

*Del Fantasma*

# Winter Break

Dawn Montgomery



Aspen Mountain Press

## Del Fantasma: Winter Break

Christmas alone isn't all it's cracked up to be and for adult toy QA tech, Nicollete Snow a little non-silicone action at the Del Fantasma is just the ticket. Who shows up, a little ticked off and delicious riding a sweet bike but Jack Frost, ready to cause a little mischief. What happens when Old Man Winter takes a holiday?

### Praise for the writing of Dawn Montgomery

#### Own Me

**Five angels from Fallen Angel Reviews!!** “Author **Dawn Montgomery** has truly impressed me with *Own Me*. Kudos to **Ms. Montgomery** for a well-written story. I can't wait to read more.”—*Bella*, [Fallen Angel Reviews](#)

Anna and Leon are hot and sexy together, and made me want to keep reading even after I'd reached the end. Endearing characters, a fast pace, and sexy plot make this one a winner. Great job Ms. Montgomery!”—*Astraea*, *Reviewer for* [Enchanted Ramblings](#)

#### Shadow Lies

**Four ribbons from Romance Junkies!!** “I loved all the innuendo of time passed and chances- missed tension that are in these few pages. If the love scene is a taste of things to come - bring it on. I am shivering in anticipation for the rest of this book; tension, lust and regret are all here. Great read from Ms. Montgomery.”—*jhayboy*, [Romance Junkies](#)

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**Dawn Montgomery**

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## Chapter One

The jingle of sleigh bells echoed in the night. Nicollete waved to the big guy and his wife as his reindeer pulled them away to sunny beaches and pina coladas. Though why they'd suggested she'd have a good time in a bar in Point Loma, California, she'd never know.

"Hello gorgeous." A broad shouldered bouncer purred. The effect rolled through her body like liquid sex and Nicollete decided she might give the Del Fantasma a little go after all.

"Hello yourself, handsome." The night breeze carried the rich scents of the ocean and enough heat to make her wish for some ice, of the polar kind. Being adapted to the North was one thing, but surely she wasn't that out of sorts in the south. She fanned her face. "Is it always this hot here?"

He raised his eyebrows and gave her a devastating grin. "I'd say it was the company, but I don't think you need any of my cheesy lines tonight."

Nicollete couldn't help it. She laughed. "Well, my bullshit meter *was* starting to peg, but I would have let you carry on a bit longer."

He grinned and looked out toward the road. "It's the hottest Christmas on record, and it's got the weathermen frazzled."

A low rumble in the distance caught Nicollete's attention. It purred through her body, vibrating down to her toes. She *knew* magic, especially winter magic, and this had her radar pinging. Something was coming.

Call it silly superstition, or self-preservation, but Nicollete didn't trust anything without batteries that got her body thrumming. She slid into the

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shadows by the doorway. The bouncer had already turned his attention to another group entering the bar, and it was just as well, Nicollete knew how to blend in, be forgettable. Unnoticed.

The rumble became a full-fledged roar that had her blood burning. A slow ache built low in her belly. "You've got to be kidding me," she muttered.

No one around her noticed the noise, or if they did, thought nothing of it. A blue light flashed and she squinted against the glare. In moments, the light was gone and in its place was all of her bad boy fantasies rolled into one leather-bound body. Six feet plus, of leather and hard muscle sat astride a machine built for sex on the road. A rumbling cruiser built for long rides and late nights. There was something primal about a man in leather. Something raw that reminded Nicollete of why she'd come to the middle of nowhere California. Sex. Although she might settle for that motorcycle between her legs, the rider definitely held potential. He wore a full-face helmet designed in such a way as to remind her of the North Pole. It was the only non-black thing he wore.

She leaned against the wall and waited to see what was hidden behind the visor. The bouncer stood against the doorway, arms crossed with a jaded look to his eye.

Tall, dark and sexy attempted to walk in. "You can't enter without..." The next few moments blurred. In a heartbeat, the stranger had the bouncer against the wall. Where the biker touched him, frost began forming across his clothing.

The bouncer's teeth elongated to sharp points and his eyes glowed feral in the moonlight. "I don't give a fuck about parlor tricks, shithead. Take off the helmet or you don't get in." Smoke puffed out of his mouth with the last words and his teeth began to chatter. Two others stood in the doorway.

A muffled chuckle came from within the helmet. He pulled away from the bouncer and stood out of arm's reach. Frost pulled from the bouncer's body leaving him with a sudden wracking cough.

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Nicollete knew she should be afraid, or at least slightly intimidated, but hell, if frost was all he had, she was immune. Her lips lifted in a wicked smile. The biker took off his helmet and a small sigh escaped her lips. Sweat-slickened blonde hair shone in the light with a scattering of bangs that fell boyishly over bedroom-blue eyes. Of course, there was nothing boyish about the hard edges of his face or the icy glint in his glare. Her grin widened.

"Is there a problem?" A muscle-bound guy with a high and tight military haircut stood casually in the doorway, carrying an air of patience around him like some would arrogance. At first glance, he was less intimidating than the bouncer, but she was used to giving second looks, especially since quality assurance was her job. On the second glance, she noticed how all others quietly waited for his answer without fidgeting. Definitely the boss, if the way the bouncer snapped to was any indication.

"No problem. I just want a drink." Biker boy's voice rumbled over her skin like earlier, and she shivered lightly.

*Damn Nicollete, are you willing to jump any-ol-body?* Her cheeks burned with embarrassment. Desperation was *not* sexy, not to anyone. Lust was one thing, non-reciprocating lust, well that was a whole other cookie.

"I don't know who you are, but there's no trouble permitted in my bar. The Del Fantasma is neutral territory, and if I blacklist you, there will be no returning to my place. We clear?" Something was happening, a tangible something just out of reach, but she could see it in the reactions of those around the man. He was definitely a power all of his own.

Biker grinned and the ice melted, replaced with a careful warmth. "It's been quite a while since I've ended up in neutral territory. You'll have to forgive my lack of manners. Jack Frost, at your service." He dipped from the waist and smiled.

Nicollete stared. Jack Frost? She'd watched him, tracked him since childhood. Played in the wind he'd swirled around the North Pole.



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"Unless you can make it snow, or at least cooler, I doubt that." The owner nodded to the bouncer who glared at Jack. "You've had your warning." With that, he walked back into the bar.

A man who ran his business with style, class, and an iron fist. Reminded her of home. She might like the Del Fantasma after all.

By the way Jack smiled, she figured the owner was right to give him the warning. He was a man who liked to take. The only question, was he was generous as well? She had no patience for selfish lovers.

The bouncer gestured impolitely for Jack to make his way inside. Not that she blamed him. Whatever preternatural creature he was, it still left him susceptible to cold. And if that cough and glare was anything to go by, Jack had better watch his back while at the Del.

Jack's entrance was less adventurous. The bodies parted and he entered. She shook her head. What a character. She snapped open her purse and rustled around in it until she found what she found what she was looking for.

"Let me help you." She stepped to the bouncer and touched his shirt before he could do more than blink. The frost dissipated at the touch of her hand. A cough wracked the poor guy's chest. "Eat this and see if you can't go home for the night. That cough is nasty." She patted his cheek with motherly concern and walked into the Del.

"What did she give you, dude?" One of the locals tapped his shoulder.

"What the hell am I going to do with a cookie?"

Nicollete grinned and let them wonder. Cookies were good for the soul, everyone knew that.

## **Chapter Two**

The rowdy components were all there. Good looking, gorgeous, and rough around the edges--men hung out in twos or threes. A few went loner. Women shyly or aggressively made their plays, and only a rare few hung out together. The few loners uninterested in company went to the bar.

Since that's where the mysterious Jack Frost went, she would follow. Mythical winter creatures were kind of normal to her anyway. Well, sort of. Ah hell, she just wanted a drink, and the bar would give her the best view in case tall, sexy and dangerous decided he wasn't interested.

The corner was vacant so she slid up onto the stool, thankful she'd chosen slacks over a skirt.

"What'll it be?" Two hands settled on the bar in front of her. She looked up into the bluest eyes she'd ever seen. "I'm Cody, by the way." Cody turned toward Jack, "I would appreciate not having anymore incidents tonight," then settled his gaze back on her.

The owner of Del Fantasma behind the bar? She was liking him more and more.

"What do you have?"

"Well," he took a dishcloth and placed it on his shoulder. "'Tis the season of holiday cheer, but you're not looking too festive. A little tired, even. Why not try something a little different?"

She was feeling a little adventurous. "What did you have in mind?"

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"How about a Winter Break?"

With longing and a deep sigh, she thought about the Jolly couple on their way to the holiday resort vacation they'd planned forever ago. "I'd love one." For her it was a bar in the middle of nowhere California with a half concocted idea of getting a little action. And with the first bad guy I see, no less.

"I'd like another." The loud echo of a slammer banging on the rustically scarred bar made Nicollete wince. The groan of leather caught her attention and she glanced up. Tall, sexy and dangerous, Mr. Frost himself was within touching distance. She tore her hungry gaze away from his body and back to the bartender.

"Two Winter Breaks coming right up." He pulled two slammer from under the rim of the bar and placed them in front of Nicollete. The used one disappeared in a quick swipe of his hand and he began to pour his concoction.

The first bit was clear. A second liquor followed, a light yellow, and finally the bottle of Southern Comfort she was familiar with. The drink settled to an orange yellow. It looked delicious and perfect for the sandy beaches she wished she were on!

