

WHEN THE ICE MELTS

Chapter Eleven (Page 78)

Winter was well and truly on its way, and all the trees seemed undressed and stark, which in a way suited the sombre mood of the mourners attending Toby Archer's funeral. Toby and Thelma had gathered lots of friends and acquaintances around them over the years, and the little church was crammed full with some mourners having to stand throughout the ceremony. Afterwards, many of them made their way back to the Archer family home. A marquee had been set up in the garden so that everyone could have a chat about Toby, and past times over a cup of tea, or a glass of wine with sandwiches.

Sarah spent a miserable day, not only feeling emotional because of the loss of her friend Toby, but because the funeral service was held in the same church where the funerals of her parents, and more especially Tom, had taken place. Everywhere Sarah looked during the service brought back the memory of that dreadful day when she said her final goodbyes to Tom, knowing only too well that she was responsible for making the final decision to end his life.

When the time came for everyone to leave, Sarah could see John making his way over to see her with a determined look on his face. Over the last few days, John had made it quite clear that he didn't wish to speak to her. But she couldn't really blame him. Sarah had spent the last few minutes talking to one of Toby's relatives, and describing how the practice had benefitted from his tenacious spirit both after her father's death, and later by Tom's. All she wanted to do was to say goodbye to everyone, and return to the safety of her home.

John stood in front of her looking anxious. 'Sarah, we have to talk. We can't let this situation go on,' he said. 'Our friendship, if you can call it that, seems to take one step forward and then two steps backwards again.'

Sarah looked around her as people began to leave the marquee. She began to panic, because she didn't know what to say to John. She found his presence overwhelming in its intensity. Was it hostility, or was it something else? Once again conflicting thoughts invaded her mind, and the fact that she had come so close to losing her heart to Theo.

'Sarah, have you nothing to say to me?' John's eyes were growing misty and imploring.

What could she say or do? 'I really don't think this is the right place for us to discuss our friendship, John,' Sarah blurted out.

'Well where is the right place? I can't take this much longer.' He looked away.

Sarah wasn't sure whether this was in anger or emotion. Whatever it was, she suddenly knew that it mattered to her. 'Why, what do you mean?' she said.

John turned to face her again, and Sarah couldn't remember seeing him look so serious before. 'Sarah, I want to be honest with you. Your offer of a partnership in the practice is worth nothing to me, if we can't get on together. You must realise that.'

'But John, I...'

'Hear me out please? I know things have been difficult because of Toby's death, but we've been ignoring one another all week. If I am to continue working with you, I have a lot to get off my chest before I burst.'

'That sounds ominous, John.'

'Sarah, I didn't mean it to,' and he paused. 'But a simple thing like ice can be important.' John looked at her with a quizzical expression on his face.

'Ice? But I don't understand.'

‘Yes ice. You see ice is cold and it covers things up, but if that same ice melts, it uncovers all sorts of things. But, if the ice doesn’t melt and the cold increases, it only gets thicker.’

‘John, what on earth are you talking about?’

‘It is my philosophy on life. But I’m not talking about real ice here. I’m talking about us and what we feel about one another.’

‘John, I’ve only just come back from my holiday, and there’s been Toby’s funeral and the office. I have lots of things to do and...’ she looked away with tears in her eyes. Yet again, she was making lame excuses for her reticence.

‘Sarah,’ John said with a deep sigh, ‘apart from Toby’s funeral today, are any of these things more important than the two of us getting to know one another a little better?’

She thought about John’s words and her own thoughts before she finally left the hotel on Kalynithos. Sarah knew she owed him some sort of explanation for her negativity. ‘No, I suppose not,’ she found herself saying.

‘In that case, please will you have dinner with me this evening? I promise you here and now that I won’t do or say anything to upset you; well I’ll try not to as I have learned the hard way believe me.’ John’s eyes misted over again. ‘I want us to have a fresh start and try to get over all this. I can’t really put this into words.’

