

The Snowbunny

(By: John O'Conner)

Janice Fields thought she was dead. Hell, she knew she was dead. First the car spinning and now just blank whiteness surrounding her. She struggled at the blankness and finally pushed the deflating air bag out of her face.

Well she was still alive. She looked out the front windshield but she still saw white. 'What's going on?' she thought. 'If I'm dead, how come I'm surrounded by this car? Shouldn't there be angels or devils or something?'

Looking closely, she realized the windows were covered by snow. She tried to open the door. It wouldn't budge.

"What the hell? Come on, open you bastard," Janice snarled as she shoved against the stubborn door.

"Open up, Goddammit!"

She knew then she was in trouble after all. She felt the tilt of the car and realized she was nose down in a ditch. All because of her taste in men.

That Friday started out fine, cloudy with flurries. She went with Pete Stewart for a 3_day weekend of romance and skiing in the snowy Sierras. She had been dating Pete for almost three weeks and this seemed the perfect time for them to get away together. They made an attractive couple. He was almost six feet tall with short, sun bleached hair. He had a body that any surfer in Venice would kill for. At 29, he was the youngest partner in his law firm. (He was only a junior partner, but Janice didn't need to know that in his opinion.)

Janice was beautiful, vivacious, smart-alecky 25_year old computer technician. She was five foot six inches tall and weighed a little over 105 lbs. She had a perfectly proportioned body, slim hips, narrow waist, and perfectly shaped boobs, if she did say so herself. (Modesty was not a problem for Janice.) She had shoulder length brown hair with a hint of a natural curl.

He drove her car and they made good time even with the falling snow. Pete parked the car at the cabin. Janice said she wanted to begin to unpack. After helping take in the luggage, he went to the lodge to see about lift tickets.

Janice had decided 'Screw this! I wanna ski! I'll unpack later.' She walked over the snowy ground to the lodge and looked for Pete. What she saw floored her.

Pete was sitting by the big fireplace with his arm around some blond snowbunny, and was trying to kiss her. The bimbo didn't seem to be resisting too much. Hell, she

wasn't resisting at all!

Janice yelled, "Fuck you, you prick!" Spinning on her heel, she stormed out of the lodge, grabbed her bags from the cabin and threw them in the car. As she tore out of the parking lot, she saw Pete run out of the lodge towards her. She resisted the urge to run him over. Her car fishtailed as she hit the highway but the tires caught and she headed back to LA.

Unfortunately, several miles down the road, a large patch of ice had formed on the pavement. As Janice came over a rise, she saw the black area ahead of her but it was too late to do anything except lose control.

So now, because, as usual, her taste in men sucked, Janice was in the worst predicament of her young life. The car was burrowed in deep snow at a 45 degree angle and the snow was still falling. The exposed portion of the trunk was almost covered by the white flakes.

Several hours earlier at the lodge, Stephanie Wheeler was finding her own romantic getaway was ruined. She had traveled to the Sierras as well with her girlfriend of six months, Diana Cronin.

Stephanie was five foot ten inches tall barefoot with long, straight blond hair. She was very well endowed but the large breasts perfectly matched her frame. Her very pretty features were augmented by a killer smile. She turned heads, male and female, wherever she went.

Except when she returned to the room she was sharing with Diana after an early morning ski. She walked in and found Diana kissing the chambermaid while feeling up her short skirt. Embarrassed and hurt, Stephanie returned to the lodge and met a nice guy by the fire who attempted to console her. Soon, he was putting the moves on her.

As Steph resisted him, telling him he was not her type, a loud voice yelled "Fuck you, you prick!"

The insistent hands fell limp and the man sat there speechless. Stephanie stood up still irritated that he had been trying to score and yelled, "You came with another girl and were hitting on me? You are a prick!"

With that, Stephanie slapped Pete Stewart as hard as she could. He was partially standing and flipped over the couch as she left to get her things and leave the resort. Many heads turned at that and some of the women applauded but she ignored them.