She took a sip. Banana and peaches, but where was the-- A slow burn at the back of her throat had her smiling. There was the kick. Everything she thought it would be.

A buxom brunette came to bar and leaned over, showing her *assets* to Jack. She even peeked over her shoulder. Nicollete grinned in feral challenge.

"Hey Cody," she rumbled to get the owner's attention. "I'd love a shot of your top shelf Tequila."

Cody nodded and the slutty honey turned her attention on Jack. "What brings you to our *neck* of the woods?" She winked and showed a slightly pointy smile. Of course the emphasis on 'neck' wasn't too obvious or anything.

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Jack downed his Winter Break and moved closer to Nicollete. She could feel the glare from the other woman. Women could be vipers. "A little adventure." Jack's cool stare took in the other woman's assets.

Nicollete snorted delicately. From the way her ass hung out of that "little" dress, there wasn't much left to the imagination.

"What's the matter, your little girlfriend not enough of an adventure for you?"

Nicollete burned with sudden humiliation. "I'm too much of an adventure for most to handle, honey. Why don't we take a test drive?"

The brunette frowned.

Nicollete leaned forward and put out a hand to stop Cody from pouring the Tequila. "I offer a wager. How well can you hold your liquor?"

The brunette's eyes lit up with calculation. "Well enough. What's the wager?"

Nicollete smiled. "You pick the first round of drinks. Three in a row--no stops. Then I pick the next three. The one left standing wins."

The brunette eyed Jack like a prized warhorse. Nicollete wouldn't have been surprised if she'd asked to see his teeth at this point.

"You've got it."

Nicollete's smile widened and she nodded to Cody. "Call 'em up."

Predictably, the woman asked for three double shots. The first two went down easy but that last one had enough fire in it to scald Nicollete's stomach.

"Your turn, sweetie." The acid sweetness rolling off her tongue could have curdled milk.

"Three Shiner Bocks."

Cody raised his eyebrows but popped the tops of three bottles of the amber beer. The women downed them in record time. By now, the brunette was glaring. Nicollete smiled, relaxing into it. Unpredictably, she almost always won.

"Denise, it's your turn," Cody reminded the brunette.

She raised an eyebrow. "What's the hardest thing you've got?"

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He rattled off a black label brand that had Nicollete and Jack both raising their eyebrows. Denise nodded and the black liquid was poured into a slammer with ice. Jack patted Nicollete on her shoulder in what felt like sympathy and she chuckled. Never underestimate a woman out to prove she was just as kick ass as the other winter folk.

Denise's hard-assed stare was starting to look a little bleary. Nicollete held up her slammer and Denise glared. The brunette took a long swallow and gasped, choking on the strong liquor.

"Rookie," Nicollete muttered and sipped the fluid until her throat ached with fire. Then she downed the rest of the slammer. By then Denise had drank her way into the third one. Nicollete continued along until she'd finished.

"Denise, can you stand?"

At that point, Nicollete wondered if she'd overdone it herself.

"I can stand." She articulated each syllable without slurring. Then the brunette did so and smiled her cat smile, waiting for Nicollete to do the same.

Nicollete let loose a small sigh and slid down the stool, using it to keep her balance. Her legs felt a little shaky but she was fine.

"I think it's your turn to pick a drink." Jack's voice filled her body like liquid sex. She turned to look at him, disturbed by the amount of time it took her eyes to catch up with her head. He looked amused and held a little challenge of his own in that devastating smile.

She sighed and looked back at Cody. "I need a Slap in the Face."

Three things happened at once. The brunette swung, Cody lunged, and Nicollete managed to block even with her slurred reflexes.

The smack of flesh on flesh brought the bar to a standstill. Cody glared at them both and Nicollete still smiled despite the ache in her forearm from the block. "Predictable predators. That wasn't an invitation." She shoved Denise's arm away. "It's a drink."

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Denise eyed Cody with wariness. A slight nod of his head and the bar continued as though nothing had happened. Nicollete didn't need to look around to know that the bouncers still watched, but it was Jack's unreadable gaze that had her melting slowly from the inside.

"Pint or highball?" Cody's question brought her back to the drink.

"Pint."

Denise's slight moan made a slight giggle bubble up out of Nicollete's mouth. She cleared her throat and watched.

"Sometimes I hate the holidays," Cody grumbled.

A splash of Jack and Vodka, followed by 151, Southern Comfort and 7-up. Two slices of lime and a scoop of ice. Hell in a mug. Or a good ol' slap in the face.

Nicollete held up her mug and saluted Jack. They both downed the mugs but by the end, less than five minutes later, it was Denise who couldn't keep her legs. She fell on her ass and groaned.

Jack dropped a few bills on the bar that made Nicollete's drunken stupor sober up a mite. He took off his jacket and wrapped it around her shoulders. "I think you won."

Nicollete inhaled the heady scent of winter and pine. "I guess so." She looked down at Denise. "I'm Nicollete Snow, by the way."

Denise opened her mouth to say something.

"I'm Jack Frost."

She looked up at the blonde bad boy. "Nice to meet you."

"Wait a second," Denise stumbled to her feet with help from one of the bouncers, the very one Jack had slammed against the wall earlier. "You two don't know each other?"

Jack looked down at her and that wicked grin spread across his lips. "Nope." He grabbed his helmet.

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Nicollete tore her attention away from the sexy smile to raise an eyebrow at the beaten woman. "Rule number one of gambling, honey, never gamble what you don't own. I bet your pride. You made assumptions."

If it wasn't for that bouncer, Denise would have attacked her. As it was, it was Cody who intervened. "Get out of here you two. You too Denise, you can come back when you're not so pissed off." He muttered something else about holidays and stalked off.

Jack helped her out of the bar and into the morning's light. Nicollete winced at the tiny ache in her skull. She fumbled with the clasp of her purse and reached deep inside.

"What are you looking for?"

She grunted and dug deeper until she was shoulder deep, concentrating on finding it. Her fingers brushed against it and she grinned. "Ahh, there it is." She pulled it out with a triumphant, if slightly tipsy grin.

"A cookie?" She could hear the amusement in his voice but an irritating black fog surrounded her vision.

She frowned and tried to focus, holding up the cookie. "It's for hangovers." Her eyes blinked slowly and she smacked her lips. "Oh dear. I think I may have had too much."

Jack caught her in his arms and she moaned. Her mind spun and she clung to him. The rumble of his bike roared in her ears and she snuggled closer, falling into a half-drunken sleep.

She felt him pull her tighter against his hard body and then wind flowed through her hair. Nicollete tasted winter magic and she sighed, letting the sway of winter's breath lull her to a dreamless sleep.

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Jack stared down at the mysterious Nicollete Snow wrapped around his body. He wasn't worried about crashing his bike since they weren't exactly on any human road. Just his own, the ice road.

Winter winds slammed against them but he felt nothing outside of a cool breeze, and from the pink tinge to Nicollete's cheeks, she seemed immune to the freezing temperature as well.

She could hold her liquor, he liked that. And she didn't take shit. His lips lifted in a smile. She'd need that trait to put up with him for any length of time. Jack had been alone far longer than most. That urge, the taste that something was changing skittered down his spine. She was gonna have to get used to his attitude if she wanted to hang around for long.

His eyebrows furrowed and ice crystals tinkled from the movement. What the hell was he doing wondering about how long she'd stay? She'd wake up sober and try to kick his ass for kidnapping.

With her immunity to frigid temperatures, she had to be something special. Winter sprites he knew on sight, and she wasn't one. None of the winter deities spent much time in the North or South anymore. If they deigned to visit they'd flood the northern hemisphere with enough snow that he'd have humans and preternaturals alike cursing his existence.

Nicollete shifted slightly in her sleep and his gaze was drawn to the perfect curve of her lips. Lips he knew would taste like peppermint and snowflakes. And cookies. Why the hell did she have cookies in her purse?

The puzzle was getting more complicated and he liked it. And that was worrisome. Too many beings in the ether wanted to control winter. If she were vulnerable, she'd be hurt. If not, then...

He shoved off the ridiculous musings.

She would probably end up just like the others, ready to go home and do her own thing quickly, and he'd take her wherever she wanted to go. But a tiny hope had bloomed in his chest when she'd downed the first stiff drinks to show



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that brunette a thing or two back at the bar. She'd done it just because she could; stood up to those who would stomp all over her because of the way she looked, or acted. Meek? Not Nicollete. No, she was feisty.

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She woke to the frigid breeze of a winter beach caressing her face. A warm blanket wrapped around her body and the warmth of a campfire was welcome.

Jack stared at the ocean, his dark hair whipping behind him. His eyes cut back to her and a smile touched his lips. "You're awake."

"Yes." She gestured to the fire and blanket. "You didn't have to go to all this trouble."

Jack strode back to the fire. The groan of leather and the crunch of snow under his boots were the only sounds he made when he moved. He knelt in front of her, his blonde hair and perfect smile filled her view. There was wariness in his eyes. "You're immune to cold." He touched her cheek and a tingle of warmth touched her skin.

She grinned. "So are you, obviously." Her vision still blurred a bit around the edges, but her pussy was tingling with suppressed excitement. When he would have pulled away she touched his wrist, keeping his fingers against her cheek.

"Tell me, Jack Frost, does your touch always make a woman's skin tingle, or did I have more to drink than I originally thought?"

"I think you've had far too much to drink." His lips still smiled but she could see heat building in his ice blue eyes.

