

# Fire and Ice

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*A young woman has trouble showing affection for her first ever girlfriend*

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## Chapter 1

This had to be my sixth time circling the block. I had never done anything like this before and I was more than a little nervous. Finally I pulled my car into an open spot along the road and waved to one of the girls walking along the street. She was a young black girl and looked like she was maybe twenty years old. She was dressed in a white skirt that was so short that it showed her panties clearly. She also had on a black leather jacket that was zipped up just high enough to keep her tits out of view but showed any potential customer that she had nothing on under that shirt.

The girl walked over to my car and bent over to look into the window and the leather jacket fell away from her chest and I could not help but look. From my vantage point she looked to be a high A or low B cup and they looked nice. She looked me up and down for a second before zipping her jacket up higher.

“See something you like there honey?” She asked her voice much softer and sweeter than I would have ever imagined.

“As a matter of fact I did.” I told her knowing I was turning a little red.

“Are you affiliated with any type of law enforcement?”

“No.”

She looked down the street before telling me her price per hour. She did not seem to care at all that I was a woman. At fifty dollars an hour I thought it was a bargain seeing as I have heard that some charge in the hundreds. I agreed to her price and she walked around and got into my car and I pulled away from the curb. I did not know what else to do so I started making small talk and that made her laugh.

“Honey, I am not here for small talk. Why don’t we go into an alley and you can fuck me then be on your way.”

I did not pull into the alley, instead I just kept going a mile down the road before turning into a small apartment complex. She did not look comfortable being here. I don’t know if it was because of the lights or the fact that it was my home. But she followed me to my door keeping her hand in her purse. On a can of mace I figured. I led her to my apartment and let her in and I am sure she relaxed a little when she found that my place was well lit, clean and had a fragrance of sugar cookies from an incense candle I had left burning in the middle of the coffee table. I went and sat down on the couch and shrugged off my sweater and she moved to sit near me as she unzipped her jacket.

“Hold on a minute.” I said holding my hands out to stop her. “This is going to sound odd I am sure.”

“What is it honey?” She asked?

“I did not hire you for sex.” I said looking down.

“Then why am I here?”

“My company is having a Christmas party and I don’t have a date.”

She looked stunned. I am sure no one has ever asked this of her before. But to her credit she regained her composure rather fast.

“You want me to go to your company party dressed like this?”

“No. In the bathroom there is a dress that should fit you rather well. Take a shower and then get dressed. I am great with makeup and hair so I will take it from there.”

The woman came over to me and sat down on the couch setting her purse down on the table. She removed her jacket before I could stop her and I noticed that she was in fact wearing a skin tight shirt that made it look like she was nude under the jacket.

“Let me get this straight.” She said leaning forward resting her elbows on her knees.

“You want to hire a hooker at fifty dollars an hour to go to a Christmas party so you don’t look bad?”

“It’s a couples only Christmas party. I just want you to pose as my girlfriend for a few hours.”

“No sex?”

“No, no sex.”

She looked at me for a second as if she was trying to see if I was lying before she leaned forward and reached into her purse. She pulled out what could have only been a radio and brought it up to her lips.

“This is Detective Tasha Johns. This is a no go on the sting.”

“Rodger do you need pickup?” A males voice said.

“Negative I am ok. My shift is up anyway I will sign out from here.”

I know my jaw was hanging open and she had a look of amusement on her face when she looked at me again. She told me that I was only seconds away from being arrested for soliciting prostitution but seeing as what I wanted she was going to let me slide. She also asked if the offer for the Christmas party still stood and all I could do was nod my head yes. She got up and headed into the bathroom and did as I asked and showered before putting on the dress. When she was done she came walking out for me to see her and I must say I was shocked. Her dress was a black strap less number that hung down with the right side just above the knee and the left was closer to her ankle.

Her hair had taken a natural curliness that looked so wonderful I was not going to do anything to it. And she would only need a small amount of makeup. She was beautiful. And I was right about the dress fitting her well. I could see that her breasts just began to stretch the fabric and I could see her nipples poking slightly through. I had to bite my lip to keep from saying some stupid comment about how beautiful she was. I was never smooth when it came to that. I always tended to put my foot in my mouth.

After my initial shock wore off I set about the make up. All I added was a little eye shadow to bring out her eyes anything else would have been pointless. Once she was ready I ran into my room and slipped into my dress. It was the same dress that Tasha was wearing only mine was solid white complete with a string of white pearls. Before I left the room I was struck with an idea and removed

my strapless bra so that my nipples would be pressing against the fabric just like Tasha's. I also went to my jewelry box and pulled out a string of synthetic black pearls that I was going to have Tasha wear and headed out into the living room. Tasha looked me up and down and smiled.

"Very nice." She said.

I smiled and told her to turn around so I could put the pearls on her but she said hell no and took them out of my hand and spun me around. She took off my pearls and replaced them with the black ones then handed me the white ones and turned for me to put them on her. I had not thought about that and I must say that it really looked good. Now that we were all dressed I turned towards the door but was stopped once again by a hand on my shoulder.

"If I am going to be your date tonight don't you think I should know your name?" Tasha asked.

"Oh I am so stupid." I laughed as I turned to face her. "My name is Kristina. But everyone calls me Krista."

"Natasha Antonina Johns" Tasha said with a hint of a Russian accent that I had never picked up on before.

She looked at my confused expression and explained that her mother was Russian but her father was an American. That was enough of an explanation for me. Finally we left my apartment went back to my car. The location of the party was only a few miles away and we arrived before we even began small talk. We pulled up to the curb of the hotel where the party was and both doors opened. Tasha looked over at me with a "you got to be shitting me" look. The Valets waited patiently for us to exit before taking my car to the parking structure.

I offered my arm to Tasha and she took it a little hesitantly but took it all the same. The party may have been at a hotel but the room where the party was looked like something you would see in a millionaire's house. There was even a chandelier in the middle of the room. Tasha looked around the room with wide eyes and spotted the bar. I was looking at her when she licked her lips before looking at me.

"What would you like to drink tonight ladies." A waiter said as he walked up to me.

"I'll take a vodka and tonic." I said. "With a lime not a lemon."

"Ummm just a beer." Tasha said like she was in a daze.

