

TORRID TEASERS
VOLUME 1:
A FINE LINE
&
THE ICE HOUSE

by

December Quinn

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Dedication

To Stephen

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A FINE LINE

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“Shit!”

Francesca Blackwell dropped her bulging suitcases back onto the floor with a thud. The expression on her beautiful face was so dejected and pitiful that Jack almost felt sorry for her.

Almost.

“Sorry, Blackwell,” he said, taking another sip from his steaming mug of coffee. “Looks like your vacation is cancelled this year.”

“Really,” she replied. The heavy sarcasm in her voice was another reminder to Jack why he disliked her so much.

For the two years they had worked together at Wellington’s School for Girls, she had been nothing but a Grade A bitch. It was as if she’d hated him from the minute she set eyes on him, and no matter how hard he had tried—and he had tried, at least those first couple of months—she still seemed to hate him.

Fine with him. He didn’t need her friendship. He had long since gotten over his initial attraction to her...almost. Once he’d realized what a ball-breaking bitch she was, his interest had waned.

He certainly didn’t need her company, especially now. Bad enough he was missing his own vacation this year. He’d volunteered to stay behind at the school over Winter Holiday,

as Christmas Break was euphemistically referred to these days, because he had work to do and didn't want to be interrupted.

And now Miss Nose-in-the-air was snowed in with him, and was missing her precious trip. Which almost made him happy, except that he was stuck with her until either the snow melted, or the break ended.

For a moment, he was tempted to run outside with a hair dryer, but knew it wouldn't do him any good. There was five feet of snow on the ground.

They would just have to stay out of each other's way as much as possible.

* * * *

Francesca bit her lip, ashamed of the tears she felt springing to her eyes.

She spent every day here on campus. She took extra summer classes to try and help her family financially as best she could. But this one week...this one week out of the year, she let those responsibilities slip away. The annual Sinful Christmas Convention was the only place she could really be herself. She looked forward to it all year, knowing for that one week, she could let herself go, give her power over to a man who would dominate her.

It was something she was coming to need more and more, and this year, her friend Anna, who organized the event, had promised her the best experience yet.

Now she was stuck here. With *him*.

Jack Randall. Dickhead.

He'd been an asshole to her ever since his first day working here. Not that he'd needed to be. She knew his type. Handsome, rugged, smart...but a user. She'd known the minute she saw him what kind of man he was, and she wanted nothing to do with him. Him or his stupid research, his stupid articles, his stupid asshole sports car.

He probably made his cheap pick-ups do all the work in bed.

For a while, he'd pretended to be nice to her. She'd seen right through that.

Now she was snowed in with Mr. Gift-to-the-world, and her vacation—the vacation she'd been anticipating all year—was ruined.

For a wild moment, she was tempted to try to go anyway, to walk to the damn airport and try to rent a car, but she knew it was hopeless. The snow was so deep, she'd be lucky to make it to the front gates of the school, let alone the airport.

Jack was looking at her, a self-satisfied smirk on his face. Her fingers itched to slap it right off.

"Guess it's just you and me," he said.

"You guess wrong," she snapped back. He was stepping on her last fucking nerve. "It's just you. *I* will be in my room."

"Fine by me," he said. "I enjoy my own company."

"You're the only one who does," she replied. She had just a second to savor the slightly hurt look on his face before she turned around and headed back upstairs, leaving her suitcases in their pile by the door.

* * * *

Jack waited until she was gone, then crept over to the pile of bags. Francesca was always so damned secretive about these trips. When school reconvened after the break, she would never tell anyone where she'd been or what she'd done, only that she'd "had fun, thank you."

It was a source of some amusement among the other teachers. Theories varied from a safari in Africa to volunteer work at a convent. That was Jack's suggestion. He couldn't imagine Miss Perfect having any interest in sex. Ever.

And a damn shame that was, too. She had a body that still gave him ideas, even after he realized she'd probably slap his face if he ever made a move on her. That was the best outcome. The worst was she would make him clean her bathroom or tune-up her car. Not his scene, at all.

Jack liked his women submissive. Not all the time, or everywhere, but absolutely in bed. Although Francesca walked around in a body that looked made for him, he knew there was no point in thinking about her. She just wasn't his type.

Glancing around to make sure she wasn't coming back into the room, he carefully pulled back the zipper on her largest bag and opened it. What the fuck?

Lying on top was a leather corset. Since when did Francesca Blackwell dress in anything but boring, too-big business suits?

He reached underneath it, the merest touch of the black leather making his skin tingle. He found another corset, silk this time. Something made of fishnet brushed against his hand. Stockings. A lacy bodysuit. Three pairs of five-inch heels, with platforms. And a pair of six-inch submission heels.

His breath caught. Holy shit.

He smoothed the items back in the suitcase and zipped it, reaching for the coat she'd left on the pile of bags. He dug around in it until he found a plane ticket in the inner pocket.

Denver, Colorado. He didn't need to look further to know exactly where Francesca Blackwell had intended to go.

She was heading for Sinful Christmas. He never would have guessed it, but the woman was a fucking submissive. The mere thought of it was enough to make him hard.

Carefully, he put the ticket back into her pocket, his lust fading slightly as he realized just how upsetting this cancellation must be for her. She probably waited all year for

the convention. Hell, he knew he did most years, although he hadn't been able to attend the last two.

The Francesca he knew hardly ever left campus. He'd assumed she never bothered with sex. To be honest, he assumed she probably didn't like sex very much. But now...

Francesca, on her knees in front of him, begging him to allow her to suck his cock. Francesca, her hands bound to the bedposts, unable to move, screaming his name as he teased her clit with his tongue. Francesca, bent over his knees as he spanked her, her pale ass smooth under his hands, her skin reddening and growing hotter as her blood rushed to the surface. Francesca, enjoying the game as much as he did.

Jesus.

With difficulty, he stood up. His cock was straining so hard against his zipper, he could barely walk, but he had to get out of here. She would be back, and he didn't want her to know he had invaded her privacy in such a way.

He was truly ashamed of himself—but not enough to forget what he'd seen.

* * * *

Francesca turned over restlessly on her bed and looked at the clock. Right now, she should be there. Sinful Christmas. Dressed in her corset and heels, being matched with the man who would dominate her all week. Who would become her world. The man she could give herself to in total trust and pure, unadulterated pleasure.

Instead she was here by herself.

No, not by herself. With Jack Randall.

She might as well be alone, for all the good his presence would do her.

Her body hummed with unspent excitement. She'd been so ready to go, to get on that plane, to finally have the release she waited all year for.

She'd been in a state of barely submerged lust for weeks, knowing what was coming.

Thinking of it now, of the week she'd had planned, she felt her nipples harden under her heavy sweater. The space between her legs grew warm and damp.

She squirmed on the bed. It had been so long since she'd had any release, or even allowed herself to experience pleasure on her own. She'd been saving herself, trading a solitary orgasm for the mind-blowing experience she'd known was coming.

Why wait any more? It wouldn't happen now. It would be another year before she was with a man again. Unless she was somehow able to find the man of her dreams here at the school.

Fat chance.

In one fluid movement, she sat up and took off her sweater. She wore nothing underneath but a lacy black bra, which came off just as quickly.

She slid off her jeans and panties. The loneliness and despair she was feeling mixed with her arousal, lending a piquancy to her slow movements. She caressed her breasts, feeling them swell under her hands, giving her hard nipples a squeeze. Pleasure shot through her. Her legs spread further apart on the bed, the smooth silk of her sheets tantalizingly cool under her hot skin.

