



Melting the Ice Queen

By

Laura Miks

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Dedication

To HB and The Fam with thanks and love.

A breathy sigh escaped Rosalie's pouty lips when Dirk's hands cupped her full orbs. Her rosy nubs grew between his fingers. He pulled the gauzy peasant blouse away from her breasts and suckled like a babe. She whimpered and moved her head fitfully. The hay they nestled in mixed with the onyx of her silky hair.

"Yes, Dirk, yes. Take me now before I die of want," she cried.

The sound of her husky voice made his throbbing blade of masculinity leap against her thigh. "We can't, Rosalie." His hot breath against her ear sent shivers down her entire body. "I'm just a farmhand. Your daddy already has a husband picked out for you."

She looked at him with heavy-lidded eyes the color of the sky after a tornado. "My future husband is a passionless older man with a firm hand. Please Dirk...let me know just one night of ecstasy before I begin my life with a man who is as limp as he is cruel. Everyone knows he will touch me with a fist instead of a caress. So take me Dirk, take me hard, so I can have the memory of this hayloft to cuddle with in the long nights that stretch before me."

Dirk's lips crashed down on hers. His hand went to the mound of curly hair that beckoned him. The creamy dew he found when he slid a finger, then two, into her tight, vestal passage made him moan. She thrust against his hand.

He knelt between her thighs and poised his love rod at her glistening entrance. "Remember this when you touch yourself late at night, after your elderly husband has failed you as a man." With the last word from his lips, he thrust deeply, burying himself to the hilt of his battering ram of love. She screamed with the loss of her maidenly leaf but her next breath brought moans of rapture.

He drove into her again and again. The old wood of the hayloft creaked in protest as the forceful assault continued.

Rosalie arched her back and moaned with every thrust. Her love sounds mingled with the mews of the livestock below. Dirk thrust harder, deeper, faster. Rosalie grasped at his buttocks, leaving scratches that brought him pleasure and pain.

"Yes, yes, yes," she moaned.

Their sweat drenched hard bodies moved in concert. Dirk's seasoned cock stretched Rosalie's virginal channel—the friction nearly drove him mad. Her movements matched his. Her instinctual thrusts were guided by the gypsy blood that flowed through her veins.

"Dirk, Dirk, Dirk...something's happening. Don't stop," she sobbed.

"Let it happen, darlin', let it happen. You won't be sorry." He anchored her by clasping her thighs with his, then quickened his pace.

Rosalie buried her face against the steel cords of his neck; her nails dug into the flesh of his back until he swore.

He felt her passageway tighten again and again. Her breathy cry in his ear was enough to cause him to release his love batter into her tunnel of paradise. He jerked against her body until he collapsed.

"Love batter? You've got to be kidding," I muttered as I put the book back on the lunchroom's communal library shelf.

"Kat David, I never pictured you as the romance novel type."

I turned to see the busybody of the accounting world standing behind me. She reached for the book I'd just replaced and lovingly caressed its tattered cover with her long red press-on nails. "Dirk and Rosalie, what a pair. They got me through many a lonely night." She snorted a laugh and elbowed me until I moved away.

"Madge, how can you read that drivel? Love batter? Tunnel of paradise? Throbbing blade of masculinity? Gimme a break."

Madge pulled the book against her polyester-clad chest protectively. "It may not be Jane Austen or Shakespeare, but who wants to read that crap all the time?" She put the book back on the shelf. "I'm sorry our little library doesn't meet your high standards. Where's your usual tome of intellectually stimulating material of substance?" She gave me a sideways glance with a raised eyebrow and a smirk.

"I forgot to bring a book today. I need something to read during lunch."

"So, you thought you'd peruse what we had? Well, you picked a good one. *Hayloft of Love* is one of my personal favorites."

"*Hayloft of Love*? How about *Hayloft of Monikers for Dicks and Pussies*? Or, I know, *Hayloft of Poorly Described Lust between a Teenage Slut and a Horny Farm Boy*?" I struggled to keep from laughing as I continued. "No, no, this is perfect: *Hayloft of Farewell to Dicks Before I Marry a Limp Prick who'll take out his Sexual Frustration by Hitting Me and Fondling the Chamber Maid*." I actually held my belly as I laughed over that last one.

When my laughter died down, I noticed Madge was not laughing. I stifled any remaining giggles and tried, unsuccessfully, to put a serious look on my face.

"OK, Ms. Ivy League. You think you can do better?"

"A third-grader could do better."

"OK, let's see you do better." Madge folded her arms across her ample chest.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Ms. High and Mighty, the rest of us bean counters may just be state college material, but we're not the hillbillies you think we are."

"What? I never said that."

"You didn't have to. It's clear you think we're trash. In the six months you've

been here, have you ever, even once, eaten lunch with us? Or how about going out for drinks after work? Not once."

"I..." She really caught me off guard. While it was true I found I had little in common with the women at my new firm, I never meant to hurt anyone's feelings. I'd just rather read or work during lunch than spend the hour catching up on the latest soap opera plot twists or new blow job techniques that weren't new at all.

"It's not only us girls. What about Dan from marketing? He's the hottest catch in this building and has been drooling after you since the day you arrived. Have you given him a second look? No. What's wrong with him? Not enough letters after his name? Does he need a few more degrees to get you hot?"

"Madge, it's not like that." I swallowed hard and felt my face turn red. "I'm not like that."

"OK, prove it."

"How?" Visions of me in the middle of gaggles of my office mates at a strip club or worse, at a Tupperware party, flashed through my mind. I braced for the challenge.

"You said a third-grader could do better than what's written in *Hayloft of Love*. Let's see what you can do." Madge poured the cup of coffee she'd apparently come into the lunchroom for in the first place. "Write a love scene, something like the hayloft scene, better than that author did."