The waiter began to list off the several types of beers they had in bottles as well as on tap and Tasha was like a deer in the headlights. Finally I just selected a beer for her. She gave me a thank you look and we went to mingle. She met several of my coworkers and she was so polite to them all. She was asked many times over. Where we had met and she had created a cover story for my sake I am sure. She told everyone that we had met in a grocery store and became friends. She did not hide that she was a detective with the local police or that fact that she works in sting operations most of the time.

We had mingled and talked for just over an hour as we kept drinking when the DJ changed the music from party type to romance. The first song up was

“Don’t close your eyes” by Keith Whitley and most of the couples made their way to the small dance floor. Tasha looked at me and asked if we were going to dance. I smiled and nodded and we headed for the dance floor as well and slowly started to dance. I kept my hands on her hips the whole time we danced and kept my eyes on hers. After about the fifth song Tasha leaned in and put her head next to mine.

“I must confess.” She said slurring her words a little. “I have never danced with another woman before.”

“Really? Have you ever been with a woman before?”

“No. I have never even kissed another woman before.”

There was no way I was going to not kiss her after hearing that. I pulled my head back and looked right into her eyes and held her closer to me as I leaned in. I never moved fast before and was not starting now as I slowly leaned in till my lips brushed against hers. Our lips brushed several times before they finally connected in a real kiss. Tasha’s hands clenched around my waist and she pulled away after only a second or two.

“No.” She said shaking her head. “Not yet.”

At least she said “not yet.” and not “get off of me you lesbian slut.” so maybe the night would end with a little kiss. But for now I was happy to just dance with her and kind of get to know her. She told me about her work and family and for the most part seemed comfortable with me. But if I got too close to her or tried to kiss her lips or neck she would pull away. Finally I just gave up and enjoyed being with her. It was a little after midnight when the party was over and we stumbled out of the hotel to the waiting carpool that was waiting. There were even people following behind us in my car so I would not have to go back and pick it up in the morning.

Once back at my house Tasha headed for the bathroom and changed out of the dress and got her street clothes back on. I was in the kitchen making us both a stiff drink when she came back out. I smiled at her as I walked back into the living room with the drinks in my hand. Tasha looked nervous as she sat down on the couch and looked everywhere but at me. I handed her one of the drinks and sat down keeping away from her. I didn't want her to freak out and run away.

"Thank you for coming with me tonight." I said taking a sip from my drink. "I was not expecting to have as much fun as I had tonight."

"I don't even know why I went to tell the truth." Tasha said and gulped down her drink. "But I had fun as well."

She smiled and looked down at her feet and I just could not help but scoot a little closer to her. I almost laughed when she scooted away the same distance she was before. I reached over and took her empty drink out of her hand and went to make another for her. I heard her say that she did not want any date rape pills in her drink making me laugh. I told her that I did not use date rape pills. I tended to overpower my victims and inject a sedative right into their neck. I fixed her a stronger vodka and tonic and walked back and sat down closer to her than I had before. Just like the last time she move away again only this time she was pressed against the arm of the couch. I handed her the drink and scooted closer again. She got up off the couch and went to the small chair on the other side of the table.

"You know, I don't bite." I said taking a sip from my drink.

"I just don't know if I can do this."

"Do what? Let me sit close to you."

"I am not a lesbian."

"Then why did you go tonight?"

She just looked down at her feet again and shrugged. I kicked off my shoes and brought me feet up and set them on the couch making sure to keep my legs open enough to give a clear view of my panties. I never took my eyes off of Tasha as I moved and smiled when her eyes darted to between my legs. She did not look long before she was looking all over the room again.

"Tasha. Come over here sit on the couch." I said patting the cushion next to me.

“I need you to keep some space between us. I am not all the comfortable right now.”

“Ok I promise to be have.”

Tasha looked at me for a minute before she stood up and walked back over to the couch and sat down keeping a full cushion length between us. I did what I could to help her feel comfortable around me but nothing really seemed to help. So after realizing that she was not going to get anymore comfortable I decided to make a small move on her. Reached over and softly brushed my fingers along her bare leg. She shuttered but did not move away so I just rested my hand on her thigh. I felt her muscles tense up but she still did not move away. I decided not to press my luck and made no more moves for the time being.

“So tell me.” I said sounding more sensual than I was aiming for. “If you are not into women then why are you still here?”

“I really don’t know.” She said looking right at me. “But the moment I saw you when you thought I was a hooker I thought there was something about you.”

“Were you attracted to me?”

“I don’t know. Maybe.”

Long ago I knew a girl that I was head over heels in love with but she was straight. One night she was sitting right where Tasha was sitting and told me almost the same thing that Tasha was now saying. It was years later when I learned that she had a crush on me. I had a chance with her but missed it. I was not going to miss another chance. I turned towards her without saying anything. I took my hand off of her thigh and placed it on her neck as I leaned in towards her. I could see the hesitation in her eyes as I closed in. This time there was no light brushing of lips. I pressed my lips firmly to hers and kissed her like I had never kissed a woman before.

Tasha did not try and pull away so I removed my hand from her neck to see what would happen. She did not move. In fact she was kissing me back. I took that as a green light and placed my hand on her shoulder and guided her down onto the couch. I kept my lips on hers the whole time and as soon as she was on her back I parted my lips slightly and began running my tongue over her lips. On the third or fourth time around her lips she parted her lips as well and my tongue slipped right inside her mouth in search of her tongue.

When her tongue came into contact with mine I felt an instant shock run through my body heading right for my pussy. A low moan escaped through me and went right into Tasha’s mouth. When my

tongue stopped sliding against hers I was amazed to find her tongue kept sliding along mine. My hands began to have a life of their own. I began running my hands all over her body. I began breathing harder and harder through my nose as my pussy grew wetter and wetter. I slipped my hand under the skin tight shirt that Tasha had on and ran my hands over the flesh of her stomach.

When she did not try and stop me I moved my hand up farther into her shirt heading for her breasts. As soon as my fingers found the soft mound of her left breast Tasha just about jumped off the couch. She grabbed my hand and pulled it out of her shirt as she broke the kiss.

“No Krista. Please.” She said.

She slid out from under me and scooted to the other side of the couch. She had a look of shock on her face and was staring at the other side of the room. It took some effort but I calmed my breathing down and went to sit next to her. I put my arm around her shoulder. She was slightly trembling and I squeezed her shoulder.

