

Ice

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by [jamaharon](#)

Summary

“Alright,” Deanna said, leaning back. She was fully dressed — gauzy Betazoid drapery that kissed her skin and hugged every curve. Will’s eyes followed the fabric down over her flat stomach, then darted to the champagne bucket at the side of the bed. “Ready?” Deanna asked.

“Always,” he said.

“I don’t know if I like this,” he said, but his eyes were sparkling.

Two of Deanna’s silk scarves tied Will’s wrists to the bed posts. They were a dark, lush purple, the fabric like a wine stain against his skin, bringing out the undertone of blood. Deanna studied him, naked and on display, his legs crossed luxuriantly at the ankle, and decided something was missing.

“There,” she said, and she leaned forward and ruffled his hair. “Much better.”

“I’ll trust your eye,” Will said. He caught her lips with his as she leaned away, stretching out to kiss her. It was clumsy and fast, and both of them chuckled against the other’s lips.

“Alright,” Deanna said, leaning back. She was fully dressed — gauzy Betazoid drapery that kissed her skin and hugged every curve. Will’s eyes followed the fabric down over her flat stomach, then darted to the champagne bucket at the side of the bed. “Ready?” Deanna asked.

“Always,” he said.

His cock was already thick against his thigh. He lowered his chin, pupils blown, and looked at her through his lashes. Flirtatious, half-comedic, but the excitement was real. She knew because when she reached for the first ice cube, the column of his throat shifted and his cock jumped.

She ran the ice cube over his stomach first. He ran so hot that he barely flinched. His eyes fluttered shut and his chest rose in a slow relaxed breath; he didn’t even peek to see the trail of melted water on his skin. Deanna traced a circle up to his chest — over his nipples — and smiled to herself when Will took a sharp breath and turned his head, fingers twitching.

By then the first ice cube was almost gone. She reached for another — down his arms to his bound wrists, leaving his skin flushed red. Over his fingers, her lips sucking every drop of water away when she was done, her tongue warm where the ice had been so cool. She ran the ice cube under his arms and this time he flinched, a hiss escaping between his teeth.

“You’ll like what comes next,” Deanna promised.

His only answer was a breathy chuckle. When she kissed him, he kissed back eagerly, his lips hot and fierce against hers. His cock strained against his stomach, leaking pre-cum, flushed an angry shade of red.

So that was where Deanna stuck the ice next — an entire handful of it in her palm, and Will’s cock and balls cupped there too, heavy and hot. He strained against the silk scarves with a groan, but she didn’t let him go, and eventually, as if he realized how ridiculously aroused he must look, he started to laugh, helpless and pained.

She held him there, a slow warmth blooming in her stomach, until the ice melted away.

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