"

"Not at first but later, yes. I left when I was sixteen. I can read fine, though I get words muddled. I'm not logical and organized, I'm no good at math and my handwriting is illegible."

"I heard you can tie a pretty mean knot."

"Want me to tie you up later?"

Will laughed. "I'm not letting you anywhere near me with rope."

"Spoilsport."

They fell into an easy rhythm of laughing, talking and teasing, sharing turns on the tiller. Despite her lack of higher education, Will knew Imo was smart. She could hold her own when they talked about world affairs. She had something to say about everything. When Will didn't agree, she fought her corner but she wasn't afraid to admit when she was wrong and Will found some of her arguments convinced him. They talked about music, movies, food. Argued about music, movies, food. Imo wasn't well-travelled but had endless questions about the places Will had visited.

Once the engine was off and they moved under wind power, Will showed her how to trim the sails and they practiced tacking. He watched her blossom like a flower, saw her confidence increase as she understood what they were doing. She began to move more fluidly over the boat, although less of the creeping from one handhold to another meant fewer opportunities to stare at her lovely backside.

A splash on the port side caught Will's attention. "Look left," he shouted.

Imo gasped. "What's that?"

"A flying fish."

It glided over the surface of the water for quite a distance before it plopped back into the sea.

"That was fantastic. I didn't know fish could do that. Might we see dolphins too?"

"We might."

"And sharks?"

"Possibly."

"Humpback whales?"

"No."

"Whales without humpbacks?"

Will smiled.

Imo sighed. "I've always thought it was a horrible thing to call them. Humpback. They don't even have a hump. And sperm whales don't have sperm."

"They don't?"

"Well, they do but they were named for the stuff found in their heads. Whalers thought it was sperm. Stupid men."

Will laughed.

"Want to hear a joke?" Imo asked.

"Go on then."

"This male and female whale were out swimming when they spotted a whaling ship. The male whale recognized it as the same vessel that had captured his father so he said to his companion, 'Let's swim under the ship and blow out air at the same time and tip it up.' They did it and the ship flipped over and sank. But the sailors hadn't drowned and the male whale was furious they were getting away. He said, 'Let's chase them and swallow them before they get to shore.' His female companion said, 'I went along with the blowjob but I refuse to swallow the sailors – oh shit, seamen.'"

Will burst out laughing.

"I always fuck jokes up," Imo said with a groan. "Still, I suppose people are going to laugh one way or the other and you are so gorgeous when you smile."

Will swallowed hard.

"When I first met you, I thought you were a miserable sod," she said.

"When you first met me, you thought I was a drunken Greek. I didn't have a lot to smile about then. I do now." He stared straight at her.

"Is that secluded bay far away?" Imo whispered.

"No."

"Good. I'm starving."

Imo didn't add, *for you*, but she thought Will got the message. She took in his strong shoulders, tight, lickable nipples and his chiseled abs. Will's tanned chest glistened, the sun highlighting planes and hills on his smooth bronze skin. Her gaze followed the line of dark hair that tapered seductively into his shorts and Imo didn't miss the thick ridge of his cock pressing against the khaki material. A little squeak escaped her mouth.

"That's your fault," Will said.

"All that talk about sperm whales?"

"That didn't help."

Will pulled into a tiny bay, threw out the anchor and checked it was tight before he switched off the engine.

Instant peace.

Imo looked over the azure sea to the narrow strip of beach and light-colored craggy rock behind that clawed its spiky-fingered way into a bright blue sky. Not a cloud in sight. Easy to see why Will didn't want to leave.

"It's so beautiful here. How long are you going to stay?" Imo whispered, staring over the water.

"Couple of hours."

She turned but he'd gone below deck. Imo knew he'd not misunderstood. She guessed he'd stay away from England until he'd come to terms with his brother marrying the woman he loved. While Will busied himself getting everything ready for the picnic, Imo turned her face to the sun and let it dry the moisture on her eyelashes. She'd go back and he'd stay.

Maybe they were both doing each other a favor. She was helping him forget this other woman and he was helping her forget Leo. A holiday romance, only Imo would take a while to get over it. A century or so should do it.

By the time Will had all the bags on deck, Imo's smile was back in place. Will had his back toward her when he shucked off his shorts, and as he bent to pick them up, Imo caught a glimpse of heavy balls hanging between his lightly furred thighs. *Oh God*. He turned and she gulped.

"Imo?"

His cock thrust up in a long thick column, the head flushed dark-red with blood.

"Imo."

Veins snaked down the swollen length and as she watched, it twitched.

"Imo!"

A little bead of liquid formed at the tip and she flicked out her tongue to lick her lips.

One loud groan and Imo's head shot up. "Sorry."

"You will be."

Will lifted the bags down to the diving platform at the back of the boat and Imo passed him the inflatable. He loaded them into the belly of the little craft and eased into the water, careful not to splash. Imo stripped off her bikini and followed.

By the time she stepped onto the beach, Will had laid out two large towels and erected a multicolored umbrella.

"What? No sun loungers?" Imo asked and lay on her back with her head in the shade.

An ice cube landed on her belly. She shrieked and sat up.

"Champagne?" Will offered her a brimming glass.

"Thank you." Imo took a sip and as Will turned she picked up the cube he'd thrown and ran it down his spine.

Will shuddered.

"I didn't know teasing was such fun," Imo said.

"No brothers or sisters?"

"No. There's just me. My parents died when I was seven."

"Oh God. An accident?"

Imo nodded. She didn't tell this story very often but the memory was permanently etched into her mind.

"Our dog was running along the cliff path and slipped over the edge. He hadn't fallen very far but he couldn't get back. My mum fell trying to rescue him, and when my dad went to help her, he fell too. The Coast Guard rescued Chipper but my parents were pronounced dead at the scene."

"Christ, I'm sorry."

"My grandparents took me in. And the dog. They never liked him though. He was Mum's dog and we used to cry for her together." Imo took another gulp of champagne. "He got sick within a couple of months and they said he had to be put down. I wanted to hold him while the vet gave him the injection and tell him he was a good dog because he loved me saying that. I wanted my face and my voice to be the last things he saw and heard and they wouldn't let me. Not the vet. My grandparents."

"Why not?"

"Because they thought I'd gone through enough but they didn't understand how much Chipper meant to me. Later my grandpa said he was sorry they hadn't listened to me."

"What sort of dog was he?"

"A long-haired miniature dachshund. He was really pretty. Blond hair and big brown eyes."

"My mum has a golden retriever called Molly. Another brown-eyed blonde." He reached over and undid the fastening at the back of Imo's head. "You have lovely hair."

That first morning in the taverna, when I saw your painted nails and designer dress, I thought you were going to be such a pain in the neck."

Imo smiled around her sandwich.

"But something told me I wanted you to be my pain in the neck. Turns out you're not a pain at all," Will said.

"You sound disappointed."

"Nothing about you disappoints me." Will lay on his back and stretched.

Imo could see nothing that disappointed her either.

She finished her champagne and moved all the debris to one side. Rolling up one of the towels, Imo tucked it under Will's head. "So you can see," she said.

"Why? What are—oh Christ."

Imo lifted one of his feet, bent his knee and planted his toes on the towel. Then did the same with his other leg.

"You like to wait," Imo said. "That thing you did, when you stopped yourself coming yet at the same time you didn't—can I do that to you?"

She watched the passion raging in Will's dark eyes and shivered in anticipation.

"You can try," he said. "Only I'm already on the edge. When I'm with you, I feel as though I'm walking on thin ice."

Imo lowered her breasts over his cock and trailed her nipple across the glistening glans. A flood of warmth surged to her pussy as if the two areas of her body were linked by an electric cable.

Will groaned and stroked her shoulders. "Now the ice is cracking."

Imo laughed and wrapped her hand around the root of his cock, pushing down with her fist. It exposed more of the bulbous head and she dropped down to trail her tongue around the tip, teasing the little slit, exploring the different shapes and textures and tastes. The fingers of her other hand teased his inner thigh, circling nearer and nearer to the line where his leg met his butt.

Intent on slow torture by mouth at one end of his cock, Imo double tagged and used her finger to torment the delicate strip of flesh behind his balls. She sucked and licked, pressed and nudged while Will's breathing moved from unsettled to stormy and on to hurricane force.

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck. Why didn't I have a wank in the head before I came back on deck?"

Imo chuckled around his cock and he groaned again. She listened for the catch in his voice, the hitch in his breath that told her she had her finger in the right place. She could do with a couple more hands—and mouths. Imo lifted Will's hand from her head and wrapped it around the base of his cock in place of her own. "Hold tight."

She rummaged in the bags.

"What you doing?" Will asked.

"Looking for something."

She pulled out a tube of honey they'd used on the bread.

"Oh God, I'll have an army of ants marching onto me," Will said with a groan.

Imo dropped the tube between his legs and wrapped her lips around his cock head.

"Jesus Christ," Will gasped.

Not champagne this time but an ice cube. It was already melting and it disappeared fast in the heat of her mouth around his cock.

"I can't take my eyes off you for a moment," Will muttered.

"Good. Don't take your hand off your cock either."

Imo let the honey slide in a slow stream onto his fist and over his balls. Will's thighs clenched around her shoulders. The viscous liquid slipped over the strip of skin behind his balls toward the dark, puckered ring of his anus.

"Imo —"

One lick across the base of his balls and Will's hips bucked so hard he almost tossed Imo into the umbrella. She squeezed another trickle of honey from the tube and spread it over Will's asshole. Her finger trailed from his balls and spread the sweet syrup in a circle, returning time after time to press against the entrance to his body. Will's excitement was infectious. Her heart pounded as she teased him. When Imo dropped the tube and shifted her other hand between his legs, her fingers pressing below his balls, a low growl erupted from his throat.

Imo had never — *oh dammit, why not?* She teased around his anus with her tongue and above her head felt Will tug down on his balls. Imo waited a second to see if he was about to yank her off in disgust but he stroked her head. She knew this was naughty but she was about to come at the thought of what she was doing. Her clit pulsed, her inner thighs were soaked and her heart had launched into a frenzied rock and roll.

The tip of her tongue slipped inside him and Will released the longest, deepest sigh she thought she'd ever heard. The next second, he was on top of her, his cock inside her pumping furiously.

Two thrusts and she came.

Three thrusts and he came.

Shuddering and panting, they clung to each other as if they were drowning. Imo stifled a sob, her breasts heaving against his chest. The pulses of sensation went on and on, and Imo knew she was in too deep to be saved.

"That was —"

"That was —"

They spoke together, laughed together, came down together. Hands soothing, lips brushing. Will scooped her into his arms and carried her into the sea. He laid her down in the shallows and kissed her. Gentle now, Will brushed his lips across hers, a feathery touch and her mouth opened in response. When their tongues met, he groaned into her,



a sound of pure lust. Imo sucked his tongue into her mouth and he pulled her tight against him, the sea washing around them as they rolled in the shallows.

He caught her head in his hands, pressed his forehead against hers as he gulped air into his lungs.

“Christ, Imo,” he whispered. “How the fuck did you find me?”

“Were you lost?”

“In a labyrinth of my own making. I’ve been hiding instead of trying to find a way out. If I’d known you were waiting, I’d have kicked the Minotaur’s ass long ago.”

He tugged her into deeper water so they could wash off the sand. Her fingers brushed against his cock—hard again.

## Chapter Thirteen

"I don't think I want to do this," Imo said. Steering the boat into harbor was one thing, slotting it between two other boats in a space she'd have hesitated to park a bike, something else entirely.

"You'll be fine. Keep the speed really low. Remember, two boat lengths away, slip it into neutral and we'll glide in." Will stood ready to grab the mooring line while Imo's grip tightened on the tiller. "Bit more speed, Imo. Otherwise we'll fall short."

Imo tried for "a bit" and got "a lot". The boat surged. Will yelled. Imo screamed. She slammed it into reverse, followed by neutral, then discovered an unknown gear and the boat swung left then right before moving like an arrow toward the gap. Imo watched in horror as the quay approached at an alarming rate. *Shit. Shit. Shit.*

"Slow down!"

Not just Will who shouted but voices from neighboring boats, passersby and barking dogs. Instead of helping, Will rushed past her to the front. Just as he got there, the white hull of the boat reared up against the quay like a praying mantis before it slid down with a horrible screech. Imo closed her eyes wanting it all to have been a dream.

When she opened her eyes, she found herself in a nightmare. Leo stood on the quay staring straight at her. She blinked but he didn't disappear. What the hell was he doing here? Oblivious Will was busy tying up the boat and Imo's gaze shifted from one man to another. Her last moments of happiness. The final seconds of Will loving her, even if he hadn't said it. Why hadn't she told him the truth about Leo? Now it was too late.

Leo strode over to him, said a few words and Imo watched Will's back tense. He climbed onto the boat. By the time he reached her, the tan had leached from his face.

"A little something you forgot to tell me?" he asked quietly.

Behind him, Leo clambered onto the yacht and was on his way to the cockpit.

"I'm sorry," Imo whispered. "But it's not —"

"Are you married to him or not?" Will snapped.

"Tell him, Imo," Leo said, swinging down beside Will. "It *was* you standing there a couple of days ago, promising to care for me in sickness and in health, 'til death us do part, and not some body double?"

Will's eyes widened. "Days?" He gave a laugh of disbelief, grabbed his shoes and stalked off the yacht. Imo's knees wobbled and she sat before she fell.

"You fucking stupid cow," Leo yelled. "Did you think I wouldn't find you? You ran out of our wedding. Made me look a fool."

*That's because you are a fool and I'm an even bigger one.* But Imo wouldn't be saying the first any time soon.

"You're coming home with me. We can concoct a story on the way back."

Imo didn't know what she'd ever seen in Leo. Well, that wasn't true. She could hardly claim that when she'd married him less than a week ago. Leo was confident, successful and charming. A good-looking guy, tall and dark with olive skin, a square jaw and dimples in his cheeks that she'd once thought cute. Leo was big and strong and he'd seemed to Imo like someone who'd take care of her. Sometimes she just got so tired of having to be strong all on her own.

She hadn't seen Leo's other side until it was too late. The controlling, ruthless, nasty side. No, that wasn't true either. She'd made excuses and lied to herself. When he'd snapped at her, she'd been the one to say sorry. She didn't like his friends and she suspected he might be doing something illegal with his businesses. Imo had foolishly thought she could change him. Nothing was unsolvable—that's what her grandpa always used to say, and Imo thought she could make things work. Right up until the moment she'd seen the light—not blazing on the road to Damascus but in the Gents' toilet at their wedding reception.

"Well, you going to say anything?" Leo snapped.

"I want a divorce."

He laughed. He laughed so hard, he bent over wheezing. Imo saw the people on the yachts on either side pretending not to listen while they took in every word.

"Or we could have the wedding annulled," she said. "We haven't slept together since. If we both—"

The hard set of his eyes closed Imo's mouth. Leo stepped toward her and yanked her up into his arms. His fingers tightened on her shoulders and he bent his head to her ear. "Never."

Imo had considered a number of actions since he'd stepped onto the boat. Only one seemed appropriate at that point. She slammed her knee into his nuts and ran for it. Imo leapt for the quay like a gazelle, not even bothering to pull the boat closer, and wished Will could have seen her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Will ordered a beer before he remembered he'd left his money on board. As his fingers tightened around the icy bottle, Stefan slipped onto the stool at his side.

"Can you pay? I don't have any cash," Will muttered.

Stefan slapped a twenty Euro note on the bar.

"You heard the news?" Will asked.

"She's married."

Will clattered the bottle down. "Not her boyfriend who cancelled but her fucking husband."

"But—"

"But nothing. I'm not getting messed up in this. I'm fucked up enough already without diving into another pile of crap."

Stefan took a slug of beer. "What did he say to you?"

"Let me think. How did he phrase it? 'Keep your fucking hands off my fucking wife'." Will spat the words out like he had a nasty taste in his mouth. He did.

"So it's okay if *he* puts his hands on Imo? Remember her eye?"

Will frowned. "I was honest with her. I told her everything and she lied to me." The sense of betrayal hurt.

"Did you ask her if she was married?"

"No, but—"

"Get your brain in gear, Will. The jerk cancelled the holiday but Imo came anyway. She has a black eye. You seen anything in her that would make you want to hit her?"

Will bristled. "I'd never hit a woman." Not on purpose, he thought, remembering when his car had hit—*not going there*.

"Neither would I but *he* did. She's run away from him, you dickhead. And what have you done? Walked off and left her to face him alone."

"They were just married," said the woman next to Will.

"What are you talking about, Diane?" Stefan asked.

"Roger and I were listening. Couldn't help it. We were on the next boat. She walked out of the wedding reception. I suppose this should have been their honeymoon. He's come to take her home."

"Except she kneed him in the balls," said the man next to her.

Will knocked his beer over and grabbed the bottle before it rolled off the bar. "What did she do then?"

"Legged it."

Will turned to Stefan, the bright flare of panic burning inside him. "Does this guy know where she's staying?"

Stefan sighed. "Anyone could have told him. But people around here like you, Will. God knows why. Leo might have to ask around before he finds someone willing to tell him."

Will ran.

How many times in his life could he do the wrong thing? Was anyone keeping a tally of Will Mansell's cock-ups? Christ, he hoped not. Why had he stalked off and left her? Because he thought he was giving her space. Because he was seriously pissed off with her. Because he thought history was fucking repeating itself—sort of. Any or all or none. He could take his pick.

*I'm jealous. I want her. I don't want her to be someone else's.*

Will jumped onto the boat but he suspected he was too late. Imo had gone though her bag still lay there. Will didn't know what to make of that. She intended to come back? She'd forgotten it? Didn't want it? Had no time to grab it?

Will sprinted back along the quay. Didn't stop running until he reached the villa. He flung open the door of her room and wondered what he'd have done if Leo had been with her, if they'd been in each other's arms, kissing, fucking. *Shit.*

Imo was still in her bikini, packing her suitcase, finger marks on her upper arms. He ground his teeth together and strode forward. She jumped when he came in, then her shoulders slumped and she went back to what she was doing. Will saw dresses and shoes, a photograph album, a tatty teddy bear and realized what he'd missed. She hadn't packed to come on vacation. She'd packed all she valued the most in that suitcase.

Will opened his mouth and closed it again. He had a thousand things he wanted to ask her and yet none of them were as important as the one word he needed to say. "Sorry," he whispered.

Imo didn't lift her head.

"Are you going back to him?"

She huffed. "No."

Will's fists unclenched. "Where are you going?"

"To look for another hiding place."

"You don't need to hide." He took two steps, pulled her back against his chest and pressed his face into her hair. "Get dressed. We're going for a meal and we're going to talk."

Will heard the catch in her breath. Imo lifted her hand and wiped her face before she turned. *Oh God, crying because of him or Leo?* Will slid his arms around her waist and looked her in the eyes.

"Do you want to be with me?" he whispered.

"More than anything I've ever wanted in my life."

The lump that erupted in Will's throat threatened to choke him.

"Even more than chocolate," Imo said.

Will still couldn't speak.

"But maybe not as much as Barbie's stable set that I wanted when I was seven. I really, really wanted that."

He let out a choked laugh.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you everything but I couldn't figure out a way to say it without it sounding terrible," Imo whispered.

"You didn't think *my* story was terrible?"

"Awful but you always tried to do the right thing. I knew running from a wedding reception was the wrong thing to do, but I still did it."

Will put his finger on her lips. "Change into something sexy. We'll talk later."

"I need a shower."

"So do I."

They were naked before they reached the end of the hall, kissing as they crossed the bathroom floor. Will turned on the shower and pulled Imo under the flow, and they still kissed, their tongues sliding against each other, teeth clashing, lips bruising. Hands slick with soap, he washed everywhere he could reach while his lips remained pressed to hers. Her hands did the same, gliding over his back, down the crease of his butt, gently stroking his balls and tugging him against her. Will could almost hear his cock purr with pleasure as it rubbed her belly.

*This* was right. *Imo* was right for him. She wanted *him* and not the jerk she'd ended up married to. People made mistakes, didn't he know that all too well? Didn't that make them even more suited? Desire crashed through Will, rolled over him like a tank. He wanted Imo to be his, only his. All he could think about was making her understand how much he wanted her. The words might be dammed up in his head but he could show her.

Will dragged his lips from hers and kissed his way down her body, but his hands stayed glued to her breasts, thumbs flicking water from her nipples. Imo sagged against the wall as he buried his face between her legs, lapping at her, fluttering his tongue over every inch of her folds. The moment he pulled at her clit, he felt her come, the tremors tickling his mouth. She groaned, rocked her pelvis into his face and stroked his head as she trembled against him.

"Oh Will," she gasped.

He tried to think himself calm and failed. Tried to breathe himself calm. Didn't work either. Will attempted Kegel exercises until his muscles ached but his orgasm was as unstoppable as sunrise. Will stood to pin Imo against the wall. He raised her leg over his hip and Imo reached up and wrapped her fingers around the lip of the windowsill above the showerhead. She lifted her other leg over his hip and Will had to lock his knees so he didn't slump with joy. Lust thick in his mouth like a spoonful of honey, he filled her in one endless glide.

"Mine," he whispered in her ear. *Oh God, how chauvinist is that?*

But her answering, "Mine," almost stopped his heart.

Will clasped her hips and pumped into her in long, deep strokes. He could feel her cream pouring over his thrusting cock.

"You feel so good," he gasped through the spray. "Oh, Imo."

He changed the rhythm, segued to short and very fast and she opened her eyes wide, blinking water from her lashes.

"Didn't tell me—you could do—that," she gasped. "Oh don't stop—not 'til next Wednesday."

*No pressure then.* Will could feel her pussy walls squeezing his cock, her soft little groans and whimpers dragging him to completion. He couldn't hold back much longer but he wanted her to come again first. Will slid a finger toward her anus and pressed against it. Imo arched into him. He pressed harder, felt her push and his finger slipped into her. She gave a loud moan and Will swallowed his. He pushed deeper, a little faster, a little more pressure.

"WillWillWillWill," she wailed.

At the moment Imo stiffened, gulped air and unraveled, Will's climax broke. Spasms surged from his gut, jolts of white heat racing from his sac into his cock and into her, one after the other like ball-lightning. For a long moment, as Will and Imo pulsed and clenched around each other, he lost his sight. His vision shimmered and then Imo came back into focus—her cheeks flushed, eyelashes fluttering, breathy moans jerking from her lips.

Her hands fell from the shelf onto Will's shoulders and they stood panting into each other's mouths, his cock still wedged inside her, moisture seeping from the point where their bodies joined.

"You want to know one of my fantasies?" she whispered.

He hoped so.

"I want to be like this with you inside me and be tied together, wrapped so close you can't slip out and then I want you to get hard again and fuck me."

Will's throat was so tight he couldn't even gulp.

\* \* \* \* \*

Will took Imo to a quiet taverna the other side of town. The owner, Pello, went to school with Stefan before Stefan had been sent to England. Stefan, Will and Pello had got drunk together several times since Will had arrived, and now Will ate there once every couple of weeks. He and Imo walked barefoot to the taverna along the sand. They held hands and carried their shoes. Only when they were seated at a table did Imo talk about Leo.

