

Valentine's Day



By Chantal Bellehumeur



Although Emily Jacobson felt that Valentine's Day was a highly commercial holiday, she still looked forward to spending it with her beloved husband William Mancini. It would be their first Valentine's Day together as a married couple.

Emily had told William not to get her any flowers, chocolates, or jewellery because she did not want him to follow the silly rules society (or most likely florists, jewellers, and gift shop owners) had created for Valentine's Day. She did not want him to feel pressured into buying her anything. Plus, Emily wanted William to do special things for her when he wanted to do them, not because he felt he had to.

Receiving little gifts on special occasions was nice, but Emily did not believe that they made people love each other more; just like she had not believed that getting married would make her and William's love grow. Emily would have loved William just as much even if they were not legally wed.

No matter how many times Emily told William that it didn't matter which day they showed and expressed what they meant to each other, she knew that he could not be talked out of doing something super special on Valentine's Day. Deep down she was rather happy about this because she also knew that William would find a way to express his love in an original manner that would make her feel extra special. He always did.

Just the other day, William had made arrangements for a local florist to deliver a large vase with pretty assorted flowers to Emily at her office. The small rectangular note attached to the clear plastic wrapping said "Just thinking of you" and included many x's and o's to represent kisses and hugs. The nice surprise had meant a lot more to Emily than any bouquet given to her on Valentine's Day because she had not been expecting it at all.

William was a very romantic man, and it made Emily love him more each day. She was always bragging about how wonderful her husband was, and how much he made her smile on a daily basis.

Another person who made Emily smile a lot was her adorable child. The young couple had a one year old daughter named Nadia. Emily and William were currently making arrangements to have her babysat on the evening of Valentine's Day, which fell on a Friday this year.

Emily's divorced mother was still single, and free that night. She happily agreed to watch Nadia so that the couple could go out together. Mrs. Jacobson volunteered to pick up Nadia from daycare so that the couple would not have to rush. She also offered to take the toddler overnight since Emily and William were not sure when they would be back from the restaurant. Plus, she figured they could use as much alone time as possible.

William told Emily that he had made reservations somewhere unique but would not give her more details. It made Emily very curious, but she did not harass her husband for answers because she did not want to ruin the surprise.

Emily was anxious all day at the office on Valentine's Day. She watched as most women received pretty bouquets of beautiful flowers (mostly red and pink roses) and talked about the thoughtful e-

cards they received from their significant others or hand written love notes they had found earlier at home.

When Emily's curious female work friends asked what William had done for her to show his love on this special day, Emily told them all that she had received a poem by e-mail; one that William had taken the time to compose himself. Emily did not share the poetry with anyone, but read it a few times herself. It went as follows:

I've been hit by Cupid's Arrow
Under the orders of Aphrodite
And truly would feel much sorrow
If Hades took you away from me

If the three fates should be so cruel
As to enjoy me weeping for my mate
I'd ask great Zeus if he could rule
Against this very unfortunate fate

Yet if he proved to be unkind
And insensitive to living mortals
I would search inside my mind
To think of a more caring immortal.

I do recall poor Ceres now
Whose daughter was rudely stolen from her
And wed without exchange of vow
Causing the seasons summer and winter.

If she should show no compassion
Nor any signs of wanting to help me
I would bring out my frustration
Then I would go visit Persephone.

If the Queen of the Underworld
Made me fetch your soul in the death river
To have you back into the world
I would risk my life and dive deep under.

Whether I would survive or die
Would make no difference in my point of view
I would not have to say good bye
Since either way I would remain with you.

William (not Shakespeare)

Emily liked the original way William had signed his name, and the fact that he had used refer-

ences to Greek and Roman mythologies just like William Shakespeare often did. Although Emily used to have a hard time understanding Shakespeare's plays when she was forced to study them as a teen, she always caught his references to mythology because she had read the ancient stories so often. Emily recently lent her mythology books to William, who obviously absorbed enough of it to be able to compose a nice poem and incorporate the God of Love, the Goddess of Love, the God of the underworld, the ruler and God of the Sky, the Goddess of Agriculture, as well as the Queen of the Underworld.

