



Be My Valentine
A
Round Robin
By
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Of
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Happy Valentine's Day

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Valentine's Day sucked. Warren Prescott tilted his whisky, swirling the amber liquid, while frowning at it. Why did he let his friends talk him into this? His week was planned with a hectic schedule of meetings and a heavy workload. But there he sat, inside the Blue Mountain's Ski Resort. He listened to the crowd inside the lodge's bar, but he didn't want to be there, he didn't want to meet anyone, and he didn't particularly enjoy skiing. For one thing, he hated the high elevations, but wouldn't admit to anyone that he was afraid of heights. They'd probably laugh their asses off, considering he was six-foot-six—a good height.

Somehow, he'd managed to get out of skiing earlier today. He didn't know what his friends got out of flying down a mountain on those slippery skis. He'd probably fall on his butt and embarrass the hell out of himself. His friends became animated in their stories of their earlier fetes, none of which impressed him.

"Yo, buddy, what's up?"

Warren hunched his shoulders at his friend, Mike's greeting. "Nothing, just drinking."

"You seen the women here? Glad you came, now? This is going to be some trip."

"Yeah, right." He didn't have as much enthusiasm over this trip as Mike did. Then again, Mike was a surfer with that glowing sun god look about him. Warren's darker look didn't appeal to the women, or so he thought.

"Come on, buddy. Cheer the hell up. That's why we brought you here, you know. All you ever think about is work. Chill out, bro."

He laughed at Mike, and took a good sized gulp of his whisky.

"Hey, there's a friend of Cathie's here, her name is Vivian. She just broke up with some jerk. Let me introduce you to her."

"I don't really —"

Mike sucker-punched his arm. "Too bad, because you're going to meet her." He looked around the bar. "I don't see them. They must have left."

"Good, because I'm not in the mood to be nice."

"You're never in the mood to be nice. I'm outta here. See you tomorrow. Get your skis ready, bro. We're hitting the slopes early."

"Shit." Warren couldn't manage anything but that. He'd gotten out of skiing today, but wouldn't be so lucky tomorrow. He threw back the rest of his whisky and decided to call it a night himself. He followed shortly after Mike left. On his way out the door, a woman was entering, so he held the door open for her.

"Just leave me alone. You're a jerk, Billy."

"Aw, come on, babe. Let's make up."

The woman stood in the middle of the doorway, blocking the exit. Warren held the door and watched her turn a heated look at her boyfriend.

"Like hell, we will. I don't want to have anything to do with you, Billy. Just go back to little miss redhead."

"She didn't mean anything."

"Right. It's over between us. Get that through your blockhead."

The blond-haired woman shoved Billy's chest and turned to enter the bar. Warren

blocked her, but moved quickly out of the way. He heard her mumbling as she walked away. His eyes followed the pretty woman, who smelled like lavender. She had a nice body, and was sexy looking in her tight jeans and tight fitting top. He took a minute to admire her, while waiting for Billy to enter. This Billy fellow messed up big time. How could he cheat on a woman like her?

Warren was finally able to get through the doorway, and he left. His room was on the fourth level of the lodge's main hotel. A few people walked the lighted path to the hotel. It was damned cold on the mountain. He hurried and made it to his room five minutes later. Matt, his roommate was already asleep. Guess skiing all day wore him out.

Warren undressed and fell into his bed. Nighttime was the loneliest time of day for him. Just how long had it been since he had a girlfriend? He didn't know. He just didn't have time for a girlfriend, not that his friends would listen. Maybe they were right though. Maybe he did have room in his life for a girlfriend. Or maybe he should make time for one.

One thing was certain—he was tired of being alone. Warren turned out the light and decided tomorrow he would be more agreeable, and would mingle more. But he would definitely not ski.

Snow lightly fell, adding a nice coating on the trails. Vivian shifted her body and used her skis to stop herself. She removed her goggles and looked for that scum of the earth, Billy. Luckily, he wasn't around. He was probably off with the redhead again, not that she cared. She was completely through with him this time. He'd cheated on her three times, and she had enough. She just wanted a decent boyfriend for once, someone who cared about her, and enjoyed being with her. Not to mention someone who knew that sex was supposed to pleasure them both. Billy had to be the worst lover she'd ever had. The only way she'd been able to obtain an orgasm with him was through her own efforts. Well, Billy was out of the picture.

Vivian skied toward the lift and waited in the long line. Many men stood in the line and she kept her eyes open for someone better than Bastard Billy. There were some pretty tall guys ahead of her, all attractive, from what she could tell. Their ski suits fit their muscular bodies. The group in front of her joked with some guy about his inadequate skiing abilities. Poor guy, he sure took a ribbing from them. The group moved forward, and entered the lift seats for their ride up the mountain. She was next.

She positioned herself, and as the seat moved forward, she fell backwards onto it and settled back for the ride. Her skis dangled. At least it wasn't as cold as it had been yesterday. Several minutes later, her seat approached the top of the mountain. She jumped off at the top and readied for her ride down the trail. With her goggles in place, she tapped her helmet, and positioned her poles. She took a deep breath and used her arms to propel herself forward.

Her body swished to the left and right, and she used her skills to go over a few hills. As she flew over a higher hill, she maneuvered her body and landed in perfect stride. She continued to move fast, gaining speed as she flew down the mountain.

Ahead, she saw a guy who had stopped in the middle of the trail. It looked to be the guy who had been teased earlier in the lift line. She was going too fast and couldn't stop. Oh, no, she'd run him down. She shouted a warning, but it was too late—she pummeled right into

him.

What was he, a solid brick wall? He didn't move, but put out his hands to stop her. She held onto his body, but his legs began slipping. She ended up on top of him, with his hands on her bottom. He quickly moved them to her back. Every solid inch of him beneath her hardened. He didn't move, and wouldn't let her up. Vivian leaned on her elbow and removed her goggles. Almost nose to nose—she smiled at him.

“Are you alright?” She laughed when he moaned. “I've hurt you, haven't I?”

He removed his goggles, and she looked into his smokey gray eyes. His handsome face was shadowed from his whiskers, but he had a nice firm jaw. Vivian felt him shift, and felt something hard near her lower region. For a minute it didn't register what it was, but then she grinned. She removed her helmet, letting her hair cascade over her shoulder.

“I'm alright. Are you?” He took off his helmet, and placed it aside.

Vivian's brow rose. His black hair looked soft, very touchable. She reached out to do what her mind willed, but thought better of it.

“Do you always run men down?” He grinned.

She noticed how sexy his lips were, and how his mouth looked so kissable. “I'm really sorry, but you were in the middle of the trail.” Vivian moved off him, and used her poles to help her stand.

When they were both standing, she put out her hand to introduce herself, but the man's arms flailed, and he grabbed hold of her. She wound up sprawled on top of him again.

Billie A Williams

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Warren couldn't resist, with this vivacious little creature falling all over him, all he could do to catch his breath. If he wasn't so embarrassed at his clumsiness, he would take advantage of the situation. They tumbled a few feet downhill as their ski's tangled and clacked. *You'd think with four sticks pointing in all directions something would catch and stop their barrel rolling*, he thought. When they stopped, he reached up and dusted the snow off the silken blonde hair attached to the most gorgeous creature he'd seen in a while. Then he remembered last night, in the doorway to the lodge. It was her—it was Billy's girl.

He looked at her long and hard, as he untangled himself from her and unfolded himself, and straightened into his full six-six frame. He stooped down to reached out to her and helped her to her feet, drawing her up into his arms. His balance shaky, but steadied with her in his arms. As his gaze traced the outline of her lips, he could almost feel how soft and supple they would be under his own. Her body pressed into his. He was powerless. What kind of magnetic force did this woman have that made him act so impulsively? There was no stopping this motion as his actions followed his gaze and his lips found hers, warm and receptive. He deepened the kiss, wrapping his arms around her small frame and pulling her tight against him.

Whatever possessed him? She'd probably slap his face and he deserved it. Was the whiskey still impairing his better judgment or what? The sweetness of her overpowered him. She tasted like his favorite cherry pie, with a hint of vanilla. She was sweet, moist, delicious. She didn't resist, in fact, she kissed him back. She reached up and put one arm around his neck and let him slip his tongue between her teeth to explore the inner chamber of her mouth.

"Hey, you two your blocking traffic," another skier yelled, swooshing snow at them as he skirted around them. "Get back to the lodge to make out, or at least get off the trail," he shouted as he flew down the hill past them.

Embarrassed, Warren released Vivian with a nervous laugh. "I'm sorry, I mean...I..."

Vivian smiled—a smile that warmed his toes. A faint pink blush warmed her cheeks. "As I started to say, I'm Vivian. I guess, a kiss is small payment for breaking my fall," she said, retrieving her ski poles and helmet, and preparing to take off. "See you back at the lodge?"

"Warren, that's me, my name I," he said, pushing his hand out to shake hers and then retrieved it, thinking better of the idea after the last attempt at shaking hands. Instead, he feigned brushing snow off him from the fall, brushing it against his ski pant leg. "Ah, ya sure, I mean, wait. I'll ski with you. Except, I'm not very good."

What was wrong with him? He was stumbling all over himself like a stupid freshman. She obviously could see that he was a lousy skier. For crying out loud, he couldn't even stay on his feet.

"I take it you're a beginner then?" she asked, brushing the snow from her clothes and situating the goggles on top of her helmet.

He nodded, not knowing just what to say.

"You shouldn't be on this trail then. Follow me, I'll take you over to the beginner slope, back down to the lodge."

Beginner slope, beginner slope, now he was more embarrassed than ever. It didn't seem to bother her that he was an amateur, but it sure as hell bothered him. How could he impress her, and he had to admit that he wanted to impress her, if he couldn't even ski. Warren put his helmet on, grabbed up the ski poles, and took off behind her. Watching her toned and taunt body move under the nylon ski pants and jacket with the grace of a ballerina, heated him in places he hadn't allowed himself to think about for many months. Here was this vision, not only beautiful, but nice, fun loving and... She didn't slap his face for kissing her. He didn't have time to let his mind wander further as she took off on a zigzag course down, down, down the mountain side. He had all he could do to stay up right; he certainly wasn't going to be slaloming down any mountain side, not even the bunny trail. He felt the red rush crawl up his neck as he struggled to stay up right, stay moving forward. There was no gliding and zigzagging only pidgin-toed stumbling.

When he reached the bottom, she had already taken her skis off and was standing by the railing near the lift in what appeared to be a heated argument with the jerk Billy, he had seen her arguing with last night. He probably shouldn't interfere. He knew from last night, Billy was her boyfriend even if they were fighting then. He slipped out of his skis and stood them at the rail listening to the argument get louder.

He turned and started toward the lodge, more despondent than ever. When he heard a feminine scream, he turned to catch Billy yanking and pulling Vivian, dragging her against her will off toward the hotel.