"I should have known he was too good to be true. Smiling all the time. Flowers, chocolates, surprise trips to fun places. Not many guys do that, right?"

Will did, though not the smiling. Not usually.

"Of course I can see now that Leo treated me less like a girlfriend and more like a battle he had to win. He was so attentive, he overwhelmed me. I was flattered. He found out everything about me, not just by asking me, but asking others. Except when he had what he needed from them, my friends were no longer so welcome." She gave a rueful smile.

Will listened in horrified fascination.

"He said they were jealous, that one had come on to him, that *they* were the ones who were shunning *me*. He made excuses all the time as to why he'd prefer I didn't see them. When I didn't agree with something Leo said or wanted to do, he wore away at me until I not only gave in but even thought it might have even my idea in the first place."

The guy was a control freak, Will thought. Then he ordered the same meal for both of them and a bottle of red wine only to be stabbed by a pang of guilt because he'd not asked Imo what she wanted. *Fuck*. Only she didn't seem to have noticed. She looked sad and he wanted her to smile but knew she had to get all this out and he had to sit and listen.

"How long have you known him?" he asked.

"Five months and yes, I know it was too soon to get married, but I've been out with such a series of losers and Leo was different. He's good-looking and charming and he swept me away in the excitement of it all. And when things weren't so much fun and the surprises weren't always good ones, I made excuses for him when I should have listened to my head." Imo paused. "I'm stupid."

Will grabbed her hand. "No you're not." She was the victim of a manipulator, and once a guy like that wanted something, he didn't walk away. Will knew the type. "What does he do for a living?"

"He owns clubs and bars and a casino. He's rich but wants to be richer. That's his biggest flaw."

Will shook his head. "His biggest flaw was hurting you."

Imo twirled her fork in her fingers. The wine arrived and Will poured it.

"Leo switched from telling me I was sexy to complaining I was sexy. He didn't want anyone paying me a compliment. He was jealous and controlling and I'm a fool for going through with the marriage."

A bit of Will agreed she *was* a fool but guessed Imo had her reasons. "Why did you?"

She gulped. "Leo did what I thought at the time was the sweetest, most amazing thing. He took me to this big hotel and said he had a surprise for me. Hanging in the room was a beautiful wedding dress. He said I had twenty minutes left of my single life, that everyone was downstairs waiting and that he wasn't trying to push me but if I said yes, I'd make him the happiest guy in the world."

Will swallowed hard and took the fork from Imo's fingers before she dug a hole in the table.

"You have to admit, that was a pretty big surprise," Imo said.

"You weren't tempted to say no?"

"I said it was too soon. My grandpa had died. My head was spinning. Leo said to just try the dress on and he helped me into it. He kept telling me how cute I was, how



beautiful I looked, how happy we'd be and I thought – why not? Why not do something reckless and rash? It would be a story to tell our kids."

Will took Imo's hand in his. "So what happened at the wedding?"

"We walked into the room to see *his* friends. None of mine. A few of his relations. None of mine. I thought – my grandpa is probably looking down and yelling at me not to be so stupid. He'd always wanted me to get married in church, not just a civil ceremony. I should have stopped it then but everyone was watching, smiling and Leo looked so nervous and hopeful that I couldn't do it." She gulped. "The moment the ring was on my finger, he gave this...grin, like a lion who's just brought down an antelope. I wanted it to be a smile of happiness, but it wasn't. It was one of triumph."

She released a breathy sigh. "I know I'm completely stupid."

Will squeezed her fingers. "No, you're not."

"I couldn't eat a thing. The words 'big mistake' blocked my throat. I should have at least had my Uncle James and his family there, Grandpa's son. Then I saw Leo exchange a glance with a woman I'd seen in the casino and I sensed something was wrong. A few minutes later, Leo said he needed to go to the bathroom. I waited, then followed and found him with his pants round his ankles, her skirt around her waist. He was fucking her from behind in the Gents' washroom. Very energetically."

Will listened with mounting disgust at the guy's behavior.

"They didn't see me." Imo gulped. "I was torn between confronting them and just walking away. I heard him say she had to be patient and once he had my money, I was history."

"Shit."

"I backed out again. A couple of seconds to turn my life upside down and inside out. You know what upset me the most? Not what he was doing, but that I hadn't caught them before I said 'I do'. Crap timing. Plus he was talking nonsense. I don't have any money, well only a few thousand in the bank. Peanuts to Leo. Maybe Grandpa has left me something but he wasn't wealthy, and in any case, James and his kids were all Grandpa could talk about. So Leo was lying to her as well."

"Leo found me taking off my dress in the hotel room. I refused to go back downstairs for the meal. I said I'd made a mistake and that's when he threw the wooden giraffe. Nearest thing to hand. He was so furious, I thought he was going to pop. If he'd hit me with the giraffe rather than thrown it, I think he might have killed me. I went back down with him. He told everyone I'd tripped on my dress and caught my eye on the table. I didn't cry or wail or stamp on the cake. I wish I had."

"I waited for my chance and then I ran. I sneaked back to his apartment to pack my suitcase, went to stay in a hotel and a couple of days later caught the flight to Greece."

The food arrived – meatballs and stuffed vine leaves. They both picked at it without enthusiasm. Will hated this guy, hated that he'd hurt Imo.

"It was pure luck that *I'd* paid for the holiday. Leo gave me his card to use but I wanted to do something for him so I used my credit card. I don't think he ever noticed. Turned out to be the best thing I've ever done."

Will stroked her cheek with his finger. "What about your family, your friends? Did you tell them what happened?"

She shook her head.

Will's phone vibrated in his pocket. He glanced at it and looked at Imo. "Stefan."

"Answer it."

"Where are you?" Stefan asked.

"Pello's."

"Leo's assumed you're together and is looking for you."

"I can—"

"No, you can't. Not when there's four of them. Take your boat out of here and lay low until they give up."

"But—"

"Will, they're fucking armed."

## Chapter Fourteen

Imo flinched when Will's fingers tightened around hers under the restaurant table. "What is it?" she asked.

"We have to go." Will jumped to his feet, put his phone back in his pocket and pulled out several Euro notes. Imo stood and he tugged her to the back of the taverna. Will hailed a guy, said a few words in Greek and a moment later, the three of them stood next to a huge red motorbike.

Imo wondered what was wrong. Will's grip on her hand was too tight.

"Pello's going to give us a lift," Will said.

"Both of us?"

"Is no problem," Pello said with a grin.

"Is there a helmet?" she asked.

"Is no problem." Another grin.

Now where had Imo heard that before? She and her purse were squashed between the two men and Will had his hands on Pello's hips, locking her in place with his arms and thighs. The bike roared down the road and Imo closed her eyes. It might be quite a nice fantasy being sandwiched between two guys, if she hadn't been so petrified of falling off and worrying about why Will was so concerned. It had to be Leo. What had he done?

Even as she repeatedly told herself not to be such a wimp, the bike slowed, she risked a peek and found they were at the villa. After Will helped her off, Pello waved and disappeared back into the night. While she tried to straighten her shaking legs, Will pulled her down the path to the door.

"We need to hide for a while. Take only—fuck." He changed direction and made for the track leading to the beach.

Imo's heart pounded and adrenaline surged as she registered what Will had heard—the sound of an approaching car. When they reached the sand, Will paused.

"Is there anything at the villa that you *have* to have?" he whispered.

"No." No way was Imo risking Will going back. She didn't have to guess what was wrong. Leo causing oceans of trouble.

"Shoes off. We need to be silent and fast," Will said.

They stopped running when they neared the town. Lights from the tavernas spread onto the sand to illuminate their passing. Imo huffed and puffed, legs aching as her brain tried to work out why Will was so desperate to get away. Leo was one man and

Will wasn't a coward. What else was wrong? Will wrapped his arm around her and hurried her along the water's edge.

"On the quayside, we're going to walk past the boat until I'm sure no one's waiting for us," he said in a quiet voice.

A heavy cloud settled over Imo's heart. Bad enough that *her* life was a mess without complicating Will's. Will was acting as though Leo was dangerous and the more Imo thought about that, the more she convinced herself he was right. She'd come on this vacation hoping to give Leo time to cool down and that on her return they could discuss how to extricate themselves from the marriage, but Imo should have guessed his pride wouldn't allow him to let her go. It couldn't be anything to do with her money because she didn't have any.

They walked along the line of yachts, the rigging singing in the wind. Imo tried not to look at *The Right Thing* as they passed but it was impossible not to glance at it. Dark and quiet, as were the yachts either side. Will's grip on her fingers tightened. When they reached the last yacht in the line, Will pulled her into his arms and pressed his mouth against her ear.

"Stay here. I'm going to go back to the boat on my own. If it's safe, I'll whistle."

"What sort of whistle? Bird? Wolf?"

Will snorted into her ear. "Bird."

"Owl? Seagull?"

He nipped the top of her ear. "Just a whistle. Don't move."

Imo watched as Will walked back to the boat and climbed on board. Her heart pounded and her mouth went dry. *Please let him be all right.* A moment later she jumped as she heard him yell, "What the fuck are you doing on my boat?"

"Looking for a woman."

That sounded like Greg, Leo's brother.

"Well, I don't see one, do you?" Will snapped. "I'm about to leave the marina so I suggest you get off before you get wet."

Imo fled onto the cruiser she stood next to, a huge boat with a proper rough-surfaced ramp equipped with hand-rails for easy boarding. *Bliss.* There were lights in the cabin but she couldn't see anyone. Imo crouched and watched. Will started the engine. She saw a heavyset guy drop onto the quay but he didn't move away from *The Right Thing*. *Fuck.* He turned and Imo saw she was right. Greg.

Will jumped onto the quay to unfasten the mooring ropes.

"Hoping to learn something from my boat-handling skills?" Will asked. "I presume you've searched my yacht. You know she's not on board. Why don't you crawl back under your rock?"

Greg didn't move. Will stepped on board and Imo gulped. He wouldn't leave without her, would he? The yacht backed away from the quay and she whimpered. She scrambled as quietly as she could to the end of the boat she was on and stayed low. No

point in hoping Will could just pull in and pick her up as he passed. He'd get fouled on the lines. She had to get into the water and go to him. But would he see what she was doing? Imo didn't want to get mowed down.

No time to hesitate, hooking the straps of her shoes over her arm, Imo held her purse tight. She climbed over the side of the yacht and slid down the mooring line into the marina. At least the water was warm. She refused to think about what was in there.

Imo put her lips together and couldn't whistle. Her mouth was too dry. Scared Will would miss her, she opted for the next best thing.

"Quack, quack, quack."

*Shit, nothing like a duck.* She hung onto the rope and waited. Imo could see *The Right Thing* slowly moving up the line of boats and knew she had to judge this right. Keeping her purse out of the water, Imo swam as fast as she could one-handed. She missed the first fender and barely caught the second. *Thank you, Brad.*

She saw Will's startled face as he spotted her. *The Right Thing* continued to head slowly out of the marina, luckily with her on the seaward side and she heard him whisper, "Don't let go."

Imo was doing her best but she could feel her fingers slipping off Brad. She needed two hands but no way was she letting her purse fall into the harbor.

Once Will had made the first turn, Imo felt the change in the engine, the boat stopped and a moment later, he hauled her on board but sadly not with her shoes. Imo groaned as they slipped off her arm into the water.

"Stay there. Lie flat," he whispered and stepped back to the tiller.

The yacht's speed picked up and Imo wrapped her fingers around the guard rail as the water rushed past a few feet below. Not that she wanted to have a confrontation with Leo but why had Will been so desperate to get them out to sea? Maybe she should have had it out with Leo but somewhere public with Will sitting close by.

As the lights of the town faded, Imo crawled back to the cockpit clutching her purse. Will pulled her into his arms.

"I'll make you wet," she said.

"Do you think I care?" He sighed. "When I heard that poor flamingo squawk, I—"

Imo pinched his backside. "A duck."

Will laughed. "I saw you in the water and wondered what the hell you were doing."

"I didn't want you to leave without me."

He pressed his face against her head. "As if. I'd intended to pull in around the corner and then come back for you."

Imo frowned. "Mine was a much better plan."

"You wouldn't have got wet, my way."

"Yours was a much better plan, only I couldn't read your mind."

"I hadn't expected to find anyone on the boat. I was just being overcautious."

"Leo's brother, Greg."

"Right."

Imo waited for him to tell her what Stefan had said but he didn't.

"I'm not sure I like sailing at night," she said. "How can you tell where you're going?"

"There's a flashlight below. Want to get it?"

She shot him a wide-eyed glance and then glared. "Ha ha."

"We're not going far. Just around the corner into an anchorage."

Imo pulled her wet dress over her head and dropped it onto the boards at her feet. She looked at Will to find him staring at her pink underwear.

"Keep your eyes peeled for tankers, ferries and rocks," he said.

Imo squeaked. "Aren't you supposed to be doing that?"

"I'm distracted."

"I'll get a towel."

"You're no fun."

Imo took her purse below deck and came back wrapped in a blue beach towel. She settled next to Will. "So what did Stefan say to alarm you?"

"That Leo had three big guys with him."

She frowned. "I don't get this. Why would he think he could force me to go back to him? Why would he want me to be with him when I don't want to have anything to do with him? I mean, I know his pride is hurt but I wonder if he thinks I'm someone I'm not. I really don't have any money."

"Damn," Will said, but the dim light couldn't hide his smile.

The boat slid through the water, the land dark shadows on either side. Imo could see lights twinkling on boats moored ahead. She kept out of Will's way while he maneuvered into position. He dropped the anchor, tested it held and finally switched off the engine. There were several yachts moored up, all much closer to the shore where the lights of a taverna blazed across the water.

Will took out his phone. "Hi. All okay?" he asked.

Imo listened to one side of the conversation.

"We're in Vassilekou Bay. The brother was waiting on the quay." Will glanced at Imo. "No, she went into the water – again. When's Nico back?" He nodded. "Okay. Be careful. I'll move at first light."

He switched the phone off and tucked it in his pocket.

"Who's Nico?" Imo asked.

"A policeman Stefan knows. But he's out of town until tomorrow. What's Leo's surname?"

"Bardicci."

Will frowned. "That's unusual."

"It's Albanian."

Will made sure his face showed nothing but the words fuck, shit and bollocks looped in his head. Or course, it shouldn't mean anything that Leo was Albanian. Will was sure there were plenty of perfectly pleasant Albanians. He hadn't actually met any unpleasant Albanians, but then he didn't go looking for trouble.

Trouble just found him.

Imo shivered and he smiled at her. No point freaking her out. In any case, there was no way they could be found tonight. Unless Leo explored all the little bays with a motorboat to check the names, they'd be safe until first light.

"Are we safe here?" she asked.

"Only Stefan knows where we are, and look at the yachts around us—can you see any names?"

Imo shook her head.

"Like a solar shower?"

She looked up. "It's night time."

"Ah, well I can perform a special magic." He clambered onto the top of the boat and returned with a bag of water that had sat all day in the sun. "Want to get something to wash your hair?"

Imo was back before he'd blinked, holding a little bottle of eco-friendly shampoo he kept on board.

Will laughed. "Stand on the diving platform and I'll hold the bag over you."

He usually hooked it over the rail and struggled to get under the flow when he was on his own. Imo stood looking up at him as he leaned over, a huge smile on her face. Will's cock revved like a motorbike doing a wheelie and tented his shorts.

"I'll release it in short spurts," he said.

Imo snorted and Will swallowed hard. When she lifted her hands, she looked like a goddess rising out of the sea, with her long wet hair and sleek body glistening in the moonlight. As Will let the water fall, Imo tipped her face into the spray and groaned in pleasure.

"That's so good," she whispered.

When she shimmied out of her hardly there bra and panties, Will almost let the bag slip from his grasp. No one could see her but him yet they were within hailing distance of several yachts. He could hear people talking and laughing. She rinsed the suds from her hair and squeezed out the water.

"Thanks, Will. You want a go now?"

He closed the tap on the bag, put it down and hauled her back into the cockpit. "Not with the shower," he growled.

A series of wolf-whistles leapt across the water from nearby yachts. Imo waved and Will yanked her down out of sight. She straddled his lap and kissed him. "Where are we going to sleep?"

"You think I'm going to let you sleep?"

"It's too hot to do anything below deck."

"Want me to drag a mattress up here?"

"I'll help."

Will pushed her down. "You stay there, keep low, don't move."

He'd taken one step when he heard her call, "Bring back some rope." It was a miracle he didn't fall the rest of the way.

Will pushed mattress, pillows and sheets through onto the deck, then went back into the cabin to a storage locker by the chart table and pulled out a black bag. He stripped off, collected two bottles of water from the cooler, retrieved a recently inserted rectangular foil packet from his wallet, just in case she let him fuck her in the ass – and then climbed to the top of the companionway. Imo was on her knees with her back toward him, butt in the air, straightening the sheet over the mattress. It was all Will could do not to lunge at her and take a bite. His cock grew another inch and the sensation at the tip told him he leaked pre-cum.

He dropped down and crawled into the sheltered area of the cockpit so he didn't freak out any god-fearing types on the non-wolf-whistling craft. His cock was currently scaring *him*. Hard didn't do it justice.

Imo lay on her side. "Brought the rope?"

"Better than rope."

Will's heart chattered as he pulled a long strand of black nylon from the bag. He'd always wondered why he'd kept these strips of securing material. He'd be lying if he said it wasn't with something like this in mind, particularly because of what else was in the bag, but Will had thought it a fantasy that would never make it out of his head. Imo took the length of nylon from him and pulled it through her fingers.

"Where does this go?" she asked.

"Anywhere you like," Will paused, "or don't like."

"On you?"

"Or on you."

"Can I go first?" Imo asked.

Will nodded. He'd expected her to use the strip she'd taken from him, but Imo put her hand back in the bag and pulled out a smaller bag. Will's pulse jumped. Imo opened it and took out a rubber cock ring. He didn't say anything. He just waited.

"Catapult?" Imo asked. "Jar opener for the arthritic elderly? Dog chew?"



"Ouch."

"This can't possibly fit you. It's much too small."

Will tipped the bag and out fell a tube of oil. "This will help."

"Okay, lie back and think of England," Imo said.

"Mmm, no, I'll watch." Will shifted the pillows so he rested his shoulders against the wall of the cockpit. He stretched out his legs as Imo bent at his side.

She gave a dubious glance at the coils of rubber in her hand. "It looks a bit complicated. I think you'll have to help. I've never done this before."

Will lifted her fingers to his lips and kissed each of her broken, little pink nails. "I've only ever done this on my own before."

Imo squirted oil onto her hands and ran her palms over his stomach, smoothing her thumbs in circles. Will's head fogged. He loved the way she was so intent on what she did. The tip of her tongue snaked over her lips as she trailed her fingers down his hips. When she finally touched his cock, Will wondered if it was too late for the restraint, whether he'd have been better to have come first. Ideally a cock ring should be put on before he was fully erect. Will thought he'd have to get special scaffolding in order to get any more erect. Imo dragged her hand over his cock and his stomach tensed. There wasn't a chance in hell of him surviving her fingers pulling him into the rubber ring. Will opened his mouth and Imo spoke.

"Could we wait to put this on, because you know what I'd like? You to bring yourself off and spurt all over me."

*Incoming orgasm alert.* Will wrestled his cock into submission. His fingers tight round the base, he strangled the life out of it.

"Christ, Imo, if you talk to me like that, I won't even need to touch myself."

Her eyes sparkled. "You think?"

She sat with her back to the cockpit wall opposite, opened her legs and trailed a finger over her wet folds. Will groaned and knelt in front of her so the inside of her thighs brushed the outside of his. He stretched his oily cock up from his groin in one smooth pull, bringing the foreskin over the top of the mushroom-shaped crest. One slippery caress followed another, his fingers squeezing tighter at the base, easing off at the more sensitive head. The slow gathering of sensation spread outward from his groin and inward to his cock. Will pinned his gaze on Imo's face but couldn't hold it there, any more than he could resist the urge to stroke himself again and again. Her beautiful face, her plump breasts, her finger teasing her pussy, her eyes—all wound him tighter.

The muscles of his belly contracted and relaxed as he slid his fist up and down his blood-darkened cock. Fast or slow, tight or loose, all made him hard and eager. Pre-cum mixed with oil coated Will's fingers as he struggled for control. He switched to two hands working together and moving faster, jerking himself from one hold to another along the climb to oblivion.

It crossed Will's lust-filled brain that he didn't even care he was doing this in front of someone for the first time, nor that he was in the open air and maybe some weirdo had night vision goggles focused on his shaking butt, hopefully not rifle sights—Will was doing this because Imo had asked him to.

His orgasm came to the boil as he twisted and stroked, fueling a furnace beyond capacity with only one outcome inevitable. Will struggled to stop his eyes drifting closed, fought not to crack his teeth as he clenched them together. He wanted only to look into Imo's eyes as he spurted onto her. She chewed her lip, her breathing noisy.

Orgasm was a breath away.

"Will."

A word away.

Will's first jet hit her mouth. He gasped with each explosive burst, wound tighter by the sight of his milky cum streaking her breasts and belly as he emptied himself over her. With each strenuous spasm that racked his body, Will inhaled and exhaled in noisy breaths. Finally, he let his hands fall to his sides. His cock still erect, standing proud over its work of very modern art.

Shit, his cum had gone everywhere and Imo was rubbing her fingers in it. When she lifted her index finger to her mouth and sucked, Will released a low growl.

"That was very hot," she whispered.

Will moved so fast, Imo had no time to protest before he'd scooped her in his arms and toppled them both over the side of the boat. She shrieked as she hit the water, came up spluttering and Will pressed his lips to hers and swallowed her protest.

Imo laughed into his mouth. "Hey, I hadn't finished eating."

"I figured we both needed cooling down."

"Well, what a waste of a shower." Imo swam to the back of the boat and hauled herself up onto the diving platform.

Will surged up behind her and planted his teeth in her backside. Imo yelped and scurried into the cockpit to collapse on the makeshift bed. Moments later, Will joined her.

"Now where were we?" Imo asked and brushed the droplets of water from Will's belly. "How does this fit?" She held up the pieces of rubber.

"Oil," Will said.

They sat face-to-face and Imo hooked her toes under Will's butt. As she massaged oil into his semi-tumescent cock, Imo swallowed a moan. Something about handling Will when he wasn't fully erect pressed all her buttons. Her pussy throbbed and heat blossomed between her legs.

"I have no idea what goes where," Imo whispered.

Will helped. He grunted as Imo pushed his nuts one at a time through the rubber circles. They both guided his cock through the smallest ring. Not easy. Will grew harder as each second passed.

"What's this bit?" she whispered.

"A ball splitter."

"Fuck me," Imo muttered.

"I intend to."

She laughed and pulled his cock around to slide it into another loop and then another. Will stopped helping and Imo stopped laughing. God, he looked gorgeous. This was no ordinary cock ring. The final strap split his balls, dividing and separating to make them stand out in all their glory.