Emily had composed something for William as well. She had debated sending it to him at first because the metaphor she came up with had somewhat been inspired by the fact that a friend of hers felt like her boyfriend took her for granted. In a weird way the situation had made Emily appreciate William even more, so she ended up dedicating her composition to him for Valentine's Day. She had written the following:

Love is like a rose.
It starts off small and blooms over time.
It can also hurt if handled the wrong way, and wilt if neglected.
If you take good care of it, it will stay beautiful.

Your Rose

William had replied that he loved the well thought up composition as much as his Rose, which was actually Emily's middle name. That made Emily smile.

Emily had loved William's poem as well and told him in writing right after reading it the first time. That was the end of personal e-mail exchanges between the couple for the rest of the day. William was still on Emily's mind though, and she knew that she was on his. She wondered if he had as much trouble concentrating as her.

Needing to take a little break, Emily went around the office with a small bag of red cinnamon flavoured heart shaped candies and generously offered them to all of her co-workers. She dumped what was left in a mug and left it on her desk. She put a few candies in her mouth and remembered having silly contests with her friends as a child. The goal was to put as many hot candies in your mouth as possible. She always lost.

Emily was surprised when she won the office Valentine's Day raffle and was given a large woven basket with numerous boxes of assorted Belgian chocolates. She was tempted to eat a few treats right away but didn't want to disturb the arrangement because she thought it looked very pretty with its red bow. She decided to keep it on her desk as a decoration for the day.

Nothing much was going on so Emily got bored and eventually took off the plastic wrapping from her prize to take a closer look at everything. She opened one of the small boxes and selected a couple of praline chocolates to eat. They melted in her mouth.

The morning felt very long, but eventually the digital clock on the bottom right corner of Emily's desktop computer showed that it was noon.

During the one hour lunch break, the majority of the travel company's staff sat in the office kitchen. As they ate, most of the women shared where they would be dining that evening; whether it would be at a nice restaurant or at home by candlelight. Emily said that she would only find out what her exact plans were later. "I love surprises!" one woman exclaimed. "You'll have to tell us all about it on Monday," she added with a wink. Emily simply nodded. She wasn't much for gossip and this particular co-worker constantly wanted all the juicy details about everyone's lives. Unfortunately, she never had anything interesting to say about her own life.

Emily felt kind of sorry for her nice co-worker because she could tell that deep down this childless single woman was lonely and a little bit depressed about it. To cheer her up, Emily ended up giving her a friendly Valentine's Day card like she used to do in elementary school with the other kids, but electronically rather than a paper version. She also shared some of her chocolates with her.

Emily had a little something for William too and was getting eager to give him his Valentine's Day gift. She did not feel like sharing with others what that was because she wanted to keep some of her love life private. She told her closest friends a lot of personal things, but her co-workers didn't need to know everything about her and William's relationship. She wasn't even sure yet if she would tell them where William ended up taking her later. Emily could not stop wondering where that might be.

When Emily got home from work, William told her not to bother changing her clothes or fixing herself up. "You are perfect just the way you are," he said with a smile. He often gave Emily compliments about her good looks, but this time his words also meant that Emily did not need to dress up fancy for where they were going. Emily understood and looked at William with immense curiosity.

Since neither William nor Emily owned a car, they walked hand in hand to the nearest bus stop. There was snow lightly falling from the dark sky. The brightly lit streetlights made the thick white flakes shine and Emily found it really beautiful. Some people in the neighbourhood still had their outdoor Christmas lights up and Emily liked the fact that a lot of the various coloured bulbs were lit. She was always in such a big rush to pick up Nadia at the daycare after work that she never took the time to really appreciate her surroundings. Now she was walking at a much slower pace than usual and enjoying her pleasant outdoor winter walk with William.

The couple almost missed their bus, but the driver saw them start to run towards his immobile vehicle and was nice enough to wait for them. Both out of breath, William and Emily thanked the middle aged man behind the wheel as they boarded the bus and presented their monthly cards. They then walked to the back and found an unoccupied double seat.

