



Veronica Tower

*Snowbound
Treat*

SNOWBOUND SERIES BOOK 5

Red RoseTM Publishing

Snowbound Treat

By

Veronica Tower



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Chapter One

“Hold on a second!”

Liz shifted the grocery bag to her hip while she fumbled in her purse for her apartment keys with the same hand that held her phone. She found the keys but had to leave the phone in her purse in order to get her door open. Mission accomplished, she switched the keys for the phone and stepped into her apartment while simultaneously resuming the conversation.

“I’m back,” she said. “Sorry about that, I couldn’t get the keys out.”

“You need Blue Tooth,” her best friend, Treina, informed her. “Either that, or you need to grow another arm.”

“I don’t really like the way people look with that blue tooth thing hooked onto their ear,” Liz told her. “I’ll stick to my trusty cell phone.”

“You almost sound like one of those—what do you call them—luddites? So set in your ways you’re resisting new technology.”

“I am not set in my ways!” Liz retorted. “This is about fashion, not tech.”

“And fashion is important,” Treina reminded her, “with your new boyfriend coming out on Friday.”

“I don’t know if he’s my boyfriend yet,” Liz said. “We haven’t really had a date.”

“Liz,” Treina said emphasizing her friend’s name to make certain she had her full attention. “You saved his life after a ski accident in the middle of nowhere and spent the night together sheltering from a snowstorm. Now he’s driving down here to spend the weekend with you. He’s your boyfriend. The real question is: *Are you going to hold out the first night or make it a sex-tacular weekend?* If he’s really as hot as you say, I’d vote for *sex-tacular*! He’s got to be good in bed!”

Liz set her grocery bag down on the kitchen counter thinking about her first night with Travis. “He is pretty good,” she admitted, before she remembered that she had not confided *all* of the details of her ski weekend in Treina.

“He’s what?” Treina shouted into the phone. “Girl, you’ve been holding out on me! How can you know he’s *good* if all you did was huddle together for warmth under that space blanket?”

“I meant he’s hot,” Liz lied. Well it wasn’t exactly a lie. Travis was hot! She just enjoyed teasing Treina.

“You did not mean he’s hot. So spill it! I want to hear everything and that means *all* the important details.”

To Treina, most of those details had to do with length, thickness and endurance, which admittedly Liz usually enjoyed sharing. She didn’t know exactly

why she felt more hesitant to gossip about Travis. He certainly had nothing to be ashamed of below the belt. Maybe it was because unlike her previous men, she was hoping that there was longer term potential in this relationship.

“I’m waiting!” Treina said.

“I’m trying to decide what to tell you,” Liz admitted.

“That would be *everything*!” Treina insisted.

“No,” Liz said, “I think I’m going to leave you hanging on this. I’ll just give you one tidbit—he’s the biggest man I’ve ever been with.”

“Even bigger than Andy?” Treina asked. “This is so unfair!” she said. “You move straight from Daryl to Travis and I’ve been without a man for a year!”

Liz began to take the groceries out of her bag: lettuce, tomatoes, nectarines—fresh produce was stupidly expensive this time of year but in a couple more months the price would begin coming down again.

“What are you doing?” Treina asked. “I hear something rattling.”

“I’m unloading my groceries,” Liz said. “You’re probably hearing the paper bag—she tapped on it with her fingers so Treina could hear the sound again.

Curiosity satisfied, Treina immediately returned to the bigger mystery. “You know what else is unfair?” she asked.

“No, what?” Liz asked. She pulled the last item out of her bag—a bottle of honey—and looked at it dubiously. Travis had made honey sound very sexy while

they lay together by their camp fire waiting out the storm. She'd bought the bottle on a whim, but looking at it now, the best she could say about it was it looked sticky.

"You're going out with a white guy!" Treina said.

"What?"

"It's not fair. Which one of us has been reading interracial romances her whole life? How come you're the one who found a white man?"

Liz pushed the bottle away. "You know what? Keep your fingers crossed for me this weekend. If it goes well, I'll see what I can do for you."

Treina's voice dropped to a sultry level. "My, my, Liz, you're willing to share Travis with me? That's liberal even for you."

Liz burst out laughing. Treina really was a good friend. "Not Travis you goof. He's mine! But he had a large number of really good looking friends at the lodge—if you don't mind going out with a younger man."

"That would be awesome!" The tone of Treina's voice left no doubt she relished the idea of dating a younger man.

"Just let us get a real date or two behind us and I'll see what I can do," Liz promised.

The bell at her apartment door rang.

"Just a second," she told Treina. "Someone is at my door."

She quickly crossed the room and opened it, finding the superintendant's twelve year old son standing outside with a package. "Hi, Ms. Brennan," he said. "My Dad asked me to run this package up to you."

Liz made him wait for a moment while she returned to her purse to get a dollar for a tip, then claimed her package and shut and locked her door.

"So who's it from?" Treina asked.

"It doesn't say," Liz told her. The package was about the size of a shoe box and covered in plain brown paper.

"Well what's in it?" Treina prompted her.

"Give me a second!"

There was too much tape on the package and Liz had to fetch a pair of scissors to open it. Even then getting a hole started in the tape took forever. When she finally got the paper off she found a shoebox filled with rolled up newspaper. Inside the papers was a plastic honey bear—full—with a capped spout on the top of its head.

There wasn't any note, but she didn't really need one. She remembered all too vividly what Travis had said he fantasized about doing with this.

She felt a twinge of excitement deep in her groin as she examined the bottle.

The bear appeared to be smiling at her.

"What's in the package?" Treina asked.

Liz wasn't sure if she should tell her. This little bottle of honey looked a whole lot more interesting than the one she had bought—even if it was going to be just as sticky...

Chapter Two

Liz's phone rang as she stood in front of her counter making a salad to go with her microwave dinner. The salad freshened up her meal a little even with the poor choices she could find in the super market at this time of year. It also kept her from feeling like she was living out of her freezer—which she was—even if she didn't like to admit it.

A quick glance at the caller ID was enough to inform her that her new boyfriend was on the other end of the line. She scooped up the phone thinking of honey, but determined to play with him a little before she got down to basics about his plans for that little plastic bottle. "Hi, there," she greeted him.

"Hi, yourself," Travis responded. His voice came through light and happy, as if just having Liz on the other end of the line made his day feel better. "Do you miss me?"

"Most definitely," Liz told him, "but not for very much longer."

"Uh oh," Travis teased, "there are two ways to take that statement."

"Oh really?" Liz pretended not to understand his point. "Do tell!"

"Well one way—the way I prefer, I might add—you're not going to be

missing me much longer because you know I'm coming down in two days."

"Mmmmmm," Liz murmured. She stuck the phone in her ear and began cutting up the tomatoes in to nice juicy chunks—at least they would be juicy if the quality of the fruit was a little better than it was. "That could be what I was saying. What's my other choice?"

"The other way," Travis continued, "involves you ditching me to go out with someone else, and I wouldn't like that at all."

"Wouldn't you now?" Liz asked. "Does this mean you're going to be one of those possessive boyfriends who doesn't want me seeing other guys?"

"Yes, I am," Travis insisted.

"Not even when I'm really lonely?" Liz teased. She mixed the tomato in with the romaine and iceberg lettuce, then went to work slicing thin strips of cucumber.

"If you ever get that lonely," Travis told her, "just call me on the phone and I'll drive right down."

"But your knee is still banged up," Liz reminded him. "It's one of the reasons we've had to wait two weeks to get together again."

"Don't worry about that," Travis told her. "I can drive now."

"Mmmm," Liz purred. "I'm sure you can, but I'm also pretty sure I told you that I like to be the one behind the wheel."

“Well now,” Travis said, “that changes everything doesn’t it.”

Liz placed the cucumber in her bowl and began to shred a carrot. “How so?”

“Well, since you’re so keen to drive, it occurs to me that there’s a third way we can take your statement about not missing me much longer.”

“Hmmm?”

“You could be telling me you’re going to jump in your car and drive up here to Lexington tonight.”

Liz grinned. She liked that idea a lot! Too bad she had to be in court first thing in the morning. “I suppose I could do that,” she said, “but I’m cooking dinner just now and I’d really hate to up and leave with my kitchen a mess like this.”

“What are you cooking?” Travis asked. A little bit of the teasing left his voice as if he was seriously interested in her answer.

She decided to keep teasing him. “Pancakes,” she lied.

“Pancakes?”

“Yes, some stranger sent me a bottle of honey in a plain brown package. A bottle of honey—can you imagine that? No note—just the bottle—as if I’d know what it was for and who it’s from.”

“And have you figured out what it’s for?” Travis asked.

Liz knew that he knew she was teasing him. It was a good thing he liked to play as much as she did. “Oh, pancakes, of course, isn’t it obvious?”

“Not to me,” Travis said. “Why don’t you tell me how you figured that out?”

Liz sprinkled the carrots shavings over the top of her salad. It wasn’t much as these things went, but it was better than simply eating a microwavable lasagna. “Well what else can you eat with honey?” she asked.

“Hmmm,” Travis thought. “That’s a good question. Tea is the first thing that comes to mind, but I’m pretty sure there are others. I’ll have to think about it. I’ll let you know if I come up with any good alternatives when I get down there Friday night.”

Liz felt a little thrill of anticipation at the thought of Travis coming down and showing her what he wanted to do with this bottle. “You do that,” she told him.

“And you can tell me,” Travis said, “if you think of anything else to try it on tonight...”

Liz’s heart skipped a beat as his voice trailed off. She hadn’t really thought of trying the gift herself. She’d been intending to wait for Travis. She hadn’t considered that a little honey tonight might be considered foreplay for his visit.

“Why don’t you taste it now,” Travis suggested.

“I don’t...” Liz started before letting her voice trail off.

She tried again wondering why it was suddenly so hard to speak. “I don’t really like sweet,” she said.

“Honey isn’t just sweet,” Travis insisted. “Open it up. Try a little on your finger.”

Hesitantly, Liz did as she was told. She pulled off the cap but the honey wouldn’t come out of the bear, so she took off the lid and found a silver-colored seal across the mouth of the bottle. She pulled that off and quickly restored the lid. Then she squeezed a tiny drop on to the ball of her finger.

“I’d like to see,” Travis whispered, “what a drop of honey looks like rolling down your sweet brown flesh.”

That was exactly what Liz was looking at. The slightly translucent liquid glistened on her finger and slid sideways toward the floor. The coating it left behind was almost invisible until she turned her finger and caught the light.

“I wish I was there right now, Liz!” Travis said. He wasn’t teasing any more. His voice had grown hoarse with need—barely louder than a whisper so that she had to strain to hear him over the phone. “I don’t want to wait until Friday. I want to take you in my arms, ease you down on to your back, slowly unbutton your blouse, then take that bottle in my hand like a stylus and...”

His voice trailed off leaving Liz’s imagination grasping at what he’d intended to say.

She couldn’t believe how turned on she was. They’d had a lot of phone sex over the past two weeks. Travis was really good at it—but none of it had stirred

her inner fires as quickly as those last couple of sentences had. And what was doing it? Honey? She didn't even like the stuff—did she?

She stuck her sticky finger into her mouth and closed her eyes as the sweet flavor penetrated her taste buds. She hadn't been lying when she said she didn't like sweet, but after hearing Travis talk about it she discovered she absolutely loved tasting this.

She could hear Travis breathing through the phone. He wasn't panting like some perverse stalker, but she could hear him just the same as if he was trying to calm himself down and couldn't quite manage to do it.

She decided to encourage his sense of excitement. "You said you would use the bottle like a stylus, Travis," she reminded him. "What are you going to write on me?"