Sex and chocolate. That's exactly what she thought of when she heard him speak. "I'm sure you're probably right." She slid a hand to his throat, feeling the jump of his pulse against her palm and smiling with wicked pleasure at her ability to give Mr. Frost a taste of his own medicine.

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"So kissing you would be taking advantage." He leaned closer and she could see flecks of crystal in his eyes, like snowflakes. Her thumb brushed his smooth cheek.

"Kiss me, dammit, before I knock you on your ass and kiss *you*."

His mouth opened and she dragged him off balance. He caught himself before crushing her, but she couldn't stop the slightly drunken giggle that escaped her lips. She touched his lips with her finger, slowly tracing the edge with her fingernail. His eyes darkened and she smiled, silliness vanishing in a moment. "Most men find that ticklish."

"Any touch is a blessing." No emotion tightened his features or rumbled from his voice. Just a statement, and that alone made her heart ache.

"That's good, Jack." She leaned forward and kissed him softly, letting her tongue taste his lips. Ice and fire, a deadly combination, and she wanted more. "I really like touching you." Her fingernails ran down the front of his shirt. His nipples tightened under her caress and she scraped lightly. Jack's jaw clenched but he didn't move, waiting for *something*. What, she didn't know, but she was patient enough to find out.

Her lips touched his again, bolder, harder, breaking down his walls of indifference, feeling them crumble around them both. This time he kissed her back, his hot tongue plunging, caressing, making her moan with suppressed need.

They fell back against the warm blanket, sand giving way under their combined weight. His kiss sizzled her like an electric storm, whipping through her body and arcing through her core, leaving her pussy tingling and wet, aching and ready for him.

"Who are you, Nicollete Snow?" His breathless question didn't stop him from kissing along her jaw and nibbling against the sensitive skin at the arch. She moaned and fisted his hair in her hand.

"No one special."

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His husky laugh against her skin tingled. "Any other human would have frozen to death by now." His tongue rasped against her pulse point, sending that edge of magic through her nerve endings. "You're no sprite." His teeth nipped and she shivered delicately, arching her neck to give him greater access.

"I'm definitely not a sprite." Her resulting husky laugh inspired another nip of his teeth. She moaned and remembered to breathe.

"Probably not Fae at all, considering the warmth of your blood and the thrum of your racing heart." He lowered his lips to the sensitive ridge of her collarbone. His hands skimmed her blouse, warmth seeping through his touch to her skin.

"I'm not cold when you touch me."

"You should be a popsicle."

"I'm not Fae or fancy. I just have good blood and a winter blessing."

"Winter blessing?" He drew back and her body immediately screamed its denial at his lack of touch. "What kind of winter blessing would keep you this safe?" His fingertips traced down her arm.

The first bit of snow began to fall, sprinkling them both with perfect crystals. Nicollete smiled and closed her eyes, reveling in the tingle of snowflakes touching her skin. She could feel his regard and let her eyelids lift.

Jack stared at her, shimmering blue eyes intense and focused. "You like the snow." It wasn't a question.

"I've always loved the snow, and the ice. Everything about winter." She tilted her head. "Where I live its winter almost every day."

Jack pulled away drawing snow into his hand like a whirlwind, whipping it faster and faster, a tiny typhoon that he could have put in his pocket. His eyes glazed over and a crystal sheen formed across them. The wind began to roar around her in their quiet cove. It coalesced into a spiral form in the palm of his hand, a tiny perfect whirlwind surrounding the first.

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Jack grinned and brought his other hand up, trapping the wind in between his palms. She watched him cup his hands together until a crystal globe formed around the whirlwind. Jack's intensity increased and she watched the whirlwind inside spin around, bouncing off the walls of the globe until a sculpture of a snowflake began forming. First golf ball size then larger until it matched the size of her palm.

A laugh slipped from her lips at the pure joy of what he showed her. The snowflake sparkled and slowed until it finally came to a stop.

"Touch the globe."

She reached out and tentatively ran her finger along the edge and like dust, the surface fell away leaving the perfect snowflake between his fingers. Her stomach dropped in horror. "I broke it."

"Shhhh." He leaned closer, smiling. With the crystalline glaze of his eyes, and the way he controlled the elements, she was truly looking at the master of his winter domain. "That was supposed to happen."

"It's beautiful, Jack." She couldn't help but admire the perfect symmetry of the snowflake. "I can't believe you showed me this."

"Move closer." He puffed a bit of air and the snowflake began a slow controlled spin between his palms. "See how one crystal builds on another until it becomes this gorgeous thing?"

She nodded.

"Each snowflake is individual. Perfect in its own way." He tilted his head and the snowflake spun quicker.

Nicollete moved closer. Her breath enveloped the snowflake. Edges began melting. "No!" She jerked her gaze from the flake to Jack. "I didn't mean to ruin it." Her stomach twisted in anxiety.

"It's okay, Nicollete." He stretched his hands out and the winds blew once more, tearing the snowflake to shreds before her eyes. Jack dusted his hands off

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and rested on his heels. The crystalline glow of his eyes dissolved. "It's just frozen water. Nothing more."

Nicollete dropped the blanket and moved forward until they were face-to-face, breaths touching and mingling in the cold. "It was far more than that to me." She kissed him, savoring the flavor of cold on his lips, letting it bite away the last dredges of intoxication she held.

His hands, still cold and full of winter magic gripped the back of her head, holding her while he kissed her back. Her tongue tasted his unique blend of flavors, savored it. The flow of magic through her body from his touch lit her body on fire.

She'd heard her aunt describe the way Mr. C had made her feel when they touched. If it was anything like this, how had the woman kept her hands to herself at all? His groan echoed hers and they explored each other's taste. His hands slid to her shoulders and down her neck.

She pressed her hands against his chest, the heavy beats of his heart under palm soothing. A bit more pressure against his chest, and he fell back against the cold ground. She straddled his waist and her pussy pressed against the hard ridge of his cock. At that moment, she would have given anything for them to be naked. "Do you ever get cold?" She unbuttoned her shirt.

"Rarely. Do you want to go somewhere warmer?" He tucked his hands under his head, obviously enjoying the show.

Nicollete slowed her movements, enticing him with a bit of a tease as she stripped for him. "I like the cold."

She dropped her shirt behind her. "You're changing the subject."

Jack bucked against her, his cock rubbing a delicious spot. Sparks of heat tingled along her pussy and she fell forward against him with a moan. She really liked a man who could tease. Would he give her what she needed?

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"I will do that often." He gripped her hips and arched slowly, rotating his hips so that she shivered against him. The thin cloth of her slacks did nothing to block the heat of his cock, or the moist heat seeping through.

"Why avoid questions?"

"I like you having you work to get the answers."

She chuckled and slid her fingertips down his stomach and over the smooth slick leather of his pants to where they touched. She spread her fingers around his hard bulge, lifting just enough to give her own pussy stimulation through her thin slacks.

"I don't mind working for it, sweetheart. That's part of the fun." She stroked him through his leather pants.

He narrowed his eyes to slits.

With devilment, she raked her nails against the leather. "How long has it been for you?"

A sly smile lifted one corner of his mouth. "If I told you yesterday..."

"I'd say you were lying." She undid the button of his pants and tugged the zipper down until the blonde thatch of his hair shone.

He laughed and put his hands behind his head again. "How would you know?"

She rubbed her thumb against the head of his dick, slicking the tip with his precum. He hissed through his teeth and she murmured her pleasure. "I love it when a cock thickens in my hand."

Before she could blink, he had a hand tangled in her hair. She lowered her body with a smile, kissing him chastely on the lips.

She rose to her knees and leaned forward until her hair fell beside his face. Her palm wrapped around his cock, careful to keep a loose grip. She stroked slowly, letting his body's reaction tell her more about the way he liked to be stroked. Jack arched his hips and withdrew in a motion she mimicked. His moan was rich and full of anguish.

## Dawn Montgomery

She slid her knees back along the ground against his thighs, bent over, and swiped her tongue across the top of his cock. His essence was richer than she'd expected--delectable. She wrapped her mouth around the head and slid his cock just inside her lips. With a moan at his rich flavor, she tightened her lips around him, swiping the underside of his sensitive mushroomed head with her tongue.

He jerked his hips and she stroked down his cock with her hand while fucking him with her mouth. He shuddered under her touch, and feminine satisfaction lit her body. His body tightened and he closed his eyes. She pulled her lips away with one more sweet lick of the tip of his cock and smiled, wanting to see his eyes. "I like the way you taste."

His eyelids opened and nervous excitement flittered through her stomach. He'd changed to his Fae state. "Your lips are magic." The rumble of his voice did odd things to her cunt and she licked suddenly dry lips. "We'll revisit this later."

He arched his hips and pulled her close, turning her over onto her back before she could do more than gasp. "Since cold doesn't affect you." He trapped her wrists above her head and blew softly.

Nicollete's eyes widened. Ice and tendrils of snow slid from between his lips. She rolled her head just enough to see. Ice formed around her wrists, trapping her to the rock. Panic squeezed her heart but her libido disagreed. Her pussy grew wetter, nipples harder and she couldn't stop the trickle of excitement niggling at the back of her head. She was at the mercy of winter's god. And she liked it.

"Is there any part of your body that cold will adversely affect?"

"Where I'm from, any opportunity to find out is slim to none."

"Where is that, exactly?"

Nicollete shut her mouth. It wasn't that she mistrusted Jack. He'd know more than anyone where and what home was...