"I bought something online and they sent this by accident," he said.

"Liar!"

He groaned. "Okay, it intrigued me but I never intended anyone would see me wearing it."

Imo waited a beat. "So you don't fancy going to one of those clubs all decked out in leather bits and pieces?"

"Do you?"

"I asked first."

He sighed. "Yes and no."

Imo pulled a strap tighter. "That's cheating."

Will gasped.

"Is it too tight?" she asked.

"Maybe a little tighter," he mumbled, his head tipped back, teeth clenched.

Imo's fingers fumbled as she did what he wanted. When she was done, his cock stood nearly straight, wrapped in a cage of rubber. It hadn't taken Will long to regain his erection.

"You look bigger, harder, thicker, hmm...naughtier," Imo said.

Will snorted.

"Can you fuck me with that on?" she asked.

Will moaned. "If you don't let me, I think I might cry."

Imo laughed. "We have to use the rest of this stuff first. Want to wrap something around me?"

Will had the bag in his hand and his hand in the bag before Imo had taken another breath. He pulled her forward and wrapped a long strip over her shoulder, under her breast and around to repeat on the other side so her breasts were encased in a crisscross of black nylon. Imo wasn't sure why it turned her on, but it did.

"Oh shit. I don't think we need anything else," he whispered.

"Yes, we do."

Imo crossed strands over his chest and put another around her neck. She ran a finger down his cock and around his taut balls.

"So would you go out like this?" she asked.

"Until a few months ago, I'd never even had a kinky thought. Well, maybe the odd thought, but I'd never done anything about it. I came here and I was lonely, trying to amuse myself. Amazing what you can find on Google. But the idea of going out like this..." He took a shaky breath. "Everything tells me to say no, but there's some part of me that wonders what it might be like." He looked straight at her. "What about you?"

She gave a slow smile and then said, "Would I go out like this? No way."

Will looked so shocked, she couldn't help but laugh. Imo leaned over to kiss his nipples, one after the other.

"In case it had escaped your attention, I'm naked from the waist down."

"If you weren't?" Will asked.

Imo gave him a cheeky grin. "If I weren't, well, when you go into a club dressed in just that cock cage you'd better have me by your side."

## Chapter Fifteen

The crazy thing was, when Will looked at Imo wrapped in the black straps, her outlined breasts all perky, and looked at his cock in the rubber contraption, his faithful friend erect yet again, he was both petrified of being seen like this and desperate to be seen like this. But only if he had Imo by his side. Or maybe he didn't need to be seen, it was enough to be with someone who wasn't afraid to experiment, someone not worried about leaving their comfort zone. Molded by a lifetime of needing to do the right thing, Will wanted to do the wrong thing for a change—within reason. He'd pushed his boundaries over the last few months and bored as he'd become with the power of his fist, it had turned him into a guy who seemed to need sex often and a lot.

Imo rolled her finger over the head of his cock and Will shuddered. "So, rubber man, going to show me what you can do? Stick your legs behind the back of your head? Ooh, can you lick your balls?"

Will laughed. She made everything fun, and as much as he hated to admit it, he understood why Leo didn't want to lose her and had come after her, notwithstanding the comment about her nonexistent money. Will tugged Imo down so she lay on her back and he straddled her body. He stroked the soft skin of her belly with the tip of his cock and saw the pulse jump in her throat. Imo had said his cock looked bigger and Will agreed with her. He was a little afraid of pushing inside her in case he hurt her. Still, the whole point of this ring was to keep him on edge, which gave him time to make Imo so relaxed she could take all of him, rubber fetish jacket included.

"Are you into bondage, Will?" she whispered.

"Do I need to tie you up or be tied up to have fun? No. Do I want to hurt you or you to hurt me? No. Am I open to experimentation? Yes. I'm thinking about your fantasy more than anything."

"Ah, me and Brad Pitt and a bathtub of chicken soup?"

He nipped her lip. "You don't fancy Brad Pitt."

"He might have thought I did when I was hugging him as we left the harbor."

"Brad was on Stefan's boat."

"I named all of your fenders too."

Will laughed.

"But you're right. I don't fancy Brad Pitt. I like my men better-looking than him. Guys with smoky eyes, untidy dark hair and big...feet."

Will smiled. Imo made his heart sing, made him see that he could enjoy life again. He brushed his lips against hers, sweeping from one side to the other in a gentle caress. He nibbled her upper lip, teased her lower and flicked his tongue along the seam of her

mouth. Imo's fingers slid down the straps that crossed his chest, tracing their tight path over his pecs and easing fingertips beneath them. Will could have sworn his blood solidified in his veins. The sensation of the close-fitting bands and her soft hands caressing where the material touched his skin was something new and exciting. His kiss deepened.

When her hands snaked over his backside and feathered down the crease of his butt to stroke his balls, Will's cock jerked in its restraint.

"Hey, I'm supposed to be driving you wild with desire, not the other way around," he whispered.

"I've long passed wild with desire. I've moved onto insane with lust. If I get any wetter, there's going to be a puddle."

Will grinned and moved his mouth from her lips, over her jaw to her neck. She squirmed as he kissed and licked along the edges of the straps crossing her chest. From the breathy gasps, he guessed Imo liked the sensation as much as him. Will took her breast into his mouth and bit lightly on her nipple. She groaned and her fingers tightened in his hair before she pulled him down harder. He alternated between biting and blowing, and felt her nipple swell in his mouth.

"Oh God, I want your cock inside me, Will," she whispered. "I want us tied together."

His erection pressed against the constraints of the rubber cage and Will growled in pleasurable discomfort. "You have to come three times before that."

Imo grunted. "One." She gave a loud moan. "Two." Then a quiet gasp. "Three. Okay, you can fuck me now."

He laughed. "Faking your orgasms already? And you're crap at it."

Imo narrowed her eyes. "Okay, clever dick. Make me come three times except you aren't allowed to use anything but your caged tiger."

Was that supposed to be a hardship? Will shuffled down until the head of his cock hovered over her wet folds. He slid his hands under her butt cheeks and lifted her so he could paint her with his pre-cum, long slow strokes from one end of her sex to the other. Will thought he'd never been so careful in his life but the effort to go in slow was killing him, the sensation at his tip made him dry-mouthed with lust. Fingers tight on Imo's hips, Will eased his way inside her, feeling every snug, wet inch, the added restriction around his cock and balls sending electric ripples fluttering down his spine.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Not talk sure sense able soon," Imo muttered.

Will was too foggy-headed to know if she was talking sense but her pants told him she was alive and happy.

Push and retreat. Twisting thrust and pull back. A little deeper. A fraction harder. Then he was all the way inside her, up to his root and the band tightened on his protesting balls. Imo's muscles tensed around him. Was she close? His cock was so

warm and happy he didn't want to move for a moment but Imo was doing something, squeezing him, saying something. What?

"Movemovemovemovemove."

Will was frightened of hurting her. One careful withdrawal and Imo bucked her hips out of his hold. She thrust hard to impale herself on him and a microsecond later, Will shoved up to meet her. The increased pressure from the rings and her sucking clasp around his cock made him feel huge. He tightened inside and out, his stomach muscles tensing as he began to thrust. In the dim light, he could see the distended veins of his cock snaking down his shaft beneath the rubber rings. Imo clenched around him and he groaned.

"Imo. That feels good. Tighten on me. Just like that."

They thrust together, their hip bones colliding, tilting to fit like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Will drove into her. Once. Twice and she came, the spasms rippling down his cock and lighting a fire in his balls. Will gritted his teeth as she panted beneath him.

"One," he whispered and she groaned.

Will eased out of her, flipped her onto her knees and rubbed his aching cock over her butt. He lingered on her anus, teasing the puckered ring with the swollen head of his shaft. Not the time, but maybe one day she'd let him take her there.

Imo groaned. "The feel of you, the rubber, everything. So good."

Will wanted her to come again but for her to have another orgasm so close she needed more buildup and he was already desperate to pull off the cock ring and empty himself inside her.

"Fuck me hard," she whispered. "Fuck me fast."

Will's cock moved before his brain could object, diving inside her, his hands yanking her hips back to get the angle just right, landing on the right place to wind her to heaven. Imo gasped and gulped beneath him, pressing her face into the pillow, pulling it around her head to muffle her cries. Will changed the angle of his thrust and knew from the way she shuddered that he'd hit the spot. The ache in his gut intensified, the throb in his balls echoed in his head and his cock screamed abuse.

Imo's back arched as she came, the curve of her spine matched by the curve in his. Will couldn't believe he hadn't come. He felt like he was walking on the edge of a high building, his balance precarious, one slip and he'd fall all the way to the bottom. His breathing back under control, he kissed her shoulder as she came down, felt her muscles relax under his mouth.

"Two," he said.

"No more," she whispered.

Will pulled out of her and turned her onto her back. "I can't come until you have for the third time."

"Stay in this time?"

He nodded. "I have to take this off."

"Let me."

"No way. If you so much as look at me I'm likely to explode. Just lie there and don't move."

Will groaned as he worked to peel the rubber off. He tried to ease his balls free and bit his lip as he forced the hard egg-shaped globes out of the restraint. He needed a few deep breaths before he tackled his cock and the relief when the rubber was off made him shiver with anticipation.

"Tired?" Imo asked. "Want me to do a bit of work?"

She pushed him onto his back and positioned herself over his cock. Will released a long hiss as Imo sank down onto him. His balls began to cheer and wind themselves up now his cum sensed freedom.

"Remember, not until after me," Imo said.

Will let out a choked laugh. "Don't time me."

But he'd have sooner died than let this defeat him. Easier in a sense because Imo was moving her body in the way that brought her the most pleasure. Not that it didn't pull him along for the ride but whereas he had to search for the perfect spot inside her, she knew where it was. Imo dropped down to lie on top of him, her belly undulating against his, her pussy muscles tightening around and then releasing his cock, her ass rubbing his balls on the down thrust.

Will spread his palms over her butt cheeks and let her take the driver's seat. Her eyes slid shut and the angle changed again. Will was desperate to come, desperate not to come but denied too long, his balls almost fizzed with the need to release their load. His cock seemed harder and thicker, maybe even longer, the clasp of her muscles teasing him beyond endurance.

*Think of washing dishes, cleaning oil filters, emptying garbage*—but every distraction morphed back to Imo and her body and his body and Will knew the trigger point had been passed.

"Imo," he groaned. "Now."

He rolled to put her beneath him, his hips pistoning wildly. Will's heart raced, his body hot and damp with sweat. He felt Imo come, her muscles compressing around his cock, his head snapped back and his hips jerked. As Imo trembled beneath him, his orgasm flashed from head to toe, the spasms of her body complementing those of his. They pulled each other into a fire so hot, Will thought he could hear skin sizzle. And even as the contractions began to fade, Will reached for the bag of nylon straps and began to tie the two of them together.

Imo wrapped her legs around him, tried to position her body so that they were pressed as close as they could to keep his cock buried inside her. Ties wrapped over hips, under thighs, over shoulders, around waists until they seemed to be caught in a black spider's web.



Will's lips were inches from hers. "You do know we're stuck?"

"You didn't think to bring a knife on deck?"

He snorted. "I thought you were the knot queen."

"Tying them, not undoing them. Oh God, I hope the boat doesn't sink."

Will laughed. "This was your idea."

"Hurry up and get hard."

"I haven't gone soft."

Imo licked his chin. "I noticed."

Will kissed her forehead. "I'm not sure this is going to work. Neither of us can move."

"We can talk."

"True." He smiled. "Do you think the Bank of England should reduce interest rates?"

Imo nipped his lip. "Not that sort of talk. Would you like me to talk dirty? Would it excite you or repel you? Well, it wouldn't repel you because you can't exactly stalk off in a disgusted huff."

His mouth twitched.

Imo put her mouth next to his ear and lowered her voice to a sultry growl. "I love your cock. I love the feel of it slipping in my hand, the way the silky soft skin slides over solid steel." She hissed over the shell of his ear and heard his noisy gulp. "I like your salty taste. I like rolling your cum over my lips and swallowing. I love the way you slide into my pussy, the way your cock fills me and your tight balls press against my butt. I wish I could wake up with you fucking me and fall asleep with you fucking me. I'd fill every minute in between thinking about you fucking me."

He shuddered against her and Imo felt his cock twitch.

"You little monster," he whispered.

"I want you to come all over me. I want you to fill me until there's no room left inside. I want your cock everywhere, your fingers everywhere and your mouth everywhere."

She could feel Will's heart charging at her words, racing, pounding like his cock.

"I bet there's a million ways to make you come," Imo whispered. "I want to find all of them."

They writhed together, moving what bits of them they could, rubbing against each other, fingers entwined, tongues tangled and Imo wondered if she'd ever been more excited. Will couldn't thrust inside her but she could feel his cock throbbing and the ties didn't stop her clamping down on him. Licks of fire attacked her skin, white-hot flickers teasing embers back into flame.

"Oh Christ," Imo gasped and combusted, her orgasm showering her body with sparks.

She felt Will's cock jerk, his warm seed flooding into her as he panted into her neck. It was a moment before either of them could speak.

"That was —" he said.

"Lovely," Imo finished.

"Your fantasy fulfilled?" Will asked.

"Mmm," she whispered. "Only where's the champagne and strawberries?"

"Let me untangle myself and I'll check the pantry, ma'am."

Not as difficult to free themselves from the ties as she'd imagined but Imo was tired out by the time they were unfastened. Will cradled her in his arms and stroked her face.

"I can't tell you how glad I am that Leo is a bastard," Will said. "And I mean that in an entirely selfish way. But if I ever see him again, I'll show him just how I feel about guys like him."

\* \* \* \* \*

Once Imo was fast asleep, Will eased away from her and stepped down the companionway into the cabin. He retrieved his phone from his shorts and turned it back and forth in his hand. He wanted and didn't want to make the call. Her purse lay on the seat and Will let himself be distracted. He unfastened the clip, looked inside and released a quiet breath when he saw the burgundy colored passport. Will opened it and turned to the back pages.

Imogen Hughes. Age twenty-nine. Born in Stafford. Ronald Walsh was listed as the emergency contact. An address in Surrey. Her grandfather? Not much use if he was no longer alive. Will put the passport back and went up on deck. He picked his way over the top of the boat and sat against the mast. It was late at night to call but Will did it anyway.

His brother answered on the third ring, a tentative, "Will?"

Will opened his mouth, failed to speak and had to try again before the words came out. "Hi, Ed."

"Are you okay?"

"Yes."

"Not stuck underneath your sinking boat with only a mouthful of air remaining?"

Will smiled. "Two mouthfuls."

"Christ, Will. Seven fucking months and you call me at this time of night? Wait a minute."

Will knew why Ed wanted him to wait. He was moving into another room away from —

"Okay, I'm back. What's wrong?"

"Why should something be wrong?"

Ed released a choked laugh. "Because I don't for an instant think things are right. I wish they were. How are you?"

"Stuck under my sinking boat with two mouthfuls of air remaining."

Will closed his eyes for a moment and then opened them to look up through the rigging at the stars, bright lights in a jet black sky, hope in darkness.

"How's Addie?" Will asked, waiting for his heart to explode.

"Fine. She's working for the business. Turns out she's a natural at interviewing. I've even had her run some focus groups. She's funny and sharp. Everyone likes her."

Will fought the little flicker of surprise that he was pleased to hear it.

"Mum's worried about you," Ed said. "When are you coming home?"

"Not sure." Will took a breath. "Can you do something for me?"

"Anything. Well, almost anything. You're still not getting my Star Wars collection."

"You should sell it while it's still worth something. I need you to check up on an Albanian called Leo Bardicci. B.A.R.D.I.C.C.I. Carefully. He owns clubs and a casino. Probably in London."

"Right."

"And on a guy called Ronald Walsh. Newburton Close, Caterham, Surrey. He might well have died recently. Find out his connection to a twenty-nine-year-old called Imogen Hughes."

"Can I ask why?"

Will swallowed hard. He knew he'd have to tell Ed the truth. "Bardicci just got married to the woman, apparently to get his hands on her money only she says she doesn't have any. She wants out of the relationship but Bardicci isn't happy about it."

"Will, are you in some sort of trouble?"

"No."

"What have you got involved with?"

Will unclenched his teeth. "Nothing."

"Albanians? Doesn't sound like nothing."

Will opened his mouth and then closed it again.

"Okay. I'll do what I can."

"Thanks, but be careful, Ed. This guy is not nice. Sorry to call this time of night but I figured you could do an Internet check. If you find anything, let me know."

"So...do you think you'll be home by Christmas?"

Will heard the tremor in Ed's voice and knew what his brother was going to tell him.

"Why?" Will made himself ask.

"Shit, there's no easy way to tell you this. Addie and I are getting married on Christmas Eve. Will you be my best man?"

*Oh fuck.* Will had anticipated the first but not the second. He'd not spoken to Ed in all these months because of Addie, and now the bastard expected him to stand next to him in fucking church and smile and be fucking happy that –

"Think about it. I know it's a lot to ask," Ed said.

Will swallowed and swallowed again. His throat remained stopped up as if he'd eaten something too fast and forgotten to chew.

Ed gave a nervous cough. "In case you never speak to me again, and you really are stuck under your boat with half a breath left, I-I love you."

"I love you too." Will cut him off before he ended up tossing the phone into the sea.

He took a deep breath and tipped his head back to hit the mast. It took a moment before realization crept through his thick skull. He'd said her name and the world hadn't ceased to turn. His brother was marrying her and Will's heart hadn't shriveled like a raisin. Didn't mean he could face the thought of being Ed's best fucking man, but – Will took a deep breath.

"Addie." He rolled the word out of his mouth. Did it again. "Addie, Addie, Addie." No aching heart. No lump of lead in his gut. No boner. Then he smiled.

Imo curled on her side and blinked the tears from her eyes. Was that the name of the woman Will loved? Of course it was. She'd woken a moment ago and reached for Will to find him gone. Then she heard him up by the mast, talking on his phone. He'd said, "I love you too." Imo curled a little tighter, wrapping herself in the sheet. She was so stupid. She never learned from her mistakes. Maybe she was the first woman Will had been with since Addie but that didn't mean anything for Imo, only for him. Imo knew now it was Addie he wanted. This wasn't just a holiday romance, but a rebound from a love he still held in his heart.

## Chapter Sixteen

Imo woke when Will wiped her face with a cool cloth. She lay on her back in the cockpit and looked up. The sky held the faintest tinge of light. She felt as though she'd hardly slept at all. Will sat at her side in his shorts, a broad smile on his face and the crack in Imo's heart widened to a chasm.

"Morning," Will said.

He lifted her arm and drew the wet material around her fingers, over her palm and up to her elbow. She pulled away before he could go further.

He gave her a puzzled look. "What's wrong?"

Imo hesitated. She wanted to tell the truth, that she knew he was still in love with Addie and he was an idiot, but she understood and wished him well. Except she didn't understand and she didn't wish him well. She thought...well, didn't matter what she thought.

"Imo? Talk to me."

*If you love Addie, you don't love me. That was the truth she couldn't face.*

The sound of an encroaching motorboat distracted Will. Imo reached for her damp dress and shuddered when she pulled it on.

"It's Stefan," Will said.

Imo removed the bedding from the cockpit while Will secured Stefan's boat alongside. When she came up on deck Stefan was passing bags to Will.

"Breakfast," Stefan said.

Imo plastered a smile on her face. "Thank you."

"And I presume this is your underwear lying on the diving platform?"

She snatched it from his hand.

"I brought a few other things too. And some news. I don't want to worry you but your unwanted husband is trying to hire a powerboat. He hasn't given up."

"Shit," Will muttered.

"Might be an idea to change the name of the yacht. I've brought you some quick-dry spray paint and some sticky letters, oh and champagne. It's unlucky to rename a boat without a champagne launch."

"Don't bother," Imo said. "I'll come back with you, Stefan."

Will looked at her in shock. "You want to go back to that bastard?"

"No. I'm going to get a taxi to the airport and fly home. I don't want to cause trouble."

She saw Will and Stefan exchange bewildered glances.

"I'll wait in the boat," Stefan said.

Will pulled her down into the cabin. "What is it? What's wrong?"

Imo straightened her spine. "I heard you tell Addie you love her. That's okay. I understand." *Shit*. Those last two sentences had slipped out.

Will grabbed her and wrapped her tight in his embrace. "What you heard was me telling my dork brother that I love him. Ed's marrying Addie at Christmas. He asked me to be his best man. I said her name for the first time in...months. Christ, Imo, it's not Addie that I love, not anymore. I—I'm not going to say it now. Not on a kneejerk reaction to a misunderstanding. I'm not saying it until the moment is perfect but you have to know it's you I want." He pressed his forehead to hers. "Please. Don't go. I need you."

Not Addie but Ed, and Imo took a breath. Enveloped by Will's muscle and heat, she allowed herself to believe again.

"I want you too," she whispered.

Will sighed and then pulled her up on deck. "It's okay, Stefan. You can go. Thanks."

Stefan nodded. "One of the three guys with Leo is Greek. Word is he's a professional bodyguard so he might well have a license to carry a gun."

Imo gasped.

Stefan winced. "Oops. You hadn't told her. The moment Nico gets back, I'll make sure he knows what's happening. I still think you're better to just find somewhere to disappear for a while. Keep in touch, okay?"

Will waited for Stefan to pull away before he turned back to Imo. "Sorry," he said.

Imo kicked him on the shin and then hopped on one foot while she rubbed her toes. "Don't you dare not tell me stuff."

"Sorry."

"Are you sure you want to play hide and seek when the other side have a weapon?" she whispered. "Shouldn't we go to the nearest large police station?"

"And say what? You ran away from your wedding. I know he threw that giraffe at you, but you can't even see the bruise anymore. Your husband wants you back. We want to be together. What laws have been broken? Leo can't force you to go back and he has as much right to be in Greece as you."

"But if they have a gun, they might end up killing you." Imo's lip trembled. "Shit. I should go back to the UK and sort this out."

"Yes but not yet. I'm trying to find out why Leo is so desperate to have you back. Let's see what my brother comes up with. There has to be some reason why he wants you."

Imo pouted. "You mean I'm not totally and utterly the most ravishing individual in the entire world?"

Will pulled her close. "You are to me."

Imo groaned. "Why couldn't I meet you first?"

"I wasn't in England when you met Leo."

"No, I mean when I was sixteen. It would have saved me so much hassle."

"I think I'd rather not have had the green cock." He laughed. "Let's think of a name for the boat. We'll change that first, then eat while we're on the move." Will checked the bags and took out the paint. He handed Imo the sticky letters. "See what you can come up with while I spray over the old name."

Imo laid the letters out in the cockpit and chewed her lip. She was crap at Scrabble.

By the time Will returned, she'd come up with only one suggestion.

"Well?" he asked.

"You're not going to like it." She moved to let him see what she'd spelled out.

"*Titanic*." Will laughed. "I don't think so. How about this?" He picked out a few more letters.

