

Fire and Ice
A short story by Charli Mac

“Hey, can I leave a message behind the desk please?” I tapped the sealed envelope against the spotless, shiny surface of the reception counter and gave the perfectly made up woman behind the desk a tight smile.

“Is it for a guest at the hotel, Madam?”

Yes. No. Kind of.

“I’m a guest at the hotel,” I offered.

“Room number?”

“Seven oh three.”

She tapped her way across the keyboard for a moment then looked back to me. “Ms. Mac?”

“That’s me.”

“We can certainly hold onto a message for you. Is it to be picked up today?”

“It is. This afternoon.”

She held out her hand for the envelope and I passed it over, eyes raking over the name neatly stencilled across the front. Her perfectly manicured fingers slid over the surface and I knew what she was feeling – the key card tucked neatly inside. Something changed in her expression, a tiny twitch of her lips.

Yeah, she knew what I was up to.

I fought not to blush as I stammered my thanks and scurried across the Lobby. My taxi was waiting for me out side, my agent already inside. I settled in the seat, shifting a little uncomfortably and tried to focus on chit chat, and not my plans for the evening.

The day was interminable. I met with my publisher, signed more books than I wanted to think about, then did several press interviews before giving a talk to a large group of school

children at a library. Through it all I was beyond distracted, my thoughts sliding back towards my hotel room.

In the car ride back, I noticed my agent was similarly distracted, his fingers tap, tap tapping across his phone screen.

“We could do dinner, if you want,” he offered. Reluctance was written all over his face.

“You got a better offer?” I asked, smirking.

“It doesn’t matter, you’re my client. We can get some food, have a few drinks.”

“That sounds fun,” I said teasingly, enjoying watching his struggle to look enthusiastic. “But I have a much better offer.”

“You do?” His curiosity was utterly piqued, the hand holding his phone dropping limp into his lap.

“Where should we drop you?” I asked, sidestepping the barrage of questions I knew would come if I gave him half a chance.

“Oh.” He glanced out the window, took in where we were. “Here actually.”

I dropped him and then continued to the hotel, sliding my phone out of my purse as we turned into the parking area.

I’m here.

I sent the text and thanked the driver. The lobby was busy when I breezed in through the front entrance, guests lounging in the array of fancy armchairs and chaises, the bar to the far right crowded with people in business attire. I tugged at the tailored trousers I was wearing as I clopped past on high heels that had started rubbing at me hours ago and were not crippling me. For the first time in hours I wasn’t thinking about that, or about the fact my filmy blouse was a bit tight across my shoulders. I raked my gaze across the area, just in case, but I knew if he was here he wouldn’t be *here*.

The lift came as soon as I called it, and I waited as a couple exited, their hands locked together, their eyes only for each other. He had a smear of lipstick across his cheek and she was giggling madly. I smiled as I stepped inside and hit the button for the seventh floor, but as soon as the doors slid closed the butterflies that had been simmering in my stomach all day erupted into full force. I blew out a breath, trying to calm myself, and checked my phone.

Nothing.

When I slid the key into the lock on my room door and the light changed to green, I pushed my way inside to utter darkness. When I stepped forward and let the door closed behind me, it engulfed me.

“Baby?” My voice was hesitant, warbling in the quiet. “Are you here?”

Uncertainty slid quickly into crushing disappointment. He hadn’t come.

Thinking about ordering a bottle of wine from room service along with the most calorific thing on the menu for dinner – and a whacking hunk of cheese cake for dessert – I reached out to flick on the lights.

A hand wrapped around my wrist, tugged hard at me until I lost my balance and fell into a warm, solid body. A moment later, I was moving again, disoriented in the dark until I felt the wall at my back and that body pressed tight into me, my hands trapped behind me, both of them wrapped in one large fist. His head dropped down and sharp teeth nipped at my earlobe.

“Hello, Kitten.”

“Hey baby,” I breathed.

I felt him still, push into me just a fraction harder.

“What’s that now?” The edge in his tone, the quiet threat, pulled me out of the dizzy spin of relief.

“Hello Sir.”

“Better, Kitten.” His mouth trailed down from my ear to my neck, planting soft kisses, the slight scrape of his stubble sensitising my skin. I tilted my head to the side to give him better access and sighed happily, barely noticing as he brought my hands around to the front.

I did notice when he clipped cuffs around my wrists, a short length of chain between them meaning I could still move them, but not much.

“I like this hotel,” he said. “It comes with helpful little hooks for hanging up your jacket... and other things.”

He lifted my arms up above my head and hooked them just over my head, my elbows bent and on either side of my temples.

He kissed me then, properly. His mouth slicked over mine, tongue invading, as his hands got to work on the buttons of my blouse before parting the sides and sliding his hands around my ribs. A moment later they travelled up to cup my breasts, thumbs flicking over my nipples and sending little darts of lightning through my nerve endings.

Frustrated that I couldn't touch him back, I nipped at the tip of his tongue. He jerked back, and as my sight adjusted to the gloom I could just make out the gleam of his eyes, the white of his teeth as he grinned.

