

LOVE IS AN OPEN ROAD



Don't Read in the Closet 2015

**DREAMS DO
COME TRUE**

Aimee Brissay

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Love is an Open Road

An M/M Romance series

DREAMS DO COME TRUE

By Aimee Brissay

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love is an Open Road* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love is an Open Road?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love is an Open Road*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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By Aimee Brissay

Photo Description

Two men in a pool. One is wearing nothing but a Speedo, the other is dressed in an elegant suit, a shirt, and a tie. The second one is holding the first one in his arms, with the man's legs wrapped around his waist, and they are kissing, looking very happy.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I would do anything for him, and he knows this. I would hand him the world on a platter if he so much as asked for it (and it's not like I don't have the means to do it), but that's the problem. He doesn't.

He kisses me sweetly and he doesn't fuck so much as he makes love, but he runs the minute we're done. I don't get it. He's an affectionate kid, eager and adorkable, and I know his previous relationships all lasted six months or more before they split up amicably. What's troubling him now? Am I doing something wrong? I wish I knew.

I just want to see him happy, author.

Sincerely,

Dee A

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: businessmen/lawyers, established couples, age gap, vacation, Greece

Word Count: 5,691

DREAMS DO COME TRUE

By Aimee Brissay

“So? What do you say?”

I listened to the silence on the other end of the line, my heart beating madly in my chest. I held my breath as I waited for his answer. He was going to say no. I was sure of it. What was going on? Did he not love me anymore? I’d watched him for days, weeks, slowly slipping away, withdrawing from me bit by bit. Would this be the end of us?

There was a small sigh, so soft that I would have probably missed it if I wasn’t looking for it, before Emil answered my invitation.

“I would love to go to Greece with you.”

There was a weariness in my lover’s voice that scared me. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. In my mind I counted to ten before speaking, hoping that my voice would not betray what I was feeling.

“When do we leave?”

“Tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?”

I couldn’t hold in my laughter. It bubbled out of me at Emil’s outrage, part of the weight on my shoulders lifting.

“You don’t need to pack anything, love.”

“You’re shitting me, right? I’d rather not parade in the buff through the streets of Athens.”

“We’re not going to Athens.” I couldn’t help but tease as I settled more comfortably in my office chair.

“Regardless, I would still need something to wear.”

“Not in bed, you won’t.”

“Oh, will we spend the whole time there in bed?”

Emil’s voice had taken a playful tone I hadn’t heard for a long time. My cock swelled instantly in response. My legs fell open, and I shifted in my seat,

trying to find a more comfortable position for my dick. My hand drifted down to stroke it though the fabric of my jeans as I listened to the sound of my lover's voice.

“No. Just a lot of it.”

“I see.”

“Do you?”

“Oh, yes.”

“And what exactly do you see, lover?”

“That I'm going to need clothes for the rest of the time.”

“Aww. You're no fun.”

“I vividly recall you saying something different last night.”

“You do have a point there.”

“I always do.”

I smiled, having to admit that he was indeed right most of the times, but that was information I rather keep to myself.

“Just pack your toothbrush. We can always buy anything we might need there.”

Silence fell, heavy and uncomfortable, broken only by the faint sound of Emil's breath. Unsaid words hung between us, their weight crushing down on me.

“Terry, listen...” All the playfulness was gone from my lover's voice. My heart skipped a beat before it sped up, picking a crazy, erratic rhythm. My eyes closed and my jaw locked as I waited for him to continue. Will this be the end of us? Despite my fear and my growing unease, my mind still found the irony of a vacation invitation being the end of a relationship rather funny.

“I have to go pack.”

I silently noted that he did not invite me over, and I chose not to press the matter, though it took a lot of strength not to.

“Go pack, sweetheart. I will pick you up in the morning. The flight leaves at noon, and we need to be there at least one hour ahead.”

“I'll be ready.” He hesitated only a second before continuing, but it felt like a year. “I'll see you tomorrow.”

The words stung like a knife through my chest, and I fought to keep my voice unwavering. “Good night, baby. Don’t forget your passport.”