She returned to the now vacant cabin and shoved her clothes into her suitcase as she heard the other girl's car squeal out of the lot. 'Careful, girlfriend, or you'll be wrapped around a tree and that won't show Mr. Macho anything.'

As she drove off, Stephanie saw Pete trudging back to the lodge, looking extremely depressed. "Poor baby," she said, with more than a trace of sarcasm in her voice.

Several miles down the road, she saw skid marks on the pavement partially covered with drifting snow. Just past those marks, she faintly saw twin spots of red in a snow bank. As she slowed down, Stephanie realized she was seeing taillights shining through the snow covering a car.

She quickly got a shovel out of her trunk and began to shovel to the left of the lights towards the driver's door. The pit in the snow she dug continually fell back in as the powdery walls collapsed. Before she was even past the rear fender, she could feel herself tiring.

Resting for a moment, she tried to yell to anyone trapped in the vehicle. "Hey! Hey! If you can hear me, honk the horn! Honk the Horn!"

Attacking the snow again, Stephanie inadvertently hit the side of the car loudly with the shovel. The thump was heard in the car and a drowsy Janice immediately woke up.

'Smart, girl, real smart. Fall asleep in the cold and you'll never wake up,' Janice scolded herself. Another thump and she sat up straight and tried yelling, "Help! Help me! I'm stuck in this damned car!" Her yelling became screaming as she felt hysteria slowly descend on her. Her screams died as she strained her vocal cords.

As she began to sob uncontrollably, Janice slammed her hand against the steering wheel. The loud honking of the horn startled her out of her hysteria and she forced herself to remain calm. She did however begin to honk the horn with a regular rhythm as she heard a scraping sound from outside the car.

Stephanie heard the muffled car horn and knew there was someone alive in the car. She redoubled her efforts and after another hour's work, cleared most of the snow away from the driver's door. The honking had died several minutes earlier.

The door wouldn't open when she yanked on it. Looking in, she could see a shape behind the frosty window but no details. 'Please be okay!' Stephanie silently prayed. Stephanie thought about the situation and using the shovel as a pry bar, she managed to open the car door. She then reached in and pulled out the semiconscious girl behind the wheel.

Moving quickly, and glad she kept up her gym dues, Stephanie carried the semiconscious girl to her car, fumbled open the door, and set her in the passenger seat. She got a blanket out of the trunk and wrapped her up. She reached over the girl and cranked up the heater. She then closed the passenger door and returned to the other car.

Steph crawled to the driver's door gingerly as the slope had gotten slick from her

earlier actions. She reached into the car and switched off the ignition (the engine had already died) and the lights. Pocketing the keys, she locked and closed the door before struggling back up to the road.

Climbing gratefully into the car and its warmth, she checked on her unexpected passenger. Stephanie sat for a few minutes before putting the car into gear and heading down the road.

Driving slowly, Stephanie kept her eyes open for a turnoff. The increasing snow was making it difficult to see very far. The road was also getting slippery, forcing her to drive slower. As she was about to give up, thinking she'd passed the turn, a mailbox poked up above the plowed snow. When Stephanie saw the name Miller, she knew she had made it.

Turning carefully onto a long, winding driveway, she slowly made her way up to a large cabin in a small clearing. Pulling up to the front door, she saw the cabin was dark. "No one home," Stephanie said. Then she smiled as she remembered a spare key.

Walking to the front door, she reached up and pulled a sliver of wood out of the lintel. A key was attached by a leather strip to the inside of the sliver. Stephanie unlocked the door, replaced the key, and entered the house. Trying the switch, she discovered that the power was off. The interior, while warmer than outside, was still frigid; far too cold for someone suffering from even a slight amount of exposure. She walked back towards the kitchen and found a thermostat.

Stripping off her gloves, she quickly set the temperature for 70. She was gratified to hear a muffled thump as the furnace kicked in. Hopefully the cabin wouldn't take too long to warm up. Stephanie returned to the car and pulled Janice out, carrying her into the house, kicking the front door closed, and laying her on the couch in front of the fireplace.