"Hey, jerk, what the hell do you think you're doing? The lady apparently doesn't want to go with you," he said, closing the distance between him and the two-some struggling toward the hotel.

"Ain't none of your business, mister. So butt the hell out."

"I'm making it my business," Warren said as he stepped in between the puny little Billy and Vivian.

Billy glared at Vivian and then tilted his head up and back slightly to get to the top of the imposing mountain of Warren's six-six frame as he stretched his height as far as he could. Warren was aware that his size had kept a fight from happening more than once and there was no way he wanted to get into a fist-i-cuff with this loser.

Billy took two steps back and pointed a finger at Vivian. "I'll talk to you later," he said, backing away and turning to stalk off by himself.

"Thank you," Vivian said. "He is being such a jerk."

"Boyfriend?" Warren asked.

"Ex," she said. The edge in her voice told him that she was through with Billy, even if Billy couldn't accept it.

"Hot chocolate or something stronger," Warren said, pointing toward the lodge.

"I'd love it," she said, slipping her hand through his arm.

The warmth of her arm, as a hint of lavender wafted past his nostrils, told him this was going to be a very good day. He held the door open for her to enter the lodge.

Jerri A. Drennen

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Vivian slipped out of her ski jacket on her way to the bar. She needed a drink after the confrontation she'd had with Billy. Would he ever get it through his thick skull that it was over between them? My God, she'd caught him in the arms of some sleazy redhead, fake in every way, including her size triple D implants. The lady, if you could call her that, had to be an exotic dancer. If not, she'd missed her calling.

Sighing, Vivian brushed thoughts of the woman aside and headed for a booth in the back of the room. She glanced over her shoulder at the handsome man trailing her, a man who could kiss like nobodies business. He'd also come to her rescue like a knight on a pair of shiny skis. Though wobbly in his execution, he'd saved her, aided her when she was being dragged kicking and screaming into the lobby where she would have been humiliated.

She tossed her coat into the booth then plopped down, glancing around. The bar was almost empty. Not surprising, considering the time of day. Most of the guests were out skiing or had gone into town to do some shopping.

Vivian's *Knight in Shining Armor* took a seat across from her and unzipped his jacket, slowly peeling it off his broad shoulders. Her throat went dry as her gaze roamed over his chest, enhanced by a form-fitting sweater, the muscles of his arms flexing beneath the soft material. He was damned sexy. She'd give him that. And brazen from the kiss he'd planted on her lips earlier.

She hadn't even had time to analyze the realm of emotions his kiss evoked. She'd been overwhelmed by the intense heat his probing tongue had caused in her belly.

"What would you like to drink?" he asked, drawing her attention back to his face, to the lips and mouth she'd just been thinking about.

A rush of heat washed over her again, and she could only hope her discomfort wasn't obvious. "Anything with Tequila in it, is fine." Hopefully a strong drink would help calm her nerves.

He grinned, then rose and headed to the bar, giving Vivian the opportunity to check out his backside. Again, he had an amazing rear-end, one she pictured touching. Could it be as firm as it looked? Toned enough to bounce a quarter off of?

From the bar, he glanced her way and smiled, an overzealous sparkle in his gray eyes making her wonder if indeed he could read her mind. *How embarrassing would that be?* But then again, maybe honesty was the way to go. She was single. Looking for love. Maybe this man was Mr. Right—the one guy put on this earth to make her and only her happy.

Oh, my God. What has gotten into you? Where have all these fanciful thoughts come from?

Hadn't she learned the hard way that there was no such thing as happily-ever-after?

If anything happened between her and this man, it was going to come with no strings attached. Strings had gotten her nothing but pain. What she needed now was a down and dirty romp with a man who wanted the same. Yes, this was the way to go, the right course of action. Before she and Mister tall, dark, and handsome, got anywhere near a bedroom, she was going to know that sex was the only thing on his agenda. Good sex too, not the mediocre kind she'd had the last year and a half with Billy. What a waste of time he'd been in the sack.

She wanted the kind of orgasm that kept her body quaking hours after it was over, and left a big smile on her face, not another disappointed frown.

“Here’s your drink.” He placed a glass of clear liquid in front of her and sat down.

He took a swallow of his longneck. “So, my first question would be,” he said, his eyes intent on hers. “What’s your name, and what’s the story with the ex?”

She sipped her tequila, contemplating if she should tell him the truth or not. It wasn’t as if she’d have to see him again after they left the ski lodge. Anonymity could keep things simple between them, especially if they ended up in bed together. Not a bad idea considering what she’d just gone through. What she wanted was what all men did anyway—sex with no feeling involved.

Vivian gulped down her drink and smiled. “The name’s Nancy, and I wouldn’t want to bore you with my past. So, let’s talk about you.”

Christy Gissendaner

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"What do you want to know?" Warren stretched his arm along the back of the booth, and gave her a warm smile.

Nancy mimicked his movements, her eyes remaining focused on his as she lifted a drink to her lips. "Everything."

He laughed and reached for his beer. "That might take all night."

"All night?" She pouted prettily, her lower lip sticking out in a way that reminded him of wild nights spent in the arms of experienced women.

What the hell was going on? Was she trying to seduce him? If so, she was doing a damned fine job. Parts of his body were already leaping to attention. Forcing a nonchalance he didn't feel, he leaned forward and planted his elbow on the table. "Maybe not all night."

She smiled, the corners of her eyes crinkling in a way that told him this was a woman who often laughed. "How about we just start with your name?"

"Warren Prescott." He watched as she used the tip of one finger to chase a bead of moisture down the side of her glass. His mouth grew dry just watching her unintentionally erotic gesture. "I'm in marketing."

"Marketing?" she echoed with a faintly amused air. "What do you sell?"

"Greeting cards actually." He studied the label on his beer, desperately wishing he'd chosen whisky instead. "I'm in town on business. We're getting ready for the Mother's Day campaign."

"Ah!" She tapped her finger against her lips. "I take it Valentine's Day was completed months ago then."

"Right." He couldn't hide the grimace that crossed his face. Months of reading hundreds of sappy cards, alternately wishing he could burn them or find someone special to send them to. Valentine's Day had to be his least favorite holiday. Not only because it was such a big deal at work, but it also reinforced the point how lonely his life had become.

Nancy leaned forward, a curious gleam in her eye. "What is that look for?"

"What look?" He played innocent.

"That I'd rather be dead than talk about this look."

She was sharp, he'd give her that. "I'm not a big fan of hearts and flowers."

She rolled her eyes. "Is any man?"

Warren wisely kept his mouth shut on the basis that he might say something incriminating about males in general. She was obviously suffering the aftereffects of a bad relationship if what he'd seen of Billy was anything to go by, but she shouldn't lump them all in the same category. True, Warren didn't know many men who did like hearts and flowers, but he was sure there was one...somewhere. "Why are you here?" he found himself asking without quite meaning to.

She waggled her finger at him. "No fair. I'm not finished with you yet. What's your favorite color?"

"Blue," he answered automatically. She sighed as if he'd committed a crime. "What's wrong with blue?"

She held up her hands. "Nothing. I just thought you'd be a bit more creative."

"I'll have you know I'm plenty creative. I just happen to like blue."

"Why?"

He nearly choked on his beer. "Why, what?"

"Why do you like blue?"

He'd be damned before he admitted it was the color of his favorite basketball team. She'd lump him into the Typical Male category and chuck him before he had a chance to pursue more kissing. He wished he had something charming to say like, "it's the exact color of your eyes", but as he looked closer he saw that her irises were a cross between green and brown. He mentally snapped his fingers. There was another reason he liked blue. "It reminds me of a sailboat my grandfather had when I was a boy."

She smiled, so he must've done something right. "Name your first crush."

Was she serious? Warren looked at her, but she seemed to be waiting for his answer. "Molly Ringwold."

"Non-celebrity crush," she amended quickly.

"Taffy Holland."

"Taffy?"

He shrugged. "Her parents were a bit odd."

"I'd say." Nancy drained her tequila and nodded when he asked if she wanted another. "Age when you lost your virginity?"

"Fourteen."

She didn't flicker so much as an eyelash. "Let me guess. Taffy?"

Warren placed his finger to the side of his nose. "Right you are."

"So what happened to her?"

"I'm not entirely sure." Last he'd heard she'd moved to California with her lesbian lover, but he wasn't about to go into that. "Enough about me. It's your turn."

She pushed her hair over one shoulder and affected a casual pose. "Okay. Shoot."

"What color underwear are you wearing?"

He loved that he'd shocked her. Her face was a cross between a smile and a frown, as if she were unsure whether to be offended or amused. She chose to be amused. "Not applicable."

"What do you mean not applicable?"

She shrugged as if the question was of no importance. "That means I'm not wearing any."

Warren's lust-o-meter went from simmering to raging in a matter of nanoseconds. He shifted in his chair uncomfortably. "Very good answer."

She gave him a bold wink. "I thought you'd like that." When he remained quiet, she gave him a bit of a prod. "Is that it? No more questions for me?"

He leaned across the table and took her hand. "Just one more. Do you want to get out of here?"

Lucynda Storey

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"My place or yours?" Vivian's sultry voice purred.

Warren's mouth went dry and he swallowed a lump that felt as large as a snowball. If only it had half the moisture he might be able to make his mouth work. If that question had come from a guy it would have been one of the oldest lines on the planet.

Coming from her sexy mouth it sent a clear signal. Nancy was as interested in him as he was in her. His mind fired through the two choices. His room was out of the running. If his roommate interrupted them while they were hot and heavy doing the slap and tickle, it would be all over the lodge in minutes. No good for Nancy or him.

Her place remained a possibility, but that depended on whether or not she came to the lodge with the Neanderthal. He reevaluated the look on her face; she was definitely interested in his answer. Too bad he couldn't give an equally sexy response. "I've got a bunkmate."

She met his gaze head on. "I don't."

Her husky voice turned him on further. Shit, shit, shit. He was in over his head, insane with lust, the sort of mind-numbing desire he hadn't felt since leaving for his final assignment, the one that nearly killed him.

The Neanderthal could return to claim his own at any time and then he'd have to prove that he was capable of following through on his threat, which he was. But since he'd gotten out of his SEAL unit, he'd eschewed violence and actually enjoyed the less exciting life of a greeting card marketer.

Dealing with Billy-Bob, or Billy-Joe, or whatever the hell his name was would be a piece of cake, comparatively. Warren just didn't want to revive that aspect of his life. Obscurity suited him just fine.

Then she reached across the table and grabbed his hand. If pure sexual energy could be communicated through a touch, then this woman had it down to an exact science. His already hard cock swelled more. No wonder Billy-boy, the moronic asshole, didn't want to let her go.

