Book V Part 2 One night

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i3MKTm-49uI&feature=fvsr>

Ice-

\*Flame. Heat. Her mouth opened and a scream emerged from the depths of her melting soul. But it seemed she was the only one who heard her cries of pain.  Then strong arms gathered her up against a solid warmth, cradling her in a loving embrace, a familiar and calming scent filled her senses, still she was surrounded by heat…and…the beat of a heart as well as a sliver of fear and urgency. *Arch*. She might have wept his name but in truth she was still locked deep within her mind within a wall of slowly melting ice. The only way for her to survive the cage of hellfire and maintain her sanity… and perhaps her life. Then thank the Goddess…blessed cold.  Surrounding her. Turning the blue liquid in her veins to ice chips once more returning her body to her control. Bringing her back to life. She inhaled and the chill in the air penetrated her entire system, shocking it to reboot, she inhaled again then opened her eyes to see solid white around her, she’d been encased in a tomb of ice.  Ice smiled.  A thin layer of frost covered her body all that separated her from clear blue sky. She was no longer in that nightmare of hell, nor for the moment did she care where she was, only the cold mattered. But movement had her turning her head to see Arch, his beautiful features full of worry and concern, leaning over peering down at her, his hair flame red hanging over his shoulders, the ends barely brushing against her chest. Maybe something else someone else did matter. Her smile grew, and her heart pumped the ice through her veins not in fear but anticipation. Grabbing her coat she knew he’d laid over her, she rose breaking through the ice covering parts of her body. Standing up she shook the loose icicles from her hair, without removing her gaze from his she put her coat on just as Arch straightened up she flew into his arms wrapping her own around his neck.  She must have shocked him because he gasped when she plastered her open mouth to his, but he recovered quickly enough as he pulled her closer flush against his hard body.  She no longer felt heat or cold within his embrace, just perfect, a perfection caused by Arch as they devoured each other with their mouths.  Soft cool tongue met soft warm tongue and she moaned. Before he could draw her down the mindless direction she seemed headed, she pulled back, not wanting to wait, she had to tell him, let him know how she felt.\*

“I knew you would come.  I knew you would get me out of there. I love you.”

\*She paused watching the awed expression on his face at her words, she raised her hands and touched the sides of his beautiful face. His eyes closed while he turned his head into her caress.  “I love you,” she repeated unable to say it enough.  When he opened his eyes, red blue flames flashed within their depths, burning hotter glowing brighter, drawing her into his soul a place where she belonged as he lowered his mouth to hers again.  The flames that were part of her Arch she would never fear, in fact willingly embraced them.  Even as she felt the heat of his hellfire surround them, her ice flared in response now more reflex than anything else, and merged with him. Their bodies seemed to sparkle and sizzle, at the same time the air around them changed, the wind no longer teased his hair and the bite of cold seemed more familiar.  She pulled away from his embrace again and glanced around.  He’d taken them back to her house. They were in her bedroom. The house was a nice cold 0 degrees but there was heat in her blood and it was not the kind that would melt her. No, instead the ice in her veins burned.  She dropped her coat to the floor.\*

Arch:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T3553DGF71g>

Arch had spent a small eternity waiting for any sign of life beyond the minute movement her chest made. So focused was he Quill’s pacing as well as rambling in the background was just that, static. In the past he'd have put that to an end, in these seemingly endless minutes nothing mattered more than Ice opening her eyes. She was cold as could be, even so he'd taken the time to carefully arrange the long coat she seemed to love over her too still body. Long having given up even mumbling his own pleas, resorting to smoothing his hand over her cheek then bending down to kiss her lips again. Just as he sat back on his heels she took a hard breath, he blinked astonished as she opened her perfect mouth. Tension roiled through his very core that she would scream as she had done back in Hell. Hands opening about to go for another round of comfort, he froze in place when not a sound beyond her intake of breath was coupled with her eyes opening at last. He'd never experienced weakness like this, so much so that his body stopped cooperating, leaving his hands to dig into the snow as he too exhaled.   
  
If things moved too slowly prior to her awakening now he wanted to make everything stop. Before he could comprehend she was not only alive but perfectly healthy she was in his arms. No one needed to tell him or his body what to do, his arms were around her pulling her against him as her mouth covered his. He found his tongue searching her mouth, hand tangled within her hair, passion setting his skin afire. Even as she molded to him, his own head turned deepening their kiss, his other hand finding the small of her back eliciting a groan as his hardness became a small amount of relieved. How she had brought him this far this fast he'd never question. All there was in that moment being a rush of desire replacing relief within every fiber of his make up.  
  