Sarah’s resistance began to crumble. ‘Please don’t upset yourself any more John,’ she said. ‘Of course I’ll have dinner with you tonight.’ John’s anxious expression changed into one of complete happiness. She thought he was even more handsome when he smiled.

‘That’s wonderful,’ he said. ‘We could go to that new restaurant in the centre of Maversham. You know the one with the famous TV chef. I’ve heard from a neighbour that the mood is wonderful and so is the food. I think it would be the perfect place for us to get to know one another, don’t you?’

‘Yes, John, I agree. But I want you to promise me that there will be no talk of work or Toby’s funeral this evening. Poor Thelma, she’s taking this very hard, and grief is an emotion with which I am only too familiar.’

‘With good reason Sarah. I’ll pick you up at seven-thirty then?’

She stared at John. She couldn’t believe she was going on a date with him. What was happening? Her heart thumped in her chest, and she felt a warm glow creeping over her as she reached up and kissed him on the cheek. ‘Yes, please, I’ll be looking forward to it.’

John seemed overjoyed, as he said, ‘does that mean some of the ice is beginning to melt?’

‘Could be,’ Sarah replied with a smile. ‘I’ll see you later then John.’

Once she was home, she walked straight into the kitchen to make herself a strong cup of coffee. She sat at the table sipping the soothing liquid, and her thoughts turned to Toby’s funeral, the beautiful service, the flowers, and most of all, dear Thelma. Sarah knew she was really going to miss Toby, both as a valued colleague, and more importantly as a loyal friend. She drained her cup and placed it in the sink. She was aware that a tremendous battle had been raging within her heart, and as strong feelings for John finally drifted to the surface, she knew that she couldn’t resist them much longer.

Sarah’s whole outlook on life was changing, but after the debacle of her so-called brief holiday romance with Theo, was she ready for a full-blown relationship with John? As had happened before, uncertainty reigned within her. They would have to get to know one another better. Sarah decided that she would never tell John what had happened during her holiday. It would reveal a degree of vulnerability within her, and she wasn’t sure he would understand why it happened. But she was certain about one thing. Her disastrous holiday had enabled her to realise where her heart was leading her. She walked upstairs and into her bedroom.

Sarah's thoughts continued to nag at her. Questions lined up, each one crying out for an answer. Just what were her feelings for John? He was archetypically handsome, but unlike some men he didn't appear to be aware of it. John was a caring person, and when he'd kissed her the other day, his desire and pleasure had seemed genuine, and what did she do? She threw it back in his face again! How much had that hurt him, Sarah wondered? And also why was he bothering to keep trying to win her loyalty, and indeed affection?

She recalled John's analogy about ice melting, and in an instant the true meaning became clear to her. How much longer would he wait for the ice around her to melt? Perhaps she would find out tonight!

Sarah opened the doors to her wardrobe. She knew she should look really good this evening, so what was she going to wear? She pulled a face and shook her head. Because of Tom's accident and afterwards, she really hadn't bought anything new, apart from a few things she'd taken on holiday. Her eyes alighted on the blue dress she'd refused to wear the night she dined with David and Heather. Could she wear it tonight to please John? Before Sarah could think of a reason why she couldn't wear the dress, she put it on. It showed off her slim figure to perfection, and the silky material floated around her as she looked in the mirror. Tom had been so right of course, it did look marvellous on her and she didn't have anything else appropriate to wear. She took it off again, laid it on the bed, and glanced at the clock on the bedside table: it was only five thirty and more than enough time to have a shower and wash and style her hair.

Later, Sarah stood in front of the long mirror on her wardrobe door, and fashioned her long hair into a simple but elegant chignon at the base of her neck, just as the old grandfather clock downstairs struck 7 o'clock. She looked at her reflection. There was something missing. The last time she'd worn this dress Tom had been there to admire her, and had given her a beautiful diamond necklace. Sarah walked over to her dressing table, and opened the lid of her jewellery box. She remembered that she hadn't worn it since then, and without thinking she removed it and put it round her neck. At that moment, Sarah couldn't think of a better tribute she could pay to the memory of Tom's love.