Warren leapt to his feet, and knocked over a chair at the table beside their booth. The chair falling backward and striking the flagstone floor. The crashing sound reverberated throughout the empty bar. He yanked his hand from hers and righted the chair. "That makes it yours then."

Rising to her feet, Nancy graced him with a smile. "Great."

She rounded the table and took his hand back into hers. His firm grip managed to send her heart rate into the stratosphere. If anyone could possibly give her mind-blowing orgasm after orgasm this man had the body to do it. Stamina, though, was another thing altogether. She'd have to find a way to get chocolate sent up to the room.

Thank God, she'd gotten her own room after she'd found Billy with his Dolly Parton wannabe. Even if she didn't have rocketing sex with Warren, the experience alone would help her burn off her ex's slimy touch. She'd be able to look Billy in the eye and know she was desired by another man and tell him to take a leap off the nearest bridge.

But before she could go about seducing Warren Prescott she needed to take off her

panties. She removed her hand from his, picked up her ski jacket and rummaged through the pockets as if she were looking for something. She plastered on a wan smile. "I need to make a run to the ladies room."

Another thought hit with the force of a hammer. Condoms. They'd need a boxful if she had her sinful way with that man's body. Maybe once she trashed her undies she could discreetly pick up the rubbers along with a bag of Godivas. She warmed up her smile and gave him her sexiest, 'I want to do you til sunrise' look. "It's near the gift shop on this floor. Maybe you'd wait for me there?"

She ran her manicured hand over the pink angora sweater, the act just a pretense of getting him to look at her own pair of respectable C's. It worked. Warren's gaze fixated on her chest, long enough to reinforce her interpretation of his interest. The bulge behind the fly of his ass tight jeans corroborated her conviction further. Oh yeah, a good tumble with studly would go a long way toward erasing Billie and his Barbie doll from her memory banks.

What she needed now though, was to get handsome moving. She subtly cleared her throat. Damn, but he looked shell-shocked. "Warren?"

He jerked his head away from the perusal of her chest. "Uh, yeah."

Sliding her arm around the crook of his elbow, Vivian inched closer to Warren and led him out of the bar. The gift store, a short walk down the hall, was across from the ladies' room and next to the alcove that led to a bank of elevators.

An even more delightful, wicked thought presented itself to her. She patted Warren's muscular forearm. "I won't be but a minute."

He looked down at her from his better than six foot height. His grey eyes had a smoky hue that added to his sex appeal. It would be interesting to watch those eyes as they made love and see what sort of changes his passion caused.

"Ah, okay."

Vivian rushed into the first stall of the bathroom. Damn, she had to get the heavy boots off, then her pants. She hung them from the hook on the back of the stall door, and then quickly slipped off her favorite pair of leopard print panties. She stuffed them into the sanitary napkin receptacle and then reversed her undressing process.

The whole procedure took a hell of a lot longer than she'd thought. But at least when he stuck his long-fingered hand in her pants he'd find her ready and willing to be invaded. Just the idea of Warren intimately touching her sent another heated wave of desire through her body to prepare her feminine channel. Vivian shoved her feet back into her ski boots and didn't bother to fasten them closed. They'd be off again soon if all went well. She inhaled deeply and stepped out of the stall, a knowing smile on her face.

When she entered the gift shop, she spotted him right away. For the first time in memory, she was thankful she wasn't as tall as her sister. She could duck behind the clothing racks if need be.

Warren appeared to be looking at knick-knacks on the wall across from the personal care products. Good, he wouldn't be able to see what she picked up if he happened to look her way. She grabbed a box of Sheiks and turned toward the counter.

Beneath the glass top she spied bags of Ghirardelli chocolate. It wasn't Godiva but it would do. Vivian approached the cashier and laid the condoms on top of the counter. "I'll take a bag of that too," she whispered, pointing to the chocolate.

“That will be nine dollars and forty-six cents. Would you like your purchases in a bag?”

Apparently, the attendant hadn't learned discretion was the better part of cashiering. Vivian pulled a twenty out of her pocket. “No, no thank you.”

She grabbed the bag of chocolate and stuffed it into the pocket of her parka. She put the condoms in the other and turned to walk away.

“Miss,” the cashier called.

Vivian twisted around and glared at the girl. “Keep the change,” she hissed.

She inhaled deeply and worked to keep her temper in check. She was not letting some underage teeny bopper ruin her seduction scenario. Not when she had the perfect opportunity to kill two birds with the same screw. Her playful thought put a smile on her face. What could be better than riding herself of the memory of Billy's indiscretion and having a night of screaming orgasms?

Nothing, absolutely nothing. She sidled up to Warren. “Ready big guy?”

At her words he jerked. He sure was jumpy. Vivian shrugged. Some guys were like that. She slipped her hand into his. “Elevator is this way.”

He looked down at her as if he were confused. Could he have forgotten the heated looks they'd shared moments ago? She awkwardly stood on the tip toes of her ski boots, acutely aware she was off-balance and praying he'd put his large hands around her waist to steady her long enough for her to kiss him.

She needn't have worried. Warren bent his neck so his face was closer to hers. His hands encompassed her waist and anchored her to him. His kissable lips came closer, closer. His erratic breathing teased her cheek like a fragile feather.

The ticklish sensation aroused her further. Damn, she couldn't remember a time when Billy set her pulse racing this way.

Then it happened.

Warren's lips brushed against hers, the heat from his kiss frying her synapses.

She kissed him back, her lips partially open in blatant invitation. Never before had she wanted to experience every inch of a man's body the way she wanted to familiarize herself with his. The intensity of her desire shocked her but it wasn't enough to stop her from dashing headlong into whatever physical pleasure they could create.

Warren's tongue swept inside her mouth. For a moment, they danced, the heated slide further fueling her lust. Dear God, if she didn't have him soon she'd spontaneously combust.

Vivian reluctantly broke the kiss and stared into his passion-filled grey depths. “Let's get out of here.”

The husky sounds coming from her throat were a further testament of her desire. She relaxed her legs and flattened her ski-boot clad feet onto the floor.

He released her and grasped her hands. “Are you sure?”

She wanted to laugh. She'd never been more sure of anything in her life. Once she'd started sleeping with jerko, he'd never bothered to ask if she wanted to do the sheet tango, just assumed she'd be ever ready for his pleasure. She gazed into Warren's serious face. “I'm positive.”

They left the shop and once they were at the elevator, Vivian punched the “up” button. A ding and then the doors slid open. No one got out.

They stepped over the threshold and as soon as the doors closed she wrapped her arms around Warren's neck. "Now, where were we?"

Elaine Charton

~~*

He crushed her to him, his lips hard and demanding, like something else she felt bulging against her abdomen. Everywhere his lips touched burnt, setting her body in flames. Warren would definitely make her forget that worthless piece of shit, what's his name?

His hands snaked under her sweater and pulled her closer. She felt something long wide and hard pressing against her, from his jacket pocket? Before she could explore further they reached her floor. Silently, she grabbed his hand and pulled him out of the elevator.

Warren prayed her room was not one of the suites down the end of the hall. He needed her naked and wrapped around him the sooner the better. Suddenly, she stopped and he panicked, she wasn't going to change her mind now, was she?

Her eyes raked hungrily over him and she licked her lips, he pulled her to him. "Lady, I hope your room isn't much further. You keep looking at me like that and I'll take you right here."

She pulled her key card from her jeans pocket and held it out, "Room 315, right around the corner." She kissed him quick and hotter than anything he'd ever known.

"Woman, are you trying to kill me before we even start?" He pulled the card from her hand.

"I think you're stronger than you give yourself credit for champ."

Somehow, they managed to get around the corner and into her room. She slid the safety lock on the door and turned to find herself imprisoned in his arms. He had managed to remove his jacket and was now busy doing the same to hers. All the while kissing her and whispering just what he wanted to do to her. Her sweater soon followed and he made quick work of her bra. She gasped as he kissed her nipples and then traveled down even further. She heard him chuckle when he slid her jeans down her legs.

"You weren't kidding when you said you had no underwear on?" He said, his voice husky with need.

Kicking her boots off, she stepped out of her jeans and shook her head. "Don't you think we should be on the bed?"

"Not yet, I'm not done here. Besides it's too far away." He leaned in and planted kisses up her thighs until his mouth was right where she wanted it to be.

Her fingers grabbed his head and held on for the ride. How did he know this was her fantasy, to be taken like this standing up against a wall?

Everything about this woman turned him on, the feel, the taste the smell of her and the way she responded to him. Warren was glad he thought to take one condom out before putting the box in his jacket pocket. Her moans told him that she was just about at the edge and he wanted to be inside her when she came. Rising from his knees, he took the packet out of his pocket quickly unzipped his pants and slid the condom on before lifting her up.

"Wrap your legs around me, sweetheart." He whispered as he nuzzled the spaces between her breasts. She did as he asked and gasped as he filled her.

This was even better than any fantasy! Vivian thought as she wrapped her legs around him. "Please, don't stop." She pleaded when he didn't move immediately.

"I have no intention of stopping, sweetheart. I hope you want it hard and fast because

that's what you're going to get."

"Oh, yes, please." She whispered before pulling his head down to meet hers. They kissed as he slid in and out of her faster and faster her body melted against him and soon there was nothing but him and the pleasure between them. She gasped and screamed his name as her release came and his soon followed.

"Are we still alive?" Warren asked when he could breathe easily.

"I think so," she whispered as she slowly unwrapped her legs and slid to a standing position. "If that's what you can do standing up, I'd love to see what you can do in a bed."

He zipped his jeans before lifting her in his arms. "I guess I'll have to show you then, won't I?" Quickly, he strode across the room and laid her gently down on the king size bed. He leaned over and brushed a kiss across her lips. "Be right back."

She watched him cross the room to where he'd thrown his jacket. The man did have one fine butt. He quickly got rid of his jeans and boots and grabbed something from his jacket before returning to join her on the bed.

"Never say I'm not prepared." He laid a box of condoms on the table next to the bed.

Before she could reply, someone banged on her door.

Esther Mitchell

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"Hey, Viv, I know you're in there!"

Vivian stifled a groan at the sound of Cathie's strained voice, outside the door. There was only one reason for that tone, and she didn't want to face it, right now. She wanted more of Warren's spectacular orgasms. Spirits of the Void knew when she'd get them again.

Warren stilled, poised inches from her skin, and tension in his body matched the sudden suspicion in his smoky eyes.

"Vivian!"

Shit, shit, shit! As Cathie pounded the door again, Vivian knew she had to talk fast. Warren thought her name was Nancy. She latched onto the most obvious explanation she could come up with. "Probably a drunk. She must have the wrong room."

His brow smoothed, even though the suspicion in his eyes told her he didn't quite believe her. He levered himself up. "I'll get rid of her."