Ice formed on his fingers and the crystal film grew over his eyes, draining the pale blue to almost white. He touched her lips, cold seeping into the sensitive

## **Del Fantasma: Winter Break**

skin. It wasn't painful, just nice. His finger brushed against them then inside, delving into the heat of her mouth.

She watched his eyelids lower, leaving only the gleam of his Fae gaze. His cock burned against her bare stomach.

"Do you know what wonderfully wicked things I can do to your pussy with your tolerance for the cold?"

She moaned and sucked on his finger, pussy tingling in anticipation.

"Does your pussy have immunity to cold, Nicollete?"

His other hand, fingers covered with frost, squeezed her nipple to a point of pain that triggered the spread of heat to her core. She loved a little edge of pain with her sex.

She raised her eyebrows and wrapped her tongue around his finger, sucking it deep into her mouth. He tightened his hold on her nipple, twisting just the way she liked it. She bucked against him and tugged at the ice trapping her hands to the ground.

He pulled his finger from her mouth and caressed her lips. In moments, she felt the ice-chill of his magic touch her again. He replaced his fingertip with his mouth, his tongue brushing against hers. Fingertips traced an icy trail down her torso, circling her belly button before dipping into the shallow well. He pulled away just enough to breathe winter against her lips. "You're human."

She blinked. He lay against her side, cock pressed between them, hard and insistent.

"Belly button. None of the winter sprites have them."

Her chuckle turned to a gasp when his fingers dipped below her waistband. She bit her lip, aching to be touched.

Her button came undone with ease and his hand slid beneath the material, brushing against the trimmed hair of her mons. Fingertips swirled until they touched her clit and ice-cold fire shot through her core. She bucked against him.



**Dawn Montgomery**

He lowered his mouth to her throat and blew icy tendrils against her skin. "You get warmer, the colder my breath becomes. That's fascinating."

"If that were the case I'd be able to break out of the ice holding my wrists."

He nipped at the slope where her neck met shoulder. "I'm sure it will give soon enough, but when it does..." His fingers rubbed her clit in achingly slow circles. Jack's breath teased her ear. "When it does, you'll keep your hands above your head."

"Or what?" She grinned at him, anticipation skittering down her spine.

His fingers slipped between her folds and she moaned. Her eyes rolled and she arched. "Or I stop."

Slick cold touched her blazing heat, and her sex clenched around him. She bit her lip, trying to hold back the cry threatening to escape.

"Should I stop, after all?"

"Please don't stop."

He moved down her body, lips tasting, teeth nipping, all the while his fingers stroked deep within her channel.

"You're so hot for me. Don't hide it. Let me taste it." His lips latched onto her nipple and she shuddered in mindless want. He sucked and she bucked against his hand. His fingers stroked long and deep, brushing against that bundle of nerves she loved to find in her own self-pleasure sessions.

"That's the spot, Jack. Please." She pressed her face against the nook of her arm, surprised to notice the sweat on her body.

"Please what?" He moved down her body, tugging her pants free of her hips.

Confusion clouded her mind and he shook his head, pressing light kisses on her lower abdomen until his breath teased the folds of her pussy.

"Tell me what you want."

Her heart pounded in her throat. "I want you to--"

"No." His fingers stopped and he lifted his head. "Not what you want me to do. Tell me what *you* want."

## **Del Fantasma: Winter Break**

She shifted her hips against him but he pulled away farther. Her moan turned to anguish and she struggled against the ice holding her captive. "I don't understand."

He slowly pushed his fingers back inside, twisting them to get her attention. She froze with her body tense. Waiting.

"What does your body need?"

She shivered. "To come."

His smile could have melted the polar icecaps. Pleasure eased her tension and she basked in the warmth, not sure why he was so happy.

"That's what I needed to hear." He dipped his head and tasted her pussy, tongue delving into her heat, ice and the arcs of pleasure raging through her cunt. His fingers stroked harder, deeper, pressing against that spot again. Driving her to the edge in seconds. His breath chilled and she whimpered. Whipcord tension spiked through her body and she arched. He moved just right and she cried out, orgasm crashing through her like a winter storm, tearing her apart and leaving her shaken.

She opened heavy lidded eyes to see ice blue eyes gazing back from just above her pussy. His tongue darted into her folds and she shivered. He tugged her shoes and pants off, letting them fall to the side.

"Are you going to fuck me now?" Her lips lifted in a warm satisfied smile.

"Yes." He stroked his cock, pearlescent fluid gathered at the tip.

"Good. I need your cock."

"I love it when you talk dirty." He pressed the head of his cock against her slit and she moaned.

"That's nothing, baby. You should hear me when I'm really warmed up."

His cock pressed deeper and they both shuddered. "You feel like an inferno to me."

She gave a breathless laugh and wrapped her legs around his hips, tugging his ass closer with her heels. "You say the sweetest things, Jack. Will you jus--"

## Dawn Montgomery

He thrust deep, slamming hard into her pussy and taking her breath away.

"You were saying?"

She made a distressed sound in her throat. "Thinking? After that?"

He rotated his hips, doing wicked things to her cunt and shattering her thoughts. "You are beautiful."

"What? At your mercy?" An impish grin spread on her face.

He thrust deep until she took all of him. His body leaned over hers and the chill of his breath danced with hers. "Always." He ground against her clit, pressure hitting her in all the right places and sending her body into another round of electrified need.

He began a hard rhythm, lifting one of her legs to shift position just so. Nicollete moaned. "Just like that."

"What do you want, Nicollete?"

"To come."

"Let's see how hot this fire will burn." He trapped her leg against him and began to thrust in earnest, the hard ridge of his cock hitting her sweet spot over and over until she wanted to scream. The intensity shook her to the core and she didn't know whether she wanted to beg for more, or pull away to take the edge off.

He didn't give her a chance to find out. His forearm trapped her leg and chilled fingertips flicked her clit, making her buck.

His eyes glazed over again, so pale they were almost white. The air around them grew frigid and she welcomed it, needed the cold to draw away the inferno building in her body.

"Ride it, let it build." He changed his rhythm to short shallow pushes against her sweet spot.

She cursed fluently in Elven, Spanish, English, and several other languages she'd picked up through the years.

Jack laughed and showed no mercy. "You say the sweetest things."

## Del Fantasma: Winter Break

She clawed the ground behind her, digging into the cold sand. Her orgasm built until her body slicked with sweat, muscles clenched almost painfully to keep it back.

"Please," she begged, teeth raking against her own arm to keep her body in check.

"Please what?" He increased the friction at her clit, tearing a cry from her throat.

"Fuck! Let me come."

He flashed his sexy smile at her and whispered. "Come for me, Nicollete."

*Finally!* She released her hold and fire roared through her body, consuming her in orgasm. Her pussy clenched around his cock and she cried out at the sweet torment.

He rolled his hips and she crooned at another wave hitting her system.

She shivered against the sand as another orgasm hit her. Jack rolled them both until they lay on their sides facing one another, still joined. "Put your hands between us."

She wiggled her fingers and moved them from where he'd locked them to the ground. "What happened to the ice?"

"You turned it to steam, sweet." He wrapped his hands in her hair and inhaled her scent.

She stretched her arms up then brought her wrists down around his neck.

"Whatever you are, I like your kind of magic."

She sighed. "You'd be the first. I always get uncomfortably warm."

"Honey you're scorching right now."

"That's all you."

He laughed. "I doubt that." A soft kiss followed his words.

"Ask me what my job is."

He raised his eyebrows. "What's your job?"

"I'm the QA department for an adult toy division."

## Dawn Montgomery

To his credit, he didn't do more than blink at her. "You're the QA? The sole quality assurance person? Is it a large division?"

"Large enough."

His wicked smile reflected in the depths of his eyes. "That puts an all new spin on things."

She chuckled. "Okay, that wasn't what I expected."

"What? Think I'd be intimidated by some silicone and batteries?" He moved his hips in a slow gyration, and she sighed happy and content to fuck him as often as possible. "If it was enough to satisfy you, you wouldn't have been on the prowl."

She tightened her muscles around his cock and grinned. "On the prowl? That makes me sound so much cooler than I was. Desperate, maybe. I needed heat."

He buried his head against her throat and made short shallow thrusts into her cunt. "Aren't we all at one point or another?"

She held him close and moaned. "You? Desperate?" *How?*

"I need warm blooded heat."

"Fae are warm blooded."

"Not winter sprites. Their bodies stay cold to the touch." His fingers brushed against her clit. "You are perfect. Warm, inviting." He pressed a kiss against the pulse slamming in her throat. "The hottest fuck I've ever had."

She chuckled. "Literally." Exhaustion trembled through her muscles. She couldn't remember the last time her body had gone through this kind of ice melting heat.

He pulled away from her just enough to tuck her full length against his body. "I can feel how tired you are." His cock stilled inside her cunt and she whimpered.

"Shhh," he wrapped her in his arms and held her still against him. "I'll be here when you wake up."

### **Del Fantasma: Winter Break**

She wanted to be frustrated, but his words calmed her racing heart, and the beat of his, soothed her further. Something warm and fluffy wrapped around them and she jerked, surprised to note that she'd been asleep.

Jack gently ran his fingers down her spine in soothing long strokes. She tasted magic again and it lulled her back to sleep.