"How do you know what scene I read?"

"Honey," she grabbed my arm and smiled, her good mood restored. "I know that book like the back of my hand. Love batter is only used in three places in that book and only once in conjunction with tunnel of paradise. It was the first time Dirk took Rosalie in the hayloft." She sighed and fanned her face. "I love that scene. I tried to recreate it once with my husband." She leaned in close. "It was a disaster. He's allergic to hay," she said in a conspiratorial tone. "Antihistamines and Viagra don't mix well."

She laughed as my confused expression morphed into understanding.

"OK, Madge, I'll take your challenge. What do I get if I succeed?"

"We'll know you're one of us. Not the ice queen everyone thinks you are."

"Ouch."

Madge started to walk out of the lunch room. "Don't worry, honey. There are worse things than folks thinking you're stuck up."

"Hey, what happens if I lose, if I can't do it?"

Madge turned around, a gleam in her eye I didn't like. "You have to let us girls give you a makeover and fix you up on a blind date." She plumped her teased hair and laughed as she left.

I smoothed my sleek straight hair and straightened my linen suit. The thought of the fringed polyester jumpsuit they would certainly put me in and the ho-down I would end up at with Hank-all-Hands made me grimace.

As soon as I got home, I changed into my favorite silk lounge and booted up my

laptop. I chuckled and shook my head. "Love batter, give me a fucking break. OK," I mused softly. "A love scene that doesn't make me want to puke...shouldn't be so hard."

The cursor blinked on the blank page. I placed my fingers on the keyboard then laid them back in my lap. "OK." I put my fingers back on the keyboard but still didn't type anything.

"I need a drink." I poured myself some red wine, then the glass, the bottle and I wandered to the balcony of my apartment and looked out over the dark beach.

"I'm not stuck up. I'm not," I said softly to the darkness. I had never been very good at making new friends. Plus, my job kept me so busy I found it easier to keep company with the profit and loss statements than the ladies of the lunchroom.

This small Florida firm was so different than my old Manhattan firm. In New York, I had been an anonymous suit who was rewarded for hard work with a random bonus from an anonymous executive. Here, it seemed the work was secondary to gossip, baby pictures and drama...real and imagined.

I sighed and sat back down in front of the computer. I was surprised to find half of the bottle of wine was gone. That explained the pleasant tingling in my arms and why my legs felt heavy.

"OK, time to get in good with these old cronies." The cursor still blinked on the blank page, taunting me. I didn't bother with my glass; I drank directly from the bottle. "OK, a good love scene. No, no, a good sex scene."

I closed my eyes and thought of my last sexual encounter...a one night stand about a month ago...a visiting businessman...Brad. Not my usual type, but who cared? He was gorgeous and I was horny. I remembered the smell of his cologne, the taste of his skin and the feel of his hard body on mine on the cool sheets in his posh hotel suite.

Before I realized what I was doing, my hands were on my breasts, caressing and kneading through the silk. My nipples were instantly hard and my pussy wet. I licked my lips, tasting Brad's dick as I had done over and over that night. He had the sweetest dick I had ever tasted; I couldn't get enough. I caressed my lips like the tip of his dick had done and was surprised when I heard my own moan.

I slid my hand between my thighs and moved my wet panties to the side. I smoothed the folds around my sensitive clit, teasing. My head dropped back and my back arched in response. I quickened the movements of my fingers over my clit and pinched my nipple until I shuddered and gasped when I came.

I sat up quickly and had to steady myself until my head stopped spinning. Did I just do that? Not that I was a stranger to getting myself off every once in a while, but not usually in my office chair in the middle of my living room.

A good beginning, perhaps, if I took a little artistic license. My fingers were on the keyboard and I began to type:

Once the perfunctory drinks had been drunk and small talk made, Brad...

"No scratch that, too real..."

Brent took Samantha by the hand to the bank of elevators leading to the penthouse. Once the doors closed behind them, Brent pressed her body between the wall and his muscular frame. His mouth covered hers in a frenzied kiss, his tongue teased and his lips drew her tongue to him until she shuddered.

The door to the elevator opened directly into his penthouse suite. His strong arms lifted her and he guided her legs to wrap around his waist. The miniskirt she wore hiked up revealing her ass.

"Might as well use words real people use. I guess Rosalie doesn't have an ass, just firm rounded mounds of fiery flesh." I giggled and drank more wine.

His hands cupped her bare cheeks and teased the lace thong along her sensitive crevice. The kiss never ended, only deepened. As if he could navigate blindfolded, he made it to the bed without crashing into any furniture.

Brent dropped Samantha onto the bed and looked down at her like an animal about to attack its prey. But Samantha was no gazelle; she had some predator in her, too. She scrambled to her knees and was at his belt buckle with one hand and pulled his head down to kiss her with the other. She nipped and sucked his lips.

She felt his cock jump when his hands slid across her silk clad breasts: her nipples grew against his palms. Samantha had a hard time unzipping his pants because the fabric was so taut across his enormous erection, but was finally successful. She slipped his pants and boxer-briefs down and took his cock between her hands and pumped. He broke the kiss when his head fell back and his hips thrust in time with her movements.

He moaned and shuddered when she took him in her mouth. He grabbed her shoulders as she sucked and slid him in and out. She'd always been good at giving head and it showed. She swirled her tongue around the sensitive head of his cock then let it plunge deep down her throat. She nipped and sucked until he gasped and grabbed the back of her head.

"Oh, baby, baby," Brent moaned. A sure sign he didn't remember her name. But she didn't care.

He grabbed her by the shoulders and took a step back, pulling his throbbing cock out of her mouth. He lifted her so she stood on the bed. "Slow down, baby, or there'll be nothing left," he said with his lips between her breasts.

