

It's Fucking Cold

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Published on Lush Stories on 16 Apr 2012

Sex at work goes wonderfully well for Fish and Ella

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The front counter of the bakery is much quieter in the aftermath of the breakfast rush. At the back of the store, men tray up and shuffle pies and sweets ready for lunch, creating their own clamour. Ella can hear the trolleys clanking and the big fridge door opening and closing. Jamie, the chef walks past, winks at her. He's an older man with very little hair and a New Zealand accent, lovely but strange. She doesn't respond, continuing to ready the front of the shop, replenishing bags and wiping down counters. Outside, at the beach front, the sun is shining. Ella sighs, wanting to be out amongst it too. It's the first job she's had since she moved to the holiday town and the hours are mean, leaving her out of the fun, selling mouth-watering pastries when she could be swimming and sun-baking. After a time, the noises die down in the back of the shop. Ella finishes up her tasks and makes a final check of the bain-marie, replenishing the small tray of water that prevents pastries from drying up. Jamie calls to her from the kitchen. Ella forces her attention away from the footpath and the blazing sun. "Eh! Fish says he needs you out back." "Oh?" Ella leaves the girls at the front counter, making her way past the rows and rows of baked goods stacked on trays ready to be wheeled out. The cool room door is open, she peeks in. "Are you in here?" In response, Fish pulls her bodily into the fridge. "Sure." His breath is so close she can feel her lovers heat on her cheek, his freckles stand out on his cold face. "But?" "The bakers just left, I'm here all by myself." Ella closes her eyes. She can feel a grin on his lips as they touch hers. Soft flesh contrasts with the prickle of stubble. "You want to make out?" "No." Ella has ideas, "I want you to fuck me." "Here?" "Sure." A giggle. "The exercise will keep us warm." "Oooh." She takes off his hat, bunching it in one hand. He caresses her fingers, his hands are cold. Startling almost - green eyes watch her in disbelief. Ella plonks down his chef's hat with her apron on top, shielding her knees from the cold cement. It's not much protection but it's a start. Deftly reaching into his checkered, elasticized work pants and retrieves his flaccid penis. "Are you...?" "Shhh." Fish leans over and closes the door, intensifying the room's temperature. He looks a dream, hat-less with unkempt, salty brown hair. He's pant-less with just an unbuttoned shirt over his broad, hairy chest. He stands dumbfounded in the coolness, a twinkle in his normally cool green-blue eyes. Ella takes the cold worm into her hot mouth. It's an instantaneous reaction, a rousing response. As she gums flesh, he grows. His hairy thighs brush the soft skin of her forearms. "I've been thinking about you all morning." Ella looks up, holding his cock between them, Fish's sea-coloured eyes

meeting her gaze. "Clearly not enough." Fish chuckles, the rich sound spreading through his abdominal muscles, causing his cock to bounce in her hand. "It's cold in here." Unspoken promises of warmth fill the room, Ella slides her tongue around his shaft, coating it expertly in saliva, popping his length into her mouth and passing it further down her throat. She does all this quickly, before her effective, tantalising treatment has time to cool. "Mhhff," she says, happily. "Oooh God! that's good." His broad hands hold her shoulders, amazement making him unsteady. He watches the top of her auburn curls. She bobs, making cock meat disappear into her mouth and re-emerge. She stops, holds the now-throbbing penis in one eager hand. Gently, she kisses his cock, before clambering up from her knees. "I'm cold too," Ella puts in softly, stripping off her thin work shirt and the sports bra beneath. Her breasts stand to attention, nipples pebbled and pink. "Suck me?" She lifts her arms above her head and offers him her fruits. Fish splays one hand against the small of her back, he licks up her belly, an eager tongue passing over the underside of one breast. He pops the budded nipple into his mouth and she sharply takes in a breath. Fish briskly teases her taut flesh, as if it's a Skittle or a Fisherman's Friend, whisking Ella's crazy-hard nipple to and fro with the end of his tongue. Her pussy starts to grow moist. The coil of desire unwinds in her belly. He plunges an eager hand down her pants, past the light cotton knickers until he reaches the bud of her sex. Her soft pussy drenches his fingers in eager approval. Fish plays with her clit, sliding a finger along her core, carefully coating his finger with her eager juice and then up, over her clitoris. As he repeats the motion it makes her feel boneless, desperate. Ella licks her hand, applies the moisture to his cock and strokes. She kisses his neck, burying her cold nose in his nape between the stubble on his chin and the fine hair on his chest. "Fuck me, " she says, so softly it's hard to hear. He turns her around, her hands brace the cold wall of their self-imposed prison and the elastic of her work pants gives way under the rapid ministrations of his numb, cold hands. He stretches her pants down to her ankles, together with her cotton knickers, effectively clearing his path. Fish balances the weight of his dick on her rump, sliding down until he is cradled between the rear of her thighs. His cold hand touches her breast, rubbing, holding. She can feel the thickness of lust in the silence between them. Ella wiggles her pretty rear and he guides his meat into her warm, tight centre, opening her softness until she is parted, splayed. He strokes and shoves himself deeper. Ella closes her eyes, lost in the bliss of it, leaning into the wall. "That's so good." "I want to fuck you until you can't speak." He withdraws and pushes back in; hard. "I c...." Ella whimpers in delight. His big, baker hands hold either side of her firm arse, he pushes his cock back into her and enjoys the elastic, silken feel. He sets a rhythm and breaks it. Her desperate, keening noises encourage him to continue pleasurably punishing her. After a time he stops. "I want to see you." She turns, planting a kiss on his lush, open lips. In almost one movement, he grabs his thick jacket and tucks it behind her; pushes her back to the wall and nestles his cock neatly at the entrance to her hot, damp, pussy. Using superior strength, he lifts and enters her. By way of thanks, Ella wraps her long legs around his waist and squirms. He slides further in. Their eyes meet, he gives her quick, short thrusts. Ella comes on his cock, locked in his embrace, impaled by his expression. It's all he can do to execute four more strokes, riding the magnificent, quivering aftershocks within her until he explodes. "...so good." Fish sets her down gently, they both scramble

to grabs their gear. He helps her to dress. Within half a minute of their separation, the pair wrench the cool room door open once more, welcoming the warmth of a normal day. Ella and Fish look slightly dishevelled and pink cheeked as they emerge. Fish tucks his still-hard cock into the band of his pants and leaves her, weaving his way further into the bowels of the bakery. Ella heads back to the shop front, grinning from ear to ear.