When she pulled back and spoke those three life changing words, he traced her lips with a finger. His eyes couldn't take her in fast enough, searching every plane and counter of her face.  So deep in, nothing could break the trance he was now fully under. Then she was thankfully kissing him again, turning the world into a burst of passionate need. He knew he shouldn't say it, tell her loved her, as they started seeking through each other’s lips and mouths, he wanted to but somehow held back. In fact as his desire for her grew to exponential proportions his body began to scream it, breath coming faster with it.   
  
Somewhere in his mind he was aware they were still in the open, with an audience. If he couldn't tell her, damn if he wouldn't show her. A thought that had him wrapping around her, another and he'd transported them eagerly back to her place. Couldn't be his, too hot as well as crowded for what he now had to have. As they took form she broke long enough to realize where they now were. His hands now roaming her body, hungrily touching then caressing inch by gorgeous luscious inch, he found the clasp to her shirt. Sliding under her skin was so soft tempered, it felt, just for his personal passion filled storm of desire.  
  
"I need you, so much. Nothing I could say to you could come close to how you make me feel." It came out deeper, showed everything he could never say. His eyes caught hers at the same time his thumb brushed over a taught nipple.   
  
He'd had females before but none had him in frenzy even close to this. Letting her top fall to the floor, his mouth sought along her chin to her neck. Bending he took her breast in, tongue circling as he picked her up and carried her over to the bed. Now on his knees before her, Arch quivered from the sight before him. Coming back to her lips as well as sliding between her legs with his hips, their eyes met. His question went unspoken, though it needed not be voiced, his body did all that for him.

ICE:

\*When Arch’s hands touched her all over, his heat spiked through her skin and seeped right into her blood, like a fever he made the ice in her veins turn to a burn flushing through out her body, leaving no part untouched by him, but his touch…this fever was not one that hurt. Nor did it melt her ice. She did not recognize her own body each nerve ending sensitive and craving *his* touch. Even as her heart beat a stucco rhythm against the walls of her chest it was only in anticipation of his fiery caress. Arch’s fire could never harm her. She knew that now. In fact her ice even craved his possession, it vibrated with it making her tremble. They were meant to complement each other. And they did. He completed her or he would. Soon. Here was the home she’d always searched for…right here in Arch’s arms. Ice could barely hear his words for the need within her own self was so great. She wanted him but did not know what it was she wanted. Or how exactly to ask him to complete them. But he must have understood, he removed her shirt and her skirt. Leaving her in just her panties, she had no time to be shy with him. Her skin had a blue tint to it but she stood before his hungry gaze proudly, he pulled her to him threading his hands through her locks, which seemed to soften and bend and flow just for him. He trailed kisses along her chin before moving downward to capture her breast exposed to his avid stare. The sensation of his soft hot tongue encircling her nipples had them hardening into hard peaks knocked the air right out of her lungs and had her opening her mouth on a gasp to try to regain oxygen to her brain. But as the goddess was her witness if she never took another breath she would be fine with that. As long as he did not stop touching her. Then his mouth opened and covered her entire areola sucking on it hard. She had to grasp him around the shoulders, digging her fingers into his cotton shirt until she felt hard skin beneath her short nails, for he was the only thing holding her up, her body had turned to liquid and only he directed it. Without losing contact of her nipple, Arch lifted her up. He finally let her go as he placed her on the bed. And her system protested the loss of his touch. Funny, the bed at her back was ice cold and should have soothed her, but heat raged through her front and her body still had that blue flush from the ice burn Arch ignited in every part of her he touched.

She looked into his still flaming eyes and saw herself reflected in there. “Arch,” she whispered. “My fire demon.” Her skin, her soul yearned for the touch of his heat, it ached for it and the blaze seemed strongest at her core. Her chest rose and fell in rhythm with his as she watched him shift over her and knelt between her splayed legs, his body shaking with an effort to control his need for her, surprisingly she knew no fear. Nor did she want him holding anything back. Virgin she might be, but she was no delicate flower. She loved him and wanted him so when he just sat there and stared at her a question in his eyes, there would only be one answer, she parted her legs even more to make room for him. He crawled up her body and covered her with all of his delicious warmth she now craved so much. His hardness rested at the junction of her thighs, he surged forward while watching her and she reflectively tilted her hips up to push back. The hardness pulsing between her thighs sent an electric surge straight to that blaze at her core flaming it even more. The only thing separating them now was the flimsy piece of material covering her and his leathers. She smiled, no real words needed to be said between them. She wanted him to hold nothing back, she won’t. They loved each other and now they needed to celebrate that. But first things first. “One of us has too many clothes on,” she said and wrapping her hand around his neck fused her mouth to his as she tugged at his shirt.

