

A Holiday in Crete

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An extract from my novel, Only Silence Speaks Her Name.

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This is a chapter from a novel I've been writing, on and off for the last few years. Whilst writing it I happened to discover my penchant for writingporn..... Please leave a comment to tell me what you think and I'll think about finishing the novel. As glistening spume is blown ashore, as bubbles glow in all five colours of the rainbow, as mussel shells are bright with mother of pearl, so was Crete lucent to my eyes. - Mika Waltari Sytalkion, or Si-tal-ki-o as the locals pronounced it, was a silent, sleepy place in the noon-tide heat. The predominantly dark blue shutters of the old town were firmly closed, protecting the slumbering populace within from the worst of the dust and heat of the long summer day. In shady sandstone doorways, between the white balusters of balconies and upon cool marble window sills, lay cats of many colours. Enigmatic creatures of indeterminate breed, these were the much photographed hardy felines of the Aegean. Josh noticed several pairs of their yellow-green eyes regard him with dreamy indifference as he made his way slowly along the Othos Ariadne towards the pension door. At length he pressed the bell and immediately heard the distinctive, low voice of Kyria Zenia over the little speaker. "Oriste?" "Josh Mackay, kyria." "Ah, ela pethi mou." Josh smiled. He had quickly become the old lady's adopted son. Granted, it was a commonplace for Greek matrons to call anyone young, my child, but he felt that the old lady said it with genuine affection. The door clicked open and he was immediately greeted by the rich aroma of fried fish and garlic. Before him the long vaulted corridor arched elegantly away drawing his eye towards Kyria Zenia's lovingly tended row of basil standing in the brilliant sunshine. Almost a sacred plant to the Greeks, he had learnt that basil was never used in cooking but carefully and reverentially cultivated as the king of herbs and a thing of beauty in its own right. He ascended the stairs and saw that the courtyard was empty. He noticed a large black wasp hovering around a bunch of dark grapes near Becky's door and made a mental note to warn her. She was notoriously terrified of insects. "The only goud berg is a deyd berg," he whispered, in a gross parody of her Missouri accent. He looked back as a slight breeze caught the vine leaves, also causing the savory aroma of fish and garlic to tickle his nose once again. He burped and instantly tasted Zach's raki and meatballs from an hour ago. The mixture of beef, tomato and spirits had formed an uneasy alliance in his stomach – best to let it settle. He then ran his fingers through his hair and swept the long, wavy locks back from his ears. In the process, he felt several sharp particles of grit; as though he has been lying on beach sand. A shower

was called for. His room was pleasantly cool and dark. His suitcase waited reassuringly at the foot of the bed and the old coins he had bought a few days before lay by the bedside, enticing him with their secrets and inviting renewed examination under the magnifying glass. On the floor by his Docs, he then saw the corner of one of the Playboy News Stand Specials that he had picked up in Athens. With flawlessly airbrushed American skin, long American legs, luxuriant American hair and boobs of all commercially acceptable shapes and compositions, the NSS girls offered much. But when their job was done, he always seemed to look back at them as a beautiful punnet of huge, red, but ultimately tasteless strawberries. Reality check – yes, but he was not so hypocritical as to deny that they did their job well enough when the need arose, and lately, unaccountably, the need had arisen more and more. “It must be something in the water,” he told himself. As he grabbed a towel, Josh shed his T-shirt and sandals then vaguely wondered if anyone had yet emerged for a post siesta coffee. Erin was out and he had not seen Francesca since yesterday, Becky was probably composing the fifteenth page of her latest epistle to Coral the Marine and the whereabouts of most of the others hardly mattered to him. The courtyard was still empty when he emerged with only the distant drone of a cicada to be heard. He unlocked the bathroom door and peered into the cool gloom within. There was no need to turn lights on. He quickly shed his shorts and enjoyed the therapeutic cool of the tiles beneath his feet. The air in the room carried the faint citrus aroma that told him it had recently been cleaned, “I’m getting my money’s worth staying here,” he thought as he rubbed tight chest muscles and again ran his fingers through gritty hair. The water was like a warm massage and the spacious shower alcove gave an added sense of freedom to being nude. He washed his hair then paid fastidious attentions to his face and body. The fast jets of water and the smooth, soapy lather quickly relaxed him, so that when he turned his attention to his cock and balls, they responded immediately to his touch. He flicked his loose foreskin back and forth several times and felt his cock begin to pulse and stiffen. Throwing his head back sharply, he sent streams of water flying against the wall then took a mouthful, rinsed and gently expelled it against the tiles. Letting go of his cock, he squatted down, flexing his leg muscles then, from the corner of his eye, Josh caught a slight movement in the gloom. He had left the door unlocked as all his valuables were safely in his room. Suddenly a shadowy face appeared framed by long straight hair and a small twangy voice said, “Hi, I hope I didn’t startle you.” “Becky.” As she approached he noticed that she had wrapped a sarong loosely around her hips and that she wore her floral bikini top – a very flattering combination of stylized blooms in black, white and orange. He looked at her quizzically, totally forgetting that the only things concealing his nudity were the jets of water from the shower. She said nothing, stepped closer, then looked him straight in the eye and asked, “Can I join you.....just to save water?” This overly naïve sounding question made him grin as she smiled back sweetly. “Please, be my guest.” Without hesitation Becky shed her bikini top. It fell to the floor leaving her breasts covered by her long honey blonde hair. But only momentarily, for then, with both hands, she pushed it back. She immediately looked up at him; seeking and expecting his approval. But Josh’s face was stunned into blankness and he only felt his balls tighten pleasantly and retract. Still, at that instant, he could not have taken his eyes away from her, even if his very life had depended upon it. Becky was a few inches shorter than he, petite with a natural golden tan and

