

We're back with a new year here in reality. Hope you lot have recovered from all your celebrations. Things are going get interesting soon enough. For now, Jeremy has his own revelries to get over.

Jeremy came awake at the muffled sound of a phone ringing. He shifted in anticipation of sitting up but stopped himself at the feeling of resistance.

His arm was pinned under the weight of another body. Opening his eyes he could just make out the form of Sheila laying in front of him. He smiled at the memory of the hours before. She still slept, one paw under his neck and the other on top of his side. His own left arm was wrapped around her rump. He squeezed slightly to wake her up.

On the third squeeze she mumbled and opened her eyes. Shifting her head to look up at him she slurred "Wa, wassit matter?"

"Your phone's going off."

"Oh. 'ats my alarm." Sheila explained curling her head into his chest.

"Is it going to stop?"

"No." She groaned. "Lord, I'm so sore."

Jeremy pulled his arm from under her and sat up. Ignoring her protests he climbed out of bed and started searching for her phone. It was in a pocket of her skirt. He tossed the garment to her and let her deal with the noise. Looking around he saw the only light in the room was from the small alarm clock. The time was four thirty two.

He turned to the weasel as she silenced the alarm. She dropped her arms and lay on his bed looking at him. "That was so good last night, but I'm really paying for it now."

Jeremy smirked to himself as he leaned over and picked Sheila up. Her arms went to his to help balance her as she was lifted off the bed. She looked up at him in surprise and shock as he carried her to the bathroom.

Letting her down to stand in the tub Jeremy turned the water on and waited for it to warm up. He pulled the stop for the shower and climbed into the tub pulling the shower curtain closed behind himself. He smiled at Sheila's reaction.

"What? Now you get shy?"

"No, its just, I haven't even showered with any of my mates before."

Jeremy smiled and answered. "They missed out." as he picked up his shampoo bottle. He started rubbing the shampoo into her fur instructing her to just stand and enjoy the experience.

She watched him carefully and after a few seconds he saw her staring at his sheath. "See? If that doesn't convince you I have honorable intentions I don't know what can convince you."

She laughed but relaxed enough to begin enjoying the effort. He spent more time massaging her than cleaning her. Soon he was done and Sheila was moving almost normally. Even when the shower was

done Jeremy focused more on drying Sheila than himself. Back in the main room she picked up her uniform shirt and holding it up appraised its condition.

"You can use one of my shirts to get to your room, if you want."

"That's not necessary. This isn't so bad." she replied pulling the shirt on.

Jeremy sat on the bed and watched her get dressed. He could feel himself stir from the show. Soon though she was ready to leave and stood just inside the door looking back at him. He knew his sheath had swelled to almost double its normal size. His ring muscle holding himself in strained against the internal pressure to be free. Her eyes lingered on his sheath and took in the sight a moment before meeting his.

With a smile she said "Thanks for the awesome night. I'd love to do it again, but I'm not sure I can handle another go so soon."

Jeremy sighed saying "I understand. I'll probably be leaving when the storm passes anyway."

To Jeremy the smile she gave him before opening the door and leaving seemed almost sad. It was now almost six. He doubted the attached restaurant would be open. He got up and dressed in what he'd been using as workout clothes and headed for the gym.

He passed through the lobby seeing the squirrel and Sheila both behind the desk. They both stopped what they were doing and watched him as he crossed the lobby. It was obvious Sheila had shared what had gone on during her off time. The squirrel had a huge smirk on her face.

His workout was once again undisturbed. After cleaning up he went to find the restaurant had opened. After his meal he returned to his room and sat by the window reading and watching the snow pile up again. He skipped lunch and instead snacked from his hoard bought the evening before. By the time the light started dying outside Jeremy had finished the first book. He dropped it in the drawer of the small writing desk. He had no interest in keeping it, he'd been disappointed at the entire work and almost angered at the predictable ending.

Instead of picking up the other book Jeremy got dressed and headed outside. The storm was in full fury. Jeremy felt the snow stick to his fur weighing it down before melting and wetting his skin. There were several other guests out with their young ones. He watched for a while as the younger ones played. There was now a small kernel of an even greater desire in his head after watching the young play in the snow. He went back inside thinking of Sheila. She was very close to his idea of the perfect weasel female.

