

Ice Play

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Ice Play

Magda's skin was hot, warmed by the sun high overhead. A soft breeze cooled her some, but not enough. Sighing, she rolled over, feeling restless. The sound of the waves hitting the shore did nothing to help her relax. She wanted to move but felt too lazy to get up and go for a swim. Closing her eyes, she decided to try and take a nap. "Maybe that will help burn off this restless energy."

Her body still jumped and twitched. Letting out a groan, she opened her eyes to find herself confronted with darkness.

"Hold still. Don't move."

"Ren? What the hell is going on?"

"It's a surprise. Just relax."

She felt soft fabric pressing against her skin and something thick pressing against the back of her head. Something thick and silky encircled her wrists keeping her hands down.

"Lie back and relax."

The straps of her bikini top were loosened. A cool breeze brushed against her now bare breasts. Slowly, Magda began to relax. She felt the smooth fabric of her bathing suit top slide across her skin. Next to go was her bikini bottom. Now, she was completely nude. "Ren, what are you doing?"

Renato chuckled, "Do you trust me?"

"Yes. Ahhh!" Something icy cold and slick touched her chest and moved downward. Freezing liquid slipped over her skin raising goose bumps. "What the hell? Renato, what was that?"

"Relax and feel."

The icy trail continued over her mound and down her right leg. Next something hot traced the trail, lapping at the icy liquid. The contrast was unexpected, yet oddly arousing. Her nipples were hardened peaks, begging for Renato's mouth. Her stomach tightened in anticipation. Her sex was heavy, clit throbbing with need. Renato trailed the cold up her thigh before nudging her legs apart. Her hands clenched and unclenched. She itched to touch him.

Magda's body tensed again as she waited. The cold, slick thing traced the lips of her sex before being replaced by the heat of Renato's mouth. She arched her back and thrust her hips upward, she moaned softly, "Renato."

He nibbled and licked up one side and down the other before parting the lips of her sex, touching the cold thing to her clit before flicking the throbbing bud with his tongue. Touch. Flick. Touch. Flick. He was driving her crazy. She felt the scrape of his teeth against the sensitive head of the aching nub before he sucked it into his mouth. She moaned, grinding her pussy against his face. He nibbled and flicked her clit while trailing the cold up her body.

Renato circled her nipple with icy slickness. Crying out, she reached up to push his hand away. In response he took the rigid peak between two fingers and pinched it. An electric shot went straight from her nipple to her clit. "Renato!"

He released her clit with a soft pop and began kissing his way up her body. Magda was now on fire with need. "Fuck me, Ren. Fuck me now."

She tried to raise her arms, wanting to bury her hands in his hair. His lips skimmed over the side of her neck before he nipped her ear lobe, sucking the flesh into his mouth. He let go of it, hot, moist breath, brushing against her ear, "Wrap your legs around me."

She felt the hot, throbbing length of his cock against her stomach and moaned. She needed him inside of her. Raising her feet, she wrapped her legs around his waist and waited. She felt his hand slip between them and the pressure of his cockhead at her dripping entrance. She moaned and thrust her hips forward, needing to feel him inside of her, her body taut with anticipation.

Finally he thrust. Slowly, his cock pushed in, inch by inch, stretching her. She squeezed her pussy, wanting to keep him inside of her forever. She cried out in frustration when he withdrew, only to slam into her again.

“I love the way my cock feels inside of you,” Renato whispered, voice rough with arousal. “You’re so tight, so perfect, and all mine.”

She shivered as she felt the tip of a fang brush her earlobe and move downward, tracing a light pattern of pain and fire. He began to fuck her harder, hips pumping faster. “I can hear the blood running through your veins. Practically taste the salty spice of it.”

His cock hit her cervix, the pleasure and pain clashed and blended. She was lost. Increasing her hold on his waist, she tried to draw him deeper inside of her. Her nipples brushed against the hard wall of his chest, sending spikes of electricity straight to her clit. Their hips rocked against each other. Her climax went up and up and up, tightening, curling, writhing within her. She had to hold him, needed to feel his body closer to hers.

Calling on her dragon, she felt her hands shift to claws. The brief pain of partial shifting was drowned out by a small nip on her shoulder, his fangs scraping the muscle lightly before she felt a sudden burst of pain. She cried out, orgasm washing over her, inner walls fluttering and clamping down on his cock, limbs shaking.

He continued thrusting, pistoning his hips faster, fucking her harder. Each tug of his lips as he drank of her blood caused her to come again, aftershocks and orgasms collided. The pleasure was so intense she thought she was going to cry. Wrapping her arms around him, she dug her claws into his back. His only acknowledgement of her freedom was a grunt. Renato didn’t stop drinking her blood or pounding into her.

She felt him twitch and expand inside her aching cunt. Reaching up, she ripped off the blindfold, wanting to watch him come. She had to blink a few times for her vision to clear but what she saw made her heart skip a beat.

Renato had raised his head, her blood dribbling down his chin, mouth open on a silent cry as he thrust into her once, twice, three times before bathing her pussy with his seed. He didn't stop thrusting until he was flaccid inside of her. Slowly he lowered his weight onto her body and smiled, licking his lips. He reached up and brushed the hair out of her face and then wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close.

"What a way to spend Thanksgiving."

"Playtime's over huh?"

"Yup," He sighed. "Time to go cook the turkey and feed the starving perverts who just watched us make love."

"We're not perverts. You're just exhibitionists," Lida called out.

"Can I kill my sister?"

"No, I like Lida, even if she is a pervert." Magda's voice rose the last few words, making sure Lida heard her.

"Can we just teleport into the bathroom and shower?"

"I want to see the walk of shame!" Lida called out again.

"Yes, lets teleport out of here." Magda giggled and buried her head in his shoulder. With great concentration, Renato used his mind to bring them both to the bathroom. They quickly showered and changed, then headed downstairs to spend Thanksgiving with the Sandros family -- Xavier, Lida's boyfriend and Nevada, Lucian's girlfriend as well as a few friends who had come to spend Thanksgiving with them at Renato's home in Greece.

"For Christmas, we're spending it with you two," Renato said to Lida.

"Fine by me, but mistletoe makes me strip, just so you know." Lida laughed as Renato paled.

"Lucian, how's Christmas with you, Mags and Nevada sound? We can go to Switzerland or somewhere, anywhere away from Santa's happy stripping elf."

Lucian handed the stuffing to his brother. "Fine by me, but you bring the wine."

Renato chuckled and looked around the kitchen, his eyes settling on Magda who was talking to his mother. She looked up and their eyes met. A soft smile curved her lips. Tonight, once everyone was asleep, he had plans to use some feathers and a blindfold on Magda. He smiled back at her and went back to stuffing the turkey. *Every Thanksgiving should be just like this.*

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