Arch

The long low growl rumbling through his chest sounded less feral as it turned into moaning from the feel of having her like this. Every movement she made seemed fluid, her legs, hands even the way she seemed to be writhing beneath his now aching body. He couldn't stop covering inch after delicious inch of her with his lips and tongue. Her voice speaking of his being hers sent shivers along his already blazing skin. Fingers already playing along the thin material of her tiny remaining cover, he paused at her statement. Raising his eyes to hers, switching to his own leathers with a small lift of his lips the ties came undone so close to freeing his now trembling length. Bracing himself above her, it didn't matter whose hands now slid his pants free. Simultaneously she pulled, perhaps ripped more like it, his shirt off as his leathers made their way down. Lowering his chest back to her, his breath caught at the feel of their bare skin. This was where he had to pause, allowing his gaze to drink her in from her almost painfully perfect face, down her neck to the peaked plush rounds of her breasts against his muscle. Hips rocking into her core bringing him back to taking her lips with his, harder more greedily, which she matched as though they were made to be there in the flames of passion.

He could have easily started to push into her then, yet somehow this felt like it had been a lifetime in the making and he wanted to taste as well as feel her. Truth be told given the opportunity he'd have somehow done both at once. Locking eyes with her again, he lifted his hips a few inches away then cupped her face in one hand.

"You’re right, of course. I'll just have to take care of that." Now he began sucking and licking down along her cool skin. After feeling her writhe from his once again worshiping her full breasts he looked up at her mouth to skin. "As well as take care of you, my Princess."

The sound she made as her fingers ran through his hair satisfied a part of his body he had never felt till then. A lifetime of pushing every single feeling away, dousing every fire that burned within, was stripped in just moments as he came to her hip then licked to her panties. His own hardness now throbbing with need, he bit one side then the other while holding her thigh still then inhaled her clean scent. Gazing back up the length of her body it became more and more difficult to wait any longer, the thought grazing his consciousness even as his tongue flicked out along her glistening silk. Bringing her taste back into his mouth, he had to stop, mainly due to the urge to just thrust into her right then with everything he was. Then there was still the issue of clothes. Where she was astoundingly nude before his very eyes, he had yet to remove his boots or even take his leathers off completely. Shame as he tasted her again, savoring with closed eyes her softness opening to the most delicate part of her body. So he had forced his now pulsing with anticipation body not to cover and take, didn't mean he wasn't still seeking, licking then actually holding her firm as his tongue greedily caressed into her. His mind froze, so light, sweet with fresh purity of a morning rain relieving the long arduous days of drought filled summer heat. Then tight, parting her with a finger, his mouth came upon a terribly perfect enlightenment. Too tight. He already filled her with only his now deliciously moving into then slowly out tongue.

His breath caught, eyes raising along her now sweat covered body. She was.. untouched, by anyone, ever. One long sensually loving lap back out then along her folds this was painfully clear. Her fingers gripped then fisted his hair, his holding onto forever in this most intimate of kisses. Sliding his hands to her waist, he moaned.

"Clothes, yes. Seems we both have much to take away." The lift of his lips as he stood before her had everything to do with satisfaction in knowing yet another prophecy was to be fulfilled. This one known only to him. Standing as he released her soft flesh he bent to his boots. No small fête letting go for even a moment. His body not only ached, but seemed to cry out for her alone, not with his Hellfire but something that had him almost fumbling to get it all off. Instinct. He may never say it but she was his. Now and into an eternity of bliss even if that was this one time. He would leave his mark. This time when he stalked on hands and knees back to her body he was finally the male he'd always supposed to have been.

Wrapping one arm around her shoulders, he spoke again in breaths stolen by this new spiked desire. "This is what I need, you alone, so much it kills spending another moment apart even like so." Their skin lit up, he so hot he'd have burned through brick, she already wrapped around his heat causing that to intensify into something new. Better, more, causing his slow entry to force his face to her neck. Panting uncontrollably from inch by painfully relieved inch to push into her, taking with it everything about him into her now slick, too tight womanhood. He moaned, the sound foreign even to his own ears when at last his throbbing head penetrated her to his shaft. Then he managed a long suck on her lips as she pulsed around his hardness. Her body moved beneath his, legs forcing him in deeper, faster even as she cried out. Halfway in, already starting the first of many climaxes, she seemed to suck at his need below like nothing he had ever known.\*