"No!" Vivian bolted from the bed and scrambled for her clothes, while he stood there in just his jeans, all that yummy chest tempting her until she wanted to wail. It wasn't fair, dammit! She wanted her fantasy. She met his eyes, and knew she was screwed, and not in a good way. She swallowed hard and tried again. "I mean, this is my room. You make yourself comfortable, while I take care of things. I'll walk her back to the bar, real quick."

"C'mon, Viv!" The agitation in Cathie's voice was at fever pitch. "It's an emergency!"

Those words were a signal that told her she wouldn't be killing her friend, for interrupting the best sex of her life. Without another word, she finished dressing without another look at Warren. So she was a cold bitch. She couldn't tell him the truth, not about who she was, or what she did. She couldn't tell him why she was really here at Blue Mountain. She couldn't tell anyone.

Without another word, she slipped out the door and into the hallway, where she came face-to-face with her friend and partner, Cathie Sanduval. Cathie was a statuesque brunette with dark eyes, gypsy roots, and an old soul. But it was her sense of the weather that was most valuable to their job.

"What's the emergency?"

Cathie turned toward the window, and the sudden blizzard swirling outside. The sky was clear less than an hour ago. "That."

Vivian's heart dropped straight through the pit of her stomach, and she felt queasy. Most people would chock that view up to the whim of Mother Nature, but Vivian knew differently. As a Wychward—the supernatural's equivalent of a bounty hunter—she knew this blizzard was the work of a powerful weather mage. That could only mean one thing.

"Tragonis escaped again." The words slipped from her mouth, along with an oath in the Old Tongue, and Cathie flinched.

"You shouldn't say that."

"*Baracha b'eshad.*" Vivian rolled her eyes as she mumbled the revocation. Let the Blessings Be. Yeah, right. Until she kicked his ass. She cast a last, woeful glance toward what could have been her one shot at normal, and then grabbed Cathie's arm and pulled her along as she stalked down the hall, toward the snow-blurred night. Time to arm up. "Let's go,

Cathie.”

Judith Gilbert

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"Viv, I'm...so...cold." Cathie's teeth chattered, her body shook.

Vivian put a protective arm around Cathie as they trudged forward inch by blinding inch. Their feet sank in nearly two-inches of fresh snow, which continued to fall and swirl around them like icy fingers of death. Fierce, bitter winds howled and buffeted their bodies, making every step an agonizing uphill battle.

"Throw everything you have at us, Tragonis!" Vivian shouted. "You won't stop me from whipping your ass and bringing you back to justice again." It only made the bounty Vivian would get for this evil sorcerer that much sweeter.

Cathie's body grew limp. She fell on her knees. "Leave...me, Viv. You'll make...better time."

Vivian stared into the snow-blurred night. "I sense we're near the portal, but I can't see it." She lifted her arms to cast a spell. "Give us a sign, point the way. Make that which is invisible clear today."

A pinpoint of blue light flickered in the distance, like a welcoming beacon.

"It worked." Vivian grabbed Cathie's arm and pulled her toward her. "Let's go. We're almost there."

A few hundred feet they reached what looked like a mountainous snowdrift, in the center of which a light shone forth. Vivian held Cathie against her, fingered the small keypad on her belt and punched in an access code. They moved into the stream of light, which instantly transported them inside.

Even though it was a secret, makeshift supply room hollowed out of the side of a mountain, it looked like heaven. It held everything she would need to fight Tragonis.

"Sit here while I warm up the place." Vivian seated Cathie on a stool and walked over to the supply of weapons.

Vivian lifted a laser, pointed it at a large rock and fired. When the rock glowed with a reddish, orange hue like an ember, she ceased firing. Heat radiated from it, spreading warmth to every corner. They removed their coats and rested for the fight they knew lay ahead.

"Tragonis gets more powerful every time he escapes." Cathie's dark eyes narrowed. "This evil weather mage enjoys reeking havoc. This is only one of the dangers he will throw at us. He aims on destroying you, Viv."

Vivian nodded and took a deep breath. She'd barely escaped death at the hands of Tragonis the last time she'd captured him. Her thoughts flew to Warren, the perfect fantasy she had held in her arms for such a brief time. Bitter tears stung her eyes. Would she ever see Warren again? Would she ever feel his arms hold her tight, his lips claim hers, his love flow into every part of her body and soul again?

"We'll stay put tonight, let Tragonis think we've been buried by the blizzard," Vivian said. "At first light, I'll put on extra layers of protective clothing, arm myself and head out."

"I'm going with you."

Vivian shook her head. "It's too dangerous."

Cathie nodded. Her chin quivered. "Be careful, Viv. I kinda got used to working with you."

“Thanks, partner,” Vivian said, her tone somber. “You be careful, too. If I don’t survive, you need to have our people send another Wychward to hunt Tragonis down. You’ll sense if I no longer live, Cathie. Quick as you feel those sensations, don’t hang around for Tragonis to find you. Transport to our people. Don’t try to avenge me by yourself, promise?” The sadness in Cathie’s eyes broke Vivian’s heart.

“I promise.”

Warren couldn’t sleep. When he’d glanced out the window looking for Nancy and saw that blizzard his heart had jumped to his stomach. He’d practically broke his fool neck dashing to the bar to make sure she was okay, only to find it closed.

Who was the woman who came to the door? She’d called Nancy by another name—Vivian. He’d heard the urgency in the woman’s voice. The fear. Where did they go in such a hurry? Tension filled his body. The same kind he’d felt in his SEAL unit. The kind that told him something was dead wrong.

He knew he wouldn’t rest until he got to the bottom of all this. Nancy or Vivian, whoever the woman he’d had the best sex of his life with, had a lot of explaining to do.

Judith Rochelle

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The blizzard outside nearly made Warren turn back. However, as a former SEAL he had trained and completed missions in worse weather than this, so he pulled a watch cap over his head, tightened the collar on his ski parka, and forged ahead into the swirling white mist. He had no track to follow, of course, but a sixth sense set his feet on the trail Vivian and Cathie had taken.

His body was still hot from the aftereffects of their mind-blowing sex. His erection strained at the zipper of his jeans just from thinking about her hot, wet sheath clasp around him. And thinking of sex in this godforsaken blizzard was testament to the impression their heated coupling had left on him.

God only knew what kind of trouble she was in, but he wasn't about to let her get away without trying to help. If only this damn snow would stop falling.

He pushed his way through the drifts, thinking how one minute he was celebrating Valentine's Day in a way that made his whole body throb, and the next he was freezing his ass off. But he couldn't shake off the fear he sensed in the voice of the girl calling Vivian. And what was with the name, anyway? Was she in some kind of disguise? Then something clicked in his frozen brain. Vivian, Mike. Cathie. Was this the Vivian that Mike had wanted him to meet?

He stopped for a moment, trying to get his bearings. He wished he had his GPS locator with him so he at least had some idea of where he was. He couldn't even see the lodge any more. Then under the hood of his parka he felt the hair on his neck bristle. Vivian. He knew it was her he was sensing. She had to be somewhere near here. He shielded his eyes with his gloved hands and focused on a tiny pinpoint of light coming at him from a huge snowdrift. He had no idea what it was, but if it led him to the woman whose body he wanted in his bed again, he'd follow it.

Vivian couldn't believe it. Through the laser eye-scope she saw a heavily bundled body plowing through the drifts that could only be Warren. How the hell had he even followed her? She'd had trouble enough herself finding this place.

"Warren's outside," she told Cathie.

"What? How did he find us?"

"I have no idea, but he'll freeze to death if I don't do something."

Cathie clutched at her arm. "You can't let him in."

Vivian shook off her friend's grasp. "I can't let him die, either."

Not when the memory of his cock inside me makes me want more.

Cathie looked at her and asked hesitantly, "Are you going to tell him about...us? And Tragonis?"

"I don't know." Vivian chewed at her bottom lip. "I just know I have to get him inside here. Then we'll see what happens."

"You can't let him interfere with the mission." Cathie was nearly hysterical.

Vivian shook her head. "Don't worry, I won't."

But all she could think of was, what a way to spend Valentine's day. Not at all what

she'd had in mind.

Lynne Connolly

~~*

"Over here!"

Warren turned sharply, and nearly collided with Nancy-whatever-her-name-was. Whatever it was didn't stop her being the warmest, sexiest sight he'd ever seen. Without another word, she grabbed his hand and towed him to a place he would have overlooked, even with his training. He must be getting rusty.

"Wow."

Not the most original word, but definitely deserved. He stood inside what looked like a command center, instruments clicking and whirring, screens showing graphs and glyphs. "Okay, spill. What the fuck is this? And while we're at it, what's your real name?"

He watched Nancy bite her bottom lip and a wayward thought wished it were him. For all this weird shit, he still wanted to nibble and bite at her, take her with him to the heights they'd found so briefly earlier.

"My name's Vivienne. I'm on a mission here, to prevent an otherworldly being called Tragonis completely disrupt the weather system. We don't know how he got here undetected, but now he's here, it's our job to take him out."

"Who's this?" He suspected he knew, but he wanted to be sure.

"This is Cathie. She's otherworld, too."

"You don't say. She looks human to me." If his boss hadn't briefed him thoroughly, he wouldn't have believed it. He knew about the disturbances, knew a deep, deep undercover op department had been brought in, knew he was supposed to rendezvous with the reps here. But he didn't know their names, hell, he hadn't even known their sex. Just their names. And they could have been covers for men.

"I only do greetings cards in my spare time," he said. "My other name is Otis." He watched the relief spread across both their faces. "Now tell me who you are. For real. I've only been told there's t activity around here, and I'm to assist the operatives."

"t?"

"Tangos, t's, terrorists."

"Ah!" The woman called Cathie frowned. "Wasn't there supposed to be two of you?"

"Yeah, Mike. He's still in the lodge. Can I contact him, tell him where we are?"

"Not here." Cathie turned to the instruments, checking them all. "Tragonis has gone to ground again. You stay here while I go find him."

"I can go."

"No." A glance passed between the two women, one he couldn't interpret. "You stay here. I have all the documentation in my room." Cathie picked up something that looked like a cell phone and tossed it to Vivian, who caught it deftly. "You can contact me on this. The security around this unit won't allow anything else, but this is tuned right."

Yeah, right. It still sounded like fairy tales, but when Cathie opened the door to leave, the blizzard hurled itself in, white, powdery snow whipping around them. Just as quickly, she left and the door closed behind them.

Warren turned to face Vivian. "I'm sorry, if you'd told me who you were from the get-go, given me a clue, I wouldn't have..."

“That’s why I didn’t tell you.”

Her sultry voice stopped him dead. Agents, hell, he still wanted her.

“We have to wait until Tragonis shows his hand. Now we’re in here, we can plot his position and hopefully take him out. But we have to wait.” A smile curled her full, luscious lips. “What can we do to pass the time?”

