

*Meandros*

by Sasha White

# *Meandros*

Meandros  
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Cover Art by Sasha White

**MEANDROS** has many meanings. It is a symbol, also known as the Hellenic Key, and there is also Meandros, the Greek river God. Both of these things, and my own experiences in Greece, and talking with people there, have given me my own definition of the word. To Me, Meandros means '*the journey*'.

It is not always the destination that counts, but the journey that takes you there. I hope this story illustrates that.

Best,

Sasha White

# *Meandros*

It was no secret.

The minute I saw them, I knew in my heart what they were going to do—the same thing Tom and I did on our first flight together. Memories of that flight to Greece, our honeymoon destination, washed over me and, although I didn't think it was possible, my heart broke just a little bit more. Turning away, I looked out the small window into the pitch-black emptiness that mirrored my soul.

Visions of Tom, who was never far from my thoughts, filled my mind and I turned away from the window. I pretended to watch the movie flickering on the silent screen, but really, my eyes were inexorably drawn to the couple two rows in front of me. We'd been older than them when we got married, and not so innocent, but we were definitely just as in love. And expressing that love, anywhere and everywhere, had been a favorite pastime of ours.

The lights of the plane had been off on that initial flight, too, and most of the passengers were asleep as we'd cuddled beneath our blankets. Tom's muscled body had been relaxed next to me as he'd drifted off to sleep. I'd curled up on his chest to watch the movie and just enjoy being in his arms. The musky scent of man mixed with his woody cologne had cocooned me, making me feel safe and loved.

The need to be closer to him was too strong to be ignored, so I'd let my hand inch over his leg and between his thighs. I cupped him gently, just holding him, not stroking or squeezing. It was a comfort to me, to know I could touch this beautiful man, any way, any time, and any place, and he would always welcome it. We'd fallen asleep with me cupping his softness in my hand before. It wasn't always sexual, but this time his heartbeat changed beneath my ear, and his cock began to stir under my fingers. Unable to resist the pull of that heavy pulse, I tugged gently at the zipper of

his jeans, praying that the rasp of the metal teeth parting didn't draw any attention to us.

Tom's hand reached up and cupped the back of my head, his fingers tangling in my hair lazily as he hugged me closer to him. His lips pressed softly against my forehead and I slipped my hand into his pants, giving his cock an answering squeeze.

I wrapped my fist around him and stroked my thumb gently up and down the shaft. When he was long and thick, I stopped stroking, and just held him in the palm of my hand. I felt the throb of hot blood beneath silken skin, the heat and hardness that caused my own body to instinctively soften and dampen. With a twitch of my thumb lovingly across the smooth head, I felt a bit of liquid seep out of him, and joy saturated my being.

That cock, that man, belonged to me, just as all I was belonged to him. The undeniable need to have him inside me, to become one, burned through me. We were so in tune with each other then that Tom felt the change in me, the shift from loving to lusting. He leaned in and whispered wickedly in my ear, "Tuck that back in, baby, and follow me."

My body reacted to his words before he was even done speaking. Blood pumped from my heart straight to my core. Heat coiled low in my belly, my pussy lips swelled, and a rush of moisture flooded my panties.

I took a deep breath, sat back in my seat, and tried to remain calm while Tom walked to the back of the plane. We'd been very well behaved during the wedding, not wanting to offend each other's family, but that time was over. Now we were away from them, alone, and it was *our* time. It was time to play.

Unable to wait any longer, I stood and made my way to the lavatory I'd seen Tom slip into. I glanced at the other passengers as I passed by them, my hands gripping the back of the seats for balance as I walked, and noticed most were asleep, but some were awake, reading, or watching the in-flight movie. I stopped in front of the folding doors with a toilet symbol on it just as the stewardess was leaving the server with another tray of juice and water.

I rapped a knuckle lightly on the door, it opened, and I stepped into the small space. Once inside, I saw Tom already had his pants undone and his cock in hand.

He inched sideways and put me in front of him, wrapping his arms around me from behind. His front to my back, his lips brushed my ear as he whispered loud enough to be heard over the plane's engines, but not so loud someone outside the door could hear.

