

## ICE

It was the middle of winter. Cold and gloomy weather left the townspeople feeling a bit gloomy, including Shawn.

Characteristics: dark curly hair, slim, toned and muscular body, 1.85m tall, physiotherapist, single since 6 months when Caroline ended the relationship.

After a short rain shower with sleet it was slippery outside. That meant watching out not to slip and fall ugly.

Shawn was wary and moved carefully. He saw a lot of people walking who didn't seem to care at all about the slipperiness, or maybe they didn't notice. He lived in the center of the city and was on his way to his favorite pub. He couldn't wait for the old door of café "Sinjoor" to creak a little further. Behind the door was cozy light and the fire crackling, ready for gossip and flirtation. But it didn't come to that. He heard a scream and felt someone grab him. He looked next to him. A woman in a stark white fur coat had grabbed his arm to stay upright, but she slipped anyway, fell onto the slippery pavement and unintentionally pulled him along. So they lay on top of each other on the sidewalk. Fortunately, Shawn felt no pain and was able to immediately take care of the woman in the white fur coat lying next to him, as if the sidewalk was a huge bridal bed. He chuckled at that naughty thought.

His leg was caught between her legs in the fall. A completely unintentional, yet rather unchaste entanglement. They looked at each other and began to chuckle a little nervously. He looked into the most beautiful deep blue eyes he'd ever seen.

"Oh, sir, I'm ashamed," said the beautiful eyes. "I just dragged you to the ground."

"You can call me Shawn... no "mr." for me, by the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen."

He asked her if she had hurt herself. Fortunately she went well. A torn red pantyhose was the only noticeable inconvenience.

He didn't know why, but their eyes kept searching each other.

He helped her to her feet and patted her fur coat willingly, but also clumsily, with dirt and ice. Involuntarily, as he wiped the fur coat, he felt breasts and a soft body that evoked desires in him. It had been six months since Carolien broke up with him and he lost his suitor.

He asked the fallen woman if she would like to relax over a coffee in his favorite pub a little further down the road. She also had better wait, according to Shawn, to continue walking until the smoothness had diminished. She wanted to and he offered her an arm to keep her from falling again. "What's your name, if that's not too cheeky," Shawn said.

"My name is Jacky, nice to meet you," she said in her slightly hoarse voice. She was a little shorter than him and the way she walked with him in arms was at least cozy.

Unbeknownst to him, the pub friends had seen it all happen and were waiting for them outside the pub. Shawn was a regular welcome guest with his dark curly head. He was friendly, could easily adapt to the atmosphere in the pub and liked a nice tapped glass of IPA beer. The lame jokes were not out of the air in that men's club, of course. "Hey, Shawn, did you rehearse that judo position? Show me that trick of tangled legs again..... Can I wipe her coat too?"

They sat down at a round table in the back of the pub and ordered coffee.

Jacky had taken off her white fur coat and appeared to be wearing a bright red tight wool dress and the sheer ripped tights in matching red. The soft shapes he had already felt were beautifully reflected in the tasteful, slightly short dress. Jacky apologized and went to the toilet for a moment to remove the torn tights.

While talking, the conversation soon became very personal. Apparently they both needed that closeness. The eyes that had already searched for each other on the cold street, never let go.

They talked eagerly and quickly about countless everyday things in their lives and soon there were little playful touches; a hand on one arm and frolicking nudges against one shoulder. Jacky turned out to be a real estate agent and Shawn was a physiotherapist. They looked back for a moment on the events that led them to meet. Shawn told of the naughty association with a bridal bed as they lay on the floor. Jacky said that she hadn't really found the position with the legs intertwined unintentionally so unpleasant. She underlined this by playfully looking up his leg with her knee under the table. He replied with a little back pressure from his knee. Shawn felt a little weak. The eyes met again and the introductory conversation about the small everyday things stopped for a moment. Their brains were busy processing these new touches. Shawn sampled her beautiful curves and looked under the table too. Unbelievable... Jacky had her legs parted a bit and with a quick glance he caught a glimpse of a sweet white panty.

Jacky saw him watching. Suddenly, with a little hoarse whisper, she said, "I think we broke some ice, dear Shawn, or shouldn't I say it like that?"

"We broke a complete sea of ice. I think you're so beautiful, I can't take my eyes off you. I couldn't help but run into your breasts while polishing your coat. I long to see them, kiss them and pet them. Gently move your nipples in admiration that such small parts of you can be so enchanting and so exciting.

She didn't let grass grow on it either... "You lived near here, didn't you?"

I'd like another coffee, away from the pranksters and lurking naughty looks from your boyfriends.

If she didn't mind the mess, Shawn was fine.

He looked outside and saw that a faint February sun had quickly cleared the ice. "The coast is safe again for walking, Jacky. We'll soon see if my house is safe for you." He helped her into the white fur coat and they went out into the street, hand in hand and Shawn said, "You make me as proud as a peacock. Here I am walking with the most beautiful woman I have ever met. I live there further down in that apartment complex, on the 12th floor."

A few minutes later they were in the elevator.

Shawn wouldn't let go of his newfound love and he had gone from arm to arm around her waist, his hand finding her hip in the soft fur.

She playfully did the same, moving a few fingers furtively up and down his firm buttock.