"You sure you want to go down that road, Kitten?"

Sorry Sir. The words drifted through my head but they stayed on my tongue. Instead I raised an eyebrow and tugged on my restraints meaningfully.

His grin widened.

"Thirsty for it are you, Kitten? Not a chance. We go at my pace. And I want to inspect what's mine." He paused. "speaking of inspections, were you a good girl?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Let's see, shall we." He stepped back a pace and then hands on my hips urged me to turn. It was awkward, with my hands trapped above me, but I managed. He reached around and slid the button of my trousers free and tugged the zip down a millimetre at a time. He ran his fingers beneath the gap between my waistband and my skin before slipping the trousers over my hips and down, helping me kick them off my high-heeled feet. When his hands ran back up my legs to my ass, they met no resistance. My underwear was in my suitcase where I'd been instructed to leave it.

"Hmmm," he murmured. His hands sculpted my ass, kneading and squeezing, before he delved deeper. "Oh good girl, Kitten."

His fingers wiggled the jewelled princess plug I'd inserted with a wince and a gasp and a lot of lube that morning. That was hours and hours ago, and to say I was feeling over stimulated down there was putting it lightly.

"How has it felt, wearing this all day, knowing no one else knew about it. Just me. Hmmm, Kitten?"

"I... good, Sir."

“Did it make you wet?” He didn’t wait for an answer, sliding his fingers forward until they could feel just how soaked I was. “Christ, Kitten.”

I mewled and arched my back, hoping he might slide his fingers inside and ease the ache, or move further forward to my clit, which was pulsing and twitching, feeling left out.

He didn’t. He went back to the plug, fingers grasping it lightly.

“You like feeling this inside you, then?”

“Yes, Sir,” I said. “But-,”

“But what?”

“But I’d quite like it out now please, Sir.”

I’d almost given in and torn the thing out at lunchtime, but the last time I did that, I’d regretted it.

“You would, would you?”

He started pulling, slowly increasing the pressure. I winced and widened my stance, using my muscles to help him along until it slid free. Ow. I hissed out a breath, feeling my muscles contract, throbbing slightly, but at least it was out.

My relief was short-lived.

“No, kitten. I don’t think so. Not yet.”

The metal of the plug was hot from my body when it nudged at my asshole again. I made a noise of unhappiness and lifted a leg as if to step away – though I’d nowhere to step to – but a sharp slap on my ass halted me in my tracks.

“Stay still.”

I gritted my teeth but held still as he pressed forward until the plug slid home once more. Then he eased it out again, and in. Out, and in. I whined in protest, but in truth after the first time it barely stung, my muscles adjusting. I wouldn’t have said no to fresh lube, though.

“Let’s just leave this in for the time being, shall we Kitten?”

Since I wasn’t really being asked, I stayed silent as he pressed the plug in one final time, my body accepting it easily.

“Come on, then.” He reached up and unhooked me, lowering my arms until they dangled in front of me, still clipped together. I’d only been hooked up for five or ten minutes, but my shoulders and upper arms smarted. He rubbed at them, easing the ache, then curled a finger around the chain and turned me round and tugged me forwards. I went clumsily, the room cloaked in shadows. At least until he flicked on a lamp and blinded me.

I blinked, eyes watering, and took in my hotel room. It was almost exactly as I’d left it this morning – bar a couple of notable exceptions. Restraints were strewn casually across the bed and on the glass-topped desk, a wand had joined my laptop, along with a strip of black material. A blindfold. Oooh.

I tried not to smile – though yay, fun times for me – as he led me to the bed and pressed me back on it, urging my hands back above my head and using one of the restraints to secure them to the headboard. Restraints went around both ankles and he tied them to the bottom of the bed so that my legs were flat against the sheets, but splayed wide. He picked up the blindfold and approached me. Dark eyes watched me intently.

“Green?”

“Green, Sir,” I echoed.

He nodded approvingly then tied the blindfold tightly round my head and turned my world to darkness once more.

My breath was suddenly louder in my ears, my senses ranging out, trying to listen to him, moving around the room, work out what he was doing. I felt a hand firm on the inside of my thigh before it was replaced with the cool hardness of the wand, digging in slightly as Sir tied it to my thigh with another restraint. He adjusted it, making sure it was tight up against my centre, was pressed to my clit, then started it.

I flexed at the low buzz, shifting into the vibrations, but he’d barely turned it on. It was more of a tickling sensation, nothing that was ever going to get me off. I pouted but held in my complaints, a choice that proved to be a good one when a moment later warm hands began running over my body. Up the inside of my legs, down the curve of my waist; fingertips around the curve of my breast. A hand around my throat, squeezing once gently before coming up to cup my cheek before a hot mouth kissed me. It was an orgy of warm sensation, soothing and awakening my skin. When he pulled back I waited breathlessly, longing for a hand on my again, wondering where it was going to be. My whole body eager for it.

Instead he turned the wand up several notches.