ICE: \*Dawn had broken for sometime now, and she’d lain awake awhile just watching him sleep listening to the sounds of the chill air moving in and out of his body, except on exit it came out as light steam. They lay on her cold bed uncovered and naked, although she knew the sheets under him would be warm. She lay draped partially over him, her leg rested over his thigh, her chest against his side and her on the pillow next to his, while he lay on his back with one arm under her pillow. Her body was flushed and deliciously sore. Especially between her legs, it still pulsed from his possession. She could still feel every long thick inch of him filling her body butting up against her womb. Already her juices gathered to welcome him yet again. No matter how many times he’d come in her during the night she wanted him even more. Her insides flashed both hot and cold at the same time. When he’d come within her that last time the release of his essence felt like a living flame. Arch was now burnt into her soul. She was different. His love made her different she carried him inside her now as he carried an element of her. There was no part of her he’d left unexplored with hand or tongue, her body flushed blue at the thought of what they’d shared and she’d do it again. In fact he’d spent the night loving and worshiping her body. She had not been granted the same opportunity the thought never even occurred to her so focused was Arch and making sure she felt only pleasure. She grinned and oh how she felt that, but giving him pleasure pleasing him would also please her. She shifted and placed her hand on one of his flat nipples as she raised her head and licked her lips across the other one. Mimicking the very actions he’d performed on her. The thumping of his heart got louder and she nipped the bud rising between her mouth and tongue with her teeth. He moaned. She smiled and blew on the nipple fast pebbling to cool it off with her breath before moving over his chest to reach the next one and giving it the same careful consideration. He moaned again.

Rising her body up and over his she lay on top of him. Unlike him when he lay over her like a blanket he covered her smaller frame completely she barely reached his shoulder. He spread his arms and his legs his hair spread out like red flame against the blue of her sheets. He looked as if he gave her a silent signal he was hers to do with as she would. She moved to his mouth and gave him a quick kiss before licking his chin he raised his head back into the pillow, his eyes remained shut. Her body remained over him as she continued licking him down over his collar bone, then a straight line down his smooth hard chest, she could feel the hardness of his shaft pulsing against her nether regions as she passed over him then again as he pushed against her stomach muscles. She kept moving downward making sure she kept a delicious friction by brushing her body over his length. She paused for a moment to dart around and suck on his belly button before continuing down, like a road sign, following that faint line of red gold hair running from his belly button to his groin. Raising she knelt between his spread legs, his sex lay full and slightly raised off his skin and pointed toward his abs. But she extended her hand and touched the thick head and he pulsed up to stand straight. She moved her hand up and down over him, he was so soft yet hard at the same time. Moving back down to the bottom of his shaft her hand still enclosing him she wasn’t sure what to do. Instinct had been driving her a need to taste to touch. Her eyes lifted to meet his they were open now and staring at her. He moved one hand and rested it over her own, and raised his feet until his knees were bent and his feet lay flat on the sheet. Lowering his thighs even more until he was completely vulnerable to her. He squeezed her hand so she tightened around him then began to move her hand up and down his shaft.

“Like this,” he rasped out. Ice barely recognized his voice but she understood. Soon she got a rhythm going and he removed his hand so it rested at his side but he was anything but calm his breathing increased and she watched as his tight stomach muscles clenched and unclenched. She looked down at that piece of him she held in her hand, a bead of moisture slipped from the slit at the top and she had an overwhelming urge to taste him. To take that bit of him too. Lowering her head she covered him with her mouth. When he groaned she stopped, thinking she’d hurt him. But his eyes were open staring at her fire danced within them, his nostrils flared and steam came out of them to drift into the air. No she hadn’t hurt him and enclosed him within her mouth again. Opening even more to take more of him inside her. She felt his hand in her hair gently guiding her letting her know he wanted her to go deeper take more of him in. She shifted so she could and swallowed him until her lips touched her own fingers holding onto the base of his sex. Moving her mouth up on down she sucked and nipped him, at first he tried not to move, but then his thighs began to tremble, and tremors raced through his body into hers, his breathing got harsher heavier the more it did so did hers.\*

“Stop…inside you…I want to be inside you.”

\*In reply, she ignored him and sucked on him even harder. Wanting him to lose control as she’d been out of control with him all night. She wanted him to let go completely. She knew she’d succeeded when he could stay still no more he began to move lifting his hips, pistoning in and out of her mouth until he screamed her name and filled her mouth with his warmth. Smiling she took him all.\*