"I deserve a reward for being such a good boy all day. All I wanted to do every time I held you in my arms was lift up your skirt, bend you over, and lick you." He pushed me forward softly, tilting me off balance so I had to place my hands on the wall above the toilet to stay standing. That left my ass thrust out behind me, against him, a favorite position for us both because the wall helped support my weight when my legs got shaky. He lifted my skirt and continued to whisper in my ear as his hands roamed over my body, the body I'd promised was his to do with what he wanted.

My heart pounded in my chest and the world around me narrowed until only he and I existed. Until only his breath on my skin, his words in my ears, his hands on my skin mattered.

"I wanted to start at your ankles with my tongue, and work my way up between those thighs." He suited actions to words, his calloused fingertips trailing over the bare skin of my legs, my inner thighs. "I wanted to worship you. . .to show you just how much you mean to me. How happy you've made me just by being you, my perfect other half."

Biting my lip to keep from moaning aloud, I let my head drop forward. I thrust my hips back against him, his next words fanning the flames of lust burning through me.

"But now, I just need to be inside you. To sink my cock into your cunt, and show you how we fit together."

In words barely distinguishable over the rumbling engines that echoed through the small space, I answered him, egging him on. "I don't need you to worship me. I need you to fuck me. Now!"

Tom didn't wait for me to finish speaking. He shifted the skimpy material of my thong aside and shoved his cock home. "I said I wanted to

worship you, and I will. . .when we get to Athens. For now, I just want to make you mine. To feel you clench around me when you come, and know that this is only the beginning for us.”

His hand cupped my small breasts from behind, supporting me, as he thrust fast and hard. Another whimper of pleasure escaped my lips when he pinched a hard nipple between his fingers, and he shushed me between his own panting breaths. Shifting my feet as far apart as I could, I ignored the trembling in my knees and braced myself on the wall, back arched, butt tilting out for him like a bitch in heat. He was right. The time for worshipping and lovemaking would be later, but for now, a good hard fuck was the perfect way to consummate our vows.

Another louder moan escaped me. This time Tom didn't bother to shush me. Instead, he removed one of his hands from my breast, placed it over my mouth, and pumped harder. Tilting my head back, I sucked his scent in through my nostrils and parted my lips beneath his hand. Adrenaline flew through my system, strengthening my shaky legs. With a nip at the flesh of his fingers, I tasted the musky salt flavor of his own pre-come and let my eyes roll back into my head. An orgasm twisted its way through my body, building speed and intensity as it went.

I was in heaven. It didn't matter I was in a cramped closet of a bathroom on a plane. I knew that was part of the turn-on for him, and his arousal turned me on. He turned me on. Just being anywhere near Tom made me into an insatiable wanton who'd do anything to please him. Knowing he felt the same way made releasing my inner slut heavenly.

Feeling his cock swell inside me as his fingers tightened around my breast and across my mouth made my breaking orgasm more than I could handle. A scream ripped from my throat at the same time his teeth bit into my shoulder and a guttural groan blended with the muffled engines.

We stood like that for a minute afterwards. Tom's heaving chest against my back, his cheek resting on my shoulder. His breath puffing gently across my neck, his cock softening inside my pussy.

Finally, he wrapped his arms around me completely, hugged me tight and told me he loved me. He then pressed a gentle kiss to my neck and

pulled away. I twisted around to see him tuck himself back inside his jeans and wink at me devilishly.

“I want us both to know your come will be coating my dick until you can lick it off.”

With that comment, he'd edged out of the tiny stall and left me to readjust my clothes. I savored the knowledge he was just as dirty as I was and he was my perfect other half. I gloried in the knowledge that, with him, I'd found the kind of love I'd given up on ever finding—bone deep and unconditional.

The kind of love that made it unbearable for me to contemplate what life had to offer me now that he was gone.

