

# The Ice Storm Cometh

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*A trainer becomes a lover and perhaps more.*

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Maine: 2013 Susan sat in her driveway, hands trembling on the steeringwheel. Her mind was exactly thirteen and a half miles away in a Dodge Ram 4X4 parked at the gym where she worked out. Her affair with Mac, consummated barely an hour ago, left her whole body shaking. She didn't quite know how she was able to navigate the icy streets to the home and shared with her husband of eleven years, Tom, and their two children. Even with Mac following her to her driveway and then discreetly keep going without so much as a wave to indicate familiarity with her, Susan wondered how she'd managed the short drive. Mac's thick sperm melted inside her and its wetness tracked almost to her knees and she knew that somehow she must get into the house and into the shower quickly without Tom noticing the evidence or the odors of fresh sex on her. Entering the house quickly, she found Tom sitting on his chair watching yet another ball game and the beer bottle in his hand and the three empties on the floor beside him meant that he wouldn't be too alert. "Hi Hon, I've gotta grab a quick shower," Susan said, moving right to the staircase of the modest Victorian home. "I'm sweaty from the gym and chilled from the ice storm." "Yeah OK," was the sum of Tom's answer. Not, "Are you OK," or "I was worried about you in the bad weather and driving conditions." Nope. Tom was unswervingly focused on the game. Susan could've flown to the international space station aboard the Space Shuttle, fucked three astronauts and parachuted home for all he'd know or care while basketball was on and the kitchen stocked with his beer and chips. Susan stripped quickly, jammed her underwear and workout clothes into the hamper and was in the shower just as quickly as hot water could navigate from the basement hot water heater. "Water heater," Tom always corrected her, "Hot water requires no heating, and it's a water heater not a hot water heater." Funny how that little bit of smartass attitude was something that had first attracted Susan to Tom but over the past couple of years she felt increasingly disconnected from him and his little quips correcting her became distasteful. Now safe from immediate discovery, Susan allowed her mind to float over the past eight weeks and especially the last ninety precious minutes of her young life. She ought to feel guilty, Susan thought, as in some ways Tom had put Mac into her life. Testing her feelings though, Susan felt no guilt. Some euphoria and a few pangs of sadness but no, guilt wasn't in the mix; nor was

shame. As Susan settled into the life of a New England Soccer Mom, she had become increasingly isolated. As it was, she already was a fish out of water from her familial and cultural roots in the deep south of Mobile Alabama where winters were mild and people had a certain genteel manner about them, “The Southern Way”, folks called it, or “being mannerly”. Here in Maine, the lobstermen were hard-scrabble men not unlike the shrimpers back home and like home the air was salty and filled with sea birds. But there was gentleness to the gulf coast beaches that differed starkly from the rugged and rocky coast here. The stark clapboard sided homes here – even the nicer ones – couldn’t hold a candle to the beautiful Antebellum homes and mansions of the south. There were few if any flowering trees here whereas back home the scents of Magnolias, Crepe Myrtles and other flora sweetened the air. The people were different too. Back home, even the toughest shipbuilders in Pascagoula addressed people as “sir or ma’am.” Up north, women Susan’s age tended to bristle if called ma’am, as though if they were being called matronly or old. Also, people up here tended to speak at a rapid fire pace as though their mouths were verbal machine guns, spitting out words like so many bullets. Worse yet, when Susan spoke in her native southern drawl and gentle pace, many folks assumed that she was somehow stupid without ever bothering to learn that she was, in fact, quite brilliant. To their discredit, some men were attracted to the sound of Susan’s voice but in large part, many of them assumed that she was a dumb blonde and they acted accordingly. And, when their boorish attitudes were met with chilliness, they wrote Susan off as a stuck up southern belle. If the path of her affair with Mac was looked at like the yellow brick road from Wizard of Oz, that path began on Susan’s thirty second birthday. Actually, it began some time before that when Susan learned that her husband had slept with another woman while away on business. Like so many couples, the increasing distance between them had left them both feeling isolated and Tom blinked first. Susan felt betrayed. A couple of men in their circle of friends had given her petite frame with once over but she’d always remained faithful in keeping with the high expectations she placed on herself. Once she learned of Tom’s infidelity her whole perception of marriage and her relationship with him changed. Still though, Susan hadn’t met a man in New England with whom she particularly wanted to get naked although she longed to experience sex with other men. Part of her longing was a revenge motive for Tom’s dalliance but the bigger portion was that Susan and Tom had connected in high school, were exclusive for years and then married for the past eleven. Susan felt inexperienced and longed to see what or whether she’s been missing something. Where was the fairness? Tom could cheat and essentially demand Susan’s forgiveness and yet she must remain the vestal goodwife. Her road to Mac began on Susan’s thirty second birthday when Tom had gifted her with membership to a local gym and the introduction package included a year of personal trainer service. In some ways, Susan was grateful for the gift because the demands of mothering two kids approaching their teen years and the isolation she’d felt stuck in her life had settled into unsettling places on her once taut body. Still though, the gift bore unspoken messages that weren’t so welcome. Susan felt manipulated – not good enough for her cheating husband – and so he wanted her to tone up. Well, she’d tone up all right, but not for him. This was something Susan would do for herself and she’d do it with a vengeance. “Vengeance” was a word that took shape in Susan’s mind and she said it aloud to taste