“I won’t. Good night.”

I stared at my phone as the screen went dark, signalling the end of the call. Having barely finished my conversation, the screen started flickering, flashing the number of my personal assistant. My finger hovered over the deny button, but I couldn’t bring myself to do it.

“Terrence.”

“I’m sorry to bother you at home, sir.”

I hid a sigh at the title. Marjorie was seven years my senior and the best assistant I could have hoped for, but no matter how many times I’ve asked her to drop the formality, she kept ignoring me until I’ve given up. It still chafed me some, but not as much as it used to.

“No worries, Marjie. What’s up?”

“I’ve just confirmed with the pilots. All the authorizations are in order. The flight leaves at noon as planned. It will land at Elefterious Venizelous in Athens at seven. A town car will wait for you when you clear customs.”

It was delivered in an even, professional tone. Then again, I wasn’t expecting any less from her.

“Thank you.”

“Sir.”

“Don’t stay up late, Marjie.”

“I won’t. Good night, sir.”

I smiled at the lie, staring at the now dead cell phone in my hand. This was my first vacation in ages, so I couldn’t really blame her for doing the same thing I did.

Eventually, I placed the device on the desk and rose from my chair. My legs carried me across the room to the large windows overlooking the city, and I stared at the sky. The azure of the day had been replaced by the reddish hue of the sunset. I watched the red deepen and then darken as the light dimmed, and the night took over the land. But I barely saw the beauty of the scenery in front of me, my mind too filled with images of my lover, and my heart too heavy with fear to be able to concentrate on anything else.

Night came and went, and I barely closed my eyes. I threw a few things in a bag, without paying much attention to what I was packing, and called for my car. I sipped my coffee while waiting for the car and grimaced when it settled in my stomach like lead.

I should have eaten something.

But it was late and I didn't have time to fix myself something to eat. I pressed my hand over my belly as another rumble rolled through my midsection. I considered food again but pushed the thought away, certain that I couldn't have kept anything down anyway.

So I grabbed my bag and headed for the door. The car was waiting for me in front of the building, as promised, with my faithful driver waiting patiently by the door, so I climbed in the back and threw the luggage carelessly beside me. I flipped open my cell phone and dialed up Emil.

"Hey." My lover's voice poured into my ear, warm and soft like molten butter, all the tension gone from his tone. My heart jumped, hope coursing through my body.

"Hey, sweetheart. I'm on my way. Are you ready?"

"Yes. I'll wait for you on the sidewalk."

I glanced at my watch and did a quick mental calculation.

"I'll be there in ten minutes."

"I'll be waiting."

The line went dead without a sound, and I held the device pressed against my ear for a second longer. Perhaps my fears were unfounded. Perhaps I had been imagining it all.

Time passed slower and yet much quicker than I had been expecting, and before I was ready, the car pulled up in front of Emil's apartment building. And there he was, just as he promised, waiting for me on the sidewalk. Our eyes met through the windshield, and just like it always had, heat sizzled between us. My skin broke out in goose bumps, shivers shaking my body. Blood rushed to my cock so fast it made my head spin. Emil broke into a lazy smile, as if he knew the reaction he had on me.

Damn him! Damn him for what his presence does to me. Damn him for making me fall in love with him. I was thirty-seven; I should not have my knees go weak every time I saw him like a fifteen-year-old with his first crush! Yet they did every single time I saw Emil's smile or heard his voice.

Before I could climb out and help him with the luggage, he went to the back of the car and popped up the boot. Seconds later, the door next to me was pulled open.

“Move over.”

I pushed my own bag away and slid over the seat in silence. He climbed in with a large smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes. His strong arm brushed mine. A shiver shook me at the touch, and my cock sprang up to life. His grin widened as if he knew my predicament. His eyelashes lowered, hiding his thoughts from me. Yet, I felt his gaze running down my body. I felt it pause when it reached my crotch for so long that it made me squirm uncomfortably beneath its weight.

His hand found mine and gave it a sharp squeeze. I squeezed it back, smiling back at him. I watched him, basking in his beauty. I took in his cheekbones, the curve of his chin, the shape of his lips. He was twenty-seven years old, ten years my junior, yet in some ways he was more mature than me.