After sitting down, Emily rested her head on William's left shoulder and yawned. "Oh no! You can't fall asleep now!" William told Emily. She apologized with a giggle and told him that she was really tired. As slow as the morning had been, it had been a very busy afternoon at the office. Emily briefly explained how her phone had been ringing non-stop and that her inbox kept receiving new messages before she could take care of what needed to be done. "It eventually calmed down," Emily said yawning again. "That's good," William replied. He usually shared his day with Emily but

instead let her rest her eyes until they arrived at the very last stop of the route. Everyone got off the bus.

Emily followed William into the heated metro station and passed the metal turnstiles, not sure in which of the two possible directions they would be heading. It was pretty crowded on each side. When William and Emily reached the bottom of the stairs and started walking on the platform, they saw that no seats were available.

Having found a good place to stand, Emily patiently waited by William's side for the metro to arrive. She was starting to get warm so she unzipped her winter coat. Emily also took her hat and gloves off. William did the same.

Emily looked around and was amazed at how many people were carrying flowers and packages. Teenage boys as well as men were on their way to deliver them to loved ones, and teenage girls as well as women were happily bringing home their Valentine's Day gifts. Emily supposed that the contrary was probable too; some men could be holding gifts they received earlier and some woman might be carrying things they were soon going to give to their significant other.

Suddenly, Emily realised that she had been so eager to leave the office earlier that she forgot her basket of chocolates. She told William about it. "The cleaning staff might eat them all over the weekend," he joked. "They better not!" Emily responded laughing.

The metro only took two minutes to arrive. Emily and William had to keep standing after they walked inside one of the cars, but a double seat freed itself up a few stations later when the occupants got up to exit.

The couple sat down together and traveled for about twenty minutes. They got off at the biggest metro station of Montreal; four lines connected there. William and Emily held hands like a parent and child to avoid losing each other.

A swarm of people in a very good mood were joyfully walking around. Emily found it very unusual. Public transit travellers usually looked irritated and in a hurry to get to where they were going during rush hour. There were a few grumpy people, and Emily imagined that they were single. She remembered having an anti-Valentine's Day evening with her best friend Katy one year when the two of them had no boyfriends. She laughed to herself at the memory.

It was so noisy in the metro station that William didn't hear Emily's random little laugh. At least, he did not react to it. He silently brought Emily to another metro line. "Where are we going?" Emily finally had to ask. Her husband still would not tell.

When they got out of the next metro, Emily was starting to have an idea of where they were heading. She had given William some tickets to the ice hotel for Christmas and it included a meal at the ice restaurant. She knew that there had been problems with the construction this year though because of the odd weather.

It never stayed cold enough outside for the ice structures to remain solid and safe. Those who

had made early reservations had to reschedule according to the article Emily had read in the local newspaper. She didn't often read the news, but a picture beside the comic section had gotten her attention that day.

To her astonishment, Emily was brought in plain view of a perfectly built ice village. "I made reservations to the ice restaurant for Valentine's Day a while ago," William declared. Emily was quite happy about that. She could not think of a better time for them to go there.

The couple walked down a small snowy hill hand in hand, being careful not to slip and fall, and followed the sign that pointed to the restaurant. Having spotted the windowless seasonal building they wanted to go in, they walked towards the entrance and through an ice doorway.

The front desk as well as all the tables and benches were made of pure blocks of ice. The restaurant was pretty full, and in consequence, kind of noisy. However, William had made special arrangements to have a couple of extra ice walls built so that he and Emily could have some privacy.

"I know you're going to ask me later, so the answer is that I paid for the extra stuff with my Christmas bonus," William randomly told Emily as they waited for somebody to greet them and bring them to their table. Emily accepted his early explanation, wondering what he was talking about.

