

Sub-Zero Fire

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Summer sucks. Many people will tell you that summer's the best season because it's so hot, and everyone spends as much time as they can at the beach, soaking up the sun, swimming, surfing, et cetera. Personally, I hate it. The heat and humidity just combine to make a thick-furred raccoon such as myself really miserable. I can barely keep myself afloat let alone swim, and in this day of ozone layer depletion I don't go outside for long periods unless I need to.

So I was sitting at home instead, sweltering in my bedroom, despite having a large fan turned on me. It's true that it just pushes the air around -- if the air is hot already, not a lot of cooling is going to happen. My family was at the beach enjoying themselves, so I was trying to enjoy the relative quiet of the house. Normally I'd take any opportunity I had to finger myself to a satisfying climax (being a typical horny teenage female), but it was far too hot for that. As I was totally alone, I'd taken the opportunity to remove all of my clothes, giving the fan maximum coverage of my nude form.

I went into the kitchen to get myself a glass of lemonade from the large pitcher chilling in the fridge. I was just dropping some ice cubes into the glass after filling it up when an idea came to me. My body was hot, but there was one particular place that was *really* hot.

Grinning to myself, I started looking around for a suitable bottle of the right size and shape. Most of the ones I found were too big or oddly shaped (which probably would have provided some interesting sensations!), but I eventually found a slim 600ml plastic bottle that still held some flat soda in it. I tipped the soda into the sink, and refilled it with tap water. Then I turned to the freezer, opened it up and placed the bottle inside, after some shuffling of its contents. My family wouldn't be home for a few more hours, so I figured that I had enough time for the water to freeze, and to have some fun.

It was a long wait, but by mid-afternoon the water had frozen solid. "Now comes the hard part," I muttered as I tried to figure out a way of getting the ice out of its confines. "I should have cut the bottom off first."

A few moments of thought led me to get a thin serrated knife with a sharp point to pierce the plastic. The initial cut was easy, but the process of removing the bottle's bottom proved to be more problematic. My hand quickly went numb from the intense cold, and both my grip and the knife slipped frequently.

It took me about five minutes to remove the bottle's base. The heat from my hand had melted the surface of the block inside slightly, and with a couple of hard taps against the edge of the benchtop I had it sliding out, with a little difficulty.

I headed back to my bedroom, grabbing a thick towel from the linen cupboard on the way. Closing the door behind me, I spread the towel out over my bed, then climbed onto it, lying back comfortably with my knees up and legs spread. "Damn, I forgot the lube," I cursed, just as I was about to fully slide the ice out of the bottle. I reached over to my dresser and opened the second drawer, where I kept my underwear and socks. Buried under several pairs of pastel-shaded knickers was big tube of personal lubricant, about half empty from previous usage. I used probably most of what was left on the dildo, making it as slippery as I could. Having it stick to the inside of my pussy was not something I wanted to risk. Once I'd done that, I lay back again and readied myself for the first touch of ice upon my hot pussy lips.

On a whim, I decided to run the dildo over my body, as a prelude to the main event. I started, naturally enough, with my nipples. They were fairly hard already from just the thought of that smooth block of ice sliding into my body, but the freezing touch upon the small nubs of flesh made them rock hard. I shivered and moaned quietly as the ice slid around and over my nipples, the pain from the intense cold turning into pleasure as I also tweaked them hard between my fingers.

Slowly I moved the dildo down my body to circle my navel, shuddering and mring as the cold stirred the nerves into action, even going so far as to insert the tip of the dildo (that part that had been in the bottle's neck)

into my navel and move it around. My navel had always been particularly sensitive, as my boyfriend had found out the first time we had been together, and the chill sensations radiating from it, combined with the nipple teasing, were enough to give me a minor climax. I muffled my cry of ecstasy as best as I could, as I knew my neighbour was home, and writhed around on the bed for a short time before I relaxed, panting a bit. "Mmm, that was great," I murmured to myself, opening my eyes and staring down at the slightly melted dildo in my hand. It was starting to get more slippery as the ice gradually melted and mixed with the lube. Perfect.