Travis didn't answer her directly. "I'll tell you what I want you to do tonight," he said. His low voice continued to titillate her senses. She could feel the heat building between her legs even as her nipples began to press against her bra. She imagined coating her finger with honey again and slipping it into her panties to touch herself.

"I want you to think about all the things I could do to you with that bottle of honey in your hand," Travis told her.

Images flashed before Liz's eyes. Travis dripping the dark amber liquid onto

her lips, her breasts, down her stomach and between her thighs. His lips kissed her sweetened flesh, sucking gently on her sensitive skin. His tongue tickled her crevices, cleaning out the stickiness while his cheeks contradictorily spread the mess wider upon her thighs.

“And then tomorrow,” Travis told her, “when I call you, I want you to tell me which fantasies you liked the best—which ones you want to try and which one made you feel so naughty that you couldn’t help getting a head start without me.”

Liz’s knees buckled and she bounced against the counter before collapsing to her ass on the floor. Her head spun as she imagined Travis’ hands spreading thick smears of honey up her stomach and across her breasts while his powerful cock drove in and out of her vagina. She didn’t quite understand how the mere image—the simple promise of his attention—could affect her this strongly. But she knew right then that she’d be masturbating tonight to the scent of honey and wondered if she’d have the strength to hold off spreading the sticky sweetness across her thighs and breasts.

What had come over her? Food fetishes were supposed to be about strawberries and whipped cream—not a sticky goo too sweet to really eat.

“Liz? Are you there?” Travis asked.

She closed her eyes and tried to calm the rapid patter of her heart. She didn’t even like sweet—she reminded herself. So why did she want Travis to pour honey

all over her?

“Liz?”

She lifted the phone back to her ear. “I’m here,” she told him. “I’m just getting a bit of an early start on the fantasizing.”

Chapter Three

Liz slipped out of her panties and stepped into the tub.

The ceramic surface felt cold beneath her feet, but two weeks ago she'd experienced such genuine cold that by comparison this chill was only an inconvenience. It would warm up beneath her body quickly enough. She didn't have to worry about it.

She lowered herself into the dry basin and maneuvered to find the most comfortable position. She ought to be doing this in bed—that's where Travis doubtless expected to play with her—but there was no way this wasn't going to make a mess and she really didn't want to deal with sticky sheets tonight. She wasn't even certain the building's washing machines could handle a bottle or two of honey. It wasn't a stain that she had any experience with.

She waited patiently while the ceramic warmed beneath her ass and back, thinking about the bottle of honey sitting on the floor just outside the tub. She still wasn't certain this was the best thing to do. Certainly Travis had challenged her to experiment, but did she really want to preempt his plans? She toyed for a moment with her nipple, lightly caressing the dark aureole and watching as it began to

pucker out against her mahogany flesh.

She closed her eyes. It almost felt as if the finger on her nipple was also stroking her pussy. At least that would explain why she was getting moist down below.

She took a deep breath and reached for the honey.

She'd always been adventuresome. She'd taken guys in her mouth, her pussy, and once, even in her ass. She'd blown guys in cars, closets and backyards. She'd made love under a blanket in a park and let her boyfriend take her in the kitchen while his parents obliviously watched television in the next room. She wasn't a slut, but if she liked a guy enough to sleep with him, she'd always been willing to push the envelope of conventional standards to increase the level of excitement. So why did something as simple as honey make her feel shy and uncomfortable—shy, uncomfortable and so damnably excited?

The honey bear stared at Liz while she held him. Full to the brim his skin was just a couple of shades lighter than hers. His dark little eyes looked full of wonder to Liz tonight and his tiny smile had a knowing twist as if he knew what she was thinking of doing.

She pulled the cap off the spout at the top of his head and breathed deeply, making her whole body tingle when the sugary scent reached her nostrils. She laid her head back and wondered how she should begin. Should she cautiously dab

little drops on her nipples or vigorously squeeze the stuff all over her breasts?

While she considered the possibilities, she rubbed the cold plastic against her labia. It wasn't what she considered a sexy toy to play with down there. Short and squat, it really didn't resemble a phallus except in the crudest of ways.

On impulse, she flipped the bottle over and slid the little spout up the length of her labia, right along the slit that covered the entrance to her pussy. The little plastic tip didn't quite penetrate her as she dragged it up her seam and it didn't exactly feel good either. The honey moved too slowly to escape the bottle. At best it added slightly to the glistening moisture at the upper end of her lips.

She moved the stem back to the base of her labia and tried it again. This time she squeezed ever so lightly on the bottle and was rewarded half way up her slit when a very fine stream of honey extruded from the bottle to add its sheen to the moisture already glistening between her legs.

Liz closed her eyes, concentrating on the new feeling. There was definitely something extra lying within the folds of her labia, noticeable mostly because of the slight chill that remained in the honey from its time in the mail truck. What she didn't feel was the stickiness she expected. The thick liquid just rested in her folds as if waiting for something else to happen.

Liz stroked her *mons veneris* with her free hand, considering what to do next as she explored the differing textures of her bush. The main thatch of hair—the

permanent growth that she maintained and trimmed—formed a long narrow wedge fanning out from her clitoris in the direction of her abdomen. The rest of her *mons* was covered in fine rough stubble peaking out of her soft flesh in much the same manner as a man's five o'clock shadow. She needed to shave down there, but had been waiting for tomorrow night so that she would be as smooth as possible for her reunion with Travis. So as she considered what to do next with the honey, she ran her fingers lightly over her stubble and shivered deliciously over the alternatives.

She could trickle the honey out over her bush and turn her *mons* all sticky as she rubbed it into her flesh like a moisturizing cream. Or squeeze the sweet stuff onto her inner thighs. Her feet were flat on the floor of the tub with her knees in the air so the thick sticky liquid would dribble its way down toward her pussy and then probably drip further toward her tight little anus. Then she'd get her hands on it, smearing it into her flesh, lubricating her pussy, pulling it up into her bush until her hairs matted flat in the goo.

She touched herself, letting her finger glide lightly over her honey-coated lips, then dragging the heavy fluid up onto her clitoris where she rubbed it over the glans and all around the hood.

Her breathing grew more ragged.

She lifted her finger to her mouth and licked it finding nothing but the

sweet taste from the bottle.

Frustrated, she squeezed a couple of more drops directly on her clitoris and then rubbed the fluid down on to her lips and inside of her with her middle finger. The feeling of lubrication was different than she was used to as she dipped her finger in and out of her inner sanctum. The stickiness didn't really come into play yet, but there was a certain heaviness added to her juices which could only be caused by the honey now inside her.

She lifted her finger back to her mouth and sucked.

Her ebony nipples seemed to grow harder as her lips pulled at the honey on her finger with the subtler sweetness of her own juices mixed in.

She was starting to think that Travis was on to something.

She opened her eyes and squeezed a little more honey onto her clitoris and watched the amber liquid pile up on her flesh before flowing outward into her bush and down on to the lips of her pussy. The honey looked dark in the bottle but was very clear as it streamed from the container through the air onto her flesh. Once on her skin, the liquid regained its darker hue as it spilled outward covering her glistening skin.

Liz slipped her fingers down into her bush and ran them through the copious pool of liquid, massaging it into the dark skin of her mound and edging more of it out onto the even darker flesh of her labia.

The honey spilled coolly over her hot lips and seeped down into the crevice where her swollen labia met to gather in a growing pool of sweetness.

She lifted her fingers to taste them again, noticing for the first time how truly sticky the sweet nectar was. It dripped off her fingers to mark her stomach in distinct little droplets—each with its own stringy tail.

The movement of her hand toward her mouth must have caused an unconscious shifting of Liz's hips as suddenly a slight gap opened between her labia permitting the nectar pooling between her legs to seep inside the first gate to her inner sanctum. It felt thick and gooey and luscious as the amber liquid coated her insides and joined them together even more tightly than before.

Her sticky fingers returned to her pussy to play with those lips and let just a little more of the sweet liquid flow within.

If Travis were here, she'd make him get down on his knees and lick the honey back out of her—or maybe she'd make him take that hard cock and use it to push the honey deep into her womb. She could squeeze it onto his thick erection as he slid in and out of her depths, coating her with more sweet sticky ecstasy with every thrust of his dick.

With her clean hand, she picked up the plastic bear and half emptied its contents onto her lean mahogany stomach. Then she caught the thick liquid with both hands—rubbing it into her flesh, down into her bush, and over her pussy and

out onto her soft thighs. It was sticky and messy and oh so perfect for stoking the fires growing inside her.

Her hands opened her lips—outer and inner—and well-lubricated fingers went questing inside her for the little spots that cranked up her passion. Her sticky thumb rubbed her glistening clitoris while her other hand unconsciously scooped the liquid up onto her breasts. Sweet sticky fingers pinched her nipples while even gooier fingers played with her clit below and made her heart run wild while her whole body began to shake and she-

“Oh!”

Liz huddled in upon herself, curling up so that her still clean knees pressed against her sticky breasts while her gooey fingers rode out her deep shuddering climax on top of her clitoris. She could feel the sweet thick liquid leaking out of her and rolling onto her thighs. She could feel the sugary nectar rolling across her breasts and dribbling down her side.

Her body continued to shake and shudder. Her fingers stopped fiddling and clamped down hard on her clitoris and labia, redirecting the force of her climax back into her even as the honey squeezed out between her fingers to drip back between her thighs.

It was a very long time before her heart rate calmed, her breathing returned to normal and the air in her apartment began to feel cool again.

When she pushed herself back up to a sitting position, the honey on her skin tried to keep her glued to the tub. Her long hair matted against her sticky breasts and the glop between her legs was no longer even the slightest bit sexy.

She got to her knees, unable to avoid spreading the sugary mess across her skin, and turned on the shower, cranking the nozzle far over toward *hot*. It wasn't hot of course. The first spray was cold which really didn't help with the mess sliding out of her breasts and down her stomach to tangle even more goo in her matted bush.

Shivering in the cold she scrambled to her feet and turned her back on the spray stepping as far away from the water as the shower would let her. But in a few seconds, the cold spray turned warm and then so piping hot she had to adjust the nozzle to lower the heat. Steam began to rise in the bathroom and she eased herself back toward the front of the tub. The heat warmed and loosened the honey so that once again it glistened enticingly on her skin as it slithered toward the floor of the bathtub.

Liz turned into the spray, letting nearly scalding water drive the sticky fluids off her breasts and onto her stomach. She backed up half a space and let the water drum the thick sugary coating tangled in her bush, thinning it slightly so that it began to move again, traveling earthward with the force of gravity, oozing past her clitoris and onto the still sensitive lips of her pussy.

Liz had planned to simply clean herself. In the cold aftermath of her first full body orgasm, the fun had seemed to dissipate with her climax. But now, as her fingers slipped back into her bush to clean the tangled strands of nature's glue, she began to suspect she'd been wrong. Travis' little obsession was re-gifting itself, charging her body again even as the heat renewed the fragrance of sugar and flowers. She opened herself, spreading her lips beneath the piping hot spray and let the relatively thin beads of water cleanse the thicker honey from her insides.

Her thumb began to fondle her clit again, gently rubbing the glistening flesh clean of its little honey shell, setting her body on fire again.

She slipped down to her knees, rubbing her pussy with both hands while the hot spray soaked her hair and ran beautiful clear rivulets down her mahogany flesh. Honey dripped on the ceramic surface beneath her in little puddles near the drain.

Her heart raced even faster in her chest, catching up to the old breakneck speed that had marked her earlier orgasm. The heat engorged her nipples even as the shower scoured them clean. She imagined Travis kneeling behind her, his chest dripping with the same sticky mess that covered her front. His cock coated tip-to-base in the thick gluey stuff. The fingers of one hand spread wide upon her back bending her forward while the other spread her lips and guided that long wonderful sticky rod between her thighs.