“I am sorry Tasha. I did not mean to get so into it. I just wanted to kiss you.”

“Just please don’t do that again.” She said as her voice trembled a little.

“I am sorry. I guess I should let you go.”

“You don’t want to kiss me anymore?”

“What?”

“I did not mind the kissing.” She said with a smile. “Just keep your hands to yourself.”

I smiled when I heard this and leaned back in. She met me half way and we kissed again. This time it was full of passion and not lust. I needed to do something with my hands so with one hand I reached around her body and just held her. And with the other hand I lifted up my skirt and slid my panties to one side. I moaned as soon as my fingers touched my clit. I softly bit Tasha’s bottom lip and felt her tongue run along my upper lip as I slipped two fingers into my pussy. I was so wet my fingers slipped right in. I began moaning into her mouth as I worked my fingers along my G-Spot.

My hand that was behind her back began moving up and down her back and my tongue was going crazy inside her mouth. I could feel my orgasm begin to build rapidly and started to move my hips as I was getting closer. All of a sudden Tasha stiffened under me and pushed me away and looked down to my crotch.

“Are you fucking masturbating?” She asked completely shocked.

That was a mood killer. I pulled my hand out from under my skirt and the wetness on my hand was more than enough of a confirmation. She stood up and started pacing around the living room as I pulled my panties back over my pussy.

“I must have been out of my mind thinking that maybe another woman would be more interested in being with me than having sex with me. Are you a fucking slut?”

“No I am not. I am sorry about that but I have not kissed a woman in over eight months and it got me turned on so much.”

“So you started to finger fuck yourself? What were you wanting? Me to take over for you?”

“No that’s not what I was wanting. I just got turned on. I’m sorry.”

Tasha shook her head and came back to sit on the couch. I leaned against her and wrapped my arms around her as I explained to her that am not normally like this. She told me she would like to get to know the real me and leaned in to kiss me. I smiled and pressed my lips to her but this time I kept myself under control. It was not a very long kiss before she pulled away. She stood up with a stretch and a yawn and asked if I minded if she stayed the night. Like I was going to tell her no.

I led her into my bedroom and started to undress. She turned her back when I took off the dress and she saw my breasts. I giggled and slipped out of my panties as well and climbed into the bed pulling the covers up over my shoulders. I told her she could turn around now as I turned down the sheets on the other side of the bed. She slipped off her skirt and looked at me dressed only on her panties and skin tight shirt. She was so incredibly sexy.

She was a little hesitant but she climbed into the bed as I turned out the light from my side of the bed and snuggled up against her. I wrapped my arms around her body and kissed her on the back of the neck. I kept kissing the back of her neck as I ran my hand up and down her arm for several minutes till she turned around and pressed her lips to mine. Our tongues began to dance in each others mouths as Tasha began to fun her hands around my body. Once she noticed that I had no top on her hands started to move down my body till she found my butt.

“Oh my god are you naked?” She asked.

“I always sleep nude.”

I guess that was the final straw for her because she just laughed and started to kiss me again. She kept rubbing my back but kept her hands above my ass but I was just getting so horny again. I pushed her onto her back and straddled her hips as I kept kissing her. I started to grind my pussy over her panties I started to moan again and I know I was leaving a wet spot on her panties but I was just too horny yet again. She began to moan as well and that's when I noticed that I must have been rubbing against her clit. I started to grind harder as our tongues danced. I pulled away from her lips and started to kiss and nibble on the side of her neck

"Oh yes. Krista that feels so great. Yes yes. Oh no no no stop."

"Ummm please no. your neck and lips taste so great. And you are making me so wet."

"Please stop." She moaned. "I'm not ready for this."

I did not stop. Instead I slipped a hand into her panties and right into her soaking wet pussy making her moan. I began to slowly slide my fingers in and out of her as my thumb circled her clit all of which making her moan.

"That feels so good but Please stop I am not ready."

"I can't. I want to make love to you so bad. I cant control myself. Mmmmm your pussy is so wet."

I pulled my fingers out of her pussy and slipped them into my own mixing her wetness with my own. Then back into hers. She was moaning and running her hands through my hair but was still begging me to stop.

"Krista this is rape. You need to stop. Please. I said fucking stop!"

That last one she yelled as she rolled rather hard to the side and pushed be off of her. I landed with a thud on the ground smacking my head against the wall. The lights came on and Tasha was standing over me looking more pissed off than I had ever seen a woman before.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? If someone tells you to stop then that means fucking stop. If you don't its rape. I am a police officer for gods sake."

"Ouch." Was all I said.

Tasha looked down at me and shook her head with disgust and walked out of the room grabbing her

skirt as she left. It took me a minute to get to my feet and grab my robe from the closet and chase after her. She was already out of the apartment and walking down the street towards the area I picked her up. I had to run barefoot after her. She was walking so fast that even after I caught up to her I had to trot to keep up. I tried to apologize but she was not going to listen. I finally just stood in front of her with my arms out.

“Just listen to me for a second. Please?”

Tasha sighed and crossed her arms. I did not really know what to say. Good job Krista run after this woman with nothing but a robe on and had no idea what I was going to say when I caught her. I think I opened and closed my mouth about five times before words finally came out.

“I don’t think you are going to believe me but I really am never like that. There is just something about you. You turn me on more than any woman has ever done before.”

“How?”

“I wish I knew.”

“I have been acting like a slut for months but you must think I really am one. Just because I kissed you, you think I am going to let you fuck me.”

“No no no its not that at all. I understand that you are an officer and not a hooker. I never used a hooker before anyway. All I ever wanted was a date for the party. But I really like you. I don’t just kiss someone on the first date. I sure as hell don’t invite them to stay the night.”

I could feel the tears starting to well up in my eyes. I really did not understand why this woman has such an effect on me. But the thought of her being mad at me was driving me to tears. I reached out and took her hands in mine and pulled them away from her chest and held them in my hands. I told her that I did not want her to leave. I just wanted her to come back and sleep in my bed. I would not do anything sexual to her. It took me several minutes of pleading and shivering in the cold before she agreed to come back as long as I wore some clothes to bed.