well toned muscles, particularly in her upper body. She was a self confessed gym-junkie and it showed, mainly in her solid round shoulders and shapely legs. Up above, there was a sweet, sincere face, set with large luminous eyes, a small nose and sharp delicate chin. Her smile had instantly attracted him when they had first met two weeks ago and now he let his eyes wander lazily across breasts that were firm; grapefruit sized handfuls with tight rosebud nipples. She slinked into the shower, discarding the sarong in the same instant. She wore nothing underneath. He could not help taking a step back, leaving her alone under the shower. "Where are you going Josh Mackay?" she asked teasingly. "Nowhere," he mumbled then got wet again. "Touch me," she whispered above the noise of the water. He immediately ran his hands over her firm smooth shoulders, over lithe forearms and down to long-fingered hands. He noticed a small Celtic knot tattooed on her shoulder then felt her fingers tracing the outlines of his pectoral and abdominal muscles. She pinched his chest hair and ran soft palms down his sides and back. She looked him in the eye, as though seeking his permission but said nothing. Instead she slowly moved her face closer to his. He saw her eyes close and their lips met. Motion ceased for an instant then he felt her lips part and he tasted the sweetness of her. She gripped his shoulders and he felt her stand on tip toes to better reach his mouth. He bent closer and they shared delicious lingering kisses, exchanged exploring tongues, nibbled lips and gently bit each others chins. Her tongue lapped the warm water from his chest as she slowly nibbled her way downwards, then as she stood up again; he took her perfect pale vermillion nipples between his lips. At first he sucked them and traced firm circles around them with his mouth, then he flicked them teasingly with his tongue and finally kneaded them between his teeth where they grew and hardened appreciatively. Becky all the while moaned softly and held the back of his head, lightly sinking her nails into his skin and massaging his neck. "Ah, Josh.....that's wonderful." As her excitement grew, Becky began to breathe harder and rub her body up against him. Meanwhile Josh felt sensual tingles race up and down his spine. Her hand now found his cock and began to flick the foreskin back and forth gently. She gradually increased her speed and pressure as she felt him swell in her palm. In no time at all Josh found himself with a satisfyingly strong hard-on. After several long moments she drew away from him slightly, breaking the spell, but then she gazed into his eyes, grinned and giggled. She placed a firm hand upon his chest, pushed him against the wall and slowly dropped to her knees. As soon as he felt her hand grip the base of his cock, he took a deep breath and sighed. Now he felt warm moist lips envelope the head and lick the tip, he felt her tongue slide along the lower side of his shaft and tickle his balls, whilst she maintained a constant steady massage at the base. She had started slowly, allowing him to relax and accustom himself to her technique but now she licked, sucked and milked his cock with growing passion. He felt her hand reach round and part his butt cheeks; adding a little extra flavour to the sumptuous feast of sensation that he was already enjoying. Josh could only throw back his head and breathe deeply – he loved the attentions of this beautiful girl. He now gazed down at her silky wet mass of honey blonde hair; such as the bees of Mount Hymettus might covet. He admired her perfect round shoulders and the lustful, concentrated bobbing of her head. It was a splendid vision, a tableau of desire, a beautiful dream made manifest, to which were added her moans and his sighs, filling the room with an elemental orison to nature. "Stop.....stop...."

