

~ Snowy Night ~

(Damsel In Distress - Part Two)

by Mavis Applewater

December 2002

For disclaimers see [part one](#).

A special thank you goes out to my beta reader Joanne.

The snow is coming down really hard now and it seems like I've been waiting an eternity for the tow truck. I know that it's only been about twenty minutes, but when you're stranded by the side of the road in the middle of a snowstorm on Christmas Eve, twenty minutes can seem like forever. Still, it isn't like I have anywhere to go or anyone waiting for me when I get home. The solitary life I lead is my own doing. My family turning away from me because they wouldn't accept my lifestyle and my demanding career has led me to being alone on Christmas Eve.

Tonight the most I can hope for is that the tow truck driver will be Casey. I haven't seen the tall dark-haired beauty since the last time my aging Volkswagen Rabbit decided it wasn't going to simply deliver me home in a timely fashion. I had accepted that Sara, my beloved car, had decided that heat was no longer an option. Still I held out hope that she would actually have the good manners not to break down in the middle of nowhere during the worst snowstorm in years. Silly me.

But if the fates smile on me and send the lovely Casey to my rescue, then perhaps I might just get a little Christmas gift after all. Then again there was no guarantee that Casey would be as willing or as eager as she had been on that rainy night. I sigh deeply as I recall how the taller woman's libido matched my own. I know I'm blushing as the images of her making love to me in the middle of my kitchen fill my mind. I should be shivering from the cold but instead I find my body heat rising as the memories fill my senses.

It's been several long and lonely months since I was so brazen with the beautiful stranger. Work has been overwhelming me. My job isn't easy. I don't even like to talk about it with people. When Casey drove me into town the following morning I had her drop me off at the coffee shop around the corner from the station. I didn't want her to know what I do for a living. What could I say after that intense encounter? Oh by the way, I'm a homicide detective and I just spent the day looking at the dead bodies of two little girls. That certainly would have killed the mood.

As it turned out I didn't have to worry since it appeared that my path was not destined to cross Casey's again. I had hoped that she might return to my place late one night for at least one more performance. That was the problem with a really good one-night stand; it's only for one night. "Bummer," I mutter to myself.

I'm so lost in the fantasy of Casey that I fail to notice the blinking yellow lights of the tow truck pulling in behind me. The sharp rap at my window makes me jump. I catch my breath as I check

the rearview mirror to assure myself that it's the tow truck and not some ax murderer wandering through the snowy wilderness. I roll down my window, and as the snow drifts inside my car, a pair of amazingly blue eyes smiles down at me.

"Have you ever considered buying a new car?" Casey teases me.

"Whatever for?" I quip in response as I try to calm the rapid beating of my heart. I look up and down the woman's body I had the pleasure of knowing for just one magical night. I decide that she looks absolutely incredible even all bundled up in her heavy winter gear.

"Why don't you go get warm in my truck while I look under Sara's hood?" she offers in a warm tone that sends a shiver down my spine.

"Thank you," I accept as I pop the hood for her. I know my hands are shaking as I gather up the case files I'd been planning on working on tonight. I can't help wondering - if I'm as brazen about my desires tonight as I was the last time, will she refuse me? As I trudge through the heavy snow towards her truck, I'm lost in my thoughts and my body is tingling with desire. It was strange how this woman, who I really don't know anything about, can ignite such intense desire within me.

I feel the warmth creeping over my body and I try to see her while she looks at my car. I know the heat I feel isn't emanating from the hot air blasting from the truck's vents. My only problem is how to go about propositioning this gorgeous woman. Somehow the first time was much easier. Now we have a history of sorts, which suddenly is making the entire situation very uncomfortable.

Once again I'm stirred out of my musings as Casey opens the driver's side door and stares at me with a grim expression. "What's the verdict?" I inquire nervously.

"Honestly?" she asks with a grimace.

"Honestly," I assure her.

"I think you should get a gun and put that poor old car out of its misery," Casey bluntly informs me.

"Damn," I mutter as I contemplate a future without my beloved car. Granted, the relationship has been one sided in the past year or so, but Sara was my first car.

"Ryan?" Casey interrupts my thoughts. "I'm going to tow your car to Dirk's; he'll be straight up with you."

"I know; a lot of . . .," I stammer, almost letting it slip that a lot of the cops go to Dirk, "my co-workers have recommended him. And he did a great job with my alternator."