He removed her skimpy top and nuzzled her breasts through her lace bra while his hands slipped her skirt and thong down. She ran her fingers through his hair while he unclasped her bra and threw it behind him.

Brent's arms went around her hard, and he pulled her off the bed. "Put your legs around me," he said against her breasts.

His mouth suckled at her nipples, first one, then the other, like he tasted a different flavor on each side. All the while he slid her pussy up and down against his hard, hairy chest and abdomen. The combination made her moan and writhe. She arched back and leaned against the arm supporting her.

Samantha's breathing was ragged and came faster; she moaned and gasped. Suddenly, Brent lowered her and before she understood what was happening, he guided his cock inside her wet pussy and let her slide down until he was buried in her.

She came immediately. She moaned and trembled as wave after wave radiated from her pussy to make her entire body feel warm and heavy. She leaned forward and was limp against Brent's chest, her arms around his shoulders. He moved just enough to keep her going until she thought she would cry with the beauty of it.

As if from far away, she heard his voice. "Ready for more?"

Before she could respond, he fell across the bed, his cock still deep in her pussy. He began to drive inside her, harder and faster. He let the weight of his chest slide across her breasts.

She moaned and sobbed. "Please, please, oh God, please." Her voice was shattered.

"Please stop or please don't stop?"

She opened her eyes and saw that he was holding back and it was killing him. "I'm not sure."

He opened his eyes and laughed as he collapsed on top of her and buried his face in her neck. He doubled his efforts and all thought flew from her brain. She was all pussy filled with cock and soon she was going to explode.

The scream that came from her mingled with a deep growl from him. He jerked as his cum filled her. She trembled then felt nothing but the warmth of her pussy grabbing his cock over and over.

I read the passage again. Although it was not exactly what happened with Brad, there was enough of him in Brent to make me remember him fondly. So fondly, in fact, that my vibrator got a good workout after I went to bed.

* * * * *

"You don't look so good," Madge said, as she came into my office to drop off some reports the next morning.

"Just a little too much wine last night," I said through dry lips. I squinted when I looked up into the light to see her face.

"Hot date? Was he any good?" Her eyebrows wiggled.

"It was good," I admitted.

"So, you didn't get a chance to work on your little project then?"

I had to smile, despite my headache. "I worked on it a little bit."

"Shit, girl, let's see it. Boot it up."

"It's not ready yet. You'll see it when it's done."

"OK, don't keep me waiting too long." She left, but then peeked her head back inside. "I don't know if you care, but Dan was asking about you today." When I said nothing, she shrugged and left me to suffer in silence.

Despite Marge's comments the day before, I had given Dan a second look. He was sexy, smart, gorgeous and funny. But he was a co-worker. I'd done the co-worker thing, and it had been a disaster. Hence, my sudden move from the Big Apple to Boring-ville, Florida.

Dan and I danced around flirtation when he was in my office or I was in his, but I never let it get past that. He did star in a few of my more vivid dreams. In the few days after I dreamt about him, I got wet every time I saw him. Luckily he never asked me out on those days. I'm not sure I would have been able to resist.

Later that night, I booted up my laptop and erased the tale of Brent and Samantha. Just thinking about it made me so horny because I remembered Brad's dick in my mouth and deep inside me.

"OK, that was just too real. Make something up, totally from scratch." I cracked my knuckles and stretched my neck, ready to get to work.

Hiking over the last ridge, Mel and Jane stood in awe as they took in the view they'd worked for all day.

"God, it's beautiful," Jane said. She drank deeply from her water bottle. "Look how blue the sea is."

Mel came up behind her and put his arms around her waist. "I'm glad we picked Costa Rica instead of skiing." He nibbled the salty skin on her neck. His hands slid up to cup her breasts. Her nipples were sharp points between his fingers.

Jane slid her ass against his hardening cock and sighed.

"How much time do we have?" His breath in her ear made her close her eyes.

"Two hours..." She had to clear her throat before she could continue once he started grinding his cock against her ass with his hand spread low on her belly to keep her tight against him. "We have two hours until the last boat leaves for the mainland."

He suddenly spun her around in his arms and his lips parted hers. He fucked her mouth with his tongue. Her panties were instantly wet. His fingers went to her nipples and pulled softly until she gasped, then he took her whole breast in his palm and roughly caressed it until she moaned.

"It'll take us an hour to hike back to the beach," Mel whispered into her ear.

"So we'd better hurry," Jane said with a smile. "Let's go back to that lagoon we saw about a quarter of a mile back." She grabbed his hand and pulled him along the trail. He had a hard time keeping up until his pants tent deflated.

As they approached the hidden pond, Jane began stripping off her clothes. He lagged behind to admire the view. Her tiny waist, long legs and tight ass made him bulge all over again.

She turned around and stopped short at the sight of him looking at her with such admiration and rubbing the wood at the front of his pants. She smiled then sucked on her index finger, moving it slowly in and out of her mouth. He inhaled sharply and his hand plunged into his pants as he continued forward.

Jane took off her bra. Her breasts bounced due to their own weight. Despite being large for her frame, they stood pertly.

She stopped and let him catch up to her. By the time he reached her, he'd stripped and she reached for his erect cock. They kissed and touched each other as they made their way to the water. Mel picked her up and stepped into the lagoon. It was cool against their skin as they broke the still surface.

Mel supported Jane so she floated on her back. He kissed all the parts sticking out of the water, using her body as a floating buffet. Her mouth was sweet and her tits were salty but it was the earthy taste of her pussy that made his cock throb.