Her eyes widened then squeezed shut as her pussy clenched tight on her sticky fingers forming the epicenter on an orgasmic quake even more powerful than her earlier climax. Her whole torso shook and shuddered. The honey still coating her thighs turned to glue, adhering her legs to her hands so that the spasms shooting through her muscles seemed to magnify as they passed through her fingers and into the rest of her body. The hot spray of water struck her directly from mid thigh to breast with little rebel sprays hitting her cheek and forehead. She bit her lip, riding the wave, surviving the pleasure, and dreaming of what Travis would do to her on Friday...

Chapter Four

Snowflakes filled the sky as Liz exited her car to return to the office after a frustrating day in court. The judge had delayed proceedings in her civil case until Monday because her counterpart couldn't produce a crucial witness. But the judge hadn't decided to do this in the morning when they could still salvage the day for other work. Instead he had delayed the trial piecemeal—first giving the opposing counsel ninety minutes to find their witness. Then progressively extending that delay until noon, after lunch and finally until Monday. None of the individual delays were lengthy enough to justify returning to the office so the whole day was a waste and there was nothing Liz could do about it.

Now snow—Travis was set to arrive tomorrow and today it snowed. She couldn't decide if it was better to get it out of the way now or to have it hold up until he physically got down to Detroit. She was damned tired of the stuff, but if it would come and melt and be over with that would probably be the best option.

She entered the plush interior of her firm's waiting area and snapped a question at Jeanine, the receptionist. "It's snowing again. Can you believe it?"

"The radio guys are surprised," Jeanine responded. "Up until an hour ago,

they were still predicting mostly clear weather for the weekend.”

“Why doesn’t that shock me?” Liz asked. She walked past Jeanine toward her office, calling one final question back over her shoulder. “Did I get any mail?”

Jeanine started to respond, but then hesitated.

Liz stopped walking and turned around to face her. “What is it? What’s wrong?”

Jeanine blushed. “I’m sorry,” she said, “but...maybe you should talk to Bob.”

Bob was the senior partner in their little practice. Liz was the newest of the two juniors.

“What’s wrong?” she asked again.

Jeanine’s blush intensified. “You, um, got a package,” she said. “It, um, worried us. It was marked personal but there was no return address and...”

Liz could see the direction this was going, but she put on her poker face and pretended ignorance. “So did you open it or call the bomb squad?”

“Liz!” Bob called as he stepped out of his office and into the hall. “I’ve got something for you here.”

One look at Bob’s face showed he thought the whole thing pretty funny, but Liz decided to admit nothing and play the scene through.

“Jeanine here identified a suspicious package. There was no return address on it. We didn’t think it was a bomb or anything, but that guy in the Cornell case

was pretty angry when he lost to us and it seemed prudent to open it for you.”

Liz already knew what he’d found but she continued to pretend she didn’t. “So what was it?” she asked. “Not a dead animal. Please tell me it wasn’t a dead animal.”

“It was this bear,” Bob said, tossing the honey-filled object to her.

Liz caught it and hoped she looked puzzled. “A bear?”

She made a show of examining the container then turned her hopefully confused-looking expression back on Bob. “What’s going on? Is this a joke?”

Bob’s smile cracked. He’d been so certain he could tease her about this, but evidently she was pulling off the ignorant act perfectly.

“No,” he said, “it was in the box.”

Liz flashed him a patient smile which she hoped screamed *come clean!* “No, really, Bob. Who got me this? Was it you?”

“It really was in a package for you, Liz,” Jeanine said. “We thought you’d know who was sending it? Bob thought...”

Jeanine let her sentence trail off without completing it. The blush returned to her cheeks full force.

Liz turned back to Bob. “You thought what?”

His smile revealed that he had figured out exactly why the honey bear had been sent to you, but Liz didn’t admit defeat.

“Bob! I’m surprised at you!” she said going on the attack. “What kind of nonsense have you been telling Jeanine?”

“But you do have a new boyfriend, right?” Jeanine asked.

Liz frowned. “I don’t know if he qualifies as a boyfriend yet,” she said. “He’s just a man I met who—oh, I get it.”

She turned back on Bob and tried to sell her act. “You wanted me to think Travis sent this! What are you trying to do? Break us up before we start dating? You all know how much I hate sweet things!”

Bob put his hands up between them. All hint of amusement had left his face. “Liz, I swear to you, I had nothing to do with this other than to open the package. I didn’t send it. And I don’t know who did!”

“It really did come in the mail!” Jeanine insisted.

“Right!” Liz said. She tossed the bottle of honey to Bob. She hated to give it up but she had a reputation to protect. “I’m sure you’re more likely to use this than I am,” she lied. Then stormed off in an apparent huff to her office where she slammed the door and then sat behind her desk and day dreamed about Travis.

Chapter Five

The snowfall intensified as the afternoon grew older and the short-term and mid-term forecasts were for more snow into Saturday. If this proved true, Liz's weekend with Travis would have to be cancelled and rescheduled in the future. Not that Travis had phoned to tell her this, but then, to be fair, she had told him she expected to be in court all day cross-examining the missing witness.

Liz finished out the afternoon pretending to work on her case, then bundled up in her coat and went down to the parking lot. Her Mazda Miata had been repaired after her recent accident but it still didn't look quite right to Liz. Her sisters told her she was imagining things and complaining about nothing but to her eye the new front end and hammered out body work still bore subtle signs of her run in with the semi-truck.

She got the snow brush out of her front seat—she'd found an awful lot of use for it this winter—and set about cleaning two inches of snow off the windshield of her car. It was the light and fluffy *White Christmas* variety—perfect for snowballs and snowmen—so it came off easy. She moved down the side of the car and cleared the back. Then she banged the brush against the car a couple of

times to shake it clean.

All done, Liz looked up into the sky at the thousands of heavy flakes plummeting to earth out of the grayness. She'd always thought it was beautiful how the little flakes took shape, began to grow distinct, and then dropped all around her like a tiny little meteor strike. Which didn't mean she wanted it to snow today...

She stuck her tongue out and was quickly rewarded with a cold impact in her mouth. There really wasn't a taste—the flakes were only water after all—but it always felt refreshing to Liz. She remembered doing this with Daddy as a child, catching snowflakes on their tongues while they built snowmen in the front yard.

She wondered if she'd ever have children to catch snowflakes with. Of course she'd played with her niece and nephew but borrowing kids didn't feel quite the same as having your own.

She got into her car and carefully backed out of her space and into the lot. The Miata offered pretty good control and despite the two inch fluffy white blanket on the ground, she didn't have any problem reaching the road. There the obscuring snow was not so much the problem, it was the crazy and incompetent drivers who didn't think the weather should have any impact on how long it took them to get home.

So Liz took her time—something which would doubtless surprise her

sisters—listening to music on the radio and the swishing of the windshield wipers as they fought to give her at least a partial view of the road ahead.

The parking lot that served her apartment building had not been plowed yet—big surprise—but Liz found her space and pulled in anyway. It might make it difficult tomorrow or Saturday or whenever she tried to leave again, but she'd deal with that then. For now she wanted to get inside, cook some dinner, and get ready for a long and delicious chat with Travis over how she'd played with herself last night.

Travis had better understand that *he* wasn't allowed to get off this evening. They weren't doing anything that might weaken his equipment before the start of their big weekend—just in case the forecasters were wrong again and he was still able to get here tomorrow. But women—unlike men—were multi-orgasmic by nature, so the same rule did not apply to Liz. Travis could make her come as much as he wanted over the phone and she would suitably reward him when he arrived in person.

Once in her apartment, she kicked off her shoes and opened the curtains so she could watch the falling snow as she made herself dinner. This weekend they could eat out or order out as the mood struck them. Liz wasn't planning to put on a big cooking show and give Travis the wrong idea about her. The only things she was really good at were salads and the microwave. In fact she would have stopped

to get something to eat tonight except that she didn't want to brave the parking lots of any of her normal places.

Falling snow had a way of making Liz feel tranquil when she watched it through her window. In here, out of the cold, it was safe and comfortable enough to enjoy the weather without any physical concerns. That hadn't been the case two weeks ago when Travis had injured his knee and they were stuck in near-blizzard conditions in the middle of nowhere—but now it felt damn nice to eat her dinner while snuggled under her winter blanket watching the world. It really was too bad that the weather was going to keep Travis away, but if they were clever about it, they could use the coming week to continually eek up their feelings of anticipation.

Liz checked her phone again to make certain Travis hadn't called her yet. She wondered what could be keeping him. He'd sent her a second honey bear. Didn't he want to hear how she responded? She could call him of course, but that didn't feel like the way to properly play this game.

Last night Travis had said *he* would call. Today he had sent the follow up package. Tomorrow he'd probably send her something else. She had let him take the lead as he obviously wanted to so why didn't he pick up the damn phone and run with it? Why wasn't he teasing and delighting her right *now* when she wanted him?

Frustrated, Liz stuck her salad bowl in the sink and dumped her microwave dinner tray in the trashcan and turned on the television. It was early still for the sitcoms, but she could always count on *Entertainment Tonight* to tell her something interesting. To add to the distraction, she picked up the latest copy of *Essence* and began to thumb through the pages, reaching up behind her as she skimmed to unfasten her bra and then work it off without removing her top. She tossed the bra on the arm of the couch and continued looking through her magazine trying not to think about why Travis hadn't phoned yet.

Half an hour later, she got up and walked to her window. It was impossible to determine how much snow had come down but she guessed that it was inches since she'd gotten home. She could see the flakes falling heavily past a street lamp and hear the wind whipping it up and around. This was the sort of time she wished she'd invested in a house like her sisters had. She'd love to be able to wander about her yard feeling the snow strike her face or lying down on the frozen blanket to make snow angels like her niece. She also had some other ideas that involved Travis and a nice tall fence for privacy, but they weren't going to happen this weekend so she tucked them away inside her as ideas to explore with him next winter.

Next winter...

Had she really just made a tentative plan to make love to Travis in the snow

next winter? They hadn't had their first real date yet and she'd never had a boyfriend last half a year. Yet here she was fantasizing about him unbuttoning her blouse as she lay on her back in the snow...

Why the hell hadn't he phoned her yet?

The phone rang and Liz scrambled to get it but rather than the desired call from Travis it was only Treina.

"Hi," she said with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm.

"I guess that means you've heard the forecasts," Treina said. "It's going to keep snowing all the way through Saturday night. Have you talked to Travis yet?"

"No," Liz complained. "He hasn't called me."

"Maybe he's bummed out about it too—and after sending you honey. You know I'm dying for you to tell me all about what he does with that."

"You know, just because you're my best friend doesn't mean you get all the details of my about-to-be-crazy sex life."

"Sure it does," Treina said. "I get *all* of the details! And you're not allowed to hold out for two weeks this time like you did over what really happened on your ski vacation!"

Liz rolled her eyes even though Treina couldn't see it. Her friend lived much of her life in a fantasy world living vicariously through romance novels and friends. What she wouldn't give to get Treina one incredible *sex-tacular* night of her own.

She really was going to have to get Travis to fix her up with one of his friends.

“Well, I’ll probably give you a hint or two,” Liz compromised. “But I’m not promising any more than that.”

“You’ll tell it all,” Treina predicted. “Now that I know there’s something to tell about, I’ll never stop digging until I ferret out all of the juicy details.”

Liz couldn’t help but laugh. “If you want to make this into a contest—wait a minute, that’s my call waiting.”

She switched the call over and answered it, hoping it wasn’t her mother. “Hello?”

