

Whipping the Cream

An Valentine's Day story by

Yeva Wiest

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I woke up wanting. I wanted the flick of a finger against my clit. I felt it throbbing, aching to be stroked, and the sensation was almost more than I could bear. The sheets, crisp and clean, brushed against the tops of my thighs, the soft mound of my belly and the peaks of my breasts. My body was alive and awash with feeling. I eased my hand down alongside the curve of my waist in sleepy exploration. I smiled in expectation of release...the phone rang.

It kept ringing. Despite all my screams of frustration, all my garbled protests and curses, the stupid cell pealed and vibrated along the nightstand beside me—toward me. I snatched it up and flipped it open.

“What?” I growled none too politely.

“I need you here—this morning,” said Sonia. She was the chef de cuisine. I was her assistant and, as such, powerless to disobey.

Before I could frame an answer or deign to think up an excuse for finally taking a morning off, she had hung up. I lay still for just another moment, my clit throbbing and my bottom lip bursting forth into a full-blown pout that refused to be mollified. I wanted to hate Chef Sonia, but I couldn’t. I could only groan in frustration and realize the enormous opportunity that working with her afforded me. Sonia was one of the most sought-after chefs in the city, and one of the most incorrigible flirts I had ever worked with. The thought of her slanting green eyes and reckless grin had me springing from the bed in a different sort of anticipation. Suddenly, I was ready to meet the day...and my boss.

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Whipping the Cream

The restaurant kitchen felt cold with the pre-dawn emptiness that precedes a busy day. Today was Valentine's Day, so it was sure to be hectic. Sonia had not yet arrived, so I spent my time warming the ovens and making espresso. The cheerful chug of the espresso machine and the wonderful aroma of coffee blended with the warmth of the kitchen giving me a snug if still slightly aroused feeling. Happily, I gave the day's menu a leisurely study realizing with a tinge that the *panna cotta con frutta*, cooked cream with berries, was listed as dessert. It was my assignment. Sonia has pencilled my name in beside it. I wondered if it were within my purview.

"Arrgh! I can't make the freakin' panna cotta," I actually said aloud.

"Why the hell not?" asked Sonia.

I froze. I closed my eyes in horror and slightly shook my head. Damn, I hadn't heard her come in over the verbose antics of the espresso maker. I gripped the ceramic edge of the counter and breathed in and out trying to still my raging emotions.

Sonia tapped me on the right shoulder, and when I did not move, she gently turned me around to face her. Her eyes sparkled wickedly. "I asked you a question," she said softly. "Why the hell not?"

Her eyes took in my flushed cheeks and the fluttering pulse in my throat. I could feel heat suffuse my face and spread down my throat and across my chest. She watched the fiery course and seemed fascinated by my discomfort.

"My cream is never stiff enough," I said. "And for some reason, my caramel refuses to pour smoothly. I feel hopeless this morning which is not the attitude that I need to make a decent panna cotta."

She moved closer to me. "Is that really how you feel this morning?" Her Italian accent was strong. "Or do you feel something else?"

Sonia leaned closer and stroked my cheek. Her eyes held mine captive. I couldn't breathe. I was all too aware of her fullness. The bodice of her stark white uniform strained against its bright red buttons. The swell of her stomach proved soft against my pelvis. She smelled full and womanly.

"I feel confused," I whispered, and she smiled.

In that moment, that tantalizing moment, she seemed soft, pliant. The moment passed, though, and she was back to business. She assumed complete control and whirled me around to face the recipe.

"Get to work," she growled, "or you will never be a top chef."

So I set about collecting my ingredients. I sprinkled gelatin in a bowl of warm water to let it soften, while I brought some milk, sugar, and a vanilla bean to a boil. I added the gelatin to the milk and scrapped the vanilla bean seeds into the mixture. After I strained the mixture and allowed it to cool, I prepared the caramel. As I poured it into some colorful ramekins, I felt Sonia move close behind me.

While the warm aroma of cream and caramel rose to engulf me, I felt Sonia's hot breath against my neck. The essence of her nearness fused with the delicious mouth-watering smells of the panna cotta and seduced me. My breasts swelled and ached to be touched, and my pussy began to moisten with her own special creaminess.