Half floating and half supported by Mel's hands on the small of her back and his mouth on her pussy, Jane let the water lap around her body. The cool water and warm air on her tits made them stand proudly. Mel's tongue circled her clit with just the amount of pressure he knew she liked. He plunged his tongue into her cunt again and again until she moaned. The juice he tasted made him thrust his cock but there was nothing but water. He grew even harder the more she moaned; he thought he might come just from eating her pussy.

He let one of his hands slide to her ass. He moved his fingers up and down the smooth skin of her crevice before he targeted her sensitive hole. She shuddered and almost went under water. He steadied her with his free hand and floated to her side. He continued to feather her anus.

Mel looked at her and almost decided to take her then. The look of pure animal lust on her face made his balls quiver. Instead, he plunged a finger into her cunt while his thumb circled her back hole. Two fingers. Three fingers. In and out. Circle, circle.

She came with a low moan and a shudder. He wrapped his arm around her shoulders to keep her from slipping beneath the surface of the water. She was limp except for the muscles pulling at his fingers. He wasn't sure she was conscious until a small smile made its way across her lips.

She lifted her head, but it looked like it was an effort. "Three fingers? Something new," she purred huskily. She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him hungrily. Reaching between them, she grabbed his cock and pulled until he had to break the kiss. She guided him to slide inside her then tightened her legs around his hips until his balls bounced off her ass.

"Shit, God, I'm gonna come," he said through clenched teeth.

"Slow down, slow down," she whispered in his ear. She floated up and down his cock very slowly until his breathing evened out.

He rested his forehead on her shoulder while his hand softly caressed her tits. "OK, OK, I'm OK," he said. He grasped her ass and pulled her tight against himself until he was buried in her.

She gasped and wiggled to rub her clit against him. After a few minutes of that, she unwrapped her legs from around his hips and floated off his cock. He looked confused but when she turned around and rubbed her ass against his cock, it instantly got harder.

"God, baby, you know I want to. God, I want to. But it's too tight. We don't have anything, no lube."

Jane turned her head and kissed his lips, her back still against his chest. She took one of his hands and put it on her clit then covered it with hers and guided his fingers to circle it slowly. Then she reached behind her and fondled his balls. "See that rock over there?"

Mel looked past her to see a large flat rock jutting out of the water. He could hardly focus with her fingers on his balls and his cock sliding up and down her split. "Put me on there, out of the water, and we'll make our own."

He threw her over his shoulder. She squealed and laughed until he laid her on the rock and spread her thighs. He used his fingers and mouth on her clit and in her cunt until she was writhing and moaning. Her cream was one of the things he loved most about fucking her. She was so wet, so ready for him, whenever he hit the right spots.

Mel climbed onto the rock and positioned Jane on her knees in front of him. He slid his cock into her cunt and slid his fingers across her clit, faster and harder until she cried out. He clenched his teeth at the effort not to join her. He pulled out and put three fingers inside her making her come again.

He rubbed her juice on his cock and then slid a finger back inside to bring juice from her cunt to her hole. He eased his finger into the tight passage. Jane let her forehead rest on the rock, opening for his exploration. Mel saw her squeezing her nipple and his cock jumped.

As slowly as possible, he eased his cock where his finger had just been. Jane gasped at the stretching and moaned once he was fully seated. He began to thrust. He tried to be gentle, but the sound of her moans and the feel of her surrounding his cock made him lose control.

He thrust into her hard and fast. She lifted up onto her hands and took his hand from her hip and put it on her breast. She threw her head back and panted when he squeezed her nipple. He used his other hand to slide across her wet clit until she cried out. Her scream echoed through the jungle like the call of a tropical bird. He held pressure on her throbbing clit as he continued to pump his cock harder and deeper. He crushed her to him as he finally poured his cum inside her.

He gently pulled out of her and she immediately collapsed onto the rock, panting and holding her still throbbing clit. He curled up next to her and wrapped his arms around her until her breathing slowed.

"I think we're going to miss the boat if we don't leave now," he whispered into her ear.

"We're not going anywhere until you fuck my pussy like you just fucked my ass. There's food and water in the jungle and there'll be another boat tomorrow."

Mel rolled her over and covered her face with kisses. "God, I love this vacation."

I read the scene again and frowned. Sure, I was wet and knew that if I rubbed myself I'd come without too much trouble. But it wasn't hot like the scene between

Brent and Samantha. Why?

"Too much butt action." I hated the idea of a dick in my ass, along the crack, sure, sexy. In the ass just wasn't for me, but it seemed right for a jungle scene. Maybe Marge would like the scene. Then my task would be over.

"Eww, too much information." I didn't want to think about Marge on her hands and knees taking it in her sizable ass.

Mel and Jane joined Brent and Samantha in the recycle bin, then I went to bed.

* * * * *

"How's our little writer today?" Marge's shrill sing-song voice surely carried out of my office and God knew how far down the hall.

"Shhh," I hissed. "Keep it down. This is our little secret. Right?"

"Oh relax, Manhattan. Keep your panties on."

Easier said than done. After waking up in the throws of an all out sex dream complete with a throbbing clit, my nightgown around my neck and sore nipples from what must have been a real pinch-fest, I'd been wet all day. Without the satisfaction of consciously enjoying my all night party for one, I was ripe.

Marge dropped her department's reports on my desk and then stared expectantly.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Where's your little assignment?"

"Not done yet."

She looked truly disappointed. "You don't have to do it. I just thought it'd be fun."

"No, no. I'm doing it. It's just not going as quickly as I'd anticipated."

Marge's face lit up. "You're really doing it? To be honest, I didn't think you would. But if it's not going well, that's just fine. I've got the best guy picked out for your blind date. He's the mechanical bull operator at the bar down the street. Just let me know when you're ready to throw in the towel and I'll call him." She literally clapped her hands and jumped around a little bit.