he said breathlessly, reaching down and gently lifting her to her feet. She looked at him wide eyed and shook her head enquiringly, and then he unceremoniously relocated her against the wall. "It's your turn now." Becky only giggled, spread her beautifully toned legs wider apart than was strictly necessary and opened the lips of her pussy with both hands. Josh took a moment to look. He saw a beautiful pale pink camellia dotted with moisture from the spring rains. Becky had shaved her curly pussy hair into a T shape, how cute, he thought then he fixed his eyes on her swollen clit. As he caressed and tickled it with his tongue, he tasted her slight saltiness and his mouth began to water. He had a fleeting vision of sea-born Cytherea rising from the foam. Becky put one hand behind his head and stroked his long dark blonde hair. Then as her pleasure grew, she pushed his exploring tongue deeper into the silky folds of her pussy. A little of the water cascading down her delicious body entered his mouth now and then, giving him the impression of sweetness, like nectar from some rare desert bloom. The volume of Becky's moans increased all the while as her hard working lover applied himself eagerly to the task. He licked every fold of her labia with long broad strokes and delved as deep into her slit as his tongue would go. He could hear her moans above the sound of the shower and he heard her call his name a couple of times whereupon he returned his attention to her clit. Soon after he did so, Becky came. She gripped the back of his head with both palms spread and pushed him into her. She wriggled, gasped and sighed, her legs tense and her back arched. Josh felt her entire body shudder and pulse as wave after wave of orgasm broke over her. "Oh Josh, oh baby!" After her tremors had subsided he stood up, took in the look of pure ecstasy that was still on her face and rubbed his cock teasingly on her. She could only giggle and hold him close, reaching down to massage his butt cheeks. He hugged her and then took a mouthful of water, swirled it around and mischievously spat it out onto her chest. She growled at him with mock annoyance, "Jush Mack-ay!" "Thaz ma' name baby. Don't you go wearin' it out now." It was his best parody of an Afro-American accent and it made her laugh. "Oh please, I liked you much better as an Aussie." "Well you're a cracker little sheila Beck." "Er, thanks!" she replied through gritted teeth, "Now enough talking buster!" With that she grabbed his cock and massaged it while gazing into his face with narrowed eyes. They were eyes of purest turquoise blue, as warm, clear and gleaming as the shallows of the Aegean. She opened her mouth slowly, showing him rows of perfect white teeth, then licked her lips several times, letting saliva drip from her tongue. Josh instantly felt his cock twitch to life as her hand encircled its head. Finally she knelt down and he once again felt himself slide deliciously into her warm wet mouth. Once again she licked and milked him with passionate intensity and he found that her eagerness was as much of a turn-on as the friction of her tongue, lips and palm. After a few minutes she reached behind him and slid her fingers between his butt cheeks. Josh felt the thrill of warm water running between them, as Becky held on to his cock and guided it into her mouth. She rubbed the head onto her tongue and against the inside of her cheek and Josh felt himself becoming harder and harder. Soon he could feel a tingle growing deep inside, "Becky, you're going to make me blow." Her only response was a contented throaty purr and she firmly gripped his hips with both hands. Her lips clamped down on him and after just a few more bobs of her head he reached the point of no return. He groaned, gritted his teeth and shot come down her throat. Then as she took him out of her mouth,

he came onto her chin and splashed some onto her shoulder. She continued to milk him all the while until, breathing hard; his chest rose and fell with an almost painful rapidity. She stood up. The sly grin that she wore clearly showed that she was satisfied with her efforts. As Josh caught his breath, she ran her nails across his chest, tickling him and growling cat-like. She then rinsed her face and repaid him in kind for having spat water at her earlier. He tried to duck, failed, and then slapped her butt playfully. They shared long French kisses and warm caresses under the soothing water. Looking into his eyes at length, she said, "Mmm, that was sweet Josh. I usually don't come standing up. You must have hit just the right spot." He took her long wet hair in his hands, gently pulled her head back and kissed her again. "Sweet, you said it babe," he whispered. "And you've been drinking raki you naughty, nau-dee boy!" "Um, I might have had..... a couple of glasses....." Later, they took it in turns to dry each others hair. "I love your hair Joshie. Long hair suits you. Carl has shaved his like completely for years." "Carl..." "Oh, I'm sorry, I should probably explain huh?" she hesitated then said, "But not now. Let's not spoil the moment." He smiled, agreeing. "Ok. Are you coming to James Zabiela on Saturday?" "Yeah, it should be a totally sick show." "Totally." "It's a weird club down by the harbour, have you seen it?" "Only from the outside. How is it weird?" "Umm, oh just a feeling I got down there, a vibe I guess. I don't know – weird." She laughed as he ran his towel rapidly between his legs, buffing his loins dry. With all inhibition long gone, he then proceeded to dry under his foreskin. Looking up, he noticed her watching him with more than a little interest. She ran a gentle hand across his cheek, "You're a nice guy, you're hot and you've got a great cock."