Sarah was doing up the clasp when she heard the doorbell.

Panic surged through her. Did she look alright? What was she going to say to John and what would be the outcome? 'No my girl, enough is enough,' she told herself. 'Go downstairs and enjoy the evening with him.'

When she opened the front door, John was standing with a huge bunch of flowers in his hand. 'Hello Sarah' he said handing them to her. She could see the pleasure in his eyes. 'Wow, you look wonderful, and I can't wait to show you off.'

Sarah looked down at the flowers and tears welled up in her eyes. 'Thank you, John they're beautiful. Have I got time to put them in water before we go?'

'Just...' he said, giving her another admiring glance. 'The table is booked for eight o'clock, so that we have enough time to have a drink in the bar.'

'Good, won't be long, go through into the sitting room.' Sarah said walking happily into the kitchen. She found a suitable vase, filled it with water, and placed the flowers straight in. 'I'll arrange them later, she thought. She stood still for a moment. John had said that he thought she looked wonderful. She smiled. 'He doesn't look bad himself,' she whispered as she walked out of the kitchen with a distinct spring in her steps.

The evening turned out to be everything she had hoped it would be. After they'd finished their main course of a delicious Dover Sole, with a selection of vegetables, she couldn't help noticing a change in John's demeanour, as he sat up straight and cleared his throat.

'Sarah, I don't know how to say this, but I must,' he said. 'And please don't interrupt me.'

He was looking at her in such an endearing way, that she held her breath. 'No I won't interrupt you, John,' she said. Her heart was pounding and she felt confused, apprehensive

and a little like a teenager on her first date. The candle in the middle of the table flickered and everything seemed to dance around them.

‘Sarah, when I first walked into your office for my interview, I took one look at you and my heart flipped. You were sitting behind your desk trying to look business like and firm, and despite that you actually looked scared.’ John stared at her, almost daring her to say something, but she didn’t. ‘At the time, I was aware that your husband had died, but not how he died, so I expected a bit of a rocky ride, which of course came through during the interview. In fact I received a message from you, that Tom was interviewing me as well. I know that sounds weird, but your whole persona cried out “You can’t take his place, you know.” And since then I’ve come to realise why you’ve been resisting me at work, and on a personal level.’

‘But John, I did say no talk about work.’

‘No interruptions, Sarah please, I have to get all this off my chest before we go any further.’

‘Any further?’

John ignored this last remark. ‘Since the interview and the fact that you offered me the job, I’ve had so many differing feelings for you, such as anger, misunderstanding, frustration, and...’ John’s voice softened. ‘Sarah, the most important of all my feelings for you, is... love.’

Sarah couldn’t believe her ears. ‘Did you just say love, John?’

‘Yes, I did, and I meant it. My feelings of love for you are real, or I wouldn’t or couldn’t have put up with the wall of ice with which you’d managed to surround yourself.’ John smiled at her, and reached for her hand across the table, and to her it felt like the most natural thing in the world.

‘John I don’t know what to say,’ Sarah said. ‘I’ve been so horrible to you, and yet you say you love me?’

‘Yes, I do. I knew you probably didn’t mean to be crusty and hard-nosed.’

‘Me, hard-nosed?’

‘Yes, and I’m sorry.’ John squeezed her hand, but she didn’t let go. ‘I knew all you needed was time to adjust to the changes in your life. But I have to admit that I was close to giving up altogether at one time.’

‘Oh John, I’ve been on a rollercoaster ride since Tom’s death, and the latest problem of Toby’s death too. I’ve not known which way was up and which way was down. To be honest with you my emotions have been all over the place, and I’m really sorry,’ Sarah said with tears in her eyes. ‘I don’t know whether you were aware of this, but before I went away the girls got together and tried to find a way of bringing me to my senses.’