"*Tabasco*. Hmm – why?"

"Because you're hot stuff."

She rolled her eyes.

"Or we could go with *not 2 deep*," Will said, "which is what you muttered when you were trying to pluck up courage to cross that plank."

"That *does* sound like a boat name."

"Okay. I'll do one side and you do the other. Just peel off the backing of the letters and stick them on."

Imo was really careful to get them in the right order and the right way up. She pressed them firmly in place and then scooted back to the cockpit where Will was holding the champagne.

"I need to take this dress off. It's uncomfortable."

"Don't let me stop you."

"But I only have damp underwear to put on."

"That's not a problem." Will grinned.

When she emerged from below deck in her red pushup lace bra and matching boy pants, Will narrowed his eyes, eased the cork out of the bottle and champagne spurted everywhere.

Imo laughed. "Did you do that on purpose?"

"No. Stefan probably bounced over every wave on the way here." Will held the bottle over the side as it continued to gush. "Or else, this bottle is an alpha male and very turned on by red underwear."

"Better do the christening before it all disappears." Imo followed him to the front of the boat.

Will leaned out and sniggered. He tipped the bottle over the name and said, "Keep us safe, little *peed 2 ton*."

"What?"

Imo hung onto the guide rail and leaned out. "Oh bloody hell." She'd got the letters the right way up, but backward. "Shall I try and peel them off?"

"You'll mess up the paint. It doesn't matter."

Will was still laughing as he motored out of the anchorage. He hadn't laughed so much since Addie got them lost on the way – *shit*.

"Sorry," Imo muttered.

"Come here, gorgeous."

Will slung his arm over her shoulder. "I like *peed 2 ton* much better. I'd rather change the other side than change that."

"You sweetie."

"Talking of sweet, you want to make us coffee and see what sort of breakfast Stefan rustled up?"

Will was torn between motoring away as far as he could, back to the UK if necessary or just hopping from one local harbor to another. He had enough gas for the time being but Will knew running wasn't the long-term answer. If Ed couldn't come up with something, maybe he'd have to do the work himself.

She came up on deck with two mugs of coffee then went back for cartons of Greek yoghurt swirled with light brown honey. Will wedged the tiller in place and had his breakfast.

"Did you tell your family and friends what Leo did?" Will asked.

Imo shook her head. "I had this idea of getting the marriage annulled so they'd never need to know, only turns out that I can't. Leo has to agree and that's not going to happen. So it has to be a divorce and for that I have to wait a year. Oh God, I wished I'd said no. If you Google 'most pathetically gullible twerp in the world' it would come up with me. I mean, the really crazy thing is that I never wanted that sort of wedding. The dress was lovely but I'd always imagined what I'd wear and it was nothing like that. Barefoot on the sand would –" She rushed to fill her mouth with yoghurt.

And again when that mouthful was gone.

Will laughed. "You have to speak eventually."

"Mm-m-m-mm."

"I take it that was Imo speak for – Oh no I don't?"

She glared. "Can I have no secrets?"



Will dipped his finger in his yoghurt and dabbed her nose. "No, and stop beating yourself up over this. The guy wants something from you and he's been playing the long game since you met him. Tell me again how you hooked up."

"I happened to have a job in a bar that he owned."

"Happened to have? How did you get it?"

"I don't think Leo fixed that. I walked in off the street and asked. I'd been working there for about three days before Leo came in to speak to the manager and he sat and stared at me. Every day for an entire week. In the end, I asked what his problem was and he said he wanted to marry me. It made me laugh. When he asked me out for a meal I said yes."

"Did he talk to you about money?"

Imo sipped her coffee. "No, but he flashed his around. He bought me expensive underwear and clothes. He was really generous. He never...talked much about the future. Nothing about kids or where we'd live. I just thought it was because he's a guy who lives in the present. Whenever we did anything, it was spur of the moment. He always has loads of cash. He said he didn't trust banks. I did sort of worry when he was so secretive about his business." She chewed her lip. "It wouldn't surprise me if he was doing something illegal. And I know that makes me look even more stupid for marrying him."

"We all make mistakes," Will said. "I bet my list is longer than yours."

She smiled. "Bet it's not. So what's the plan?"

"Bet it is. We're heading for Kivirakia. It's a busy harbor so we can blend in. Plus it has good mobile phone reception."

She looked at her stiff dress lying like a corpse in the corner of the cockpit. "I need to buy some clothes."

"Must you?"

Imo laughed. "Hey, you were the one who yanked me out of sight last night when I tried to be friendly with the yacht next door."

"Oh yeah, so I did. We can buy you something in Kivirakia."

Imo collected the dishes and mugs and took them below to wash. Will slipped his sunglasses over his nose. Would she think taking the boat back to the UK was a good idea?

She came back up on deck and turned her face to the wind. "Can we put the sails up?"

Will smiled.

\* \* \* \* \*

As they motored into the little port of Kivirakia, Imo became more and more anxious. Will had explained exactly what he was going to do—a long list—and what

Imo needed to do—one thing—drop the anchor when he said so, and she was still nervous. What if he'd forgotten to tie it on? What if she dropped it on the deck? On her foot? On another boat? On a fish?

A long quay lined with restaurants lay ahead and Will made for a place toward the far end. There were already a number of yachts moored up but Imo didn't recognize any of Stefan's fleet. She didn't think for an instant that Leo was here but she still looked.

"Now, Imo."

"Now what?"

"The anchor."

*Shit.* She threw it in and then sat next to Will as he steered in bows to. Imo waited in the cockpit while Will tied the boat up on the quay. He clambered back on board and switched off the engine.

"See, it's easy," he said.

"That's because I didn't do anything except throw the anchor in—late."

He hugged her. "It's fine."

"There's a man waving at you," Imo said.

Will spun around. "Ah, he wants money."

"Shall I pay?"

"Not dressed like that. You better put that dress on or find a shirt of mine."

Imo wasn't sure she could cope with the dress. It had dried stiff with salt. She went below, found a grey T-shirt and pulled it on. When she came back on deck with her purse, Will was on the phone.

"Stefan's not answering. Probably out of range. I'll try Ed."

He tapped in the number and waited. Imo saw Will's body tense and his face go blank, and knew it wasn't Ed who'd answered but Addie. Imo turned to leave and Will dragged her down to sit next to him.

"Hi," Will said. "Yes, I'm fine. How are you?" He smiled at Imo. "Good. Is—?" Will gulped. "Thanks."

He released a long sigh and tugged Imo closer so she could hear.

"Hi, Will. Boat sunk yet?"

"Self-righting. I'd forgotten. How did you get on?"

"I'll start with the easy stuff. Ronald Walsh. Deceased. Fell and fractured his skull. He left property and assets worth eight hundred thousand pounds. Main beneficiary—his son James. Twenty thousand each to James' three children. Nothing for his granddaughter, Imogen Hughes. No special bequests."

Imo gulped. *Nothing?* Not that she expected...but—nothing? Is that what her Uncle James had rung to tell her? Imo hadn't returned his call. *Nothing?*

"As for the Albanian – walk the other way. He has a reputation for being difficult to deal with. Not a good idea to owe him money. Not a good idea to owe him anything. Came to the UK ten years ago and has built up quite an empire. I couldn't find any details of a marriage. Probably too soon to be on the registry database. I could go into the guy's casino."

"No," Will said. "Absolutely not. Leave it, Ed. I'll take it from here."

"But I haven't helped."

"Yeah, you have. We know now there isn't some family painting worth a few million that the guy is after."

"Why was Imogen brought up by her grandfather?"

Will squeezed her fingers. "Her parents died in an accident when she was a little girl."

"Trust fund?" Ed asked.

Imo shook her head.

"She says not."

"Oh. Well, if I think of anything else, I'll let you know."

"Thanks, Ed."

"Are you coming home soon?"

"Yep." Will looked at Imo and smiled. "Bye."

"So we're no further forward?" Imo asked when Will put the phone back in his pocket.

He leaned against the wall of the cockpit and pulled her onto his lap. "A little further forward. I take it that being left nothing is a surprise."

Imo nodded.

"Had you quarreled with your grandfather? Had he ever said anything to make you think he'd do this?"

"No."

Will rubbed his face against her hair. "What can you remember about your mum and dad? Were they wealthy? Have a big house? What did they do for a living?"

"Mum worked in a library. Dad was an accountant. I don't think we were wealthy."

"Sure no one ever mentioned a trust fund to you?"

"Aren't they just for rich people?"

Will shook his head. "When your parents died, they might have life insurance, a mortgage policy, shares, any number of things. If your father *did* set up a trust fund, your grandfather might have chosen not to tell you about it in case it caused trouble in the family – jealousy. It could be the reason why he left you nothing. You don't need his money because your trust fund is about to mature."

"My Uncle James left a message on my mobile for me to call him. I didn't get chance."

"Call him now."

Imo went to get her phone from her purse and returned to sit by Will.

"Uncle—" Imo held the phone away from her ear as he yelled.

"What the hell have you done, you stupid girl? Do you have any idea how worried we've been?"

"Sorry."

"I had this guy on the doorstep telling me he was your husband. For goodness sakes, Imogen. What were you thinking?"

"I wasn't thinking."

"So you *are* married?"

"Yes."

"Where are you?"

"Greece."

"Bloody hell, you've rung me on my mobile. This will be costing me a fortune."

"Sorry."

"Oh Imo." He sighed. "Dad left you a letter. His lawyer has it. David Holmes of Prichard, Holmes and Mavero. I presume the letter explains why he didn't leave you any money. I'm going to give you a little something. I don't know what Dad was thinking not giving you anything." He paused. "Or maybe I do. Did you introduce him to your future husband? Did he not approve? Is that why?"

"I never took Leo to see Grandpa."

"Because you knew he wouldn't approve? Why on earth would you get married and not tell your family?"

"Running out of battery. I'll explain everything when I get home. Bye."

The moment Imo terminated the call, the ringtone sounded. She gulped. "It's Leo."

## Chapter Seventeen

"Should I answer?" Imo asked.

Will nodded. He thought it unlikely Leo had any means of pinpointing the location of the phone. He shifted Imo close and coiled his arms tighter around her.

"Hello," Imo said.

"Sweetheart."

Will's hackles went up like a pissed-off wolf.

"What a mess," Leo said. "Look, we need to talk. I'm sorry about everything."

Sorry did *not* make things right. Will knew that only too well.

"Including fucking that woman in the men's washroom at our wedding reception?"

"Especially that. You never let me explain. She's a complete nutcase, won't leave me alone, threatens to kill herself when I try to push her away. I was just stringing her along, telling her rubbish about money so she'd have a reason to think I wanted to be with you other than the obvious one."

Will's heart pounded in his chest. This guy was a conniving bastard, he just hoped Imo could see that.

"What obvious one?" she asked.

"That I love you, that I've loved you from the moment I saw you in my bar, that I love your sense of humor, your sweet nature and most of all I love the look on your face when I make you come."

Will tensed. He couldn't help it. Every muscle in his body raged with fury. Imo threaded her fingers in the hair at the back of his neck.

"Where are you, sweetheart? Let me come and get you and we'll go home."

"Leo, I don't want to go anywhere with you. You don't love me and I don't think you ever have. I *did* love you once upon a time but I made a mistake and I certainly don't love you anymore."

"I can make you fall in love with me again. Give me a chance, please."

"You don't want me. You want my money. Not good trying to pretend you don't. Well, you can't have it."

Will glared and mouthed, *What are you doing?*

"I don't need your money. I just need you," Leo said.

Will grabbed the phone and switched it off. He still didn't think Leo could trace them but that conversation had seemed...odd. Better not risk it.

"Why did you let him think —" he began.

Imo folded her mouth into his, her tongue tickling and sliding alongside his and Will's cock unfurled between them, pressing into the zipper of his shorts. He slid his hand under her t-shirt, felt Imo's belly quiver and pushed her away with a groan.

"Stop it or we'll never get off the boat. We need to buy clothes and supplies."

Imo laughed. "I've got no shoes."

"I'll find something."

Will stood up, slid his hand in his pocket to adjust his cock and then went down to the cabin taking Imo's phone with him. He picked up his wallet and a pair of flip flops. When he got back on deck, Imo stood on the quayside.

"I did it." She jumped up and down. "I got off the boat all on my own."

Will laughed and joined her. He bent to slip the footwear on her feet.

Imo rested her hands on his head. "Don't you dare call me Cinderella. There's no way these will fit."

"They don't *not* fit. Just walk carefully until we find a shoe shop."

Will took Imo's hand and they strolled along the quay toward the town. Well, Imo flapped.

Kivirakia didn't offer much in the way of shops but Imo was as easy to buy for as Addie had been.

As that thought went through his head, Will swallowed hard. Nothing happened. No leap in his pulse. No ache in his heart.

Imo kept on the things they bought, a short blue and white flowered sundress, blue sandals and a wide-brimmed straw hat. Will bought more sunscreen. He didn't want her to burn, though Imo was tanned all over, one of those lucky fair types who move straight to golden brown without passing red. The mark around her eye was barely perceptible.

They took the foodstuffs back to the boat and then stepped ashore again for coffee and sticky Greek pastries in a waterfront taverna. When Imo couldn't decide which she wanted, Will ordered a plateful. The yachts that had been out for the day were making their way back into port for the night and the harbor was full of activity, boats maneuvering, people shouting, Greeks laughing.

Will tried again to get hold of Stefan but he didn't answer. A niggle of concern wormed its way into Will's stomach and began to chew.

"This is lovely," Imo said.

"What is?"

"You, me, here, everything."

Will reached across the table and caught hold of her fingers. It *was* lovely, but not perfect. Leo's change of tactic hadn't surprised Will. Bullying Imo wouldn't work, but since trickery had put a ring on her finger—*what had she done with that?*—Leo had

assumed more of the same could bring her back. Will was surprised how strongly he believed that would never happen. Leo had lost her. That wasn't going to change.

"I wish we could stay here forever," she said. "I wish—I wish I'd never met him."

Will brought her hand to his lips and licked her sticky fingers one by one. He heard her breath catch and smiled. His distraction had worked.

"Only I *did* meet him and we *can't* stay here forever," she whispered.

*Damn.* Maybe not.

She sighed. "Do you think I should call these lawyers my uncle mentioned?"

"Not much point. They won't tell you over the phone what's in the letter."

"I have to go back," Imo said. "I have to sort all this out so I can move on."

"Want to take the long way home with me?" Will asked.

Her face lit up in a brilliant smile that set his heart on fire.

"You mean walk?" she asked.

He laughed. "We could sail across the Mediterranean, out past Gibraltar and up the coast of Portugal and France."

"How long would it take?"

"Depends how often we pull into harbor. If we sailed nonstop with favorable winds, maybe twenty days so double that at least and a lot longer if we wanted to make a real voyage of it. What do you think?"

Imo leapt into his arms and the table rocked. "Yes. Yes. Yes."

"Congratulations," said a waiter as he rescued the coffee cups. "You lucky man."

"But—" Imo began.

Will pressed his lips to hers before she could say another word. He *was* a lucky man.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am so full," Imo said with a groan. "Pastries and then a meal. What was I thinking?"

The table outside the taverna was strewn with empty plates. Will had ordered whitebait and laughed himself silly watching her fillet them. Imo was glad to see him so happy. She hardly remembered what his scowl looked like now.

"Finish the wine," Will said and tipped the rest into her glass.

Imo groaned. "I'll be too drunk to walk."

"I'll carry you back."

"All ten yards."

"Hey, after all you've stuffed inside you tonight, be thankful I offered."

Imo smiled. She watched Will scan the harbor for the umpteenth time and as she had done every time, she held her breath until his gaze settled back on her. *No Leo*. Imo guessed the reason for this choice of taverna was so Will could watch the boats coming in. It was dusk now so she presumed they were safe for the night.

She sipped her wine while Will used his mobile. Something else he'd done for the umpteenth time.

"No luck?" she asked as he put it down.

"No. Something's wrong. We said we'd keep in touch and there's service here so why isn't Stefan answering?"

"Could it be that he's not within range of a transmitter?"

"During the day, maybe, but not now it's dark. He'll be in harbor with his clients."

Will's anxiety rubbed off on Imo. "Is there someone else you can call? What about Rachel?"

Will picked up his phone and pressed a few buttons. "I only have the number for the office."

"Try it."

"Hi, Rachel. It's Will. Is Stefan there?" He waited. "Oh right. That explains why I haven't been able to get hold of him." Will laughed. "Yeah, he is an idiot." He looked at Imo. "We're sitting in a taverna in Kivirakia." Will rolled his eyes. "Shopping. Eating. Drinking." He put his hand on Imo's. "No, not yet. We'll see where the wind blows us. When you see him, tell him—no, don't bother, I'll call tomorrow and tell him myself. Night."

He turned to Imo. "He ran out of fuel and decided to stop at Lentkas for the night. No phone coverage there. You ready to go?"

Imo nodded. "Will you let me pay for the meal?"

Will smiled. "How about you pay for the next?"

"Okay."

They walked hand in hand the few yards back to the yacht. Will pulled the boat tight to the quay for Imo to climb on board and then followed her. Imo sat in the cockpit and stretched out her legs on the seat. Will slipped behind her so she rested against his chest.

"I'll get Stefan to ship your case and my stuff back to the UK," Will said. "We can buy what we need en route."

"Birth control pills?"

"Ah."

"I have the rest of the month's supply in my purse but after that..."

"Condoms. I have a few."

"Enough?"

Will laughed. "Nowhere near."



His hand slid into the top of her dress and his fingers strummed her nipple. Imo felt his cock press into her back as it hardened. Her new panties dampened at the crotch and she sighed. They could set each other alight with one touch. Will's breath fanned the back of her neck and Imo squirmed.

"Not fair," he whispered.

She squirmed again, rubbing her body against his erection and Will laughed. Imo glanced to either side. No one on the yachts next to them, though there were people drinking on the one beyond. She sat up and turned around to straddle his lap.

"Do you really want me?" Imo asked.

"For ever and ever."

"Not just because you've got a hard-on that could drill rocks?"

Will raised his eyebrows. "Have I?"

Imo pressed her hips closer to his groin and felt his thighs tense. "Yep," she said.

"Thank God you don't want to test that theory."

Imo pressed his hands onto the seat either side. "No touching."

Will opened his mouth and then closed it again.

She slid her palms along the arms of his linen shirt, stroked his neck and then trailed her fingers down the line of buttons. One finger slipped through a gap onto his skin and a low growl escaped his lips as she circled the tip of her finger on his belly.

"You're so lean and toned," she whispered. "You're all muscle."

"That's because I'm sucking in my stomach."

She pulled her hand free and pressed herself against his chest. "I'd be a lot more comfortable if it wasn't for your...racing snake. It appears to have rigor mortis."

Will let out a choked laugh and she pulled back. "It's funny, isn't it? Men go all hard and women go all soft."

"Not funny, perfect."

Imo leaned forward and licked the dip between his neck and shoulder as her fingers worked on the buttons of his shirt. She rocked her hips into him and Will's hands fisted by his sides.

"Ah, Imo. I never thought I'd... You are the best thing that's ever happened to me."

His words brought a lump to her throat. As she kissed the muscular column of his neck, she felt his pulse race under her tongue and his cock press harder against her belly. Then the buttons were all undone and Imo laid her head against his bare chest. Will's hands swept over her back.

"I love you," he whispered.

Imo's head shot up so fast she caught him on the chin and his head snapped back.

"Ouch."

"Sorry." Imo stared into his eyes.

Will groaned and then smiled. "I'm going to have to say it again, aren't I? I love you."

*He loves me. He loves me. He loves me.*

Will stroked her cheek. "Breathe, Imo."

She took a gulp of air. "I love you too, so much I could just explode."

"If you keep rubbing against me like that, I'm going to be exploding with you."

*"In me."*

Will groaned. "People can see us."

"They don't know what we're doing."

"Imo." His fingers slid up her thighs under her dress and he clutched her butt cheeks. "We're in full view of the quay. We'll get arrested."

"No one will see. The cockpit's mostly hidden by the top of the boat."

Will's eyes were glazed, his breathing choppy and Imo knew he wanted to do this. He just needed a push. Her fingers brushed his tight dark nipples and he released a muffled grunt of pleasure.

"You can move your hands," she whispered.

"I don't think I dare."

Imo kissed him, a slow sensuous exploration of his mouth, a long, gentle slide to deeper pleasure. Their tongues touched as though it was their first time, a soft twining caress that made Imo's heart pound with desire. Will's fingers slid under her dress and pulled it free so he could slip his hands over her bottom. Fingers roving up her back, thumbs pressing, nails teasing until he moved his hands to her breasts. Imo swallowed the lurch in Will's breath when his fingers discovered what his mind had forgotten – no bra.

Will lifted her so she balanced with her knees on the seat. He pulled her close and nuzzled her breasts through the material of her dress, sucking through the thin cotton. Imo's nipple hardened to a sharp point and when he deserted it for the other, the sensation of cold air following his warm mouth sent tingles racing to her pussy.

Her fingers threaded in his tousled hair, Imo clutched Will to her. She felt his hands shaking as he slid them up the back of her thighs, the roughness of his fingers contrasting with the softness of his palm. The moment Will felt how wet she was, he shuddered against her.

"Stand up," he whispered.

He edged forward and pressed his knees against the inside of her legs to make her stand wider, then buried his face in her chest. One hand to cup her butt and hold her still, the fingers of the other tickled over the soaked cotton of her panties, tracing circles and loops until he centered on the swollen nub of her clit and played with it through the material. Imo let a loud groan escape and clamped her mouth shut.

When his fingers slipped inside her panties, Imo trembled. Will sucked harder at her nipple and she had to fight not to cry out.

"Oh God, you are so wet," he whispered.

Imo could feel moisture coating her thighs and hoped she didn't actually drip. One long finger slipped through her folds to push inside her and she lost track of what she was thinking. As Will pressed in the length of his finger and withdrew, his thumb settled over her careful-or-I'll-explode clit. Imo felt her inner muscles tighten, the climb beginning. One thrusting finger became two and she panted into Will's head. When one finger found her anus, Imo's knees wobbled. *Oh God, how many fingers did he have?*

Will's mouth worked at her breast, his thumb circled her clit, two fingers teased her pussy and one little piggy was doing naughty things to her asshole.

"So men can...multi-task," she gulped out the words. "Can you think...at the same time?"

"Woof," he mumbled.

Imo closed her eyes and hoped she didn't collapse before she came. A low moan slipped from her lips as he twisted his fingers as he thrust. Imo was awash in sensation, her body no longer under her control. Her head fell back and her spine arched. She vaguely registered the sound of someone talking close by but didn't care if they saw, didn't care about anything but Will and what he was doing to her. Imo's world was closing, drawing in, darkening, her vision failing, sensation heightening as Will's touch wound her tighter toward one brilliant point. Her toes curled into the deck and hairs prickled on her head.

"So hot, so sweet, so tight," Will muttered into her chest.

"Oh fuck," Imo gasped.