She closed her eyes and pictured him above her. Her dream man. His face was in shadow, but she could see every inch of his hard body. Tall and lean, his abdomen firmly muscled, his skin tawny. His cock jutted proudly out from the thicket of hair between his muscular thighs. She longed to touch it, stroke it, to take it into her mouth and taste his skin.

His big hands joined hers, teasing her nipples, twisting them, sending sparks of sensation shooting through her body.

“You’ve been a bad girl, Francesca,” he chided gently. “Touching yourself like this.”

“I know,” she murmured in her head. “I couldn’t help myself. I was thinking of you, and—”

“Bad girls need to be punished,” he said, as if she hadn’t spoken.

She pictured him taking her hands from her breasts, pictured him binding them together over her head, then doing the same to her ankles at the foot of the bed. *Yes.*

“Don’t move,” he said. “You are not permitted to speak.”

Oh, God. Her hand drifted downward, finding her clit hidden in the ever-wetter folds of her pussy. She stroked it, her body beginning to shake with need. In her fantasy, it was his hand, rough and calloused, that squeezed her clit lightly between two fingers, rolling it this way and that as her hips bucked up greedily. His hand that inserted one finger into her cunt and pumped it twice, then withdrew, making her beg for more.

A blindfold was tied around her eyes. She squeezed them tightly shut, imagining how the cloth would feel around her head, imagining herself completely in the dark, spread open for her dream man’s pleasures.

His hands—her hands—worked busily in her pussy, sliding wetly over her engorged lips, dipping into her weeping channel and back out again, never stopping, merciless in their assault on her senses.

She wanted to beg him to fuck her, but he’d forbidden her to speak. Her body twisted on the bed, enraptured by the forced silence, the forced submission.

“I’ll fuck you when I decide you’ve been punished enough,” her dream man said. “Not before.”

She nodded helplessly, eyes still shut tight, legs still as she imagined the manacles binding them. Her muscles began to

ache with the effort. She wanted to come so badly, but knew that when she did, he would disappear.

Suddenly, he was inside her. Her fingers moved as his cock would, three of them filling her, fucking her hard and fast, making her back arch off the bed as she finally came. Only her dream man's warning to be quiet kept her from screaming as her body tightened and shook around her fingers, drenching them with her hot, fragrant juices.

Now was the time. He would take off the blindfold and she could see him. She strained for the feel of imaginary hands releasing her from blindness. Maybe this time, she would see his face.

The blindfold released and she opened her eyes, seeing in her mind's eye the well-muscled body of her phantom lover, slick with sweat. She looked up, past the broad shoulders, and saw a face.

Jack Randall.

Fuck! What the hell was going on? Now not only was Jack bothering her during in real life, he was invading her fantasies as well?

With a groan of irritation, she shook her head. No. Her fantasy man was too good, too special, to spoil with the image of Jack's grin. *He's just in your head because you're so bothered that he's here*, she told herself. *Once you're feeling better, Mr. Fantasy will go back to being what he always was. A faceless dream.*

For some reason, the thought was not as comforting as she would have expected.

She sighed in disappointment and picked up a book. *Might as well get some work done*, she thought, pulling the covers over her damp, naked body with her fingers still slick from her cunt. Jack Randall had upset her more than she thought.

* * * *

She was still angry when she crept downstairs that night to find something to eat. Hopefully, there would be something. She had never spent the break in the Staff Building, so she had no idea what sorts of provisions were made.

They certainly didn't bother to turn the heat up very high, and she shivered as she pulled her thin robe more tightly closed. She hadn't bothered to get dressed, and the robe was for summer.

The refrigerator hummed, the only sound in the stillness of the darkened room. She thought of turning on a light, but decided against it. She'd have all the light she needed once she opened the probably almost empty fridge.

To her surprise, it wasn't empty at all. There was an array of food, some of which didn't need cooking. Eagerly, she pulled out a container of strawberry yogurt and an apple.

"That's mine."

Francesca screamed. Her hands flew up in a protective gesture, throwing the food in the air. The apple landed on her foot, making her cry out again and bend over to reach convulsively for her toes.

The sound of Jack's laughter did nothing to make her feel better as she glared at him.

"You scared me," she said.

"No, really? I'd never have guessed," he replied, still laughing.

She almost started laughing herself. She probably did look pretty funny, after all. But this was Jack Randall, asshole extraordinaire, and she wasn't going to give him the satisfaction.

"What are you doing here?" she asked with as much dignity as she could muster, considering she was still holding her aching foot in one hand.

"I'm having a drink," he said, indicating the open beer on the table in front of him. The table was in the darkest corner of the room; she hadn't even looked over there when she entered.

There was enough light to see his irritating smirk, though.

"You were spying on me?" She let go of her foot and drew herself up to her full height, her arms tightly crossed over her braless breasts under the thin robe. She felt her nipples under her palms, hard from the cold, and didn't want him thinking that had anything to do with *him*.

"You were stealing from me," he said.

"I was not!"

"You were. You know that isn't your food."

"I thought it was left here for us. By the governors."

"No, you thought it was left here for *me* by the governors. You aren't supposed to be here, remember?"

"So what am I supposed to do, starve?"

"You could apologize."

"I will not."

He shrugged and took another sip from his beer. "I guess you starve, then."

Her eyes narrowed. "If the governors paid for that food, I'm just as entitled to it as you are."

"They didn't pay for it. I did. And of course I'm going to share it with you, for fuck's sake." He stood up, deliberately unfolding his long, jean-clad legs. She didn't want to, but she couldn't help looking at his lean, muscular frame. The worn blue t-shirt he wore clung lovingly to the muscles in his chest and stomach. When had Jack Randall developed such a body? Or had he always had it, and she just hadn't noticed?

Either way, she was ashamed to realize her pulse was quickening as he came toward her. *It's just because he invaded*

your fantasy, she told herself sternly. Jack Randall is not the kind of man you want in your bed. Ever. Stop being confused and thinking maybe you don't hate him as much as you thought.

She still watched his slow approach with greedy eyes. Jesus, he smelled good. Like smoke and spice, tinged slightly with the beer he'd been drinking.

"Are you drunk?" she asked, hoping she sounded less nervous than she felt.

He laughed, a soft chuckle that echoed in the empty kitchen. "No."

"Then what are you doing?"

"The question is, what are you doing?"

"I don't understand." She cast her gaze downward, anything to keep from meeting the dark gaze that raked the contours of her body through her robe.

"Are you being bad, Francesca? Stealing food?"

Her breath caught in her chest. For a long moment, she couldn't move, couldn't look away from Jack's knowing eyes.

Dear God.

She fought with herself. Jack was not the man for her. Jack was not a man who would treat her kindly, who would understand her needs, or respect her, even as he forced her to her knees.

Not the man for her. So why was her treacherous body already warming to the sexy threat in his voice?

He pulled a leather riding crop from behind his back and she almost passed out.

"You didn't answer me, Francesca," he said, his voice husky with what she recognized instantly as desire. Desire for her. "Have you been a bad girl?"

She nodded, unable to speak. She was too confused, too muddled, to do anything else.

"You should speak when you're spoken to, Francesca."

He waited, his heart skipping a beat in his chest. If she said no...if she pushed him away and ran...he would never be able to face her again.

It was a risk he was willing to take. Francesca Blackwell had haunted his thoughts for years, flitting in and out of his mind like a ghost. He'd thought he hated her.