John looked surprised. ‘No, I didn’t know, but I’m really glad they did.’

‘Well, they decided to speak to Heather, and of course the rest you know. Of course I nearly made a fool of myself on that far away Greek island, but fortunately I had the presence of mind to walk away.’

‘I’m so glad you did, Sarah. From my point of view, I firmly believe that my former partner did me a tremendous favour by running off with her millionaire. If she hadn’t, I would never have met you.’

Sarah believed every word John uttered. She could see the love shining from his eyes. ‘John, I have to admit that I too felt something when we first met, and that is why I’ve been fighting against you, and everyone else for that matter. I hope you’ve realised that I am not normally like this. I’ve always been level-headed and even-handed with people, but having loved Tom so much, and having to decide whether he lived or died, did unhinge me for a while.’

‘You showed such courage Sarah, and never forget that,’ John said.

‘I will never forget it. When you came along, not only did you appear to be a threat to Tom’s work, but a threat to his memory. I feel awful about it because I even moved into Tom’s office so that you couldn’t use it.’

‘I thought that was the case and I can understand your reasoning. Go on.’

‘Even Toby guessed why I wanted to move into Tom’s old office. You see, I couldn’t stand or understand that despite losing Tom my thoughts of you were wrong, and I ended up fighting you and my emotions. It was very destructive and wrong of me.’

‘But understandable, Sarah,’ John replied.

Sarah paused for a moment, trying to get the words and her thoughts straight. ‘You see, everything changed for me on that Greek island. I’m certain that whilst I was out there, perhaps it was a dream, but Tom came to me and said that I should live my life to the full and that he would understand. Afterwards the first person I thought about was you and how much you meant to me.’

John was silent for a moment and then said, ‘Sarah, will you make me a promise please?’

‘What sort of promise?’

‘Promise me that you will never consider me as a replacement for Tom. I am my own man and have no wish to interfere with your memories. They are all too precious. All I know is that I want to be with you Sarah. I want to love you, care for you, and make sure that nothing nasty ever happens to you again.’ John seemed to have run out of words to say, and he looked down at his hands. He was twisting his handkerchief as if he was under stress. He cleared his throat, put his handkerchief back in his pocket, and looked up again.

‘Wow!’ Sarah exclaimed. ‘That’s very profound and I will promise you that even though I will always remember my love for Tom, I will never regard you as a replacement for him. You are your own man, John and as such you are becoming precious to me.’

‘It’s the way I feel too,’ John said. ‘I never thought that I could love someone in this way again. Every morning when I wake up my first thoughts are always about you, whether you are alright, and how you’ll react towards me.’

‘John, now you’re making me feel like an ogre,’ Sarah said, looking and feeling guilty.

‘No, not an ogre, Sarah, but someone who’s been through a dreadful time and hitting out at the people closest to them. I of course hoped that you would come to realise that I was there for you, bruised maybe, but still there,’ John said in earnest.

A waiter came over to their table. ‘Would you like to have something from the dessert trolley or another bottle of wine perhaps?’

‘Sarah, what would you like? It’s all there waiting for you.’

‘I don’t think I could eat another thing, thank you. And John, I think we should just go home.’

‘Home? Yours or mine?’

‘Mine, I think, John,’ Sarah said with a coquettish smile on her face.

After spending the evening together, Sarah realised there was no going back. John was proving to be a wonderful and loving companion. She knew their lives would in future be filled with the love blossoming between them. As the days passed by, Sarah introduced John to all her friends, especially Heather and David, and they all got on well together, and she felt Life was indeed beginning to be worth living again.