As the squelching sound of his fingers slipping in and out of her grew louder, Imo grew wetter and her breathing choppy. Lightning hovered, thunder threatened and as Will's fingers brought his one-handed symphony to a close, Imo's body unraveled in a series of virtuoso solos culminating in a rousing crescendo and she collapsed against him.

Will was fairly sure his heart had stopped. When the two guys had appeared in the cockpit of the yacht next to them, he'd felt his blood solidify. But they'd disappeared and Imo had come all over his hand, clenching around his fingers and all was right with the world, except for Will's struggling heart and his aching cock. He held Imo in his arms as she panted her way back to coherence.

"Oh wow...Will...Wagner."

"Mansell." He'd forgive the wrong surname.

"Composer."

He sniggered. "Wagner?"

She snuggled against him. "You never heard the opera *Tristan and Isolde*?"

"No."

"A guy once said there were...seven simultaneous orgasms in the second act. I never quite understood that until now."

"Seven? I only want one."

"Your wish is my command."

Will settled her on his lap facing him. "I don't remember rubbing a bottle that night we met, only my cock."

Imo tipped back her head and howled with laughter. She brought her forehead down to rest it on Will's. "No wonder we're mad for each other."

He could feel her fingers working at the button on his shorts, pressing it free before she eased down his zipper. Then his cock was out in the night air, hidden from the sight of those on the quay by Imo's body but not completely obscured. She wrapped her hand around him at the base and pulled up to gather pre-cum from his tip before she dragged her fist down again. Will shuddered. He shuddered some more when Imo slipped her hand between her legs and used her cream to lubricate her stroke.

Why was he always so desperate when he was with her? All these months practicing self-restraint, learning what his body could take and it had all been in vain. One caress by her hand worked better than ten by his. When she put her mouth— Will wasn't going there.

Their heads moved apart and Imo looked down, breathing hard and chewing at her lip. Will dragged his gaze from her face to his cock, standing stiff in a bed of dark curls. He watched as her fingers pulled his foreskin over the swollen head, shuddering when she twisted her wrist as she drew her hand down his length. The little slit at his rounded crest leaked a tear of pre-cum that swelled like a ripening mistletoe berry. Will's stomach clenched and he looked up, looked toward the quay and people strolling only yards away.

"Oh fuck," he muttered.

Imo pushed his shorts aside and wrapped her slender fingers around the root of his cock, tightening her grip as her other hand stroked him gently. Will watched a couple walking hand in hand, stopping to admire the yachts they passed. If they stopped in front of the one next to *peed 2 ton* and looked back, they'd see him, maybe see what Imo was doing. He leaned forward and his shirt hung to cover the gap between their bodies. Will wanted to tell her to hurry, wanted to tell her to take all night. His cock throbbed and his balls twisted themselves into a Gordian knot while his pleasure barometer rose like a fountain.

While she pressed down on his balls, the fingers of her other hand played with his cock head, rhythmic light squeezes between fingers and thumb until Will thought he'd scream. Then at the moment he could stand it no longer, she let him go and pumped instead. Every touch was different. Every caress pulled him closer to the brink.

"I want you inside me," Imo whispered. "Stand up."

Will couldn't speak, let alone stand but when Imo pushed herself to her feet, he had no choice. He clutched her body to his, his erection hidden between them.

"Walk to the bulkhead," she said.

To say Will walked would have been a gross exaggeration—shuffled maybe but after what seemed a lifetime, he had Imo pressed against the wall at the side of the companionway and he was plastered against her. Now they were several feet nearer the quay. *Fuck.*

"Quit wriggling," he pleaded.

He only realized a moment later what she was doing when she kicked a pair of red pants into the air. When they landed on the boat next door, they both laughed.

Imo looked straight into his eyes. "Fuck me."

Crude words that jolted his body like an electric shock. Will lifted one of her legs and positioned the head of his cock against her wet folds. He slipped straight in, heat to heat, his hard length embraced by her moist silky channel, on and on and on until there was no place left to go as their hips kissed and they exhaled together.

"How am I supposed to do this without anyone seeing?" he whispered.

"Kiss me and they'll just think that's all we're doing."

Will lifted her other leg over his hip and pressed her harder against the boat wall. Deep became deeper. He hardly moved but he could feel everything in sharp relief, her fingers on his arms, her thighs against his waist, her pussy clasp every inch of him. *Oh God, and people standing in front of the boat.* Will feathered a kiss along her lips then dived into her mouth, and as his tongue surged, so did his cock. Had people noticed? Did anyone watch? Did he care?

Did he fuck.

His arms cradling her from the wall, Will's hips jerked against hers. Imo's hands tugged at his hair as they kissed like the world was about to end. The last kiss, the best kiss, the one that would last them forever. Somewhere in his sole functioning brain cell, Will realized she was right, that anyone watching would just see a couple making out like horny teenagers.

He squirmed against her. She gyrated against him. Hips collided, teeth clashed, fingers squeezed, bodies thrust. Somehow it was even more erotic that they were still clothed. Will slid his hands under her dress onto her backside and tugged her to him, jerking his cock harder and harder as he shook against her. Will was on fire, burning from the inside out and from the outside in. Imo gasped into his mouth and clenched around him as she came and Will exploded into her like an accelerating car, his cum racing from his balls and firing down his cock, pulse after pulse as he stole her air, unable to unglue his mouth, unable to stop thrusting.

As Will shifted back to reality, he buried his head in the crook of Imo's neck. At this rate, they were going to kill each other before they got to the next port.

## Chapter Eighteen

Will jerked awake and Imo sat bolt upright at his side.

"What?" she gasped.

For a moment Will had no idea what had woken him, then he did. The boat was moving the wrong way and banging against something. He grabbed his shorts and scrambled over Imo into the cabin.

"Get dressed," he said.

As Will stepped on deck he took in the situation at a glance. A storm had come from nowhere — *shit, I didn't check the forecast* — the wind howled like a banshee and his fucking anchor had slipped. A man on the yacht next to him was yelling. The wind was so loud it was hard to hear and the language was German not English, but the message was clear. *Get your fucking boat secured before it damages mine.* Imo popped up behind him. In her underwear. *Jesus.* Yeah, well Will figured they might need the help of any god they could get.

"Imo, engine on," he shouted.

The *peed 2 ton* was banging against the yacht on the left while the owners tried to fend it off.

"Do something," yelled the man, in English this time.

*Does he think I'm not trying?* Will hauled on the anchor, dropping the chain back into the bucket. The yacht was still attached to the quay by two lines but once the anchor was up, it was free to kiss its German neighbor in a more passionate and violent way. The two guys on the next boat had put out extra fenders toward their stern but the wind was so strong, Will knew he was going to have a problem pulling out without a collision.

Imo stood shivering in the cockpit. "Can I do anything?"

"I need to you hold the boat to the quay. I'll loop a line through the mooring ring so when I tell you to let go, you can let the loose end free and pull it back on board."

"Can't you just throw the anchor off the back of the boat?" she asked, the wind whipping her hair around her face.

"Too close. Even if I had the dinghy inflated, it's too windy to take the anchor further out into the harbor. We're going to have to motor out and come back in. Follow me and don't lose your footing."

Rain began to fall, cold, sharp splinters biting his back like shards of glass. In a minute it would — ah there was the lightning flash. Imo squealed. Will jumped onto the quay and sorted out the ropes.

"Pull on this," he said and handed her the loose end. "As hard as you can, Imo, because you're the only thing stopping the boat drifting into the harbor."

Will leapt back on board and scuttled past her. "When I tell you to, draw the rope in so it comes free of the ring."

Once he was at the helm, Will yelled for her to let go. As the boat made a bid for freedom, Will put it in reverse and backed out, the German guys fending him off as he bumped down the side of their craft. Imo picked her way to his side. Even as Will pulled away from the line of yachts, he knew going back into the same spot would be virtually impossible. Apart from the fact that the gap seemed to have disappeared, the wind direction was against him. Easier to motor to the opposite side of the harbor and moor up there.

Only one spot looked possible, next to a large cruiser. Will would have liked more fenders out but he'd have to risk it without, because he wasn't risking Imo falling overboard.

"Want to handle the anchor or take us in?" he yelled.

She looked as though she wanted to run fast in the opposite direction, but she set her shoulders and shouted, "The helm."

"Come and stand in front of me, feel how much it's pulling so you don't let us drift."

Will took them in a circle, let Imo take in the strong drag of the tiller before he faced the place he'd chosen. Five feet of chain for five feet of water. That was the rough rule for anchoring. Will let Imo take control and the boat stayed steady. *Thank fuck for that.*

The moment the anchor went in, Will raced to the other end of the boat. The starboard line lay in a messy pile where Imo had dropped it, no time for the neat coils Stefan insisted on. Will tidied it up and readied himself for the jump onto the quay. Imo was doing a great job of bringing the boat in steady and straight. He held up his hands to show her how much space she had left and then dropped his arms, the signal to stop.

He leaped onto the dock, tied one rope, went back for the other and then pulled himself back on board. Imo stood trembling in the cockpit.

"Well done," Will said.

He checked the anchor was holding, turned the engine off and then breathed a sigh of relief. Imo's fingers still gripped the tiller.

"You can let go now," Will said at her ear.

"Can't."

*Shit.* Her fingers were bone white around the wood. Will peeled her away from the helm and took her below. Once the hatch cover was in place to shut out the wind and rain, he wrapped his arms around her shaking body.

"Are we safe?" Imo whispered.

"Yep. You are such a star."

"Was it my fault the anchor slipped, because I didn't let it go fast enough this afternoon?"

"Absolutely not." *Probably yes.*

"You're just saying that."

Will buried his face in her wet hair. "This storm has come out of nowhere. Anything could have dislodged the anchor. We're fine. These things happen."

He snagged a towel from the shelf and rubbed it over her face and hair before draping it around her shoulders.

"I'm cold." Imo shivered.

"Like me to apply my own special warming technique?"

She laughed.

"What?" Will put on an indignant face. "I mean rub you vigorously all over."

"I thought you were going to suggest applying heat internally."

"You didn't let me finish. Rub you vigorously all over, outside and in."

"In that case, go ahead."

Will stripped off his soaked shorts and dropped them in the sink. When he turned, Imo was naked. *God, she's beautiful.* Even with her windswept hair and goose-bumps, she looked like an angel. She wiped the rain off his chest with the towel, brushing his nipples into peaks, sweeping the scratchy cloth over his abs and down to his always hopeful cock.

"He doesn't seem to be bothered by the cold," she said, lightly stroking his erection with the towel.

"I'm not sure anything could distract him when you're standing there naked."

Imo dropped the towel and grabbed his hand. "Back to bed."

Will made her feel safe. Not just safe when she was with him, but secure in herself. Imo hadn't realized until now it was something she'd been missing, the confidence to be herself. Leo was a big guy, broader and heavier than Will but not as tall, and though she'd wanted to feel protected by Leo, Imo knew that had never been the case. He wanted to control her, not cherish her. He wanted to make her his in a selfish way. Will had dived into the water to save her after the parasailing accident. Would Leo have done the same?

Imo lay on her side, her back pressed against Will's chest, with his arms and legs wrapped around her. His belief that she could handle the boat in these conditions meant more to Imo than he could ever know. No one ever trusted her. Not when she was younger because she was the poor little girl who'd lost her parents and had to be looked after, all her grandparents had left of their eldest son. Not when she was older and got things wrong all the time.

"What are you thinking?" Will asked.



That was another first. Leo would sooner have chewed off his finger than ask that.

"The brilliant way I brought us up to the quay. I'm clearly a natural yachtswoman. So when I get my name in the paper for single-handedly sailing twice around the world, east to west and north to south, don't go telling anyone the story about how I couldn't walk the plank to get on board."

She felt Will laughing against her. "You do know you can't sail north to south? There's the little issue of the ice caps and land masses. Plus I don't want you doing anything single-handedly."

His hands slid over her breasts and squeezed.

Imo moaned. "Two hands are best, you're right."

"So what were you thinking?" he asked.

"You're a pest."

Will nibbled her ear. "I try."

"That...that we're a team," she whispered. "That you trusted me. I think I've been treated as a baby too much of my life. After my parents died and I moved in with my grandparents, they wanted to protect me from everything. I was lucky. I wasn't bullied. I was bright. Not very sporty but people liked me. I thought I had my future mapped out. University. A good job and then everything went wrong."

"How?"

"I went back to school in the September after my exams and I realized I wasn't clever at all. My geography teacher handed out pages and pages about the chemical composition of soil and told us to take notes as he talked. Before, the teachers had waited until they were sure we'd got it but now they rattled the information out and I just couldn't take it in. I thought I could make notes afterwards from the handouts but I didn't know what was important because I'd lost track in the lesson. Same with my other three subjects. I dropped one. Made no difference. I got more and more lost. Eventually I walked out and found a job."

"Doing what?"

"Working in the kitchen at a tapas bar. I knew I could do better but I couldn't find anything better. Once the psychologist said I had a recognized learning disability, I felt this huge relief that it wasn't me being stupid. But in the end, it made no difference. Without qualifications I couldn't get the sort of job I wanted."

"What's that?"

"Nuclear physicist."

Will laughed.

"Hey, I'm serious," Imo said. "Anyway, I've changed my mind. I've decided I've got enough experience for something else now."

Will nibbled around her ear. "Do I want to know what?"

"Sex therapy. Ouch." Will had nipped her ear.

"No, you're wrong," he whispered. "I've not taught you everything I know."

"How long will that take?"

"Years and years."

Imo squirmed her backside into his erection. "Or minutes and minutes."

"Another challenge."

He laid her facedown and lifted her hair to kiss her neck. One kiss and Imo's bones began to melt.

"Ooh," she whimpered. "No need for the thumbscrews, I'll tell you everything."

He laughed against her back and trailed his lips over her shoulder blades as he stroked the sides of her body with his fingers. Imo floated on a cloud of lust. Arms, legs, fingers, toes, all came in for the same treatment from his mouth, lips, teeth. Will kissed, licked and nipped until she was tight as a violin string one moment and a puddle the next.

"You have the most bitable backside." He ran his finger down the crease of her butt. "It's too —"

"Be very careful. There's one word in particular no woman wants to hear."

"Too tempting."

Imo felt his exhale hit her lower back and wondered. *Tempting?* "Do you want to fuck me there?" she whispered.

Will didn't answer. Nor did he move. Had she disgusted him? Excited him? Imo couldn't believe the former. She'd spotted that condom he'd brought with him before they'd been distracted and suspected his intent. But maybe she was wrong.

"Yes," he said.

"That took you an awful long time."

"I wanted to be sure I didn't squeak."

Imo turned her head to look at him and smiled. "I haven't done it before."

"Oh fuck. Are you sure?"

She grinned. "I think I'd have noticed."

"Smart arse." Will licked up her spine.

"What about you? Have you done it before?" she asked.

"No."

"Do you know what to do?"

"Point and push."

"Will!"

He dropped his face onto her butt and slid his hands under her body to cup her breasts. "The moment you say stop, I will."

"Stop."

He lifted his head. "What?"

"Just testing," Imo said.

Will growled and lifted her at the waist, spreading her knees. Imo winced. *This has to be the most unflattering pose, ever.* Only Will didn't seem to think so. She could hear his noisy breathing, feel his rigid cock brushing her leg. He trailed his finger down the crease of her buttocks, the pad of the finger going down, the nail making the return journey. Two passes and Imo was about to rip the sheets she'd gripped in her hands. She found herself digging her knees into the mattress and arched her back, lifting her bottom into his caress, urging him to do more.

A solitary finger pressed a little deeper, fluttered over her anus and buried itself in her moist folds.

"You are so wet," Will whispered.

He changed the angle of his hand, found her clit and Imo groaned.

"And hot," Will said.

He rubbed her clit and the need to come clamped deep inside her core.

"And hard," Will added as he teased the little knot.

"And fast," Imo gasped as the tightening coils began to bite.

"Come for me, Imo," he whispered.

Pressing her head into her forearm, she slid the other hand back to Will's and they massaged her clit together.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God." Imo's throat constricted, her belly tensed and she felt the rush of hot, liquid sensation as she tipped over the brink. She shuddered and trembled and would have slumped if Will hadn't shifted an arm to support her. His other hand didn't stop, two fingers delving into her wetness, easing the last of the spasms away.

Imo felt his wet thumb brush her anus.

"Not sure I even need lube, you're soaking," he whispered.

"Yeah you do. Lots and lots. Squirt it on. Use the whole tube."

Muffled laughter came from between her legs.

"Not going to collapse now?" he asked.

"No."

His arm slid from beneath her and Imo heard the sound of a packet ripping, followed by the snap of latex and then the squelch of lubricant. Her heart rate doubled in an instant. Then Will's thumb was back to brush her asshole, circling, pressing. He put his other hand flat over the mound of her sex, anchoring her into his caress. Imo could feel his ragged breath at the top of her thighs and the hard length of his cock lying against her leg.

Will's fingers eased in and out of her pussy, while his thumb coaxed its way into her anus. Imo rubbed her nipples on the sheet. How fast he wound her up again. She felt like she could never have enough of him. Will dragged his cock along the crease of

her butt and when Imo felt the thick, blunt head stroke her asshole, she wobbled. Maybe she *could* have enough of him. *Oh God*. No way would he fit. She could barely get him in her mouth. How big was her – ?

“Relax,” Will whispered. “I won’t hurt you. I want you to feel good.”

Imo tried to relax. Will leaned over her, rubbed his face against hers and kissed her ear. His cock slid up and down the crease of her backside.

“Okay, sweetheart?”

“Oh, now you come out with the endearments,” Imo muttered.

Will laughed. “If you make me laugh, I can’t do this.”

“Have you heard the one about – ?”

“Imo.”

Every nerve in her body hummed with anticipation, as if they were highly flammable and fire was a lick away. Will pressed against the resisting ring of muscles and Imo felt a burning sensation as the pressure increased.

“Oh Christ,” Will panted. “Push back against me.”

Imo felt him slide a little deeper. His fingers tightened on her mound as he held her steady. She felt warm, full, a little pain but nothing bad. The gentle push and retreat of his cock launched her back onto the road to bliss.

“Are you all the way in yet?” she asked.

Will released a choked groan. “An inch.”

“To go?”

“No, I’m about an inch in.”

Imo laughed and then gulped it back when she felt him pushing, pushing, pushing. Air escaped her lungs in ragged bursts and then he slid all the way home as though she’d somehow suctioned his cock inside her. The moment of discomfort passed so fast she almost wanted it back.

“I’m ready now. You can push your lovely thick cock inside me anytime you like,” she said.

Will shook against her. “I’ll get you back for that.”

Imo was rather hoping he would.

“Sure you’re okay?” he whispered.

“Mmm. Feels weird.”

“I hope it’s good weird because I think it’s fucking fantastic.”

One arm slid under her belly, the other hand pressed against the mound of her sex, one finger reaching to tease her clit, and then Will moved.

Imo groaned so loud she almost frightened herself. His hips began to rock as he surged inside her tight channel. She could feel Will’s swollen balls slap her backside, his throbbing cock hot inside her.

"Jesus, Imo. You feel so good."

His short strokes and the pressure of his hand over her mons catapulted her back into an erotic whirlwind. Out of nowhere, Imo tensed and exploded. A shower of fiery sparks flashed through her body as she gasped into the mattress.

Will's thrusts became longer and deeper. He moved his hands to stretch out his arms along her, his fingers sliding over the back of Imo's, linking, tightening. Imo couldn't support his weight, and each thrust pushed her down until she lay flat on her stomach, legs spread with Will rubbing his whole body against her back.

She knew he was close and his excitement pulled Imo back to join him. How could she come again? But his hips slapped against her backside and the muscles in her belly contracted. Her pussy clenched and Imo slipped a hand down to push her fingers into her dripping sheath.

When she felt his cock through the thin wall separating the two channels, a stab of pleasure grabbed her and her muscles tightened again.

"Imo," Will gasped.

His cock stiffened, Will tensed and his hips seemed to convulse as he cried out. Imo stroked him from inside her pussy and the added sensation pulled her over once more, rapturous spasms setting her spine alight. Will shook for a long time, his fingers tightening on hers, his sweat-soaked body trembling along hers, his mouth pressed to her neck.

"You okay?" Imo asked.

"I don't think I'll ever be okay again." He lifted his head. "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No. Only I'm exhausted. I lost count of how many times you made me come."

She closed her eyes. Imo felt Will's weight lift from her, his cock withdraw from her and the next thing she felt was a cool cloth sweeping over her body. As Will cleaned her, Imo slid into sleep.

## Chapter Nineteen

Will grunted when Imo jolted him awake. Daylight filtered into the cabin and he blinked the sleep out of his eyes. Imo had a tendency to lie like a starfish, her leg slung over his thigh, her arm over his chest but now she burrowed against him as if trying to crawl under his skin. What had disturbed her? The boat rocked, the wind still howled but they hadn't drifted in the night. Through the half-drawn curtain, Will could see the white hull of the boat next to them.

"Fucking go look again."

The voice was faint but the owner's identity clear. Will stiffened and Imo curled up tighter.

Leo.

"I'm going for breakfast," Leo said. "They must be here somewhere. No one will be leaving harbor in weather like this."

"Stay here, don't move," Will whispered.

He crawled out into the main cabin, found a dry pair of shorts and pulled them on. Grabbing a towel, Will opened up the companionway and stepped out into the wind. He pretended to dry his hair and face as he looked around. They were moored next to a large motor cruiser that dwarfed the *peed 2 ton*. Will scrambled forward and saw three men walking away from him down the quay. Leo and his brother and the hired muscle?

"Looks like you need a new paint job," called a voice in English.

*Shit. Someone still on the boat next to them.* Will let loose a flurry of Greek and shrugged as if he didn't understand what the guy said.

"Paint. Coming. Off," the man shouted and pointed to the side.

Will had no choice but to bend and look. A quick glance and he waved his thanks and hurried below. Imo was pulling on shorts and a T-shirt.

"We have a problem. Two of the letters have peeled off and the paint's coming away in patches. I can see *thin* quite clearly. I don't know how long it will take for them to put two and two together and one of them to recognize me."

"Can we just sail out of here?" Imo asked.

"The weather is terrible."

"The alternative is worse."

Will dragged his fingers through his hair. "How the hell did they know where we were? It isn't just coincidence we've ended up in the same port. They *know* we're here."

"You told Rachel. Maybe —"

"Yeah." Will didn't want to think about the implications of that.

"I want to leave," Imo said. "Please."

"You'll have to stay below until we're out of the harbor and you need to wear a life vest. The sea's rough."

Imo clutched his hand. "You too."

"Me too."

Will picked out two life vests and gave her one, making sure she had it on the right way before he went back on deck. The English guy was leaning over the side of the motor cruiser staring down into the cockpit. *Fuck*.

"You going out in this?" he asked.

"*Poutsokefalo*." Dickhead.

The guy spat into the sea. "Fucking idiot."

"*Fila mou to kolo*." Kiss my ass.