It was too much. He took the step that separated them and swept her into his arms. He was too hot for her.

She was hot for him. They nearly didn’t make it to the makeshift bed in the corner, little more than a mattress covered with a sheet and comforter. Meant for temporary naps while the screens were monitored, it was perfect for what they had in mind. A shame there wasn’t a sinfully deep hot tub within reach. That would make it perfect.

Vivian melted into his steamy kisses, wild to feel his skin on hers, and hers on his. How could this be, after just one, hasty round? How could she want him so much?

Who cared? His hands on her body felt right. He seemed to know just how to arouse her, the parts of her body to stroke to drive her wild.

Getting out of their clothes was a whole new adventure. Heavy overcoats, hats, the gloves had come off first, and then down to sweaters, t-shirts, jeans, boots and heavy socks. Their clothes made quite a pile around the bed, but they weren’t taking any more notice.

He paused, hovering above her, staring at her body. “Jesus!” he ground out. “I hadn’t realized how completely gorgeous you are!” Almost reverently he touched her breast with the edge of one finger.

Vivian shuddered. Even that tiny touch had all her nerve ends jangling, wanting more, needing more. She smoothed her hand over his hard chest, feeling muscles ripple. “You’re the gorgeous one.”

His eyes darkened at her touch, and he bent to take her mouth in a savage, passionate kiss, nibbling at her lower lip and continuing down. “You look good, you taste good, you’re just perfect, sweetheart.” His lips traveled slowly but inexorably down her body, until he reached her crotch. His low groan told her he approved. “I always loved Brazil,” he murmured, pushing her legs further apart and sinking between them.

He explored her thoroughly, sliding his finger between her lips and slipping it further down, slowly, inexorably pushing into her wet depths.

Vivian arched her back in instinctive reaction, so he brought his free hand up to hold her in place. “Oh no, now I have you where I want you, I’m going to find everything out about you.”

“Everything?” she managed, through trembling lips.

“Everything,” he murmured, before diving down to take her with his mouth.

Marie Treanor

~~*

This was incredible. *He* was incredible. Beyond everything she'd ever dreamed of. His knowing mouth invoked the most intense pleasure she'd ever felt in places she hadn't even been aware of. Moaning, she threaded her fingers through his hair, clutching his head to her in case he should think of stopping.

But he appeared to have no such intention. His hands cradled her writhing hips, holding them steady while his tongue swirled and glided its magic. She never wanted this bliss to end, and yet already she lay poised on the edged of orgasm and couldn't stop herself reaching for it. Warren's mouth loosened, making her cry out in protest.

Smiling wickedly, he fastened his lips once more to her, and sucked. Oh yes, now she would come...

But Warren made it last, each time drawing back before the waves of her climax, and then returning until she all but sobbed for release.

"This time," he whispered against her lower lips, and in her eagerness she tugged at his hair.

"Oh yes," she whispered fervently. "Oh yes..."

Her entire body awash with impossibly heightened pleasure, she felt the waves of orgasm gather under his mouth. She knew this would be so special. This was going to be the screaming multiple orgasm she'd dreamed of for so long...

She heard a low growl begin deep in her throat.

And then, from somewhere near the bed, came the loud strains of the William Tell Overture.

Yet again, Warren's mouth stilled. A furious little animal sound of distress broke from Vivian's lips.

Warren said, "What the...?"

"Cathie," said Vivian in despair. "It's her stupid cell phone..."

Their eyes met. Vivian held her breath. As the incongruous tune gathered pace, she knew an instant, just a tiny instant of temptation, a raging urge to sacrifice her duty and her friend to this amazing need. Surely no one should be expected to stop *now*?

But there was never any real doubt. Though it was the hardest thing she'd ever done in a lifetime of difficulties, she swung her legs over Warren's head and reached down for the phone.

At least it stopped William Tell.

"Hello?" Her voice sounded odd, shaky, hoarse. She cleared her throat. "Cathie?"

At first the instrument was silent, making her frown. Then came a breathless whisper. "Viv, listen, something's out here. Check the... Aargh!"

"Cathie?" shouted Vivian, frightened. But the phone was dead.

She reached for her clothes. Suddenly her lust-heated body was shivering. "Cathie's in trouble. I've got to..."

"Vivian," Warren interrupted. He stood by the instrument panels, staring at the screen. "What does this mean?"

Even from this distance, Vivian could see the red flash. God knew how long it had been

doing that. If she had not been so lost in lust...

But there was no time for recrimination now. Yanking up her jeans, she said, "It means Tragonis has fooled us. He's out there, and I think he's got Cathie."

Melanie Atkins

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"Wait." Warren caught Vivian's arm as she pulled on her coat. "We have to go about this the right way."

"If you mean we need to call in reinforcements, there's no time." Her fingers trembled as she fastened the zipper and pulled on her hood. "With the weather so bad, no one could get here anyway."

Warren pulled out his slim black transmitter. He was only to use it in an emergency, yet somehow he felt that now was the time. He turned away so he wouldn't keep staring at Vivian's delicious mouth. He'd tasted her, and he'd been planning for her to return the favor. The idea of those lips on his rock-hard shaft made him squirm. Now, he might never know that particular pleasure.

"M-1," he said into the transmitter.

Silence.

"M-1," he repeated. "This is M-6. Mayday."

"M-1 here." Mike's gruff voice carried over the device. "What the hell is going on?"

"Tragonis is on the loose. I need your help."

"Shit. Now?"

"Yes, now. Someone you care about is in trouble."

"Who?" Mike's tone changed. "The only person here is—"

"Cathie." Warren's eyes strayed to Vivian's worried face. "Vivian believes Tragonis has kidnapped her."

Mike spat a string of oaths. There was a thumping sound. "Where are you? I'm on my way."

"No." Warren speared a hand through his hair. His body thrummed with a fresh surge of adrenaline. Or was it testosterone? Vivian's nearness kept sidetracking his thoughts. If only they'd been able to consummate their union tonight. He shook off the need that threatened to consume him and spoke into the communicator. "Stay at the lodge, but get your weapons ready. Vivian and I are venturing out into the storm. We'll call you if we need you."

"Do you have GPS?"

"I don't. Wait a minute." He lowered the phone and looked at Vivian. "Do you have a GPS device?"

"Yes!" Her eyes widened, and she rushed over to a tall metal cabinet. Moments later she turned, triumphant, and held up two black armbands. "One for each of us."

Warren lifted the phone to his ear. "We have two. Stand by for calibration."

They set the devices to be read by Mike's unit, and then Warren hung up the phone.

Vivian handed him his armband. He put it on.

It served to emphasize the muscles in his forearm. She smiled. "You wear that well."

"This, and nothing," he said softly, his eyes luminous in the shadowy control room. "Later."

"You bet," she said, knowing he was talking about a resumption of their lovemaking. The bulge still stretched the fly of his ski pants, and she wanted nothing more but to sink to her knees and take him in her mouth. But there was no time.

Cathie was out there somewhere, in the clutches of one of the most diabolical creatures known to man. They had to get to work. Her nerve endings tingled as she scooped two laser pistols from the cabinet and tossed one to Warren.

“Hope you know how to shoot.”

His lips curved. “I’m an expert marksman.”

“With a laser?”

“Among other things.”

Her cheeks burned at his steamy innuendo.

His eyes never left her as he shrugged into his coat. “We need to go.”

“Right.” She shook off the passion consuming her, pulled on her thick gloves, and readied herself for battle.

Warren put his hand on the door, and panic filled her.

“Wait!” she cried.

He turned, and she wrapped her arms around his neck. Their kiss gave her comfort and reminded her she had to survive. For if she didn’t, she’d never know true love.

After a full minute, they broke apart and he opened the door. Icy air engulfed them and snow blew into Vivian’s eyes. She gathered her courage and followed Warren out into the night.

Michele Lang

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Warren felt coldness seep into his soul, a watchfulness, a somberness. They trudged through the snow, and the world they left behind was buried in a shroud of white.

"Hell of a Valentine's Day we're having, sweetheart," he muttered, meaning it as a joke, half-hoping she didn't overhear him through the shriek of the wind.

Her gloved hand formed a fist and she punched him in the shoulder.

"St. Valentine was martyred for bringing lovers together in the face of evil," she said, her voice hoarse in the storm. "I'd say we're having an old-school Valentine's Day. The kind of holiday my people would understand."

Her people. The phrase made him wonder still more about witchy Vivian, this woman who was nothing like the red-hot damsel in distress she'd first seemed. Warren no longer knew if she was even an Earth woman, or one of the ones who had come from the Otherworld. At the briefing before he came, he couldn't wrap his mind around the idea of beings from other worlds coming through a portal to a ski resort. It wasn't until now, following Viv as she plowed through the snow undeterred by a blizzard, that he understood a little bit better what he was up against.

He'd seen weird shit aplenty on his tour through the Stans in the 90s. One time, in Turkmenistan, Warren had stumbled over a stone that cried out to him in an ancient language that would forever haunt his dreams. And his men had once been attacked by a fanged creature, both more and less than human, on a mountainside in Pakistan.

But this was weird shit going down in his own backyard, right in the good old US of A. Warren welcomed the biting cold, the taste of danger that chilled him to the core. Because nothing less could stop him from wanting to take her, right here in the storm, his unearthly Valentine. And considering the fact they were probably going into the storm to die, this woman held him captive with some pretty powerful space voodoo.

She stopped and stood in the midst of the swirling snow, her face half-hidden by protective gear. He stood behind her, fighting the urge to pull off her cap, run his fingers through her long, untamed hair, love her one more time...

"*Nasrallah!*" Her voice, deep and resonant, sent a bolt of adrenaline shooting through his body. Otherworlder or girl next door, Viv wasn't planning on becoming a martyr tonight.

She sensed the weather mage lurking in the storm, the rising wind biting and clawing at her fragile flesh. Warren stood next to her, and the vitality of his oversized frame grounded her, gave her strength a focus point.

Vivian raised her arms to the heavens, summoning the spirits of the Void. Such spirits do not come lightly. The Void does not birth tame or benign creatures eager to do a mortal's bidding. The spirits take their sacrifice, and exact a price from any mage who dares to call upon them. But the situation had become too dire for her to hesitate.

The sky ripped apart, and the vestige of Viv's mind still operating in daily time hoped that Warren could stand by her, stay as brave as he was horny. She wished for Cathie's steadying presence, her gift for turning aside the weather mage's destructive force.

Warren's lust and virility would have to do. She felt his desire churning in her own body, and used the force of his passion to fuel her power, bring her to the apex of the spell she wove. Long ago, she would have felt guilty for using his emotions. But the training she had endured had burned away her finer sentiments, leaving only her baser instincts and her talent for the hunt.

The spirits shot through the hole in the sky, inky black blots against the white sheet of the weather mage's power. She held them at bay with the sweep of her power.