the flavor of the word. Yes, the vengeance would come later when her husband, whose own gut was 'flabbing' out on beer and chips would soon see men's eyes pop out of their heads as Susan passed their way. At the gym, Susan was introduced to athletic aides that would show her the proper way to use the various machines and facilities and they gave her starter tips and paper instructions to get her going. Her personal trainer would meet with Susan on Tuesdays and Fridays and direct her progress. "You're lucky," one of the aides told her, "You've been assigned to Mac McAllister as a trainer he's just about our best." Come Tuesday, Susan was hammering a treadmill when a man approached her and said, "Susan?" "I'm Susan" she said to the lean attractive man standing before her. At a little over six foot and wearing close cropped brown hair that was salt and pepper gray at the temples, the man was certainly easy to look at. He had an easy, natural smile and laugh lines added character to his clean-shaven face. Susan noticed immediately that the man spoke with a moderate southern accent but paced at almost a Yankee talking speed. She surmised that he was either from the Carolinas or eastern Tennessee. "I'm Murphy McAllister and I'm assigned as your trainer. People call me Mac." Susan stopped the treadmill and took his extended hand. Even on the treadmill some four inches above the floor line she had to look up slightly to meet his steel gray eyes framed in small crow's feet giving him that look women call 'distinguished'. "Let's talk for a few minutes and get a baseline on you." Mac led Susan to a small conference room away from the hubbub of the active gym. He didn't close the door when interviewing women as it made some of them uncomfortable and left him open to accusations should a nervous or angry woman be so inclined. Mac politely held a chair for Susan and he took a seat across from her at the table. He spent a few minutes going over his basic plan essentially, an increasingly arduous exercise regimen and her progress on a healthy eating plan as would be proscribed for Susan by a registered dietician retained by the gym. He asked Susan to complete a health questionnaire and said he'd return in a few minutes to get her height and current weight and discuss her goals and answer any questions that she might have. Susan noted that Mac was very direct – commanding almost - but spoke gently and yet she sensed a power and rawness in him that emanated from deep under muscles that rippled just beneath his tanned skin. Mac also said that he'd teach her some basic warm-up stretches and floor exercises. He'd add her information into the gym's computer system to permit her gym membership ID card to begin recording usage data as she used the various aerobic and strength training machines. Susan could've listened to Mac talk all day for his was the first accent anything like her own since arriving in New England years before. There was something fundamentally honest about Mac and instinctively, Susan found herself trusting him. She wanted nothing less than to become his model student. Mac left her alone to complete the forms and Susan thought it odd almost that this outdoorsy looking man would be working indoors with her as though he was somehow out of place with walls around him. On Susan's next day at the gym, the nutritionist interviewed her. If someone coined the phrase 'organic type' he must have met Arlene, for the woman looked as if she'd subsisted on bean sprouts and other greens for the whole of her life. She wore oversized round rimmed eyeglasses and wore a white lab coat over a navy blue jogging suit. The two women discussed food preferences and meal plan possibilities, portion sizes and vitamin supplements for about a half hour. Towards the end of the conversation, Arleen changed the