“Hi, beautiful,” Travis greeted her, “or should I say: *Hi, honey?*”

A delicious shiver ran its way up Liz’s spine. “You can call me anything you like,” she told Travis, “if you’re going to keep making your voice low and sexy like that.”

She remembered that she had Treina on hold. “Just a second, I’ve got a friend on the other line—let me get rid of her.”

Without waiting for Travis to answer, she punched the button that switched her back to Treina. “Hey, that’s Travis,” she said. “Can I call you back in a little while?”

“Only if you tell me what he plans to do with the honey,” Treina said.

“He hasn’t even told me that,” Liz laughed. “But he did send some to work

today and Bob and Jeanine were both clearly intrigued by the possibilities.”

“He did not!” Treina said, and followed it up with: “How did they know?”

“They thought the box was a bomb or something,” Liz told her. “Got to go!”

She switched back over to Travis knowing that Treina would spend the next half hour or so pacing her apartment floors and waiting for her to call back.

“Hey...*sugar*,” she said. It wasn’t as good as *honey*, but he had greedily claimed that nickname already. “Did you miss me?”

“Always!” Travis told her.

“So you’ve been thinking about me, have you?” Liz asked.

“Most definitely,” Travis agreed. “I’ve been thinking about you non-stop these last two weeks.”

“Well that’s good!” Liz said. “Because someone we both know embarrassed me terribly today when he sent me a package at work and my colleagues opened it.”

“Ooops,” Travis said.

“How’d you even get the post office to deliver it?” Liz said. “Isn’t a return address supposed to be required these days?”

“What can I say?” Travis asked. “I counted on incompetence and well...it’s the post office—over-worked and under-motivated. I figured they’d let it pass.”

“Well you were right.”

“So what happened?” Travis asked.

“Our senior partner and receptionist opened it for me.”

Her answer clearly confused Travis. “Because they thought it was a bomb?”

“No, I think they were worried it was a dead animal. Our other junior partner had that happen to her a couple of years ago. It’s made the office a little gun shy.”

“That’s terrible!” Travis said. “I’m sorry. It never occurred to me that someone would think something like that. This was supposed to be fun for you.”

“It was fun for me,” Liz assured him, “when the package came to my apartment. But it was embarrassing to have Bob—he’s the senior partner—clearly wondering what was going on in my sex life.”

Travis sounded completely contrite. “Oh, that wasn’t what I expected at all. I thought you’d open it yourself in the privacy of your office. It looked just like the one you got yesterday.”

“It’s okay,” Liz told him. “I’m pretty certain I convinced Bob I think he’s the one who really sent it to me. I don’t think anyone will dare to joke about this again.”

Travis’ voice regained some of its previous animation. “So you’re not mad at me?”

“No,” Liz said. “I’m not mad at all! I actually think it was a pretty sweet

gesture.”

“Puns like that are going to get pretty painful,” Travis told her.

“Sweet,” Liz mused. “No, *sweetie*—I think that’s better than *sugar*, don’t you?”

“I may have created a monster,” Travis said.

“That you have,” Liz agreed. “A monster who is really *hungry* to see you this weekend, I might add.”

“That certainly sounds promising,” Travis said. He ignored the pun this time.

“No, it doesn’t,” Liz said. “It sounds frustrating!”

“How so?”

That answer mystified Liz. She knew Travis worked in a windowless office, but he had to have left for home by now. “Please tell me you know it’s snowing outside.”

“Of course I know it,” Travis said. “In fact, I’m looking at it fall right now.”

“And you’ve heard the forecast?”

“Twelve to eighteen inches with the storm to pass sometime Saturday morning,” Travis answered.

So he did know, Liz thought. Why didn’t he sound more upset? Why wasn’t he as frustrated as she was beginning to feel? “They’ve revised that forecast,” Liz said. “Now they think the snow will keep falling into Saturday night.”

“Good!” Travis answered with such conviction that it shocked Liz.

“Good?” she repeated. “You’re not going to be able to get here tomorrow!” she snapped. “I thought you wanted to see me! What the hell was all of this honey about if you weren’t planning to come down to Detroit?”

“I do want to see you,” Travis assured her. His voice sounded a bit too cocky. Something just didn’t feel right to Liz.

“But...”

“No *buts*,” Travis insisted. “I do want to see you, but after carefully studying-

“I thought you said no *buts*!” Liz interrupted.

“*But*,” Travis repeated putting a lot of unnecessary emphasis on the word, “after studying the weather reports I decided there was a very significant chance that it wouldn’t be safe or even possible to drive down here tomorrow.”

“So-”

“So I drove down tonight instead,” Travis finished.

Liz felt so excited she jumped up off the couch. “You what?”

“I’m parked right in front of your building,” Travis explained. “I thought about calling first, but I wanted to surprise you and I know you’re not going to turn me away now that I’m almost on your doorstep.”

“You’re here?” Liz squealed. She hated it when her voice turned high and

eager like that but damn it, Travis was right outside.

“I *really* wanted to see you again!” Travis told her. “And not just because of the honey...”

Chapter Six

Liz slipped her shoes on, grabbed her keys and was out the door in less than ten seconds. She should have grabbed her coat as well, but she wasn't going to go back inside for it. She hit the down button at the elevator and went half out of her mind with impatience while she waited for the car to reach her floor.

Travis had driven down early and she couldn't wait to see him!

Inside the elevator she punched the button for the lobby and finished going mad before the door opened again. She dashed into the lobby and through the inner and outer doors to the parking lot out into the snow. Travis was walking stiff-legged across the edge of the lot in her direction. Thanks to the darkness and the snow, she wasn't absolutely certain it was him but who else would be carrying a bag and have a brace on his knee?

She sprinted across the snow-covered asphalt and threw herself into his arms. "Travis!"

Travis dropped his overnight luggage—a fancy looking duffel bag—and opened his arms to receive her. He staggered backward under her weight and as a result of the treacherous footing, but his arms slid around her back and kept her

up in the air off her feet. His lips were hot and eager; his tongue a darting frenzy of activity, moving in and around her tongue as if he couldn't decide which part of her he wanted to taste next.

Slowly her body settled in against his and her feet slid back to earth. That didn't mean he stopped kissing her. His tongue continued to probe her mouth while his arms tried to shelter her from the snow and the cold. *Tried* was the operative word here. For all his strength and passion, Liz's lack of a coat in this weather was an insurmountable obstacle. She broke their kiss when she began to shiver uncontrollably.

"I-I'm so gl-glad you came d-down," she stuttered. "B-b-but we have t-to go b-back inside now."

Travis slipped his arm down to her waist and pulled her tight against him, then snagged his duffel out of the snow and walked with her back to the apartment building.

The moment the first set of doors closed, shutting out the wind, Liz turned back against Travis' chest and kissed him again. Her arms reached up around his neck and her body stretched out against the length of his. They hadn't been able to do this when they first made love—his knee injury was too serious. But now after medical care and with the aid of his brace they clearly had a lot more options.

His hands found the underside of her top and slipped inside to touch her

bare flesh. He wasn't wearing gloves and his hands were cold from the storm, making her body instinctively pull away from him. He happily followed, backing her up against the wall of the little entrance way, cutting off her retreat, so he could kiss and feel her more.

Liz lowered her hands and caught his wrists, keeping his fingers from reaching her breasts. "Mmm, that's nice," she murmured. "but if we're already at that stage we're going to have to finish going up to my apartment. I don't need my neighbors complaining about me."

Travis took the mild chastisement with good grace. His hands came out from beneath her shirt and cupped both of hers. "You really look great!" he told her. "I'm so glad I went ahead and came down today."

"Me too," she assured him, "and if you'll follow me upstairs, I'll be happy to show you just how happy you've made me."

Travis stepped back and scooped up his bag again, then turned to watch Liz's ass as she unlocked the inner doors to the building and sauntered across the lobby to push the elevator button. *Glad to be here* was an understatement, she guessed. Truth to tell, Travis looked downright ecstatic.

When her ass stopped swaying, he crossed the room to join her, slipping his arm around her waist and pulling her in next to him again. The physical attraction couldn't be more obvious after the kissing outside, but this was something more

than that—as if Travis was grooving just by being next to Liz.

She slid her arm around his back and leaned into him, looking forward to getting him upstairs and out of his coat where she could get closer yet.

The elevator opened and they stepped inside, turning in unison to resume kissing. Liz's arms snaked back up around Travis' neck and his hands caught her waist. Their lips met and their tongues danced. There was no body grinding, just a long and sensuous intertwining of their souls. When the doors finally opened again, Liz felt light headed as if all the oxygen had been sucked out of her body.

She staggered into the hallway, pulling Travis impatiently after her. His braced knee made his leg move stiffly but it didn't slow him down. He said he'd gone off the pain killers ten days ago and was just going to take it slow, but he wasn't doing that now. Hand-in-hand, they were nearly running by the time they reached her apartment door and his hands were back inside her shirt and moving toward her breasts by the time she fit her key in the lock and opened it.

The door swung open, and she slipped inside, teasing him as she pulled away from his fingers. He tossed his piece of luggage into the room at the same time he caught her hand and jerked her back up against him. His mouth came down harder this time, crushing her lips as he thrust deep inside her with his tongue. No light teasing play here as he had in the elevator, just raw need and desire finally fully unleashed by the closing of her apartment door.

Liz got her hands on the front of Travis' coat and worked the zipper down before pulling the garment to the floor. He wore a flannel shirt underneath and her fingers leapt to the buttons, even as she shoved him back up against the door.

He didn't fight her.

Travis was more than happy to give ground as he shrugged out of his shirt and helped her pull his tee over his head. He wanted to return the favor but Liz had him where she wanted him now and she held his hands away from her while she dipped her head to lick his hard nipples. Her tongue on his tiny buds proved sufficient distraction to let her release his wrists and run her brown hands over his smooth white abs. Perhaps it was only a trick of memory, but they felt even tighter than before, as if he'd been working out vigorously in the two weeks since she had seen him, trying to impress her with the liveness and strength of his body.

She liked what she felt and wanted more. Sliding downward, she licked the shallow crevice between his pectorals and continued moving lower.

Travis groaned with pleasure.

He ran his fingers through her hair, entwining them in her luscious locks, and cradling her head as she kissed and licked him. His own head dropped back against the door as he struggled to control his breathing. Liz continued south using her deft tongue to trace the contours of his six pack abs, making his flesh

tremble and his fingers tighten on the back of her skull. He was so stiff—his muscles so taut—and his groans increased in volume as she continued to make love to his stomach. Her tiny dark fingers found the waist of his jeans and moved together toward the center and the single button holding the straining denim closed.

Her tongue found his navel and began to play with it, circling its rim with her tongue, tickling and teasing as her fingers unfastened his pants and pulled them open.

He wore black briefs beneath—bulging with his manhood—and she licked the flesh at the edge of the waistband to see if she could make him even larger.

Travis groaned.

She tried to pull his jeans down around his ankles to give herself room to play and explore, but his damn brace got in the way forcing her to leave them at mid-thigh. It wasn't perfect, but it was definitely far enough. She ran her right hand between his legs to cup his balls. This wasn't the first time she'd made their acquaintance but the reality of the weight in her hand was far superior to her exciting memories.

Travis groaned again and adjusted his stance, trying to shift more of his weight onto his healthy leg.

Liz stopped playing with him and ran her fingers lightly over his brace.

“Does it hurt, sweetie?” she asked. The word flowed pretty seamlessly off her lips this time. Pun on honey, or not, it fit the way she felt about Travis. “Why don’t we move to the couch? I don’t want you reinjuring yourself in the first ten minutes of our reunion.”