Now he realized it was more than that. He wanted her. He wanted her to be his, wanted to dominate her in the bedroom and be her equal out of it.

His cock was painfully engorged, his blood racing, as he waited for her response.

"Yes," she said finally, in a voice he barely recognized. "Yes, I've been bad."

His heart leapt in his chest, but he kept his face impassive.

"You know what happens to bad girls, don't you?"

She nodded, her mass of loose red curls covering her face like a curtain. "They get punished."

"That's right." He stepped toward her, close enough to reach out and touch her, to pull her arms gently away from her body. "I'm going to have to punish you, Francesca. Take off your robe."

As if in a dream, he watched as she obeyed, wordlessly removing her robe and letting it puddle at her feet.

He bit back a gasp as her body was exposed to him. She was amazing. He'd thought before her body looked made for him. Now he saw that he was right.

Her pale skin glowed in the moonlight as he surveyed her, seeing the way her generous breasts hitched upward with every indrawn breath. His gaze took in the hardness of her rosy nipples, traveling down the slight curve of her belly to the triangle of reddish hair covering her mound.

The smell of her arousal filled the air, musky and sweet, as he finished his visual tour with her long, finely shaped legs.

Legs that would soon be spread open on his bed, shaking with sexual tension, if he had anything to say about it.

Which it appeared he did.

He took a sharp breath at the thought. *Careful now, Randall. This is too special to ruin by coming in your pants before you even touch her.*

With a steady hand, he reached out and touched her, rolling one pebbled nipple between his fingers. She cried out, and he swung the crop around to smack her lightly on one pale thigh.

“Bad girls don’t get to speak,” he said sternly. “You’re being punished, Francesca. You should remember that.”

She swallowed and nodded.

“Turn around.”

She did, without hesitation. He liked that a lot.

He reached out to fondle her ass, firm and supple under his hands, her skin slightly cool to the touch. Her sharp little intakes of breath were loud in the near-silence of the room.

He swung the crop again, harder this time. Her body gave a little jerk, but she remained silent. He could see the imprint from the crop on her left cheek, a tiny red mark marring the otherwise pale perfection of her skin. The sight excited him even more.

She was truly his, at least for the moment. His to do with as he wished.

He moved forward to stand almost next to her, watching her face as he struck her again. She was biting her lower lip, her eyes tightly shut. Her nipples jutted out proudly from the generous swells of her breasts.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

There was a slight pause, and she obeyed, moving each foot outward, until they were just over shoulder-width apart.

“That’s good.” She heard his voice over the din of blood rushing in her ears. Her heart was pounding as though she’d just run a marathon.

All this time, she’d thought she hated Jack Randall—hated everything about him. She’d been wrong. She wanted him. Wanted him so badly, she didn’t care if this was a one-night stand. Wanted him so badly she could feel the trickle of moisture running down her inner thighs as her pussy wept her desire.

He felt it, too. She felt the dry roughness of the leather crop between her legs, caressing her pussy, making her bite her lips harder to keep from weeping in furious delight. His hand replaced the crop, sliding through the wet folds, his rough, sure fingers finding her engorged clit and flicking it gently, sending a surge of pure delight through her entire body.

His finger stayed there, moving in light circles over her clit, driving her half-mad. She couldn’t see him, couldn’t focus on anything but the skin of his finger as it made contact with the hard little nub.

Without meaning to, her hips began moving, rocking back and forth on his hand. Instantly, he pulled away, smacking her ass with the riding crop.

“You are not permitted to move,” he said roughly.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, near frenzied with the desire to feel him again.

“I’m sorry, what?”

She bit her lip. “I’m sorry, Jack.”

Again, she felt the delicious sting of the crop. She drew blood from her lip, so desperate was she not to cry her pleasure into the chill air.

“Who?” His voice was hard and sexy in her ear, his hot breath warming her chilled skin, making her tremble slightly.

“I’m sorry, Master.”

“That’s better.”

She felt him next to her, watching her, and tried to stay as still as she could, her eyes focused straight ahead. The heat from her pussy was almost unbearable.

“I don’t think you’re sorry enough,” he said. “I don’t think you mean it. I think if I touch you again, you’ll be a bad girl and try to move. Won’t you?”

Now she knew what he wanted, and her heart leapt. “Yes, Master,” she said, keeping her voice small. “I can’t help it.”

“It feels too good, doesn’t it?”

Unable to speak, she nodded.

His hand gripped her arm, strong and sure, as he led her out of the kitchen to the stairs. She wanted to ask where they were going, but kept her mouth shut. If she made him too angry, he might refuse to continue playing with her.

Try as she might, she couldn’t help wanting him to play with her. Wanting it badly.

His apartment wasn’t what she’d expected. She’d thought he’d have something flashy, black leather couches and a plasma-screen TV. Instead, she saw comfortable, dark blue furniture with wood accents, and several plants. Lamps glowed in the corners, and bookshelves lined the walls. It was inviting and attractive, masculine without being overdone.

“Do you like it?” he asked, stopping to let her look.

She nodded. “Yes, Master. Thank you for asking me.”

He nodded and took her into the bedroom. Here, too, Francesca was pleasantly surprised. The king-sized bed had a steel frame, and was piled with pillows. The sheets and pillowcases were black silk.

Just like her own.

“Get on the bed.”

The tingling between her legs had started to subside while they walked, but roared back into life again as she obeyed, kneeling in the center of the bed, unsure exactly what he wanted her to do. There was no question in her mind that she would do whatever he asked. How on earth had she not seen before how kind he was, how smart and funny? How had she not seen how perfect he was for her?

She had been so busy making assumptions, she hadn't actually seen him.

She could certainly see him now. She let her eyes travel from his feet up his legs, resting on the impressive bulge in the front of his jeans. She shivered in pure carnal anticipation.

“Sit down.”

She did, and he turned her to face the foot of the bed. “Stay there.”

He crossed the room to a chest in the corner and opened it. She couldn't see what it held, but was able to venture a good guess when he turned back toward her holding rope and handcuffs. Her chest heaved. *Yes!*

He didn't speak again as he bound her to the bed, spreading her legs open. The feel of the fur-lined cuffs around her wrists was indescribably sensual, and she twisted her hands, letting the soft fur caress her skin. The rope was rough against her ankles, and when she gave an experimental tug, she found she was bound fast.

Immobile.

She was completely at his mercy.

Heat pooled in her belly and coiled in her pelvis. The lips of her pussy swelled and opened, the dark channel inside her widening, ready for him.

“Are you comfortable?”

“Yes.”

He ran his hand up her leg, sending shock waves through her body. He was so warm and solid.

“Do you have a safe word?”

She nodded, pleased he had asked. “Chlorine.”

He looked at her quizzically, and she smiled. “It isn’t likely to come up in regular conversation.”

“Not unless you’re playing with a pool boy,” he said, and she giggled.

“Which I’m not.”

His smile faded. “No, you’re damn right you’re not.” The growl in his voice was enough to make her eyes close involuntarily. “You’re playing with me,” he said, placing a possessive hand on her thigh, “and you better not forget that.”

“I won’t,” she whispered.

“Good. Because you’re already in trouble, aren’t you?”

“Yes.” His hand wasn’t moving. Why wasn’t he moving his hand? She knew he could feel the heat radiating from her pussy. Wouldn’t he please touch her there? Stroke her, tease her? She wanted him to so badly.

Instead, his hand left her thigh to caress her breast, rubbing lightly over her erect nipple, pinching it as he had before. She arched her back, and was rewarded by another swat on the thigh from the crop.