"I'll give you a lift back to your place if you want?" Casey added shyly.

"Thank you," I blurt out. "I mean, if it's not out of your way, that would be great."

"Well, once again you've managed to be my last stop of the evening," Casey explains as she lingers outside of the truck's cab. "Are you still out on East Lake Road?"

"Yes," I respond softly, unable to keep the smile from blossoming on my lips.

"Still enjoying your solitude?" she questions me with a hint of sadness.

"You could say that," I answer, the timber of my voice echoing hers.

I'm still considering whether or not I should invite her in for coffee once we arrive at my house as we drop off my poor little car at the garage. "Casey?" I begin carefully after coming to the realization that I might be intruding on the brunette's life. In my excitement over seeing her again, I'd overlooked the fact that it was Christmas Eve and the object of many of my late night fantasies probably had plans. "I'm not interrupting your holiday, am I?"

"No," she reassures me with a soft smile. "I'm not seeing my family until tomorrow morning. Tonight most of my siblings are spending time with their respective in-laws. But tomorrow we're all going to be together at my parents' house," she explains as her smile grows brighter.

"I forgot that you come from a big family." I smile despite my own inner turmoil. Something about the way she talks about her family warms my heart. "Didn't you tell me that you're one of ten kids?"

"Wow." Casey smiles as she maneuvers her large truck across the slick roads that are quickly vanishing under a heavy snowfall. "I can't believe that you remember that."

"It's hard to forget." I laugh, feeling more and more at ease with the taller woman.

"It's just that my ex, Amanda, probably couldn't name all of my siblings, much less remember how many of us there are, and we were together for over five years," she explains to me as she keeps a constant focus on the icy roads.

"Now I find that odd," I respond. "How could she not take an interest in your family? You're obviously close to them. Tell me about them," I encourage her. I need to hear that someone out there has a normal loving family.

"Are you sure?" she asks. I can tell by her voice that she's eager to tell me all about her nine brothers and sisters.

"I wouldn't have asked if I didn't," I answer her honestly.

"Okay, here goes. Jarrod's the oldest; he's from my mother's first marriage," she begins with a flourish. "Then there's Frankie Jr. and Shaun from Dad's first marriage. His first wife passed

away. Then comes Maureen, she's the oldest of the girls and she's from Mom's second marriage, then there's Deshawna and Byron from Mom's third marriage."

"Deshawna?" I ask, puzzled by the ethnic-sounding name.

"Yes," she answers me as I watch her face tighten slightly. "Then George, Michael, and Stephen are actually Mike Sr.'s kids from another marriage, but when he and his wife died in an accident they just joined the family. Mike was mom's third husband. Then there's my sister Taylor. Then Mom and Dad met and had me and thankfully marriage finally worked out for Mom. They've been together for almost thirty-two years," she finished with a flourish.

"So your father is actually your mother's fifth marriage?" I ask, curious as to why she skipped over Taylor's placement in the lineup.

"Uhm no," she says softly. "Her fourth."

"Oh," I say quickly, understanding that Taylor's father was probably a jerk.

"You're very observant." Casey notes.

"Occupational hazard," I say before I can think better of it.

"And exactly what would that be?" she pries.

"The snow is coming down pretty hard," I comment in an effort to avoid the subject. "Are you sure you're going to be all right driving on these roads?"

"Yeah," She answers me with a hint of hesitation. "Still don't want to talk about your job?"

I ponder it as something in the back of my mind starts to worry me. I work with a lot of people who have the same names as Casey's siblings, including my new partner Byron. Rumor has it that Byron's related to Frances Stewart Sr., the commissioner. But that would be a long shot - the old man is a good old Irish cop as is my captain Frank Jr., and Byron is African American. "So you're the baby?" I throw out in an effort to keep the conversation going while my mind is still processing what she's told me.

"And they never let me forget it," Casey responds with a hearty laugh. "You don't know what you missed being an only child. You have no idea what it's like to have nine overprotective siblings. Dad was no picnic either. I keep telling them that I'm gay because they scared off every guy in town."

"I wonder if that logic would work on my stuffy parents?" I laugh, thinking how much of an embarrassment I am to my father, the Republican senator.

"You don't get along with your family?" she asks me quietly.