“I think that’s a good idea,” he said. “I want to be a lot more active this weekend than I could be in that garage on Mount Winter.” His hands moved from the back of Liz’s head to the pits of her arm so he could help her stand up against him. She cooperated, sliding her braless breasts up his hard stomach before pressing against him groin to groin. His thick meat ground against her, and his hands slipped back behind her—one to the small of her back and one to her ass cheek which he squeezed until she squirmed with pleasure.

Their lips rediscovered each other as Liz’s hands hesitated between rising to feel his chest muscles again and lowering to grab hold of his scrumptious ass.

The ass won and she used it to pull Travis harder against her, grinding herself on his bulging cock. He stopped kissing—not removing his mouth—but freezing for a moment as if he needed all of his concentration to maintain his self control. Then he scooped her up in his arms and staggered stiff-legged across the room with his jeans still halfway down his thighs to fall with her onto the couch.

He winced, clearly having jarred his leg more strongly than he should have, but his lips were too close to hers to let a little thing like pain distract him.

They kissed eternally, playing with each other's lips and tongues, and running their fingers through each other's hair. When they finally broke for breath, Travis caught sight of Liz's bra where it sprawled on the arm of the couch and a wicked smile twisted his lips.

"Is this why you wouldn't let me feel you downstairs?" he asked. "Were you afraid I'd discover you were all bare under here?"

As he spoke he lightly caressed her breast through the silk of her top, sliding the slick material across her smooth flesh.

Liz closed her eyes and luxuriated in the sensation, stretching her body as Travis coaxed her nipple to life. She had good breasts—large and full. Men had always enjoyed playing with them, which was a blessing really, because Liz loved the feeling of fingers, tongues, lips and cocks as they brushed and rubbed until all of her delicate nerve endings ignited.

He kissed her right on top of her hardening nipple—chastely at first and then with increasing vigor. His lips enveloped her tit through the silk and gently pulled it taut. Then he allowed it to spring back in place before repeating the process with his teeth this time. He didn't bite—he just gently took hold of her nipple and stretched it out over top of her. Then he brought his tongue to bear—moistening the silk directly over the tip of her tit so she could feel his heat transmitted into her flesh.

Her head lolled back on the arm of the couch next to her bra as the pleasurable sensations flowed through her.

Travis's hand slipped beneath her top, but rather than join his lips at her breast he seemed completely content to let it caress the smooth lines of her stomach. Sparks ignited within her wherever his fingertips traveled—around her abdomen, up to her lower ribs, back down to her navel, just barely south of the waist of her pants to the upper edge of her panties.

Heat grew steadily within her moist pussy. Her nipple strained against Travis' tongue. Her whole body yearned for more of his touch.

He switched his attention to her other breast, making one tit cry at his desertion even as the other began to cheer. He fooled her, however, focusing not on the nipple or even on the puckered flesh surrounding it. Instead he rubbed his cheek on the soft swell of her bosom, pressing lightly on the smooth curve of her breast, reminding her that there were thousands of ways to excite her body and promising to discover and master all of them.

His lower hand slid on to her hip where his fingers stretched beneath her slacks but over her panties. He caressed her through the silk, setting off little spasms of pleasure that competed with the ones ignited by his cheek on her breast.

Liz felt utterly paralyzed by his touch. She'd spent the last couple of weeks anticipating games with honey, and the last few minutes expecting to be taken

hard against the wall or on the floor. Travis had confounded all of this and overwhelmed her with the lightest and sweetest of touches.

The hand on her hip tried to slide farther beneath her but the tight fit of her slacks worked against him. With a great effort of will, Liz overcame her delicious languor sufficiently to unfasten the front of her slacks. The zipper didn't go down—she didn't have the will or the energy for that, but the reduction in tension let Travis' hand surge forward to grip the firm cheek of her rear end.

As his fingers dug into her lower flesh, her pussy contracted in sympathetic delight. A shiver ran up her body, noticeable to Travis through his cheek on her breast. It caused him to turn his face and kiss her, sucking gently on the side of her breast while his hand continued rhythmically squeezing her posterior. His cock suddenly moved against her straightening out of its own accord. His hands had been otherwise occupied—nowhere near the vicinity of his dick. Her questing fingers fondled the head of his thick erection, surprising him with the contact so that he bit lightly on her breast—half on and half off the aureole—as a shiver teased his spine.

Liz's fingers squeezed tighter on the slick head. She wanted to taste his precum on her hand but she couldn't bear to let go of him to do so.

Travis' hand found the lower edge of her panties where her leg poked through and pulled it higher so he could touch the bare flesh of her cheek. His lips

moved on to her nipple, nursing lightly, sharing his heat.

Every movement he made on her flesh sparked sympathetic tremors of excitement in her body. She wanted even more from him and Travis, with impeccable timing, sensed this.

He lifted his face so he could look down on her and at the same time slide his hand back off her ass so that it hovered at the front of her panties just beneath the top edge of the silk fabric. “I want you to lift your top for me,” he whispered. “I want you to show me your beautiful breasts.”

More turned on than she could ever remember being before, Liz slowly complied with his demand. She pulled the bottom of her shirt up her stomach, but hesitated when Travis matched the motion by slipping his fingers down into her bush.

“A little more,” he whispered. “I want to see you!”

Her ragged breaths made it difficult to capture enough air. Her arms felt weak and powerless. But somehow she managed to pull her top higher.

Travis’ fingers resumed their southward journey, again making her stop, with just the underside of her breasts peeking out beneath the silk.

“A little higher,” he whispered. His eyes focused intently on her bosom, waiting for the first sight of her dark nipples in nearly two weeks. His fingers vibrated with excitement in her bush.

Liz lifted her top the rest of the way, revealing to Travis two of her treasures. Her breasts seemed to hold all of his attention, but his fingers still slid down to crest her wet labia.

“Now tell me to kiss you,” he said.

Her voice trembled when she answered him. The balls of his fingers continued to lightly flutter against the lips of her pussy, while the length of his middle digit vibrated against the tip of her swollen clitoris.

“Kiss me,” she whispered.

Travis’ lips enfolded her aching nipple as his fingers flittered upward to caress her yearning clit.

Liz’s whole body exploded into orgasm. Her knees shot up toward her chest only to be obstructed by Travis’ back while her torso tried to snap into a sitting position only to be held down by her man’s mouth on her breast. Her movements served to drive his fingers harder against her clitoris and her breast deeper into his mouth. Both actions intensified her climax turning her gasps into jungle screams of passion.

Her arms wrapped around Travis’ head, keeping his lips locked on her nipple. Her hips squirmed alternately pushing herself harder into her lover’s hand and squirming to get away from him. If he’d been gentle five seconds earlier, he now proved he knew how to play hard as well. His mouth sucked furiously on her

nipple and his fingers burrowed mercilessly into the swollen nub of flesh just north of her labia, driving her to ever more intense climaxes.

Liz succeeded in wrenching his mouth off her tit, but that only transferred his lips to her neck, sucking and kissing and triggering more spasms within her body.

She transferred her hands to fight the fingers on her pussy, but he was too damn strong for her and every bit as excited. He rubbed, diddled, flittered and dug clearly getting high on the strength of Liz's passion. She had to stop him, had to force a break in the overwhelming pleasure, had to stop screaming before her neighbors called 911, but Travis remained in control of her body and she couldn't force his hand away from her groin.

For a very brief moment, she thought he understood that a woman can die from too many climaxes. His hand ceased its activity and his mouth left her feverish throat. But then he yanked down hard on her slacks and her panties and forced her legs up into the air. His face came down between her thighs and then his hot succulent lips clamped down on her clitoris and his strong fingers split her labia and delved deep into her pussy.

Liz started screaming again—just beginning to understand that what had come before was merely the warm up exercises before a full blown concert of climaxes.

Chapter Seven

“I, I, wow...” Liz murmured into Travis’ naked chest.

They were lying on the floor beside the couch with Travis both partially beneath and partially beside her. His arm was wrapped around her bare back and her thighs were parted so that one knee could straddle his injured leg. Her exposed pussy rested lightly against the rough fabric of his open blue jeans.

“I love touching you,” Travis whispered back. “And it feels good to get to return some of the attention you gave me last time around.”

His statement seemed a little bit off to her critical lawyer’s brain. “You do remember that I came an awful lot of times when we were trapped together on the mountain,” Liz reminded him.

“Oh you got to have a few orgasms,” Travis agreed, “but they were nothing compared with what I’m planning to do to you this time.”

“Mmmm,” Liz murmured. “I think I like the sound of that. Of course, now that you can be a little more active we’re going to make you come a lot harder too.”

Travis wrapped his other arm around Liz and rolled on to his side so that while she was no longer half on top of him her mostly naked body was pressed

tightly—breast to chest—against his slightly less exposed form. “I think you mean you want me to work harder,” he said.

Her fingers found his shrunken penis. “It would be nice if we could be a little less careful about hurting you,” she said.

He kissed her on the tip of her nose. “So you think I’m pretty fragile?”

“I think you *were* fragile,” she corrected him. “Now I want to figure out just how rugged you can really be!”

As if to prove her point, Liz rolled on top of Travis, straddling his groin with hers. Her slacks were still half on—a little lower than his were but still covering her knees. This prevented her from spreading her legs as wide as she would have preferred, but still permitted her to grind her lips against Travis’ penis while she hugged his outer thighs between her inner ones.

Her body had calmed down a lot, but her sex drive had not gone cold again after her orgasms. The combination of hot talk and the feel of Travis’ cock against the lips of her pussy made Liz want to purr even though it was still flaccid. Her skin tingled all over and nearly crackled with excitement when his hands came up to cup her breasts, squeezing them manfully between his fingers and rubbing her nipples with the rough calluses of his thumbs.

“It occurs to me,” Liz told him, “that you still haven’t come since you got here.” She ground herself down upon him, searching for a reaction from his cock.

“We’ve a long weekend ahead of us,” Travis said as he tried to flip her over so he could be on top. “I expect we both have a lot of coming ahead of us.”

Liz blocked his efforts to switch positions with her by putting both of her hands on his shoulders and using her weight to keep him on the bottom. “It also occurs to me,” she said, “that you promised to introduce me to a certain sticky aphrodisiac.”

Travis affected to look disappointed. It wasn’t a completely successful expression, probably because it looked like he was trying hard not to smirk. “I thought you were going to begin discovering that last night,” he told her. “Don’t tell me you’re a good girl after all. Good girls don’t take advantage of injured men when they’re helpless and vulnerable in the middle of a snowstorm.”

Liz let her hands slide down to Travis’ chest. “Oh, so you think I took advantage of you, do you?”

“What else could you call it?” Travis asked. “There I was, unable to walk, completely dependent on your beautiful self for assistance when you—ouch!”

Liz terminated Travis’ recollected delusion by sharply twisting one of his nipples. “So you really think I took advantage of you?” she asked again. Her fingers on his nipples should have served as a threat, but from the expression on Travis’ face she didn’t think it was having the desired effect.

He tweaked one of her own nipples—not cruelly as she had done to him but

hard enough to remind her that she was as vulnerable as he in this regard. “I thought you wanted *me* to be the rough one.”

“Just answer the question!” she told him.

“Well of course you took advantage of me,” Travis repeated. He grimaced as she purple-nurpled him again, but this time the pain didn’t surprise its way into his voice. “And I’m very much hoping,” he continued, “that you’ll do it again and again and again.”

Liz bent over him, letting her breasts fill his hands while she leaned down to kiss his shoulder. “That’s a pretty good answer,” she said.

“I want you to ride me again,” Travis told her. “But this time I want to be able to thrust up inside you before I roll you over and fuck you properly!”