## Chapter Three

Jack waited for her to fall back to sleep before whisking them away on a winter storm to his seasonal home in the frigid north. Gentle winds took the sand and other nasties from their bodies, leaving him feeling almost human. His bike would be safe until he returned for it, but letting go of his little Nicollete would be torture. He didn't realize until he felt her touch how long and lonely his road had become. She was a jewel of life.

The storm laid them gently down in his bed and he wrapped them both up in warm blankets, his dick still buried deep in her pussy. She left many unanswered questions and he didn't know if it was purposefully or not. What started out as a quest for a little rough and tumble action, whether from a fight or a woman--he hadn't cared which—led to this. His lips pressed a kiss against her brow.

He pulled his still hard cock from her pussy and wrapped her up in his arms. With a sigh of contentment, he buried his face in her hair. Cinnamon, sugar, and all the things wicked and lovely filled his senses.

For the first time in centuries, Jack Frost fell asleep.

\* \* \* \*

## Del Fantasma: Winter Break

Sugarplums and elves danced together in the streets. What kind of madness was this?

Jack perched on a sign in jeans and a tee shirt, his long trench coat draped behind him, the creak and groan of leather the only sound that came to his ears. He could see the sun's bruise on the sky, foretelling a cloudy night.

The ridiculous antics of the dancers turned to spinning, making him dizzy if he focused on them too long. Nicollete walked toward him from the center of the seasonally decorated street. Her beauty was enhanced by the sun, though a part of him wondered why her face wasn't a silhouette since the light was behind her.

"This is the weirdest dream."

She just smiled. Everywhere she stepped, the snow melted. Ice-cold terror filled his veins. His winter was dissolving.

The elves fell against the snow and the sugarplums melted. "What the fuck is going on?"

"You abandoned winter, Jack. What difference does it make?"

She touched a snow covered tree and he watched it smolder and pop, steam hissing, the branch sizzling with fire in moments.

"I did not abandon winter!" He roared it, calling on the elements to stop the unnatural heat. Nothing happened.

"You abandoned us all." Her voice changed, whispered across his skin like frigid wind. "You control nothing any longer, Winter King." She slurred the title, turning it to insult.

"Why are you here?"

Nicollete tilted her head, the burn and pop of fire behind her illuminating her features and casting a sinister hue to her lovely face. "I am a warning."

Jack's insides froze, knotted inside his gut until the cloying pain of terror relaxed enough let him breathe once more. Warnings were always delivered through dreams.

"A warning for what? From whom?"

"What happens when there is no more winter, Jack? Will you melt too?"

She reached for him and fire filled his veins, burning him, his mouth opened in a scream...

Jack shoved out of the bed, gasping air into his burning lungs. The lingering stench of burning wood and sugar made his stomach clench, and he tried to keep from retching. Sweat slicked his brow and he looked around, looking for something.

*Nicollete!*

He strode through his home, cold tile of his floor welcome, grounding his pounding heart to a slower, steadier beat. Cold soothed and calmed. "Nicollete!" His voice boomed down the hall. *So much for soothed and calm.*

"Jack?"

She appeared in the doorway, disheveled and heart breakingly lovely wrapped in a sheet.



Stark relief and a slow burn of anger replaced the knot of fear created from the nightmare. "What are you doing?" His cock stiffened at the sight of her lovely pale skin. So delicious to nibble on. Enticing. He grew hungry for her taste.

She raised her eyebrows. "Looking for my purse. Exploring. Waiting for you to wake up so you can show me where there's food, or at least a phone, so I can order some." Her heated gaze sizzled his body and his dick wept for her as a drop of precum pearled at the tip.

Jack wrapped a hand around his dick, stroking his length in slow lazy motions, mimicking his walking pace. "We have no access to phones, or humanity, out here."

Nicollete licked her lips and widened her eyes just enough to tell him she was responding. Whether it was from fear or lust, he wouldn't be able to tell until he tasted her.

"I'm human, so I think you may be mistaken."

Jack reached Nicollete and lifted her, turned them around, and slammed her against the wall. She huffed out a breath and let her head rest against the support behind it. "Do you know who I am?" He slid a knee between her thighs, the soft sheet the only scrap of cloth between them.

She ground against him. Her lids lowered until all that was left was a splash of color between her long, thick lashes. "You're Jack Frost."

"Do you know what that means?" He pressed a hand against the wall beside her and pulsed some of his power through the fingers of his other hand, creating a blade. He thrust his hand forward and it pierced the wall. Winter magic poured from the point of his fingers, lining the walls, splitting the brick beside her. She didn't flinch, just watched his eyes. Eyes that couldn't see her as much as they could see everything. *Everything*.

Winter wasn't what it should be.

"Why don't you tell me how you really feel?" Sarcasm dripped from her voice and Nicollete touched the side of his face, drawing his attention back to her. "Would you mind telling me what I did to cause your fury? Or better yet, why don't you just put me on the next storm Harley out of here."

"You didn't do anything." He withdrew his magic and pressed his forehead against the brick beside her. Hot embarrassment burned through his nerves chasing away the need, the burn to cause more havoc. He moved away from her and padded back to his room, the cold forgotten, the heat of her skin still burning his, his cock still aching with the need to pound into her tight pussy until she begged him to stop.

Her light footfalls pattering down the hall echoed in his ear like gunshots.

"That's it?" She grabbed his biceps and jerked him around until he faced her. "You tell me I didn't do anything and then stalk off like a sullen boy? What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Nothing." Ice, fire and rage knotted in his gut.

"You were still sleeping and I didn't want to wake you."

"Why did you leave the North Pole?"

## Del Fantasma: Winter Break

Nicollete froze and stared at him, her eyes wide with something close to horror. "I never said I was from the North Pole."

"You didn't have to. I figured it out." *In a dream*, he almost added, but refrained. She didn't need to know his dream.

"Ah. Well, fine then." She removed her fingers from his arm as though touching him disgusted her. "What was your question?"

"Why did you leave the North Pole?"

She shrugged. "I was hot. Getting hotter every day and nothing could stop it. Besides, the silicone and battery gig was leaving me a bit cold. I wanted something real between my legs." She narrowed her eyes, wordlessly daring him to say something, anything to spark her temper.

"I don't sleep."

"You did--"

He moved the wind in the hallway, wrapping it around her until she was gently pressed back against the wall. The currents wrapped around her under the sheet, lifting it from her body and whisking it away.

Nicollete pressed her head back and breathed slowly, each inhalation making her breasts rise and fall in delightfully elegant form. "I know I slept this time, but I usually don't sleep, ever." He whispered to the wind and it obeyed him, wrapping around her nipples, alternately teasing and tickling them until they were hard peaks.

"If you don't sleep, then why did you just a bit ago?" He liked the tremble in her voice, the husky growl she couldn't seem to stop.

"I don't know. That's what I mean to find out." He moved closer, his cock hard and ready to plunge into her wet heat. "You're not struggling."

"Would it make a difference?"

"It might." He palmed his cock and stroked. "Tell me why you won't struggle." He moved closer until his fist brushed against her soft creamy skin.

She licked her lips and the wind brought the flavor of her sudden release of sexual heat. "I'm turned on."

"I can tell." He placed his hand beside her head and he watched her gaze dart to his forearm before jerking back to his face. The dart of her pink tongue was the only other indication she was nervous.

"How can you tell?"

He lowered his voice to a rumble and stroked his dick so that she could feel it against her stomach. "Your scent of your pussy is like ambrosia when you're turned on."

She moaned and her eyes rolled before closing tight.

He called on the winds again and they stroked her pussy in time with his hand, stroking, caressing his cock. Another wave of wind began friction on her clit and she arched from the wall. Jack held her down with the upper half of his body, careful to keep her from hurting herself in the process of their *game*.

He ran a hand down her body, memorizing her curves by touch, realizing he'd know her anywhere from that moment on. At some point, he'd marked her

as his. As one of his creatures, winter creatures. The worry of losing her faded to the background of his mind.

"I'm going to fuck your hot little cunt until you scream."

Nicollete chuckled. "I'm not much of a screamer."

The wind shifted and friction built along her slit. Still not entering, but driving her crazy in the process. "You will be." His dark promise drove her heat up another level. He could taste the change in the air. "I want to taste you."

Nicollete shivered and nodded.

"I wasn't asking permission, baby." Jack knelt between her legs and the glistening fluid of her lust brought a smile to his face. He moved in close, inhaling her rich perfume. A long swipe of his tongue against her slit brought the sweetest taste to his lips.

He pulled away and readjusted the winds' hold so that she was stretched out at an angle from the wall. Jack moved a cushion of air around beneath her back and hips, keeping her comfortable.

"Wider," he commanded the elements, staring up at her through partially lowered lashes. Her eyes were smoldering and a fine sheen of sweat formed on her body. Her legs were forced wider apart and he turned his attention back to the feast of her pussy. "Beautiful."

She moaned and his gaze lifted to her face, her cheeks had tinged red, with embarrassment or lust, he couldn't be sure. Her breath came in harsh gasps and he made a long swipe of his tongue against her slit.

Nicollete bucked against him and he moved his mouth back and forth creating pressure against all the spots the winds had told him she liked. "I know all your secrets, Nicollete. Your body tells me everything."

She inhaled a ragged breath and he smiled using air to stimulate the rim of her ass. Two fingers slipped into her pussy, the muscles welcoming his invasion by clenching them. He rotated his fingers in a slow thrust, using his thumb to caress her clit with each stroke.

Nicollete murmured encouragement and Jack pinched her nipples with wind's pressure, caressed her throat and breasts with feathered caresses of a breeze, savoring her rich flavor as he worked in rhythm with his fingers.

