

Spaceport: The Ice Man

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He held the cube of ice high above my clit and I tensed, waiting for the inevitable frisson of exquisite cold. A golden drop gathered at the lowest corner and I marveled at the richness of its color, created, I guessed, by the refraction of light from the bright lamp positioned next to Captain Ice's bed.

He had me tied, of course, my wrists and ankles secured by silken cords. The drop was swelling as the warmth of his fingers melted the ice. It quivered for a moment and, when its bloated body finally detached itself and dropped, I held my breath in delicious anticipation.

As if in slow motion the golden orb fell towards my open sex and I braced myself for its freezing impact. My anticipation dissolved into frustration for Captain Ice had snatched the drop in mid air, a bare centimeter from my clit, and with supreme arrogance, stuck his wet fingers into his mouth.

To my shame I whimpered in disappointment.

His full lips curled in amusement. "You want water, yes?"

"You know I need it," I hissed. I hated myself more than him. There I was, Letitia Salacious, Operations Manager of the Port Authority Water Board, a rich and powerful executive, a member of the Adana elite, trussed up on his spacer's bed, teased and humiliated like a lowly slave.

My torturer was handsome, in a rugged sort of way. Captain Ice was over thirty and under sixty I guessed, hard to tell. He'd had some enhancements done, muscle

wise. True to his name his crystalline eyes were glacial, a translucent blue that fooled you into thinking that you could see into his soul and before you realized he didn't have one, you were trapped.

Those calculating eyes gazed down at me from beneath ivory eyebrows. His face was wrinkle free and tanned a deep golden brown. He'd been a spacer all his life, one of the few Comet Wranglers that lived permanently in the tee, the 'empty' as they call it, and his skin had been bathed in the radiations of a thousand suns.

He was naked and, as he poised beside the bed, I had a full view of his hard, tight body from head to knee. His thick cock pointed directly at my face. It was an impressive organ, and one that had haunted my dreams for a year.

A year since he'd last come calling demanding consummation of our arrangement.

He held the cube above my right nipple as another droplet formed. I dragged my eyes from the tip of his cock, where a teardrop of clear liquid had appeared, and fixed my building anticipation on the cube hovering above my breast.

The drop quivered and fell. I held my breath, wondering if he'd deny me once again. This time he relented and as the welcome drop hit my nipple I gasped in shock. I arched my back, thrusting my breasts upward as if beckoning another frigid drop to assault my taught nipple. The sudden movement tugged at my wrist and ankle restraints, reminding me I was not in control of this situation.

He moved the cube above my left nipple. In doing so he leaned over me and his astounding cock swept over my face and bobbed onto my chin. I cheekily stuck out my tongue and let it hover a millimeter from his burgeoning head and the drop of hot liquid quivering at the red eye of his cock. I wagged my tongue, taunting him, before withdrawing it, my own sort of torture. I let a mischievous smile form on my lips. Two can play at that game.

Without any sign that he'd registered my weak rebellion, he drew the head of his cock across my closed lips, smearing the drop of pre-cum warmly across my flesh. I couldn't help myself. My tongue snaked out and licked the salty juice off my lips.

His arctic eyes bored into mine as he reached into the aluminum canister on the bedside table and extracted a cock shaped length of ice. I gasped at the sight of it and the frosty mist that curled around its cold length and swollen head. It matched his dimensions and shape and I laughed weakly at the thought he'd made a mould of his organ to make popsicles.

Captain Ice sucked the steaming thing into his mouth. Pulling it back out, he bent over me and kissed me with his icy cold lips. I shivered in delightful anticipation and when our tongues entwined, mine hot with lust, his frigid with ice, I moaned wantonly into his mouth.

While we kissed he trailed the head of the ice cock lightly across my heaving breasts and down along my quivering belly and then against the taut skin stretched over my pubic bone.

"Tell me you want my cock of ice," he murmured against my cheek.

"Give it to me," I whispered back. I tensed myself against the icy invasion and wondered what that glacial shaft would do to my delicate inner flesh.

Yet I did not protest. I needed the cold, for I was addicted to ice.