“I told you not to move.”

“I’m sorry, Master.”

His head dipped down, capturing her right nipple in his mouth. She fought to keep control, to keep from crying out and moving toward him. Her hands strained at the cuffs. She wanted desperately to grip his head, to pull him tighter to her, to force her breast more deeply into his hot mouth.

He sucked hard enough to make the pleasure feel almost like pain and the pain like pleasure, until she thought she

would die from it. He switched to her left nipple, doing the same to it.

Finally, she felt his hand on her belly, sliding through the soft curls that covered her mound, dipping lower until he parted her wet lips with his fingers.

She hissed in a breath but dared not make any other sound, lest he take his hand away. Oh, God, *yes*.

He stroked her, his mouth still firm and hot on her nipple. His fingers toyed lightly with her clit, delving down into her cunt and sliding back up, slippery with her juices. She tried to spread her legs further but could not. She couldn't move, could hardly breathe, her entire being focused on her own helplessness, on the hungry mouth and busy fingers torturing her to ecstatic heights.

She tensed, twisted. Her back arched as she came, a shuddering, gasping orgasm that left her breathless with its sheer intensity. The muscles in her pussy contracted, clamping down on Jack's fingers, and silently prayed his fingers would soon be replaced with his cock.

"That was good." Jack's voice sounded miles away. She turned her head slightly to see him, his face solemn, his eyes filled with heat. "But I didn't give you permission to come, did I?"

Wordlessly, she shook her head.

"I didn't hear you," he said. "When I ask you a question, you need to answer it. Did I say you could come?"

"No, Master." She wanted to weep from the mingled fear and excitement his stern tone made her feel.

"I see we haven't learned our lesson yet."

Unsure if he wanted her to speak or not, she stayed silent, staring up at him, breathlessly anticipating what he would do next. She had never felt this way before, so truly eager to please. This was true submission, deeper than

anything she had ever experienced, and Jack was the man teaching her. It felt so right.

He removed his shirt and jeans, and she thought she was going to come again. Just the sight of his body, so firm, each muscle defined clearly beneath his smooth, tawny skin. She let her gaze wander down further and bit back a gasp. He truly was her fantasy man. She had only dreamed of a cock so big before, so thick, jutting out from the thick hair that covered his balls, showing her how much he wanted her.

In a flash, he was on top of her, straddling her. His thick thighs rested on either side of her chest. The head of his cock sat just above her chin. Up close, it was even more beautiful than from a distance, and she licked her lips as she watched a bead of moisture form at its head. She longed to taste it, taste his skin, to feel the hot thickness of him in her mouth.

Without a word, he leaned forward and let her do just that, pumping in and out of her mouth while she sucked frantically. She wanted to grab his ass, to grab his balls, but her hands were held fast. Her clit was burning, her pussy weeping with desire as his hairy thighs brushed against her nipples, setting them alight.

“God, Francesca, yes,” he was saying as he fucked her mouth with his big hard dick. “Oh, yes, baby.”

Her tongue swirled around him, savoring the feel of the smooth skin and the taste of him. She opened her eyes to see him looking down at her, his face almost unrecognizable with lust.

Abruptly, he pulled away, making her bite her tongue to keep from protesting. “Baby, you’ll make me come if we’re not careful,” he said. “And this night is way too young for that.”

She sighed in pleasure at the words, her body still humming, the flavor of his precome still tantalizing her mouth.

“Now,” he said, “I think it’s time for me to return the favor.”

Before she could even register the words he slid down her body and assaulted her pussy with his tongue. Her pelvis flew up off the bed, eagerly meeting his mouth, begging him to delve deeper, to press his hot tongue into every nook and cranny.

A growl escaped his throat as he gripped her hips and pressed them back to the bed. He resumed his leisurely tour of her pussy, running his tongue lightly over the edge of her lips, dipping into the heated channel of her cunt, then back up to tease her clit. She was drifting, riding on a sea of pure sensation, in a place where she was not herself anymore.

He slid a finger into her cunt, sliding it in and out, matching the steady rhythm he was beating on her clit. She tried to focus on keeping her hips in place, the forced stillness increasing the pleasure. Her body ached and strained against the ropes and handcuffs that held her fast. Every muscle was tense, every nerve ending in her body alight.

He added another finger, and another. She gasped and bit back the cries threatening to escape from her throat. She was desperate to stay quiet, to please him so he wouldn’t stop. Sweat broke out all over her body. She could feel what must be a torrent of juices gushing from her cunt, running down the crack of her ass to moisten her puckered entrance there.

As if he sensed her thoughts, Jack brought his other hand into play, sliding his index finger along that crack, rubbing the small hole, his finger slick with her cream. He probed gently, the tip of his finger invading, stretching her, then moving in and out with shallow strokes. He followed the same rhythm,

and she could not be silent anymore as the blood began rushing to her pelvis, so fast and strong that she was light-headed.

“Jack!” she screamed. “God, Jack, please let me come!”

He didn’t answer, still working at her pussy and ass, his fingers pistoning relentlessly inside her, his tongue laving her clit with short, dancing strokes.

“Jack!” she screamed again. She couldn’t hold it anymore. She was dancing on the edge of the knife, her body begging for release. Only the strength of her will and the fear of his displeasure kept her from breaking apart into a million pieces. “Please!”

His hands disappeared, and she hovered on the precipice, her eyes screwed shut, horror and disappointment flooding her body as she realized he had left her.

She felt his breath hot on her throat, and barely had time to register that he had moved before he rammed his thick cock balls-deep into her.

“Come,” he commanded, and she did. Screaming, shouting, her pussy throbbing, gripping his cock and drenching it with fragrant, slick juice. Her hips lifted off the bed as his lips met hers in a searing, soul-sucking kiss.

The world crashed in around her. Jack kept fucking her, hard and fast, each thrust sending her back over the edge as she came, and came again. He hushed her cries of ecstasy with his mouth, his smooth, powerful body working so skillfully above her, moving with her, as if they had been doing this for years.

She thought she was going to die. Her body couldn’t take any more of this, of the relentless climaxes. She was leaving her body, being sent so far out into the stars she thought she might never come back, as Jack’s powerful body coaxed her into delirium.

* * * *

Jack had never seen anything so erotic, had never felt anything as thrilling as the feel of Francesca's cunt pulsating around his engorged cock. She felt better than anything he'd ever experienced in his life. Somehow, his feelings for her had done a complete turnaround, making him realize it was never hate he felt for her. It was never dislike. It was pure desire, the recognition by one soul of another. It was frustration that she was not his.

Now she was. His body tensed at the thought, at the sight of her body arched against his, her cunt sucking desperately at his dick. She was beautiful, and the realization he was screwing the woman of his dreams made the blood pool in his pelvis. His balls tightened, and he braced himself for the most intense orgasm of his life.

"Francesca!" He yelled her name and pounded her body, punishing it with his, as he spurted hot come into the very center of her being. It went on forever, his dick throbbing, jerking like a living thing deep inside her hot channel.

His eyes rolled back into his head. For a moment, he actually thought he was going to pass out before he collapsed on top of her. His hands still gripped her hips as if his life depended on it.

Which maybe it did.

They lay panting, their sweaty bodies pressed together, skin against skin. Somehow, this felt even more intimate than their incredible sex had. In a rush of tenderness, he kissed her cheek, smoothed her hair back from her damp brow.

"Are you okay?"