Heat flashed in Liz’s pussy and she ground herself harder on his still-flaccid penis.

“Will you help me get the rest of my clothes off?” he asked. “I don’t want to wait any longer.”

Liz kissed him again, sucking lightly on his chin while her hips helped her pussy writhe on Travis’ thickening cock. He was starting to grow and harden, a state of affairs she wanted to encourage. His arms slipped around her back and her bare nipples touched his chest. His cock stirred more forcefully beneath her and his hips lifted up off the floor, striving to increase the pressure of her body on his

manhood.

She slipped further downward, dragging her tits along his chest while her stomach moved on to his groin over top of his penis. She licked each of his nipples, then continued working her way down, planting wet kisses on his stomach while she reached below her and pushed his underwear and jeans closer to his brace.

While not yet fully erect, his dick already looked impressive lying across his groin. She kissed her way up to it and around it, but decided to leave actual intimate contact for after she had his clothes completely off.

The brace proved to be simpler to remove than she had expected. A few Velcro snaps was all that secured it in place on his leg. Liz released these and pulled it free than carefully worked his jeans down to his shins. An ace bandage wrapped the knee beneath his pants but she felt no compulsion to try and remove it. Instead she turned her attention to his sneakers and socks and then the jeans and briefs flew merrily across the room so that he lay naked in front of her.

“Now it’s your turn!” Travis told her.

He made no move to reach for her open pants and panties so Liz figured he wanted to watch her pull them off. She found this especially flattering as her ass and pussy were already showing. She thought about how to best display herself to him. She rolled onto her side and pivoted around on her hip extending one slender leg in his direction. “You can do it.”

Travis slipped off her shoe and fondled her foot—caressing, massaging and finally licking her toes. Then his hands slowly slid her slacks down past her heel leaving her panties loose around her knees.

She extended her other foot and let him play with that one also. Her slacks slid across the room in the opposite direction of his jeans. Then she slipped onto her back and extended her legs high into the air before stretching them over her head where she could take hold of her panties and flip them over the couch.

She'd planned to return to her hands and knees and commence giving Travis a serious blowjob, but he beat her to the punch. While her legs were still stretched over top of her he slithered around and began to plant wet sloppy kisses on the cheeks of her brown ass. His forearm trapped her legs atop of her—knees to breasts—with her ankles out past her face. With the forefinger of his free hand he began to tickle the crack of her ass even as he kissed closer and closer to the sensitive rim of her anus.

Liz closed her eyes.

His tongue flicked out and licked her right above the sphincter muscle sending a spasm of pleasure zigzagging through her body. His finger worked its way up to the same spot, lightly scratching the taut flesh protecting her nether opening. His lips kissed the skin between her anus and pussy, tongue swirling daintily, increasing her enjoyment of the sensation. His finger threatened to

penetrate her asshole—a *threat* that both tantalized and intimidated her.

Suddenly Liz remembered confessing to Travis that she'd once let a boyfriend take her in the ass. She hoped that wasn't what he was planning. It was too soon. They had no lubricants. He hadn't taken her pussy yet tonight. And he was too damn big and hard for her backside!

Perhaps Travis recognized her nervousness for suddenly he shifted his target, trailing his tongue up the seam of Liz's pussy all the way to her clitoris. By the time he'd finished, Liz had stopped breathing normally and her whole body had started to tremble.

He licked her again, all the while fingering her rectum, continuing to toy with the notion of penetrating that most secure of holes.

Liz wrapped an arm around each of her legs and pulled them tighter against her breasts. The movement slightly parted them, even as they brought more of her weight to bear upon them. It also presented her pussy more forcefully for Travis' ministrations.

When he licked her a third time, his tongue easily pierced the seal of her outer labia and struck sparks from the nerve endings embedded in her inner lips.

Her heart raced with excitement and rekindled need. Her knees quivered where they pressed against her chest. Her lungs rasped harder, seeking colder air to cool her bloodstream.

This time as Travis licked her, the stubble of his coming beard scraped across her sensitive flesh. Her body would not stop shaking. Her lips quivered. She didn't think she could bear an orgasm by a thousand touches. She wanted to feel his long hard cock driving her into climax.

The sandpaper flesh of Travis' cheek scrubbed the stubble of her still unshaven mound. His tongue flicked out and brushed the hood of her shamefully neglected clitoris. His finger centered itself on her anus, obviously ready to thrust inside.

"Please!" she whispered. "No more, Travis. Just fuck me!"

He paid no attention. Instead he maneuvered his lips over top of her clitoris and slowly retracted its little hood. She could feel his hot breath on the most sensitive flesh of her entire body as he patiently prepared his next caress. The anticipation was physically painful to her. Her body teetered on the edge, desperately hoping for release that only Travis could give.

The flat of his tongue lapped against the glans of her clitoris.

"Oh...my...God..."

All in an instant, Travis moved from gentle caresses to ferocious fervor. He sucked her clit hard into his mouth surprising Liz so that her hips bounced up against his face. Half a second later, her groin exploded, blotting out conscious thought as the nerve endings beneath Travis' mouth overwhelmed the rest of her

body.

She hugged herself harder, keeping her arms wrapped tight around her legs, leaving herself vulnerable even as her ass vibrated off the floor. His finger slipped inside her asshole, but that sensation was only a passing zephyr of excitement before the full torrential storm exploding in his mouth. His rough chin turned wet with her juices as he fought harder and harder to hold her down so he could keep licking and sucking her pussy.

The climatic seizures ripping through her body wrenched her legs free of her arms. Her thighs locked tight around Travis' face as if her body somehow believed that this would help her ride out the waves of pleasure when in reality the added pressure served to intensify the experience.

Her fingers grasped hold of Travis' head, entwining themselves in his hair and pulling him as tight against her as her muscles could leverage. He responded by burrowing in harder and somehow increasing the extraordinary suction already generated by his mouth. He was giving a hickey to her clitoris and her body loved every single moment. Her gyrations were so intense that there would probably be bruises on her back in the morning but she didn't care about that now. All that mattered were his lips on her clit and his fingers in her pussy and the blinding white pleasure that twisted her eyeballs up into her skull while her body seized through the ever mounting ecstasy of her electrifying climax.

Utterly delirious with orgasmic delight, Liz didn't quite comprehend what was happening when Travis crawled up over top of her and reached his hand down between him. He grabbed his hard thick meat and rubbed the head on her writhing groin as he felt about for the entrance to her pussy. He couldn't bend his injured knee of course, but just as obviously wasn't going to let that stop him.

He adjusted his position, reversing direction, edging himself slightly back toward her toes. Then the broad viper's head of his penis finally found the seam between her swollen labia and he thrust himself inside her steamy pussy.

The too-wide head of Travis' thick cock stretched Liz's lips very far apart, but she was so wet and so ready that she felt nothing other than a rising crescendo of excitement.

He braced himself over top of her like a man doing pushups, struggling to keep his injured knee straight as he used his feet and toes to thrust his body forward and drive his formidable erection ever deeper inside of her.

Liz helped him of course, thrusting her hips up against his groin as her mind, body and soul attuned in the single desire to claim this cock as her own. Travis adjusted his position and strove to accommodate her wishes, stabbing inward with his long thick erection, piercing Liz's pussy with the pulsing meat of his rod, driving it home in her steamy depths.

His muscles bulged on top of her—the definition in his pectorals, biceps and

triceps becoming far more pronounced as he strained to hold himself above her while driving his rigid penis in and out of her pussy. Her body finished synchronizing with his—her back arching as her hips moved in counterpoint to the motion of his cock and her nipples kissed his hard chest.

Sweat began to bead on his forehead and drip down his nose spattering on her own glistening cheeks. Her dark hands caressed the smooth white flesh of his sides, coaxing him to even greater efforts. She'd forgotten how very hard he got inside of her—so much better than a vibrator with its cold plastic shell. Travis' meat pulsed with need, not battery-driven stimulants. The inferno of lust and love building in his body focused all of its fire on that wonderful cock, radiating outward into her vagina, exciting her entire body.

The steel back of his prick rubbed harder against the top of her pussy as it coaxed them both toward orgasm. It teased her, massaging the center of feeling just below her clitoris, making her whole body shake in appreciation. Her fingers dug into his sides—nails gouging furrows in his flesh, which only seemed to make Travis harder. His cock pounded deeper within her and little grunts of effort became audible on his breath.

She heard herself grunting in response to him, increasing her efforts to totally take his length within her body. His injured knee made this difficult. With them both on the floor, he had only one position he could use to penetrate her and

still remain on top. The strain could be seen in the deepening flush of his face and neck. He was fucking her with everything he had—trying desperately to rocket them both into orgasm.

She reached down between them and grabbed his heavy balls causing the slightest break and stutter in the piston-like movements of his cock within her body.

Then Liz squeezed and the head of Travis' cock swelled even larger in side of her.

“Liz! No, wait! Ahhhh...”

Travis collapsed on top of her even as his penis spit molten excitement deep between her legs. He evidently banged his knee because he cried out and twisted as he fell and his cock popped free of her sending a second shower of semen shooting up into the air. She reached for him, determined to pump his dick until every last drop of pleasure had been milked out of him, but Travis' hand—by chance or direction—caught her between her legs and squeezed as a third impressive load of cum erupted into the air between them.

The calloused heel of his hand caught her clit as he clamped vice-like down on her pussy and suddenly Liz was climaxing with her man. The sensation caught her by surprise—halfway into a sitting position as she reached for Travis' erection. Her body stiffened as if petrified in that final pre-orgasmic moment and then she

wrapped her arms around Travis' head and pulled him hard into her bosom while her-too-often-stimulated body exploded into new paroxysms of pleasure.

These weren't the totally mind-numbing orgasms of earlier, but deep, full, body wrenching contortions of deep-in-her soul ecstasy. She felt so close to Travis in that moment—his face buried in her breasts while his hand bore down on her pussy and rode her through her orgasm. His long stiff prick oozed happiness on her leg and seemed to promise that a lot more pleasure would come to her this evening. His free arm nestled under her, embracing her just as tightly as she held on to him.

The world seemed perfect—a piece of fairytale-like fantasy come to life. It wasn't just the incredible sex. There was something about Travis and the way her mind and body responded to him that made Liz hope that he might be the one to keep holding her tight in the years to come.

Then the phone rang like the church bell penetrating the realm of the goblin king and reality came crashing down on her again.

Chapter Eight

“Oh, shit!” Liz said. “I didn’t call my mother this evening!”

She started to try and disentangle herself from Travis but he didn’t cooperate, holding her in place with his arm around her back and his hand on her pussy.

“Let go!” Liz said. “I have to get that!”

Again, Travis ignored her efforts to stand. “This is the same mother,” he asked, “whom you fear is exercising too much control over your life?”

“Of course it is,” Liz said. “How many mothers do you think I—oh!”

Travis chuckled. He let go of her pussy and slid his wet fingers up her sleek brown stomach to cup her breast. The movement of his hand made it very difficult for Liz to concentrate—or even remember what she was supposed to be thinking about.

Her cell phone began to ring—instantly bringing back to mind the always severe expression to be found on her mother’s face.

She struggled to rise again. “I have to get that,” she said. “I’m sorry.”

This time Travis let her get up. “Of course you do,” he agreed, “but may I

suggest you think about what you want to tell her before you answer the phone and simply begin reacting to what she says?”

Liz hesitated. “What do you mean by that?”