I agreed to her terms and we headed back to my apartment with me running a little ahead seeing as I was freezing my ass off. She came back in and headed for the bedroom. I grabbed a bra and pair of panties out of my dresser and headed into the bathroom to put them on. When I came out Tasha was already in bed. Her skirt was on the floor so I picked it up and folded it before placing it on the dresser and climbed into bed once again. Tasha must have been cold as well because before I could cuddle up against her she scooted back against me. I smiled and wrapped my arms around her and kissed

her on the back of the neck again but this time it was only one kiss. I laid there with her for only a few minutes before closing my eyes and falling asleep.

“Come on Tasha stop dragging your feet,” I called over my shoulder as I strolled through the Christmas tree lot.

Tasha came following behind me trying to keep the tree sap off of her uniform. She looked so wonderful in that uniform I just wanted to throw her down onto the piled up trees and make love to her. The problem is that in the two weeks we had known each other nothing had gone beyond kissing. If I tried to feel her up or anything like that she would stop me. Sometimes even get mad at me. I was beginning to masturbate on a daily basis.

“Why did we have to do this when I am on duty?” She asked brushing some stray pine needles off of her shirt.

“Because its Christmas eve and I still do not have a tree in my apartment.”

“I never have a tree.”

I stood in the middle of the snowy tree yard folding my arms in front of my and giving my best pouting face to Tasha. I know that I must have looked so cute in my red scarf and wool hat. She just shook her head and laughed before telling me to pick out a tree before her lunch was over. I gave her the I win smile that I got so good at with my mom and continued looking through trees. It really did not take me too long to find a good tree I just did not want to admit to it because I loved spending time with Tasha.

Once I decided on the tree we carried it to the counter to pay for it and headed to lash it to my car before driving home. Tasha was following behind me in her squad car all the way to my apartment and helped me carry it in. After the tree was in the stand I went behind Tasha and wrapped my arms around her and squeezed.

“Thank you for helping be baby.”

“I am glad you asked me, but I need to get back to work.”

I could hear the depression in her voice. She was not happy that she was back to being a patrol officer. And in truth it was my fault. Once she gave her report to her commanding officer and said

where she was he busted her for dating a suspect. I felt really bad but she did not blame me. I squeezed her tighter and told her for the millionth time that I was sorry she was demoted.

“Its ok Krista. I can't think of a better reason to get demoted.”

I walked her to the door and leaned against it as she started to walk out. I reached out and grabbed her by the fun belt and pulled her back telling her that she would not be getting away from me without giving me a kiss first. She giggled but turned around and wrapped her arms around my neck as she softly kissed me. Her lips always send shivers up my spine making me moan as we kiss. She let me go and started to walk backwards almost bumping into her squad car.

“You better get your ass back here as soon as you get off work tonight,” I said as she was opening her door.

“That’s gonna be kind of hard seeing as it’s a 20 minute drive from the station to your place,” she said, leaning against her car.

“Fine then, you have 22 minutes after you get off work to get back into my arms.”

“Twenty-five minutes. I need to stop by my place and get a change of clothes.”

I nodded as I just leaned up against my doorway running my fingers along my scarf as I watched her get into her car. I blew her a kiss as she began to pull out of the parking spot.

“I love you,” I whispered.

I walked back into the house and flipped on a Christmas radio station and began to dance around the living room as I gathered the ornaments. I can never decorate a tree without having a few gallons of hot coco. So right in the middle of “Carol of the Bells” I bounced into the kitchen and started making the coco on the stove. I never did like that just add water shit.

After about three cups of coco I started decorating the tree with what little ornaments I had. It was not a large tree so it looked rather good. There were only two things left to put up but they were both for Tasha to hang. Now that the tree was done except for Tasha’s decorations I headed into the room to wrap the little presents that I had gotten for her. Once I was done with that, I sat back on the bed and waited for Tasha to get here. Her shift should have ended 15 minutes ago and I was like a kid on Christmas waiting for her.

I was standing at the door when she came walking in, shaking the snow off of her overnight bag. As

soon as she looked up I jumped on her and wrapped my arms around her. I told her welcome home before giving her a kiss. She unsoldered her bag and tossed it onto the floor and picked me up off the ground, still keeping her lips on mine and walked inside kicking the door closed behind her. She carried me over to the couch and laid me down before breaking the kiss and shrugging off her field jacket. She was still in her uniform and she looked so wonderful but all I wanted to do was peel those clothes off of her. Granted I knew she would not go for that.

“I missed you,” I said as she leaned back in to kiss me again.

“You saw me less than five hours ago,” she laughed kissing along my neck.

“Yeah and for those five hours I missed you.”

She kept kissing along my neck until she came to my ear and started nibbling on it. She knew it drives me wild to have my ear nibbled. I swear sometimes she does this just to tease me because I know she is not going to make love to me anytime soon. I started to moan and unbutton her uniform just to be stopped as soon as I got the last button undone. Just what I was expecting. She stood up and slipped off her shirt leaving her white undershirt on and started walking for the bathroom to take a shower like she did every night she stayed the night.

Tasha walked into the bathroom and closed the door like she always did and started the shower. I sat in the living room feeling just as horny as ever. I had had enough, I got up and stripped off my clothes and headed into the bathroom. I could see Tasha’s outline in the glass of the shower door and just the sight of her running her hands along her body was making me more and more horny. I stepped up to the shower door and slid it open and finally was able to see Tasha nude. I stepped in as she was washing her hair and slipped my arms around her body making her scream.

“Shit Krista what the hell,” she said, holding her hands over her chest.

“I didn’t mean to scare you,” I said giving her a smile.

“That’s not what I mean. Why are you in the shower with me?”

“Come one Tasha, we have been dating for just over 2 weeks and you have never let me do anything, not even see you nude.”

“I don’t think I am ready yet.”

“You keep saying that baby. When do you think you are gonna be ready?”

“I don’t know Krista. I love being with you and kissing you. I just don’t know if I am ready to go farther just yet.”

I just looked down at her feet and sighed before stepping back out of the shower. As soon as I was out of the bathroom I felt the warmth of tears begin to roll down my cheeks. I did not bother to get dressed again, all I did was throw my robe over me and laid down on the bed and cried. This was so unfair, I give her everything I have and get almost nothing in return. I understand that she is not ready for sex but she wont even let me see her nude.

