



Melting Ice by Misty Simon

© 2005

Ocean's Mist Press

Melting Ice

The scanning, uploading and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is a violation of the Copyright Law. Ocean's Mist Press will aggressively pursue those who chose to violate the intellectual property rights of our authors.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, places, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Melting Ice
Copyright (c) 2005 by Misty Simon

ISBN: 0-9773043-016-1
Cover art and design (c) 2005 by Mari LaCroix and Ginger Heaston

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any form without permission, except as provided by the U.S. Copyright Law.

Look for us on the Web
www.oceansmistpress.com

Misty Simon

DEDICATION/ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

To Daniel for his encouragement and belief in me.

To Rida for friendship

Melting Ice

"My pleasure, Ms. Gordon," Matt Furlong said with a smile that sent flutters racing through Bernie Gordon's stomach.

It was the voice, too, Bernie decided. Along with the dimples winking in his chiseled face, the voice – deep and commanding – sent her circuits straight into haywire mode. Delicious shivers ran up and down her spine when he spoke. It never mattered what he said, he could ask for a final tally of linen napkins and it still had the same effect on her. Liquid heat pooled between her thighs just thinking about what that voice could do whispering naughty things into her ear.

"Is that all?" he asked. "Or is there something more I can do for you before we call it a night?"

Yeah, she'd like to call it a night and could think of any number of things she'd like him to do. A small voice inside mocked her. She never acted wanton anymore and so much was riding on this dinner that she couldn't afford to start entertaining her inner hussy right now.

So voice or not, she shook herself from her fantasies – where he could recite the alphabet and make her come – and got back down to business. "I appreciate it, Matt, but I think we may have actually pulled it off. And please, for the last time, call me Bernie."

On second thought, if he called her Bernie, she might melt into a puddle of goo right here and now.

But he didn't call her Bernie, he just turned away, his fine ass and broad shoulders sauntering out of the magnificently decorated ballroom where, tonight, her life would either soar to new heights or crash and burn into a fiery death.

Pushing through the double doors to the kitchen, Matt grumbled,

Misty Simon

“Damn Jerry and his last minute family emergency.”

He wouldn't be in this position if his best friend weren't 300 miles away from Harrisburg and 300 miles away from this charity function. If not for this event tonight, Matt would be comfortably settled on his old tattered couch, his butt molded to his special spot, slugging back a beer and watching the football game. Instead, he was stuffed into a tux waiting for 150 guests he'd have to woo and cater to. Literally.

Checking for last minute catastrophes and finding none, he went back into the small washroom off the kitchen and checked his appearance. He was a bachelor through and through, going on few first dates and even fewer second ones. It wasn't that he had no desire to be with someone it was just that he had never found that one woman who made him want to give up his ratty couch and holey socks, his freedom to sit in his underwear anytime of the day if he wanted.

But in the two weeks he'd worked with Bernie, his views had begun to change against his will. What good were holey socks if he could tumble all that luscious flesh into the nearest bed? Who needed a ratty couch if a new one could be used for late night make-out sessions?

He shook his head at his reflection. A classy woman like Bernie would never go for him. She had a high power job as the Event Coordinator for the latest booming software company and he was a caterer. He owned his own restaurant, *Rapture*, but it still didn't put him in the same circles she traveled, other than as a service provider.

The head chef bellowed in the next room, bringing Matt out of his thoughts. He hurried to avert whatever crisis had popped up in the last three minutes. At least at this function he could mingle out with the guests and have a front row seat to watch the hot, voluptuous Bernie. Being a co-coordinator allowed him to take a night off from the kitchen.

Her crew collapsed the tables and stacked the chairs while Bernie gathered up some trash from the floor. The people who had danced, laughed, and generally enjoyed tonight were long gone and she considered the event a success, now if only her boss would have the same

Melting Ice

thought.