My hands shook as I poured heavy mixture into a stainless steel bowl. Every pore of my skin was aware of Sonia against me. I reached far onto the counter to grab the beaters for the mixer. Her body followed mine—against me, melded to me. I turned on the mixer, and it was as though I had turned Sonia on with it. As the strands of wire lifted and blended the cream, her hands lifted and held my breasts. The panna cotta grew thicker, and the heat of desire grew stronger between my thighs. I held tightly to the arm of the

Whipping the Cream

mixer. Its vibrations traveled along my arm and churned against my body. My abdomen bumped lightly against the counter as Sonia continued to rub against me.

“The whipped cream must form stiff peaks before it is ready,” she said and began to pluck the tender tips of my nipples through my blouse. I had not worn a bra, and so the cotton fabric of my tunic rasped against my nipples. They began to grow harder, stiff like the heavenly creation I continued to beat. My clit began to throb. I could feel it quivering.

Finally, I decided the cream was thick enough. I turned off the mixer and pulled the beaters from the whipped cream. Twin peaks stood side by side in the velvety mixture. My nipples looked as hard and stiff through the fabric of my blouse.

“Now, fold the milk mixture into the cream with a rubber spatula, like this...” said Sonia. She reached around me and stroked down my stomach and between my legs with the tip of the spatula. Slowly, she moved the flexible rubber head of the spatula back and forth, up and over, my crotch.

I wanted to feel it next to me, so I unbuttoned my slacks. She pulled them open and slipped the spatula against the lips of my pussy. It felt smooth and cold. I grabbed another spatula from the drawer beside me and began to blend the milk into the heavy cream. As I folded the two ingredients together, Sonia delved into the depths of my cunt with the soft rubber spatula. My own juices were beginning to thicken, and I felt as though I would burst.

“Pour the mixture over the caramel into the ramekins,” she said. Sonia pulled the spatula from my pants, so that I could retrieve the caramel lined bowls.

My cunt felt bereft, and I shuddered with need, as I poured the panna cotta into the bowls. For the first time since we had started, I turned to face her.

“Okay, now what?” I asked.

“Now, chill until firm,” she said, “and then we will garnish it with ripe berries.”

She made me wait until the recipe had set. My body felt wet and heavy, almost insane with need. Just as my ardor began to cool, to chill, she removed the cream from the refrigerator and had me cover it with juicy cherries, strawberries and plump dark raspberries.

“Come with me,” she said and led me into her office.

She undressed me. Then she let me taste the panna cotta. It was thick and delicious. She took a small dollop onto her index finger and placed it against my clit. It was so cold! It felt sooo good. My legs shook. I wanted to sit down before I fell down, but she knelt before me and began to lick her dessert.

I could feel the tip of her tongue delve through the cool, wet cream to lap the length of my cunt. Again and again, her tongue thrust against me, lapping away at the caramel cream and my pussy. I reached for the edge of her desk to steady myself, but my fingers dipped into the cold panna cotta. I grabbed a raspberry, plump and succulent, and brought it to my lips.

Sonia sucked my clit between her lips. I began to climax. As I felt her finger ease into my cunt, I bit into the tart ripeness of the berry. Its sharp, musty flavor exploded in my mouth, and my pussy gushed in hard contractions of release. I grabbed her head and pushed it deeper inside me.

At that moment, I wanted nothing more than for her to lick me and make love to me for hours. I played with the silky strands of her hair as I gave myself up to her.

She licked me clean and then stood up to pull me close to her. Sonia whispered in my ear, “I knew that you could do it. That was the best *panna cotta con frutta* I have ever tasted. What *is* your secret?”

“The cream has to be whipped just right.”

“Hum, is that right?”

Whipping the Cream

“Yes.” I buried my face in her neck and blushed. “And sharing the dessert makes it so much better.” I kissed the soft place under her ear.

“I think so, too,” she said. She looked at me and grinned—that crazy reckless grin. “Happy Valentine’s Day. Wait until you taste my chocolate cherry tonight after work.”

I licked my lips in anticipation and smiled.

YEVA WIEST

About the Author

Yeva Wiest is one *femme* who loves her wife, freelance writing, traveling, and her wild little pug. Her erotic fiction has appeared in *Sapphistocated*, *Tales of Travelrotica for Lesbians* and *Tales of Travelrotica for Lesbians Volume 2*. You can e-mail Yeva at ywiest@yahoo.com or visit her MySpace at www.myspace.com/yevawiest.