Steph took some chopped wood piled nearby and built a nice fire that caught quickly. Eyeing the remainder, she hoped there was a nice supply in back of the cabin. After confirming this, she went back to her car, turned it off, grabbed the keys and her purse and hurried back into the house.

Returning to her charge, Stephanie checked her temperature and felt a strong pulse. Realizing the girl's clothes had probably bled out a lot of her body heat, Stephanie began to remove the outer layers. As she got to the thermals, she felt the material still had a trace of warmth. She piled a couple of blankets she had retrieved from the linen closet over Janice. She also grabbed two terry cloth robes. Then she went back to the woodpile and got a sufficient supply of wood for days in several trips.

She began to remove her own chilled clothes including the thermal undergarments. Standing in a pair of lace panties, she enjoyed the warmth of the fire on her bare skin. Stephanie's hands cupped her breasts and, as she pinched her erect nipples, she

closed her eyes.

She slid one hand down to graze the front of her panties. The fire's heat was creating conflicting reactions in Steph's body. She was becoming aroused but she also was feeling a growing sense of fatigue. The fatigue won and she grabbed a robe and a blanket, and adding wood to the fire, sat against the sofa and let sleep come.

Janice woke up just before dawn and felt panic rising when she realized she had no idea where she was. The last thing she remembered clearly was a thumping noise outside of the stranded car and her hitting the horn. The rest was fuzzy.

Looking at the figure curled on the rug below her, she decided, 'This must be the Good Samaritan who saved my bacon. Who is it? And, especially, where the hell are we?'

Janice stepped over the sleeping figure towards the fire. Seeing the fire burn low, she added some logs to build it up again before she started to look for the bathroom. Finding one just off the living room, she sat in the dark humming "Taking Care Of Business" while she did just that.

Shaking her head when she realized what she was doing, she thought, 'I'm still a smart ass bitch. The cold didn't freeze that out of me. That's good, I think.'

She flushed, drank some water, and returned to the warmer room. She noted with satisfaction that the new wood had caught and the fire was burning well. As she returned to the couch, the figure on the floor moved and Janice saw her face. It was the snowbunny from the lodge! "I was saved by some blond bimbo who stole my man from me!" she said, then she laughed when she thought how much she sounded like some country western song.

'Well, this'll take some thinking,' she thought as she lay back on the couch again. 'She's a tramp and a whore, but she did save my life. Do I thank her and then claw her eyes out, or..?' As this train of thought progressed, Janice soon fell asleep to dreams of her and the blond Amazon fighting in the snow. Pete was there cheering them on. Soon, the snow turned into white sheets and she was in bed with Pete. As he got on top of her and began to thrust, she realized he had no dick! Looking up at her dream lover, she saw the snowbunny smile at her as their pussies slammed together.

"Wha..." Janice sat up. "What the fuck was that?"

"Oh, good morning. How do you feel?" a voice called from the direction of the bathroom.

"You! You're the bitch who was fucking Pete!" Janice yelled as she got up tangle of blankets. "You fucking whore! You goddammed blond cunt!"

"Whoa! Hold on there. I didn't do anything with, Pete you said? I thought he was alone and I needed a shoulder to cry on. Then he started to put the moves on me," Stephanie said as she stood in the bathroom doorway, giving her time in case the little brunette came at her.

"Yeah, you were doing a lot of fucking crying, bitch!" Janice snarled.

"No, it's not like that. Let me explain, please. You owe me that much," Stephanie pleaded.

At Janice' curt nod, she told the enraged woman about Diana and the chambermaid, how she ran into Pete in the lounge, and how, when she found out he wasn't flying solo, she left the lodge and hit the road. Lastly she told of seeing the taillights of the buried car and pulling Janice out. Janice stood by the sofa, still angry but she was losing her grip on it. She began to feel sympathetic to the tall woman in front of her. When she realized that this girl had, in fact, saved her, she fell back on the couch, covered her face and began to sob.

Stephanie waited a moment before sitting next to her and pulling the quaking girl into her arms, trying to comfort her. "Shh. Shh, it'll be okay. You're safe now and nothing else matters." Stephanie rocked Janice and stroked her soft brown hair until the sobbing stopped.