"Umm, I think I'll keep at it for now. But I'll let you know if I want "Bubba's" number." I actually did the air quotes when I said Bubba. Maybe I am a bitch after all.

"How did you know his name was Bubba?" She turned to leave but said over her shoulder. "Oh yeah, Dan needs the updated Cavanaugh report ASAP."

I nodded and waved.

Dan's office was about the same size as mine but had a better view. The marketing department sometimes had meetings with clients so they got real plants and real views. In internal accounting, we had plastic plants and views of parking lots.

"Knock, knock," I said as I walked into Dan's office.

"Kat, hi, come in." The smile on his face was genuine. "Coffee?"

"Sure."

I sat in the overstuffed chair in front of his desk and watched him fix me a cup of coffee. Maybe it was my "condition" left over from the night before, but I didn't remember Dan being so muscular. His shirt strained across his broad shoulders and the muscles of his arms were clear despite his long sleeves.

He turned slightly to reach for the sugar and his package was unmistakable. Maybe it was the lighting, maybe he had a chubby or maybe he needed pants that weren't so tight. Whatever it was, I concentrated hard not to squirm in my seat.

"Earth to Kat."

"What?" I cleared the scratchiness out of my voice. "I'm sorry, what?"

"For the third time." There was an amused grin on his face. "How much sugar?" His eyes went to my neck then lower. I suddenly became aware that I was slowly caressing the opening of my blouse that plunged to my cleavage. I quickly put my hands in my lap.

"No sugar, thanks."

I crossed my legs but the pressure on my clit was too much, I couldn't think of anything else, so I uncrossed them. Dan's eyes were on the skin of my thighs revealed by the side slit of my skirt as my legs moved. I saw him swallow hard as he very slowly lowered himself into his chair.

We went over the reports I'd brought. Luckily, he didn't have too many questions because I couldn't concentrate. His big hands caressed the paper, and I felt them on my skin. He licked a drop of coffee off his lip, and I felt his tongue in my mouth. I was so wet by the end of the meeting that I was afraid there would be visual evidence on the seat of the leather chair I was sitting in.

Dan's secretary brought some documents into his office as we were wrapping things up. "Close the door, please," he said as she left. She did.

Dan looked at me across his desk. "Are you all right? You seem distracted." His eyes were on my lips as he spoke. I was rubbing my bottom lip with my index finger but even after I realized what I was doing, I didn't stop.

"I'm fine, thank you." My voice was smoky. Dan ran his hand across his mouth when I let my finger casually trail from my lips to my cleavage. My nipples ached because they were so erect. I knew they were plainly visible through my silk blouse. God bless him, he tried so hard not to stare. "If there's nothing else, I'll see you later. Have a nice weekend."

Dan stood up quickly and followed me the few steps to the door. He stood close behind me; I could feel his breath on my neck as he reached around me to grab the door knob.

This was our usual dance. He, always the gentleman, got the door for me. But today, instead of opening the door right away, he stood with one hand on the handle

and his other hand went to my waist. He'd done this once before and the icy stare he'd gotten in return made him jump back like I had the Ebola virus.

Today, however, I leaned back slightly against his chest. I covered his hand on the door knob and pushed in the lock button. His arm went fully around my waist and pulled me against his hard chest. His lips and tongue teased my neck and ear until I turned my head and captured his lips with mine.

He turned me in his arms and pressed me into the door with his body. His kiss was hungry, and I responded with a need of my own. He ran his hands through my hair and held my face tilting it slightly as his tongue played with mine.

I ran my hands down his back to his ass and pulled him toward me; his dick was hard. I wanted it in my mouth but I settled for his tongue. I sucked it again and again until he started thrusting against my hipbone hard enough to leave a bruise.

He suddenly broke off the kiss and held me by the shoulders at arms length. He was panting and his short hair stood on end. He closed his eyes and hung his head slightly while he struggled to regain his composure.

I was right about his package. His dick was enormous; his pants nearly burst trying to contain it.

"Kat," he said at last. "God, Kat, you are so...so sexy."

I smiled but looked down. I didn't know what to say. Thank you seemed a bit formal, to deny it seemed like game playing because I didn't feel sexy under most circumstances.

"Let's go get a drink," he said.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Dan, but thanks."

"What?" He sounded incredulous but had a smile on his face.

"Bye," I said. I scooted out the door before I changed my mind. I knew he wouldn't follow me since he was sporting a world record boner.

By the time I got home, I was so worked up that I almost came going over the speed bumps in the parking lot of my apartment complex. I stripped and settled into my big garden tub filled with steaming scented water.

I was going to try and stop acting like a pubescent boy, masturbating ten times a day. I closed my eyes and tried to meditate on calm meadows and serene underwater scenes. I worked to force the sexual energy out of me and replace it with feelings of peace.

Unfortunately, the more I tried to ignore my body, the tighter my clit felt. Without realizing it, I was opening and closing my legs with my knees bent forcing the water to circulate across my pussy.

"I give up," I said as I sat up and pulled the plug. The water drained out around me leaving me sitting defeated in my empty tub. The detachable showerhead, with its long reach, was the perfect date. I lay down in the empty tub and alternated between gentle rain and pounding massage on my breasts, up and down my pussy and even,

thanks to Mel and Jane, on my ass.

It was enough to make me come, but wasn't enough to satisfy. I knew to really be satisfied I'd need a man's heavy body on top of me and his throbbing dick inside me. But, since I didn't have the energy to get dressed and pick up a stranger and I hadn't been in town long enough to have a fuck buddy, I got out of the tub, dried off and went to bed.

My vibrator was smooth against my clit and just thick enough that when I pushed it inside, it made me gasp. I came with it inside me. I usually took it out once I came, but instead I bumped up the speed when my pussy began to slow. I came again, harder and louder.

