Wet Heat

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Ashley seeks relief from the heat in more ways than one

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Ashley set the last two bags of groceries on the kitchen counter and just stood for a moment. The weather forecaster had warned the elderly and infirm to find places of shelter today because of the impending heatwave, but she was a fit 20 year old college student. She lived alone in a cheap studio apartment that had no air conditioning. All she could do was bear it. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the mercury stood at 97 degrees, but the humidity made it far worse. Ashley was sweating profusely, only partly from the exertion of carrying the groceries in from the car. On days like today, sweating did no good at all, since there was no room in the air for any of it to evaporate away. Instead, her drenched tank top and sports bra clung to her uncomfortably.

She contemplated the misery of the conditions for only a moment before she remembered that she needed to at least get the frozen food put away before the oppressive heat ruined it. She dragged herself over to the counter and started to sort through the bags. She gathered up an armful of TV dinners and headed for the fridge. She had a side-by-side model and as she opened the freezer side, a wave of cold met her from head to toe. She closed her eyes and reveled for a moment in the blessed relief. She wished she could just climb in. She piled the frozen food in. When she was done, she grabbed a towel from the counter next to her and a handful of ice cubes from the ice box and made herself an impromptu ice pack. She took the ice pack and walked out into the living room and collapsed on the couch. She dabbed the cold on her head and face. It felt so good! The heat of the air was already attacking the ice, and the towel started to get damp both from the melting ice and her sweat.

She set the towel down next to her and reached inside for a cube. It was impossibly cold in her fingertips. She brought her hand up and touched the cube lightly to her cheek and slowly traced backwards toward her ear. She closed her eyes and moved the cube down below her ear, tracing down the cords in her neck. The ice sent shivers up and down her body as the ice kissed her neck. The heat of her body and the room made the cube melt faster, making the coldness drip down her neck, fading as it did, mixing with her sweat, making her drip all the more.

She moved the cube down from her neck across the upper part of her chest. Her other hand absentmindedly started to drift down to the front of her daisy dukes, resting on the front of her crotch. As she did, her touch through the jeans landed on the piercing stud she had in her clitoral hood. The stud worked her clit like a hammer on an anvil. Ordinarily on a day less oppressive, the tight shorts alone would drive her to distraction, but the hand on her crotch and the tickling of the ice more than made up for the weather.

Ashley started to moan. She unsnapped and unzipped her shorts and dove her hand inside her panties. At the same time, she moved the ice under her tank top and rested it on top of her nipple through her sports bra. Her other hand found her sopping wet pussy and her legs spread apart of their own accord.

She ran her finger back and forth between her hot, wet hole and her hard clit, Every time she brought her finger forward, she would touch the stud, which would bounce on her clit, which in turn would make her moan and move her hips. Her moaning became more continuous and she started to pant.

At that point, she threw away the tiny remnant of the ice cube she had been teasing her breast with and used her fingers to pinch her nipple through her bra - first one, then the other. She could feel her body as it began to ride the crest of her inevitable orgasm. It arrived suddenly and she threw her head back, her mouth wide open. As she came, her voice only made high pitched, breathy exclamations that weren't quite words while her fingers danced over her clit.

As she shifted into the afterglow, she smiled to herself, her eyes still closed. She sighed and then stood up and headed for the bathroom and a nice cool shower. The rest of the groceries, she decided, could wait.