My hands tingled to reach out and touch him; my lips tingled for his. I pushed the button raising the secured glass between us and the driver and grabbed his face between my palms, bringing our mouths together. It was only the briefest touch, soft and gentle. I broke the kiss, resting my forehead against his, staring into his eyes. I traced his cheek with the tip of my finger, before cupping it with my palm.

“Hey, babe.”

“Hi, yourself.”

His hand rested over mine, his fingers intertwining with my own.

“I have missed you.”

His lips opened, and our tongues met. I rubbed against his, his taste, so sweet and familiar, exploding on my palate. My fingers tightened over his scalp, scraping at the short hair, making me wish, not for the first time, that he wore it longer. Long enough for me to sink my hands into it and pull. I growled out my frustration, and he broke out of the kiss, laughing.

“You saw me not three days ago!”

“Feels like *eons*.”

He snorted, but his eyes gleamed with amusement.

“I’m sure work kept you plenty busy.”

“I’m never too busy to think of you.” He was right, but then again I wasn’t lying either. I had been extremely busy the past few days, trying to put everything in order at work so I could afford taking time off with my lover, who had, on countless occasions, accused me of spending more time at work than with him. A fact I was planning to remedy, starting with this vacation.

The rest of the trip to the airport passed in silence, Emil staring out the window, and me at him. He glanced back at me a couple of times, his brows quirked in some sort of challenge, but said nothing. My cell rang at one point. Emil’s head snapped towards me, his eyes searching mine. Some of the happiness was gone from his face, and it pained me to see it.

“Aren’t you going to answer it?”

“Nope.”

“I don’t believe you.”

I smiled at him as I made a point of switching it off.

“See?”

He gave my phone a long, distrustful look, but remained silent.

“We’re here, sir.”

The intercom came alive just as the car pulled to a stop.

I squeezed Emil’s hand again.

“Are you ready, love?”

He nodded. I watched his Adam’s apple bob up and down as he swallowed.

The door opened, and I stepped on the tarmac, quickly followed by Emil, a spring in his step. I could almost feel his excitement.

“Hey, where is the customs check?”

“Here it is.” I pointed to the man heading towards us dressed in the Security Officer uniform.

“We’re flying private, aren’t we?”

“Of course we are.”

“I see.”

A soft sigh escaped his lips, so soft I barely heard it, and a light frown darkened his face.

What is going on? What am I missing?

“The plane was available.” The frown deepened. “Would you have preferred we fly commercial?”

“No.”

There was a disappointment in his voice that I could not understand. Was my wealth a problem for him?

Pulling himself from wherever he had gone to in his mind, he shook his head and took my hand.

“Let’s go.”

“We’ll have to pass the passport check first.”

The driver brought up our luggage and placed it by our feet. Emil frowned at the bags, as if he found something offending about them, and turned to me.

“No suits, my love?”

“No. It’s a vacation. I don’t plan to do any work, so no need for any suits.”

“Not even a tie?”

I smiled at him and leaned in to briefly brush my lips against his.

“Not even.”

“What if I want to tie you to the bedpost?”

My pulse sped up at the thought, and I pulled him closer, craving the flesh-to-flesh contact.

The customs officer reached us, and we had to break apart. The travelling documents were presented. The check was quick and rather superficial, but then again, we had nothing to hide. Minutes later, we took our seats in the elegant cabin of the airplane.

The pilots strapped in, the engines started, and in minutes we were in the air. Emil stared through the window the whole time, but the iron grip he exerted on the handles betrayed his anxiousness. My hand covered his, trying to offer him a bit of comfort. He let go of the handle, his palm turning upward, his fingers wrapped through mine.

As soon as we reached thirty thousand feet, the on-board crew brought us lunch and champagne. Emil sampled them, but he was too excited to eat. I, on the other hand, ate my fill.

A few hours of Emil's fidgeting later, the wheels touched the tarmac in Athens. Emil nearly jumped from his seat.

"We're here."

