



My Big Fat Supernatural Honeymoon

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What newly married couple doesn't dream of a romantic retreat where they can escape the world for a while — but what happens when supernatural forces intrude on their wedded bliss? Nine of today's hottest paranormal authors answer that question in this all-star collection of supernatural stories. Can a vampire-hunter enjoy her honeymoon after learning that her new hubby is a werewolf? How can newlyweds focus on their wedding night when their honeymoon suite is haunted by feuding ghosts? And what's a wizard to do when a gruesome monster kidnaps the bride on her way home from the wedding? With so much otherworldly mayhem awaiting our newlyweds, will they ever get around to the honeymoon itself? Find out in...My Big Fat Supernatural Honeymoon. Kelley Armstrong Jim Butcher Rachel Caine P.N. Elrod Caitlin Kittredge Marjorie M. Liu Katie MacAlister Lilith Saintcrow Ronda Thompson

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Editorial Review

From Publishers Weekly

As with 2006's *My Big Fat Supernatural Wedding*, several of the contributors to this lighthearted anthology of honeymoon-themed supernatural romance stories struggle with the short form. Marjorie M. Liu proves to be especially adept, providing the evocative and folkloric *Where the Heart Lives*. Fans of Chicago's supernatural detectives will be pleased by Jim Butcher's *Heorot*, where Harry Dresden tracks down a missing bride, and P.N. Elrod's *Her Mother's Daughter*, where Jack Fleming hunts for a vanished bridegroom. Things get more romantic with Kelley Armstrong's amusing *Stalked*, in which a stalk, chase and fight spice up a werewolf honeymoon, and Rachel Caine's charming *Roman Holiday or Spq-arrrrr*, featuring an undead pirate captain and his new bride who must face down a mutiny and an ancient Roman pirate. Some readers may be a little disappointed to find that despite the romance billing, most stories have far more hex than sex, but fans of the featured authors will be quite satisfied. (Jan.)

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About the Author

P.N. Elrod is the editor of *Dark and Stormy Knights*, *Strange Brew*, *My Big Fat Supernatural Honeymoon* and *My Big Fat Supernatural Wedding*, which won the 2006 Pearl Award for best anthology. She is the author of many novels, including the *Vampire Files* Series, as well as numerous short stories. In 2010, she was nominated for a *Romantic Times* Career Achievement Award for urban fantasy, and she is the winner of the Pioneer Achievement Award. Elrod loves meeting readers at science-fiction conventions all over the country. She has two dogs?Sasha and Megan?and an incurable addiction to chocolate. She lives somewhere on another planet, but maintains a convenient citizenship in the state of Texas for tax purposes.

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MY BIG FAT SUPERNATURAL HONEYMOON

Stalked

KELLEY ARMSTRONG

Werewolves Elena Michaels and Clayton Danvers are the protagonists of the first two novels in the Women of the Otherworld series, and appear as major characters in succeeding books.

I HAD TO GET RID OF THE MUTT

Killing him would be easiest but, unfortunately, out of the question. If Elena found out, she'd be pissed. Ten years from now, I'd still be hearing about it: "Clay couldn't even get through our honeymoon without killing someone."

She'd laugh when she said it ... in ten years. Right now, she'd be furious.

She'd argue there were better ways to handle the situation. I disagreed. The mutt knew we were in town and

that by sticking around, he was taking his life into his hands. If he'd skittered into the shadows and stayed out of our way, I'd have said, "Fuck it," and pretended not to notice. After all, it was my honeymoon.

Even if he'd just stood his ground and refused to hide, I wouldn't have made a big deal of it. Beaten the crap out of him, yes. Had to. The Law was the Law, and it stated that a non-Pack werewolf had to cede territory to a Pack one. Unfair, maybe, but if you let one mutt break the rules, the next thing you knew, they'd be camping out back at Stonehaven, knocking on the door, asking if they could use the facilities.

But this mutt wasn't hiding or defending his territory. He was stalking Elena. He'd been following us all morning and was now sitting across the restaurant, gaze glued to her ass as she bent over the buffet table. When your mate is the only female werewolf, you get used to other wolves sniffing around. I'd spent the last eighteen years dealing with it or, more often, watching her deal with it. With Elena, interference is not appreciated. She can fight her own fights, and gets snippy if I rob her of the chance. But this was our honeymoon, and damned if I was going to let this mutt spoil it. He had to be dealt with before Elena realized he was stalking her. The question was how.

