

**Encounter: Winter Interlude**  
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## Winter Interlude

Jack traced circles lazily around Erika's nipple. The Snow Queen stirred, stretching elegantly against him. A single blue eye peered up at him and she grinned. "Ambitious start to your day, Mr. Frost."

"What can I say? I'm an early riser," he grinned, replacing his finger with his lips.

Erika groaned, wide awake now. "And a late one, if last served as any indication."

Grinding against her, he confirmed, "Guess I'm just a Jack of all trades."

Erika snorted, reaching for his morning glory. "That remains to be tested."

Pulling the queen beneath him, Jack easily rolled above her on the snowy duvet. "Test me, Majesty," he murmured, kissing her lightly. Erika stretched her neck up to meet him, deepening the kiss.

"All right," she grinned at him. "Surprise me."

Lifting an eyebrow, he affirmed, "But of course." Reaching for her hand, he kissed it, then held it above her head. Erika squirmed as he repeated the gesture with her other hand. She arched against him pleasurable, but he would have none of it.

With a jump, Jack stood on the bed of ice, slipped Erika out in front of him and conjured a puffy, inanimate snowman to catch her with. She giggled as the snow captured her arms behind her back, the soft powder tickling her.

"Not bad, Frost, not bad," Erika said, rewarding him with a wicked smile.  
"What's next on your agenda today?"

"Immobilize the queen? Check." Jack leapt off the bed, sauntering toward her with naked pride. "Pleasure her senseless? Hmm, haven't crossed that off yet."

"Didn't you do that last night?" Her throaty question brushed his face as he neared her.

"Yes, but that was yesterday's checklist, love," he reminded her.

"Thought you were more of a 'fly by the seat of your pants kind of guy,'" she quoted him from the day before.

"Am I not flying?" Jack grinned, crouching in front of her. "Well. One of us will be soon, anyway."

Erika gasped as Jack kissed her center, nuzzling her snow-white softness. The coldness of the snowman against her ass contrasted with the warmth of Jack's mouth so sharply she bucked against him.

Her legs parted as he sank deeper, probing her cunt with his tongue. The snow queen moaned, her knees trembling as the snowman kept her in place. Her hooded eyes widened when, not stopping for a second, Jack twirled his fingers in the air and produced a long, thin icicle with a blunt head.

When the icicle somehow made its way into her pussy, she moaned with pleasure.

Jack's hot breath and the icicle dildo overwhelmed her senses, creating a tornado of sensations inside her. Jack paused, grinned up at her, and blew two snowflake kisses up to caress her nipples. The frosty pasties pulsated against her flesh, gently pinching and retracting.

As he licked her faster, the icicle magically pumped in and out of her pussy. Erika wrapped a leg around his head as she came hard against his face.

He dotted the insides of her thighs with kisses as she breathed hard above him, still held back by the snowman he'd created.

"How was that for a surprise?" His husky voice mirrored the desire in his eyes.

And between his legs.

Erika smirked at him. "Your turn."

Her arms extended in a flash of movement as his snowman exploded in a shower of powdery softness around them. Nodding her head slightly, Erika sent him flying onto the new white blanket on the floor, where four ice-spun handcuffs sprung out to encircle his wrists and ankles.

Jack gaped at her, too stunned and too aroused to speak. She crept toward him, a hungry snow-cat advancing on her prey, and he shivered. When her mouth sank down upon his cock, he sighed with pleasure. And when she sent a dozen tiny ice crystals to dance on his balls as she took him deeper, deeper into her, he released an arctic blizzard roar and clutched her, vowing again to never let her go.

Want to read more about Jack and Erika? Check out "Letting Go" by Sara Jay.

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