Regardless it was over and a small part of her was sad. Not at the way things went tonight, but because it would be the last time she had an excuse to see Matt. She'd tried to tamp down the lust she'd felt over the last couple of days, marking it down to tension over the event, but she couldn't deny the way he made her feel when he looked at her – all hot and bothered, tempted to open her blouse just that one additional button to give him a better view of her cleavage. But then he'd sent such mixed messages ever since he'd been called in to take over when his friend Jerry, her original assistant, had been called out on a family emergency. She'd admit now she'd panicked, a full-blown hissy fit, until Jerry called to confirm he asked his friend to fill in and everything was taken care of.

Matt had walked into her office and the world had fallen away around her. Gorgeous and sexy, his dark hair short and spiky, he'd sent her libido spiraling. His intense blue eyes shining intelligence and laughter, his broad shoulders and tapered waist neatly defined by his casual clothes had only added to the picture of deliciousness. Her heart had nearly stopped when their hands touched.

But then and now, his demeanor was always differential to her, not overly friendly but not too distant. Until he would say something, a twinkle in his eye and the smile bloomed with that incredible dimple. Was he flirting with her? She didn't know but she wished like hell the answer was yes.

The crew folded the last table and waved goodbye, exchanging goodnight's as they walked through the double oak doors. The entire hall that had been filled to capacity just hours ago was now silent. No music played, no one laughed, and no one danced on the small square dance floor. The only sound was her sigh of relief as she dropped onto the deep burgundy couch in the shadows of the room. The bright lights were dimmed to a soft glow and she took a second to just relax back into the couch, her high heels planted on the ground and her knees pressed together. With an arm draped over the velvety couch, she blew her bangs out of her eyes and just breathed.

Finally it was over and with any luck her job was secured from that little barracuda her boss called niece.

Misty Simon

Matt watched Bernie plop onto the couch. The movement should have lacked grace but that's not the way Bernie was built. With her curvy, full body and rounded hips she seemed to glide down onto the piece of furniture, fluid and supple. His hands itched to move the curling tendrils from her neck and place a kiss on the spot above her collarbone. Only one thing held him back. He'd intercepted the looks she'd given him and the desire brimming in her eyes. He went hard when she licked her lips between pauses as she'd gone over the schedule. But he'd also played the game long enough to know when a woman had "permanent relationship" practically stitched onto her forehead. And as much as he admired her quirky sense of humor and enjoyed being around her, as much as he lusted after her like a randy teenager, he couldn't really consider giving up everything for a woman.

Although, right now, watching her run the tips of her fingers back and forth across her collarbone, the temptation was great.

He spent just a single moment resisting the need to go there and join her on the couch, then she twitched her legs in an entirely female way and the hem of her skirt rode higher on her thigh. His mouth dried out like the desert on a scorching day and his cock sprang to attention. She made another restless move, still stroking her collarbone and her skirt inched farther up her glorious thighs.

All the guests were gone, he'd said goodbye to the cleaning crew and now he and Bernie were the only two people left in the building. The possibilities were endless.

With her eyes closed, Bernie continued stroking the skin at her collarbone. The soothing motion settled something inside her even as it heightened her sexual awareness.

She imagined the fingers gliding gently over her smooth skin were Matt's and licked her lips. For two weeks she'd watched his hands

Melting Ice

holding a pencil, tracing a pattern in the condensation coating a glass of beer, forking through his short dark hair. They were clever, long fingers and just the thought of them made her ache to feel them on her nipples, between her legs.

Her fingers trailed to the plunging neckline of her blouse, brushing against the subtle embroidery on the swell of her breast. It would only take a small movement to reach her nipples, to stroke them through the silk of her top. It would be naughty and something she had never done in public. But she was alone, no one would see her and the pebbled peaks were aching for someone's touch. Since Matt wasn't here, it would have to be her.

Dropping her fingers, she captured one hard nipple over the silk and rolled it between her fingers. Her other hand drifted down to settle low on her belly. Images of Matt between her thighs played behind her closed eyelids.

She scooted down on the couch and her skirt lifted another inch or more, baring more of her leg to the warm air of the room. Was she really going to play with herself, here in the ballroom?

An excited anxiety built in her as she contemplated running her fingers up the inside of her thigh and delving into the soft nest of curls directly above her garter. She could slide her fingers along the satin of her thong panties, play with her clit and bring herself to orgasm in minutes.