"No," I answer, knowing that the bitterness I feel has slipped through. "Are you sure you're going to make it back tonight?" I ask in concern and a deep need to once again change the subject.

When she fails to answer me, my eyes drift from her body up to hands that are fiercely gripping the steering wheel. "Casey?" I ask in a quiet tone, not wanting to break the intense concentration she was directing towards the blanket of white that was ahead of us.

"Sorry," she finally mumbles. "I was just wishing I had the truck with the plow on it."

"And you don't because?" I ask, curious as to whether or not this beautiful woman and I were going to be snowed in together.

"Different purposes," she explains as her brow creases in worry. "This truck has a winch in case I need to pull someone out of a snow drift. Besides, my nephew Danny has the plow. I'm letting him earn some extra money for school. This truck is big and has four wheel drive so we should be able to make it to your place eventually."

"But there's a good chance that you shouldn't risk driving back into town," I finish her thoughts for her. "You know you can bunk at my place for the night," I offer. My heart skips a beat as I contemplate the possibilities. "Still, I don't want you to be stuck with me and miss seeing your family tomorrow. Plus I know you might not be comfortable sleeping at my place after what happened the last time."

I hold my breath waiting for her answer while she slows her truck down. "Ryan, spending the night with you isn't a problem," she explains to me in a breathy tone that makes my pulse race. "The last time was so amazing, and I would be a liar if I said that I wasn't hoping to spend more time with you. I'm just more than a little worried about getting us to someplace safe. Once we're someplace warm and dry, whatever does or does not happen is up to us."

"So the only question is which is the best choice - your place or mine?" I ask as I study the road ahead of us, or rather the deep layer of snow covering what was once the road. "Which one would be closer and the safest to get to?" I'm thankful that my libido has calmed down and I'm focusing on the more important issue.

Casey releases a heavy sigh as she studies the road and her rearview mirror. "Your place is closer," she finally informs me. "So do you at least have a tree up?"

"Yes." I chuckle. "I'll even make you cocoa," I add with a slight purr. "You should call your family when we get there."

"I'll take care of that now," she responds casually as she unclips the handheld radio from the dash. "Danny?"

"Aunt Sharla, where are you?" a young voice squeaks.

"Sharla?" I say in surprise as the last of the pieces fall into place. *'Now I have a real problem,'*

my mind screams as I realize whom my knight in shining armor really is.

"Problem?" she teases me.

"No," I grumble as she gives me a curious look.

"Danny, I'm on my way out to East Lake Road," Casey informs him. "Aunt Taylor is staying at my place. Could you call her and let her know that I'm staying at a friend's tonight?"

Danny agrees and Casey goes through a list of things the young man needs to be wary of while he plowed that evening. I can hear the respect mixed with frustration in the young man's voice as they speak. It warms my heart to see how close Casey is to her family. "Just humor me and be careful. Don't work too late or your Dad will skin me alive," Casey cautions him once more before cutting the connection.

"I think it's sweet how you're more worried about him plowing around downtown than you are about yourself driving around in the middle of nowhere," I say with a light laugh.

"He's just a kid," she protests.

"And how old is this kid?" I push, knowing that if he needs money for school that he's probably at least old enough to vote. I smile as we finally turn onto East Lake Road. It would be another couple of miles to my house and the long stretch of road is darker than usual.

"Twenty-one," Casey informs me. "You know how it is; he'll still be just a kid to me. Looks like the power lines are down. Please tell me your heating isn't electrical."

"Oil," I reassure her as we creep along the road. "And the stove is gas so I can still make your cocoa. And we can take a hot shower when we get in." I blush as I realize that my statement implies that we'll shower together. Although the thought is more than a little appealing to me, I'm still not certain where I stand with the desirable Miss Casey and now I have a new problem.

"I like the sound of that," Casey responds softly as she finally pulls into my driveway. I'm impressed that she remembers which house it is after all this time.

I unload my belongings from her truck and she follows me up to the front door. I grumble when I notice that the power is indeed out. I unlock the door and we step inside. Despite the cold, I can feel a crackling of electricity flowing between us. I briefly wonder if it would be rude of me to simply jump her right then and there. "Let me get some candles lit," I offer as I set my things down on the sofa. "Make yourself comfortable."