Even as he satisfied his urges Jeremy knew there was no way they'd be physically compatible. He wasn't finished growing and already he was too large for her. He'd left her sore and aching and all but passed out from exhaustion while he had gone to sleep only marginally satisfied.

With a sigh Jeremy closed the curtains and turned the lights off. He felt ready to get back to work, felt ready to pick his training with Alex back up. He knew he was more than ready to get out of the hotel he felt trapped in. The boredom had started to get to him. He laid on the bed staring at the ceiling.

Opening PATOMES he thought of using the time to try a new approach. Instead of searching for clues and ideas throughout PATOMES he thought that maybe just listening to it might have an effect. With the program open Jeremy waited for something to happen.

He woke with a start. PATOMES was still open. Nothing had changed, there'd been no sign of PATOMES acting on its own in any way. Jeremy closed the program and sat up. Looking at the clock he saw that he'd slept for almost four hours. He knew he'd not be able to get back to sleep, he felt rested to

the point of needing something to do. Opening the curtains he saw the snow was still falling but by the size of the flakes and the amount he hoped it was an indication the storm was about over.

He dressed and headed for the mini-gym again. Even though he'd worked out only hours before he needed something to burn off his excess energy. He worked himself hard, pushing the limits of his body and the machines. He only stopped once he felt about to fall over from fatigue. Making his way back to his room he saw the squirrel look him up and down in amazement. They both knew he'd been at it for more than two hours for the second time that day. It still took more than half an hour for Jeremy to fall asleep once he was back in his room.

When Jeremy woke again he could see the beginnings of dawn coming through the open curtains. Staring at the window it finally registered that the snow had stopped. Getting up and looking out the window he saw that eight more inches had accumulated overnight. There was now in excess of two feet of snow in most of the parking lot. He wondered how long it would be before the parking lot of the hotel was plowed.

He got cleaned up and dressed and headed to the lobby. He stood just outside the doors of the hotel looking at the parking lot. The street beyond the driveway had several inches of snow. He doubted it would be too long before it was plowed again. Back in his room he packed up and left everything by the door and went to eat at the hotel restaurant one last time.

Coming back out to the lobby Jeremy went to the front doors. He saw that not only the road but the driveway had been plowed up to the portico. After taking his bags from his room and securing it to his bike Jeremy went back to check out.

"I guess this is goodbye." Sheila said.

"Sorry, but I need to get back home. Maybe one day I'll be back in town." He said, leaving an opening for the female.

She smiled but it was clearly sad. "Naw. I know what's possible and what isn't. It was great for a one time thing, but now I know I'd never be able to keep up with a dominant." She finished smiling up at Jeremy.

He glanced around to see they were still alone and leaned over the desk. They shared a quick kiss and a smile before Jeremy turned and left. He looked back once but Sheila was looking down at the desk.

Jeremy rode out of the underground parking cautiously. There was still a thin coating of ice and slush everywhere. He stopped at the gas station on the corner and once his bike was full headed to the freeway onramp. He glanced at the hotel once but at the distance he was could see no one. He settled onto his bike for the run home.

Jeremy had every intention of making the rest of the trip in a single run. He felt well rested after being forced to stop for two days. His focus for the moment was on watching the road. There were spots where he could see that the plows hadn't properly cleared. He was more concerned about the spots that he couldn't see until he would feel the bike start sliding. He never hit a spot large enough to make him lose control but there was more than one close call.

By afternoon the roads had cleared due to the sun coming out and the increasing traffic clearing the path. He was soon riding close to the speed limit again. When he stopped for gas it was looking like he was catching up to the trailing edge of the storm. It was an almost imperceptible thing but the sky was slowly growing darker from the storm. Soon he could see an occasional flake drift down in front of him.