“I’m sorry Krista,” she said walking into the room with a towel wrapped around her.

“I’m just a little uneasy still.”

“About what?” I asked without even trying to stop crying. “All I want is to be with you. I want to be close to you. I want to make love to you.”

“I know you do Krista. I really enjoy being with you. I just don’t know when I will be ready to take our relationship to the next level.”

I turned and faced my back to her as I began to shake a little as I cried. I was not hurt to tell the truth, just frustrated. I felt the bed shift and her hand came down softly on the back of my head. She began running her fingers through my hair, but I was not about to turn and look at her.

“Krista, look at me please.”

“I don’t want to.”

I heard her groan in frustration and it made me want to laugh. What the hell did she have to be frustrated about? She took her hand out of my hair and rolled me on my back and straddled my hips. I had no choice but to look at her. She had left the towel sitting on the floor and was now straddling me completely nude. I did not want to look because I knew I would just get horny and be left hanging again, but I could not help myself, she was just too beautiful. She looked down at me and smiled knowing that she had my full attention.

She leaned back giving me a full view of her body. I started at her chest taking in the size and shape. They were a beautiful A cups, both of her nipples were standing erect on her breasts begging to be sucked and licked. I started to reach up to feel her breasts but she gently placed her hands on my wrists and guided them back down onto the bed and told me

“Look but don’t touch.” I took a deep breath to calm myself and took my eyes off of her tits and began moving my eyes down her body. Her body was great. She was skinny but not the showing bones skinny she looked just right. I moved my hands before she could stop me and began to run my hands along her stomach and sides.

“Just keep them off the naughty parts,” she said as she leaned back rolling her neck back as well.

I was already getting wet just feeling her body. Her muscles were tight in her stomach and I could feel each and every one of her abs. I loved that they were not over done like you saw in muscle magazines. I raked my fingernails softly along them several times before moving to her sides. She sucked in air and pulled away from me saying she was ticklish. I giggled and moved my hands onto her hips but not moving any farther. But my eyes sure did move down.

Her pussy was completely shaved and from the small folds of flesh I could see she must have either been turned on or she did not dry herself all the way after her shower and I decided not to ask. The sight of her pussy was just too much for me to deal with. My own pussy began to drip as my mouth watered. I started to squirm under her hips wanting so bad to just make love to her. I know she sensed what I was feeling because she leaned down and rested her body on top of mine. She softly pressed her lips to mine several times before getting off of me leaving a small wet patch on my robe and walked to her night bag that she always kept on the floor by my dresser. My eyes were glued to her body as she bent over giving me a great view of her pussy.

“Baby don’t torture me,” I whined as I watched her ass move as she hunted through her bag.

She stood up and began to slip on a pair of panties and a bra before grabbing the robe that she had in my closet and tossing it on. She said she had a surprise for me waiting in the living room and I reluctantly got off the bed and followed. I looked at the tree and saw a very small box sitting under it. It was just small enough to fit into the pocket of her robe and not be noticeable. I guess it’s a good thing that I did not toss it in the wash the other day because I never would have checked the pocket and my guess is that it had been in there for a few days. Tasha was kneeling next to the tree waiting for me with a small smile on her lips.

“Merry Christmas Krista,” she said picking up the gift.

I hadn’t noticed that it was past midnight and was now Christmas. I walked up to her and kneeled down in front of her and kissed her before telling her “Merry Christmas” as well. She handed me the small gift and I reached for the one that I had for her and gave it to her asking her to open her’s first so that I would be able to pay attention to her reaction instead of focusing on what she had given me.

She untied the ribbon and tore into the wrapping paper and was met by a solid white box. She opened it and pulled out an ornament that was custom made. It was a heart shaped photo frame that had a picture of us, taken at one of those mall camera stalls. I had it enlarged to fit the frame and surrounding the heart was "Our First Christmas.". I thought it was so sweet and romantic but had been afraid of what she would think about it. I was relieved when she said that she loved it and kissed me so sweetly and hung it on the tree right in the center.

Once she was done she sat back on her heels and watched me. I was so excited that I almost tossed the box across the room when I tore through the wrap. It was a small black velvet box. Just like the ones that you get from a jewelry store. My hands were shaking as I started to open it. I know it was stupid for me to think that maybe it was from a jewelry store. I cracked the box open and a small silver chain fell out. My breath caught in my throat as I pulled the chain out. It was a heart made of white gold with diamonds surrounding it.

Tasha took it out of my hand and went around behind me brushing my hair to one side. She kissed my neck several times as she clasped the chain around my neck. She came back around me and sat back on her heels opening her robe as she did. Around her neck was a chain just like the one I now had with a heart that was smaller in size but identical in looks. She told me that the hearts can be combined to make one double heart necklace. She explained that she has to go do training twice a year and would be gone for 2 weeks each time and that when she left she would give me the heart so that I would always have her heart. She also said that she would keep the empty chain to remind her that she left her heart with me.

I was in tears as she told me that and realized that even if she was not ready to take our relationship to the next level she was in love with me. That was enough for me. I threw myself into her arms knocking her to the ground kissing her neck and lips. After a few minutes of high quality making out, Tasha slid out from under me and told me to wait right where I was and headed for the bathroom. I yelled after her that if she needed to take a shit she should have just gone and kept it to herself. I heard her laughing as she walked into the bathroom and closed the door.

I just lay on the floor running my fingers over the necklace waiting for Tasha to come back. It took her a few minutes but she came back out of the bathroom completely nude and leaned against the doorway. My eyes were fixed on her body again and I could feel my pussy starting to get wet. She ran a hand from her leg up over her pussy and up her body very seductively.

"Well? Come and get me," she said, before walking back into the bathroom.

I was on my feet and running before she had gotten two steps into the bathroom. She had filled the

tub with nice warm water and bubble bath that smelled faintly like lily's. Tasha stepped into the tub and sat down with her back against the wall spreading her legs wide enough for me to sit between them. It may not be sex but this was going to be great.

I stepped into the tub and sat between her legs leaning against her body feeling her breasts press against my back. Her hands slid around my body and to my stomach and began rubbing my flesh. She came all the way up my body to my breasts where I expected her to stop but she ran her fingers right over my nipples. I moaned loudly as she continued to caress my nipples.