(This chapter is taken from “**WHEN THE ICE MELTS**” written by **Phyllis J. Burton**)

MORE INFORMATION

Links to buy WHEN THE ICE MELTS:

My Publisher: http://www.troubador.co.uk/book_info.asp?bookid=3983

Amazon.co.uk: <http://amzn.to/2y63zuQ> (also listed on amazon.com)

My website: <http://www.phyllisburton.com>

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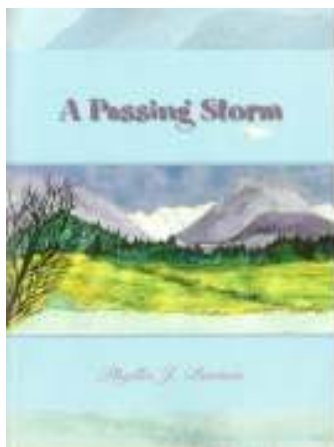
A PASSING STORM:

THE STORY: Jennifer Redmond, a disillusioned housewife, runs away to Scotland where she meets gentle stranger, Angus Cameron. Whilst walking alone in the Highlands, she falls during a severe mountain storm, is seriously injured and airlifted to hospital. Her ambitious husband, Peter, having found out where she's gone, visits her and gradually persuades her to return home with him.

Does she stay with Peter in a loveless marriage, or does she return to Scotland and find true love with Angus?

This is an eternal triangle with many tragic twists and turns. And... how does a thin and straggly dingo-dog in the outback of Australia, influence what eventually happens?

FIVE STAR REVIEWS:



A FIVE STAR REVIEW OF: A PASSING STORM by Phyllis J. Burton

Reviewed by Natasha Jackson for Readers' Favorite

Phyllis J. Burton's **A Passing Storm** is the intriguing story of Jennifer and Peter, a couple married for more than two decades when things start to change. In their twenty-fourth year together, Peter suddenly becomes obsessed with his career goals and all the trappings that go along with being made Chief Executive of an international company. Unable to face the failings in her marriage, Jennifer seeks refuge in Scotland, where she meets a handsome stranger called Angus. He is warm

and caring where Peter is cold and indifferent. Jennifer is torn between going after her own happiness and doing what is deemed “right” by society. Instead of running head first back to Scotland and into Angus's arms, she stays and puts up with her husband’s infidelity and indifference.

A Passing Storm is written in two parts so we get to know both Angus and Jennifer better and understand the different paths their lives took during their time apart. It was a stroke of genius on Phyllis Burton’s part to tell the story in this manner as it allows the reader to simply get absorbed in one tale, then the other. Every word is written for meaning rather than effect, which made *A Passing Storm* all the more real. While it seems that Angus grew as a character, I am sad to say that Jennifer did not. She never did take responsibility for her own happiness, and while her choice of partner changed the outcome, I would have loved to see Jennifer become a bit more independent and proactive. Although I did find it difficult to connect with Jennifer, I felt great sympathy for her life and inability to do anything about it and I longed for Angus from his first whispered words.

Phyllis Burton did a fantastic job and her perfectly measured words were soothing, heartfelt, and poetic.

G. McCullough reviewed [A Passing Storm](#)

★★★★★ **Drama, Excitement and Romance** 25 November 2012
Drama, excitement and romance - what more could you ask from a book?

Phyllis Burton's *A Passing Storm* has all this and so much more. Right from the gripping start, as a woman goes through a near death experience and wakes up in a hospital bed not knowing who she is, we are plunged into a page turning story which refuses to let us go.

Phyllis Burton writes beautifully. Her descriptions are full of poetry and are a delight to read. But even more important, her characters are portrayed with depth and understanding. We feel we know them all, not just Jennifer, the central character, but her husband Peter, the two sons, Angus Cameron whom she meets in Scotland and a host of others.

The storm of the title is not only the physical storm which puts Jennifer in danger of her life, but also the emotional storm which she has to ride out for over a year, which destroys so many of the things which matter to her and which brings her to the point where she feels life is no longer worth living. The plot moves swiftly from one dramatic happening to the next, and Jennifer is left reeling. Phyllis Burton explores her various characters' feelings and reactions and brings them vividly to life, and helps us to see that many of the events come from the way those characters act out of their natural individuality, whether good or bad.