Travis struggled into a sitting position. “You told me a lot about your mother when we were trapped together in the snow,” he reminded her. “You said she’s been causing a lot of trouble for you and your sisters and that your last boyfriend used her as his excuse to break up with you. Now she’s phoning and you’re naked on the floor with your new boyfriend—one I’m guessing she doesn’t know about yet. Most people would be feeling a bit vulnerable in your position and we tend to slip back toward our childhood when we talk to our parents. So I’m just suggesting you take a deep breath, gather your wits, and maybe put a robe on for comfort before you call her back.”

The cell phone had stopped ringing, but now the landline kicked in again.

Liz took a deep breath. Travis was absolutely right, she realized. Her heart was racing. She felt like a teenager who’d been caught making out with a guy her parents hated. She couldn’t talk to her mother like this.

“I...thanks,” she said. “That helps—I mean, you’re right.” As she slowed down, she began to feel the real her asserting herself over the panicked child within her. “Although I wouldn’t expect you to be recommending I put on a robe,” she added.

“Hey,” Travis said, “what you put on, I get to take off again.”

That thought made her smile. “How’d you get to be so smart?” she asked.
“With my Mama, I mean.”

“Oh, that’s easy,” Travis said. “My mother is a psychologist. I’ve been psychoanalyzed continuously since the day I was born.”

Liz’s cell phone began to ring again, interrupting Travis and causing both of them to glance at it.

“As a result,” Travis finished, “I know more about parents than I want to.”

“Well what I know about my parent is she’s getting very angry right now,” Liz informed him. “I’d better get my robe so I can call her back.”

She crossed the room to her bedroom door, vividly aware that Travis was staring at her ass.



Liz chose her brown robe with the white trim. She’d bought it because the primary coloring was almost a perfect match for the mahogany tone of her skin. That gave the impression that she wasn’t wearing anything—a notion dispelled in intriguing fashion by the thin white strip of trim. She’d observed the effect on her ex-boyfriend, Daryl, many times. His eyes could not help tracking that trim, hoping for a glimpse of the flesh hidden beneath it. And if, per chance, she did choose to tantalize him by flashing a bit of thigh or giving a glimpse of breast—

well suffice it to say that she wanted to see if Travis showed similar appreciation.

She slipped the robe on over a couple of semen stains and walked back into the living room.

Travis had moved into the adjoining kitchen where he was cleaning off the remnants of his own excesses with a paper towel. The landline was ringing again and Liz braced herself, picked it up and sat down on the couch.

“Hello, Mama, what’s wrong?”

“Elizabeth,” her mother said, “I have been calling you for more than five minutes. Why wouldn’t you pick up your phone?”

“I was making out with my new boyfriend,” Liz told her. “He’s a white guy with a huge—”

“ELIZABETH!” her mother cut her off. “If you were in the bathroom and couldn’t reach the phone, you could simply apologize rather than make up bizarre and inappropriate stories.”

Liz flashed a smile at Travis as he walked back into the living room. His limp penis dangled in front of him—surprisingly small considering how large it grew when fully erect.

“I’m sorry, Mama,” she said sweetly. “It wasn’t a good time for me to pick up the phone.”

“That’s better,” her mother said. “I have enough trouble with your sisters’

men. I don't need you inventing stories to elevate my blood pressure. A white boy..." Liz could picture her shaking her head at the other end of the phone line. "As poorly as your sister, Ruth, chose, she didn't do as badly as Kara."

Ruth's husband Al was a really good guy as far as Liz could tell. Boring, it was true, but so was Ruth. It made them good for each other.

"What can I do for you, Mama?" Liz asked.

Travis crossed the room giving Liz an opportunity to stare at *his* butt for a change. He had tight cheeks with a good shape and she liked squeezing them. He scooped up his fancy duffel as Mama began to talk and carried it over to the couch beside Liz.

"You didn't call me when you got home from work today," Mama said. "I was afraid you'd gotten stuck in the snow."

"What? No, I didn't have any trouble," Liz said. She found Travis' actions distracting and couldn't help watching him root around in his bag.

"Well that is a relief," Mama said. "How did your sisters handle the weather?"

For someone who wasn't speaking to two of her daughters, Mama maintained a very substantial interest in their comings and goings—which meant, of course, that she expected Liz to fill her in on the details she could no longer learn directly from the sources.

Tonight Liz didn't want to play that game. Tonight she wanted to play with Travis, which meant Mama needed to get off the phone.

"I haven't spoken...to..."

Liz's voice trailed off as Travis found what he was looking for and pulled it from the bag—a small, bear-shaped, plastic squeeze dispenser filled with clear amber honey. It had a yellow top and a red cap and its little black eyes seemed to flash a friendly warning: *You're in for it now, Liz. Travis wants to play.*

"Elizabeth?" her mother said. "Are you there? I can't hear your voice any longer."

Travis unscrewed the yellow lid and set it on the couch beside his bag. Then he pulled the silver seal off the top of the bottle. He folded the seal in half and set it on top of his bag. Then he dipped his littlest finger inside the bear-shaped bottle and showed Liz the fingertip covered in honey. As she watched, the clear amber liquid began to drip down his finger toward his hand.

"Elizabeth?" her mother repeated. "Are you there?"

Travis slowly licked the honey off his finger. He made a show of it, using his tongue and his lips, giving Liz time to imagine him doing the same to her honey-coated nipples or clitoris. Then he dipped the finger back in the jar and extended the digit to Liz, reaching out to her across his bag.

Liz leaned forward to suck the finger into her mouth. Her heart had

accelerated from a slow gamboling walk in the park to an all out sprint at the Summer Olympics. Her neck and cheek felt hot and the air around her had thinned noticeably making breathing more difficult.

Travis didn't simply offer her his gift of honey, he used it to play with her mouth, rubbing the too-sweet liquid onto her lower lip before jousting with her tongue as he slid his finger in and out of her.

A dial tone sounded from her telephone and Liz clicked it off and tossed it to the floor. Almost immediately the phone began to ring again as her mother called her back. Liz ignored it as Travis used the finger sliding back and forth between her lips to tease her into standing up beside him so that he could kiss her again.

Liz's arms slipped around his waist as one of his hands came to rest on her robe-covered rear end.

Her cell phone began to ring.

"Oh, God damn it!" she cursed.

Travis seemed amused by the interruption. "You'd better answer that again," he told her. "You don't want her getting worried and calling the police."

"Getting angry is more like it," Liz corrected him even as she followed his advice and scooped her phone up off the floor.

While she dialed her mother's number, Travis put the lid back on the bottle

of honey and pulled a packet from his duffel and moved the bag to the floor.

Mama answered her phone, voice angry and impatient. “Elizabeth! What are you-”

Years of practice helped Liz know how to handle many of her mother’s outbursts. “Mama!” she snapped back. “Why did you hang up on me? That was very rude!”

As Liz had hoped, her accusation threw Mama off her stride and onto the defensive. “I didn’t hang up on you! You just stopped-”

“You didn’t?” Liz interrupted. “Oh, it must have been the storm then. Crazy weather like this sometimes messes with the lines.”

While Liz spoke, Travis unfolded a large plastic tarpaulin which he used to cover the couch. Just how much honey did he expect to use tonight?

“Well, yes,” Mama answered her. “I suppose that’s possible. You would think that with all of the money we pay the phone company they could provide us with more reliable service.”

Liz found it difficult to follow her mother’s conversation. Her eyes carefully tracked Travis’ movement as her naked lover extracted a second sheet of plastic from his bag and spread it out over the floor in front of the couch. She had to step away to make room for him but then stepped back onto the cold plastic when he finished.

“Are you listening to me, Elizabeth?” her mother asked.

“Yes, Mama,” Liz responded automatically, although in truth she had no idea what her mother had said.

Travis sat down on the couch and stuck his injured leg straight out with the heel on the floor. Then he gestured for Liz to sit beside him. She did so hesitantly, worried that he didn’t quite understand that it was her *Mama* on the phone. The plastic crinkled beneath her as she sat and nestled in against his bare chest. She let her dark fingers come to rest on the pale white skin of his inner thigh close enough to his big balls and still-limp penis to interest him in her hand.

“What was that sound?” Mama asked.

“That burst of static?” Liz answered. “It must be the storm.”

“Hmmpphhh!” Her mother snorted. “I’m minded to write a letter to the phone company and let them know just what I think of their poor service.”

Travis slipped his arm around her shoulders and slightly adjusted their position to make them more comfortable. Each little movement made the plastic crinkle.

“This is really intolerable!” Mama snapped. “Now I can’t even speak to my one good daughter because of poor technology.”

Travis slipped his hand inside of Liz’s robe and toyed with her nipple for a moment. She considered slapping him away, but decided against it. Mama would

probably overhear and it was unlikely she'd believe there was a mosquito in Liz's apartment in March.

"Well there's nothing we can do about it," Liz told her mother, "except to hang up the phone and try again tomorrow."

"Well I suppose it's not really that bad," her mother disagreed.

Travis pulled at the front of Liz's robe so that it gaped over her bosom, giving him better access.

Liz tried to glare at him, but spoiled the effect by grinning.

"So what's on your mind?" she asked Mama.

If there had been any doubt as to what was on Travis' mind, he dispelled it a moment later by picking his bottle of honey up off the floor. All thoughts of Mama were instantly shoved far out of Liz's brain.

Unfortunately, Mama began talking again—unknowingly insinuating herself between Liz and Travis. "Did you know that Albert has not yet driven over to shovel my driveway?" she asked. "Nor has he even sent one of those disreputable men who work for him to do the job."

Travis stuck the end of the honey bottle into his mouth and pulled the red cap off the yellow spout with his teeth. He spit the cap somewhere out on to the floor and presented the bottle for Liz's inspection. He almost looked like a waiter in a fine restaurant showing her an expensive bottle of wine. The big difference, of

course, was that the waiters in such establishments usually wore clothes and didn't have their patron's half sitting in their laps while their cocks began to grow hard.

"Well you're not really talking to Ruth and Al," Liz reminded her mother. She let the statement dangle unfinished in part because she thought her mother ought to draw the reasonable conclusion: people you can't be polite to are unlikely to rush to do you favors. Of course, the primary reason she left the thought unfinished was that her mind was almost completely occupied with observing Travis' movements with the bottle of honey.

"So you're saying that because I will not swallow my pride and forgive my daughter and her husband *before* they apologize to me, I have to bear the additional insult of arranging to have my own driveway cleaned?"

Travis slipped the nose of the bottle inside Liz's robe over her breast. She couldn't see it there so she started to widen the opening of her robe, but Travis stopped her. Then concentrating intently he squeezed what must have been a single drop of honey out on to her nipple. She could feel the liquid—still cold from its time in his trunk—slide down the side of her nipple in exquisitely slow motion.

"Elizabeth?" her mother called. "Are you listening to me?"

Liz found it hard to breathe, much less concentrate on the proper thing to say to her mother. "Well, I guess Ron would probably shovel for you if you—"

“RONALD?” her mother shouted. “Did you really suggest I ask Kara to have her scandalously young white man come to my neighborhood where HE WOULD BE SEEN?”

While her mother shouted, Travis set down the honey bottle and reached inside her robe. His finger settled on the drop of honey and began to smear it around the base of her nipple and over her aureole.

The exquisite pleasure made Liz’s whole body tremble. Her mother was still shouting through the phone, but she couldn’t summon enough concentration to discern the individual words she was using.

Travis extracted his finger and offered it to Liz’s mouth. She sucked it in greedily, glorying in the sweet taste on her tongue.

“ELIZABETH!” her mother shouted.

Liz shook her head and tried to return her attention to her mother. Travis didn’t seem to mind. He simply shifted his own focus back to her breast, pulling her robe open more widely to expose the beautiful mound with the glistening brown nipple standing proudly up on top of it.