Will worked as fast as he could, engine on, anchor up. He was trying to sort out the lines on the quay when a passing yachtsman stopped to give him a hand. Not impossible for Will to get out on his own, but with the wind tugging at the stern, any help was welcome. The man didn't speak English but every gesture said he thought Will was crazy for leaving the safety of the port.

At least the wind blew them out of the harbor so the engine didn't have to struggle. When Will saw the state of the sea beyond the protective walls, he groaned. He didn't need his instruments to tell him the wind speed, in fact he preferred not to know. No choice over which way to go, they'd be driven back the way they'd come the day before.

"Can I come up?" Imo called.

"Yes."

Imo stepped onto the deck and he watched the color leech from her face. With a low and heavy cloud base, the churning gray sea looked malevolent. The waves were running six to nine feet at least and Will estimated the wind at well over thirty miles an hour. The noise was terrible—a combination of screeching rigging, crashing seas and a thunderous wind. Spray had already soaked Will. The only consolation was that it wasn't cold.

"Which way are we going?" she asked.

Will gave a little laugh. "Not our choice. There's only one way to go. The engine is useless against winds this strength. Once we're well away from the harbor I can put up a bit of headsail and we'll zoom along."

He tried to sound cheery but wasn't sure he fooled her. Will kept checking behind but there was no sign of the motor cruiser or any craft following. Maybe they should have stayed put, but Will was no match for four strong guys. He wasn't sure he was a match for one. All they needed to do was grab Imo and run. By the time Will found someone to listen, assuming he was in a fit state to talk, she'd be gone. At least out at sea, they were safe. Sort of.

"Go below and call Stefan," Will said. "Tell him what's happening. While you're down there could you tidy things up, tuck them away so stuff won't get thrown about if it gets rough?"

She cast him a panic-stricken look. "This isn't rough?"

"It's not too bad," Will lied.

While Imo was in the cabin, he released a little of the headsail and turned off the engine.

With the wind coming from directly behind them, they surfed the waves, riding up and over the crest to slide down the trough. It wasn't too bumpy so long as Will could find the right line to take. They could keep going like this with no problem so long as they kept away from the leeward shore and didn't encounter any sudden squalls. Currently, they were in the middle of a wide channel with no obstacles in sight. The noise was terrible, the whine and howl of the rigging making it seem as though the boat was yelling back at the weather.

Imo came on deck and slid onto the seat next to him. "I got Stefan on your mobile. He sounded a bit shocked we'd come out in this. He has all his fleet in port."

"Wimp," Will said.

"He said Rachel had called him on the radio to tell him where we were and maybe that was how Leo had found us, so we need to be careful what we say on the VHF. He also said he'd spoken to his policeman friend."

"Okay. That's good."

Imo clung onto the seat as they dropped over into a deep trough. "I thought we'd be sailing tipped over on our side when the winds were like this."

"We would be if I let out the mainsail but not like this when the wind's directly behind us."

"Could you put the mainsail out?"

He laughed. "Maybe later, but only with a few reefs in it. Too windy for a boat our size."

Imo looked back and gasped. "Will, look."

He turned and his heart jackknifed into his throat. Racing up behind them, plowing through the waves as though they were made of butter was the big white motor cruiser that undoubtedly held some very pissed off and dangerous guys.

"They're gaining on us," Imo said with a whimper. "Can we go faster?"

"No." Not fast enough to outrun them.

Will's stomach churned. Had he done the right thing in leaving the harbor? He'd thought they'd be safer at sea but he supposed that depended on how far Leo was prepared to go.

The cruiser pulled alongside and matched Will's speed. They were too bloody close but Will kept his line, hand firm on the tiller, picking his way over the waves.



"Heave to," someone yelled.

"Fuck off," Will muttered under his breath.

"What do they want us to do?" Imo asked.

"Turn the boat into the wind and stop."

"We'd stop?"

"We might go backward but we wouldn't be moving much."

The cruiser edged nearer.

"Imo, go below."

"I don't want to."

"I want to talk to my wife," Leo yelled.

"She doesn't want to talk to you," Will yelled back.

"Go away," Imo shouted.

Will heard a sudden loud crack, following by three more but it was a moment before he realized what had happened. He'd felt the blow to his shoulder but the pain didn't register until he saw the blood. *I've been shot*. At least the guy missed his head, but how soon before he tried again? He tightened his grip on the helm.

"Imo," he gasped.

She was at his side before he'd finished saying her name, unclipping her harness and life vest and yanking off her T-shirt to press it over the wound. "Oh God, God." She turned to face the cruiser. "You bastard, Leo. What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

No way they'd hear her and Will wanted her out of harm's way. "Imo, go below. Press the Mayday button. Get the flares."

Imo tucked the T-shirt under his life jacket to hold it in place. His left arm was next to useless. Blood dripped from his fingers onto the deck. Will hadn't felt cold, but he did now. The yacht bounced on the waves as Will's control slipped. The cruiser soared ahead of them. When Imo came back on deck, she held the flare gun in shaking hands.

"I pressed the Mayday button."

"Up in the air, Imo," Will said.

She pointed it up but at that moment, their yacht slipped down a wave and Will saw the flare heading straight for the other boat. A moment later there was pandemonium on board the cruiser. Their cockpit filled with red light, smoke and flames, and the vessel veered away.

"Oh Christ," she muttered.

"Good shot," Will said. "Only in the air next time."

Served the bastards right. But when she disappeared down the companionway, he sagged. What the fuck was happening? Was this guy trying to kill them? Just him? How the hell did he think he'd get away with it?

*I've been shot?* Will still couldn't believe it, only he could because it bloody hurt. There was nowhere to hide. He couldn't go below deck and leave the tiller unmanned. One shift in the wind, one big wave and they'd go over.

The roar of the cruiser suddenly became much louder. Will heard Imo scream as she came up the stairs and he turned to see the vessel coming straight at them. Even as his eyes told him they were going to be rammed, Will still didn't think it would happen. They were just trying to scare him. They'd turn at the last minute. No one would be crazy enough to — *oh shit*.

The cruiser hit the stern, feet from where Will sat and rode up the side of their yacht. Imo fell backward into the cabin and then the cruiser was pressing the side of the yacht down, moving over him until all he could see overhead was the dirty white keel. Will let go of the tiller and slid to grab the rail on the opposite side as the yacht tilted farther and farther under the weight of the vessel on top of them. He knew he was going to go underwater, and if the propeller came anywhere near him, the water would be the least of his problems. Will let himself fall over the side. Water rushed into the cabin as he fell. "Imo!" His life vest inflated and the sea closed over his head.

Imo screamed as she tumbled backward into the cabin banging her head and elbows as she fell. She struggled to her feet but the floor tilted beneath her, tipping her into the chart table. Where was Will? One step toward the hatchway and she fell again, this time against the side of the boat and water rushed at her down the stairway.

*Oh fuck.*

*Don't panic. Don't panic.*

They were capsizing. The boat was going to sink. She had to get out. Why hadn't she put her life vest back on?

*Panic. Panic.*

Where was Will? Imo was completely disorientated. The front of the yacht seemed to be going up while the back went down. That couldn't be right.

Everything yelled at Imo to get out of the boat but as she clung onto a shelf and her backside settled against a window, there was only rushing water between her and the cockpit. The contents of the cabin sloshed around her—clothes, books, food, seat cushions. She tried to pull herself away from the water but was afraid to move farther from the only place she could get out. Unless she could crawl through the hatch in the forward cabin.

*Will. Oh God, is he all right?*

The boat shifted again and Imo caught her head on a window catch as her fingers were wrenched from their hold. The pain ricocheted through her skull. The noise around her was terrifying. Everything creaked and groaned and cracked as if the boat was going to break apart at any moment. Imo tried to climb up into the prow but it was like scaling a cliff face. She struggled to do much more than keep away from the water.

A few feet away, through the window on the opposite side of the boat, she could see gray sky. So they were still afloat. She had to get out.

Imo had just pulled herself past the head and into the forward cabin when the yacht fell away beneath her. She collapsed onto the mattress and water from the main cabin surged over her, filling her mouth. Imo battered away the floating debris and fought to find air.

*No, no.* She would *not* die like this. Imo sat up as the sea rushed away again and she could breathe. The boat had righted itself but it was deep in water. Maybe she should wade out through the main cabin but the hatch was just above her head. Imo decided to get out while she had the chance. Her fingers fumbled with the clip and then she flung the hatch back. She was about to haul herself out when she thought about Leo and guns. Then she thought about Will and stuck her head out.

*No sign of Will.* Imo gulped in distress.

A hundred yards to the right the motor cruiser headed away. Imo hauled herself onto the top of the boat and slithered over the wallowing yacht down to the cockpit.

What was left of the cockpit.

Imo collapsed onto her belly, her face above the companionway and howled. "No, no." The sides and back of the boat had been crushed to splinters. There was no cockpit. No tiller. No Will.

"Will," Imo sobbed. "Oh God, no. This is *not* fair. You can't die yet."

"How about when I'm eighty-five?"

Imo's head shot around. Will lay behind her. He crawled up until he lay next to her. Imo blinked and exhaled so hard she couldn't breathe in for a moment.

"Much too young," Imo said. "Unless you can't get it up anymore, in which case we'll go together." She groaned. "Oh God, I thought...when I saw the cockpit."

Will pressed cold lips against hers. "When the bastard rode over the back...I had to go underwater to get away from the propellers... Then he seemed to get stuck...so I swam around to the other side of the yacht... Once he'd pulled free...I climbed back on board and came through the cabin to look for you."

"I climbed out the hatch."

"And I followed you out."

"Thank God," Imo whispered. "Your shoulder?"

"Excruciating... Saltwater stings... I think the bullet went straight through. What happened to your head?"

"Why?"

"It's bleeding."

"I banged it. What do we do now? Is the boat going to sink? Do I need to blow up that dinghy? Not sure I've got enough puff."

"The wind's dropping...I think we'll be okay. It shouldn't be long before the Coast Guard arrives... Seems like Leo is making a run for it." He pulled Imo closer. "You took off your life vest. I was so scared I'd lost you."

"Because of me you've lost your boat."

"Do you think I give a fuck about the boat? You're the only thing that matters."

"I love you," Imo said. "Only let's not do that again."

"And I love you." He gasped in pain. "This is going to make quite a story when our kids ask us how we met."

Imo released a sound halfway between a laugh and choked cry.

"Oh fuck, Imo, hang on."

Will grasped her arm and Imo turned to see the motor cruiser heading back toward them.

## Chapter Twenty

"Need help?" Leo shouted when they pulled alongside.

"Fuck off," Imo yelled above the howl of the wind and the roaring engine of the motor cruiser.

"You need to get off before it sinks," he yelled back.

Imo could guess what would happen. Once Leo had his hands on her, he'd leave Will to his fate. Maybe even ensure his fate.

"The yacht's not going to sink," Will told her. "Well, not for a while. If it does, I want you to wear my life vest."

As if. "It's only inflated one side. The bullet made a hole in it."

"Don't talk about bullets. I'm trying not to think about how much it—how much I'd like to plant one between your husband's eyes."

It had to hurt. Imo gulped. Leo's boat didn't move away and she wondered if he was waiting to pick at their remains like a vulture. His vessel was damaged too. She could see the scorch marks in the cockpit and the scratches and gouges in the hull, but nothing compared to the devastation caused to Will's yacht. The motor cruiser had driven over them, tried to break the boat apart. It didn't make sense that Leo was this obsessed. Why would he want to marry her and then kill her? She didn't have anything special he'd inherit when she died. Imo hadn't even made a will. Only didn't husbands get everything?

Will groaned and she stroked his head. "I can't believe they shot you."

"Neither can I, only in a way, it's a good thing because they'll get arrested. I just can't figure out why they're hanging around. Why don't they run? They must know we've called the Coast Guard."

"Will, they're getting closer."

He lifted his chin and then let it fall again. "Fuck."

Imo saw a guy with a clean shaven-head and a smoke-blackened face pointing a gun at them. Leo stood at his side. Greg manned the wheel. No sign of another guy. She lifted herself over Will so she lay between him and the gun.

"Imo, don't," he whispered.

Will's face had taken on the hue of concrete. He shivered but Imo had nothing to cover him. She wore only her bra and a pair of shorts, and was probably as cold as him, but she pressed herself against him, wrapped her legs over his and turned her head to watch Leo.

The closer the motor cruiser drew, the more dwarfed Imo felt. She could see Leo and the guy she didn't know talking and gesticulating. Arguing? The wind was still dropping, the seas becoming less ferocious. The yacht rocked and rolled but didn't appear to be sinking any deeper, but the danger wasn't coming from the sea. What was Leo planning? And where was the damn Coast Guard?

"Imo, come with me and we won't hurt him," Leo shouted.

"You've already hurt him."

"Come with me and I won't kill him."

"Whatever it is you want, I'll give you but explain why you'd want to be married to someone who— Hates. The. Sight. Of. You." She screamed the last five words.

She turned her back on Leo and pressed her face to Will's. If they were going to die, she wanted Will to be the last thing she saw. His eyelids fluttered closed.

"Don't shut your eyes," Imo said. "You mustn't go to sleep."

The boat suddenly gave a violent lurch and Imo began to slide down the deck. She grabbed a rope and held onto Will. When she turned, the motor cruiser was heading away from them. Leaving for good or making a run to come back and hit them at full speed? Whatever the case, Imo could do nothing except hold onto Will and the boat.

"Talk to me," Will said his eyes half-open. "Tell me about you."

His lips looked a little blue now. A trickle of blood ran from his shoulder, red fading to pink on the wet surface of the boat. Imo stared at it, mesmerized.

"Imo!"

"Okay. Okay. Hmm...maybe I ought to tell you how difficult I can be. I know you must think I'm a really easygoing, trouble-free sort of woman who'd be no bother at all, but there are certain things I'm really awkward about."

"W-what?" Will whispered.

"I always get first pick on the top layer of a box of chocolates."

He gasped a little laugh.

"And I reserve the right to take one from the bottom layer if there isn't one left on the top layer that I like."

"Okay."

"You have to eat the caramels and the nutty ones."

"I'll force them down."

"And the truffles."

"I don't like those."

Imo raised an eyebrow.

Will's mouth curved in a smile. "Okay. I'll eat those too."

"I get to decide on which side of the bed I sleep," she said.

"You seem to like sleeping on top of me."

"And under you."

His hand reached for hers and squeezed. Not very hard and Imo's anxiety peaked again. Her ears picked up a change in the noises swirling around them. She lifted her head. The sight of an approaching motor boat made her groan with relief. By the time the narrow gray craft reached them, Imo could see the words Coast Guard on the side. The blue and white Greek flag flew at the stern.

"Will, we're safe. The cavalry have arrived."

"Hi...ho...Silver," he muttered.

Imo glanced in the opposite direction. Leo was already a long way away. That flare hadn't done enough damage.

"What's problem?" a gray-haired Greek called from the vessel bobbing next to them.

They couldn't see the state of the boat? Imo bit back the temptation to say "nothing" and yelled, "He's been shot."

"Anyone missing?"

"No."

The motor boat maneuvered to their windward side, pulled in close and the *peed 2 ton* stopped yawing. Imo saw several men on board and breathed a sigh of relief. They used some sort of grapple to draw the boats together and one of the guys stepped across.

"His shoulder," Imo said.

He crouched down by Will.

Another man clambered to her side. "We get you to safety. You come now."

"But Will –"

"We have to get sling to lift. You can cross without."

"What about the boat?" she asked.

"Too much damage. It will sink in time but we have to sink now so shipping not endangered."

"My passport. It's in my purse. Can I get it?"

"Okay. His too?"

"Inside the chart table," Will muttered.

"Anything else, Will?" she asked.

"My wallet is – was tucked into a shelf behind the table."

Imo worked her way back to the stern and with the Coast Guard behind her she went into the cabin, waist deep in water and debris. Not hard to find her purse. It floated straight to her. Imo opened it, hoping no water had got inside but no such luck. Her passport was soaked. Will's too and his wallet. But wet passports were better than nothing at all.

Once they were both on the Coast Guard vessel and Will was receiving treatment, the last of Imo's energy fizzled out like a damp squib. The guy who'd helped her to safety wrapped a blanket around her shaking shoulders and sat next to her. As they pulled away, she watched the *peed 2 ton* sinking and a bit of her heart went with it.

"Okay?" the man asked.

Imo nodded.

"I'm Yanos. Can you tell me what happened?"

Oh God, where did she start? That night she'd walked up to Leo after a week of his staring and given him a mouthful?

"Did you shoot your boyfriend?" Yanos asked.

Imo looked at him in horror. "No." Then her shoulders slumped. "I came to Greece to get away from my...husband, Leo." She told him everything that had happened and his expression never changed.

"The name of their boat?" he asked when she'd finished.

"I don't know."

"Can you describe it?"

"A big white motor cruiser."

Yanos gave a little smile. "That narrows it down."

"Sorry. But you could identify it from the damage. There was fire in the cockpit and the front's all knocked about because of the collision. Leo must have hired the boat from someone. His surname is Bardicci."

He nodded and yelled a load of Greek to one of the other guys. Someone brought Imo a cup of hot chocolate and she wrapped her hands around it.

"Is Will okay?" she asked.

"Come sit with him."

Imo sighed with relief when she saw Will was bandaged and had a drip in place. His color had already improved. She wrapped her fingers around his and held tight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Everything passed in a blur for Imo. After they docked, Will was taken by ambulance to a landing strip outside the town and ferried by helicopter to a hospital in Corfu. No room for Imo. She was taken to a police station where they gave her pants and a t-shirt and made her go through everything so many times her head throbbed.

Left alone for hours, when someone eventually came back to the room they'd locked her in, Imo sprang to her feet. "I want to go to the hospital. You can't keep me here."

"We can arrest you," said a dour-faced policeman with a black moustache.



Imo almost laughed but he looked deadly serious. "But I haven't done anything," she whispered.

"You admitted firing a flare into a boat, endangering the lives of the crew. You caused the skipper to lose control of the craft which then accidentally collided with your yacht," said the black-haired policeman.

Imo wasn't stupid. They'd found Leo's motor cruiser and been told a different story.

"That's not right," she said. "They shot at us. They shot Will. Then I fired at them. Well, not at them." *Shit*. "Into the air, but the yacht rocked and the flare went wild."

"Your companion was hit by accident. A warning shot when he pointed the flare gun in their direction – not you."

The walls of the room began to close in.

"Your husband came out here with his brother and a friend to ask you to give your marriage another chance. He hired Dardan Aliti, a professional bodyguard, who spoke English and Greek and who's licensed to carry a weapon. Aliti felt his client was in danger when he saw your companion holding the flare gun and acted accordingly."

Imo looked at the policeman and gulped noisily. She suspected money had changed hands. She felt like someone was piling stones in her stomach. This couldn't be happening. They couldn't believe Leo over her.

"Maybe you should try to patch things up with your husband," he said.

Imo wanted to scream.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was dark by the time the door of the room opened again. Food had been passed through a slot but Imo hadn't touched it, only drunk the bottle of water. When she walked out and saw Stefan waiting, she burst into tears.

He pulled her into his arms. "It's okay, it's okay."

"Will?" Imo gulped.

"Fine. He insisted on giving a statement before he went in for surgery. He's been stitched up and is sleeping off the anesthetic."

"Leo," she whispered.

"Talking to the police. I've arranged replacement passports and booked you and Will on a flight back to the UK in two days. I've spoken to the police and they've agreed providing you come back to Greece if necessary."

After she'd signed for her wet purse, Stefan ushered Imo out of the building toward a car.

"They don't believe me," Imo said, wiping away her tears with the heel of her hand.

"Yeah, they do. I've given a statement as well. The police are just naturally suspicious and what's happened isn't straightforward. I think you need to be careful back in the UK. You should speak to the police there."

He opened the passenger door and Imo got into the car.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"I've booked you into a hotel. I've brought your luggage and Will's stuff from the villa and taken it there. Tickets and passports will be at reception sometime tomorrow. I can't stay, though, sorry. I need to get back for the changeover."

He tossed a keycard onto her lap. "Room twenty-seven. Hotel Adonis Park."

"Thank you."

"Can you stand to tell me what happened?" Stefan asked. "Will wasn't making much sense."

Imo ran through the events yet again. "Will has lost his boat and been shot because of me."

"Do you love him?"

"Yes."

Stefan smiled at her. "Then nothing matters except that."

No, Imo thought, *nothing matters except that*.

Stefan pulled up outside the hotel and turned to her. "It was a pleasure to meet you, Imo."

"Are you sure?"

He laughed and leaned to give her a kiss on the cheek.

"Thank you for everything," she said.

"Thank you for giving me back the friend I once had, albeit a little shop-soiled. You make Will happy." He gave a dramatic sigh. "To think you could have made *me* happy if I'd only put you in a different villa."

"Oh, I think you knew what you were doing." Imo got out of the car. "Bye, Stefan."

"Bye."

Imo watched him drive away and then realized she'd forgotten to ask him which hospital Will was in. Maybe there was only one.

Imo slid the card through the reader on the hotel room door and pushed it open. A quick shower and she'd go back to reception and ask them to call her a taxi. If the hospitals were anything like those in the UK, a phone call would get her nowhere. Even if you told them the patient's name and said you were a relative, they were no longer allowed to tell you if they'd been admitted, let alone how they were.

She flicked on the light and heard a groan. Imo's heart rate catapulted straight to warp speed. One step forward and she sagged in relief. Another step and she took in the implications of Will lying in the bed.

"What the hell are you doing out of the hospital?" she asked. "Stefan said you had surgery, you were sleeping off the anesthetic."

"Nice to see you, too," Will mumbled.

He lay on his back, sheet to his waist, his shoulder heavily bandaged. Imo whimpered and then dropped to her knees and laid her face next to his.

"Will, oh God," she whispered.

His fingers threaded her hair. "I'm okay. Bullet went straight through and lodged in the life vest. I wanted to keep it as a souvenir but they said the police need it as evidence."

"Why aren't you in the hospital?"

"I signed myself out, got Stefan to drive me here and I've been waiting for you. Can't go to sleep without my little starfish."

Imo felt such a pang of love for him that her heart hurt. His fingers stopped moving and she realized he'd drifted back to asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Leo reclined his seat and looked out of the window of the private jet into the night sky.

"Leo, I—"

"Shut up." Leo didn't want to talk to Greg. He didn't want to talk to anyone. He'd done enough talking to last him a lifetime. This whole trip had been a fucking disaster from start to finish. If he could turn back the clock, he'd have waited for Imo to come back from Greece and then done...something. Only when he thought about it, that would have left her in the arms of that fucker for even longer.

Christ, this had cost him a fortune. He really did have to get his hands on Imo's money now. Dardan hadn't been happy though he'd taken Leo's money readily enough. Leo, Greg and Mike had made statements but they hadn't been the ones to pull the trigger. Leo had been as accommodating as he could manage, considering his temper. Of course he'd come back to Greece if needed, of course he'd cooperate fully, though he insisted the whole affair was a misunderstanding and the shooting a complete accident.