I begin to light the candles that I have lying around the living room as holiday decorations. She removes her coat and boots and steps further into the room. I can see she's shivering. Before I offer her a shower, there's something I need to know. "Casey, is your last name Stewart?" I nervously ask as I move the candles to safe locations.

"Yes," she says in surprise. "Didn't I tell you that?"

"No," I respond with a heavy sigh. "So your father is Commissioner Stewart and your brother Frankie is Captain Stewart?" I ask as I shrug off my leather coat, knowing that my badge is clipped to my belt.

"Yes," she responds flatly. "What's wrong?" Her voice trails off as she spots the badge. "You're a cop? Why the big mystery? Ryan, with the exception of Maureen who's a doctor, Shaun who's a priest, and Taylor who's with the FBI, everyone in my family is a cop. Hell, I used to be on the force. It would be safe to assume that I wouldn't have a problem dating one."

"I know. That's not the problem." I chuckle. "You're the commissioner's daughter; any cop would be an idiot to cross that line."

"You've already crossed that line," Casey points out to me in a husky tone.

It's true. I'd slept with the big boss' daughter and my boss' baby sister. The expression *'beyond screwed'* rings in my ears as I brace myself for the next question I must ask. "Your brother Byron - is he African American by any chance?" I ask as a sense of dread fills me.

"Yes," she responds cautiously. "Half of my siblings are. Mike Sr. was black. You got a problem with that?" she spits out accusingly.

"No," I respond, almost laughing at the accusation. "Byron Mitchell is my new partner." I watch as her crystal blue eyes widen in sudden understanding. "He talks about his baby sister Sharla a lot. He is very overprotective and I'm beginning to fear for my life."

"Sorry." She laughs and I'm drawn in by the delightful sound of her rich laughter. "It's just that this is a small and not always understanding town. From what I've heard my own grandparents freaked out when Dad started dating a divorcee with a boatload of kids. And they were less than thrilled that not all of her kids were white. It's led to some problems."

I stand there trembling as I wonder just how short my life span will be if any of my co-workers ever find out about my tryst with the baby of the Stewart clan. I risk glancing over to look at the woman who can set my body on fire with a simple glance or smile. She's shivering. "Why don't you take a shower and get warm? I'll put on some hot chocolate and find something for you to put on," I timidly suggest.

"Wow, I can't believe it," she addresses me incredulously. "This is quite a change. Aren't you the same woman who gave me a complete floorshow in her kitchen the last time I was here? Are you no longer attracted to me or are you that intimidated by my family?"

I look over at her and once again I feel my body demanding that I reach out to her. "Trust me; I'm still attracted to you," I confess in a breathy tone. "I've been dreaming about you," I shyly confess in a soft voice that I pray she can't hear.

"Then what's the problem?" she asks me as she closes the distance between us. "What do you want Santa to bring you tonight, Ryan?" she teases me as she runs the tips of her fingers along the damp collar of my shirt.

I know that I'm trembling and I realize that the tables have turned completely from our last encounter. I know what I want, and from the hungry gaze she's casting down upon me, I know that Casey wants the same thing. Tonight it's her turn to lead the dance and I'm the one who's helpless to resist. I feel as if she has stripped me bare and left me exposed to all of my deep hidden desires.

Her hot breath is warming my cold face as she leans closer to me. "Ryan, it's Christmas Eve and I want to spend it unwrapping you," she says, leaving me no room for doubt as her voice deepens. "Tell me what you want on this magical night."

"You," I managed to choke out as I feel her lashes brushing against my skin.

My knees buckle as her lips brush against my neck and her hands drift down the front of my damp clothing. "Let's take a shower and get warmed up," she whispers hotly in my ear.

"I don't think I can get any warmer," I whimper weakly as I feel her hands unbuckling my leather belt.

She captures my lips in a soft sensual kiss as she yanks on the ends of my belt and pulls me against her warm inviting body. She deepens the kiss and begins to explore my mouth thoroughly as she guides me towards the bathroom. I feel one of her hands tighten her hold on my belt as her other hand resumes its exploration of my shirt buttons. We stumble into the dark bathroom, never breaking from the fiery kiss.

I can feel my lower anatomy pulsating with desire as she removes my shirt and bra. I pull her shirt from her wet jeans as I feel my belt slipping from the belt loops of my Levis. We're both panting for air as the kiss comes to a reluctant end. I begin fumbling with the buttons of her shirt; my eyes are straining in the darkness in an effort to see her ample cleavage.