I hitched a breath, the change abrupt and shocking. My thighs flexed, wanting to close against the heightened vibrations, but of course they couldn't. A touch ran up the arch of my foot, but this wasn't warm and firm, it was slow and icy. I jerked at my foot, but it couldn't move any more than my thighs could.

Another touch, this time along the inside of my upper arm. Sharply cold. And wet.

Ice, I realised.

I wasn't sure I liked it. It cut at my nerves, made my muscles twitch and jerk. With the wand turned up almost as high as I could take it, my body was rigid. Tingling. I wanted the restraints off so that I could move away from each frigid stroke. I wanted to come so that I could release the tension coiling inside me, but-

"Don't you dare, Kitten. Not without permission."

"Can I come, Sir?" My response was instantaneous.

His was just as fast.

"No."

I gave a frustrated little growl, pulling uselessly on my restraints. I couldn't see anything, but in my mind's eye I visualised the little cube of ice, gripped in strong fingers, gliding over my skin. I found myself panting, trying to guess where it might come next, then barking out a cry when it circled my nipple instead of running up my inner thigh.

And all the time the wand was pressed tight to my centre, radiating pleasure than I was trying my hardest to keep on a lockdown.

"Please can I come, Sir?"

"No."

"Please?"

Instead of answering, he turned it up higher.

I yowled, arching my back and pressing my head into the softness of the sheets. Ice ran down my left side, along the inner line of my right upper arm. Across my collar bones. Down my forehead and along the bridge of my nose. Faster and faster so that I was still feeling the trail

of the previous touch when the next one hit. Streaks of cold raising goosebumps all over my body.

When the soft splay hit my belly, I thought for an instant that it was a drop of water from the ice cube, until my brain registered a bloom of scorching heat. Candle wax. I gasped, yanking my stomach muscles in, but was almost immediately distracted by ice down my left cheek. Over the curve of my hip, a droplet running down towards the fiercely buzzing wand. Splat. Molten fire on my left breast.

Ice up the centre of my palm. Blazing heat right on my pubic mound.

Chill across the top of my right foot, along all five of my toes. A droplet of burning wax on the delicate skin on the inside of my knee.

The wand, demanding my attention every time my nerves pulled me around my body.

Yellow. It was too much, my mind unable to keep up with the assault of cold and heat and vibration on my senses. I felt like I was going to explode out of my skin, my blinded eyes forgotten about, everything in me concentrated on my body.

Instead of the warning colour, though, the thing that burst from my lips was, “Please! Please, please, please, Sir. Please can I come, *please?*”

“Come.” He gave me the word in tandem with a trio of dots – my hip, my belly, and directly on my nipple – from the candles, and I screamed as an orgasm ripped through me at the same time the hot pain radiated across my torso.

I was dimly aware of ripping and tearing as he pulled first the wand free then my ankles, lifting my legs up and out, settling himself between them. He entered me at the same time as he pressed the ice cube against my clit, holding it there as he thrust in and out. I was hypersensitive from coming and I fought it, but he held me still, clamping one leg against his side with his free hand, pressing the ice cube harder against me.

I throbbed, the cold ache sinking deep where it fought against the spikes of pleasure as each surge inside rolled over my g-spot. My arms still trapped above me and one leg pinned by his arm, I could do nothing but arch my body and take it. My clit pulsed and retreated, overstimulated but unable to escape the sting of the ice. My eyes widened beneath the blindfold as I realised I was going to come again, my nerves utterly disoriented and not sure what else to do.

“Coming!” I gasped, unable to form a coherent sentence never mind ask permission.

Sir let go of my leg and leaned forward to rip the blindfold off me, holding the ice cube in place with the angle of his body.

“Come,” he instructed, then he kissed me, stealing my breath as it washed over me.

I writhed and squirmed, riding it out as he continued to pound at me, his tongue mimicking the actions of his cock as it darted in and out of my mouth. When he found his own release, he shifted the angle of his head, pressing his forehead to mine and staring deep into my eyes. I gazed back, my thoughts scattered, mind empty except for the deep connection between him and me. I tilted my hips and accepted his offering as he jerked spasmodically, groans spilling from his lips.

Afterwards, he dropped down onto me, giving me his full weight, his face tucked into my neck and breath hot against my shoulder. A moment later, though, he was up, deft hands releasing mine and pulling them to curl up against my chest. He lay down beside me and pulled me tight against him, warmer than any blanket would have been. Still, I trembled, my body tight, until he began those slow smoothing strokes again, loosening my muscles, knocking off the tiny blobs of dried wax and making me feel loved, cherished.

“You all right, Kitten?” he murmured.

“Mmmm,” I offered, about all I could manage.

“We’ll get up and shower in a minute, yeah?”

“Mmmmm.”

“Then maybe we’ll get some room service. I saw they have cheesecake.”

“Mmmmm.”

He chuckled. “And actual words, Kitten? Yes? No? Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious?”

“Mmmmm.”

“Should I take it that you liked that, then? If I rendered you speechless?”

I considered that, the shakes gone, my body halfway to sleep. Then said the only thought front and centre in my mind.

“Cheesecake.”