Barely.

"Tragonis." She whispered the name, and the spirits of the Void clustered around her, echoing the mage's name through the wind and snow, whipping the storm against its maker.

Unwillingly, the mage was forced to manifest in human form. Tragonis stood, high above them, perched like an eagle on the highest cliff. The wind rose, buffeting them and almost throwing Viv off her feet. She squinted through the storm, and strained for a view of her adversary.

In this incarnation, Tragonis had red hair. She obviously had gotten some bust enhancement recently. Vivian felt a hurricane of rage rising up within her, ready to blast Tragonis out of this dimension altogether.

Tragonis was the redhead Viv had caught Billy with yesterday. The weather mage had recently slept with her faithless piece of shit ex-lover Billy. And now that bitch Tragonis had Cathie clutched in her unyielding talons.

Pam Champagne

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Tragonis laughed, the sound erupting from her mouth like ash spewing from a volcano. Come to think of it, he'd once wreaked that evil havoc in Indonesia. Vivian clenched her cold hands and resisted the temptation to shake her fist at the devil. No way would she give the monster the satisfaction of knowing the extent of her fury.

"What now?" Warren asked. There was no fear or anxiety in his voice. His gaze remained steadfast at the sight above.

"He's playing with us," Viviane said. "I can't take him out without losing Cathie." She tried to clear her mind of the terror she felt for her friend.

"Come down here and face us like a man-or woman-whichever you prefer," Warren yelled. "Didn't think you were the type to hide behind a female."

The wind picked up and the snow turned to sleet, painfully stinging Vivian's face. "Warren, I know you mean well, but I'm not sure this is the right..."

In one fell swoop, Tragonis landed in the snow not three yards from them. "You dare question my courage? Do you have a death wish G-man?"

The sultry red-head held Cathie in a headlock. Vivian worried at the lack of response from her friend.

Warren smiled. "I never could abide someone who hides behind a woman."

"Not even if it's another woman?" Tragonis asked, her eyes boldly running over Warren's body.

"I understand your sex is in question."

Tragonis licked her lips. "I could reassure you about that."

Vivian stiffened and opened her mouth to speak, closing it at Warren's warning glare.

"Tell you what," he drawled. "Let the women leave so you and I can get to know each other."

"Screw you," Vivian said, turning on Warren. "You're no different than Billy. Do all men think with their dicks?" The amusement she saw in Warren's eyes fueled her fire. "You asshole."

Tragonis burst into laughter. "You're such a poor loser, Vivian. Always were. Taking something you desire gives me the greatest pleasure. And it's so damn easy."

"Well?" Warren asked impatiently, his gaze steady on the vision above. "Is it a deal?"

Tragonis frowned as if considering the proposal. "You're a hunk, there's no doubt about that. Unfortunately, screwing you would disrupt my plans."

Warren reached out, hooked his arm around Vivian and drew her close to his side. "Too bad. You don't know what you're missing. Right, sweetheart?"

Vivian tamped down her anger. Her feelings for this man was interfering with her job. She joined the game. "Can't say I'm sorry she refused, lover. I've never had another as good."

"Not even Billy?" Tragonis shot back.

Vivian chuckled. "Billy doesn't have a clue how to pleasure a woman. Now this one," she reached down and cupped his crotch. "This one knows just how deep to push, how fast to pump."

Warren gulped and didn't know whether to push into Vivian's hand or step back. What a witch this woman was. Figuratively, as well as literally. He grabbed her hand and brought it to his lips. "You would know, sweetheart."

He saw by the furrows on the evil otherworlder's forehead that she was considering his offer. Cathie hung limply in the other woman's grip. Warren had doubts whether Cathie was alive.

"You have a deal," Tragonis spat, startling him. "Cathie for you," she said.

Tragonis tossed Cathie in the snow at Vivian's feet like she was a toothpick, proving her demon's great strength. Then she vanished only to reappear plastered against his side, her hand where Vivian's had so recently been.

Now what? He had no powers to protect himself from this kind of evil. His 10 mm. Glock was probably as useless as a shovel against this kind of evil. Hell, he'd have a better chance tackling ten t's with one hand tied behind his back than dealing with this vamp.

Vivian knelt beside Cathie, her fingers feeling for a pulse in her neck. "Is she alive?" he asked. If she wasn't, then all deals were off.

"There's a faint pulse."

"The bitch will be fine," Tragonis purred. "Come, lover. I'll take you someplace where we can screw our brains out."

Warren dug in his heels. "Not until I'm sure I didn't barter myself for a dead woman."

The crack of rifle penetrated through the wind. Breath whooshed from Tragonis before she vanished. "What the hell?" Warren squinted through the near zero visibility snow and saw Mike jogging towards them.

"Did I hit her?" he panted as he came near.

"Doesn't matter if you did or didn't," Vivian said on a sigh. "Bullets won't kill Tragonis."

The sound of thunder rolled across the snow covered terrain. Warren likened it to the roar of a train. In horror, he saw a white tornado bearing down on them.

Sarah Dickson

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Where the hell was the command centre? Well hidden for one. Warren had nearly fallen over it the first time.

Mike hoisted Cathie to her feet. "Gimme a hand."

Warren reached his side. "Any idea where the command centre is?"

"This way," Mike yelled.

Each grabbed one of Cathie's legs, carrying her in a sitting position.

Vivian moved ahead, not too far thank goodness. Visibility had almost shifted to zero. She looked back twice, and then bored on ahead. Several agonizing steps later, they stopped near a large snowdrift, or what looked like one. A moment later a stream of light appeared, transporting them inside.

The howl dropped off considerably.

Vivian moved to one of the screens. Moving a dial, the tornado appeared. It wasn't wide but whatever lay its path would be history. Lines flashed over another screen. "Estimated direction is straight to the ski resort," Vivian said.

Warren moved to her side. How did one divert a tornado? Rubbing his hands together he tried to think. A thin film of mist escaped his lips.

Cathie moaned low and her eyes fluttered open.

Warren looked around. "You're ok?"

She rubbed the back of her head. "I...think so."

Mike reached her side and helped her to her feet.

"Can I ask who or what Tragonis is?" Warren asked.

"Not now," Vivian said. "We've got a tornado to deal with."

A whoomph against the walls made his ears pop. "What the—"

Vivian gripped the edge of the console. "The edge of the tornado just hit us."

"Someone better warn the resort," Mike said.

"You can't go out in that," Cathy protested.

The temperature in the room suddenly dropped to what felt like another ten degrees. Too late Mike had gone.

"No. Don't," Cathie cried. She staggered to the wall, leaned against it to steady herself.

Warren closed the gap between them. "Hey, look. You better sit down."

Wide-eyed, she looked past Warren.

Warren turned around. Vivian stood still, too still. *What the?*

Cathy clawed at his sleeve. "Warren. You have to stop her."

Panic threatened to seize him. "I don't even know what she's doing."

"A witch has only so much power against the likes of Tragonis."

"And—"

"She's not strong enough, nor am I." She winced. "Normally we attune to each other."

"But?"

"We need your help for this one."

Had he heard right? "What do you mean, my help?"

Cathy rubbed her forehead. "Last time we attuned to each other to contain Tragonis,

we barely came out of it alive.”

Great. He had just discovered the love of his life, and he was going to lose her. No way. He had to do something. “Ok. Tell me what I have to do. Attune, right?”

“Between the three of us, it might just be enough.”

Warren moved to face Vivian. Her eyes were lidded and she seemed to focus on nothing in particular. His voice choked, he asked, “What do I do?”

“Your desire for her, let it feed into her.”

He tore his gaze away from her. “Exactly how do I do that?”

“Kiss her. It’s the fastest way.”

“And you?”

“I’ll build a wall, using the energy from Vivian.”

He wasn’t sure how all this was going to work, but at the moment they didn’t have a choice.

Cathy glanced at the screen, as did Warren. The tornado would be upon the resort in minutes. She sat. Closing her eyes she also went very still.

Vivian’s lips parted ever so slightly. Could it be a sign? Whatever, he didn’t mess about thinking. He sealed her mouth his, winced at how cold she felt. Sliding his arms around her still body, cold seeped into him. His tongue slid between slivers of ice. Shivering, he drew on all the desire he felt for her and more. Feelings he had not felt for another. Love? Maybe, or a need to protect her.

His cock swelled against her cold stomach. A low fire began to build inside. He kissed her harder, pretending she responded with equal desire, as she had before. He thought of the first kiss, hot and intoxicating. A low whimper from her lips, made him deepen the kiss. She didn’t seem so cold now.

He slid his hands to her buttocks, drawing her closer to him. He imagined her naked, slipping her legs around his waist as he eased his cock inside her soft folds.

A light shudder washed over her body.

So far away, in this place of darkness. So restful and numb, except for the movement of a tongue, one she began to respond to.

Fire ignited in her belly. *Warren.*

She could smell his musky scent, full of desire. The cold in her body began to dissipate and she began to move her hips backwards and forwards.

Then another presence came to her, Cathie, who appeared as a shimmering wall of sanctuary. Vivian focused, willing the desire that began to swell, towards the wall.

Warren was still there, somewhere, too, holding her, keeping her safe.

Focus.

No longer did she see Cathie or Warren, only felt the rising lust in her body and the movement of the tornado as a white mass of madness. The wall formed into a semi circle, and slowly so slowly moved the tornado to one side. Her knees began to shake. Cathie was on the verge of fainting.

Vivian loosened her hold, and the wall shattered. She staggered forward, forcing Warren backwards onto the console. A low whimper from Cathy made her turn around.

Vivian checked the screen. The tornado began to move away from the resort. "We did it," she whispered.

Warren straightened. "Did what?"

"Look at the screen." He did so, and his lips drew into a slight smile. He slid his arms around her. "I thought I was going to lose you."

Cathie opened her eyes. "You did it, both of you."

Warren released her. "What do you mean, we?"

She rose to her feet. "The two of you were so strong that I had to bail out."

No wonder Cathie was about to faint.

"Oh hell," Warren said. "Are you saying our mutual desire can stop a tornado?"

"And more. It's rumored if a Wychward finds the right man, together, they can make a formidable force." Cathie patted Vivian's shoulder. "Looks like we have a chance of sending that bastard to where he belongs after all."

Vivian tried not to think of the implications what she and Warren had just done. Other risks came with such power.

Warren glanced back at the screen. "Where will the tornado go to?"

Cathie zipped up her jacket. "Into the valley. It should peter out there." She slipped on her laser, and gave a wink. "I'm going to make sure Mike is ok. Don't be out here all night."

Warren smiled. All her concerns about their joined power melted away. She could worry about that later.

He removed his jacket. "Now. I was in the middle of something important before, when we were rudely interrupted."

Now she remembered. His lips over hers.