When William gave his reservation name to the male host in winter gear, the couple was brought to a secluded part of the restaurant. Potted thin branches with pieces of ice that looked a lot like white flowers were everywhere. Emily had never seen anything like it. "Those are frost flowers," William informed Emily. "They are quite rare, but I managed to find a florist that could produce them for me," he proudly said. Emily loved them. She also loved how special William always made her feel. He often did things for her that were out of the ordinary.

Smiling, Emily advanced towards the square ice table in front of her. It had more frost flowers in the centre. They looked so fragile, yet Emily felt the need to touch one of them because she was curious. A piece of thin ice broke off immediately and Emily felt bad. She apologised right away.

William didn't seem all that bothered. He carefully placed the small flower pot on the snowy ground and invited Emily to sit down.

Soft brown coloured cushions had been placed on the ice benches. William and Emily sat down on them, facing one another. Two leather placemats were on the ice table, along with plastic cutlery. "Smart," Emily said pointing to her fork and knife. "You would not want to get your tongue stuck on cold metal." William laughed.

The couple looked at the simple one page laminated menu that was handed to them. By the time their waiter came by Emily and William had both decided to order the special, which was duck a l'orange served with balsamic rice and steamed vegetables. The meal also came with the soup of the day and a chef salad as well as a hot beverage and a choice of dessert.

The young waiter, who seemed to be wearing a black suit and tie under his slightly unzipped

winter jacket, wrote down the couple's order on a small notepad and took back the menus. As he was turning around to walk away, William asked if he would not mind taking a picture of him and Emily. "With pleasure," the waiter politely responded. He put the menus back down on the end of the ice table and took the digital camera from William's extended hand.

"Make sure you get the frost flowers in the picture please," Emily cheerfully said as she took William's gloved hands from across the table.

The waiter nodded and took two pictures. Emily saw on the camera viewer that one of them showed her and William sitting at the table within the entire secluded area with all the frost flowers, and the other was a close up of them holding hands. She liked them both. They would be good for her latest scrapbook.

"I love you," Emily told William with a radiant smile. "I love you too," he replied and kissed her across the table.

It wasn't long before the waiter came back with two small bowls of chilled pea and mint soup along with plastic soup spoons. Emily had never tasted this kind of soup. In fact, she had never eaten any kind of cold soup before; at least, not on purpose. Sometimes Emily had to eat her meals colder than she would have liked because of Nadia.

Normally, Emily would be missing her daughter at this point and feeling bad for being out without her. But, she had learned to simply enjoy her time away from Nadia; especially when it was spent with William.

The couple did not go out together as much as they would like, so appreciated every opportunity they had to do so. As they ate their cold soup, they talked about plans for the weekend.

"Since you gave me those tickets for a night at the ice hotel, I figured we could go next Saturday," William told Emily. "Unfortunately, the tickets are not valid during Valentine's Day weekend." Before Emily could say how unlikely it would be for a room to be available on such short notice, William reminded her that the tickets gave them booking priority. "Kind of like when hotels say they are full but if somebody important needs a room there is always one available," he said. William informed Emily that reservations to the ice hotel had been made at the same time that he reserved a table at the ice restaurant. "I was going to book them both on the same night, but thought that we might be too cold."

The cool air was already starting to affect Emily. Her cheeks and nose felt really cold and she didn't think it would be long before the tips of her fingers and toes might start to feel the cold too. She and William could see the condensation forming each time they exhaled. Seeing the white mist come out of their mouths felt really weird to Emily considering the fact that they were at a restaurant.

As fun as she thought this experience was, Emily agreed with William that sleeping at the ice hotel right after eating at the ice restaurant might be a bit much. She was already thinking about being someplace warm.

The waiter soon brought hot beverages in Styrofoam cups to the table; a coffee for William and a hot chocolate for Emily. Emily let the steam rising from her cup warm up her cold face.

As the waiter took the empty bowls and dirty spoons away from Emily and William, he asked the couple if they had enjoyed their soup. “Yes. It was really good,” they both politely said. Once he left, the couple confessed to each other that they much preferred warm soup. Eating it cold on purpose had felt very strange to them even though it had not tasted bad at all.

As the couple were about halfway through their drinks, the waiter came back with two small plates of salads drenched in balsamic vinegar dressing.