Her soft whimpers increased and the tension throughout her body tightened until he could taste her impending orgasm. He rose over her, pressing his cock at her swollen cunt. "How does it feel to be at my mercy?"

She trembled, nerves stretched taut, waiting to come. "Wonderful."

"I could leave you like this. Have the wind tease you for hours." Her pupils dilated and he grinned. He slid the head of his cock just inside her pussy, stretching it. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes." Nicollete rolled her hips and his cockhead went a tiny bit deeper.

"You belong to me right now. No escape, no chance to call anyone, nothing but you." He slid in farther and her pussy clenched around him. Pleasure shot down his spine. "Me." He withdrew just enough to have her whimper. "And the winter cold to keep us company." He slammed deep inside, filling her tight

## Del Fantasma: Winter Break

channel and absorbing its warmth. Pleasure curled deep inside, threatening to make him lose control.

A quiet laugh slipped through her lips. "Back home, surrounded by thousands of happy, wonderful, and joyous people, I am left alone."

"Why?" He rotated his hips and they both groaned. She rested her head against her biceps and he lifted the wind to support her neck.

Nicollete smiled and sighed. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"I grow too hot to be around. Every year it gets worse." She opened her eyes and the sadness inside pierced his heart. "Do you know how hard it is to be surrounded by people you could kill by one careless touch?"

Yeah, he might know a little something about that. "What do you mean?"

"The people of the North Pole are winter's magic. When I grow hot I can burn them, or worse." She tried to pull away from him but he held her hips still.

"Has it always been like this?"

"No. When I was a child, I'd play with everyone and we'd have such a good time. Now the only two winter-blessed people I can touch without burning them are Mrs. C and her husband. And now you."

"And it's become worse?" He used the wind to brush her hair lightly, letting it flutter in a stream behind her. Tension eased from her body and he rotated his hips, setting a steady, if slow, rhythm.

"We thought it was hormones for a while, but now I don't know. I just had to get away from the Pole before I went stir crazy. Just me and my adult toys."

"Well, we're doing fine without them for now, but I'd be happy to use them later, if you want."

Her pussy clenched his cock and he filed that wicked plan away for later.

He increased his rhythm and stroke, driving deeper and harder into her pussy until she gasped and begged. He changed his angle and pressure built along his spine. She squeezed her eyes shut and arched against him; a ragged moan tore from her throat as she came. The heat of her skin absorbed into his. Steam rose from their bodies and the wind warmed. Fire shot down his spine. His balls tightened and she cried out. He couldn't hold back and slammed deep, hot come released into her channel.

With the wind's help he pulled her into his arms and held her until he made his way on shaky legs to the bedroom. The winds caught them as they fell, easing them onto the bed.

"That is such a neat trick."

Jack laughed. "It took centuries of practice."

She sighed and winced.

"Are you okay?"

"I think I'm getting a little touch of the flu or something. I'm tired again." Her eyes were turning glassy and her cheeks bright pink. A ruddier pink than when she'd orgasmed. And that took effort.

## Dawn Montgomery

He pulled her close and brushed his knuckles against her cheek. The heat of her skin was almost fevered. A frown pulled at his face.

"What's wrong?"

"I dreamt you burned me. Actually, you were burning everything."

The content expression she had on her face slid away to be replaced by something akin to fear. "They're just nightmares."

"I don't dream."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I don't sleep. Winter never sleeps."

"How do you function?" Her eyes were wide with awe and something stranger still, concern.

He had to be mistaken. "I function just fine, sweetheart." The suggestive tone had her cheeks flaming pink again in shy embarrassment.

"That's not what I meant, although I do agree with you."

He leered at her and she giggled. Jack pounced and she rolled, hip tossing him to the other side of the bed. He grabbed her ankle and pulled, sliding her down the sheets until she lay under him, warm, willing. The delicious scent of cinnamon and sugar filled his senses.

He straddled her hips and cupped her face. "You are the most precious gift I could have received for the holidays. Thank you for coming with me."

She smiled and laid her cheek against his palm, turning into it to press a light kiss against his skin. "Don't thank me. I was completely selfish when I hit on you in the bar." She set her hands on his thighs and lightly scraped her nails up and down his thighs. Not hard enough to leave marks, but intense enough to have him almost ready to go again.

He bent over and kissed her, a slow exploration of taste, tongues touching, sighs exchanging until they were both moaning into each other's mouths.

A twinge of unease built, skating down Jack's spine. He pulled away from Nicollete and froze, trying to pinpoint the problem.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't know."

She leaned up onto her elbows and tilted her head. "I'm hoping it's not me."

"No." He brushed her lips with his and focused on her face. "It's not you."

The unease increased until it was a raging quiet in his mind. An empty silence that terrified him. He couldn't hear the winter. His heart skipped a beat before slamming into his chest.

She placed a hand over his heart. "What is it? Your expression..." Genuine worry filled her voice and he tried to stay calm.

"Nothing to worry about." He pressed a hand to her forehead. It was like fire. "You need to rest."

She tilted her head and a line formed between her brows with her frown. "Why?"

"You're fevered."

"I'll be fine. I have cookies in my bag."

## **Del Fantasma: Winter Break**

"What good will a cookie do?"

"You'd be surprised. They can fix just about anything."

Worry twisted his gut. "You're delirious."

"You have to take care of Winter King stuff?" Her voice grew hazy with exhaustion. His worry increased.

"Yeah." He pressed another kiss to her forehead. Jack reached for the winter current again and it responded. Relief crashed through his body, draining away his tension until he was trembling.

Nicollete's chest rose and fell in quiet slumber.

"It must have been my imagination." The winter always responded to him. Maybe that dream had shaken him up more than he'd thought.

He slid under the sheet and held Nicollete's hand while she slept. Did she dream? His mind went back over the nightmare he'd had earlier. What did it mean?

## Chapter Four

Jack rode the winter current on his bike, reveling in the feel of ice and snow against his face. *Face? Where's my helmet?* The ice hit harder, cutting his cheeks and tearing deeper into his skin. Pain and fire shot through his head and he screamed covering his face with his arms. Without his eyes on the winter road, he lost control of the bike and tumbled through the sky. The first hit tore his breath away. Four times the world spun in an arc of pain and blood until he finally came to a stop.

His body reknit itself and he grit his teeth. Bones reset and his ribs pulled back into shape, reforming. Nerves screamed until all he could do was lay in a fetal position and gasp. When the pain ended, he pulled himself up and stared at the bleak landscape.

His bike was trashed. Fuck. He didn't have to use the thing, but it had taken a lot of work to make that bike ride the elements. "Where the fuck am I?" *And what the hell was I doing not wearing a fucking helmet?* Riding the winter road was treacherous enough without temporarily losing his sight. It took most of his concentration to keep the elements rolling along.

The sound of soft crying reached his ears and he rose to his feet with a groan. Sore didn't begin to cover how he felt at the moment.

### Del Fantasma: Winter Break

He stumbled over the snowy ridge and slid down the other side, snow tumbling with him, until he landed in a heap at the bottom. The crying continued and he could make out a feminine undertone.

He opened his eyes and winced as light pierced his skull. Jack held up a hand against the moon's glare on the snow and peered at a slight figure kneeling a short distance away. A pool of water rose around her and she seemed content to stay there, slowly freezing to death. A small part of his mind wondered where the water came from.

"Hey, are you okay?" His gut twisted. "You need to get out of the water before you catch your death."

She lifted her head and he dropped to his knees. "Jack?"

*Nicollete?* Her elfin face was tear-stained and worn. Steam filled the air around her. "Nicollete?" He raced the rest of the way to her side, splashing through the water to reach her. Jack wrapped her in his arms and she held on tight, shivering against his body.

"You're shivering." He went to take off his jacket but she stopped him with a touch of her palm against his face.

"I'm not feeling well."

The heat from her palm was almost scorching. His body absorbed the heat, using it to fuel the cold winter around them, making it more erratic, uncontrollable. Wind slammed into them with a fist of icy disregard. Tearing against their bodies.

The colder it got the hotter she grew until steam surrounding them. Cold terror ripped through his heart. "What's happening to me?" She buried her face against his chest. He shrugged out of his jacket and tucked her against his body.

"I don't know Nicollete."

"I'm dying, Jack." She collapsed and he dropped with her, pulling her into his arms. Her body grew almost unbearably hot. He shook with rage, with fury. "Who is doing this? Show yourself!"



## Dawn Montgomery

No replies came, and Nicollete struggled to breathe. The winter screamed around them and he held her, rocking them both back and forth, tears ripped away by the wind.

\* \* \* \*

Jack jerked awake. His gaze latched on to Nicollete in peaceful slumber. Mysterious and beautiful Nicollete. *What are you doing to me?* For years, anger had fuelled his drive to go on. Now, he didn't know what the fuck was happening.

Two dreams in a row. Almost back to back. Enchanted sleep. He brushed her hair back from her face. Her skin felt warm to the touch. Still feverish, but nothing like the nightmare. The knot in his chest loosened some.

Someone was playing him for a fool and his gut twisted to think Nicollete was involved. Was she innocent, or part of it? Why have nightmares back to back? It was an enchanted sleep he couldn't stop. There weren't many who could affect him. He could name three off the top of his head. And none were good.

Jack kissed Nicollete on the forehead. She murmured something about cookies and went back to sleep, snuggling against his pillow. He drew the covers up over her shoulder and tucked her in, a strange emotion tugging at his chest.