"Mmm baby this is wonderful," I moaned, reaching over my head to run my fingers through her hair.

She was too busy kissing my neck to say anything and I would not have it any other way. Her right hand slid away from my nipple and started tracing a path down my body till it was just over my pussy. She kept her fingers where they were for almost a minute making me beg her to touch me. My breath caught in my throat when her fingers brushed over my pussy lips just lightly touching my clit. Again and again she did that and I was only able to breathe in short gasps. After a few minutes of this she slowly slid one finger inside my pussy making me cry out.

"Are you ok?" She asked, pulling her finger out right away.

"Don't stop baby please," I gasped.

I cried out again when she sank her finger back into my pussy. Almost too slowly she began to slide that one finger in and out of me driving me wild. I could tell she was uneasy but it still felt great. She asked me if she was doing ok and all I could do was moan in response. That got me a second finger in my pussy and that was all I could take. I grasped onto her wrist and held her hand right where it was as I moaned and bucked my hips. It was not the strongest orgasm I had ever had before, but it was one of the most magical.

I felt like I was floating as I rode the waves of my orgasm back down. As soon as I collapsed against her she slid her fingers out of me and began to just run her hands up and down my body. I was still in too much pleasure to speak, but by the way she was kissing and sucking on my neck, I don't think she minded. Once I finally found my voice I moaned that I loved her. She did not say it back, she just kissed my neck more and more passionately.

"That was so wonderful baby," I said, tilting my head back for a kiss.

"I glad you liked it Krista," Tasha said, kissing me several times softly. "Lets go to bed."

I was out of the tub in a flash and dried off almost before Tasha was even out of the tub. When she was dried I wrapped my arms around her and pressed my lips to hers. I started to pick her up but she stopped me. Before I could break the kiss to ask if there was something wrong I was being lifted off the tile and was being carried out of the bathroom. She laid me down on the bed and started kissing me more and more vigorously. With all my strength I rolled her over and came to rest on top of her. I pinned her hands to the bed and I started to kiss my way down her neck towards her breasts.

“Wait, Krista. I am not ready.”

“Baby, you just finger fucked me to a great orgasm in the bath tub. What do you mean you are not ready.”

“I cant believe I did that. I liked it but I don’t know if I can do it again.”

I was at a loss but I had learned to just accept it. She was still not ready. I would just have to settle for kissing her all night long and taking what chances I could to feel her body. I loved this woman and would do everything I could to make her happy.

### Chapter 3

I was up and out of bed an hour before the alarm was supposed to go off getting the hidden gifts out of my car to put under the tree. There was not that may gifts but they all came from the heart and that’s what mattered. When I stepped out of the bedroom I was surprised to see that there were several gifts under the tree that had not been there when we went to bed. Tasha must have snuck out of bed sometime during the night and did the same thing I was now doing.

I wanted to go and look over them all but I needed to get the gifts out of my car first. I have no idea what I was thinking when I went out there with just my robe on and no slippers but there must have been three inches of snow during the night and my feet were freezing by the time I got all the gifts into the house. I ran to the kitchen and turned on the coffee pot because I know how much Tasha loves coffee in the morning and ran back into the bedroom and dove under the covers. Tasha shrieked and jumped out of bed when my feet touched her legs.

“My god Krista what is wrong with your feet?” She asked sitting back down on the bed.

“It snowed last night and I forgot to put on slippers.” I said through chattering teeth.

She laughed at me knowing that I must have ran outside to get things. She took my feet in her hands and placed them right against her stomach to warm them up faster. I know it was cold for her but it was making me feel much better. After a few minutes we headed into the kitchen for some coffee both of us still completely nude. And started working on the first pot of the day. Once we both sucked down a few mugs we headed back into the bedroom to throw on robes before going to open gifts. All of our gifts were small but each of them were romantic in their own way. Mai got me a few CD which included a Keith Whitley CD that had "Don't close your eyes" on it. I got her some lingerie that I thought she would look so sexy in.

Once the gifts were all opened and the torn wrapping paper was in the trash we simply laid on the couch watching Christmas movies. Through the whole day we never had more clothes on than our robes. And most of the time they were on the floor. There was no sex just lots and lots of kissing and caressing. I was so in love with this woman and she was making me feel like the most special woman in the world just by kissing me. It was the most special Christmas of my life. By the time it was time to go to bed I felt like I was walking on air. I think we were both just so exhausted by the time we laid down that there was only as small goodnight kiss and we both fell asleep.

I awoke to the alarm going off just before six in the morning almost turning me into a pancake on the ceiling. I fucking hated that alarm clock. Before I could reach over to smash it with any heavy object I could get my hands on Tasha came running into the room and shut it off.

"I'm sorry Krista I forgot to turn it off when I got up," she said kissing me on the lips as she sat on the bed.

She had her uniform on and looked like she was about to head for the door without even coming in to say bye. I sat up letting the sheets fall from my breasts. Tasha looked me up and down and smiled before giving me another kiss only this one was longer with lots of tongue action. She pulled away from me just long enough to throw her leg over me then started to kiss me again. I wrapped my arms around her and held her down on top of me as we kissed. After a few minutes of this I started running my hands all over her body but was hampered by her uniform so I started to unbutton it starting at the top. With each button that I undid I was getting wetter and wetter and by the time I got to the bottom and pulled her shirt out of her pants they were tucked into I was about ready to explode. Tasha pulled her lips away from mine and sat up to slide her shirt off of her arms and pull her white under shirt off as well and tossed them both to the ground.

She leaned back in and started kissing me again and her breasts still clad in her white lacy bra was rubbing against my exposed nipples making me moan periodically. Tasha's hands were running up and down my sides occasionally raking her nails over my flesh almost hard enough to cause pain. I think this was the first time since we got together that she was showing how turned on she was. I

started working on getting her gun belt off mainly because her gun was starting to dig into my leg but also because I wanted to get her clothes off. As I was working on that Tasha unclasped her bra and tossed it onto the growing pile of clothes. Once her gun belt was added to the pile I undid her pants and slid down the zipper far enough to slid a hand into her pants.