Divine intervention blesses me when I notice the light in the hallway flicker on. "Perfect timing," I sigh as I reach behind Casey and flick on the bathroom light, my eyes never straying from her chest. "Oh God," I whisper as I begin to lower her shirt down her shoulders.

I'm stunned when she captures my hands. I look deep into her crystal blue eyes and feel myself drowning in her desire. I'm trembling as I feel the soft leather of my belt wrapping around my wrists. Her eyes drift from mine as she looks around and I feel the dampness of my passion seeping from my body. I know what she's looking for as she guides me back out of the bathroom, tugging on the leather restraint.

"Yes," I hiss as she backs me up against the wall and lifts my arms up over my head. I'm squirming against her body as she ties my belt to the beam running along the upper part of the wall. "I've been dreaming about you too," she purrs as she runs her fingers down along my arms.

"Show me," I beg as I grind my aching center against her body.

"You're so beautiful," she whispers against my skin as she begins to kiss her way down my neck. I squirm harder against her body, needing to feel more of her. I struggle against the restraint holding my wrists captive as Casey's mouth slowly moves further down my body. She moans against my tingling flesh as she licks the valley between my breasts. My eyes flutter shut as she traces my already erect nipple with her tongue. I arch my body, hoping that I will feel her tongue against my nipple. Instead she submits its twin to the same delightful torture.

I feel something brushing against my wrist and almost laugh as I spy my gold badge still dangling from my belt. My eyes snap shut once again as her tongue flickers across my nipples. My entire body arches in response as I struggle to feel her. I wrap my legs around her waist as she suckles one of my nipples eagerly. She continues to tease me as I grind insistently against her body.

My entire body is on fire as she teases my breasts with her mouth and her hands while I rock against her in a wild rhythm. Her long hair brushes against my skin as I feel myself nearing the edge. I whimper as she releases my breast from the warmth of her mouth. My eyes drift open as I feel her unwrapping my legs from her body. I'm trembling with anticipation as her hands roam my half naked body. "Please," I plead as I struggle to free my hands so I can touch her.

"Ssh," she offers gently as her hands caress my waist. I inhale sharply as she lowers the zipper of my jeans. I fight to control my breathing as she begins to lower my pants down my body, kissing every inch of exposed flesh along the way. My mind drifts to the first night we spent together and how good her tongue felt buried inside of me. I look down at her kneeling before me as the aroma of my desire fills the small hallway. She nuzzles my passion-soaked panties while she runs her long fingers along the inside of my thighs. My hips thrust forward, pleading for more contact.

I lick my lips in anticipation; I feel her finger slip beneath the elastic of my underwear as she kisses my abdomen. My entire body jerks in response and I part my thighs, inviting her to take whatever she wants from me. My back presses against the wall as her hands move up to my hips. I watch her every movement as I anticipate her touch. "Casey," I gasp as she lowers my underwear down past my hips.

Soon my underwear joins my faded jeans in a pool around my ankles as Casey kisses her way back up my legs. Each time my body trembles, she insists on revisiting the spot and lavishing it with kisses. I part my legs as far as my clothing will allow as I feel her breath on my thigh. I moan as she nips and tastes the tender flesh that's already quivering from her touch. "Ryan," she moans softly as I feel her fingers dipping into my wetness.

I struggle to breathe as she licks away the wetness that has painted the inside of my thighs. She's so slow in her movements that I'm certain that I'll pass out before she finishes pleasuring me. I'm lost as her fingers glide along my slick folds as she continues to lick my thighs. I can feel my clit pulsating in a steady rhythm as she teases me. "Casey," I repeat. My head is spinning while one

of her hands gently caresses my hip and the other finds its way into her mouth.

I'm helpless as I watch her suck my wetness from her fingers. I cry out when she grazes her thumb across my throbbing clit. Once again her touch retreats as I feel the blood rushing down towards my clit. I tug against my belt in an effort to free myself as she dips her tongue into my wetness. My head falls back as I feel her slowly stroking me with her flattened tongue. Casey's murmurs of pleasure fill me as she suckles my aching nub into the warmth of her mouth and I feel her fingers pressing against the warm wet opening of my center. I thrust against her touch; I crave the feel of her filling my body.