\* \* \*

The plane touched down in Athens at four-thirty in the afternoon. When I stepped through the gate, I searched the crowd for Sharon, and found her waiting patiently at the back of the crowd. She stood out—a beautiful, classy blonde in a sea of dark-skinned Mediterraneans.

Her eyes were already on me and the closer I got, the more the compassion in her gaze got to me. When I was three feet away from her, she opened her arms, and I dropped my bag and walked straight into them.

Silent tears streamed down my cheeks as my best friend since childhood held me tightly in her arms. When I finally pulled back and offered her a feeble smile, she cupped my cheek and wiped at the tears with her thumb.

“Oh, hon, I'm so sorry about Tom. You should've called me when he got sick. I would've flown over to be there for you both.” Her voice was husky in its soft admonition.

“I know you would have. I'm sorry,” I mumbled, avoiding her piercing gaze.

“Hush! You've nothing to be sorry for. I'm just glad you're here now. Let's get your bags and head out. We can talk at home.”

I gestured to the carry-on bag at my feet. “My bag's right here.”

Sharon eyed the undersized luggage dubiously. “That's it? One bag?”

I shrugged, knowing why she was shocked. I'd always been a clotheshorse, but I hadn't packed much. I couldn't bring myself to care about what I wore, or how I looked since Tom's death.

Her full lips twisting into a half smile, Sharon wrapped her arm around mine, and led me out of the airport without another word. She waved down a cab and we climbed into the back seat. She gave the address in rapid-fire Greek and we were off.

The ride was silent, Sharon holding my hand and letting me look out the window at the passing scenery. I took in the rolling hills, the view of the deep blue Mediterranean Sea that flowed as far as the eye could see, and felt Sharon's love and sympathy flow from her heart, through our clasped hands, and into mine. We both knew the time would come for me to tell her about those last months nursing Tom, watching him slowly disappear, but right then, in the back of a taxi, the time wasn't right.

I sank back into the seat and let the heat of the land seep into my muscles. It was only June and the temperatures were already high. How Sharon, born and raised in the caribou country of northern Canada, could stand to live year 'round in Greece still amazed me. Tom and I had loved to visit her every spring while the snow melted away at home, turning everything into slush and mud, but the summers would've killed us.

Bad choice of words.

It wasn't high temperatures that had killed Tom. It was cancer. . . sudden and unexpected liver cancer.

Four months ago we'd thought it was an ulcer, the reason he couldn't eat without stomach pain, or keep much of his meals down. I remember standing in the kitchen of our small cottage-style house and hearing the car pull into the driveway.

It was after five in the evening and I was starving, but I hadn't started dinner. Tom had had a doctor's appointment that day and I figured there was a good chance there'd be some diet restrictions needed to be implemented right away.

I turned away from the open cupboard where I'd been contemplating a peanut butter and jelly sandwich to hold me over, and faced Tom as he entered the house through the kitchen door.

"Well, what did..." My words trailed off as I got a good look at his haggard face.

Pale beneath his tan, his eyes held a look I'd never seen before. Without a word, he stepped close and swept me into his arms. My legs dangled and my toes just brushed the floor as my six-foot-three hunk of a husband crushed me to his muscled chest.

I was about to complain about how tight he held me when I realized he was crying. Small tremors racked his body and my skin became damp where he'd buried his face in my neck. Fear trickled down my spine and I instinctively knew our life was about to change drastically.

Gripping Tom tighter in my arms, I wrapped my legs around his waist and returned his fierce hug. Long moments later, he finally moved. With two small steps, I was sitting on the kitchen counter with him standing between my thighs. A position we'd been in only two days earlier, except naked and fucking joyfully.

A huge, shuddering sigh racked Tom's body and he gave me one last tight squeeze before he pulled his head back and met my eyes. His dark gaze was full of such sadness and despair that my chest tightened painfully. Suddenly, I didn't want to know what had happened at the doctor's.

I closed my eyes and a whimper escaped as I tried to pull him back into my arms and close out the world around us. But he wouldn't let me.