Vivian quickly removed her clothes. Warren wasn't far behind. Naked, they fell into a tangled heap onto the bed. The cold air ceased to matter, as did everything else.

Oh my. His wicked tongue began to do its worst as he began to lick slowly between her folds. His hands slid upwards to cup her breasts. Searing heat followed wherever he touched.

"You feel incredible," she said between gasps. No man ever made her feel as wanton as Warren did. And he was all hers.

With all the danger of being the mate to a Wychward?

The realization made her stiffen. She could not allow him to come to harm.

Warren removed his hands from her breasts and lifted his head. "Did I hurt you?"

Her body ached for his tongue to be between her legs, pleasuring her, but she couldn't let him come to harm. Sure, desire could stop Tragonis but did she have a right to use Warren in such a way?

She pretended to shiver. "It's too cold in here. What about back at the resort?"

He gripped the blanket and placed it over the both of them. He moved in behind so his body molded into hers. "Ok sweetheart. How about telling me what's really on your mind."

Vivian turned around to face him. The way he looked at her made her heart turn into a flutter. She stroked his cheek. "I couldn't imagine losing you."

Warren stiffened. "What do you mean?"

"I'm a Wychward and Tragonis will come again. Together we could defeat him but it means you becoming bound to me in such a way that could cost you your life."

His hand stilled on her hip. "You saying you don't want me to stick around?"

“I—”

He climbed out of the bed and gathered his clothes. One by one he put them on, not looking at her. Fully dressed he turned around. “Ok. I get it. You think I don’t have what it takes to be by your side no matter what.” He placed his finger to his chest. “I saved you, just in case you can’t recall.”

Before she could answer, he pressed the pad at the door. “Fine. I’ll see you later, maybe.”

The door hissed shut.

Sloane Taylor

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Once the door closed there was no turning back. He stopped for a moment to get his bearings. The white crystals stabbed his skin but didn't hurt near as much as the pain in his heart.

All he had done for her. Given her. What the fuck was he getting in return? A chance to be embarrassed because he wasn't good enough for a Wychward?

Okay, he had to be fair. She had done a lot for him too. Yeah, like get his cock so hard it was ready to split in two at just the sight of her. He scooped the snow out from his collar. It was more than that. Vivian had taken him to a level he had only heard other guys brag about. He never thought it was possible for a woman to mean so much, be so important to him. Life had always thrown him grenades, not handed him angels.

He knew he could handle whatever her silly superstition was supposed to toss out. Dammit. He cared about her, wanted her safe, and in his life.

It was time Vivian the Wychward learned a few things about the mortal man. He didn't drop from fear. A real guy knew what he wanted and went after it. So she thinks she can play a game with him? Not in this lifetime, baby. *You belong to me.*

Warren shielded his eyes from the whirling snow, not sure which direction led to the resort. He needed all of his training to focus on the present if he wanted to make it back alive.

He turtled into the down jacket, tugged his cap lower over his forehead, and plowed through the ass-deep snow. His main focus had to be reaching Mike and Cathie before Tragonis built up the power to return, everything else came in second. Mike and he could do some fast-tracking to reach a solution and if not an answer, then at least a plan of attack. Warren understood planning, maneuvers, and whatever else it took to get the job done.

He blinked several times to avert the pellets piercing his eyes. Off in the distance a figure waved to him. Confident it was Mike needing help with Cathie, Warren struggled across the terrain.

Vivian didn't know how to explain it all to him. Her life, if she could call it that, was too complicated. Warren was important to her, but not so much she could lose sight of her mission. The Higher Power left little to chance and even less time for her personal life. She laughed. Personal life? There was no such thing for a Wychward. She had been taught from birth, and not at her mother's knee, her life was not her own.

Since her first mission, so long ago now she could not remember the time frame, there had been nothing but work and frustration. The hard tasks were strength enhancing and kept her from wanting more. The frustration came because in her heart she knew there was more to life and she would never have it.

She reached for her jacket. It was damn cold in the supply room and getting colder. As she yanked on the zipper her thoughts turned back to the problems at hand.

A world and Warren's life were at stake. The last thing she wanted was for any harm to come to him. He had to understand Tragonis would kill him if there was a chance her power could be destroyed. But how could she make Warren understand Tragonis was a rotten

bastard who played on emotions? In Tragonis's skewed vision Vivian had to be removed. It was the only way for the sorcerer to gain control of Earth. There were few options, she decided as she diverted her attention to the screen.

The image was blurred. She wiped her mitten across the glass, but it did not help.

Where the hell was the thermostat? Shivering, she reached for the blanket thrown across the cot. Maybe she could take a quick nap. Wrapped under those toasty covers, where the scent of Warren lingered, would be wonderful. She could allow herself to remember the feel of him pressed against her. The taste of...

She clamped her hands over her ears blocking out the white noise that screeched from the transmitter and reached for the dial. Her jaw dropped. On the monitor was a vague impression of a waving hand and a tall figure walking toward it. *It couldn't be.* She had received a communiqué from Cathie. She and Mike were back at the lodge and safe.

Tina Gerow

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Warren returned the wave and trudged forward, happy to see Cathie and Mike, and for a few minutes trying to shove thoughts of Vivian from his mind. His still-stiff cock reminded him that *it* couldn't so easily forget her and he scowled down at his betraying member.

He glanced back up toward Cathie and Mike, but eddies of snow flowed around him, obscuring his view. No matter, it was a simple matter to remember where he'd spotted them thanks to his SEAL training. He pushed ahead in that direction.

Suddenly, he broke through the storm and found himself in a calm spot where no snow fell, and he wondered if he'd stumbled into another of the Otherworld control rooms. Thoughts of what he'd just finished doing in the previous control room sent liquid lust flowing throughout his body and straight to his groin and he groaned in protest, suddenly entertaining the idea of dropping his pants and plunging his engorged cock straight into a snow bank for some quick relief. Instead, he cupped his gloved hand around his mouth and called, "Mike? Cathie?"

"We have unfinished business, G-Man."

Warren's blood iced over as the unmistakable voice of Tragonis sounded from behind him. He whirled to face the demon, again in her redheaded sultry form. He slapped the locator beacon on his GPS armband, but the familiar vibrating buzz that told him the signal had been activated never came.

Tragonis stalked forward, swinging full hips and cleavage to best advantage. Warren had to admit, if here weren't already fascinated with Vivian, the monster may have had a small chance of catching his interest. At least it had great taste in human female forms. But all the blood vacated his throbbing member at the thought of plunging inside anyone but Vivian. *Damn, woman. See what you've done to me? If I get out of this alive, I'm going to convince you that I'm man enough to go through anything a Wychward joining can throw at me!*

"No company allowed right now." She chided him, shaking her index finger from side to side in front of his face. "We made a deal and I expect to be fucked extremely well, human." Her hand trailed down his chest and stomach to settle over his crotch. When she realized he didn't harden under her touch, her seductive smile became a sneer. "No! You can not be the Wychward's chosen one." Lighting cracked and sizzled around them, shooting a strobe light effect though the surrounding wall of snow and sleet. Warren tried to back away, but his back hit a hard barrier and he could go no farther. "Vivian will never beat me. You'll die first!"

Vivian pulled off her heavy mitten with her teeth and grabbed the cell phone her friend had left her. "Cathie?" As soon as she heard an affirmative response, she barreled on, oblivious to anything but the danger Warren was in. *If only I'd kept him here in my arms and in my bed, he'd be safe!* "They've got Warren. I need you." Without waiting for a reply, she hung up the phone and dropped it on top of the rumpled covers of the bed. Warren's scent rose around her, taunting her.

She ground her teeth together and stuffed her blaster into her pocket, next to her still-unopened box of condoms. Her core tingled and throbbed as vivid memories of Warren

plunging into her assaulted her senses. She reached out to steady herself against the bank of monitors as a wave of lust and something else she was scared to identify flowed through her like wildfire.

Then, a soft whisper of a touch stroked against her and she jumped, opening her eyes and searching the small room. But she was alone. When it happened again, understanding slowly dawned. Her lust had opened a link to Warren! Elation flowed through her along with renewed determination. If they could link from this distance, then maybe he was strong enough to withstand the Wychward mating customs after all. Her nipples hardened against her lacy bra at the thought of fucking him for all those hours, with all those elders watching...

Vivian squared her shoulders and lifted her chin. First things first. She had to vanquish Tragonis and keep Warren alive.

Cynthianna Appel

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Vivian closed her eyes and let the energy of their mutual desire wash over her. Yes! She instantly connected with Warren, experiencing his visceral reactions to Tragonis. She felt his stomach churn fear and his fists clench with anger. But she gasped as his mind lay open before her and she sensed his inner thoughts. Those three words every woman—mortal or immortal—longed to hear echoed over and over...

I love her—I love her! I will survive this... I can't live without Vivian. We will be as one.

"Warren!" she cried, sprinting blindly through the blowing snow toward his astral projection. "Hang in there my hunky Navy SEAL—I'm coming!"

She cringed as blood-curdling shrieks echoed in her own ears. No, he wasn't hurt. She could have felt it if he was seriously injured. It was Tragonis screaming bloody murder at her human lover!

How dare you mate with that Wychward! You'll never be her chosen one—never!

"Ha! That's what you think," Vivian muttered. "Time for one hell of a wake-up call for one very naughty demon!"

Stretching forward, Vivian dove into the swirling tornado of icy shards with all the grace of a leopardess attacking its prey. Caught off guard, Tragonis staggered backward. It vainly struggled to fight off the determined hands squeezing the air passages of its human form.

"You'll never...get rid of me...you, Wychward bitch!"

Suddenly Tragonis morphed into solid wall of muscle, taking on the form of a Prolaxian rock monster. Enraged, it tossed her curvy form aside as if flicking a flea off its arm. Vivian sailed across the calm space and hit the storm wall, crumpling like a ton of bricks.

"Umph!" She slid to the ground. Warren touched her hand.

"You all right?" he asked.

Vivian blinked slowly then turned to smile at him. "Fine, just fine. And I'm going to be even better very soon."

"How can you say that? We're going to be brutally murdered by a homicidal, redheaded demon. And I think I've broken my right leg. I can't move."

"Then I'll move for the both of us. Just follow my lead and don't worry about Tragonis. We'll easily dispatch it."

"But how—"

Vivian rolled over to her knees and reached for his pants zipper. "Miss me?"

The evidence of his expanding cock was hard to deny. "Of course. But we're about to be killed. I don't think Tragonis is going to allow us to enjoy a last request fuck, do you?"

"It has no choice. Notice it hasn't moved much in the last minute? Prolaxian rock monsters are cold-blooded creatures. It can't move very quickly in this blizzard it created. We have time—and love—on our side."