I tried to sleep, but ended up staring at the ceiling as the hours passed. I didn't dare work on Madge's writing assignment. That was the reason I was in trouble now. Just writing about sex without having any had turned me into some insatiable slut. But instead of picking up men at bars, I teased an innocent co-worker and left him with blue balls, and I was masturbating like a prisoner in solitary confinement whose cable got stuck on Skinamax instead of the home shopping channel.

I decided I might as well go to the office and get some work done. Burning the midnight oil was commonplace in Manhattan but here in Casual-ville, USA I knew I'd be the only one in the office at 1:00 AM on a Saturday morning. With the Cavanaugh project due at the end of the week, I knew I'd save myself some headaches if I got some work done over the weekend.

I was right. In the deserted office, my mind crunched the numbers and forgot about my pussy for the first time that night.

"What are you doing here?" asked a deep voice.

I twirled around and nearly slammed my hand in the file cabinet drawer. "Shit, oh my God." My hand went to my chest, and I slumped against the filing cabinet. "You scared me to death."

Dan leaned casually against the door frame and chuckled. His power suit was replaced with jeans and a sports tee-shirt that made him look like a frat boy instead of an executive.

"So, what are you doing here?" he repeated.

"I'm working." I sat behind my desk. "What are you doing here?" I looked at the clock. "It's three-o'clock in the morning."

"I can get more done at 3:00 AM than I can at 3:00 PM some days." He came into my office and sat on the corner of my desk. The silence lingered and became increasingly uncomfortable. I shuffled files to avoid his gaze.

"Big date tonight?" I immediately regretted asking that question but didn't know why. It was, after all, none of my concern.

He toyed with a pen on my desk. "I went out with some friends. Unfortunately, I wasn't very good company, much to the dismay of my surprise blind date."

"Why not? Not your type?" I looked into his face.

"You could say that. Let's just say my mind was elsewhere." He stared into my eyes, and I couldn't look away. He scanned my face, then his eyes dropped lower to the front of my sweater. My nipples responded immediately. I'm surprised they didn't knock papers off my desk; they felt like they stood out a mile. I was glad for the knotty pattern of my sweater; I thought it hid them. But by the way Dan's eyes lingered, I knew it didn't.

"I need some coffee." I stood to go to the lunchroom but stopped in the doorway at Dan's voice.

"Why did you run away from me earlier today?"

"What?" I didn't know what to say so I pretended not to understand. I didn't turn around.

"You know what I'm talking about. Why did you run away?"

I discreetly rubbed the bruise over my hipbone his dick left and the pleasure-pain made me wet. Since my back was still to him, I knew he couldn't see me, but I still resisted the urge to pinch my nipples.

His breathing was all I heard in the silent office and my pussy began to throb. I didn't know what to say to him, but I knew I wanted him inside me more than I'd ever wanted anything in my life.

I took a step backward and closed the door, still not turning around. This time it was his hand that covered mine on the doorknob and locked it. His breath was hot on my neck.

My lips crushed his as I slammed my body against him. He barely had time to get his arms around me before we stumbled back against the desk. A lamp crashed to the floor along with a waterfall of papers.

We were both greedy. Our hands frantically roamed without boundaries, our lips bruised, our tongues invaded then retreated only to invade again. We moaned and gasped against each other's lips. The chaos of our fervor kept us moving around the room like a ball in a pinball machine.

Soon, he turned me so my back was against the door. Imprisoning my wrists, he pinned them over my head and pressed the length of his body against mine so I couldn't touch him or move. His kisses became long sensual caresses of his lips and tongue against mine, effectively slowing and calming everything down. The way he took over and dictated the pace made me want him more.

Once he let go of my wrists, I stroked his shoulders and arms. Our kisses were never ending. His large warm hands encircled my waist and ribcage, then slid up to cup my breasts. The sensation of his tender massage made me arch my back, breaking off the kiss.

He pulled my sweater over my head and dropped it to the floor. He froze when he saw my black lace balconette bra that barely contained my large breasts. My pink

areolas peeked over the top of the lace and the fabric strained across my erect nipples.

He caressed my breasts almost reverently; there was a look of wonder on his face. That's all I saw because he started sucking and nibbling through the lace; I had to close my eyes and concentrate on remaining standing as my knees were turning to jelly under his ministering.

I ran my fingers through his hair, sometimes holding his head against my breasts a little harder or pulling his hair as I struggled to keep from begging him to fuck me.

My breasts, easily freed from the lace that barely contained them to begin with, continued to receive the attention of his mouth while he unbuttoned my jeans and slid them down.

"Fuck," Dan groaned as he knelt in front of me and saw my lace thong matched my bra and was just as sheer. I was so glad I'd decided to wear my sexiest underwear to match my burning libido, even if it was just a trip to the office. I kicked off my shoes, and he finished taking my pants off.

He stood and rubbed the front of his pants as he looked at me from head to toe.

"Strip," I said. I rubbed my breasts and pinched my nipples as I said it. He was motionless, staring at my hands on my breasts for an instant then he practically ripped off his clothes. When he almost fell over taking off his jeans, I laughed and the release took me down a notch—from sex starved lunatic to just crazy horny.

I reached for him once he was naked. He wrapped his arms around me and kissed me hard. His hands were on my ass, pulling me against his hard, bare dick. I felt the heat of it through my barely-there panties. I added a slight up and down movement to his thrusting and his dick slid against my clit while his tongue plunged into my mouth again and again in time with the thrusts.

He knelt down slightly, never breaking the kiss, and lifted me off the ground. I wrapped my legs around his waist, and he put my back against the door. The feel of his dick pressing against my open pussy made me whine against his lips.