My strong, loving, straightforward husband gripped my shoulders and began to shatter my heart with words spoken in a quiet, firm voice. "It's not an ulcer. . .it's cancer. Dr. McPherson says it's too far advanced for chemotherapy." His voice cracked and he sucked in a deep breath, trying to gain control over himself.

As he continued, his words began to run together until he was spewing them out. "It's too far advanced for any type of drug therapy, even ones that are still on trial. It's terminal. He didn't give me a time limit, he just said soon. I'm dying, Tammi."

“No, no, no...”

I don't remember how long Tom and I stayed in the kitchen in that position. All I remember is that we had just found each other, and we'd had such a short time together, less than a year, and I was going to lose him long before I'd thought possible.

Things had gone downhill fast. The doctor had said the best thing they could do for Tom was try to ease the pain as the cancer ate away his insides. Within two months, he was homebound, too sick to work. Within three, he was in so much pain I had to sleep on a cot next to his bed because any jostling during the night caused him to lash out blindly.

His big, strong body rapidly disintegrated, but his mind stayed sharp until the end. When he told me to grieve only briefly, that he wanted me to live the rest of my life fully and not turn back into the shy, reserved woman I was before he came into my life, I thought he was crazy. I didn't want to go on without him. He'd taught me how to fight my limitations, how to experience the joy of life, and he was dying. All I wanted was to curl up on the bed and slip into the next plane of existence with him.

\* \* \*

“Okay, that's it. Enough is enough.”

I shifted my gaze from the colorful horizon to the woman before me. Feet shoulder-width apart and hands planted on rounded hips, Sharon was clearly in battle mode.

“Enough what?”

Her hands flopped about helplessly for a couple of seconds before she released a huge sigh and seated herself on the deck chair next to me.

“Enough of this.” She gestured to me. “It's been three months since Tom's death and a month since you arrived here. You're going home in two days, and you've barely left the house.”

She looked down at me, concern stamped clearly in the lines on her forehead. “Honey, I know Tom died and you feel like a part of you is gone forever. I felt the same way when Yuergan passed away. But you wouldn't let me curl up in a ball and hide from the world forever, and I'm not going to let

you. You're still alive, and you need to get off your ass, out of this deck chair, and become part of the living again."

I turned my head away from her, closing my eyes and effectively shutting out her concern. I didn't want to think about living. "I'm fine."

"You're not fine."

I fought against the anger simmering just below the surface of civility I'd fought to keep in place ever since Tom came home from the doctor that fateful day. "Sharon, I'm fine. Just because I don't want to go man hunting and party it up with you doesn't mean I'm withering away. I just need a bit of time to myself."

The creaking of her weight shifting on the chair next to me echoed in the silence. I thought she'd given up and was going to leave me alone only to feel her hip brush my thigh as she perched herself on the edge of my own lounge.

Her hand clasped mine and she squeezed gently. "I'm not saying you need to go out and party hardy, but you do need to go on. You need to accept Tom is gone and you're here. . .that you're still alive. You need to start living again."

Heat blazed through me and I fought to control the flames of anguish. The anger that had threatened to overwhelm me ever since I'd found out Tom was being taken away from me surged strongly. I'd fought so hard to get my own life back, to spend it with the man who inspired and loved me. And now he'd been stolen from me when we'd barely gotten started.

Keeping a tight rein on my temper, I opened my eyes, looked directly into hers, and spoke in a quiet, clipped tone. "I'm alive and Tom's not. I'm here and he's gone. Believe me, I am well aware of the fact he died and I didn't."

"Are you?" she asked, standing up, but not backing down. "Are you really? From where I'm standing, it doesn't look that way. You're not living—you're barely existing—and I don't think Tom would be happy you've chosen to shut down. In fact, I'm pretty sure he'd be ashamed you've given up on life after all you've been through together."

She turned on her heel and strode away, leaving me stunned and in pain. She'd successfully taken a hammer to my broken heart and shattered it completely.

"I'm so proud of you, babe!"

Eyes glued to Tom, I ignored the pain tearing through my newly awakened muscles, ignored the sweat that dripped down my brow and off the tip of my nose as I took another tiny step...one more...and collapsed into his outstretched arms.