Looking up through red rimmed eyes, Janice said, "I'm such a b_huh, a bitch! I'm sorry I called you all those things."

"That's okay, sweetie. You're upset, who wouldn't be? Don't worry," Stephanie said to the tear streaked face below her.

Janice sniffed, "I usually talk without thinking, I'm sorry. Also, just to warn you, I'm also a big smartass."

"Thanks for the warning. Come on," Stephanie said, taking Janice' hand, "Let's see if John left any food in his pantry." In the pantry, they found an unopened box of Ritz crackers and some peanut butter. There was also several packets of Kool Aid. Grabbing a pitcher, Stephanie asked, "Any preference? About the Kool Aid." The last added to stifle the creative comeback Janice was ready to utter.

"Let's try something different and mix some of them. How about cherry and strawberry?" Janice suggested.

"Okay, Miss Adventure," Stephanie laughed. "Grab a couple of glasses outta that cabinet and the pitcher. After I get the water, we're back in the living room. It's freezing in here!"

"Yeah, I can tell. Even in the robe, it's obvious the turkeys are done!" Janice smirked at the girl she was rapidly beginning to like.

Stephanie, feeling her nipples poking the material, looked at her new friend, cocking an eyebrow. Janice turned red, looked away and said, "I, uh I didn't mean it like that. I would never, uh, that is, I never...Well, you know." Janice was amazed at herself, she, the eternal smartass, was never at a loss for words.

Neither spoke until they were on the couch and sharing the crackers and peanut butter. "So uh, where are we? This obviously isn't the lodge, but you know someone who lives here," Janice said.

"Yes, it's my cousin John's cabin. He offered it to me for my romantic winter getaway with Diana since he's on his second honeymoon in the Florida Keys. We decided we wanted to be around people, so we stayed at the lodge instead," Stephanie said.

Janice noted the trace of sadness in Stephanie's eyes when she mentioned Diana. 'This chick must've meant a lot to her,' Janice thought.

As if she had read Janice' mind, Stephanie said, "I guess I was pretty stupid. Things with Diana have been rough for several months now. I've known her for a long time, longer than we've been lovers, and she was never a one woman girl. I suppose I hoped it'd be different with me." Stephanie ended this with a sigh.

Janice sat up a little straighter and looked at Stephanie. She was quite beautiful with her long blond hair and perfect features. Janice supposed the body matched the perfect face. "She must be very stupid. I mean," Janice continued when Stephanie looked at her, "you're beautiful and intelligent. You obviously care; look at me for an example. Yeah, she was stupid."

Stephanie smiled at that, and Janice thought she looked radiant. "Yeah, well Phil..."

"Pete," Janice corrected her.

"Yeah, Pete was no prize either. You are a very pretty girl and you seem very intelligent. And you have a sense of humor. I love that in people," Stephanie said.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm not coming on to you. I just meant..." Stephanie faltered.

Janice smiled, "That's okay. I understand." Looking back towards the bathroom, Janice asked, "Does this joint have any hot water? I'd love to get cleaned up."

"Yeah, my cousin has gas everything, except electricity of course. C'mon, I'll get some towels and candles so you won't be in the dark. Here, put this robe on and you can throw your 'delicates' in that pile there," Stephanie said as she stood and reached for the other terry cloth robe.

Stephanie took two large candles into the bathroom and lit them, then turned on the shower. The hot water started flowing quickly. 'Wish it was like this at my place,' she lamented. Stepping back into the living room, she saw Janice in the blue terry cloth kicking a pair of long johns towards the dirty laundry pile, as Stephanie had taken to calling it.

"Okay, the shower's ready and there are towels on the counter." Stephanie stepped aside as Janice went into the mist filled room, eyeing the tight belt and the terrycloth as it flared over Janice' hips.

"Save me some hot water, too," the tall blonde admonished.

Janice stopped as she was closing the door, and wondering what had come over her, looked Stephanie in the eye, and unbelted the robe. As it slid from her nude form, she smiled and said, "Save water, bathe with a friend."