The main course was served as soon as the second course was done. By then, their beverages were cold and neither Emily nor William wanted what was left so the waiter took away their cups along with the empty salad plates.

The duck, balsamic rice, and steamed vegetables were delicious but did not stay warm for very long. Emily thought it wasn’t much different than dinners at home with Nadia.

When they were done eating, Emily and William were given the choice of vanilla ice cream, Strawberry shortcake, or chocolate mousse for dessert. They weren’t all that hungry for it, but Emily could never resist anything with chocolate and William loved ice cream so that’s what they chose.

“I don’t know how you can eat ice cream right now,” Emily said with a shiver after their desserts arrived. Before taking a spoonful of his ice cream with a bit of whipped cream, William replied: “I read somewhere that it’s actually good to eat something cool when you’re cold and something warm when you’re hot. If you do the opposite, your system goes into shock.” Emily thought that was interesting, but still preferred to consume something warm when she was cold.

After the couple left the ice restaurant, they headed towards a hot chocolate stand and went inside a high dome that had an outdoor fireplace to warm up. A few other couples were gathered there. Some of them were holding open beer bottles and Emily remembered that there was an ice bar right beside the ice restaurant.

Emily cuddled up to William with her non-alcoholic beverage, which had three small floating marshmallows inside. She burned her tongue as she took her first sip so decided to let her hot chocolate cool off a bit before drinking any more of it.

When the couple finished their drinks, they quickly checked out the ice bar simply to see what it looked like. Several square ice tables were in the room for people to stand beside and put down their drinks. The long bar was made of pure ice and many alcohol bottles sat on ice shelves behind the smiling barmaid. She wore a light winter jacket with thin gloves and Emily thought she was underdressed. Emily then realised that she had never seen a woman serving drinks at a bar wearing so much clothes and let out a small giggle. Of course, she had to share her thoughts with William when he asked what she found funny. “You’re right!” William said and ended up laughing with Emily.

With their curiosity satisfied, the couple headed back home.

Since Nadia would be spending the night at her grandmother's place, Emily and William had all night to make love; or at least they could have if they weren't so tired and both had to work the next day.

William proposed that they relax in a warm bath together. Emily agreed, but had something else in mind. As William went inside the bathroom to run the water, Emily quickly went in their bedroom to change so that she could surprise her unsuspecting husband with her latest lingerie purchase.

Emily had bought some high heel shoes that were on sale to go with her new sexy red outfit. She put them on and exited the bedroom. She tried to be discreet as she walked on the hardwood floor of the hallway towards the bathroom, but her five inch heels made a lot of noise each time she took a step. The sound of the water running seemed to keep William from hearing Emily approach though.

When Emily arrived at the doorway, she was as surprised as William. He had lit several tea light candles in the bathroom and also put some red rose petals in the bathwater.

William gave Emily a lustful look, checked her out, and complimented her on the thin negligee she was wearing. The couple kissed passionately.

Emily soon pulled away gently so that she could give William a handmade card that had her personal Valentine's Day sentiments written inside. When William opened it, something fell out. It was his Valentine's Day present, a small booklet of romantic and erotic coupons Emily had made herself by stapling pieces of cut paper together and writing on them. William picked it up and started flipping through it. He seemed to really like all of Emily's written propositions.

William carefully ripped one of the coupons out of the booklet and handed it to Emily. "I would like to claim this one tonight if possible." It was for a half hour body massage, so Emily agreed.

Technically the coupon was for a sensual oil massage, but William accepted to get a shoulder and back massage in the bath instead. He turned off the tap and got in the tub, followed by Emily.

Emily massaged William for an unknown period of time and was offered one in return. How could she refuse? William gave the best massages.

After soaking in the bath long enough for the water to get cold, the couple dried themselves off and William carried Emily to their bedroom. They made love and fell asleep in each other's arms.

The following morning, the couple didn't want to leave the comfort of their queen sized bed. They both cursed at their alarm and joked about taking the day off to enjoy each other. Then they remembered that it was Saturday and that they didn't have Nadia to take care of because she was still at her grandmother's.