My knees buckled and, ignoring the other tourists around us, he swept me up in his arms and carried me away from the well-traveled path. Feeling safe and secure, I snuggled my nose against his neck and sucked air into my aching lungs.

It wasn't a huge hike up the hill to the Temple of Poseidon, but when a car accident crushes both of a person's legs and she's told she'll never walk again without a walker—and even that was iffy— that small climb takes on a whole new meaning.

We found a quiet clearing not far from the temple and Tom sank to the ground, his back against a tree. We were still within earshot of the people milling around the plateau since voices carried easily on the spring breeze, but we were out of sight for a while. Cradled in his lap, we enjoyed the exceptional view, and I willed the trembling in my muscles to subside.

"You did great, babe." His voice was soft and thick with emotion, his lips pressed against my forehead as he spoke. "You proved those doctors wrong by walking down the aisle last week, and each day you're getting stronger and walking farther. You'll be back in the studio before you know it."

He was right. I was getting stronger every day. I could do things now I wasn't able to accomplish even a month ago. But. . . "I'll never dance professionally again," I whispered, knowing the sorrow was clear in my voice.

His big hand rubbed up and down my back in an attempt to soothe my spirit. "No, you won't. But you will be able to get back in the studio and do

what you've always wanted to do, and that's teach, right?" A gentle hand lifted my chin until our eyes were level. "Right?"

The love and pride that radiated from his gaze birthed a smile in my heart that pushed away all sorrow, and spread warmth through my body and soul.

If it hadn't been for Tom's faith in me throughout the whole ordeal, I'd have given up long ago. While it had been easy to give up on myself, I couldn't bring myself to quit in front of him. I couldn't stand to see the clouds of disappointment overshadow the love that emanated from him.

That love put some strength back in my muscles and drew me to him. "I love you," I breathed out before pressing my lips against his.

My tongue slid between his warm lips and danced sinuously against his. My blood heated and a slow burn eased its way through my body, erasing the pain and fatigue brought on by the walk up the hill.

His hands gripped my hips and lifted. Without breaking our kiss, he repositioned me so I straddled his lap. Lips touched, hands caressed, and our bodies instinctively shifted so we fit together. His hardness against my softness.

We fit together perfectly. My insides liquefied, hot blood pooling at my center. Soft and swollen and wet, I ached for the contentment I only felt when Tom was inside me.

I reached between our bodies for the button on his shorts at the same time his calloused palms cupped the bare cheeks beneath my dress. He tugged aside the small bit of material covering my entrance, and within seconds he was inside me, the skirt of my dress hiding us just in case someone else ventured down the footpath.

Tom's hands tangled in my hair and pulled my head back half an inch so our eyes met. Making the connection complete.

No words were spoken. Our bodies spoke for us. At first I sat still, equally impaled by both his cock and his gaze. I could feel the throb of his hot blood deep within me and was content with that for a moment. But soon, I needed more.

I'd learned a lot of muscle control while in therapy after my car accident, including of my deep core muscles. I began to massage his cock with my inner walls. Contracting and releasing them rhythmically. When one of Tom's hands left my hip and pinched a budded nipple through the thin cotton of my dress, my whole body twitched and a soft moan eased from my lips.

My hips started to thrust and withdraw, slowly and leisurely. I watched as Tom's eyes darkened and his breath shortened. Soon his hand left my breast and both were gripping my hips, urging me to speed up the pace.

I rested my sweaty forehead against his and began to ride him in earnest. His thighs hardened between mine as he worked with me, thrusting up as I ground down on him, my clit getting the friction it needed to bring on my orgasm.

Inner muscles spasmed and sucked at Tom's cock hungrily when it swelled massively and twitched inside me, pushing me over the edge. Shudders racked my body while Tom gripped my hips hard and held me tightly to him. Our gazes locked as his hips lifted off the ground and he pushed farther into me, hot, wet come jetting from his body to mine.