Not exactly an accident, though Leo hadn't told Dardan to shoot the prick, just fire a warning shot across their bows—literally. Dardan might have hit Imo. Leo swallowed hard at the thought. An accident was one thing, clear murder something else entirely. All this would have been for nothing.

## Chapter Twenty-One

Will and Imo walked through customs into the arrivals hall at Heathrow airport with Imo pushing the cart carrying their luggage. She'd tsked when he'd stepped forward to lift the cases off the carousel and given him the look she reserved for guys with Speedos and two earrings. It nearly killed her lifting them but no way would she let Will do it.

"We'll get a cab," Will said.

"No need."

Imo looked up to see a tall blond guy moving toward them. He had bright blue eyes and a tentative smile. Will's gaze flickered from one side of the man to the other and Imo knew this must be his brother Ed and Will had just checked to see if Addie was with him. Despite everything, Imo still felt a pang of dismay.

"Stefan called, told me what had happened and which flight you were on."

Will didn't say anything. Imo shuffled her feet at his side.

"Why the fuck didn't you call me?" Ed asked. "Will? Are you okay? I mean, you called me before...I thought things were..."

When Will still didn't speak, the man's mouth tightened. Imo was desperate to grab his arm, not let him leave.

"Sorry," Will said. He exhaled. "Sorry. I could do with a hug but remember I've been shot."

Ed pulled Will into his arms, careful not to knock Will's shoulder. Imo took a few steps back as the two men talked quietly. Ed's face lost the worried look and Will's mouth twitched in a small smile.

Imo wasn't sure how she knew the woman standing several yards away was Addie. She just did. Tall and slender with long legs, highlighted hair and big brown eyes—no, not brown exactly—sort of mixed up, not straightforward—Imo swallowed hard. *Ah*. She walked to the woman's side and smiled.

"Addie?"

"You're Imo." She smiled and then her face fell. "You must hate me for hurting Will."

Imo raised her eyebrows. "Hate you? I'm the one who got him shot. If it wasn't for me his yacht would still be on the water and not under it. Anyway, I could never hate you. I love you for giving him up."

Addie's mouth twitched. "Is he okay?"

As Imo nodded, she sensed Will coming up behind her. "Just a flesh wound," Imo said. "Hardly needed a stitch. He's fine."

"I am not fine," Will said at her shoulder. "It was not just a flesh wound. I was shot. The bullet went right through me. I'll need constant care and attention for weeks, probably months. Maybe longer. Hello, Addie."

He hovered and it was Addie who came forward and put her arms around him, kissed him on the cheek and whispered something Imo didn't hear into his ear. Imo stamped on the jealous imp bouncing on her heart. Addie was with Ed. Imo had Will and Imo knew she could come to like Addie.

"I paid the cleaner a fortune to work her magic on your apartment," Ed said. "She's filled the fridge with essentials. I gave her a list." He pushed the cart toward the exit.

"Did I tell you I was shot? With a gun," Will said, wrapping his fingers around Imo's as they followed Ed.

"Yep, you did."

"I hope you aren't expecting us to get in your Boxster," Will said. "I was shot remember."

"Yep, I know. Sold the Porsche. Bought a four-seater. BMW," Ed said with a glance at Addie.

"Oh," Will mumbled.

Ed loaded Imo's hard case and Will's soft bag into the trunk and Will and Imo sat in the back.

"You okay?" Imo asked and patted his knee.

"Tired. I was shot."

Ed laughed. "When we played as kids, I was the one who got shot. Will always claimed I'd missed him."

Will put his hand over hers and squeezed her fingers. He closed his eyes. His face looked less drawn now and his tan had returned. Imo's heart stuttered at the thought that she might have lost him.

"He asleep?" Ed asked as he pulled out of the parking area.

"Yes," Imo said and felt Will squeeze her fingers again.

"What are your plans?" Addie asked.

"Tomorrow I've an appointment to see my grandpa's lawyer and I suppose I'd better ring my uncle and tell him I'm back in the UK. Then I need to hunt for a job."

"What sort of thing are you looking for?" Ed asked.

"She's going to college," Will muttered.

"Am I?" Imo looked at him and he opened his eyes.

"I don't think you can be a nuclear physicist without a degree."

"But I—"

"Or that other career you had your eye on. The one that I inspired."

Imo smiled. "Oh yes, well I really would like to do research into erectile dysfunction. It would benefit so many."

Will growled while Addie and Ed laughed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Will slumped on *his* couch, in *his* apartment in Blackheath and sighed in relief. Ed and Addie had brought the luggage up and left almost immediately. Ed had apparently said nothing to their mother so that was an awkward call Will would have to make. Eventually.

"Come here, nurse," he said.

Imo snuggled at his side. "This is a lovely apartment. Nice couch, nice coffee table, nice kitchen. Brilliant view."

"You hate everything but the view."

Imo laughed. "I do not. It's very...manly."

"I'm a man, in case you hadn't noticed and I've a bone to pick with you. Erectile dysfunction?"

Imo trailed her fingers down his chest and laid her palm over his groin. His cock swelled under her hand.

"It's a miracle," she said. "God, I am *so* good at this. I should loan myself out."

Will laughed. "I think we need to check if I'm still in working order."

She looked at him. "Oh no...I don't think so. You've been shot after all. It'll probably be weeks before you're really ready. I wouldn't want to hinder your recovery. How many times did you tell the cabin crew you'd been shot?"

"It got us an upgrade and champagne, stop complaining. And I'm recovered enough. I want to go to bed. My bed. Our bed."

Imo stood and took hold of his hand. She pulled him up. "Which way?"

Will sighed. "Actually, I'd love a bath."

"Then you shall have a bath. You sit down again and I'll get everything ready. You want something to eat?"

Will sank back on the couch. "No, thank you."

Imo's voice carried back to the living room. "Bloody hell. How long does this take to fill?"

He had a very large tub, inherited with the apartment. Will had only used it a couple of times. He preferred showers, but if he took a bath, it would be easier to make sure the dressings on his back and shoulder stayed dry. Easier to make love to Imo. His left arm was weak and he was pumped full of antibiotics and painkillers but the best medicine he could imagine was Imo lying naked on top of him.

Will pushed himself to his feet and went to look in the fridge. He gave a short laugh. The essentials. Champagne and a platter of little nibbles. He set them on the counter and pulled two flutes from the cupboard. It was an effort, but Will managed to carry everything to the bathroom. He toed open the door and found Imo with her jean-clad backside in the air, agitating bubbles in the tub. She'd turned down the lights and switched on his music system to some soft jazz.

"Trying to seduce me?" Will asked.

Imo squeaked and just saved herself from a dive into the water. She turned and glared.

Will lifted the bottle. "I brought champagne but you'll have to open it."

"I'll unwrap you first."

Imo stood, took the things he held and put them at the side of the tub.

How could she make undressing him so erotic? But then, as she'd helped him dress that morning, he had a hard-on that could have hammered nails. Will had begged for a blowjob but she said she wanted him to wait.

To think he used to like waiting. Sort of.

Every time she unfastened a button on his shirt, Imo slipped her finger into the gap and stroked his chest. With every touch, he heard his heart pound louder. She eased his shirt over his shoulders and pulled it down his arms, careful not to tug at his dressings. Imo dropped the shirt and kissed her way down the center of his chest, bypassed the tent in his pants and knelt to lift his foot. Shoe off, sock off and her soft teasing fingers had Will's toes curling against the hard floor.

When he was barefoot, she looked up at him and ran her hands up his trouser legs over the tense muscles in his calves to the back of his knees. Will had to lock them so they didn't tremble. She might be on her knees to him, but he was the one under her control. His cock made another determined escape attempt and failed.

Imo withdrew her hands and reached to check the water. She turned off the taps.

"Not too deep. I don't want to drown," she said.

"Why – oh," Will said with a laugh.

When her mouth blew hot air over his cock, Will stopped laughing. He stroked her hair and she looked up and smiled as she kissed the length of his erection. He could hardly stand it and there were two layers of material between his cock and her lips. One firm flip of an obstinate button, a slow pull at his zipper and Will breathed out when his cock had room to move. His boxers sported a large, wet circle but a couple more minutes and it would have been a lot bigger.

She helped him out of his pants then slipped her hands under the back of his boxers onto his butt. Her fingertips drew patterns on the muscles of his backside and Will's breathing quickened. Squeeze and release as her pinkies tickled his cleft and Will could no longer hold back his groan.

"You hurting?" Imo asked.

"You have no idea."

She widened the span of her hands and dragged the boxers down until Will could step out of them.

"Into the water," she said.

*Into a vat of burning oil. Into a pit of snakes.* Will wondered if there was anything he wouldn't do for her. He gingerly lowered himself into the tub, sighing as the water rose around him. Imo opened the champagne and poured two glasses, handing one to Will. She left her glass on the side of the tub and popped one of the canapés into her mouth. Will watched every movement of her jaw.

"Want me to do the dance of the seven pieces of clothing?" she asked.

"Does it take long?"

"About four seconds."

He laughed. "Try for three."

"Ready to count?"

Will nodded. "One..."

Shoes kicked off as she yanked her shirt and sweater over her head.

"Two."

Jeans and panties off together. Bra unclipped and flying. It hit the top of the mirror and stayed there.

She was in the water and facing him before he got to three, though a small tidal wave almost hit his shoulder.

"I'm impressed," Will said.

Imo lay back, spread her legs and slithered down until her feet were tucked under his lower back.

"Not sure I like these bubbles. I can't see anything," Will said.

"That's true. There could be anything in here – piranhas, sharks, seahorses."

"Seahorses?"

Imo shifted around until she sat next to him. "I don't like the first two, but I'd hate to crush a seahorse. Did you know they don't have a stomach or teeth, so they have to keep eating or they die? They tend to mate under the full moon and they make these musical noises when they're coupled together."

"They can't curl their tails backward," Will said and moved a wet clump of hair from her eyes.

Imo's mouth widened in a broad smile.

Will slipped his arm around her. "They have a single mate for life. When they come together in the morning, they dance with their tails entwined, they change color and then they go off and do their own thing for the rest of the day."

"They're cute and you know the best thing about them?"



"Yes," Will said. "They're the only species in the whole animal kingdom where the male has the babies."

Imo laughed. "Don't let me drown," she said and a moment later her lips were around his cock.

Will gulped the rest of the champagne, put the glass down and closed his eyes. How little it took to blank his mind to everything but this. The warm water bathing his cock and taut balls, Imo's lips tightening and releasing as she took him in and out of her mouth. *Oh God, no way can I hold off.* As though she'd read his mind, her fingers encircled the root of his cock, squeezed and pushed down, and his desperation lessened a fraction to the level of dire need.

"Oh, Imo," Will grunted.

His fingers brushed her cheeks. He could feel her jaw stretching. Such a tiny mouth but it made his cock look bigger. Will lifted his hips, not without effort, but she *was* going to drown if she didn't come up for air. He shifted around until he could slide his butt onto one of the molded seats in the tub and Imo moved with him, still sucking, still licking, her face splattered with bubbles.

She lifted her head and feather-licked his swollen glans, pausing to dip her tongue into the little slit to scoop up pre-cum. Will's cock ached, the skin around his blood-filled core so tight he thought it might split. He rocked his hips into her and she took her mouth from his cock to envelop his balls. Will closed his eyes. The knife-edge balance between acute pain and acute pleasure could never be closer. Exactly the right amount of pressure with her tongue and Will released a long echoing groan. He could feel her massaging him, separating his balls, teasing with the smallest nibble of her teeth.

Without her hand pressing down at his base, Will would have come. His semen boiled with the need for release. His head ached, his muscles were taut and fire flickered down his spine. Then his balls were swimming free and her mouth was back at his crest, teasing the crinkled edge of his foreskin, soothing him with the flat of her tongue. If she looked at him one more time—*fuck*.

"Enough," Will whispered.

He wrapped his hand around hers at his root and peeled her fingers away. She took him deeper into her mouth than he thought possible and when Will's thumbs grazed her throat, he could feel himself. His hips jerked, Imo pulled hard with her lips at his tip and Will felt like a firework that had been rising and rising into the air until the fire finally reached the mix of powder. Behind his closed eyes he saw colored stars in a night sky as he jetted into Imo's mouth. The bliss of each pulse sent him slack-jawed with delight. All pain in his body forgotten, pleasure held him in her thrall until finally he was empty.

Imo's mouth drifted from his cock and Will opened his eyes.

"Worth waiting for?" she asked.

"Always."

Imo washed and dried him like a baby. She wrapped him in a soft towel, tucked him up in bed and went back to get the food and the champagne.

"Exquisite dill and smoked salmon pinwheel? Delicious mini Yorkshire pudding with roast beef and horseradish relish? Or a sausage?" Imo asked.

"You sold me on the sausage."

Imo fed him and Will sucked her fingers into his mouth.

"I'm so happy," she blurted.

He looked at her and licked his lips.

"Not happy that you've been shot, obviously," Imo said.

Will's mouth twitched.

"Nor that your boat sank."

"It was insured, though I have no idea how to explain what happened to the insurance company."

Imo snuggled closer to him and laid her head next to his on the pillow. "I love you," she whispered. "And in one way, I'm glad about Leo, because if it hadn't been for him, I'd never have run away to hide in Greece. So I'd never have met you."

He brushed his lips against hers.

"Addie seemed nice," Imo said in a hesitant voice.

"She is. And if it hadn't been for Addie, I'd never have run away to hide in Greece and so I'd never have met you."

"So we owe them both thanks."

Will narrowed his eyes. "If I ever see Leo again, I'll show him just how grateful I am. With a bit of luck, he'll languish for years in a Greek jail."

"And he'll keep dropping the soap in the shower and not remember that it's a bad idea bending over to pick it up."

Will laughed.

"Had enough to eat?" Imo asked.

"I could manage dessert."

"Could you now?"

"Mmm. You think you can keep still while I help myself?"

"I can try."

Will's mouth settled around her breast and he teased her nipple with his teeth. Imo felt the climax she'd been nurturing begin to rise.

"Tasty little raspberry," Will whispered around her hardened nipple.

He sucked and licked, laved and nipped. The effort of not moving dragged whimpers and breathy cries from her throat. Imo's fingers dragged at the gray cotton sheet she lay on.

Will slid down to nuzzle between her thighs and he parted her wet folds with his tongue.

"Peaches and cream," he murmured.

Imo heard him slurp and laughed. "You're not supposed to eat with your mouth open."

"I love peaches and cream." He burped and the draft of air on her clit made her gulp. "Pardon me."

"No," Imo said with a laugh. "Are we already on that slippery slope? Toilet seats left up? Clipping toenails in bed?"

"I hope you don't. Sorry, I'll never burp again. Not even the whole National Anthem, which happens to be my specialty."

"Oh God, you're a guy."

"You'd only just noticed?" Will drew the sensitive nub of her clit into his mouth and raked it with his teeth.

Imo groaned. "I miss the burp now."

She felt him laugh into her and the sound rolled down her spine to set her fizzing but he didn't stop teasing.

"Harder," Imo whispered and he obliged.

Her climax smashed into her like a wrecking ball and for a moment Imo's world came apart. She let out a keening wail, her limbs useless, her head spinning. As the last spasm faded, Will was working her again, mouth, tongue, fingers and even as Imo wanted to say "enough", she knew she could never have enough.

His tongue rasped against her ultrasensitive clit and he speared his finger into her pussy, his thumb into her anus. Imo forced her heels to stay connected with the bed and pressed her thighs wide when all she wanted to do was hammer her heels on Will's back.

He looked up at her, his mouth and chin glistening with her cream. "Ride me?"

Will flipped onto his back and Imo straddled him, up on her knees, her fingers holding his cock at the entrance to her pussy.

"Ready, cowboy?"

"Hard and fast," Will said.

"Slow it is," she whispered.

## Chapter Twenty-Two

Imo left Will sleeping when she set off the next day for her appointment with her grandpa's lawyer. She suspected Will would have wanted to go with her but they'd had a more active night than was good for a man who'd been shot—as he kept reminding her—and Imo hadn't wanted to disturb him. She copied the number of Will's landline onto a piece of paper and stuffed it in her pocket so she could call him later.

She pushed open the door to Prichard, Holmes and Maverro and the receptionist smiled.

"Miss Hughes?"

"Yes, I have —"

"A ten thirty with Mr. Holmes. Would you like to take a seat? I'll let him know you're here. Tea? Coffee?"

"No, thanks."

Imo had hardly parked her backside on the cushion before a bespectacled bald guy emerged.

"Miss Hughes? Delighted to meet you." He shook her hand. "Come this way please."

Imo followed him down a dingy corridor lined with portraits of bespectacled bald guys. Oh, one guy with hair.

"Good journey? Traffic okay? Tea or coffee? Were you asked?"

Imo wasn't sure if she was supposed to answer all or none of the questions. He hustled her into an office and gestured to a black leather chair. It farted when Imo sat down. She moved again to make it clear the chair was responsible and not her. Third time for good measure.

"Ahem."

Her gaze shot up to meet his.

"My condolences on the death of your grandfather. A true gentleman."

And Imo remembered why she was here. "Thank you."

"Your grandfather's will," he said.

"I know he didn't leave me anything. My uncle said there's a letter?"

The man handed her a long white envelope. "I'd prefer you open it now. There are things we need to discuss."

Imo's heart started a complicated acrobatic display—loop-the-loops, twisting spirals, a freefall to stony ground. Her hands shook as fragmented nonsense jumped inside her head. Her parents weren't really dead but living in a naturist commune in

South America. She wasn't a Hughes at all but had been abandoned at a bus stop. She was a faerie princess and they wanted her back.

She opened the letter.

The lawyer drummed his fingers on the desk.

*Dear Imogen,*

*You have been our pleasure, our light and our joy. When we lost your parents, the only one who brought us comfort was you. We saw our dear son in your eyes and his wife in your smile.*

Imo blinked back tears as she read more of her grandpa's words, sentiments not often verbally expressed but shown in all that he and her grandmother had done for her.

*You'll be wondering why I haven't left you anything in my will. The answer is that you don't need my money, you have more than enough of your own.*

Imo wasn't sure how two thousand five hundred pounds and forty-six pence was more than enough. She couldn't even afford a car.

*You have a trust fund.*

Oh, maybe she could afford a car.

*It was set up on the death of your parents at their behest. The insurance money paid after their demise, the proceeds from the sale of their house, your father's stocks and shares, profits from his partnership – all this was invested for you. The proceeds become yours at the time of your marriage or your thirtieth birthday. If you're reading this now, it's because my death has preceded one of those events.*

*I'd hoped I'd be here in person to explain to you why I didn't tell you about the trust fund, but if you are reading this then that choice has been taken from me. It was always my belief and one that I instilled into your father, that children should make their way in life before the money earned by others made it for them. I'd hoped you would find a fulfilling job, a husband who loved you for who you were rather than what you had. I still hope for those things.*

*I was one of your two trustees. The other is Simon Wilcox, a lawyer working for Addleshaw and Timmons. At my death, my role as trustee passes to David Holmes.*

*Use your money wisely, sweetheart.*

*All my love,*

*Grandpa.*

Imo swallowed hard. "So I have money I can access once I'm thirty or when I'm married?"

"You have investments that can be liquidated. When I spoke to your Uncle James about your grandfather's will, he told me that you recently married."

Cogs slowly turned in Imo's head. "Yes."

"Your uncle knows nothing about the trust fund. Did you have any idea?" the lawyer asked.

Imo shook her head and he frowned, the wrinkles in his forehead looking like a neatly furrowed field.

"Have you received any money from the fund?"

"I just told you I didn't know I had one."

He licked his lips.

"To be clear, you've not recently received two hundred and fifty thousand pounds from Simon Wilcox?"

*Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds?* "No, I haven't."

"It's normal for stocks and shares to be bought and sold during the time a trust is held but the proceeds of this recent transaction should have come to you. Did you sign any authorization allowing your husband to access the money?"

Imo sighed. "Not knowingly." But she had signed something Leo had shoved in front of her, supposedly witnessing his signature. She was an idiot.

David Holmes regarded her carefully for a moment. "Perhaps there has been a misunderstanding somewhere along the line. I'll speak to the other trustee."

Who'd warn Leo and the game would be up. "Would you give me his address, please. And wait until I've had a word with him and my —" the word stuck in her craw, "husband?"

He wrote on a piece of paper and passed it across the desk.

Imo got to her feet. "Thank you."

The lawyer rose. "Don't you want to know how much you're worth?"

"Oh yes. Okay." It suddenly registered that since the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand had been mentioned, it must be more than that. *Wow*.

The man smiled. "Your trustees invested wisely, particularly early on in a little company called Microsoft. At a rough estimate you have nine and half million pounds."

Imo blinked. Then her backside hit the couch. "Bloody hell."

"Perhaps a cup of tea?"

One thought repeated in Imo's head. Had Leo known?

She drank horrible sweet tea and tried to pull herself together. Of course Leo knew. That was why he'd pursued her, married her, chased her. The rotten bastard.

Imo walked out of the lawyer's office in a daze, clutching the piece of paper with the other trustee's address. How had Leo found out? Not from David Holmes because he'd only just found out himself and Leo had never met her grandpa. At least she hoped he hadn't. What if Leo had been responsible for her grandpa's death? Imo shuddered. It had to be the other trustee who'd told Leo.

She might not have needed Will before, but Imo did now. The first phone box she found, she called him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Will moved too fast in his haste to answer the phone and yelped at the pain in his shoulder. He levered himself to a sitting position and grabbed the receiver.

"What?" he barked.

"Will?"

"Oh hey, Stefan. What's up?"

"You have a problem. The police didn't detain Leo. I tracked him to a private airfield. The flight plan indicates he's back in England."

"For fuck's sake." Will sagged.

"Tell the police over there, Will. The guy's dangerous."

"Yeah, okay, thanks, Stefan." Will ended the call and looked around the bedroom. "Imo!"

No response and when he saw the time, he guessed she'd gone to meet the lawyer. More to the point, he had no way of contacting her. Will's mobile sat in eighty feet of water and Imo's still leaked a salty puddle on the kitchen counter. They'd planned to buy new ones today. *Christ*. Will hunted for the number of the lawyer. The piece of paper had gone. *Shit*. He tried to remember the guy's name. David...*Fuck*. Why had she gone without him?

He knew the police weren't going to listen, but Will still phoned, told them everything and as each second passed he kept thinking — *I'm wasting time*.

Will switched on his laptop. A couple of names he did remember, her grandpa's, Ronald Walsh, and his son, James. They should know the name of the lawyer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Imo gave up trying to get through to Will and left him a message to say where she'd gone. She took a cab to Simon Wilcox's office and climbed the stairs to the second floor. Imo pushed open the smoked-glass outer door and walked into a carpeted reception area with a desk but no receptionist. She was about to knock on the part-open door of the adjoining room when she heard a voice she recognized. Imo stood poised with her knuckles an inch from giving her away, not quite believing her ears.

"Why haven't you done as I asked?" Leo snapped.