He quickened the tempo until I broke off the kiss and buried my face in his neck. I moaned jaggedly and held him tight with my arms and legs while my body shuddered. He pushed his hips hard against me so his dick kept pressure on my throbbing clit.

Dan's breathing became ragged. Once I was able to lift my head, I looked at his face, and I saw how hard he was working not to come. I kissed his neck and jaw and ran my fingers through his hair. He released me slightly, and I put my feet on the floor.

He kissed me gently; his hands framed my face. I think he was buying time to come back from the edge of coming; probably by thinking about baseball or geometry. His throbbing dick pressed into my thigh slowly stilled but was nonetheless hard as a rock.

Dan unclasped my bra and his mouth moved to my nipples which made me gasp because I was still so sensitive from coming. He squeezed my breasts together and

put both nipples in his mouth at once. I gasped and got goose bumps when he blew his hot breath across my nipples, wet from his mouth. He laughed and kissed me again.

I caressed his arms and back while my lips roamed over his chest. He inhaled sharply when I sucked his nipples and yelped when I bit them. I started to move away but his hand on the back of my head held me in place so I bit a little harder until he moaned.

My nails scratched his ass and then I slid my fingers up and down his crevice; he grabbed my shoulders and squeezed. All the while, my lips sucked and kissed his chest and abdomen then nuzzled the curly hairs at the base of his dick. His head fell forward and he leaned on my shoulders slightly. He was practically panting.

"Sit down." I guided him to the chair in the corner of my office, and he fell heavily onto the leather. I knelt in front of him and took his dick in my hands and began to massage and pull in preparation to suck him off.

He never looked away from my face. But instead of feeling awkward or exposed, I felt cherished. A wave of emotion swept over me, and I stumbled under the weight of it.

He must have noticed because he leaned forward, breaking my hold on his dick, and took my face between his hands. "Kat," he murmured against my lips. He kissed me tenderly and laid me on my back on the soft carpet.

Without breaking the kiss, he slowly pushed his dick inside my more-than-ready pussy until it was buried. He was big and the stretch I felt was mixed with a little pain, but the combination made me vibrate with longing. The weight of his body was intoxicating; it made me feel feminine, small and delicate.

He began to move inside me, in and out, slowly, carefully. He caressed my breasts and continued to kiss me gently but the feel of him inside me made me impatient. I thrust my hips in time with his and the movement spurred him on. He broke the kiss and wrapped an arm around my hips to help me move, to bring me closer. The feeling of him deep inside me, harder and faster, made me pant and writhe.

"God, Kat, you're so tight, so warm." His voice was gravelly and the sound of it brought me closer. I began to moan. "Yeah, baby, come for me."

I felt myself tighten once and Dan groaned. He circled his hips slightly, hitting my clit and after a few minutes I cried out, and my pussy grabbed his dick over and over. He buried himself in me and held still. His head dropped to my shoulder, and he hissed and moaned. He trembled with the effort not to join me.

I was limp under his body. Our sweat and breath and bodies were intermingled. Once my pussy stopped contracting, he leaned up on his hands, looked down at me and pushed deeper inside.

I looked into his face and it showed the effort of his restraint. My pussy was content for the first time in days. Now all I wanted was for Dan to feel the same satisfaction I was feeling.

"Fuck me," I said in my sexiest voice.

His eyes darkened and he smiled just before he swooped down and kissed me hard. Just as suddenly, he grabbed my hips and pulled me toward him as he sat back on his heels. His dick never left my pussy. He held me in place by my hips and slammed his dick inside me hard and fast.

He moaned and closed his eyes. I watched in fascination at the looks that passed over his face: enjoyment, exertion, joy, pain, ecstasy and finally pure pleasure. The sight made me cream, much to my surprise.

Dan opened his eyes and looked straight at me. "Come for me, Kat. Come with me." As if his voice controlled my pussy, it began to throb. I had been enjoying being fucked but hadn't expected to come again. "Come on, baby, make it happen."

I rubbed my clit, circling and stroking the wet nub. It was so sensitive I gasped and moaned and knew I would come for him.

"God," Dan groaned and drove into me so hard I thought one of us would break.

I pressed harder as I circled my clit and began to moan almost continuously. My head moved restlessly.

"Do it. Do it now," Dan said through clenched teeth.

I obeyed and pressed hard on my clit and sobbed when I came. Stars exploded in front of my eyes. The spasms radiated from my pussy through my entire body until my fingers and toes throbbed.

Dan collapsed on top of me and jerked and shuddered. I felt his hot cum fill me. My pussy's strong tremors milked more from him, and he inhaled sharply every time my walls grabbed his dick.

Once his breathing calmed down, he lifted himself onto his elbows. He caressed the hair off my face and his thumbs traced my jaw. His dick still filled me, and it hadn't gotten any smaller. He made a small movement of his hips, and I was so sensitive that I gasped. He smiled like a boy who just learned a secret.

"Go out with me," he said.

When I hesitated, he pulled his hips back slightly then pushed his dick deep inside me, gently and slowly. The entire lower half of my body tensed as if in slow motion then suddenly released, hard. The strength of it surprised me. I gasped and purred with the lasting pleasure of it.

"Go out with me," he whispered.

I looked at him through a haze of ecstasy but was having trouble concentrating. He smiled and pulled his hips back a bit farther this time.

"Dan," I sighed. I closed my eyes and braced my hands against the sides of his ribcage.

He pushed deep inside me until he touched my womb.

"Ahhh," escaped my lips but because my neck was so arched the sound was deep and breathy. It felt like my womb squeezed itself down toward his dick, to caress

it, to taste it. The spasm was long and steady and unlike anything I'd ever felt.

Dan placed feathery kisses along my throat. "Kat," he whispered, his lips nibbled my ear. "Kat, go out with me."