He pulled her close and fought down the doubts of her he held. She wasn't faking her sudden fevers, and he needed to get to the North Pole so he could try to figure out what was going on. He'd be a fool not to notice her temperature mirrored the crazy weather. And that meant someone was fucking around with those he cared about. Rage knotted, cold and tight in his gut.

His fingers slid through her hair. Elements help whomever had decided to hurt those he cared about. He'd hunt them to the ends of the earth if he had to.

He needed answers.

### **Del Fantasma: Winter Break**

With gentle care he laid her back on the pillow and slipped on his jeans. The pad of his bare feet on cold tile soothed him, anchored him once more. Someone was fucking with this element. And they were going to pay.

## Chapter Five

"Argh!" Jack scrubbed his face and stared once more at the elemental charts. Nothing was working anymore. He held a small manipulation of the winter stream. Someone was stealing his element and they were terrorizing the world with it. Blizzards, ice storms, hell, even Texas had snow in Houston. It never snowed in Houston.

What the fuck was going on?

"I don't think I feel very well." Nicollete's weak voice broke his concentration.

Jack looked up from his work, eyes glazed from staring too long at patterns he couldn't fathom. He couldn't control winter. "What is --" He shoved away from the desk and raced to her side. Her cheeks were burnished red and her eyes glazed with fever. He touched her skin and hissed at the sizzling heat of her forehead. "What's happening?"

"I don't know." She fell against him.

Like the dream. *No!* The beat of her heart, a rapid flutter that had him terrified he was going to lose her. *Not now!* Everything was falling apart around him, shattering his world. "Nicollete, I have to get your temperature down."

He swept her up in his arms and raced to the garden tub. Jack called on the winds and filled the tub with snow, thankful he could at least control the elements in his own home.

## Del Fantasma: Winter Break

"That will kill her, you know." A brittle voice from behind jerked him around.

Dressed all in black from the tip of her sleek boots to the fur of her tight parka. "Snow Queen. You bless us with your presence." His words were forced through clenched teeth. "I would bow, but I am in the middle of a crisis at the moment."

Ice blue eyes narrowed. "Ah yes. The human girl." The Queen waved her hand and Nicollete gasped before slumping in his arms.

"What did you do?" Panic edged his voice.

"Preventing you from killing her outright. Take her to bed."

He whisked her to the bedroom and laid her on the mattress. The fragile beauty of her face was pale and drawn against the dark mocha of his sheets. He traced the edge of her jaw with a fingertip before turning to the bitch.

"You honor our--"

"Don't bullshit me Jack. You're as happy to see me, as I am you."

"My sister rarely visits." His lip lifted in a half smile. "So what the fuck are you doing here now?"

She walked across the room, the click of her heels marking each step.

"That's more like the Jack I know." She traced the elegant carving of ice he'd crafted on the wall during a particularly dark night. "Northern lights?" She raised an eyebrow. "You're getting soft, brother. Humans, art, next you'll be redecorating your winter home for children. You've turned *domestic*." She spat the word at him as though it were a curse.

"What are you doing here, Jane?" He crossed his arms.

"Fighting with you isn't as fun as it used to be." Her voice turned petulant.

"Do you remember my temper, sister?"

She tossed her blonde hair over a shoulder and sighed. "Yes, I know. That's why I'm here. The death of the world is upon us if you don't control it."

"What?"

## Dawn Montgomery

"Look around you, brother. Have you noticed the how uncontrollable the weather is at the moment? How your neglect has triggered an almost unstoppable storm?"

"I didn't do any of this."

"Who did? Your enemies? Give me a break, Jack. I have a thousand beings lined up at my fucking door looking for your head because of this shit. What the hell have you been doing the past twenty-five years? Fucking around!" She threw her hands up.

"The world is tired of winter."

"So what? You quit controlling the elements. Outside of some minor tweaks, and your constant driving on the winter currents, I don't see you lifting a finger to do your damn job anymore."

"So what if I did quit? What the fuck difference does it make anymore? They love the warmer winters with no snow."

"You fucked with the order, Jack."

"I can fix it."

"You'd better, or she's going to be the first to die."

Jack gathered the winter. "No one threatens Nicollete." He shot the frigid winds against her, arcing around her body and trapping her in an ice cage against the floor.

She slammed the prison open, shattering the ice and launched at him. "I own the winter. Or have you forgotten." Ice formed on her fingers sharper than any blade. She swung her arm and he deflected her hit with a shield of ice. "I haven't done anything to your little princess yet, idiot."

He slammed her back and she hit the wall, slamming into his ice sculpture. It shattered around her and she dropped to the ground gasping for air. He continued stalking toward her, ready for another round. "She's fevered. The dreams were your warning."

## Del Fantasma: Winter Break

"I sent the warning. Twice, you thick headed bastard. You ignored it the first time." She rose, using the wall to brace her body. "I'm not killing her, Jack." She blasted him with spikes of ice. He deflected them easily, carefully shielding Nicollete from harm with a barrier of wind and ice.

He slipped through the next round of spikes, dodging them and deflecting those he couldn't get around. Jack had her by the throat and against the wall before she could call her snow beasts. While they couldn't do more than temporarily maim him, they could do worse to Nicollete. Ice filled Jack's veins and he breathed snow against her cheek. His vision shifted to white and the currents of the room were like strings to a master's fingertips. His fingertips. "Who, sister dear? Who is killing my Nicollete?"

Her eyes changed back to ice blue. Fear flickered in their depths. No, they couldn't kill one another, but he'd make her recovery very painful.

She met him, nose to nose, glare for glare. "You are."

"I would never hurt her."

"You stupid shit. She's tied to the winter magic of the world. It's what keeps her from turning into a human-cicle whenever you touch her. She's winter-blessed. And you're killing off the fucking winter."

"Impossible."

"Right. Because I come to visit you out of sisterly affection." She didn't fight back, just stared, waiting.

"Why *are* you here?"

"Because I'm the only thing standing between you and a forced resignation of your post. You're about to be overthrown due to your arrogance and lack of respect for the balance of elements."

He tilted his head and blinked slowly. "And what would that mean for you, sister dearest?"

"Death for us both, idiot. We're tied together by more than blood and you know it."

## Dawn Montgomery

He knew well what they were tied by. Twins, soul marked to be split for eternity, and as different as night and day.

"You're lying."

She snorted and gathered the elements around her. "I may be a lot of things, but a liar was never one of them. If you don't quit fucking around, your little princess is going to die. And then where would you be?"

"That same place I've always been. Playing whipped puppy for the powers that be."

"No, you'll be worse. Her death will destroy your heart, shriveled and cold though it may be. She was made for you. The balance to your power. If you fuck up, she suffers."

"Bullshit." He drew away from her, the sudden absence of power within him leaving his heart aching. Was it his fault? Jane was a cold-hearted bitch, but she never lied. The truth was too fun.

"So how are you going to help?" He released his hold on her body. "I imagine helping me is why you're here?"

She slid down the wall. "I have to control the flow of moisture while you control the winds until winter returns to normal. It should balance out."

"You don't sound too confident." He couldn't remember the last time they tried to work together.

"I'm not. But it's the only way."

Jack walked to the bed's edge and stared down at Nicollete. Fever still burned her from the inside out, ravaging her body. Guilt gnawed at his gut. Years of isolation had been forced on her because of his--

"Let's do it." He hardened his expression and turned toward what the sprites had called his war room. Where all the elements fought in an endless battle of wills.

\* \* \* \*

## Del Fantasma: Winter Break

"I don't have control of the stream." Yeah, that hurt like a bitch.

Jane took off her parka and dropped it over a suede-backed chair. "I still do. If I can reign in the moisture, maybe the raging elements will listen to you again."

"How do you know all this?" He reached out to the stream but it ignored him.

"I lost control once."

"When?" He stared at his sister, incredulous. "And why didn't you tell me?"

She snorted. "Did you think to call me when you couldn't touch the elements, or when your little girlfriend started getting all fevered and weak?" For once, her voice held no condescension. She had one eyebrow raised, nothing more.

"No."

"That's why."

"I've never come to you for anything before. The thought just never occurred to me."

She shrugged and looked through the elemental landscape. "You've fucked things up royally, haven't you?"

"Just when I was starting to think you weren't a pain in my ass, too." Jack shook his head and turned his focus to the elements. His gaze shifted and suddenly the currents were visible in the elemental spectrum. The winter road still had his mark, but the global shift was roiling out of control.

"Pull back on the snow in the Northern Hemisphere."

"Already working on it." Her voice held some strain.

He dug his heels into the current, trying to regain some control over the storm building over the world. They fought until he grasped the first trickle of control. After that they drew the storms back to manageable levels.

When the storms finally came back under his control they pulled back, both gasping for air and shaking with exhaustion.



## Dawn Montgomery

"That should do for now. It'll take a few years for the stream to get completely back to normal, but we're good for now." She brushed her damp hair back from her face and stretched. "That took longer than I expected."

The firm hum of magic through his body felt like home. He was back!

"Thank you."

Jane put her parka back on and zipped it with a jerk. She pierced him with a glare. "Don't thank me. I'll tell you now, as I was told when I lost control. Fuck up again and you'll be stripped of your mantle of power. The elements will find another candidate and you'll be scattered to the four winds for attempted destruction of the world."

Jack's smile froze on his face. "You were told that?"