Stephanie stood staring at the lovely girl in front of her. Janice was smaller than Stephanie but everything went together perfectly. She had lovely breasts capped by pretty pink nipples, a narrow waist with slightly flaring hips, lean, shapely legs, and a trim brown bush.

"Are you sure?" Stephanie asked, hoping the brunette would say "Yes."

"No, I'm not but it seems right. I, well," Janice dropped her eyes, embarrassed, "Unless you don't find me attractive?"

Stephanie didn't know what to say, so she simply unbelted her robe and let it slide off her shoulders. She hooked her thumbs into her panties and pushed them down, stepping out of them. Smiling, she walked toward the younger girl and lifted Janice' chin in her hand. Stephanie leaned forward and lightly touched her lips to Janice'. Gratified that Janice didn't pull away, she pressed her lips more firmly against the other girl's.

Janice opened her mouth to Stephanie's questing tongue as she slid her arms around the taller girl. Stephanie placed her hands on either side of Janice' face and held her gently while exploring her mouth. Holding Janice tightly, Stephanie moved into the bathroom and led her into the steamy shower. When the spray hit them, they both gasped, sharing breath.

Stephanie reached for the herbal shampoo and began to massage the lather into Janice' scalp. Janice smiled and made a little "ooo" noise. Gently guiding the soapy head under the spray, Steph rinsed the shampoo out.

Janice took the bottle off the shelf and, pulling the taller girl down, applied the shampoo to Stephanie's long blond locks. As she finished rinsing the long strands clean of soap, Stephanie swept the wet hair back and kissed Janice deeply.

Stephanie broke their lip lock and reached for the soap. She began to lather up the small figure in front of her and kissing bare skin as it got rinsed clean. She especially loved the pert little boobs. As Stephanie worked her oral magic on Janice' breasts, she slipped her soapy fingers into the tight warm slit between her legs. Janice moaned deep in her throat, feeling warm waves flowing out from her sexual centers.

Janice grabbed Stephanie's head and pulled her into her chest and screamed as her first orgasm washed over her. She staggered and leaned against the shower wall as she tried to get her breathing under control. Stephanie stood there and smiled as she enjoyed watching the young girl climax. 'This girl has a hair trigger,' she thought.

Janice opened her eyes and looked at Stephanie, "Now, it's your turn!" She tried to sound threatening, but Steph wasn't fooled.

Janice hesitated and looked into Stephanie's eyes, saying, "I've never done this before. What if I don't please you?"

Stephanie's breath caught. When she saw the vulnerable look in the girl's eyes, she was captivated. "Don't worry. You will be wonderful! Just start by washing me, and then do whatever feels right." And, added to herself, 'I'll bet Pete never saw that exposed side of her. I just want to hold her and protect her from creeps like him.'

Stephanie took Janice' soapy hand and placed it on her large breast, "Just do what you like having done to you."

Janice smiled and gently squeezed the large, soft globe, loving the feel of it in her hand and the way the nipple poked into her palm. She raised her other hand and took Steph's other breast in it, gently squeezing again.

Janice stood there holding Stephanie's breasts as the warm water cascaded over the pair. Then she took a breath, thought 'Now or never!' and lowered her mouth to suck on the right breast. Now it was Stephanie's turn to moan as the inexperienced girl began to tongue her nipple. 'She's a natural,' Steph thought as Janice switched to her left breast, never releasing either from her grasp.

Finally, her curiosity got the better of her, and Janice moved a hand down the flat, tight stomach to the lightly furred pubic mound. Thinking of how she liked to touch herself, she began to stroke and pinch the tender, moist flesh under her fingers before plunging two digits into the hot slit.

Stephanie was more than ready to have to guide the young lady in her Sapphic exploration, but Janice hit just the right spots and Steph sagged against the shower door as she gasped out her orgasm. As her breathing returned to normal, she kissed Janice, thrusting her tongue into the shorter woman's mouth. Janice accepted the

vibrant invader and parried it with her own tongue.