She laughed, a delightfully musical sound, chasing away the last of his anxieties. "Am I okay? I don't think I'll ever be able to walk again, but other than that, yes. I'm fine." She

turned her head to look him in the eyes. “Better than fine. Are you okay?”

He smiled back. “Better than okay.”

He left her, ignoring the cold air on his body as he carefully untied her ankles and released her hands from the cuffs. She responded by grabbing him around the neck, holding him tightly. It felt wonderful. Jack had never been one to cuddle a lot after sex, but he found he never wanted to leave Francesca’s fragrant embrace.

“How did you know about me?” She buried her head in his chest, her breath caressing his skin, making his male nipples tingle.

Should he tell her? “Don’t be mad,” he said, “but I looked in your luggage.”

“You snooped?” Her blue eyes danced as she looked up at him.

He nodded. “Sorry.”

She pulled away a little, to look at him better, and smiled. “I’m not.” She kissed his chest, then asked, “But when did you know...I mean...”

“That I was in love with you?” He grinned at her little gasp of surprise. “Come now, Frannie, why pretend? I’m in love with you, despite how mean and nasty you’ve always been to me. I always knew I wanted you, but it wasn’t until I saw your bag that I realized...I guess it’s a very fine line between love and hate.”

“Very fine, indeed,” she said, making his chest expand with sheer relief and happiness. “I’m sorry, Jack.”

“Me, too.”

He kissed her, reveling in the feel of her smooth, lithe body in his arms, her skin pressed against his. “Of course,” he said finally, “could be I realized I love you when you dropped that apple on your foot.”

“Oh, Jack!” She slapped him playfully on the chest and laughed, as he drew her closer to him for another kiss, a kiss that would last the rest of his life.

Francesca sighed and leaned into him, letting him take her mouth with his, knowing he was hers. Not just for a week or for the break, but forever. “I love you, too,” she whispered.

Outside the misty windows of his room, the snow began to fall again.

THE ICE HOUSE

by

December Quinn

"I can't believe you're making me do this," she grumbled, as Joe took her hand and led her across the frozen lake. She brushed a strand of dark hair out of her eyes and wished she could find a winter hat that didn't turn it into a ball of static. "This is not my idea of a fun anniversary."

"Ice fishing is the most fun thing you can do," he replied cheerfully. Seeing her sardonic smile, he amended, "Well, it's one of the most fun things you can do. Anyway, Bethie, I really appreciate you agreeing to come along."

Not like I had much choice, Beth thought with a smile. Today was their two year anniversary, and ever since the freeze three weeks ago, she'd known that Joe was itching to get his horrible little shack built and get out onto the lake.

To catch fish.

Joe didn't even like fish.

And neither did Beth, really. A lifetime of being forced to eat lutefisk and various other culinary monstrosities had left her with a distinct aversion to seafood.

While she didn't like fish, she did like Joe. In fact, she loved him, from the top of his sandy-brown hair and his open, friendly face to the bottom of his big man's feet. He looked like a good man, a smart and kind one, and he was.

He loved her, and if this would make him happy, then she would do it.

He could pay her back by taking her out someplace nice. Someplace to really celebrate their anniversary.

Maybe they could even get a hotel room, an expensive and luxurious one with a big Jacuzzi bathtub, and an even bigger bed. The idea made her smile.

He was definitely going to owe her one after this.

“Are you thinking of what you’re going to make me do for you in exchange for this?” Joe’s voice, teasing, broke her reverie.

“Why, do I look like I am?”

“Your eyes are twinkling,” he said. “But I suppose that could be the sheer excitement of ice fishing finally working its way into your bones.”

“I can assure you, it isn’t,” she said. “The only thing working its way into my bones is the cold. Which of these shacks is yours?”

“This one,” he said, and Beth stifled a grin at the immense pride in his voice. The shack, perched on the ice like a scruffy troll on a heath, was a mishmash of bits of plywood, quilt scraps, and heavy plastic. It was an architectural nightmare, but Joe looked at it like it was the Taj Mahal.

“You built this all by yourself?” She managed to keep the laughter from her voice, and was rewarded by the brightness of his smile.

“I did,” he said. “You know, my dad used to help me, but the last four or five years, I’ve built my own. I’ve made some improvements I think you’ll like. Come on in.”

He pulled open the scrap of wood that acted as a door and ushered her inside.

After the hard, bright white of the sun shining on the frozen lake, Beth’s eyes actually hurt as they tried to adjust to the semi gloom inside the shack. There were no windows, and the only light that entered was from tiny cracks in the

makeshift walls. Dust floated and danced in the shafts of light, illuminating the barest bones of furnishings: a couple stools, some blankets, and two small ice chests, one of which had cans of beer in it. Joe's fishing equipment stood in the corner next to a battery-powered CD player/radio.

It was only moderately warmer inside than out.

"I thought these places were heated somehow," Beth said.

"Heat could melt the ice," Joe replied. "It warms up enough, once you've been inside for a while." His gloved hand brushed the wayward lock of hair back out of her face. "With two of us in here, it'll warm up even faster."

Beth felt her face color. The smell of his skin, his tender touch along her face sent a quiver of pure happiness through her body. This was the best time, when it was just Joe and her, alone somewhere. They could talk for hours, or sit in silence together, or...her nipples, already hardened from the cold, grew even harder. She could feel them under the heavy layers of clothing, the delicate skin of her areola puckering and nubbling at the thought of Joe's hands, warm and slightly calloused, caressing them. The sensation was momentarily so intense, she almost forgot where she was, that they weren't back in his little apartment, naked and warm under heavy blankets.

Instead, they were here, in this little driftwood room, sitting on a thick slab of solid ice that in the summer was a picturesque lake. Even now, under the ice, there were still fish swimming, and water plants growing in the murky depths. They were totally isolated.

It felt primitive, and that feeling was surprisingly sexy.

"I thought you said you made improvements," she said, surprised to hear her voice was a little husky, her throat already tight from desire.

“I did,” he replied. “There’s more blankets, and I brought another stool.”

“Goodness. I never knew interior decorating was one of your many talents.”

“I’m modest about it,” he said, then added a little hesitantly, “You think I have many talents?”

“Of course I do,” she said. “I wouldn’t be here otherwise.”

“You’re my girl, Bethie,” he said, motioning her to a stool. The smile on his face was worth any amount of boredom and cold. Beth counted herself lucky every day to have him in her life, to have found him before some other girl noticed how funny he was, how he was both gentle and manly at the same time.

Not to mention that he was the best lover she’d ever had in her life.

Smiling, she took the seat he indicated, ignoring the cold seeping through her jeans at the touch of the hard stool. Maybe there was some way to take Joe’s mind away from fishing today.

* * * *

Joe smiled as he watched Beth settle herself on the stool. She was one hell of a woman, his Bethie. Not

many girls would agree to come to a hut on a frozen lake for an anniversary outing.

But this was important to him. Aside from this, he wasn't a very outdoorsy guy. He didn't hunt, or play sports, or even fish in the summer. He just liked to get out here and be alone more than anything else. The cold seemed to clear his head. He always felt somehow closer to the man he should be, who he wanted to be, when he was here. It was a good feeling.

Now, after two years, he was inviting Beth to share his solitude. He only hoped she would understand how much it meant to him that she'd said yes.

"So this is all you do out here?" she asked. "Cut a hole, stick a fishing line in, and watch?"

"I listen to the radio."

"Ah. The excitement never stops." But the sparkle in her blue eyes let him know she wasn't really making fun of him.