Or she could stop this silly game and go home to her cold, lonely house and do the same thing in the privacy of her home and with her best friend, the Ulti-brator.

A sigh escaped her lips as she started to remove her hand from her thigh. But then a gentle pressure of another hand settled on hers and her eyes flew open to meet the electric blue of Matt's.

Heart pounding, Bernie looking into those azure pools and felt a long, hot tug between her legs. The hands she'd fantasized about covered her own, creating pressure and friction on her bare thigh and plumping her breast alternately. "Yes," escaped her lips.

All the while he held her gaze captive. Her tongue came out, licking dry lips and his eyes dropped to follow the motion. When they came back to hers, banked desire blazed from them.

Misty Simon

A tremor ran through her, part fear and part thrill. She barely knew this man she'd worked with. Yes, there was attraction, but was it enough to build something on? Was it enough to lower her guard and let him touch her so intimately? She desperately wanted to throw caution to the wind, but her past held her back and had her looking for more in his gaze. More than lust.

Bernie's hand stopped moving under Matt's as she searched his face. Her lovely green eyes widened, looking for something he didn't know if he could provide. He wanted to take her, sink into her supple flesh, pleasure her until they were both exhausted. But something held him back – maybe the question he could see hovering on her plump lips.

Letting her hands slip from beneath his, he inhaled her floral scent and paused for a moment before swooping in for the kiss he'd waited two weeks to taste.

He moved his mouth over her soft lips. With gentle pressure she opened to him. Wasting no time, he flicked his tongue into her warmth, inviting her to come out and play just for the moment. Her throaty moan sunk under his skin.

But what started out as a soft exploration quickly turned into a raging battle. She gripped his ears and kissed him with a passion he'd never experienced before.

At the first touch of his lips, Bernie had surrendered to the inevitable. No, she didn't know Matt very well. No, there might not be more than this one night of lust. But the way he touched her set loose a series of sensations that made her head swim, her heart melt and her desire shoot straight off the charts.

The few men she'd tried to share herself with had called her an Ice Queen, unable to give in to her desires or respond the way they wanted. She'd always felt cold, empty, when those previous lovers tried to coax a response from her.

But one touch of Matt's hands, one brush of his lips and she went up in flames. She didn't know why and as questing fingers crept up her

Melting Ice

quivering thigh headed to the damp, needy place that craved his touch, she didn't care.

"So beautiful," he murmured in the shell of her ear. "So responsive and all for me."

A gentle breath whispered along her skin and shot straight to the throbbing flesh between her legs. The temptation to take his hand and guide it to her sex was strong, almost too strong for her to resist. But then those clever fingers stroked higher on her thigh with no direction from her and she panted with anticipation. If he could bring her this close without even touching an actual erogenous zone, would she survive when he touched her core?

The question evaporated into mist when he lowered his head, mouthed her nipple through her blouse. A blaze of fire erupted in her blood, following the trail of kisses he placed along her chest while parting the cross-over material of her shirt and nuzzling each breast in turn. Her body melted into the couch, languid, but her heels dug into the carpet beneath her feet, looking for purchase while his mouth tormented her.

The blouse parted to her waist, he kissed his way down her rib cage while his hand slowly but surely raised her skirt. Bernie lifted to help him and the fabric bunched around her ample hips, leaving her flesh exposed from the top of her stockings to the crotch of her lacy thong panties.

"Yes," she moaned again, no longer able to hold back her excitement. Wanting him to finally touch her, bring her to completion. She reached for him then, intent on getting her hands into his hair, under his shirt or in his pants. But he used his free hand to brace her wrists and slowly shook his head against her stomach. His mouth continued its descent, his short hair glittering in the few remaining lights.

Oh God.

Her hips jerked as he lifted his head, gave her a wicked smile, and said, "Relax. I'm very hungry and you're the only one who can feed me."

His voice made her head swim. Instead of relaxing, her body thrummed with tension, quivering when his breath ghosted over her inner thigh. "Ohhh."

