

# Her Hand

by Judith

Catherine's right hand lay on the rumpled sheets, palm uppermost. She slept, nakedly content, in his bed. Now it seemed the most natural thing in the world, for her to be here -- with him.

Vincent's breath hitched. He stared at her fingers and the smooth creaminess of her skin. That hand had moulded and caressed his body in places which made him blush to remember them now.

Gently she'd led him -- a wondering penitent -- into realms he'd previously imagined only within the security of his deepest soul -- and he smiled wistfully, hoping they would soon return to that magical place...