They kissed passionately until the hot water turned cold. Then, shivering, they quickly left the stall and dried each other off. This helped warm both women and got them ready for more. Now it was Janice' turn to lead. She took Stephanie by the hand and led her back in front of the fire.

After making the blonde lay on the soft rug, she squatted down and added logs to the fire. Stephanie half mockingly whistled at the lovely ass in front of her. She could just glimpse the pouty little lips in the shadowy area between the thighs of the smaller woman. She was sure they were wet, and not from the shower they had just shared!

Crawling back to the other woman, Janice bemoaned her hair. "No hair dryer! My hair will be a mess!" she cried as she held the damp mass hanging by her face.

"I'll be happy to brush it for you," Stephanie offered. She got up and retrieved a brush from her handbag. Sitting back against the couch and said, "Sit here and I'll brush your hair."

Janice sat down between Steph's legs a little rigidly and leaned her head back slightly. Stephanie took the brush and began to gently run it through the thick brown hair. Cold droplets of water sprinkled her thighs, making her give out a little squeak.

"What? Is something wrong?" Janice asked.

"No, honey. Just some cold water on bare skin. Sit still for a second, would you?" The last was not really a question. As she brushed, she felt Janice lose some of the tenseness and begin to lean back against her. She knew the brunette could feel her nipples prodding her back. As she stroked the brown locks, Janice told her about the dream she had that morning. Stephanie felt a warm rush when she found out that Janice had dreamed about her.

Finishing a few minutes later, she handed the brush around the nude girl and said, "Now do me!" Stephanie took time to gently squeeze one of her breasts. "Hey! What gives? Copping a cheap feel?" Janice asked lightly as she got to her knees facing the taller woman.

"Yeah. Waddy gonna do about it?"

"This," Janice kissed Stephanie before sitting on the couch with her legs flanking Steph's body. She leaned over and began to brush the long, wet strands as they gleamed golden in the firelight.

"Ooh, now I know what you mean about cold water on bare skin," Janice shivered. Looking at the large, firm breasts below her, Janice cupped one and asked, "How do you keep in such great shape? Do you go to a gym?"

"Yeah, I go several times a week depending on my schedule. I could take you there sometime, but I gotta warn you, it's a girl's only place."

"Sounds interesting," Janice replied. Finishing, she set the brush on the cushion and leaned over the blond head and kissed Stephanie upside down.

"That was different," Stephanie said. "Very nice, but different. C'mon over here." Taking the brunette's hand, she pulled her over to the rug and made Janice lay on her back. Stephanie knelt over her with her legs on either side and slowly sat down on Janice' hips. She continued to lean forward until she was laying completely on top of the young woman.

Stephanie started by kissing Janice' mouth. After taking a few moments to rekindle their inner fire, she scooted down and resumed sucking on Janice' breasts. Steph's hand slid down to again invade Janice' moist center, followed shortly by her lips and tongue. As she parted Janice' lower lips, she heard a slight intake of breath from the girl. Smiling, she began to lick around the intruding fingers up to the girl's clitoris. Stephanie began to suck on the little, highly excited nub and Janice began to moan.

Janice had been amazed at how good Stephanie made her feel in the shower. It was one of the most amazing orgasms she had ever had. But it didn't even compare to the feelings the talented blonde was creating with her fingers and tongue now. Janice held Steph's head in her hands as her second climax burst over her.

"AAAOOOOOO! GGGGGGODD! IIIII'MMM CCOOO MMMMINGGG!" she yelled out.

Janice fell limp on the rug as Stephanie crawled up next to her. She cradled the seemingly boneless girl against her as Janice' ragged breathing returned to normal. Janice opened her eyes and smiled up at Stephanie. She didn't say anything at first, just enjoyed the cuddling and the soft cushiony feel of the breast her head was resting on.

Finally, she said, "That was fantastic! I've never screamed when I came before. I thought I was dying, but it was a much nicer death than..." She shivered involuntarily at the recent memory.

Stephanie hugged her tighter, saying, "You'll always be safe when I'm around." Then she added, "You are the most responsive girl I've ever made love to. You really never did anything like this before?"