"Yes, Bernie, feel me here, between your legs. I'm going to feast on you and I'll only stop when you cry out my name."

Misty Simon

His words set off little detonations under her skin, making her squirm and bring her sex more fully toward his face.

"Yeah, baby, bring your sweet body closer. Let me taste you."

Then suddenly his tongue was on her, moving in small circles, darting into her passage and taking long laps from the top to the bottom of her slit. She writhed on the couch when he slid a finger into her. It was too much and she thought she'd break under the delicious pleasure.

A moment later she did, fracturing into a million pieces. She was pretty sure she screamed his name because he stopped and moved up to cover her.

"You have too many clothes on," she said, giggling at her own audacity. Matt made her feel bold and gave her a safe place to say whatever she was thinking. He had done that from the first time he had entered her office, but it was so much more delicious to be able to say naughty things to him than it was to tell him he was dead wrong about the color scheme for the party.

"Let me take care of that right now." In a handful of seconds, his bow tie was gone, flung to the floor. His shirt was next, then his shoes joined the growing pile before he tugged off his pants and boxers in one short move. "Now you're over dressed."

Her mind fumbled for a moment. Did she really want to be naked with a man who gave fabulous orgasms but whom less than thirty minutes ago she'd thought she didn't know? Looking deep into his eyes as he caressed her neck, she knew the answer to that question and gathered up the courage to follow through on her decision.

Bernie was so responsive and it sent the little bit of blood left in his brain straight down to his groin. He'd never been this hard before and he couldn't wait another second to bury himself in her creamy flesh. He needed to touch her deep inside.

He didn't think about the implications of those words, didn't think they could mean so much more than just the physical.

Opening her legs, he knelt before her. Her pussy flushed a beautiful

Melting Ice

crimson, moisture glistening on the petal soft flesh, matching the moisture beading the head of his shaft. He licked her nipple, feeling the rose scented flesh rasp against his tongue. She moaned and it was the sweetest thing he'd ever heard.

How had he ever lived without her?

"I want you inside me, Matt."

"And I want to be there, sweetheart."

"Hurry." She laughed, a sexy sound that purred from her throat and had him twitching.

In one swift stroke he dove into her, the walls of her body surrounding him when he buried himself to the hilt.

"Matt." His name hovered on her lips, a sigh of pure pleasure.

He stayed still for a moment, just savoring the feel of finally being inside her, finally feeling all that supple flesh under his hands and surrounding him. He'd gone to heaven and he hadn't even started moving yet.

Her hips tilted, pulling him into her. She set a rhythm for them, bringing him along. He withdrew so just the head of his cock remained inside her and then thrust forward, friction coaxing him closer to a release he was desperately trying to hold back.

"Harder," she said, moaning in his ear a moment before she nipped the lobe lightly.

His ears had always been a very sensitive, sensual place and her words coupled with the nibble spurred him on. They would have time for slow and languid another time, and there would be other times. No way was he letting this sweet, sexy lady get away from him now that he had her. Literally.

Pumping into her, pistoning his hips, he listened while she chanted his name in breathy bursts. The walls inside in her responsive body contracted, squeezing him in the most phenomenal way. His balls drew tight and he could do nothing but finally give in. Give in to his need for her as he spilled his seed and shouted her name.

Misty Simon

The kitchen bustled with activity. Cooks yelled and the wait staff ran in and out of the double doors leading to the dining room of *Rapture*. Matt should have been in the thick of things, happy his restaurant was swinging tonight.

But little of the activity around him made any kind of impression on his busy mind. One week. It had been one week to the day since he'd woken up on the couch in the ballroom, alone. Bernie was gone without a word. He'd scrambled off the couch and retrieved his clothes from the polished wood floor moments before he heard footsteps in the hallway. Throwing on his clothes, he'd dashed into the coat closet until the coast was clear.

Now, he was just trying to make it through the rest of the night. After *Rapture* closed, he'd hunt down the delicious Miss Bernie. He'd let her have a week to contact him, seek him out. He'd convinced himself she was the one who had run away after their lovemaking and so she should be the one to seek him out.