Tasha lifted her hips off of my hips giving my hand a clear shot into her panties and to her pussy. I was trembling when my fingers ran over her clit causing her to moan slightly into my mouth. I made small circles around her clit with two fingers going faster and harder until she was moaning so much that she could not even kiss me anymore. I could tell she was about to cum because she was starting to grind her hips into my fingers I wanted to make this last seeing as this was the first time she let me do anything like this to her. But I also really wanted to make her cum so I kept rubbing her clit like a mad woman making her moan like she was possessed. She had her head rolled back looking at the ceiling for over a minute before it snapped forward and looked me right in the eyes. She had a look on her face that was a mixture of Shock, Pleasure, Pain, joy and fear all at once. She stopped moaning and all I could hear was her breath trying to escape her throat.

Her whole body started to tremble all at once she a scream of pleasure erupted from her throat. I pushed 2 fingers into her pussy and felt her muscles contracting as her orgasm continued to wash over her body. I don't know if the orgasm really lasted that long but she kept moaning and convulsing for just over a minute before she collapsed on top of me with her head beside mine face down in the pillow. I kept sliding my fingers in and out of her pussy slowly making her jump every time I touched her clit. Finally she had to pull my hand out and started to kiss my fingers that were soaked in her wetness. Once my fingers were clean she leaned in and slid her tongue into my mouth letting me taste her for the first time. We made out for a few minutes before she got off me and started getting dressed.

"What about me baby?" I asked kicking the covers off of me so she could look me up and down.

"I'm sorry Krista I have to leave or I am gonna be late. I didn't even mean for this to happen," she said as she put her bra back on.

I felt a lump in my throat and wanted to cry because I was thinking that she was finally going to make love to me and was wrong. I swallowed the lump and got out of bed as she was tucking her white undershirt in. I handed her her uniform shirt and after she put her arms through it I started to button it from the top down kissing her softly with each button. I went to tuck the shirt in but she stopped me and did it herself. I shook my head and suppressed a sob as I handed her the gun belt. She kissed me softly but would not let my tongue past her lips so I pulled away.

"I love you," I said as she was heading for the bedroom door.

“I know,” she said with a smile. “I’ll be home later tonight.”

And with that she was gone. I sat down on the bed and hung my head. I sniffled and wiped my nose before looking at her side of the bed.

“Is it so hard to tell me you love me you fucking bitch,” I sobbed before fully breaking down.

My crying fit did not last long before I got off the bed and took a shower cursing Tasha the whole time. I was so angry and sad that I was not even horny anymore. It was 7:30 in the morning when I walked out of the apartment and jumped into my car. I was hungry but did not want to cook anything so I headed to one of the several Denny’s in my area. It was almost empty when I walked in and seated myself. As I was looking over the menu a familiar voice made me jump.

“Miss Krista J. I cant believe it!” It was Sandra, my first girlfriend.

“Oh my god how are you?”

I stood up and gave her a big hug and kiss on the cheek before sitting back down. Sandra was always so cute when she was dressed in whatever uniform she had on. She seemed to always be changing jobs and had collected a respectable collection of uniforms. She had admitted to me that it was a fetish of hers. She loved to have sex in uniforms. We used to play games when we were together, sometimes I would be sitting in the kitchen of her house like it was a restaurant and she would come up to me on roller skates to take my order and after some rather corny chatter we would fuck right there on the table. We had dated for over 2 years when she had moved across the country to take care of her sick mother. I was in college at the time working on my major in accounting and could not go with her.

I did make it for the funeral. I stayed for a week and we tried to be lovers but the sex just felt wrong. I came back home and she had stayed in the house her mother had left her. Over the years we drifted apart and finally stopped talking all together. That was 5 years ago and she has not changed a bit. Well maybe a little, her breasts had gotten bigger and were now testing the strength of the Denny’s uniform she was wearing.

“So what is going on in the life of my first and only girlfriend?” Sandra asked sitting down next to me.

“Not too much. Just working like always.”

We chatted for a few minutes and I never even thought about Tasha. She took my order and came

back to sit with me as I ate. We talked about the past few years and I learned that after we broke up she has been alone. She told me that she never wanted to be with anyone else. She was not flirting with me, just telling me the truth. I hung around for an hour after I was done eating and we just talked about old times. Once I finally left she chased me out into the parking lot and handed me a napkin with her phone number. Before I even put it in my purse she stepped in and pressed her lips to mine and kissed me with a passion that was long ago lost to her. I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her back. Our tongues were dancing with each other when she slid a hand down the front of my skirt and slipped 2 fingers into my pussy. I was about ready to throw her into the back seat of my car and fuck her right in the parking lot but I thought of Tasha and stopped her. I opened my mouth to tell her about Tasha but she pressed a finger to my lips.

“Today, 4 o’clock, my house, call me for directions,” she said breathing a little heavy.

She turned around and jogged back to work leaving me in the parking lot with an incredible urge to masturbate. I got into my car and started home calling myself a slut for even kissing her, let alone the fact that I was going over to her house to have sex. I wanted it so bad, I just had to go. I got back to the apartment and flopped down on the bed, resisting the urge to strip down and finger fuck myself. I wanted to save all of my orgasms for tonight. I did not like the thought of cheating on Tasha but she drove me to it, I need sex just like anyone else. Seeing as I woke up earlier than normal I guess I fell asleep because the next thing I knew there was a hand on the side of my face. It startled me and I started to sit up but was gently pressed back down onto the bed.

“I didn’t mean to wake you.” Tasha said stroking my face.

“What are you doing home?” I asked looking at the clock by the bed.

“Its been a bad day.”

It was only three in the afternoon and she was already home. What was worse was that I now needed to sneak out in an hour to go have sex with my ex girlfriend. Tasha stroked my face for another minute before heading into the bathroom and started the shower. I was curled up on the bed facing away from the bathroom when she came back out dressed in her robe. She scooted up behind me and wrapped her arms around my body and started kissing my neck. I pulled away and got off the bed and turned to look at her. She had a hurt look on her face and begged me to come back to bed. She said she had a very bad day and just wanted to hold me close as she took a nap. She also she told me she wanted to talk to me later about our relationship. I just shrugged and got back into bed and let her cuddle up to me till she fell asleep. This is the chance I needed I got out of bed and headed for the door as I thought of an excuse to tell her when she woke up without me. I was about to head for the door when I saw her uniform laying on the floor of the bedroom where she must have

left it when she got out of the shower.