I tightened my hold on his hand and kept him in his seat.

"Give it a few minutes for the plane to stop."

The check of the travel documents was even swifter here, and after I gave instructions to the pilots, we headed to the exit gate where the car was waiting. This time, my lover didn't comment at the sight of the town car. He carelessly threw his bag on the bench and made room for me.

"Where to, sir?"

"Lefkada."

I rattled off the address of the villa my assistant had rented for us and followed Emil inside.

"We're not staying in Athens?"

"No, but we can visit as much as you like."

He nodded and turned to the window, his face almost glued to the glass like a kid would. Every so often, he would call to me and point out various buildings or archaeological sites, his enjoyment mounting with every minute passing. I knew he'd never been to Greece, never left the country in fact, so I smiled and settled back, relishing this carefree side of him.

The car pulled over in front of the villa, and the driver came by to open the door for us. Emil stepped out, staring open-mouthed at the structure.

"Let me guess... there is a pool inside."

"There is."

"I love it."

I paid the driver and picked up the bags that he left by our side.

"Let's go in then, my love."

As soon as the door closed behind us, he was on me. The luggage dropped from my hands with a muffled thud, and my arms went around him. He pushed

back until my shoulders rested against the hard surface of the wall. Mouths collided, wet, open, and hungry. Fabric tore; mine, his, I wasn't sure, and it did not matter anyway. Flesh touched flesh. Strong fingers caressed and teased and probed. Moans, cries, and groans, they all poured out of both of us in a carnal serenade. Hard cock brushed hard cock. When I felt I was about to die if I didn't get more of him, he broke off the kiss. I moaned and struggled to get him closer, to get his mouth on me once more.

“Easy, baby.”

I whimpered and thrust up against him.

“Is there a bed in this villa you've rented us?”

Laughter rolled through my chest.

“There should be. At least that is what I asked for.”

“Let's go find it, then.”

He took my hand and made for the stairs at a brisk pace, dragging me along.

Steps were climbed two at a time between brief, erotic caresses. Each touch was punctuated by a kiss, each tickle by laughter. Somewhere along the way, the clothes melted away from our bodies. I even managed a quick lick over the head of his cock. Emil had moaned, his head falling back, and his hips thrusting upwards, before grabbing my head between his palms and bringing me up for a soul-searing kiss.

“Bed. Now.”

We ran up the remaining stairs and burst through the first door we saw on the first floor. I grabbed him by his shoulders and pulled him flushed against me, tongues rubbing frantically against each other. Against my chest, I felt the rapid rhythm of Emil's heart. His dick left a wet trail against my belly. I reached down between our bodies and wrapped my hand around his prick.

“We need to slow down.”

The words came out coarse, and they scratched my throat as they came out.

“We. Should.”

I took delight in the fact that Emil sounded as breathless as I did.

“Look, there is a bed right here. We could use it.”

Emil laughed and pulled me towards it.

Emil mumbled something and turned over in his sleep. His arms wrapped tighter around the pillow and brought it closer to his chest. I held my breath, too afraid to wake him to move. Only when his body relaxed again, and he slipped back into the dreamland, did I dare to move. I carefully rose from the bed I was sharing with my lover and took a seat on the bench beneath the windowsill.

I loved to watch him sleep, creepy as it sounded. He looked so peaceful, so relaxed. So young, though that thought freaked me out. I was thirty-seven, and he was ten years younger, which I found disturbing at first. When he slept, he looked twenty-two. But damn, I loved him! Every time I felt him pull away, I lost a piece of myself. Who would have thought that I, Terrence Carr the Second, owner and CEO of one of the biggest naval companies in the world, would fall so fast and so completely for someone?

Perhaps the age difference was the problem? I've never been with anyone this young before, and while Emil was very mature, I could be missing something. But somehow I didn't think that was it.

Commitment issues? All of his past relationships had lasted more than six months, and over half of them more than a year, so no, that couldn't be it either.

Did he not love me? My chest tightened at the thought. Could it be that? No, I didn't think so. He took the time to learn all my little quirks, all my likes and dislikes. Hell, he knew what I liked to read on the toilet! If that wasn't love, I didn't know what was!