But that tactic hadn't worked and he was growing impatient. Bernie was everything he'd ever wanted in a woman and he wasn't willing to go without her for even one more day.

Tired and irritated, he turned when he heard a particularly loud yell.

"Get out! GET OUT! No one is allowed in my kitchen when I am creating." The bellow came from his top chef, a normally angst-ridden man but his rebuke was loud, even for him.

And then Matt saw the person who had caused the disturbance. His heart stopped beating and then picked up double time. Bernie stood at the back entrance, her hair pulled away from her face in a messy ponytail and her face free of make-up. She looked tired and had never been more beautiful to him.

"Cool it, Jean Paul," Matt said, walking toward the vision in sweatpants and an oversized t-shirt. Once he reached her, he just stood there, drinking her in.

She stared into his eyes as if looking for something as she had that night on the couch moments before they had given in to the attraction swirling between them. It was no different now and his hands fairly

Melting Ice

itched to take her in his arms and be or have whatever she was looking for.

But he held back, waiting for her to make the first move.

"Hi." She clasped her hands loosely in front of her stomach and quickly looked down. That floor must have been fascinating.

He was torn between anger over her leaving without a word last week and gratitude that she had come to him. But why had she come to him? After so long, he didn't know what prompted her to find him. "What can I do for you, Bernie?"

She hesitated, he could see it in the rigid set of her shoulders and the way she wouldn't look him in the eye.

"Is there someplace we could talk?"

Matt had a decision to make. He could be bastard and make her talk here, be unforgiving because of the way she had left him alone to sleep on a couch in the middle of the ballroom. Or he could take her into his office where that same couch sat – after he'd bought it from the establishment – and try to figure out if there was a way for them to be together.

He wasn't stupid, so he chose the latter. Why make her beg for something he wanted so badly he could practically taste her again? "Follow me."

Bernie walked three steps behind Matt. Her mind churned with all the things she wanted to say, the explanations for her behavior, the need to be with him again if he could forgive her.

This whole long week she had sat in her apartment, wondering if he hated her for walking out on him, worrying she had thrown away something wonderful because of her own inhibitions. And then the horrible phone call this morning set her into action.

Matt's beautiful, skilled hands opened a frosted glass door with his name on it and Bernie took a deep breath to face the conversation that could change her whole life if he let it. But she stopped mid-breath and let out a squeak when she recognized the piece of furniture in the corner of the mid-sized office. It dominated the whole room, taking up more than its share of space, and left her speechless.

She took a single moment to pray this meant what she hoped it did.

Misty Simon

The door closed behind her with a definitive snap. Bernie turned to face the one man she'd ever been able to open herself to. Please let this work.

"So." He crossed his arms over his impressive chest.

Her gaze was drawn again to the breadth of his shoulders, the long fingers of his hands that had brought her so much pleasure. "So."

Her carefully prepared speech went flying out of her head when he grabbed her around the waist and planted his soft, dry lips on hers. It only took her a moment to get past the shock and kiss him back with everything inside of her.

When they finally broke apart, Bernie worked to catch her breath, then pushed away from him to stand despite her shaky knees. Hurt fled across his face, slicing through her heart. This wasn't going to work if she didn't start talking now.

"I didn't push away from you to hurt you or tell you I don't want you." Relief coursed through her veins when his expression lightened. His arms stretched out to her again and she took a step back. She wouldn't be able to get through all of this if he was touching her. She'd lose her train of thought and probably end up back on that couch.

"Just keep your hands to yourself for a sec."

He laughed. "This better be good then, because I've waited a lifetime to hold you."

"What?" His words took her aback and at the same time lifted the burden of wondering how he felt. Before he could say anything else, she jumped into the speech that had miraculously popped back into her head. "I came here today because I wanted to apologize for the way I left you the other night. It was wrong of me. I knew it the second I walked out to the car, but I didn't know how to come back in. I've always been very reserved and you broke through something inside me and made me feel free for the first time. It scared me."

Placing his finger on her lips, Matt silenced her. She wanted to take that finger into her mouth and suck on it, swirl her tongue around it, mimicking other parts she'd like to have fill her mouth.