Imo felt as though a sharp knife had been drawn up her spine, not a trickle of fear racing through her but a raging torrent. She backed away from the door and her backside hit the desk.

"I thought you were on your honeymoon."

Simon Wilcox, Imo presumed. She looked at the door that led to safety and then at the desk. A moment later, she crouched underneath, out of sight and able to hear everything.

"Well I'm back. And contrary to expectations, so is my wife."

Imo gulped. What did *that* mean?

"I want it all liquidated. My instructions were quite clear," Leo said.

"You only called me yesterday. I can't do things that quickly," Wilcox said. "Now her grandfather is dead, there's another trustee involved. I need your wife's signature. Plus it takes three to five days to turn shares into cash and it's not exactly the best time to sell. You should —"

"Don't you fucking try to tell me what to do," Leo snapped. "You do what *I* want. You sold shares from her trust fund to pay your gambling debts. If that gets out, you're finished."

"But you said if the money came to you, no one would find out."

"The thing is, you paid me with money that was mine anyway. I figure you still owe me a quarter of a million."

"I regret —"

Leo laughed. "Yeah, we both know you should have kept your mouth shut, but you didn't."

"Your thugs held a knife at my balls. What choice did I have?"

"You shouldn't have gambled with money you didn't have."

"I thought I couldn't lose," the guy whispered. "How the hell did you convince her to marry you?"

"My natural charm."

"Well, you need to use that natural charm again. So far the paper trail is quite legal. She signed to agree to the sale of the shares and transfer the money to you. All you have to do is get her to sign over control of the rest."

Imo wrapped her arms around her legs and pressed her face into her jeans.

"And if I can't?" Leo asked.

"Well..."

"Spit it out. For a quarter of a million, you can come up with an alternative."

"If...if she was dead. It would be yours."

Imo held her breath.

"Well, duh, you moron. I *had* figured that out. Terrible accident on honeymoon. Bride lost at sea. But I fucking lost the bride before the honeymoon."

"I can't be a party to...that sort of action."

"Get her here to your office. Call that other trustee. Ask him how to get hold of her."

"What are you going to do?"

"I thought you didn't want to know?"

Imo had heard enough. She eased from under the desk and her eyes came level with the telephone. She lifted it onto the floor and retreated back under the desk. One finger on one button. 9-9-9.



"Could you forge her signature?" Wilcox asked.

"Police," Imo whispered into the receiver, trying to muffle her voice with her body.

"I could get the other trustee to sign and then rush things through as fast as I could," Wilcox said.

Imo little more than breathed the address.

"That might work if she hasn't been to see the guy," Leo said.

She had to repeat part of it.

"The line's busy. My secretary must be back. I told her —"

Imo caught the word busy and froze. She could hear the operator talking to her on the other end of the line and really didn't want to hang up. A pair of legs appeared in front of her and Imo knew that if Leo got hold of the phone, he'd persuade the woman there was no emergency. She shoved the receiver behind her, still off the hook. As Leo's face appeared, she kicked him in the balls.

Difficult to say, Imo thought, who screamed louder, her or Leo.

She scrambled from under the desk. Leo was doubled over, clutching his groin, while the lawyer, a forty-something in a sharp gray suit, stared at her in wide-eyed astonishment. Imo reversed to the door, reached behind for the handle and pulled it open.

"You fucking bitch," Leo groaned.

Imo froze when she felt something poking her in the back.

"Move into the office," said a woman.

*Don't think I want to do that.*

"Now," the woman snapped and—*oh God please don't let that be a knife*—poked harder in her back.

Imo stepped forward. Leo was white-faced with pain and fury. When his hand connected with her face, Imo crumpled to the floor. She slithered to the wall, gulping in distress and blinking hard as her eyes watered. *That hurt.* The gulps ceased for a moment when she recognized the woman. The bitch who'd fucked Leo at her wedding.

"Sylvie, what are you doing?" Wilcox asked.

The woman tossed a pen onto the desk. *Not a knife.* Imo was torn between relief and embarrassment.

"Get the forms for her to sign," Leo snapped.

"I'm not signing anything," Imo yelled, hopefully loud enough for the emergency operator to hear.

"Sylvie?" Wilcox gasped. "How do you know Leo?"

"Get those fucking forms," Leo said.

Sylvie opened a filing cabinet, and handed several sheets to Leo. He picked up the lethal pen and hauled Imo to her feet and over to the desk. "Sign."

"What are you going to do if I don't, kill me?"

"Yes."

*Better make it clear.* "How will you kill me?" Imo asked.

Leo laughed. "What? You want to choose?"

"Well, I don't think I'd like to be strangled. Maybe if you hit me over the head with something," Imo said.

"Stop all this nonsense." Wilcox stepped forward.

One glare from Leo and he froze.

Or had he seen the phone off the hook under the desk? He glanced at Imo and pressed his lips together.

Leo forced the pen into Imo's fingers. "Sign."

"What name shall I use? Imogen Hughes or Imogen Bardicci?"

Only a delaying tactic but Leo raised his eyebrows at the lawyer.

"Bardicci," Wilcox said.

Imo let the pen hover over the paper. How fast could the police get here? Were they even coming? Would something signed under duress be legal? She was dead if she signed, dead if she didn't. She tossed the pen at Leo and threw herself down and sideways toward Sylvie's legs, knocking her over.

Complete pandemonium ensued. Imo thrashed and screamed as if she'd been caught up some riot. When something struck her on the back of the head, her final thought was—*damn, I put the idea in that bastard's head.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"Imo, wake up."

Her eyelids fluttered open. "Will?" She struggled to sit up.

"It's okay, you're okay. Lie still."

Will knelt at her side. Imo looked around. Still in the lawyer's office but there were uniformed policemen everywhere. No sign of Leo or the other two. Her head ached. She whimpered.

"He's in custody," Will said. "Along with the lawyer and his secretary. Wilcox wouldn't shut up. I arrived just after the police."

A policemen crouched at her side. "Ambulance is coming."

"He wanted me dead," Imo whispered. "He was going to pretend I'd fallen overboard on the yacht."

Will clutched her fingers.

"I couldn't understand why he wanted that sort of holiday. Now I know. The secretary, she was the one Leo was with at the wedding." Imo sighed. "Maybe he killed my grandpa too, the police should investigate."

"You can make a statement later, when you've had medical treatment," the policeman said and stood up.

Will brushed Imo's hair from her face.

"Will?"

"Yes, my little starfish."

"I love you."

He smiled. "And I love you."

"Will you love me no matter how rich or how poor I am?"

"Course I will."

"I *do* have a trust fund. That's what the other lawyer told me."

"So you'll be able to support yourself at college."

Imo nodded and winced. "And buy a house. And a car. And a new boat for you."

"Hey, steady on. How much do you have?"

"Nine and a half million pounds."

Will didn't blink, didn't move. In fact he didn't seem to be breathing. This was a big thing. Imo wasn't stupid. Will was the sort of guy who needed to be the provider. While he might want her to be independent, he also wanted to shelter her. The sort of money she was talking about could scare him right off.

He keeled over and lay flat on his back.

Or make him faint, though it hadn't escaped her attention that Will had not fallen on his injured shoulder. Imo turned her head toward him. He opened his eyes and smiled. Will brought his mouth close to her ear. "Can I be your plaything?"

"Only if batteries are included."

## Chapter Twenty-Three

### *Christmas Eve*

"A few months ago I couldn't conceive how I could even live through today," Will whispered, "let alone enjoy it."

He pulled Imo back against his chest as they stared through the window of his childhood bedroom.

"It was lovely," Imo said. "Addie looked gorgeous. Ed didn't faint. The food was superb, the champagne delicious and your speech made everyone laugh. Even Addie's rather stern-faced mother who looked as though she'd got half a lemon stuck in her mouth. I didn't get that joke about Brussels sprouts though."

"Addie hates them."

"Me too."

Will pressed his face into Imo's hair.

"I really like your mum," Imo said. "Only she keeps squeezing me and smiling every time I go past her."

"You know why she does that."

Imo sighed. "She's so grateful to me for getting her eldest son shot."

There was a loud bang from outside and they watched the remains of a firework falling through the sky.

"My stepfather adores fireworks," Will said. "Any excuse and Thomas is online finding the latest spectacle."

A series of green flowers blossomed one after the other, faded and detonated again into spikes of orange, then white. Below the window where they stood, wedding guests were making their way home under a multicolored shower of lights. Addie and Ed stood hand in hand, waving goodbye. Ed hadn't stopped smiling the whole day, even through Will's speech, though everyone now knew about the time as a teenager when he'd worn their mother's underwear. "Only to practice unclipping bras," Ed had shouted.

"Oh that looks like someone's shooting silver arrows all over the sky," Imo said. "Cupid's alive and kicking."

Last Christmas Will thought his world had ended and now it had exploded back into life thanks to the woman he held in his arms.

"Wow, what a huge rocket," Imo gasped and wriggled her backside against his cock.

Will laughed.

"Nothing I like better than a big rocket," Imo said. "One, two, three bangs. Well that was a bit disappointing. I prefer things to go on much longer than that."

Will smiled into her hair. As if on cue, the sky lit up in a prolonged display with red and green whirling bees, silver dragon tails and a cascade of glittering stars.

"Ohhh," Imo said. "Lovely."

Will fondled her breasts.

"Aaahh," Imo moaned. "Even lovelier."

Blue and lemon balls of light expanded into crackling chrysanthemums that grew larger and larger until they filled the whole view through the window. His stepfather had never managed anything quite like this before. It must have cost a fortune. *Ah...*

"Imo, did you pay for this?"

"I might have."

As the last traces of color faded from the sky, Will turned her in his arms. His hands moved to cup her face and he slid his thumbs to her jaw, staring into her eyes.

"I love you so much," he whispered.

He brushed his lips across hers and as she opened her mouth, his tongue surged forward to tease hers. Will adored kissing her, thought he could spend all day and all night kissing her. Imo's hands curled around his back and slid down his shirt to spread over his butt. She tugged him against her, rocking her hips into his. His cock had behaved itself most of the day, just occasional lapses into rigidity when Imo said something, did something, touched something – okay – breathed near him. Now it used every trick in the book to burst open his zipper.

Will lowered one hand and slid it under her dress, up her silky thigh and into the back of her panties. He ran his finger down the crease of her bottom and Imo sagged. As his tongue explored her mouth, Will trailed his finger back and forth over her anus, and then slipped into the soft folds of her pussy. *Soaking wet.* Imo's legs widened and he smiled against her mouth. Her little clit pulsed against his finger and Will rubbed it in the lightning-fast motion he knew she loved while he slid another finger inside her. She gasped and panted and then dragged her lips away from his to gulp air.

"I love you," Will whispered and felt her muscles spasm wildly around his hand.

"Oh God. I am so easy."

"You hear me complaining?"

Imo trembled in his arms, her head nestled against his shoulder. He withdrew his fingers and lifted her chin so she could see him slip the same fingers into his mouth.

"One taste and I have to have more," he murmured.

"If you remember," Imo said, "we came up to get coats to go outside to watch the fireworks. Your mother has an itinerary we mess up at our peril. We're supposed to be downstairs singing carols and drinking mulled wine in three minutes."

"I've got my own carols." He cleared his throat and then sang, "She *came* upon the midnight clear."

Imo giggled. "It's only seven o'clock. We can't disappear yet."

"Silent night," he crooned. "Well, not so silent if I'm inside you."

"Will!"

"Oh *come*, all ye faithful—and Imogen." He propelled her back toward the bed. "Here we *come* a-wassailing—with Imogen."

"Are you about to show me Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer? Or shall I sing *Little Donkey*?"

Will growled. "You'll pay for that."

Imo sat on the bed and reached for his pants. "Oh good."

She pressed the button free and eased down the zipper. Will sighed with relief.

"First one naked gets to choose positions," Imo said and reached over her shoulder for her zipper.

"I'm wearing more than you." Will hopped as he tried to do more than one thing at the same time.

Imo shimmied out of her dress and reached for her bra clip.

"Necklace too," Will said as the bra went flying.

Imo glared. He'd had to help her put it on so the chances of her getting it off were—*oh damn*.

"A draw," Imo declared as Will's sock landed on top of the wardrobe.

"In that case..." He grabbed her around the waist and flung himself onto the bed with Imo on top. Before she had a chance to move, Will swiveled her around so her face lay over his crotch. One lick of her pussy and Imo shuddered.

"The deal is, you have to come twice before I do," Will said.

"Only twice?"

"Don't be greedy. My cock's already running a protest petition signed by every cell in my body, including my sperm. You're outnumbered."

Her breasts rubbed against him as she laughed, her hard nipples sending fiery tremors down his spine. When he felt her fingers tighten around the root of his cock, Will gave a deep sigh. She knew his body so well. Just as he knew hers. Will fluttered his tongue over her clit then delved through her creamy folds to thrust inside her. The smell, the taste of her was as intoxicating as a drug—even harder to concentrate when she had her lovely lips wrapped around his cock head.

Will kissed and nipped and licked. He went fast, slow and tried for somewhere in between. He played soft, he played hard. Every cry from Imo fed his ardor. Every moan swelled his cock. He drew the pleasure out of her like he was blowing glass, a fraction at a time, knowing she verged on the brink of shattering. He wouldn't rush this to gain his own release, but one involuntary suck at her clit—he just couldn't resist—and she

came, her thighs tightening around him, her body shaking against his, his tongue teased by the spasming muscles of her pussy. Her lips pressed more firmly around the head of his cock and Will groaned. Tit for tat.

He couldn't let her rest, he had to keep driving otherwise his cock would explode in joy or fury. Probably fury. He maintained the pressure on her clit, the swollen nub pulsing against his tongue. She moaned around his cock head, writhed against him and when Will felt the tip of his cock brush the back of her throat he almost lost control. *No*. More pressure with his lips, his tongue, his teeth and he knew he had her.

"Will, are you two coming—shit," Ed ended on a whisper.

As Imo exploded against his face, Will dimly registered that Ed had peeked in and then gone.

"Addie! I need you upstairs now. Our room. Emergency," Will heard Ed yell and he laughed into Imo's pussy.

Imo rolled off and swiveled around, still holding onto his cock.

"Does he not know how to knock?" Imo asked.

"He probably did."

She let his cock loose and Will groaned.

"New rules," Imo said and Will groaned louder.

"I don't want you to come until you're inside me. So if you think you're about to squirt, let me know and I'll let you have a breather."

"Squirt?"

Imo ran her finger over his lips. "You know. Fill me with your love juice, empty your pulsating manhood, explode your raging monster of lust, thrust your tumescent sword of—"

Will laughed. "Please, enough."

"Spoilsport."

She began at his feet, baby soft kisses that set him aflame. His cock jerked when she reached his thighs and she pushed them apart.

"Ah," Will gasped.

But her finger and mouth passed his groin and continued to his chest. When she suckled his nipple, Will's arms settled over her back and he stroked her spine.

"Oh shit, shit," he panted.

His body pulsed with excitement, not just his cock but every hair on his head. With feathery-soft kisses, her lips drifted down his chest and over his belly. His poor cock was frantically trying to signal its need, pre-cum dripping from the head, the skin pulled tight to the point of pain around his core. Imo slipped one finger between his shaft and his belly and rubbed the underside of his erection and Will let out a long sigh.

When she slid her finger up his cock and stopped at the edge of his crest, Will tried to swallow and couldn't. One tap by her finger against his primed *raging monster of lust* and Will wanted to scream – and laugh.

"Do that again and there'll be no time for warnings," he hissed.

When she used the same finger to tilt his cock head toward her lips, Will growled. The gruff sound turned to one of sobbed relief when her hand tightened at the base of his shaft and pressed firmly down. Safe – for a moment. Imo knelt between his spread thighs and smiled, her eyes huge in the dim light. Moment of safety over.

"Mine," she whispered.

Really over.

Will suspected he was drooling. He wasn't sure he could warn her when he was about to come because he'd forgotten how to speak. One small hand cradled his balls and she separated them with her thumb, rubbing gently down the central line.

He tried to say her name and released a gurgled moan. Imo's mouth settled over the dark head of his cock and tightened just past the ridge. Tiny wet sucks had his hips jerking against her other hand pushing on his balls. Then Will knew why he'd called her a starfish – how many hands did she have? Her fingers pulled at his cock in a counter-rhythm to the squeeze of her mouth while her other fingers massaged his aching balls into submission and her thumb found his sweet spot.

Hand hot, mouth hotter, tongue hottest.

Torture, torment, bliss.

Imo pressed some place below the head of his cock with her thumb and before Will could open his mouth to issue the one-second warning, tremors ricocheted through his body. *Oh fuck, that was good.*

She blew a stream of warm air on the head of his cock and Will took the chance to refill his lungs. He could feel sweat trickling down his face. Pressure in his head was threatening to turn into a full-blown headache. He still had to play Santa Claus downstairs. And he'd had as much as he could take.

"I need to squirt," he blurted.

Imo laughed so hard she fell off the bed and took Will with her. He dragged the duvet after them and rolled so Imo lay over the duvet and under him. She looked into his black eyes and gulped.

"You might well gulp, little starfish," Will whispered. "I was going to give you a choice of fast or slow but you don't deserve to choose."

"Sure that's not because you can't manage slow?"

Will glared and then lowered his head until his mouth hovered over hers. Imo could feel the warm wash of air hitting her face. Her heart raced out of control and she burned with excitement. Will slid his hand under her bottom and positioned his cock at the entrance to her body, nudging against her swollen folds.



"Tongue and cock together," he whispered.

*Heart and soul*, Imo thought.

His cock slammed into her at the same time as his tongue. Imo's body tightened in an instant. No more words then, only the feel of his body inside hers, the need to come so urgent it hurt. The room filled with the sound of their bodies slapping together in the desperation to drive harder, get deeper, race faster.

Will pulled his head back as his hips shifted into a higher gear, the strain on his face evident. Imo's hands curled around his shoulders, touched his scar as he drove down and yanked her up into him. She felt it then, the start of him coming, his cock heating and swelling inside her, her pussy tightening around him as her own orgasm rose to meet his. There was nothing else in the world then but the two of them, lying on the floor, fucking their hearts out and giving them to each other.

They writhed together, crying out with the intensity of the sensation. Each calling the other's name over and over, each on fire, and one or both of them screamed as the explosive splatter of pleasure hit everywhere – not one part of them untouched.

Pleasure faded into something deeper as they lay in each other's arms. Their breathing slowed, hearts returned to pound only in their chests and their bodies became their own, though Will's cock remained inside her. No need for straps and ties, it stayed where it wanted to be, where it belonged.

Will let out a low groan. "I feel lucky that didn't give me a heart attack. Except in a way, it did."

There was a shuffling sound from the door and then Ed and Addie's voices. "We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas. We wish you a merry Christmas and a –"

"Fuck off," Will shouted. "Don't you have better things to do?"

Imo heard the pair giggling.

"Ding dong merrily on high," they sang.

"Imo can always take that car back," Will called.

Imo had bought Ed and Addie an Aston Martin for a wedding present. "What is the point of having money if you don't spend it?" she'd asked. Will was less comfortable with her buying anything for him and Imo thought she'd give it all away rather than lose him.

"I love you, Imo. Sorry. Look outside," Ed called back.

It was a moment before either of them had enough control of their limbs to move, but Will wrapped them in the duvet and shuffled over to the window. Snow fell in fat flakes from a leaden sky. It had already laid a light covering over the ground. Imo worried for a moment for those travelling back after the wedding but most were spending Christmas in a nearby hotel.

"Think it will still be there in the morning?" she asked.

"It better be," Will mumbled.

"Why?"

"Because Ed is due a snowball down the back of his neck." He scooped Imo up in his arms and stumbled back to bed. "But if I'm to have enough energy to throw it, I need to sleep."

Will pulled the duvet over both of them and Imo spread out on top of him.

"Night, starfish," he whispered.

"Love you."

She was asleep the moment she closed her eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

For once, Will was glad Imo slept like the dead. Seven in the morning and he had things to do. He eased himself from underneath her and dressed in a sweater and pants. The moment he got to the bottom of the stairs, Mollie left her basket and came up wagging her tail. Will let her outside with him when he went to get the bag from the trunk of his Lexus and then spent the next few minutes toweling snow off her paws before she lay down again.

His mum and Thomas had decorated a fir tree in the living room and a pile of presents lay beneath it. Will added those that he and Imo had brought. Mollie whined when he went back outside alone but this was something he needed to do without doggie paws spoiling it.

Ten minutes later he was back in bed. A minute after that Imo crawled on top of him and spread out. Will smiled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Imo stared at Will's face without blinking, waiting for him to wake. She still hadn't got used the idea that her life had done an abrupt reverse. From married to a guy she hated, stuck in a dead end job, not even an apartment to call her own and now she was with the man she wanted to share her life, who wanted her to share his life.

Leo was in prison awaiting trial on a long list of charges, though not murder of her grandpa. The police had investigated but could find no evidence that Leo had been involved in his death and Imo was glad about that. The lawyer Leo was in league with confessed everything. In serious debt to Leo's casino, he'd suddenly come up with the money to pay and under pressure revealed he'd stolen from Imo's trust fund. Covering all his bases, Leo seduced the secretary and promised her the moon. Imo was angry she'd been so easily taken in but a little bit of her was glad because otherwise she'd never have met Will.

The moment Will stirred, she kissed him.

"Merry Christmas," she said.

"Merry Christmas."

He gave her one of his liquefying smiles but Imo sprang out of bed before he could stop her.

"No, we have to see if Santa's been. I always look for hoof prints." She ran over to the window and peeped through the curtains. "Oh no."

"What's the matter?"

She turned and pouted. "The snow's gone."

"What?"

"Come and look."

Will rolled over and stood up. He padded to Imo's side and she pulled back the curtain.

The words he'd written in the snow were quite clear.

MARRY ME

The words Imo had been down to write an hour ago just as clear.

ESAEPL SEY

"Oh damn," Imo said and winked.

Will laughed and tugged her back to bed. He pulled the duvet up around them and nestled her close. "Second chance. Imo Hughes, will you marry me?"

"I would love to marry you."

She gave him a gentle kiss.

"You know we'll have to wait," she said. "Bastard Leo could have let me annul the marriage and bastard lawyers could have found some loophole in the 'you have to wait a year' rule."

Will smiled. "We're no longer hiding from our past. We'll continue living in sin and this summer, Mrs. Starfish-to-be, how about we sail north to south, east to west, all around the world?"

"Yes please," Imo said.

*The End*

## About the Author

Barbara Elsborg lives in West Yorkshire in the north of England. She always wanted to be a spy, but having confessed to everyone without them even resorting to torture, she decided it was not for her. Vulcanology scorched her feet. A morbid fear of sharks put paid to marine biology. So instead, she spent several years successfully selling cyanide.

After dragging up two rotten, ungrateful children and frustrating her sexy, devoted, wonderful husband (who can now stop twisting her arm), she finally has time to conduct an affair with an electrifying, plugged-in male – her laptop.

Her books feature quirky heroines and bad boys, and she hopes they are as much fun to read as they are to write.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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