subject and asked, "So, tell me, what do you think of Mac?" "Oh I like him!" Susan said. "He seems solid and earnest, like a stand up guy. I also like that he's the only other person I have met up north here that has a bit of the southern charm in him. Do you know where he's from or what he's like?" "All the women want to know about that man," Arlene said suppressing a mild sigh. "If he wasn't already caught, he'd be a catch! Originally, Mac is from North Carolina in something-beach, ummmm, Atlantic Beach. At one time he was a Navy Seal back around 1990 in the Gulf War. He never talks much about it but that was his start in government work. From there he was recruited by the Secret Service and was a bodyguard assigned to the White House. He left that job after almost ten years and people say it's because he was being berated and treated as a servant by you-know-who. That she was the wife of a former president, she seemed to think that talking to the Secret Service, state cops and others risking their lives to keep her safe as though they were something scrapped from under her fingernails got to be grinding on him." "From what I heard, Mac was on duty guarding the bitch while she attended a play and his nine year old son was on the operating table for an emergency appendectomy. There was no one else available to replace him and Mac stayed at his post. When the bitch came out from the theater, Mac was on his cell phone trying to find out if his son was OK, and she berated him publicly for bullshitting with someone on the phone instead of opening the limo door for her. The very next morning, Mac handed his boss a letter of resignation. His boss tried to talk him out of leaving and Mac reportedly told him that it was difficult for him to risk his ass keeping a woman from getting shot whom he'd damned near enjoy watching bleed to death." "Mac's boss had some connections and arranged a civilian security posting for Mac at Loring Air Force Base which is what brought him and his family here to Maine. I really don't know what he does there but he must be doing OK. He began here as a member of this gym because as a civilian he wasn't really supposed to use the military facilities. After a few weeks as a member here, the Director asked Mac if he'd take on a few members as their personnel trainer, for which he'd enjoy free membership and a stipend. Mac accepted and has been a trainer here for about eighteen months now. Everyone here just loves him!" "Well he surely is easy on the eyes," Susan chimed in, "and he has a really nice way about him." Susan worked out six days a week at the gym but her Tuesdays and Fridays were deeply special to her for the half hour she spent with Mac. He praised her progress, offered suggestions about exercises to improve her strength and muscle tone. Susan could feel her body getting stronger. Her mind seemed sharper too, as she'd quip with Mac sometimes and he'd come back with a light but funny smart-assed answer. Her improving mind and body were rebuilding Susan's ego as well. Just the other day she fit into jeans she hadn't worn since before their son was born! Still, if Tom notices he certainly didn't verbalize it or praise her in any way. The man had his head so far up his ass that if he looked to the right he'd see appendix and to the left he'd see spleen! Mac, though – he noticed everything. Susan's everyday scent was a Tommy Hilfiger product with a fruity, musky vanilla aroma. On a whim one Friday, Susan dabbed a bit of Viva La Juicy onto her body and Mac reacted immediately. "Wow," he said while blushing slightly, "you look and smell terrific today Susan! I'm 'gonna have to concentrate harder to work with you!" That was the first time that Mac had flirted with her and Susan felt giddy as a schoolgirl. Although she wore her usual sweats, Susan felt like a

princess. She loved taking direction from Mac. Secretly, she had had fantasies for years about being with a dominant man, a 'Dom' as they say. In her fantasies she's be his 'sub' and do his bidding, especially his sexual bidding. She began casting Mac into that role in the private recesses of her thoughts. If Mac wanted her to kneel before him she would – happily. If he wanted her to suck his cock she'd lick and suck him until his seed filled her and although she'd never swallowed a man's sperm before, she'd savor Mac's like champagne. "Susan?" Mac broke the spell and brought her back to the exercise floor. "Where'd ya go Babe?" he asked with that boyish grin of his that reminded her so much of Simon Baker from 'The Mentalist' on TV. His was a disarming smile and Susan blushed crimson and returned to the conversation even as she restarted her abdominal crunches. Driving home that evening, Susan thought about Mac in a D/s fantasy. Her husband Tom tried to be dominant in their relationship but the sad fact is that dominion is not something demanded, intimidated or manipulated. In Susan's mind, a dominant man simply is. It's in the gentle but firm way that he handles himself and others and a firm but comforting leadership role. One is subordinate to a Dom because they are immensely respected and they offer respect in return. The relationship is one of mutuality, each knowing and accepting their role and their personal power in that role. A true sub isn't powerless, Susan reasoned, but indeed powerful in her own right and her own way. In return, a good Dom always has the sub's best interests at the core of his heart and soul. It is in that light that Susan began seeing Mac. Susan couldn't remember the last time she'd eaten anything with sugar or white flour and these two factors alone had improved her mental clarity and focus. She began to see what she'd known all along but hadn't processed yet. Her husband was hiding his own weakness by struggling to present himself as her superior by his demands, criticisms and withheld affection. To say that she was taken for granted would be a tall understatement. That night, Tom had insisted on sex and while Susan really wasn't in the mood it was better than listening to him whine and so she accommodated him. Something happened. Tom was pumping away into her not very well lubricated folds when images of Mac filled her head. It was Mac on top of her and inside her. Susan closed her eyes tight and imagined herself looking deeply into those steel gray eyes. She felt her breath quickening and her vagina readying itself. Her nipples went so taut the skin actually stretched and Susan began squirming. Now one with Mac by proxy, Susan felt herself saying aloud things she'd never said in her life. "Fuck me. Fuck me harder! Ram that thing into me, please, yes, oh God yes fuck me!" Very pleased with himself and his prowess as a lover, Tom grew more excited and replied in kind. "Yes, I will, I'll fuck you good, damn you. Take it Susan, take my big cock the fuck into you and milk it dry!" Susan heard not one word that Tom spoke for it was Mac she was with behind her closed eyes. Mac was saying, "Oh my God you're beautiful, a wonderful lover, oh you feel so good to me, so right for me." Susan felt her orgasm building and Mac was right there with her and for her. Her breath coming in rasps now Susan hung onto only enough reality to not scream Mac's name and her cum came suddenly, almost violently. Tom came too and she felt his sperm flooding her body wishing by some miracle of bi location that Mac was making love to her from wherever he was tonight. When they finished Tom rolled over and went right to sleep. Susan stepped into the shower and washed away all traces of him. She returned to bed, clung to the farthest edge and gently stroked her nipples