"It can get a little dull sometimes," he admitted. "I do a lot of reading."

"I guess it would be a good place for that," she said. "Only a little cold for my liking, and not really very comfortable aside from the cold, either."

"You'd be surprised," he said. He knelt on the ice and reached past her for another blanket, feeling the warmth of her breath on his cheek as he did so. Her perfume filled the air around her, a pink aura of fragrance. It made her seem even more solid to him, like the scent was an extension of her body, reaching out to caress him as he pulled the blanket around her shoulders.

His body's reaction was as surprising as it was intense. After two years, Beth still excited him, still made

him feel stronger and manlier than anyone else ever had. Over time, things between them may have settled down a bit—they no longer felt the need to fuck like rabbits two or three times a day—but he was always thrilled to touch her, to hold her.

Now, though, he felt like he did when they were first dating. The urge to tear off her heavy padded coat, and what was probably at least three layers of clothing beneath it, was strong enough to make his breath catch.

Her face was only inches from his, her eyes hooded as she glanced down at the ice floor below them. “It’s a little scary,” she said. “Even though I know it’s safe.”

The moment might have ended, but Joe’s arousal was still simmering beneath the surface. “You’ll see,” he replied. “Once I cut the hole, you’ll see how thick it is.”

Her eyebrows, thin and black against the paleness of her delicate skin, raised slightly, but she didn’t comment.

He busied himself for several minutes with his ice equipment and set up the rod, pleased things were going smoothly, and there were no mishaps. He’d have hated to have her first trip out here with him be ruined.

She just watched, her gloved hands clasped in her lap, her feet, in heavy boots, planted straight in front of her. He liked her silence, her stillness. It made him feel that, even though she might not understand exactly why he wanted her here, she was respectful of the experience.

That was one of the things that had first attracted him to Beth, in fact. They’d been at a party, one of those incredibly crowded affairs where the music is so loud, he could hardly hear himself think, much less talk to anyone. He’d been trying to find a place to sit while waiting for his date to return from the line at the bathroom.

And then he’d seen Beth. Her dark hair covered her head like a cap as she sat alone at one end of the couch in the living

room. What struck him then, as now, was how patient and content she looked. Like she could sit there forever and create worlds in her head, and not need to talk to anyone.

When he finally spoke to her, he realized it was even better than he'd imagined. She didn't need to create new worlds, because she was perfectly comfortable in the one they lived in. She saw everything with such clarity and vibrancy that she made him feel more than boring Joe, the office manager who read a lot of books. She made him feel like he could be part of her world, the Beth-world, which was as interesting and lovely as the woman who created it.

Thinking of this now, he sat at her feet and leaned his head against her knee. Her jeans were slightly warm and rough against his cheek, and when her hand came down to pull off his hat, he felt the coolness of her ungloved fingers as she ruffled them through his hair.

"So, usually you're out here alone," she said. "Do you get lonely?"

He looked up at her, into eyes that watched him so warmly. "Sometimes." He kissed her hand. "But it helps me think."

"What do you think about?"

He shrugged. "Everything and nothing, I guess. Problems at work. Things I'd like to do." He looked up at her. "You."

"I love you, Joe," she said.

"I love you, too." He turned her hand in his and kissed her soft palm, warming slightly against his lips. He could see her pulse faintly through the thin, pale skin of her wrist, and he kissed that too, letting his teeth scrape her gently.

Her breath caught. "Joe."

He ignored her and shifted his weight back to his feet, pushing her sweater and coat sleeves further up her arm and following them with his mouth. The little shack was quiet.

The only sound was the quickening pace of Beth's breathing as he let his lips play against her inner arm.

She didn't speak again, but her free hand came to play with his earlobe. Her fingers were warmer now, and the sensation against his cold skin was delightful. He felt like every touch of her hand branded him, left a mark of heat and light where before it was cold and dark.

He caught one of those fingers in his mouth and sucked on it, letting his tongue circle her fingertip and caress it. She sighed and shifted slightly in her chair, and when he caressed her inner thigh, he felt the heat radiating from between her legs.

Her legs moved apart, just far enough for him to reach his hand further up and press his thumb against the denim covering her pussy. The fabric was hot and slightly damp. Joe could picture her cunt under the fabric, swollen and wet, ready for him. His cock was so hard, he thought just the mental image of her naked mound might make him come in his pants. He pressed his thumb in harder, enjoying the way she squirmed under his hand, begging him to touch her harder.

Her bootlaces were tied tight, and it took him a minute or so to get them undone and pull the boots off her feet. "Joe," she said, her voice low and excited, "it's too cold."

"Do you still feel the cold?" he asked. "I don't." He tugged on her jeans, opening the button at her waist, pulling the zipper down.

Beth lifted her hips obediently, her hands braced on either side of the seat, and let him hook her jeans and silk panties under his fingers to pull them down. He watched tiny bumps raise on her skin from the chill air.

Her jeans were down at her ankles now, her ass still suspended off the seat. Joe finished removing her pants and

placed his hands on the inside of her knees, spreading them apart. Her skin was slightly pink with cold, and he ran his hands up her inner thighs, delighting in the smooth feel of them, and the way their color changed from pinkish to white as her skin warmed under his touch. Her feet were braced on a blanket placed on the ice below them, and the low stool forced her knees up, exposing even more to his eager eyes.

The neatly trimmed hair that covered her mound framed the rosy skin of her cunt, her lips visibly wet and engorged. “Did I ever tell you,” he murmured, “just how beautiful your pussy is?”

“I can’t remember just now,” she whispered. Her face was flushed, her eyes taking on the slightly glazed look he associated with her intense arousal. She spread her legs a little wider. “How beautiful is it?”

He smiled. “I could stare at it all day and not get tired of it.” He ran his finger up her thigh, smiling even wider as her legs spread further apart. Her thighs were beginning to tremble as her entire pussy opened to him. He could see the slick wetness of it, the beads of moisture gathered on her lips. Her clit was just beginning to peek out from the hood of skin that covered it.

Gently, he reached out and traced a line at the junction of her thigh. She gasped and tried to jerk her hips sideways, begging him without words to touch her clit, to bury his finger deep inside her cunt. He pressed hard on her other thigh.

“Stay still.”

That was another thing he liked about Beth. She may have been an independent woman outside the bedroom, but inside it, she obeyed only him. Her submissive attitude made him even hotter, and he licked his lips and shifted his weight again to relieve some of the pressure on his iron-hard erection.

He made slow circles around her cunt with his fingertip, tracing the folds of her swollen lips, but never stopping, never allowing his hand to brush against where he knew it would pleasure her most. The suspense was too exciting. He could hear her gasps turning into moans, little high-pitched grunts of frustration and excitement as he kept up a steady, light pressure with his finger. Her cunt opened to him, its humid muskiness intensely inviting. His finger stood out sharply white against the dark hair and slick rose-colored skin.

Finally, he leaned forward and buried his head between her flushed thighs and let his tongue follow the same path as his finger.

“Oh, God, Joe,” she whispered, her breath coming in short, hard gasps. “Your tongue is so hot.”

Joe lowered his hand to the hard ice floor, then raised it back up. Without removing his tongue from her delicate folds, he pressed his ice-cold thumb against her exposed clit.

“Aaaah!” Her hips bucked, once. She couldn’t control it, no matter how much she wanted to be still like he told her. The combination of the wet heat of his breath and mouth, and the freezing temperature of his thumb, made her entire body start to shake. It felt as though her nerves were burning and freezing at the same time.