When Elena walked back to the table, the mutt had the sense to busy himself gnawing on a sparerib.

"You okay?" she asked as she slid into her seat. "You've been quiet since the Arch."

The mutt had started following us there.

"Just hungry. I'm fine now."

"I should hope so. After three plates." She buttered her bread, then studied me. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"I don't know . . ." I shrugged and pretended to ease back in my chair, then lunged and snagged bacon from her plate. I folded it into my mouth. "Nope, still hungry."

She brandished her fork. "Then get your own or--"

I snatched another slice, too slow this time, and she stabbed the back of my hand. I yelped.

"I warned you," she laughed.

The women at the next table stared in horror. Elena glanced their way. Five years ago, she would have blushed. Ten years ago, she would have found an excuse to leave. Today, she just murmured a rueful "whoops," and dug into her potatoes.

I got another plate of food, avoiding the temptation to pass the mutt's table. He'd made a point of staying downwind outside and now sat partially obscured by a pillar, too far away for his scent to carry. For now, I'd let him think he was safe, undetected.

When I came back, Elena said, "I think I have an outing idea for us. Someone behind me in line was talking about a state park. Could be fun." Her blue eyes glittered. "Of course, we shouldn't go during the day when there are people around."

"Nope, we shouldn't." I speared a ham slab. "This afternoon, then?"

She grinned. "Perfect."

WHEN YOU RESORT TO EVERYDAY ACTIVITIES ON YOUR honeymoon, you know it's not going well. Planning our second run in as many days meant Elena was bored and trying very hard not to let me know it.

The first couple of days had been great. With two-year-old twins at home, the only time we normally got away was when our Alpha, Jeremy, sent us to track down a misbehaving mutt. Being on a mission doesn't mean we can't enjoy ourselves. There's nothing like celebrating a successful hunt with sex. Or working out the frustration of a failed hunt with sex. Or dulling that edge of pre-hunt excitement with sex.

But there was also something to be said for skipping the whole "track, capture, and maim" part and being able to go straight to a hotel room, and lock the door. Still, we could stay in there for only so long before we got restless, and when we came out, we'd discovered a problem with our honeymoon destination: there wasn't a helluva lot to do.

BACK AT THE HOTEL, WE CALLED HOME AND talked to the kids. Or they listened as we talked, and had their answers interpreted by Jeremy. As much as we loved our daily call, we spent most of it braced for

the inevitable "Momma? Daddy? Home?" or in Kate's case: "Momma! Daddy! Home!" Jeremy managed to spare us this time, stopping as soon as Logan asked "Momma where?" and bustling them off with his visiting girlfriend, Jaime.

Next Jeremy and Elena would talk about the kids and discuss any new Pack or council business. Normally, I'd listen in and offer my opinion--whether they wanted it or not--but today I told Elena I was going downstairs to grab a map and a bottle of water, and took off.

I WAS REASONABLY SURE THE MUTT HADN'T FOLLOWED us from the restaurant, but wanted to scout to be absolutely certain. We'd walked to the Arch and then to the restaurant, meaning we'd had to walk back, which gave him the opportunity to follow. A cab would have solved that, but if I'd voluntarily offered to spend time trapped in a vehicle with a stranger, Elena would have been on the phone to Jeremy, panicked that my arm was reinfected and I was sliding into delirium.

So I'd suggested we take the long route back. The mutt hadn't followed. Maybe he'd had second thoughts. If he'd heard the rumors about me, he'd know he could be setting himself up for a long and painful death. But if he'd believed that, he should have hightailed it the moment he crossed our path. So while I hoped, I didn't trust.

I grabbed a brochure on state parks, stuffed it into my back pocket, then headed out the front door to circle the hotel. I got five steps before his scent hit me. I stopped to retie my sneaker and snuck a look around.

The bastard was right across the street. He sat on a bench facing the hotel, reading a newspaper. Cocky? Or just too young and inexperienced to know I could smell him from here?