Their movements and touches left no doubt. According to Shawn, this could only end in a lovemaking. He was also incredibly excited about it.

Shawn opened the door to his apartment and said, "after you madame"...

Then they stood in the dimly lit hallway of his comfortable apartment.

She walked into his living room and stood at his window. "Wow, what a beautiful view. It's like a panoramic photo. Shawn stood behind her, leaned over her and pointed to the various buildings in the skyline. She looked with interest and recognized some of the high towers of the city center as she looked. He smelled a soft but strong perfume.

"You smell so good," he said. He pressed his nose into her dark hair and kissed her neck, pulling some of the dress aside and she felt the dress drop over her shoulders, millimeter by millimeter. He pressed his lower body a little shyly against her buttocks. She answered with counter pressure and pushed her buttocks back against his cock. She could feel it through

her red wool dress and his pants. She thought if they stopped for a moment she could feel his cock throbbing and pulsing as it secretly grew and grew behind the zipper.

He couldn't squeeze and rub his cock and his balls, yet his fierce and unstoppable sexual energy had to find a way out. His hands found a way and set out on a hike. They wandered to her hips and with the inviting soft hmmm noises she made, he felt free to run his hand down her side and he couldn't feel a rim of underwear, not panties. When had she done that? His hand went to the front of her body, to the bottom of her belly, past her navel, down past the curve where, behind the red dress, were her labia. Her hand met his and guided it down slightly...to the hem of her dress.

His hand always trembled with nervousness when he first touched a new love. He felt past the woolly edge and his hand met her bare leg. Feeling very gently and slowly, his hand went up along with the hem. He longed to feel her buttocks and she longed for his hands to explore her buttocks and on, on. His earlier feeling matched reality. Lovely firm buttocks without panties. Her hips swung gently, she didn't want him to miss access to her vagina through her ass crack, the silvery way between her beautiful buttocks by moving too wildly. She knew that on his quest he would come across new sensations; her small anus, the tightly closed opening to her bowels that she explored and opened so often herself, and not only her. Her vagina, the opening to her innermost, felt so countless times, entered by fingers, cocks, girlfriend's hands and pussies, worn out by countless forms of erotic toys that her boyfriends so willingly bought for her.

Further, further she thought... beyond the vagina... to her clit, her mini cock, the bulge where the numbing total orgasms were hidden, before she exploded. She felt horny fluid come out of her vagina and his hand had found it too. She spread her legs a little invitingly. Usually she would take her playboyfriend's cock out of his pants during sex but she did nothing.. leaned on her elbows and left everything to him without speaking. No kisses, just his hands on her buttocks and soft wet pussy. He was experienced, she could tell. After feeling and exploring, he opened his blue jeans which dropped to his ankles. She heard and felt him take his cock out of his boxers. He sighed horny and heavier: "oh dear beautiful Jacky, can I have my cock in you? My hard boy wants much to play with your sweet pussy lips. Do your pussy lips want to meet him too?". She let out groans and encouraged him with small words. Yes, yes, yes..... your cock mmm... in it,... in it please.

He had ripped off his foreskin allowing his bare-headed cock to play nicely in her silvery way, the wet slippery road. He slid his hard cock up and down her smooth slit a few times. And then, without words with a few gasping sweet cries and a growl, they fired at each other until he couldn't take it anymore... she pushed her bottom further back, making her soaked vagina open very attractively invitingly.

Shawn glanced at her rosy pussy. He maneuvered his glans into the vaginal opening and waited for her to take care of it. She pressed her soft insides over his cock... and they moved in the same rhythm and breathed quickly in the same rhythm... all that was needed. No hard knocks... he let her close around him. She pulsed with her cunt muscles and jerked him off, as it were. He pulled his cock out of her again as he nearly came. Jacky looked back a little surprised. He pressed a soft kiss to her lips and said, "You first". She replied that she liked men with self-control and that she thought that was super considerate. She turned and took his head in her hands. He moved along and sank down to her body, kissing and licking. She pushed his head further down until it was level with her pussy.

He was so horny that he felt like he could come without his cock going anywhere. His hands gripped her buttocks tightly and kneaded it as his tongue moved the tip of her clit, slowly and then suddenly more violently and faster, and again more violently and faster, sucking and licking. He gave her buttocks firm blows of pure loving horniness and licked her pussy with his tongue into her vagina and then her clit again. She begged to continue and he felt her hips and thighs tremble. She was now shouting across the room, "lick, faster, faster", and suddenly she screamed. Her whole body was shaking with involuntary movements and she banged her lower body against his mouth. Very slowly her orgasm subsided. Now it's my turn darling he said and turned her around. "Bend over", he ordered sternly and stuck his cock between her legs. His head easily found her trembling vagina. In a kind of finale he thrust very deep into her... waited a few seconds, gave a violent thrust and ejaculated his cock. She felt the cum drip from her pussy down her legs. "Turn around," he said. He took off her dress and they stood there for a while with their bare bodies against each other. "The most beautiful eyes in the world also have the most beautiful body I have ever had the pleasure of feeling."

She kissed him and thanked him for his help after the fall and for the delightful lovemaking. She showered and dressed carefully again.

"I have to cook, my husband and children are waiting for dinner."