I continued moving down, trailing the ice over my pubic mound then down between my legs, circling my pussy but not actually touching it. I even went so far as to rub it over my anus; the weird numbing sensation was oddly thrilling to me, and I inserted it a little, barely feeling my tailhole opening up to accept the intruder. I moved it in and out, gradually increasing the depth until I was thrusting about a third of the melting ice into myself. Eventually the numbness got too much for me and I pulled the dildo out, letting my frozen ass recover a little bit.

The dildo was definitely quite melty now, and I decided that it was time for the real test. I moved the ice up to gently touch my pussy lips, shivering and gasping as my sensitive folds almost immediately registered the cold. I roamed around the entrance to my sex, letting every part of my labia feel the soft caress of ice. The sensations were slightly painful, as any part of the body exposed to extreme cold tends to feel, but they were rather pleasant. I began to slowly work the dildo into my inner recesses, gasping sharply as the first tendrils of iciness penetrated my inner walls.

As I slowly slipped the ice into my pussy I started to buck my hips a little, revelling in the pain/pleasure signals coming from it. Despite the nerves being numbed, I could still feel my pussy opening up to engulf the melting dildo as it slid deeper into me.

Finally it was all the way inside, save for the small part I was holding onto, with some difficulty. I let it sit for a few moments, letting the intense cold permeate seemingly into my very soul. I couldn't possibly describe what I was feeling right then; only that it was so very different to anything I had ever experienced before.

The heat of my pussy was melting the ice even quicker now, causing small trickles of water to run out of me onto the towel beneath. All I could feel now was the pleasure/pain from too much cold, but it sent literally sent shivers up my spine.

I began to fuck myself with the smoothly rounded block of ice, thrusting my hips against it, and causing it to hit against the entrance to my womb. With my other hand I started rubbing at my swollen clit, which was feeling incredibly sensitive. "Ohhh, gods," I groaned, closing my eyes and concentrating on what I was feeling down there.

I was getting used to the numbness, and starting to really enjoy moving the dildo in and out of my sex. My breathing was getting quicker as I worked towards my climax, and pussy juice as well as water was flowing out of me. *Could I be a bit of a masochist?* I wondered muzzily, my mind becoming fogged by the orgasmic endorphins rushing through my system.

As I was thrusting the rapidly diminishing cylinder of ice in and out of me I accidentally rubbed it against my clit, and the resulting pleasure shock from the cold almost sent me over the edge. After that discovery, I removed my finger and just rubbed the ice against my clit every now and then, trying to prolong my pleasure as long as possible before I gave in to the inevitable.

Eventually I just went for it, rubbing my clit hard out until I came with a shriek that echoed around the room. The contractions of my pussy around the dildo forced it out of my grasp, sending it shooting out of me and onto the bed, from where it slowly rolled towards the edge and dropped onto the floor.

I lay on the bed panting hard and shuddering as I rode my orgasm to its conclusion, which must have taken a couple of minutes at least. "Fuck, that was awesome!" I said to the empty room once I'd regained my breath. I lay there a few minutes more before I slowly sat up and got off the bed.

There was a big wet area on the towel that I'd been lying on; lifting it up, I found it had soaked through into the duvet below slightly. No big worry. I removed the towel, picked up the remnants of the dildo, and took

them both into the laundry. I dropped the ice into the sink and ran water over it to dissolve it, then put the towel into the laundry hamper, hoping it didn't smell too strongly of my cum for Mum to notice. She'd definitely wonder what I'd been doing with it.

I headed back to my room, intent on putting my clothes back on. Just as I stepped through the door I saw my family's car pull into the driveway. I ducked down quickly, crawling across the floor to pick my clothes up off the floor. I waited until the car had driven into the garage before I stood up and yanked my clothes on, tidying myself up so that I'd look like I hadn't been up to anything particularly interesting.

When Mum poked her head around the doorframe to see what I was up to, I was lying on my bed pretending to be engrossed in a murder mystery. "You're fairly quiet. Enjoy yourself while we were gone?"

"Oh, I had a cool time," I said, my expression totally innocent. When Mum had gone I grinned widely. "Definitely a cool time."