His voice sounded far away and distorted. All I could understand was that he was pulling his dick away from my womb. I braced for whatever was coming next.

With the head of his dick just inside my pussy, he pulsed inside me again and again, each time a little deeper. Each tiny thrust was like a flame inside me and each small flame united. My entire body heated up, but my pussy was an inferno. I panted and writhed wanting it to go on forever but desperate to have what Dan was going to give me.

"Dan, God, Dan." I grabbed at his back and sides. I felt something building inside me. It was not just an orgasm; it went far beyond my pussy. My entire body was consumed with an escalating tension that felt like it would kill me with its power were it unleashed, but I knew I would die if I didn't have it.

"Say it, Kat...say you'll go out with me." He gave one deep thrust then began again with tiny thrusts.

I cried and moaned, "Yes, Dan, yes."

"Yes to this?" He punctuated his words with another deep thrust that made me bury my face in his shoulder to muffle my whimper. "Or yes to me?"

"Yes, Dan, God, yes to both. Yes. Yes. Yes."

As I spoke, he wrapped his arms around me then rammed into me hard. Within a few strokes I screamed his name. My body's tremors were violent, like I had been electrocuted. Current shot through every fiber of my body and soul until I couldn't see or think or speak.

I don't know if Dan came again. I don't know how long we were on the carpet with his dick still inside me. I don't know if I passed out or fell into some sex induced coma nap. All I know is that when I opened my eyes, Dan was asleep next to me. He'd pulled a throw from the couch across us, and his arm was heavy across my belly.

I looked at him. In his sleep, Dan's face was relaxed, and there was a small smile on his lips. Dan: my co-worker who'd used my body against me in his quest to get a date...my very skillful co-worker with incredible stamina...a sex god that should have his dick licensed and his technique patented.

* * * * *

That was the story I gave to Marge, my story. It took two weeks for me to write it and give it to her. Actually, it took me two hours to write it but two weeks to get enough courage to give it to her. I wrote it exactly the way it happened but changed the names and the setting to protect the sexually uninhibited. Two rocket scientists getting it on in the nuclear fission lab was as good as anything else.

I sipped my tea as Marge finished reading my entry. It was only a few pages. I was glad no one else was in the lunchroom so we could keep it private. As she read more of the story, I actually started feeling nervous that she might figure out I'd written about myself.

"Well, Manhattan," she said in a businesslike tone as she put the last page on the table. "I'll give you credit for having the balls to write this. I wasn't sure you had it in you."

"Thank you." I saluted her with my mug.

"Not so fast. You said you could do better than *Hayloft of Love*. Now, what you have here is not bad—just a little unbelievable."

"What?"

"Kat, get serious. I know this is only a story, but you've got to have some thread of believability in the thing. Come on, they both went to the lab in the middle of the night? She just happened to be wearing sexy lingerie under her white lab coat? She came four times—yeah right. His cock was still a battering ram so long after he came, yeah, you wish." She snorted a laugh. "What am I saying, we *all* wish." She laughed hard.

I stared at her trying not to look offended. Sure, it was an incredible night, but that's what happened. I, of course, couldn't tell her that.

"OK, Kat, you lose, I win. When do you want to go out with Bubba? I've been telling him all about you and he's been panting. He's available every night but Tuesdays when he has his Dungeons and Dragons meetings. Oh, and on Fridays during lunch he meets with his parole officer. Other than that he's wide open."

"Actually, Marge, I'm seeing someone, so I don't think I can go out with Bubba."

"Liar."

"What?"

"Kat, you said the same thing when I tried to fix you up with my cousin. You said you had a boyfriend but then I found out you didn't."

"Yes, that's true, but Marge, your cousin was in jail at the time! I was just trying to be nice."

"He was about to get out. What's the big deal?" She reached for her coffee but knocked the pages of my story off the table. "Damn." She crawled under the table to retrieve the papers.

Just at that moment, Dan came into the lunchroom. "Hey, babe," he said as he leaned over and kissed my lips. "I think I left my brown belt and plaid boxers at your place. Can you bring them with you when you come over tonight?"

"Sure." I looked across the table, but Marge was still out of sight.

"God, you are so beautiful." With kisses on my forehead and temple he left.

Marge's head slowly emerged from under the table. Her eyes were wide and her mouth hung open. "Manhattan...you and Dan? Dan and you?" She pulled herself into

her chair but continued to stare at me like I had two heads.

"Yes, Dan and I are dating."

"No shit?"

"No shit."

"Girl..." She wore a big smile. "Ice queen no more...you're one of us after all." With that she left the room shaking her head and chuckling. I knew that as soon as she was out of sight she would break out into a sprint to spread the news about Dan and me to the entire accounting department. In her exuberance she left my story on the table...I took it straight to the shredder.

Over the next few weeks, I found out that I had more in common with the ladies of the third floor than I'd imagined and that lunch with them was more fun than lunch with Jane Austen.

Dan and I moved in together a few months later. I still haven't been able to accurately classify the holy experience he gave me that night and many nights since, but he promised to reveal his secret to me...in thirty or forty years. I can't wait to find out.

The End

Author Bio

Traveling the globe in search of good stories, Laura Miks has learned a few absolute truths: it actually *is* a small world, everybody loves a happy ending, a Norwegian fisherman will often trade a smoked salmon and a jar of lingonberries for a good story, you really do catch more flies with honey than vinegar (although she's still not sure what to do with the flies once they've been caught), a nomad will lend you a tent if you promise to bring it back, red sky at night is in fact a sailor's delight, the Northern Lights can't be seen from the south even with binoculars and cats don't like to wear eye patches.

Keeping these things in mind, Laura will continue to look for more stories and more truths and promises to share them all with you.