The ending is particularly satisfying. After the year of torment, Jennifer reaches a place of safety. We can put down the book in content, knowing that she is happy and has weathered the storm.

Warmly recommended.

PAPER DREAMS:

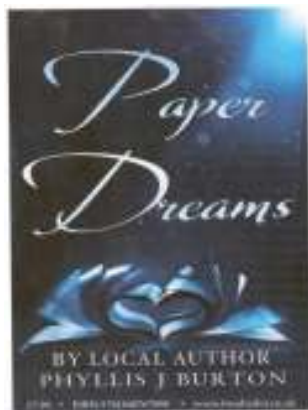
THE STORY: Take a recipe for disaster... Start with an illicit love affair in 1952; add a painful parting and three deaths in 1953.

Leave to settle until 2009, and then add a crumbling mansion (Epton Hall), which harbours a scandalous secret... Gradually combine young librarian Katie Nicholson – an incurable romantic trying to get over a failed love affair. Sprinkle a few daydreams, hundreds of books... and stir until well mixed.

Carefully blend in a friendly housekeeper, some memorabilia, an attic, and more books with Katie's weekend away, new boyfriend and a prophetic dream. Add the secret arrival of sinister nephew Harold Hapsworth-Cole, the only known heir to the house and estate. Throw in the evidence discovered by Katie in the attic, that another heir exists in Canada.

Combine fear, violence and theft of that evidence with Kate's imprisonment in the attic, Harold's growing mental instability, and stir... malevolently.

The resultant mixture should be an explosion of love, financial expectations, inheritance, terror, greed and attempted murder. Then... ENJOY.



A FIVE STAR REVIEW OF PAPER DREAMS

Book Review

Reviewed by Trudi LoPreto for Readers' Favorite

We are in the 1950s when Paper Dreams begins, learning of a very special love that cannot be. The plot quickly then turns to 2009 where we join Katie as her fiancé has just broken up with her, and we immediately share in her heartache. Katie works in a bookstore and is assigned the arduous task of cataloguing books for a reclusive woman who has just died. Katie goes to the very large and ominous mansion and, while searching through the books, finds some interesting letters describing the 1950s romance between the married master of the mansion, Gerald Hapsworth-Cole, and a young pregnant girl, Amy Butler, who had no choice but to return to her home in Vancouver and leave England and her lover behind. They vow to keep in touch but that does not happen due to unforeseen circumstances. Gerald never gets to meet his son, James, and Amy spends the rest of her life pining for her lost love. The search is now on for a living relative to inherit Epton Hall and when James and a cousin (Harold) are found, the fireworks begin. Both Katie and Stuart find themselves in danger several times. To tell you more would ruin the mystery and excitement of the story.

Paper Dreams certainly lives up to its description as a romantic thriller. Phyllis J. Burton has

created a story that was impossible to stop reading. It is indeed, as the description states, "an emotional roller coaster." I thoroughly enjoyed Paper Dreams and each of the characters. Paper Dreams has it all; romance, mystery, excitement, danger and tragedy. I cannot say enough about the writing of Phyllis J. Burton; she has quickly become my new favourite author. This is a must-read book that will not disappoint.

MORE FIVE-STAR REVIEWS FOR PAPER DREAMS:

A great story. (5*****)

By [Marilyn Horobin](#) on 15 November 2016 (Amazon Review)

[Format: Paperback](#)

"Phyllis Burton's book "When the Ice Melts" is a compelling, romantic and thought provoking drama. Its two part structure and chapters of varying length make it easy to pick up, put down and resume in a busy world. Sarah is a recently widowed solicitor experiencing self-doubt, grief and an unwillingness to look positively at any new romantic relationship. Her legal colleagues and kind friends are extremely sensitive and supportive. She is however, quite antagonistic towards her new male solicitor colleague John and her days at work are tense and testing. Where, if anywhere, will this cold relationship go?