I sighed as I went to pick it up knowing how she hated to have wrinkles on her uniform. It was much heavier than it should have been and I noticed that her bulletproof vest was still on it. Normally she left it at the station. I knelt down and slid it out of the shirt, all the blood drained from my face when I saw three metallic objects in the vest. I have never fired a gun before but I knew a bullet when I saw one. I looked at her uniform shirt and saw three holes in that as well. Tasha was not kidding when she said she had a bad day. She had been fucking shot.

I dropped the vest and shirt to the ground and walked back into the bedroom where she was now on her back with her robe still tied around her. I eased myself onto the bed and untied her robe hoping that this was some sick joke that she was playing on me. But there on her chest were three dark bruises from where the bullets hit her. I ran my fingers softly over one of the bruises and she snapped awake and grabbed my hand.

“Don’t fucking touch those.” She shouted pushing my hand away.

“I’m sorry. Why didn’t you tell me you had been shot?”

“I just wanted to sleep next to you for a while before we talked.”

I ran my hands over her body keeping clear of her bruises. She just kept looking at me as I caressed her body and finally I leaned down and pressed my lips to hers. I had forgotten about Sandra. I was being stupid for even thinking about cheating on Tasha. I did not care if she never made love to me. I just wanted to be with her. I started kissing my way down her body giving each nipple a little kiss and flick of my tongue. Tasha moaned a little as I ran my lips and tongue over her body tracing small circles over her bruises being careful not to hurt her. I continued down her body placing kisses all along her body making her moan and gyrate her body beneath me.

When I got to her hips I looked up to see if she gave me any signal to continue. Her head was rolled back on the pillow so I decided to just go for it. I kissed along her thigh on her right leg slowly making my way to her pussy. I hovered over her pussy for a few seconds wondering if I should do it but her scent was driving me crazy so I gently ran my tongue over her lips getting my first taste of her pussy straight from her lips. It took all my strength to keep from just devouring her but I did not want to go to fast to soon with her. I flicked my tongue over her clit several times each time making her jump and gasp.

I began working 2 fingers in and out of her pussy as I licked, sucked and nibbled on her clit. She was moaning just the same as she did this morning and I knew she was already getting close to another

orgasm but this time I stopped.

“I want us to make love baby.” I said getting off the bed as I started to undress.

“That does not mean only you cum. I want you to give me the same amount of love and pleasure that I give you.”

“I love you Krista.” She said looking right into my eyes.

That caught me off guard it was the first time she told me she loved me. I finished taking off my clothes and straddled her hips as I pressed my lips to hers. We kissed like it was the first time we ever kissed. I was so horny I began running my hands all over her body forgetting totally about her bruises and made her jump more than once. All of a sudden I felt fingers probing the lips of my pussy and before I could even moan they were inside me. I rolled my head back and moaned a guttural, primitive moan as her fingers started to plunge in and out of me. She was pushing her fingers inside of me with such force the sound of bones hitting together filled the room as her hand came into contact with my pelvis. Normally I was not into anything like this but with Tasha it felt so great and so right I just had to let her.

As I was approaching an orgasm Tasha stopped and I looked down to see her sliding down. I did not say anything as her mouth neared my pussy but I did plenty of moaning and screaming when her tongue started probing my pussy and touching my clit. I started running my hands over my breasts lightly pinching my nipples. Tasha continued licking my lips and clit for several minutes before she did something I never would have expected. She slipped two fingers into my ass. I yelped and bucked but did not pull my pussy away from her lips and tongue. She started to slid her fingers in and out of my ass slowly until I had loosened up enough for her to speed up.

“Oh baby,” I moaned. “I’ve never had anything in my ass before. It feels great.”

She said something into my pussy but I could not make out that it was. She began licking my pussy and fingering my ass faster and faster until I was moaning and bucking like there was no tomorrow. I didn’t even feel my orgasm building, it just exploded. For the first time ever I felt fluid gush out of my pussy and looked down to see Tasha’s face covered with it. My orgasm lasted for half a minute before subsiding. Tasha slid her fingers out of my ass and got out from under me and started heading for the bathroom. I laughed and followed and got into the shower with her. I started kissing her and licking my cum off of her face as she started washing her body off. Once I was done giving her face a tongue cleaning she put her head under the shower and started to wash off facing me.

I got down onto my knees and placed my hands on her hips and pulled her pussy towards my waiting

mouth. I started licking and flicking my tongue over her clit making her moan so loud it resonated off the walls of the tiny bathroom. I was eager to give her the same pleasure she had given me and reached a hand between her legs. My fingers found her tight little ass hole and I pushed two of them in expecting to find some resistance but they slid right in. She moaned again and pulled my head into her pussy as I finger fucked her ass hole.

“Oh baby yes! I love my ass getting played with, don’t stop.” She groaned.

I dropped my other hand off of her hips and went in search of my pussy and started playing with my clit. Tasha moaned, groaned and thrashed about as she had a powerful orgasm. Her ass hole started to clinch on my fingers making me pull them out in fear of breaking bones. When her orgasm settled I stood up and held her close to me as she recovered.

“I love you Tasha.” I whispered into her ear and kissed her neck.

We finished our shower and went back into the bedroom where Tasha pushed me onto the bed. I spun around before hitting the mattress and spread my legs wide just as I landed. Tasha laughed and got down on her knees but did not come near me so I sat up and looked at her. She had her head down and I lifted her head.

“Baby? Are you ok?”

“Yes. I want to tell you something.”

“What is it baby?”

“Today when I was staring down the barrel of a guys gun all I could think about was you. And when he shot me I thought I was going to die before I could tell you how much I love you. I know we have only been together for a few weeks but I want to spend my life with you.”

“What?” I asked raising my eye brows.”

“Will you marry me Krista?”

She lifted her hand and showed me the small ring in her hand and told me that she bought this on her way home from work today. I did not even need to think about what to say. I just said yes. She took my hand and slid the ring on my finger. The thought of anymore sex was gone from my mind as I lunged forward knocking her backwards and started kissing her anywhere I could find flesh. And seeing as she was nude there were lots of places to kiss.