Captain Ice slid the head of the mock shaft along my moist slit carefully, stopping short of my throbbing clit. He slid its frozen length down my pussy lips and in my mind I begged him to fuck me with the damn thing. Instead he tortured me, sliding the head along my sex, slowly and deliberately.

"Fuck me," I whimpered.

"I want more," he whispered.

"Yes, yes, anything."

Without hesitation he pushed it between my numbing lips. I gasped, anticipating the pain and squirmed in perverse pleasure. Cruelly he pushed it to the hilt and inside my cunt my aching flesh screamed against the cold. But only for a moment for the ice cock had become strangely warm, burning my fragile flesh like a hot poker.

Mercilessly he fucked me with it and in mindless pleasure I writhed around the solid hot shaft. He fucked me with it hard and fast. I came quickly. I had no time to

wonder why the shaft of ice was burning hot within me, why it matched the burning heat of my own quivering flesh and why it felt so big within me when it should be melting from my heat.

Orgasm after orgasm cascaded through my shuddering body and I strained against my bonds, crying out in sheer exhausting pleasure.

He fucked me relentlessly and only when I cried out, "Enough!" did he extract it from my pulsating sex and, with his polar eyes burning into mine, fed its glistening length into his mouth.

I gasped in surprise. The thing was still as big and solid as it had been when he started when it should have melted and been dripping with water, not just my juices. "How?"

He laughed at my frown of puzzlement and put the thing's solid head against my cheek. It was hard and warm. The ice cock was glass.

"Bastard."

With a triumphant laugh he positioned himself between my legs and teased my open slit with the swollen head of his cock. He slid it up and down my moist sex, tickling my clit and pushing my lips apart.

"For fuck's sake," I pleaded. "Fuck me!"

At last he tired of this delightful torture and he fed his real cock into my sultry cunt. Like its clone had done, his long thick shaft filled me, stretching my pussy which, as it had before, accommodated him shamelessly. He thrust long and hard, sending shudders through my body as he drove relentlessly into me. I pulled against my bonds and came in another rolling series of orgasms that left me trembling and gasping for more. My pussy clenched at his shaft, rippling along its length, stroking him towards orgasm.

He gazed down at me with those glacial eyes as he came, his body tensing and then releasing like a bowstring. With an agonized cry of release he fell over me, his cock pulsing within my still unsatisfied pussy.

After our breathing returned to a bearable rate I used my inner muscles to caress his dormant shaft. He responded, as I knew he would.

He propped himself onto his elbows and in wonder gazed down at me. "You want me to fuck you again?" he asked, his eyes sparkling like moonlight off a glacier.

I squirmed beneath him. "You know the answer to that already."

"How much?"

"Two million credits," I said.

"I don't think so."

He made to withdraw his cock.

"Two million five."

"That's better," he hissed and drove himself into me one more time.

Later, much later, I suited up and hesitated by the airlock door.

"Delivery?" I asked.

"Adana will have the first comet delivered into a stable orbit by close of business today." He gripped his cock by the shaft and waved it at me. "Same time next year?" His amusement was barely contained.

"Of course," I said, straightening my environment suit, the ice cool executive once more. "We need our water."

As my shuttle took me home, I took stock of myself. I was awash with pleasure, aching nipples and warmly pulsing clit and above all, a grand sense of achievement. Two million five was a good price. Captain Ice, despite his cool demeanor and penchant for torture, had played fair.

I gazed approvingly at the massive comet head he had brought for us. It would provide the spaceport with tons of raw H₂O which would, after purification, deliver two hundred million liters of potable water.

Adana, if it was to expand, needed fresh water continually added to its stores. Experienced Comet Wranglers as reliable as Captain Ice were rare, and negotiating with someone who had you over a barrel was always problematic. We'd reached a suitable accommodation, as all skilled negotiators do. A case of quid pro quo.

I caressed a tingling nipple and gazed at Captain Ice's ship. I could discern his masculine silhouette in the bridge windows. He was watching my departure and I imagined myself bathing in his glacial glare.

I turned and faced my home, Adana Spaceport and its thirsty throng. If only they knew what I did for them.

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