A short holiday in Greece leads Sarah into a potentially dangerous relationship with a local man but once back home her relationship with John slowly softens and strengthens. It will spoil a good story to say too much more but when Sarah suddenly disappears John is able to help the police trace her. After a great deal of trauma the remaining ice in Sarah's heart finally melts once she and John are together again."

Customer Review

[5.0 out of 5 stars](#)Penned with Love and Mystery.

By [Joss Landry](#) on 22 March 2014

[Format: Kindle Edition](#)

Any book that keeps me reading as though I were a young teen again uncaring of responsibilities or things I need to do, without letting the clock's racing motion spoil my fun is worth the mention ... and the 5 stars of course.

I discovered the book quite by accident. Naturally, we no longer spend hours perusing books on dusty library shelves. We hunt them down through the Internet. Where I came upon Paper Dreams, I can't even tell you.

The title attracted me as did the beautiful cover, but then all I had to do was read the first few pages and I was hooked. Phyllis J. Burton uses the omniscient point of view to tell her story and does a superb job of setting the scenes and describing her characters. She is a master at crafting intrigue that tugs you along mercilessly.

I followed Katie Nicholson effortlessly, feeling for her, worrying about her and looking to encourage her along the way. When she loses who she believes is the love of her life, you want to tell her a better one will come around and her friends fill that wish: her employer Brian, her landlady Brenda, and her cousin Helen who introduces her to new possibilities. The intrigue with Epton Hall unfolds quickly and the deeper you get pulled into the old mansion and its secrets, the more you shiver and want to read what comes next.

Love Phyllis J Burton's voice. Gentle, persuasive, almost hypnotic her cadence and tone is pleasing and very convincing. I will definitely read other books by this author.

And ONE MORE:

[Lyn Collins](#) reviewed [Paper Dreams](#)

9 of 9 people found the following helpful

★★★★★ **Paper Dreams** 6 February 2012

A letter from the past reveals a secret that sets in motion a story of love, deception and intrigue.

A family feud adds to the suspense as the mystery deepens.

A beautifully written book that is hard to put down.

WHEN THE ICE MELTS:

THE STORY: Following an air accident, solicitor Tom Wenham is left in a coma. Believing that she has no alternative, his wife Sarah, who is also a partner in their law practice, reluctantly agrees that the machine keeping him alive should be switched off. Afterwards her conscience nags at her and she constantly questions her decision. Feeling grief-stricken, she builds a thick wall of ice around her emotions, and when replacement solicitor John Bradley is taken on to help with the workload, Sarah is reluctant to befriend him.

She tries to get on with her life, and spends a week on a beautiful Greek island in the sun. Whilst there, she meets honey-tongued Theodorus. Upon discovering that he is a serial womaniser, she refuses his advances and returns home. But before long, Sarah finds herself the victim of a stalker who is intent on revenge...

SOME FIVE-STAR REVIEWS:

[Marilyn Horobin](#) reviewed [When the Ice Melts](#)

★★★★★ **A great story.** 15 November 2016

Phyllis Burton's book "When the Ice Melts" is a compelling, romantic and thought provoking drama. Its two part structure and chapters of varying length make it easy to pick up, put down and resume in a busy world. Sarah is a recently widowed solicitor experiencing self-doubt, grief and an unwillingness to look positively at any new romantic relationship. Her legal colleagues and kind friends are extremely sensitive and supportive. She is however, quite antagonistic towards her new male solicitor colleague John and her days at work are tense and testing. Where, if anywhere, will this cold relationship go?

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JP reviewed [When the Ice Melts: Sarah's past deadly sin...a man's love...and a misogynist!](#)

★★★★★ **Five Stars** 27 November 2016

"Mesmerizing"

Teresa reviewed [When the Ice Melts](#)

★★★★★ **Deserves the stealing of time...** 18 October 2016

"When the Ice Melts" is one of those books which deserves the stealing of time to read far into the night... I loved it!

Happy reading...