Emily and William acted like newlyweds until Mrs. Jacobson came by with Nadia in the evening.

On Monday, Emily bragged to her female co-workers about where she and William had dined on Valentin's Day, and told them about their plan to sleep at the ice hotel on Saturday. A few of them admitted being jealous.

"My husband and I tried to make reservations but it's all booked for the year," one woman stated looking very disappointed. "We went last year and didn't last the night," another said. "I was told that most people don't make it past five AM. When you book a night at the ice hotel they automatically reserve a room for you in another hotel in case you get too cold. There's a shuttle bus that can take you there." Emily already knew this information and wondered how long it would take her and William to want to transfer hotels.

On the Saturday night, Emily got all bundled up despite the recommendation to sleep naked within the hotel sleeping bags.

"Remind me why you guys are doing this?" Emily's mom asked laughing when she came to pick up Nadia. "For the experience?" Emily answered sounding unsure. "Well, you always wanted to sleep in a snow fort when you were younger. Your father and I always said no. I still think it's a bad idea, but you're old enough to make your own decisions now." After a short pause, Mrs. Jacobson added: "I just don't want to hear you complain about your frozen fingers or toes." Emily laughed along with her mom.

Soon after kissing their daughter and saying bye to both Nadia and Mrs. Jacobson, the couple left their apartment with a single overnight bag. Emily had suggested that her mom sleep at their place rather than take Nadia over to her condo because it was stormy out.

When Emily and William got outside, harsh wind hit their exposed faces. The hard snow crunched under their feet. It was not a pleasant evening to go out, let alone sleep within walls of ice. However, they headed to the ice hotel anyways.

As they approached the ice hotel, Emily noticed smoke coming out of several chimneys. She remembered that some rooms included fireplaces and was really glad that she had paid extra for this luxury when she booked her package back in December.

Emily was already freezing. Walking into the hotel didn't help much.

The front desk was made of pure ice blocks just like in the ice restaurant and the young dark haired woman who greeted them looked cold despite the fact that she was dressed up warmly. Emily looked around at all the nice ice sculptures that decorated the lobby while William checked in. She never noticed that no room keys were ever handed over before William told her they were good to go.

There had been no actual door to get into the ice structure, so Emily should not have been surprised that none of the rooms had doors either. Each entrance was covered up with a thin red curtain that could slide across a horizontal metal pole. The room numbers were written in white on the fabric.

Emily and William's room was the last one on the left in the right hand corridor. It was a simple room with a large block of ice that would serve as a bed. A thick dark colored double sleeping bag was lying on top of it.

The only decorations in the small room were frost flowers. "I asked to have them transferred from the restaurant," William said. "After all, I paid for them." Emily smiled.

There was a lit old fashioned metal fireplace in the room and Emily went towards it. "It's not a good sign if you're already cold," William teased. "How about I get us some hot chocolates?" Emily nodded her head "yes" and remained by the fire as William left the room.

William came back with two Styrofoam cups of steaming hot chocolate and handed one to Emily. She thanked him for it and snuggled up to him.

"So...What do you want to do now?" William asked when they were both done their drinks. "We can't just stand here all night." Emily knew he was right.

The couple were aware that there was a hot tub within an outside dome in the back of the hotel. They both had their swimsuits underneath their layers of warm clothes and decided to try it out. They left their valuables inside the room's metal safe and headed outside.

There were many couples relaxing inside the large hot tub. Emily and William undressed as rapidly as they could down to their swimwear in the heated dome and practically ran into the warm water. It felt really nice and Emily wanted to stay there forever.

Emily and William knew it was not good to stay in the hot tub for too long, so they eventually got out of the water and quickly wrapped themselves up with white towel robes provided by the ice hotel. They put on their winter boots, grabbed their clothes, and started walking at a rapid pace to their room.

Their walk eventually turned into a light jog. At one point, Emily started running and challenged William to catch up to her. A severe looking male hotel employee stopped them and scoldingly said that it was dangerous to run. Emily and William respectfully apologised like misbehaving children.