"Love?" Warren slowly licked his lips. "Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

Vivian answered him with a soul-spinning kiss. Their lips parted and their tongues entwined in a kiss of passion and promise. She grasped his penis firmly and began to stroke the life back into it.

"Let's get of these clothes," she whispered seductively. "The stronger our love is, the stronger our power. And it will take all of our power to dispatch Tragonis."

"Ah, I see." Warren eagerly helped Vivian undress. "Gee, they never taught us these sort of tactics in Navy SEAL training." He chuckled low in his throat. "Hmmm... Wonder what the admiral would think of me now!"

Vivian winked. "I think he'd be more than pleased with your ingenuity in battle."

Now naked, she quickly straddled her lover, gasping as his massive erection penetrated her core to the hilt. He cupped her firm breasts in his hands, gently teasing her nipples into two tall peaks radiating pleasure. Vivian rocked her hips in rhythm to the tempo of Warren's eager thrusts, and they soon neared the climax of mutual bliss.

"Hold back a little," she said, breathless. "We need to strengthen our energy field."

"Our what?" Warren slowed his pumping and took a deep breath. "Are you saying our orgasms fuel our defenses?"

"Exactly." She giggled and tossed her hair back. "Notice anything different?"

"I'm suddenly feeling no pain whatsoever in my leg-but that could be because I'm somewhat distracted." He turned his head. His jaw dropped.

"What the hell... There's a bright blue orb of light surrounding us. Is this an energy field?"

"Sure is. And Tragonis can't penetrate it as long as you're penetrating me-get it? But we need to up the ante and strengthen it in order to get rid of it forever. You with me?"

Warren nodded. "I think so. What happens if you climax before I do?"

Vivian smiled. "Now you're catching on. Each one of my orgasms will increase our power ten-fold... And we'll need at least a hundred-fold increase to vaporize our unhappy demon here..."

Twyla Dawn McNight

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Vivian ululated her eighth orgasm. The blue orb ball that surrounded them expanded again with a fierce boom. Her translucent body vibrated, crackled with the built up energy.

Warren still filled her with his hard throbbing cock. He gripped her hips. "Be still. I'm right on the edge." He gritted his teeth. His body demanded release. His trained mind fought it. Fear filled him seeing she was almost invisible. Knowing she was from another world would he lose her? Their mission was life or death. He lavished her right tit until the nipple was as hard as a torpedo. Then he started on the other firm breast. In his mind he was screaming, *I love you, I love you, never leave me.*

Above them where his eyes could not see, the seven Elders of Vivian's world watched. The middle elder, the oldest said, "He's human, too weak. Although he's her chosen one, he's under dire circumstances."

The one elder on her right stated, "Cathie and Mike are close to the portal."

"We do not know if Mike is her chosen mate."

"That's true, but if he is..." The elder's sentence trailed off.

The one in the middle suggested, "If not, remember the bond that Cathie has with Vivian and the bond Mike has with Warren—"

The youngest elder's, at the far end stated, "Hot mercy, what fireworks we'll—"

The oldest elder frowned at her, "Hush, our world and earth are in grave danger." She glanced at all the Elders. "Now concentrate and send them all our power in hope they can save earth and our world."

Cathie felt the urgency of the two worlds. Within the next hour either Tragonis would be destroyed or Vivian would die. In that case, they would all die. She knew the chosen mating dance with Vivian and Warren was transpiring being blessed by the Elders. Cathie bit her bottom lip. Her and Mike had petted but she never allowed him to have her. She didn't find fucking to be enjoyable. She chilled knowing it would be necessary for them to make love and not just the simple act but to the highest of orgasmic.

Mike squeezed her hand. She leaned into him, took his mouth and kissed him as passionate as she could. Mike's arms circled her, he moaned, his tongue swirling, teasing Cathie. Chills filled her, the kind she hadn't had before. Her nipples perked, her womb contracted. She broke away breathless.

Before she could take a step, Mike stopped her. "Wait one damn minute, Cathie. We've never kissed liked that. Hell, that was like getting on first base."

"We must hurry." They trudged through the blinding snow. She glanced at him embarrassed. "Mike, we-we. Do you want to fuck me?"

"Hell yes. Geez we've been dating for over a month. Then, to find out we're on this mission together. Hell, I'm all mixed up."

"To save Earth we," she took a deep breath. "We must make love."

"You're kidding," he chuckled.

His smile was so big, Cathie kissed his cheek, then, darted forth. They were close to the portal prison. Cathie could feel the energy. "No, I'm not kidding and you will need to bring me to an orgasm...as many as it takes..." Could she admit it?

"No problem."

"Mike, I have never had one."

"Ooooooooooooooh shit." He trudged forward, pulling Cathie behind him, fighting the wind and snow. He turned to her, stopped, kissed her softly. "If you trust me we have no problem."

"What the hell you two doing out in this blizzard? Fuck, making out. You are as crazy as Vivian."

Cathie gasped, seeing Billy only a few steps ahead of them. "Why are you out here?"

"Looking for Red. Where's Vivian? Never mind, I don't give a shit anyway."

Oh Goddesses! Elders, help, help, help, Cathie screamed inside.

In unison Mike and Cathie stated, "Billy you must get out of here, now."

Mike pushed Billy towards the lodge. "Get."

Billy took a swing at Mike. The fight was on. Down they went rolling in the snow.

Cathie only knew she had to get Mike and herself inside the portal prison to help Vivian and Warren to destroy Tragonis.

Slam. The men rolled into the portal wall and all the snow fell off showing the site inside.

"Oh, my God." Billy hushed. "Vivian never fucked me that way. That bitch."

The Prolaxian rock shimmered. The ground shook below them.

"What the hell's happening?" Billy yelled trying to keep his balance as he got to his feet.

Already Mike stood beside Cathie, "Honey, you weren't kidding."

"I can't believe my eyes?" Billy rubbed his. Then the rock turned into the beautiful, curvy red head. Billy fainted and crumbled to the ground.

"We must hurry, Mike. You must stay inside me all the time and don't cum, don't cum." Cathie was tearing off her clothes in the biting cold. He too was removing his. "Honey, I know we can do this, our lives depend on it. Damn it, I wanted our first time to be special, not like this. Cathie." He took her chin in his hand, so she was looking at him. "I love you."

"You love me?"

"Hell yes. The first moment I saw you I knew you were the one. Shit it's freezing out here." Cathy was in his arms. Their mouths opened to each other. His hands moved slowly warming her, removing her goose bumps. Their flesh touched from lips to thighs, undulating, turning hotter, hotter. The snow melted, it streamed off them. He cupped her ass as one hand found her mound. She moaned. He slipped his finger into her folds, his thumb toyed with her now swollen clit. Her small hand squeezed in between them and encircled his pulsating cock, stroking him. Their mouths never left each other as they feasted upon one another moaning their love call. "You're wet," he whispered heavily.

"I am? Then get your large cock inside me." She gasped and took his mouth again.

"Not yet, not yet." He nibbled her lips. "More foreplay."

"We don't have time. Only with you inside me can we enter the portal."

She hiked up one leg. He grabbed it and the other leg to circle around him. He leaned on the ice wall. "I'm going to let you put me in you, honey."

"I can't. I'm scared."

"Don't be." He raised her some. "You're my sweet Valentine Cathie. I had it planned for us to be in my room, have a Valentine's dinner, romance you, and tell you then how much I

love you."

"Mike, I love you too." Cathie closed her eyes, got his cock head at her entrance, wiggled, and pushed down. Mike eased her down further onto him. She groaned in delight feeling what she realized was an orgasm as it spiraled her upwards into a wonderful ecstasy.

The portal prison opened. They fell in into the blue orb as it brightened, crackled exploded bigger as Cathie's fingertips touched Vivian's as she whimpered her tenth orgasmic song.

The redhead screamed, "No, no this can not be!"

Vivian whispered by Warren's ear. "I love you, Warren. Cum."

Warren roared out his glory. The orb filled the portal prison. Vivian's fingers pointed towards her target. Lightening shot forth as she yelled, "Die, Tragonis, die." Right on target she hit the demon.

Cathie, high on Mike's love making again, cumming, she touched Vivian giving her more power.

Again and again the shooting electrical lightening hit the demon's heart.

Tragonis quivered and took on her true form.

Her blonde hair cascade down her back. The flowing white robe glowed and it revealed she was once an elder. Her blue painful eyes met Vivian's.

Vivian screamed, "Mother, why, why?"

Tragonis was burning from the feet up. "The Elders had no choice." The fire was consuming her fast. "My mate, your father was Tagonus, the ruler, that turned against our world. It was too late for me, I too turned into his, this demon."

"I'm evil too?" Vivian cried.

"Noooooooooooo, Tagonus was once the highest elder but turned evil. As Tragonis was being consumed she shrieked out, "You Vivian, our daughter, you were the only one who could destroy me."

The portal shattered.

In Mike's bed Cathy sang out another orgasm. Mike held her hips as he too roared his out. She snuggled into his chest. Mike whispered in her ear. "Damn honey, we're good together. Did my Valentine dinner convince you that I love you?"

Cathie smiled, seeing indeed Mike had romanced her with a fine dinner by candle light and for dessert, her favorite chocolate, which now she realized it was smeared all over them. She kissed at his chest. "I love you, Mike. Happy Valentine's." She giggled realizing the Elders were all watching her and Mike as they were in the process of the mating ritual.

Billy woke laying out in the snow. There was no blizzard. Dumbfounded, he tried to remember, but he only recalled that Vivian and he broke up over some woman. And that he didn't feel man enough for Vivian. Why in the hell was he this far away from the lodge without his skis? Night was near. He hurried towards the lodge thinking he'd get some chick in his bed for his Valentine dish.

Vivian was dazed, Warren's arms around her and they were in her room in bed.

Warren murmured, "Whoa, what a whooper of a dream." He cuddled her to him. "You don't mind if you stay on top, sweet heart. My leg hurts like it's broken. I'll have to get it checked. But later." He kissed down her neck, sending desirable chills all over Vivian.

“Let’s get back to you being my hot Valentine. Tell me again that you love me.”

Oh yes, she had said it when they were in the portal prison. Vivian’s eyes widened, realizing they indeed had destroyed the demon, saved both earth and her world, and that the Elders had blessed them doing the mating ritual.

His tongue swirled around a hard chocolate nipple. “You can be my Wychward if you want.”

She wondered how much he remembered? Did it matter? *No.*

Vivian swirled her tongue around Warren’s ear and said, “Happy Valentine’s Day, my love. You tell me you love me first.” She sat up nice and slow.

They both moaned in pleasure as she eased totally down upon his big cock. Her womb contracted around him. Their gazes met. They both smiled. Already they bumped and grinded like a run-a-way train. He tugged her head down to his and on her lips, he murmured, “I love you, Vivian. Happy Valentine’s Day. Be mine for the rest of our lives.”