I straightened and shielded my eyes, as if scanning the storefronts. When I turned his way, he lifted the paper to hide his face, but slowly. Cocky. Shit.

Normally, I'm happy to show a cocky young mutt how I earned my reputation. At that age, one good thrashing is all it takes. But damn it, this was my honeymoon.

I crossed the road and headed into the first alley.

THERE WERE TWO WAYS THE MUTT COULD PLAY this, depending on why he was stalking Elena. It could be his misguided way of challenging me. Stupid--any wolf knew his mate wouldn't lift her tail for the first younger male who sauntered her way. Only a human would fly into a jealous rage and call a man out for it. But if challenging me was his goal, he'd follow me into the alley.

Or he might really be after Elena. He wouldn't be the first mutt to think she might not object to a new mate. I walked far enough into the alley to disappear, then crept back along the wall, lost in its shadow, stopping when I could see the hotel door. After a few minutes, a car horn blasted and a figure darted through the heavy traffic. It was the mutt, heading straight for the hotel.

I circled around the block, then came in the hotel side entrance, beside the check-in desk. I stopped there, partially hidden by a huge fake plant. The stink of the plastic fern overpowered everything else.

I peered through the fronds. There he was, hovering at the other end of the desk, sizing up the staff. Hoping to get our room number? I stepped out. Just as he turned, a pale blond ponytail bounced past on the other side of the lobby. Elena.

I turned away from the mutt before he realized I'd made him. I opened my mouth to hail Elena, then stopped. If she saw me, she'd head over here. Better for her to keep walking and I'd catch up outside the front doors--Shit. He'd walked *in* the front doors. His scent would still linger there, and Elena had a better sense of smell than any werewolf I knew. I started walking fast to cut her off. She caught sight of the brochure rack and veered that way.

"Elena!"

I yanked the park guide from my back pocket and waved it. I moved to the left, blocking her view of the mutt. She couldn't smell him from here, but she was in charge of the Pack's mutt dossiers and might recognize him.

"Got the maps," I said. "I was looking for water. I can't find a damn machine--"

She directed my attention to the gift shop.

"Shit. Okay, let's grab one and go."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the mutt watching us. Elena's gaze traveled across the lobby, as if sensing something. I took her elbow and wheeled her toward the gift shop.

She peeled my fingers from her arm. "I'm looking--"

"The gift shop's behind you."

"Where I just pointed. No kidding. I'm looking for the parkinggarage exit. I was going to say we can get a drink on the way. It's too expensive here."

"Good. I mean, right. The stairs are back there, by the elevators."

She nodded and let me lead the way.

THE PARK WASN'T BUSY, SO AVOIDING HUMANS WAS easy. That too...

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Doris Geer:

The book untitled My Big Fat Supernatural Honeymoon is the guide that recommended to you to learn. You can see the quality of the publication content that will be shown to you. The language that author use to explained their ideas are easily to understand. The author was did a lot of study when write the book, so the information that they share to your account is absolutely accurate. You also can get the e-book of My Big Fat Supernatural Honeymoon from the publisher to make you considerably more enjoy free time.

Michael Carr:

Do you have something that you like such as book? The guide lovers usually prefer to pick book like comic, quick story and the biggest one is novel. Now, why not seeking My Big Fat Supernatural Honeymoon that give your satisfaction preference will be satisfied through reading this book. Reading addiction all over the world can be said as the opportunity for people to know world much better then how they react toward the world. It can't be stated constantly that reading behavior only for the geeky individual but for all of you who wants to always be success person. So , for all of you who want to start examining as your good habit, you could pick My Big Fat Supernatural Honeymoon become your current starter.

Mary Clement:

Reading a book for being new life style in this yr; every people loves to study a book. When you examine a book you can get a lots of benefit. When you read ebooks, you can improve your knowledge, due to the fact book has a lot of information into it. The information that you will get depend on what forms of book that you have read. If you need to get information about your study, you can read education books, but if you act like you want to entertain yourself you can read a fiction books, this sort of us novel, comics, along with soon. The My Big Fat Supernatural Honeymoon provide you with a new experience in examining a book.

David Reed:

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