"No, I don't think I ever really even thought about it, except that dream. I always told boyfriends when they asked that I thought it was disgusting. God, was I wrong! It's wonderful!" Janice answered.

"It can be very beautiful with the right person," Stephanie looked directly into the other girl's brown eyes as she said this. Janice didn't break eye contact until their lips

met and she closed her eyes as the kiss deepened. She had never enjoyed kissing anyone this much before. She loved the feel of Stephanie's lips, and her tongue. She loved the way she tasted. Janice felt that she couldn't get enough of this. What Janice didn't realize was that Stephanie felt the same way.

Janice pulled away and said, "Now, I want to try you. Just help me to please you." Janice again marveled at the feel of the large breasts and how much she enjoyed sucking on them. No wonder men wanted to do this so much. She finally moved on and lowered her face to Stephanie's pussy. She stared at it and ran her fingers through the silky, blond hair above the protruding lips. Janice had never seen a woman's sex before as an object of desire. Now she wanted to memorize every detail.

The aroma of arousal finally got her attention and she leaned further and began to lick the dew from the excited labia. Janice was surprised by the taste but not revolted, as she was afraid she'd be. After a moment, she realized she liked it and began to furiously tongue the pussy before her.

Stephanie reached down and pulled Janice's head up to look at her and said, "Take your time. Enjoy what you're doing and I'll enjoy it, too." Janice nodded and returned to the wet pussy before her. She slid her fingers back into the wet cavern and marveled at the heat she felt there. Remembering what Stephanie had done, she moved her lips up to the clitoris rising from its little fleshy sheath. Once she began to tongue Stephanie's clit, it wasn't long before the blonde was overcome by her orgasm.

Janice felt the juices gush around her fingers and valiantly tried to lap up as much as she could. While waiting for Stephanie to recover, she licked the womanly honey from her fingers and looked at the prone figure before her. She knew that she wouldn't regret anything she and Stephanie had done together, it was too wonderful.

Stephanie opened her eyes and said, "You are a natural! That was one of the best orgasms I've ever had!"

Rising to what she interpreted as a challenge, Janice said, "Only one of the best? Well, that's going to change real fast! Come here, snowbunny!" It took the plows until the end of the day to clear the highway past the base of the long drive so people could get out of the snow covered mountains. But the two women holed up in the cabin at the head of that drive could've cared less. They both managed to find the romantic getaway weekend they were looking for.

* * * * *

Almost a full year later...

"Hey! I'm home!" Janice yelled as she entered the apartment she shared with the woman she loved.

"I'm back here on the deck!" Stephanie answered. "And I have great news!"

The last was almost yelled into Janice' face as she stepped out and looked at the wet city before them.

"I saw Diana at lunch. She was with yet another girl. She's insatiable! What's that, number nine this year?" Janice said about their friend. Diana and Stephanie had been friends too long, and felt they had to salvage that friendship and now Janice was a welcome addition to that close knit group.

"You know, the only thing I like about the rainy season in LA is the smog is gone for a few days," the brunette said as she slid her arm around Steph's waist.

"Yeah, well you won't even have to worry about the rain in a couple of days. Remember I told you I'd arrange an anniversary trip? Done." Stephanie smiled. "We can go skiing and lots of other things."

"No! No fucking way am I going into those death trap mountains again!" Janice declared stepping away from the tall blonde. "I had enough snow to last me the rest of my life!"

Steph's smile grew, she loved antagonizing the fiery little brunette, almost as much as she loved the fiery little brunette. Taking Janice by the hand, she smiled, "No you silly bitch. Water skiing. John is lending us his time share on Key West. It's right on the Gulf and we can swim all day and night."

Looking somewhat contrite, Janice hugged Stephanie and said, "Well, alright then." Then she tilted her face up to kiss the beautiful woman standing in her arms.

"Hey, does this mean you're a beach bunny, now?"

Stephanie ignored the last comment, saying "Anyway, if it wasn't for the snow, we might never have met."

The two kissed as the winter rain fell on Los Angeles.

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