When Tom's thighs relaxed once again, I closed my eyes and curled up against his chest, our bodies still joined. We stayed like that for a few minutes, neither of us wanting to break the spell. I'd never felt as cherished as I did at that moment.

"We need to get up now," Tom said softly.

We both knew if we didn't move soon, my legs would cramp to the point I'd be bedridden for days.

"Do we have to?" I asked without moving.

He patted my butt and lifted me off him. "Let's go watch the sunset from the temple."

It was a bribe and we both knew it. Sunsets were a fascination of mine. He stood and reached down to help me to my feet. After we straightened our clothes, he wrapped an arm around my waist, and we walked back to the Temple of Poseidon, where the ocean view was fit for the god of the sea.

After the sunset, I walked back to the car leaning heavily against Tom. It would've been easier on us both if he'd carried me, but Tom knew that sometimes doing the easy thing wasn't the right thing.

From the deck chair by Sharon's pool, I stared out over the sea, watching the sunset bathe the sky in glorious color. She was right. Tom would be ashamed of me.

I found her seated on the sofa with a sketchpad on her lap.

"When we found out Tom had such a short time left, we decided it was best to keep it just between us, so everyone could remember him at his best and not as a shell of himself." My softly spoken words echoed through the sitting room as I walked to stand in front of her, tears streaming silently down my cheeks.

"And he was a shell at the end. Despite the fight he still had in his spirit, his body couldn't hold out. I watched him slowly disappear, and I wanted to disappear, too. But you're right. He'd be disappointed and ashamed of me for giving up and not honoring him by moving on."

"Oh, Tam—"

I held up a hand, cutting her off. I didn't want her to be sorry for what she'd said to me. She'd said what I didn't want to hear. Yet, it was what I'd needed to hear to make me focus on what Tom had wanted for me.

"It's going to be hard. But I've done hard things before, so I swear to you, on Tom's memory. . ." Choking back a sob, I forced myself to continue, "I will not fade away. I will honor him, and his faith in me, and celebrate his lust for life by living mine."

The second the final words left my mouth, Sharon leapt from her seat and wrapped me in her arms. Grief tore through me and I clung to her, sobbing out the agony and anguish, the frustration and the anger that had built up and festered inside me.

\* \* \*

I kept an eye on the numbers as I walked down the aisle. 16-D. I'd found my seat. When I hefted my bag to put it into the overhead compartment, two very dark-skinned, very male hands reached for it and

slid it into place before I could blink. I turned to the man behind me and smiled my thanks.

“I’m always willing to help out a beautiful lady when I can.” He smiled and gestured at the seat next to mine with his plane ticket. “I guess we’re seat mates for the next few hours.”

I let him slide in next to me before reaching for my seat belt to hide the flush I felt creeping up my neck at his words. It was the first time I’d felt anything other than grief or sorrow for a long time.

Along with pleasure at his words, easing its way through my body and mind was the tingle of heat that had sparked at the look in his eyes. A look that told me I *was* alive...and it was time to live again.

## Author Bio

### ***Read Something White Hot.***

Gifted with a salacious imagination, Sasha White's brand of ***Romance with Heat, and Erotica with Heart*** is all about sassy women and sexy men. With a voice that is called "*distinctive and delicious*" by The Romance Studio, Sasha White has published over a dozen erotic short stories in genres such as contemporary, paranormal, suspense and science fiction and is going strong. Sasha's first single title novel with Berkley, **Bound**, has been called "*the best sort of erotica for an erotic romance fan*" by Sex, Sizzle and Snark reviewer Jaynie R.

This Canadian author enjoys working in multiple genres', and various story lengths. You can find Sasha's stories with publishers such as Kensington Aphrodisia, Berkley Heat, Black Lace Erotica, Samhain Publishing, and Amber Quill Press. She loves to hear from her readers and you can find Sasha on her websites's blog most afternoons.