The couple hung on to one another and did their best not to laugh the rest of the way.

When they finally reached the inside of their room they exploded into a fit of laughter. Emily realised that everyone could hear them because of the lack of door so she shushed William up. When they had both calmed down, they realised that they were cold. Rather than make use of the fireplace, they quickly got into their big sleeping bag and held each other.

"I can think of a fun way to warm each other up," William told Emily. "Really?" She answered with a smirk. The couple began to kiss, which eventually led to a very good warm up.

The sweaty couple happily fell asleep in each other's arms and woke up freezing hours later. They didn't know what time it was because there was no clock in the room and William had put his

watch in the safe.

Emily was shaking so bad that William suggested they head on over to their other hotel room. Emily agreed right away. She got out of the sleeping bag instantly to get dressed. William did the same. They both commented on how cold their clothing had become. "This is worse than putting on a wet bathing suit!" Emily exclaimed.

As William was getting their valuable items out of the safe, Emily waited by the fireplace. She soon left the cold room with William.

"It's one twenty three," William whispered to Emily as they walked down the hallway. "I bet we are the first people to leave," Emily quietly replied.

A new face was sitting behind the front desk with a romance book. The blond haired woman looked surprised to see William and Emily. She got up from her padded ice-bench and sleepily asked how she could help. The woman called for the shuttle from a cell phone right after William requested it.

The couple would have waited outside but there were flurries now. The sound of the whistling wind alone did not motivate Emily or William to venture out. They were better off inside the ice hotel. At least they were sheltered from the strong wind there.

Emily cuddled up to William and rested her head on his chest. She almost fell asleep standing up.

William nudged Emily, which made her realise that the shuttle had arrived. "That was fast," she sleepily said.

The tired couple got hit with an unpleasant gust of strong cold wind as they walked out of the ice hotel. Emily seriously thought that she was going to blow away so she held on tightly to William as they walked.

They silently boarded the heated bus, nodding their heads as a form of greeting to the overweight male driver, and sat down together in the front row. William yawned, which made Emily yawn too. She could not keep her eyes open.

Emily fell asleep during the short bus ride to their next hotel. She was happy when William woke her up to let her know that they had arrived.

The couple politely thanked the bus driver on their way out of the vehicle. They had warmed up in the bus so being back in the cold was extremely unpleasant, even if it was just for a few seconds.

William and Emily quickly walked towards the entrance of the hotel and through the automatic sliding glass doors. They were both glad to feel warmth again.

The couple checked in and found their new room on the fourth floor. William slid his cardkey to unlock the door as Emily waited in anticipation.

When Emily walked in the room and turned on the light, she was surprised to see that red rose petals covered the white sheets of the queen sized bed. "I knew you would not last in the ice hotel," William told her. Emily was so tired and yet could not resist making love to her perfect husband.

After a good night's sleep within some warm sheets and blankets, Emily woke up in a good mood and ready to eat. She and William ordered a big breakfast of pancakes, eggs, sausages, bacon, toast, fruit salad, coffee and orange juice. The food and drinks were brought up to their room on a rolling table covered with a white table cloth.

The couple ate their meal in the nude and made love one last time before checking out. They both agreed that although their experience at the ice hotel had been fun, their next romantic getaway would be someplace warm.



(Chantal Bellehumeur 2014-Wishing everyone a happy Valentine's Day!)

Follow Chantal on Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Chantal-Bellehumeur-public-author-page/347446362035640>

Find Chantal on Goodreads to read or write reviews on her published work.

http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/4538804.Chantal_Bellehumeur

Find Chantal Bellehumeur's novels on Amazon:

http://www.amazon.ca/Books/s?ie=UTF8&field-author=Chantal%20Bellehumeur&page=1&rd=1&rh=n%3A916520%2Cp_27%3AChantal%20Bellehumeur

Whether you own any of Chantal's books or not, you can request a personalized digital autograph from her.

http://www.authorgraph.com/authors/c_bellehumeur