"It scared me, too," he said, placing a hand low on her back. "But I haven't been able to stop thinking of you. Where did you go?"

Melting Ice

All right, hard part first. "I went home. I thought about the things we did together and waited for the embarrassment to settle in. Waited to feel like the teenager I used to be. So many things – bad things – happened in my family during high school that I ran out and slept with just about anyone who would look at me." His eyes widened and she could tell he couldn't believe her. It was no wonder since she had made such an effort to make sure no part of that lost teen lived inside her. But her experiences with him and being without him this last week showed her the error of her ways. She'd opened for him like a flower because a part of her had known it was safe. Enjoying sex was not dirty or weak, but she had needed to find the right person to open up with and she had. With him.

"Everyone makes mistakes in their youth."

She shook her head. "It was no mistake. I knew what I was doing and refused to change. It wasn't until college that I got my act together and then I went to the other extreme, I cut myself off from anything sexual. I gained weight to shield myself from anyone looking at me. I hid."

"Anyone who thinks you're not perfect just the way you are doesn't deserve you. Not to take things off topic, but your body and its curves is one of the first things that attracted me to you."

Those words were music to her ears. She loved herself now enough to accept who she was, but hadn't really found anyone to feel the same way, hence the ice princess persona.

"And as far as closing yourself off to your sensual nature, well I didn't see that at all. I saw a warm loving woman with so much life and vitality inside her, I could do nothing but get closer to that light."

Bernie shook her head again, wondering how she had gotten so lucky. "But what about the mixed signals you sent me over the two weeks we worked together? I never knew if you were really interested until the ball. I couldn't figure you out."

A goofy grin spread over his face, dimples popping out. "You rocked everything I knew about myself. You were part of a whole world I'd only touched on. Plus, I've been a bachelor for so many years, I didn't know what to do with you and my sudden need to have a nice couch and pick up my socks. Didn't know if you'd want me. But that night, I

Misty Simon

couldn't go back to my staid and boring life without tasting you, without jumping into change with both feet if that's what it would take to be with the woman who turned my world upside down."

Insides melting, Bernie knew she had found her man. "Can you forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive, sweetheart, unless you plan on walking out that door again and not coming back."

"Nope, no plans to do that," she said and laughed, releasing the tension that had followed her around since this morning.

"Good. So we only have one decision to make then." He cradled her in his arms and put his chin on top of her head.

The fit was perfect. Bernie dissolved into his embrace, knowing that no matter what the future held, she'd figure it out with him. "What kind of decision?"

"Well the way I figure it, I'm going to need to be able to use this couch as often as possible since I purchased it at a truly high price." He laughed and the sound rumbled through her aroused body. "So the question then is can I get you to sneak over on frequent breaks to make more memories? Or can I tempt you away from your job and hire you to do *Rapture's* events, giving me access to you and the couch constantly?"

Ten minutes ago, mention of her job would have brought a sob to her throat. She'd lost it to the barracuda niece with no apologies from her boss. Now her joblessness made her happy. She was free for this incredible opportunity. Here was her chance to go the distance and see what she was made of. "Any chance of that offer coming with strings?"

He didn't even miss a beat before his response, making her heart sing. "I was thinking more along the lines of a ring."

She broke out in a smile that nearly cracked her face. Everything she'd ever wanted waited for her, if she had the courage to take it. "A ring sounds good. And the job too. Sounds like the fringe benefits are to my liking."

Pulling her more firmly into his arms and pressing the lengths of his body to hers, he murmured, "Then let's take this couch for another spin. Eventually I want you in a bed, but we'll get to it later. We have a lifetime ahead of us."

Melting Ice

Author Bio

Misty Simon loves to tell stories, especially the ones she types on her computer. Sharing her quirky sense of humor through her full-figured heroines is a dream come true and she hopes readers take something away with them from every story. She recently relocated to Central Pennsylvania with her husband and daughter, Noelle, where she is currently finishing her next book while fixing up their new (to them) house from the 1820's.