My cell beeped and started vibrating on the night stand. I lunged for it, hoping to answer it before it would wake Emil up. I grabbed it and answered it in one swift move just as I was heading for the door.

"Terrence." I kept my voice low, mindful of my lover.

"Terry?" Emil stirred. He was half-awake, his eyes barely open.

"Don't worry, go back to sleep, love.

"What is it, Marjie?"

"I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but I thought you might want to hear this." I wandered to the kitchen while I listened to my assistant telling me about the biggest business opportunity of the year.

"Are you sure about this, Marjie?"

"It's not official yet."

No, it wouldn't be, but with Greece's political climate so volatile, a lot of companies went belly up.

"Get Tom in finance to check it out and get the guys in legal and acquisitions to come up with a proposal. And set me up a meeting with their board of directors."

I ended the call and put the phone down, thinking. If this was true, it was a great opportunity. If the price was right, I could buy the company. It would fit well within our portfolio, and the investment would pay itself off in a few years. Running all sorts of figures in my head, I set up the coffee maker and made breakfast.

A second call from Marjie confirmed the time and the place of the meeting. I was about to leave Emil a note when he entered the kitchen.

"What are you doing?"

He came over and wrapped his arms around me. His lips took mine in a slow, sweet, mint-like kiss.

"Good morning, sweetheart."

"It is now." I kissed him again, just a soft brush of tongues, and smiled. "I made breakfast."

"Looks good. Thank you."

I brought over the omelette I had made for him. Took out the cheese from the fridge and the toast from the toaster and placed them in front of him.

"There's coffee too."

"Quite the spread. What's the occasion?"

"There should be an occasion to make you breakfast?"

"No, but it never happened before. Hence my surprise."

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. I will pay more attention in the future."

Emil pushed out the chair next to him and gestured me to it.

"Will you join me?"

"I'm sorry, baby, I have to pick up a suit."

He put the fork down and regarded me carefully.

"Why the suit?"

“I have a business meeting at noon.”

“I thought you said this was a vacation.”

“It is. But something came up.”

“Something always comes up. That explains the home-made breakfast.”

“I’m sorry?”

Emil pushed the plate away, the joy gone from his face.

“Never mind. Just go.”

“I swear it will only take me an hour.”

“Yeah. Whatever.”

“I mean it. I just have to go pick up a suit and head downtown for a meeting. If, *if*, things go my way, this company can bring in hundreds of millions in profit.”

“I don’t care.”

I gaped at him, speechless. If this would have come from anyone else, anyone in the world, I would have called them liars. But Emil... he probably meant it, damn him. What was the point of having a lot of money if your lover wasn’t impressed by it? And to think I broke up with quite a few guys because they cared for my money more than they cared about me!

But then again, I couldn’t bring myself to not go to the meeting either.

Emil looked at me, waiting for my decision, the frown still on his face, his heart in his eyes.

“Look, baby...”

“Don’t bother. I knew it was too good to be true.”

I opened my mouth to say something, *anything*, but what, I didn’t know.

“I’m going to hop in the shower.” He ran from the room like his shorts were on fire. I stared after him in confusion. *Should I follow him?* I glanced at the watch on my wrist and swore.

“I gotta go, but I’ll be back in a couple of hours, babe. We’ll talk when I’ll return.”

“Whatever!” The bathroom door slammed shut behind him loud enough to make me wince.

I left the house in a daze. The driver was waiting for me downstairs, and I idly gave him directions as I climbed in the back. The car drove off, but it could have taken me anywhere for all the attention I was paying the road.

Emil's words kept swirling through my head. Who dissed money, anyway? Especially when you didn't have much to begin with. Sure, he never asked for anything and had issues accepting most of the stuff I tried to offer him. But was it the money? Or the work?

I put in long hours almost every day. Too long perhaps?

“We're here, sir.”

The thick Greek accent pulled me out of my thoughts.

“Thank you.”