He removed his thumb and finally, slowly, flicked his tongue across her hard little clit.

Beth couldn’t keep herself quiet anymore. She’d been trying, mindful of the other ice houses and their occupants, but when he zeroed in on her clit and started playing his tongue across it with increasing intensity, her moans got louder.

“That is so good,” she murmured. “Oh, Joe, that is so amazing.”

She was dimly aware of her hands beginning to ache, but she didn't care. Her entire being was focused on her dripping pussy, on Joe's tongue circling it, diving into her cunt, then darting back out, driving her nearly insane.

She felt the pressure building in her pelvis, the rush of blood as her body prepared to orgasm. She hadn't thought she could spread her legs wider, but she could, and she looked down to watch as Joe's tongue teased her, dancing across her clit.

Abruptly, he pulled away. She started to protest. She was so close, her body screaming with pleasure.

Then she saw what he had in his hand. A piece of ice, its tip slightly melted and glistening.

Without giving her time to speak, he touched the ice against the exposed head of her clit. She screamed, a short, sharp cry, as her nerve endings sizzled. Her hips leapt from the chair, an involuntary movement of delight. The pain and pleasure were so closely entwined, she couldn't tell which was which, and she didn't care. It was the most amazing sensation she'd ever felt, especially when he removed the ice and reapplied his tongue, lapping up the cold water along with the hot juices flowing from her.

He began alternating, pulling her clit into the moist heat of his mouth, sucking gently until she began to shake, then pulling away and touching her with the ice.

She was moaning, groaning, gasping, her eyes tightly shut, her head thrown back. She had never felt sexier or more loved in her entire life as Joe sucked her, teased her, worshipped her pussy with his mouth. He inserted two fingers, filling her momentarily with cold, then fucking her with them as they heated up, hard and fast, never stopping his oral assault on her most sensitive place.

Finally, he let her come. She was screaming now, calling his name, her muscles taut and quivering as her blood pounded with ecstasy. He didn't move, kneeling at her feet, sucking her dry as her cunt released its heady potion.

"Still cold?" He smiled at her as she came back down to earth. She shook her head and reached for his zipper.

"I'm actually quite warm," she said. "And we're not done here."

"No?" He tried to keep his voice nonchalant, but she could see the excitement in his eyes as she urged him to stand and lowered his pants, freeing his erect cock.

She reached for it, knowing her hands were cold, smiling in anticipatory pleasure at the thought he would get a taste of his own medicine. Her smile grew wider when he gasped and his dick leapt in her hand. A glistening bead of moisture sat on the end of it. She used her hand to spread the wetness over the bulging head of his cock, rubbing her palm across the tip as he sighed in pleasure.

His balls were warm and heavy in her hand as she rubbed them, rolling them between her fingers, delighting in the slightly scratchy feel of the hair on them in her palm.

She didn't hesitate, but plunged his cock into her mouth as far as it would go, knowing the sensation of heat after the cold air would be indescribable. Her reward was his soft cry, which turned into a groan as she pulled back and, keeping her mouth closed over his shaft, began swirling her tongue around it.

Holding him firmly in her mouth, she left one hand on his balls and let the other roam around his back to squeeze the hard muscles of his ass, so cold, it felt like marble. She scratched her fingernails lightly across it, and he shuddered.

"Bethie..." he said, his voice hoarse. "Jesus, suck me, Bethie. Suck me hard."

She obeyed, taking his full length into her mouth, sucking with as much power as she could. She could still feel the wetness and heat emanating from her pussy. Sucking him off was making her even hotter.

The chill air touching her moist cunt made it tingle, and she took her hand off his balls and reached down to stroke herself. She was so wet, her thighs were slick. When her finger brushed against her clit, she frowned slightly, then reached down to touch the ice. The cold was such a thrill; she wanted to feel it again.

Joe watched her hand disappear between her legs, and felt her gasp against the head of his dick, still buried in her mouth. "Touch yourself, baby," he whispered. "Let me see you come with my cock in your mouth."

Her legs parted slightly to allow her hand better access. Without removing his dick from her mouth, she rubbed her clit in light circles, her body shaking.

Every time she pulled her head back, Joe felt the erotic shock of the cold air hitting his wet prick. Every time she moved forward, he was engulfed in heat again. He was shaking and quivering, his chest heaving, his own hips thrusting forward every time she slid her beautiful mouth back toward his balls. He couldn't see the hand she had buried between her own legs, but knowing it was there egged him on, made him feel like a king. He and Beth had had some wild times, but she was rarely uninhibited enough to let him watch her touch herself.

Beth rubbed her own piece of ice against the head of his dick. He cried out, his body jerking involuntarily. He tried to step back without losing his footing, but she grabbed his hips, holding him in place as she licked the cold droplets off water off him and plied the ice once again.

He felt what she had experienced earlier. The shocking, painful sensation of the cold, alternating with the fiery softness of her lips was exquisite torture.

The ice slid across his stomach, leaving a trail of water as the heat of his skin melted it. Beth moved it along his inner thigh, just barely touching him, letting it graze along the side of his balls as he gasped.

Her finger moved faster on her clit as she got close to another orgasm. Her hand was drenched and slick with her juices, sliding easily through the folds of skin, finding the tiny button and pressing it, pulling it, each movement of her hand driving her higher. The feel of his hard cock against her lips and tongue excited her still more as she pumped furiously with her mouth.

The ice fell from her hand and she grasped the base of his dick, squeezing, pulling at the soft skin that covered the engorged muscle as she sucked him further down her throat. She was about to come, the blood racing to her cunt, and she was desperate to take as much of Joe into her mouth as she could. She wanted to swallow him, to envelope him, to keep him inside her while she rode the waves of pure sensation bursting through her body.

He felt her jaw go tense as her breath caught. She groaned, once, the sound escaping from the back of her throat and sending vibrations along the length of his dick. His balls shrank, hardening, clenching for his own orgasm, and grabbed her head to ease it away.

“Don’t make me come yet, baby,” he said, in a voice he barely recognized as his own. “I haven’t fucked you yet. I need to fuck you.”

“God, yes,” she panted. Her eyes were barely open. She looked drunk on pleasure, drunk on the intensity of their love and the feverish heat that seemed to fill the tiny shack.

He picked her up from the stool and turned her around, taking care she didn’t slip or get her feet tangled in the blanket on the floor. She stood still while he slipped off her

coat, leaving her in just a thick sweater that came to her waist. Her arms rose up to brace herself gently against the flimsy wall, her legs spread apart.

The view of her small, rounded ass was perfect. Joe stood for a moment, just looking, his eyes caressing the smooth white skin, before he reached out to stroke its pearly softness with the palm of his hand. She sighed and leaned slightly forward, giving him better access to an ass that felt like a flower petal under his rough skin.

He slid his hands all over her bottom, delighting in the way she shivered and trembled at his touch, before reaching around her hips to touch her pussy again. He couldn't remember ever feeling Beth so wet. It was amazing to think he had done this, he had turned her on to such an extent her juices ran freely down her legs and she gasped at his lightest touch. Her special erotic scent filled the air, combining with her perfume to produce an aroma sexier and more welcoming than anything else could ever be. Joe's nostrils were filled with it, as his mind and heart were filled with the love he felt for her.

"I can't wait, Joe," she said, her voice hoarse and strange. "Please don't torture me anymore. Let me feel you inside me."