Instead she teases me as she pleasures me with her mouth. I feel a sudden rush as she enters me. Her fingers wiggle inside of me while her mouth feasts upon my wetness. Soon her mouth and her hands are moving in unison as I beg her for release. My ears are ringing as she takes me harder. I feel my passion consuming me as my entire body begins to explode. Just as my climax threatens to overtake me, her mouth leaves me. "Please, Casey," I plead as she rises up and stands before me.

The look she gives me burns my soul as I feel her fingers resume plunging in and out of my wetness. She kisses me and I almost explode from tasting myself on her lips. I feel her adding another finger deep inside of me as our tongues wrap around one another. I am riding against her touch as she takes me harder. "Yes!" I scream as I tear my lips from hers. Casey's body melts into mine as I rock furiously against her.

She pinches my erect nipple while she plunges deeper inside of me. I lose all sense of reality as my body explodes against her knowing touch. My body is still rocking urgently against her when she whispers in my ear, urging me to fall over the edge once again. I can't breathe as I feel my very essence slip from my body.

I'm still struggling to breath normally when I became aware of the fact that my wrists were no longer bound and we were curled up on the floor. I was clinging to her as she held me in a warm embrace. "Shower," I manage to sputter out as I pulled myself from her tender embrace. Somehow I manage to help undress Casey as we stumble back into the bathroom. I kiss her deeply while I fumble to adjust the water temperature.

"Now I get to show you what I've been dreaming about," I boast as I drag her naked body into the warm wet confines of my tiny shower.

"I'm all yours," she promises as I start to run a thick lather all over her body. I take my time as I caress every soapy inch of her glorious flesh. I carefully wash every inch of her and rinse the soap from her body. I'm lost in the sight of the lather flowing down her long firm body.

"Are you?" I ask as I wrap my arms around her from behind. I cup her breasts as I press my wetness against her backside. "Are you mine?" I repeat before I begin to kiss her back and lick her spine.

"Yes," she cries out as I press her against the tiled wall.

I part her shaking thighs with my knee and she presses her hands against the wall in an effort to remain standing. I grind my clit into her firm flesh as she moans with need. "Say it again," I instruct her as I run my hands along her body.

"I'm yours," she chokes out and I hear the intense desire in her words.

I thrust against her as I dip my small fingers into her wetness. She moans again as I run my fingers along her sex. Our hips fall into a steady rhythm as I enter her. Her body rides against me as her hips sway backwards and I take her deeper. Her cries of pleasure ring out as I feel her body climaxing against me.

I hold Casey until she stops trembling and the water turns cold. We step out of the shower quickly, giggling like teenagers. We make the mistake of trying to help the other dry off only start kissing again. "Uh uh," she cautions me. "I know how you are. You think you'll get out making me hot chocolate by diverting my attention with hot sex."

"You're on to me." I laugh as I wrap a large robe around her. I smile as I see that my oversized robe is still far too small for her.

"In fact, you still owe me a cup of coffee from my last visit," she points out as I put on my other robe. I grimace at the sight of it. Like my car it's seen better days but I just can't seem to part with it.

"Why don't you go into the living room and light a fire while I make the hot chocolate?" I suggest eagerly. "And I'll make you coffee in the morning."

"You have a fireplace?" she states in surprise as we step out into the hallway.

"I forgot. You really didn't see that much of this place the last time," I say with a blush as I begin to gather up our clothing so I can toss them into the dryer.

"Kitchen, bedroom. That was about it," she informs me as she hands me my belt with my badge still dangling from it.

"Thanks," I mumble as I feel my blush growing deeper.

Once the hot chocolate is ready, I carry it out to the living room. I smile at the sight; the fire is burning in the fireplace, the tiny white lights on the tree are lit, and Casey is snuggled up on the sofa. "Thanks for lighting the tree," I say as I hand her a steaming mug of hot chocolate.

"Ooo . . . marshmallows." She beams as I sit next to her.

"Only the best," I quip as I feel myself becoming lost in her captivating smile. This time I know it isn't only a sexual attraction. The thought suddenly fills me with a sense of panic.

"Merry Christmas, Ryan," she whispers as I feel the panic slip from my body.

"Merry Christmas, Casey," I echo, unable to stop the silly grin from breaking out on my face.

The End

Continued In [Morning Frost](#).

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