Jeremy was forced to slow as the conditions deteriorated. As he came to the start of the mountains Jeremy again stopped for gas. As he payed he saw that the station had a television displaying the all hour news channel. Standing aside after finished paying he asked about the weather conditions ahead. The cougar behind the register advised that the storm had slammed into the mountain range and spent most of its power. If he could get over the pass the roads would likely be clear from then on.

Back on the road after refueling he watched the weather change as predicted. He pushed on until he came up behind a snowplow. There were three cars between him and the plow, soon vehicles started stacking up behind Jeremy as well. They all followed the plow to the top of the pass. He relaxed a bit knowing the worst of the weather was likely over for most of the trip. He was hoping the mountains would continue to block most of the storm, he just needed to clear the leeward side of the range and he'd be clear of it. After nearly another half an hour of riding behind the plow it took an offramp.

Jeremy continued on, following the three vehicles in front of him. The snow had lessened and was now only the occasional flurry. Without the snowplow in front of them the cars ahead of him started pulling away from him. It wasn't long before the cars behind were passing him. Jeremy found it strange that given they were traveling a two lane highway that those behind him would wait until then to start passing.

Jeremy kept his speed down as they passed knowing the winding road not the best place to pass. He also found it more than irritating that as each car passed the wake from their tires hit him with a spray of melting snow and gritty slush. He was forced to pull onto an offramp to avoid being pummeled by the wake of every passing car.

Jeremy stopped at the top of the offramp and watched the line of vehicles pass under him. Even as he watched several were passing others in the line. His riding gear was covered in road slush, fortunately the seals had held up against the rough treatment and his fur was still dry. His bike however was now a uniform brownish grey from being covered in miles worth of slush. Once the majority of the cars had passed under him he started back down the onramp.

Jeremy was able to ride for about five miles before being forced to stop. Looking ahead he saw only stopped cars with their flashers on. Someone, probably someone in the middle of the pack had pushed too far beyond their own ability. There was a scattering of wrecked cars from one side of the road to the other. From his current vantage it looked like no one was going to get through until the twenty plus cars were cleared. Smiling inside his scarf he could guess he could get through. He could see several people milling about in the spaces between the wrecked cars.

He slowly passed the first two wrecks seeing a path through several others ahead. Stopping several times he saw no one injured but several of the cars damaged enough to be disabled. He continued to make his way through the maze of wrecked cars occasionally having to go around several that were locked together from colliding. The line of chain reaction collisions was almost a quarter mile long.

Reaching the start of the chain reaction he saw what had caused the first wreck. By the tracks in the snow a green pickup had been passing when it lost control and slid into the car it was passing. From then on it was a matter of the laws of physics taking charge of the situation. He stopped at the end of the line just past the last wreck looking back to where he'd just gotten through.

There had been no one trapped in a vehicle, every car he'd passed had been empty and the drivers and few passengers had been standing on the road or at the side of the pavement. Everyone involved was lucky to get away with no injuries. He'd recognized the car that had passed him while crowding the line forcing him to make the decision to leave the freeway. He couldn't help himself. His scarf covering his face hid his smirk.

Taking advantage of the impromptu roadblock Jeremy turned his bike and headed toward home. Knowing it would take hours to clear the roadblock he took the opportunity to stop and fill his tank and eat before heading out again.

It was a long and grueling ride after passing the wreck in the mountains. Nothing had slowed him and it still took a full day to get back home. Jeremy parked in his spot in the garage and stood from his bike. Arching his back and stretching the kinks out he felt the tension drain from him. Pulling everything from his bike he made his way to the elevator and up to his apartment. Once inside he dropped everything just inside the door and started stripping off his riding gear.

He was two steps into his bedroom when he stopped at the sight of someone in his bed. Confused and a little upset he walked to the side of his bed looking down at the trespasser. His shoulders dropped when he recognized his brother Eric. Shaking his head at the sight he turned and went back out to the living room. He laid down on the couch not caring that he had stripped down to his fur. The heat was on in the apartment and after the extended ride in the cold of winter it felt warm enough.

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And we're back home. Well, Jeremy's back home. Hope this was a fun diversion. I've always wanted to try something like this and even if it seems a bit of an indulgence it was fun for me.