"You want me inside you?" He leaned forward and ran his hand up under her sweater to cup her breasts. Her hard nipples pressed against the fabric of her bra, and he rubbed them with his fingertips as she whimpered.

His mouth was right next to her ear. "You want me inside you, Beth?"

"Yes."

"Say please."

"Please."

He left her entirely and she cried out, arching her back so her ass was presented more prominently to him. “Joe!”

Without another word, he grabbed her hips and plunged his cock into her waiting pussy. She hadn’t expected him to thrust into her so fast. Her body arced forward, and only his hands gripping her held her steady as she cried out.

He couldn’t stifle his own cry as he began pumping his hips, driving his cock into her again and again. He was sweating now, his hands on her hips slick with it, and he dug his fingers in harder to keep her steady as he fucked her as hard as he could.

Every time he pulled out, the cold air hit the wet skin of his dick. Every time he thrust back in, he was encased in tremendous heat. The stimulus was almost overwhelming, and when he looked down, he could see his cock, furiously driving in and out of her wet heat, disappearing inside her then reappearing, covered in her slick moisture. Another sight he would never get tired of.

Beth braced herself as firmly as she could against the relentless onslaught of Joe’s cock. Her entire body shook as she stood almost on tiptoe, her legs apart, her back still arched so he could advance further into her.

“This won’t work,” he muttered. She heard his voice dimly, over the rushing of her blood in her ears and the faint sounds of the wind outside the tiny room. “I need to touch you.”

He pulled out, leaving her bereft, and put his hand on her shoulder, urging her to the ground. She knelt on the blanket and helped him pull off her sweater before he removed his own. The sweat between her breasts dried instantly as the chill air caressed her skin, cooling her body. The sensation dispelled a little of the fever in her brain, but not enough to make her less eager to feel him inside her again, stretching

her, filling her so completely, she thought she would die from the pleasure of it.

Expertly, he unhooked her bra and let it slide off her shoulders and down her arms, to fall on the ice floor. Her nipples tightened even more, and when Joe's warm hands caressed her breasts, gathering them together, they were so sensitive that the merest brush of his fingertip across them made her entire body shiver in bliss.

He knelt behind her, nibbling at her neck, making her lean her head further forward to give him better access. His mouth moved up to her earlobe, scraping his teeth lightly down it, his tongue darting out to lick her lobe and the tender skin behind her ear.

"I love you, Bethie," he whispered, his breath hot on her skin. She smiled and leaned back a little further, to capture his mouth with hers. Their tongues tangled together, cold lips meeting and warming up together to form a kiss of incredible passion and heat. Just to kiss him, to feel his strong naked chest against her back, to smell the clean, sexy scent of his skin, was heaven. His cock pressed against her ass, searing her skin like a brand.

"I love you, Joe."

"Always," he said, pulling away from her to press her shoulders forward. She did as he bid, her hands on the blanket that used to be around her shoulders. She felt the cold emanating from the ice on her bare breasts and stomach. Every time Joe's hands touched her there, the heat of his skin was shocking, delicious.

He slid into her again, more slowly, letting her feel every hot inch of him as he pressed into her. His right hand parted the lips of her pussy and started toying with her clit, rolling it lightly between two fingers. She sighed again and curled her

back, giving him better access, as her hips began to sway back and forth almost imperceptibly.

His free hand tweaked her nipple, pulling on it ever-so-gently, moving in time with the fingers that stimulated her clit so beautifully with the rhythm of his pelvic thrusts.

“Oh, God,” he whispered, over and over, a mantra of elation. “Oh, God, Beth...”

She spread her legs still wider, and he responded by moving his hand from her breast to the back of her neck, urging her upper body lower so that she braced her weight on her forearms. She cried out, in pain or pleasure she wasn't certain; in this position, her stiffened nipples touched the ice directly. She started to move up but his hand braced her neck, holding her there.

“Wait,” he grunted, then took his hand away and began fucking her again, hard and fast. Every time he plunged into her, her breasts bounced forward, sliding her nipples across the ice, and every time he pulled back, they followed.

She was a mass of nerve endings in contradiction. Her pussy was wet and feverish from the relentless friction of his cock stretching her, fucking her with increasing speed. Her nipples, needlelike in their hardness, tingled and burned with cold. Joe's hand worked harder on her clit, faster, twisting and rubbing it.

She was shaking. The onslaught of pure sensation was too much. She screamed his name, not caring if anyone could hear, or anything else but the feel of this man and the ice, and the fact she was about to come harder than she ever had in her life.

Joe felt her tense, saw her neck stretch as her back arched. Her hips bucked against his, her knees bent so her calves wrapped around his thighs. He felt his own climax building in his pelvis. This time, he would let it go.

With a high-pitched scream, Beth came, her cunt pulsating and throbbing around him, caressing his dick as he gave a final, mighty thrust. His orgasm ripped through his body, waves of ecstasy pulling at him, sending him flying out of his body and into the stars.

Neither of them moved for a minute. They stayed as they were, their chests heaving, their minds slowly returning to their bodies.

Joe moved his hips to the side, suddenly aware of the painful pressure on his knees, and realized Beth must be feeling the same thing. He shifted his weight back to rest on his feet, disengaging from Beth's body. The cold that had only minutes ago been intensely erotic was growing chilly, and he winced as his dick felt the sting of the icy air. He reached for another blanket and covered Beth with it before taking the last one for himself.

"Thanks, baby," she said, smiling shyly at him.

"Thank *you*," he replied, and her smile widened at their old joke.

They sat huddled in blankets for a minute, smiling rather stupidly at each other. Joe felt more content, more right, than he had in a long time.

He hadn't planned it for now. He hadn't actually planned it at all, but now his mouth opened, and before he quite knew what he was doing, he took her cold hand in his and said, "Marry me, Beth."

He had always loved her smile, the way it started slowly in the corners, then burst into sunshine on her otherwise serious face. It happened now, her entire countenance lighting up, brighter than the winter sun shining outside the little building.

"Okay," she said simply, and he leaned over to kiss her. He tried to put everything into that kiss, all his gratitude for

finding her, and excitement about the life they would live together, all the love he held in his heart and soul for the amazing woman that she was.

They stayed there, huddled together against the encroaching cold, for several minutes, before finally separating to get dressed.

"I'm sorry I don't have a ring," he said, watching her slide her jeans up her long, perfect legs, sorry to see them disappear under the denim.

"That's the least of my concern," she said. "I'm trying to figure out how to tell our children that when you proposed, my response was, 'Okay.' Oh, and of course, leaving out that we'd just been screwing each others' brains out in an ice-fishing shack."

"It is awfully fucking cold in here, isn't it?" he mused.

"Yes. You still owe me, you know."

He slipped his arm around her waist and kissed the cool skin of her forehead. "I know. But I'll spend the rest of our lives making it up to you, I promise." He dragged his gaze away from hers and looked down, smiling even wider.

"There's one thing I can give you right away," he said.

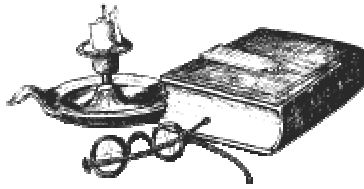
"I think you already gave me something."

"Something else, though." He reached down and tugged at his fishing rod, propped up next to the hole in the ice. "I caught a fish."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

December Quinn started writing romance at an early age, and never stopped. Writing is still probably the most fun she has outside of bed or a long drive with the radio turned up and the windows down. She lives in England with her wonderful husband and their two little girls.

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