**To learn more about the gregarious author, visit these pages:**

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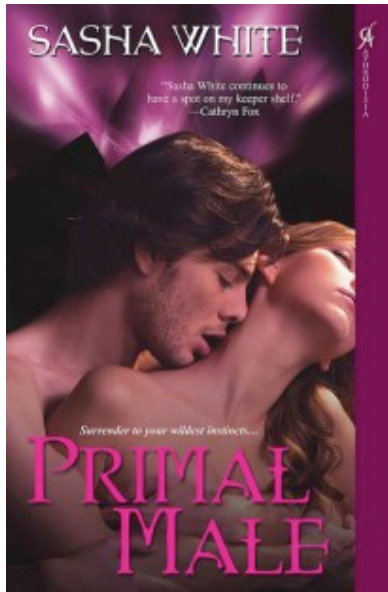
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**WATCH ME**

part of the two-author anthology KINK  
Berkley Heat  
ISBN-10: 0425213994  
ISBN-13: 9780425213995  
Genre: Contemporary  
Release Date: February 7, 2007  
Format: Trade Paperback

**SEX AS A WEAPON**

part of THE COP anthology  
Kensington Aphrodisia  
ISBN-10: 0758215312  
ISBN-13: 9780758215314  
Genre: Contemporary

Release Date: October 2006  
Format: Trade Paperback

**THE CRIB**

part of the PURE SEX anthology  
Kensington Aphrodisia  
ISBN-10: 07582144669  
ISBN-13: 9780758214669  
Genre: Contemporary  
Release Date: July 2006  
Format: Trade Paperback

**PRINT BOOKS — Short Stories in Anthologies**

**THE MIRROR**

part of the DREAMS & DESIRES anthology  
Freya's Bower  
ISBN-10: 1934069221  
ISBN-13: 9781934069226  
Format: Paperback

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ISBN: 193406923X  
ISBN-13: 9781934069233  
Format: Hardcover  
Genre: Contemporary  
Release Date: February 1, 2007

**SHIFT CHANGE**

part of the SEX IN THE OFFICE anthology  
Publisher: Virgin Books, Black Lace  
ISBN-10: 0352339446  
ISBN-13: 9780352339447  
Genre: Contemporary  
Release Date: Spring 2005  
Format: Mass Market Paperback

**HOME STUDY**

part of the MAMMOTH BOOK OF WOMEN'S EROTIC FANTASIES  
Avalon Publishing Group  
ISBN-10: 0786714107  
ISBN-13: 9780786714100  
Genre: Contemporary

Release Date: Fall 2004

Format: Paperback

### **THE GYM & THE MIRROR**

part of the DOWN AND DIRTY VOLUME 2 anthology

Pretty Things Press

ISBN-10: 1576122107

ISBN-13: 9781576122105

Genre: Contemporary

Release Date: Summer 2004

Format: Paperback

### **HANDLING AMANDA**

part of the WICKED WORDS 9 anthology

Virgin Books, Black Lace

ISBN-10: 0352338601

ISBN-13: 9780352338600

Genre: Contemporary

Release Date: Fall 2004

Format: Mass Market Paperback

### **HOT AND HARD**

part of the WICKED WORDS 8 anthology

Virgin Books, Black Lace

ISBN-10: 0352337877

ISBN-13: 9780352337870

Genre: Contemporary

Release Date: Fall 2003

Format: Mass Market Paperback

## **EBOOKS**

### **THE MIRROR**

part of the DREAMS & DESIRES anthology

Freya's Bower

Genre: Contemporary

Release Date: February 1, 2007

Length: Short Story

### **SECRET THOUGHTS: EROTIQUE**

Samhain Publishing

ISBN 1-59998-492-X

Genre: Contemporary, M/M, MÃ©nage a trios, D/s, Light Bondage  
Release Date: January 30, 2007  
Length: Novella

**GYPSY HEART**

Samhain Publishing  
ISBN 1-59998-053-3  
Genre: Contemporary  
Release Date: April 25, 2006  
Length: Novel

*This is the re-release of the original GH previously published at Liquid Silver Books.*

**ABDUCTION**

Amber Quill Heat  
ISBN 1-59279-401-7  
Genre: Science Fiction/Future  
Release Date: July 2005  
Length: Short Story