"Yeah, well. I fuck up too, on occasion." She tugged on her gloves and shrugged. "It's a part of the job. You'd gone so long without messing up I was starting to hate you for it. Sometimes it's good to know we're not all that different."

Jack opened his mouth but she held up her hand. "Please no sappy shit. And no matter what you may think, casting a sentence on you would kill me. Literally. Don't put me in that position."

"If I didn't know any better, I would think you cared."

She snorted. "Don't flatter yourself. Now take care of that niece of mine."

"Niece?" What the hell was she-- "Nicollete? Already?" Shit, she was pregnant. Joy shot through his gut. Then worry followed by suspicion.

"How did you know?"

She rolled her eyes. "I know moisture, and the body's full of it. She won't know for a bit, I'm sure. Don't be a stranger." Pain flashed across her face and with a roar of snow, she was gone.

"Over dramatic exit!" He yelled. Her laughter echoed in the chamber.

What had gotten into her? His sister, as always, completely fucked with his head. A baby? He was going to be a dad?

## Del Fantasma: Winter Break

Nicollete. He rushed to the room and found her lying in peaceful slumber. He pressed his palm to her forehead and found no fever.

Jack kissed her forehead and pressed a hand over her stomach. How long would it be before he could feel the baby moving? A little girl.

Nicollete's eyes fluttered open. "Hi."

"Hi yourself. You gave me a bit of a scare."

Nicollete stretched and sighed. "I feel a lot better."

He rolled her against him, the sheet the only barrier between them. "You and me both."

"Any more nightmares?"

"Only one, but it's over now."

"That's good." She tucked her head under his chin and he inhaled the crisp scent, unique to Nicollete. "I need a cookie."

"What is it with you and cookies?" He laughed.

He could feel her smirk against his skin. "I make really good cookies."

"You're not cocky or anything."

"I've been thinking."

"Uh oh." Nicollete smacked his arm and he smoothed a hand down her back.

"What were you thinking about?"

"Nothing."

"Oh no, none of that."

"Do you like living here alone?"

His heart stopped beating for a second. "Not really. Want to move in?"

She cleared her throat. "I know it's sudden and we barely know each other, but--"

"Darlin' I've been waiting for you my whole life."

She chuckled. "Okay, so now you're being silly."

He kissed her forehead. "Do you humans still have those silly bonding rituals?"

**Dawn Montgomery**

"Bonding rituals?" She raised her head and looked at him. "I thought we were doing a great job of bonding already. Or did you mean bondage? I think we did that too." Her grin turned wicked.

Heat flared between them.

"I meant the ones that involve rings and a dress."

Nicollete raised her eyebrows. "You're talking about marriage?"

"Yes."

"'Til death do us part?"

"Yes."

She let her breath out in a hefty gust. "What about the, you being immortal, me being mortal, thing?"

"Once we bond, our souls tie together and you live longer. My life span is shortened some."

"No wait. You have a shorter life span?"

"Yes. I only get another three thousand years or so left to live. Whatever will I do with the limited years?"

She raised her eyebrows. "This is serious stuff."

He dropped his smile. "You need to understand something. If we bond, there's no divorce. We can't undo it."

"I've known you my whole life Jack Frost. Watched you work your magic from the North Pole and wondered what you were like."

"I'm a pain in the ass to live with. I've got centuries of bad habits and a very demanding job."

"So do I. Who else is going to try out all those adult toys? I *am* the QA department, honey. So I may have to involve you in some aspects of my job." She ran her fingernails up and down his leg.

"I just might like to give you a hand with that."

She laughed. "Yes, I'll marry you. But we have to have a big wedding."

"When?"

### **Del Fantasma: Winter Break**

"Next year. December 27<sup>th</sup>."

"Why the 27<sup>th</sup>?"

"It gives the workshop two days to finish up the wedding preparations. They're miracle workers, but they can't stop time." A frown pulled at her lips.

"What about the fevers?"

"They will come less frequently until they, hopefully stay away."

"How do you know?"

He grinned. "I'm Old Man Winter, honey. I know everything." He leered at her.

She snuggled close. "I love Old Man Winter."

"He loves you too." Jack kissed her forehead and waited for her to fall asleep before following into dreamless slumber.

## Epilogue

Jack stood at the edge of the Del Fantasma's parking lot and drew on the power within. His skin hardened with ice and his vision became greater, larger, until he could see the streams of the currents. The edges he would have to tweak to make it work.

Nicollete sat on a rock overlooking the bar, her loving gaze returning to him. Heat flared in his stomach and he had to focus harder to keep a grip.

"It's hard to concentrate when you look at me like that."

"You're sure you want to do this? What if Cody doesn't like the snow?"

He grinned. "Everybody needs a little white Christmas now and again." It wouldn't be long before he showed up.

The door to the bar opened and Cody stood in its doorway, eyeing them both.

Nicollete waved with her fingers. "Hi Cody."

"Ms. Snow. I see you're still enjoying your winter break."

"You knew I would be." She smiled.

"What are you two doing that have my bouncers nervous?"

Nicollete jumped down from her perch on the rock and walked toward Cody. Jack breathed easier. He didn't like moving this kind of weather with Nicollete too close, not anymore. It could turn ugly, and his wife-to-be and daughter were too precious to risk. Even for a favor.

## Del Fantasma: Winter Break

"We're giving you a gift."

"I don't need one."

Clouds moved in and Jack grit his teeth, fighting the heat of southern California. He rerouted the stream temporarily so that the warm breath off the coast couldn't stop his work.

"There are clouds now." Cody didn't sound pleased but Jack grinned. "And he's smiling. That can't be a good combination."

Nicollete's laughter rolled over Jack like a warm blanket.

"He does have an interesting sense of humor."

"He's not going to bury us in snow is he? Our building can't support that kind of weight."

"Just watch."

Jack breathed winter air into the clouds, letting them grow fat and heavy with ice and snow. The wind shifted around the bar.

A perverse joy at the thought of his sister screaming in frustration filled him.

"Hey, it's freakin' freezing!" One of the customers came out in a skimpy little suit not meant for this kind of cold. She shivered delicately and wrapped her arms around her body.

The first flakes of snow began to fall, tiny, soft and unable to do more than that.

Jack sighed and rubbed the back of his neck, his winter cloak once more leashed inside his body. Another winter miracle like this and he was going to need a serious vacation to recharge his batteries.

The complainer gasped and looked in wonder around her. Nicollete smiled and pulled cookies out of her infinite space purse, and started handing them out to everyone who came out of the bar. Soon the entire building was out, letting the snow touch their faces only to melt away.

He made the long walk to the bar, fatigue draining his muscles of even more of his strength.

## Dawn Montgomery

Nicollete wrapped her arms around him. He pressed a light kiss on the top of her head. "I needed that." His heart filled with hope and joy. No longer alone...

She inhaled his scent and her eyes turned that beautiful rich shade of green he'd come to adore. "You're tired."

"I just made it snow in southern California."

"True." He couldn't help but smile.

"Thank you."

Jack jerked in surprise. Cody moved without making a sound. Jack couldn't remember the vampire moving at all, and now he was standing beside him, looking up at the night sky.

"There's nothing to thank me for." He didn't know why but appreciation from this man made him very uncomfortable. Almost as though he needed to pay him back for something.

"Most never say thank you, do they?" Cody's gaze never wavered from the cloud cover, but Jack could feel the vampire's heavy regard.

"No."

"It's nice to get thank you's every now and then."

"This is my thank you to you."

"And it's amazing." His lips lifted in a smile, and for a moment, whatever responsibility weighed on the bartender's shoulders lifted, leaving a much younger and happier Cody in its place.

Jack's heart squeezed painfully, reinforcing his rightness in helping the man. "I wish I could do more."

Cody laughed. "Can you imagine the car wrecks around here if it stuck to the ground? This is more than enough."

"Happy Holidays, Cody."

Cody looked at them both and gave them a hard hug. "Merry Christmas."

He turned back to the bar. "Hot chocolate's on the house!"

### **Del Fantasma: Winter Break**

The bar erupted in cheers.

One lone voice peeped up from behind them all. "Can I have rum in mine?"

Cody looked back at Jack and grinned. "Never satisfied are they?"

Jack chuckled. "No, but some moments make up for all the irritating ones."

He kissed Nicollete on the head.

"I wish you both happiness and love for the rest of eternity."

With that, Cody walked back into the bar. "Same to you, friend."

Jack looked down at Nicollete and smiled. "Let's go home."

"Sounds wonderful." She leaned close and he could taste the heat coming off her skin. "I just got a new QA package to try out. It has a remote. Want to see what it can really do?"

Jack's cock grew hard washing away his exhaustion in a rush of adrenaline through his system. "I love it when you talk dirty."

"I just love you."

He nuzzled her cheek. "I love you too, but you've got to tell me where you got that crazy purse. It's bottomless."

"It was a gift from my aunt."

That's all she would say...

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from me to you!

-Dawn Montgomery



Dawn Montgomery

## Winter Break

1/3 Peach Schnapps

1/3 Banana Liqueur

1/3 Southern Comfort

Layer in a shot glass or slammer with ice and enjoy!

## **Del Fantasma: Winter Break**

We hope you enjoyed this latest offering in the Del Fantasma series available at Aspen Mountain Press. Please join the Aspen Mountain Press newsletter at [www.AspenMountainPress.com](http://www.AspenMountainPress.com) for news, contests, specials and discount coupons available only to our members.