I climbed down and headed for the store's entrance. Luckily, it was a store I was familiar with, and they already had my measurements on file. With Marjorie's phone call that morning, finding the proper attire was an easy task. As expected, the perfect suit was waiting for me. Made from a dark grey, heavy silk, almost the colour of petrol, it settled perfectly on my body and was in need of only minor adjustments.

Fully dressed, with the workers hurriedly adjusting the seams, I stared at my own reflection in the mirror, but I could only see Emil's face. The sadness, the pain I saw on his face before I left haunted me. What if this was the end of us? What if I took one meeting, negotiated one deal too many? Had it all been worth it? Did I really need more money? Did I really put the company before Emil?

The suit was almost done. I turned away and left before the final stitch meant to adjust the pant leg was put in place. The tailor called after me as I stormed out of the store.

I had to go home. To Emil.

I climbed in the car in haste and asked to be taken back. And fast. Luckily, the traffic was light enough to allow us to make good time, but it still felt like an eternity. I dashed out of the vehicle before it even came to a stop. I paused in front of the door with my hand on the knob and my heart beating frantically in my chest.

What if he wasn't there anymore?

Holding my breath, I pushed the door open. I stepped in and listened. Nothing. My eyes stung, but I refused to acknowledge them. Afraid to have my fears confirmed, I searched the house. I passed from room to room without haste. I passed the living room, which we hadn't even seen the night before. The sunroom. I paused at the foot of the stairs but decided against taking them. Not before I was sure I properly checked the ground floor.

My breath hitched and my heart nearly stopped when I noticed the terrace doors were open. I rushed out still half-afraid he wouldn't be there.

But he was, swimming furiously in the pool. I stood frozen and watched him go, his powerful limbs pushing him forwards. Beneath the golden skin, the muscles tensed and coiled. He reached the end of the pool and turned himself in the water, pushing himself back.

“Emil.”

I didn't think he could hear me over the sloshing of the water, but he did because he stopped and turned to me.

“You're back.”

“I am.”

“How did the meeting go?”

I heard the bitterness in his voice and knew I made the right call.

“I don't know. I didn't attend.”

“I don't understand.”

His arms kept an easy paddle, enough to keep him on the spot.

“I didn't go. I have an army of employees and lawyers. Someone can attend on my behalf.”

His eyes went wide as they met mine; hope, fear, and confusion were all written in them.

“But it was important to you.”

“You are more important.”

His jaw dropped and he stared at me, speechless. I grinned at him and jumped in the pool, new suit, shoes, and all.

“I don't believe you.”

“Believe it.” I stepped towards him. Water pulled at my clothes. My shoes slipped.

“From now on, nothing will be more important than you. “

He took a tentative step towards me, his gaze boring into me.

“You mean it?”

“Every word.”

His face lightened, though some of the fear remained. Yet he came to me, closing the remaining distance, but he did not touch me. My arms went around his shoulders, and I pulled him close gently.

“I swear to you. From now on, no one will come before you.” Our lips touched. His hands wrapped around me. My palms found his butt and locked together, lifting him in my arms. His legs fell apart, snaking around me.

I pulled back to look him in the eyes.

“I love you.”

Tears sprang in his eyes, but they were a marking of joy.

“I love you too. More than life itself.”

The End

Author Bio

Aimee Brissay, born in Romania, land of the Iele and Vlad the Impaler, spent all her life surrounded by books. She rode side by side with D'Artagnan and The Three Musketeers to retrieve the Queen's diamonds, set sail on the Erasmus in search of Japan, fell in love with Rhett Butler, and roamed the Wild West along Old Shatterhand. She walked in the footsteps of the Olympian Gods and searched for Zalmoxis' sanctuary in the Carpathians. In her mind, she'd never been the damsel in distress, but rather the knight in shining armour fighting for a cause.

With a background like this, turning to writing was no surprise. She discovered erotica early on in life and never looked back. Now she can write anywhere, even in a crowded room or a busy subway station, but she loves solitude.

When she's not at her evil day job, she can be found writing or playing with her cats. She welcomes messages from readers and promises to answer all of them as soon as possible.

Contact & Media Info

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