The honey bottle moved back into Liz’s view. Its open spout hovered an inch or so above the puckered flesh of her nipple tantalizing her with the promise of more sweet excitement. Liz tried to stop watching it so she could concentrate on deflecting her mother’s growing anger, but she couldn’t tear her eyes away from

the sight.

“I’m sorry, Mama,” she mumbled. “I must have...the phone keeps...”

A drop of sweet thick amber pleasure welled up in the spout of the bottle and ssslllloooooowwwwwlllllyyyyy dripped down toward her yearning flesh.

“*Elizabeth!*” her mother’s sense of exasperation had overcome her natural tendency to yell. “What is wrong with you?”

The bead of honey spread over Liz’s tit, losing its distinctive amber coloring as its translucent nature reflected the darker hue of her skin. The long stringy tail snapped free of the plastic spout and sprang against the wide expanse of Liz’s aureole curling about her nipple.

“I’m...I’m sorry, Mama,” she said. “I’m having trouble...hearing you.”

“Well I’m hearing you just fine now,” her mother said. “Are you feeling alright?”

Actually, at this moment, Liz felt better than she had in years, but she couldn’t tell her mother that.

“No, I mean yes, I mean...”

Travis lifted the bottle higher and squeezed another tiny drop out of its end. It hit the side of her breast and immediately began to slide down into her cleavage. But Travis wasn’t finished yet. He kept just enough pressure on the bottle to keep the stringy tail flowing—ever so thinly—out of the bottle and into spiraling circles

on the soft globe of her breast. He wasn't all that neat about it. Honey marked the white trim of her robe and the circles weren't very smoothly drawn. But the sweet liquid tickled as it ran down her flesh leaving a sticky sheen to mark its path.

"Eliz-

"Mama, I'll call you tomorrow when the phones are working," Liz said.

She hung up the phone without waiting for an answer and grabbed for Travis' bottle of honey. He easily kept it out of her grasp, catching her wrists with his free hand and holding them above her head. This had the effect of pulling her down on to her back on the couch with her hands restrained beyond the armrest and her legs swinging up on the plastic-covered cushions.

Travis slid forward to the edge of the couch seat to accommodate her and hooked her robe with a finger of his right hand pulling it open wider. That was also the hand that held the honey bottle, and he upended it now over top of her newly exposed nipple and squeezed a healthy dab out on to the sensitive flesh. Perhaps it was Travis' growing excitement—his cock was rising steadily past half mast—but he was far less stingy with the honey this time and a thick glob rolled off her nipple onto the top of her breast and then on down her side.

Liz strained lightly against Travis but the leverage was off and she didn't really want to escape. She found the added sense of vulnerability sparked by his light restraint of her limbs exciting—almost as exciting as she found the

continuing stream of sticky goodness Travis squeezed between her breasts and down onto her upper stomach between the flaps of her robe.

She wriggled slightly, unintentionally spreading her robe beneath the belt. The white strip was still tied in place but it was no longer holding the brown cloth over her stomach the way it ought to be.

Travis took advantage of this to make curly cue shapes down her middle, pausing to completely fill her navel.

Liz squirmed some more. The slow drip and slide of the honey across her flesh enchanted her. She wanted to run her fingers through the sticky stuff and finger-paint with it upon Travis' chest. Then they could lick and nip to their hearts' content, cleaning the sweet nectar off of each other's bodies.

Travis broke her fantasy by tossing a couple of zigzag lines of honey across her newly exposed groin. Sticky amber lines fell across her bush and along the sides of her eager pussy to the soft mahogany flesh of her thighs. Then it dripped, slid and rolled couch-ward, pulled by gravity to spread across her body.

Travis stood up, letting go of Liz's hands. His cock was quite hard now—nearly nine inches of magnificent granite that a Greek or Roman god could be proud of. He took the honey bear and squeezed a bead of amber sweetness directly on the eye of his penis and then outlined the rim of his prick with the stuff before presenting himself to Liz.

Totally aroused and very excited, Liz propped herself up into a sitting position. The copious amounts of honey already on her body began to flow in a new direction, down her stomach and toward her bush. Liz tried to ignore it, but couldn't stop her hands from running across her flesh and coating themselves before she reached out and wrapped her fingers around Travis' thick cock.

He smiled, obviously enjoying the feel of her sticky digits, but that look of approval was nothing to the full-throated grunt that greeted her when she began to pump his shaft up and down.

With oil, or soap, or petroleum jelly, or even simple saliva, the lubrication smoothed out the rough contract of hand on penis. That didn't exactly happen with the honey for while it facilitated the pumping motion, it also added that indescribable measure of stickiness to the equation. The slightly adhesive quality added texture to her hand job which obviously radically enhanced Travis' pleasure.

He took the bottle of honey and squeezed hard over his cock and her fingers, taking the small dabs of honey which she hadn't yet tasted and smothering them in thick smooth gobs of amber nectar. The dense liquid poured over her fingers as they moved up and down on his shaft, and coated their undersides. When he stopped squeezing, Liz took a deep breath and swallowed him sticky honey and all.

The intensity of the sweetness was unlike anything she'd ever tasted before and she'd tasted plenty last night while she masturbated. It was more than just the honey filling her mouth. Travis' manhood added to the overwhelming quality of the sensation, providing a slightly salty under taste to the overpoweringly sugary flavor. With Travis' impressive girth, there was no room in her mouth for delicate tasting—he filled her completely, squashing the honey inside her so that it squeezed out between her lips like a man's ejaculate when he started coming.

Something hard and narrow touched the lips of her pussy and suddenly more honey was squeezing from that little bottle. It coated her lips and clitoris and then Travis stuck it inside of her and kept squeezing. When he was finished he tossed the empty bottle away and pulled his burnished erection out of Liz's mouth so he could step around the end of the couch near her feet.

He still couldn't bend that leg so he grabbed Liz by the ankles and pulled her toward him, dragging her on her back down the couch through the puddles of honey pooling there. Her ass hit the arm rest and came up to him—her labia spread in anticipation, oozing honey back out between her legs.

He took his sticky dick in an even messier hand and pressed the head against Liz's slickened pussy. The honey on his cock stuck to and pulled at her lips as he rubbed its head up and down the length of her slit. Then he pushed his way inside her steamy pussy where the funnel shape of the bulbous head of his cock

plowed honey and pre-cum deep inside her body.

Nothing Liz had ever felt prepared her for this experience.

Travis' cock slurped inside of her and then snaked its way back out, scraping the sides of her pussy through the film of sticky nectar.

He slid in again, moving deep inside her with a force and texture unlike anything else that had penetrated her. His right hand held her thigh against the plastic cover of the sofa while his left slid onto her belly and smeared sweet and sticky delight all over her stomach.

He pulled too far back, popping free despite the manner in which her swollen sticky lips clinging desperately to the head of his rod. The glue-like nectar adhered to his hard flesh, stretching away from her body in its effort to follow Travis' cock.

He rubbed his thick erection against her inner thighs and then through her bush, picking up more honey to lubricate himself. Then he positioned himself against her lips again and with a quick thrust of his hips plunged back inside her body.

Honey squeezed around his head against the walls of her passage, riding before him and trailing after while the splayed fingers of his left hand caressed her flesh, painting Liz with dark amber goodness.

She caught the hand beneath her own sticky fingers, feeling the power

within his body through a source other than his cock. Her left hand cupped her breast, spreading sticky honey everywhere—as if her ultimate goal was to make certain no smidgen of her skin was left clear.

This piston-like motion of Travis' cock in Liz's pussy stuttered and he almost lost his balance. He responded to this by pulling Liz's ass higher on the arm of the chair and then placing both hands beneath her knees and pushing her thighs down on to her stomach so her knees touched her honeyed breasts. His cock rode harder against the upper edge of her cervix, a feeling his face told her he enjoyed as much as she.

The phone began to ring again but they both ignored it.

Travis' cock kept playing her pussy showing all the skill and talent of a concert violinist working his bow. Her lungs heaved and Liz encouraged the breathless feeling by cupping her breasts in her sticky hands and twisting her slick nipples. She could feel the power growing inside her—the budding glory of a monumental orgasm about to blossom. But Travis hadn't licked her yet, hadn't tasted the honey on her clit. Hell, most of his body was still clean of the stickiness. It wasn't right. She wanted the thick fluids flowing between them, gluing his body to hers. She forced her legs back off her chest and sat up wrapping her legs around Travis' waist.

Her glutinous hands flowed up his clean chest, leaving a trail of sweet liquid

behind them. Her arms snaked around his neck, rubbing themselves against his cheeks and in his hair. Then she pulled herself high off the couch and tightened her sticky thighs around his smooth white waist.

Travis' cock drove far deeper into her and honey began to flow out of her body down on to his balls. He staggered backward away from the tarpaulin but by accident or design turned about and stumbled into the center.

Liz didn't care about the mess. She lifted herself high and squished herself back down on his honey-coated shaft. The sugary nectar on her tits and belly rubbed against Travis' chest and abs, adding to both of their excitement. It was so messy—so wonderfully *dirty*—and it was about to get infinitely more so.

Travis' lips were on her jaw. His hands squeezed her ass. His cock swelled ever harder inside her sticky cunt. She rocked herself faster and faster, bouncing on his pole, building the excitement in both of their bodies. Her hair matted against the honey on his shoulders. The hair of her bush stuck to his stomach and groin as she rode.

She was close, closer, his fingers scratching her cheeks, tickling her rectum, penetrating her ass and —“OH, TRAVIS! OH!”

Her orgasm upset his balance as her pussy squeezed tight around his cock forcing more delicious honey out of her body and down onto his balls.

Travis fell, bouncing off of the couch and onto the plastic-covered floor,

driving his cock so far up inside of Liz it would have hurt if she hadn't already been climaxing.

He rolled on top of her, smearing the honey between their bodies and began to pump as he had earlier—pushing himself into a pushup position and fucking her with long, rough, incredibly rushed motions as he struggled to join her in orgasm.

She tried to help him, but her own continuing climax threw off her rhythm and her writhing hips let him pop out from between her legs.

Milky white semen spit up the length of her body adding its distinctive color to the amber liquid smeared all over her brown flesh. His cock ejaculated again and then Travis' strength gave out and he collapsed on top of her, trapping his long penis between their bodies even as her own hands began to smear his liquids into the sticky mess uniting their flesh.

Her hands came out and around him, dripping a concoction of honey and cum and then his arms pulled her even tighter against him and his doubly sweet lips found her mouth.

Epilogue

Liz's phone began to ring again, making her wonder if it was even possible to get up and answer it. Travis lay by her side, literally and figuratively glued in her arms. The plastic tarpaulin was also stuck to their bodies—great at protecting her apartment but not actually very comfortable.

“You’re so incredible,” Travis whispered.

Liz forced herself to sit and then pried the plastic off her flesh. She didn’t think any part of her, short of her eyes, wasn’t plastered in honey. It even had her hair stuck inside her ear. “You’re the one who braved the snowstorm to get here,” she reminded him. “And you’re the one who thought of introducing honey bears.”

He smiled despite his obvious exhaustion. “It’s a good thing it’s a long weekend,” he said, “because I have a few more ideas in that regard I think we might enjoy exploring.”

Liz never remembered feeling so happy and well-satisfied, but it wouldn’t do to let Travis get too sure of himself. “So you think I enjoy waking up plastered in plastic,” she said.

“Let’s just say that I plan to make certain you enjoy cleaning up,” Travis told her.

The phone began to ring again—Liz’s cell phone this time. The back and forth between land and satellite connections made it virtually certain that this was her mother calling again. “I’m going to have to get that,” she said.

“I agree,” he said, “but keep in mind that if you don’t get her off the phone fast enough I’ll have to break out another honey bear.”

The End

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