and clitoris, thinking about Mac until sleep overtook her. Over breakfast, Tom ate and ran and Susan fed the kids and ruminated about the previous night. She should have felt guilty about fantasizing that it was Mac inside her, yet she did not. In fact, she felt good about it. Susan wondered if she'd feel funny on Tuesday when Mac would be directing her at the gym. Susan realized that she felt no trepidation at all for in point of fact, she hardly could wait to hear his voice, smell his masculinity and feel his hands touch her as they sometimes did when he'd correct the muscle groups with which she was exercising. On Tuesday the weather was ugly. The sky was gray and the air felt laden with moisture. The weather prediction was dire, that an ice storm was building. Alabama might have hurricanes but ice storms were every bit as scary. Still though, like the Post Office slogan, 'Neither rain, nor storm, nor dark of night' would come between Susan and her appointment with Mac. Once again she dabbed on her Viva La Juicy and put a drop on each nipple and a drop on her vagina for good measure. "Oh I feel juicy all right," Susan said under her breath, nearly dizzy with delight at how her mind and body felt. She drove the few miles happily and parked the SUV that her kids called her 'soccer mom school bus.' Susan didn't feel like a soccer mom today. She felt like a woman, a desirable one at that. Susan began her workout routine for the forty minutes that would pass before Mac came to her for their session. About ten minutes before he was due to come to her, Susan heard him paged to the front desk. Mac finally arrived to Susan's side about ten minutes late and he looked flustered, something that she'd never seen in him. "I hope you'll forgive me for being late," he said earnestly, "family issues." Susan was just saying not to worry about it when a visibly intoxicated woman stormed over seething at Mac. "Don't think this discussion is over by a long shot Murphy; just wait until you get home! I'm sick and tired of raising your kids while you work at the base and play God here at this stinking health club and it's stuck up, fat assed customers. I paid my dues on your last fucking job!" "I'm so sorry," Mac said to Susan who felt deeply embarrassed for him. "I'll be with you in a minute." "Helen, can we take this conversation someplace private?" "Fuck you!" "Helen, you're embarrassing me and yourself. This is not the time or place and I'm working now. Look, please let me take you home; you're in no shape to drive right now, especially with an inbound storm due by sixteen hundred hou..." "Fuck you and your sixteen hundred hours!" his wife screamed. "Can't you just say four O-Clock like anybody else? You sound like some kind of a general, General Fuckup, USN!" She raged. "Some Navy guy, you turned out to be. Have you noticed that you work on an Air Force base?" "Helen," Mac began with strained patience, "Please let me take you home or at least call a cab for you. With this storm inbound, every cop in the area is out on the road and if you get caught driving in this condition you'll be handcuffed in two minutes flat! You're lucky to have made it this far." "I don't need your lectures and your cop logic" Helen raged, her voice beginning to slur. "Why not do something useful and pick up that goddamned house phone and ask that freckled red head asshole at the front desk call a cab for me?" "OK I will" said a relieved Mac, "Please try to get some food into you and the kids. I'll be home by seven." Mac picked up the wall phone, touched a button and said, "Janet, this is Mac." Would you please do me a huge favor and call a cab to take Mrs. McAllister home? Yes, thanks I appreciate this very much." Suddenly Mac turned to face the corner and he spoke in hushed tones, "Yeah I can imagine. You didn't deserve her stuff Janet and I..."

well I'm sorry that's all. Listen, I'm with my four-thirty can we discuss that later? Thanks Janet, you're a lifesaver – maybe literally.” When Mac turned around his wife already had headed off on unsteady legs towards the front desk. “Susan, I hardly know how to ask you to forgive all that you just saw. She..., well let's just say that her drinking is a second generation problem. Her dad was a big drinker and I thought we'd dodged that bullet; but for the past couple of years... “ his voice trailed off. “Please don't apologize to me Mac,” Susan said with genuine concern in her eyes and her voice. “Every family has its problems; I'm just sorry for you that this problem is in yours. I'm a good listener if you'd like to talk,” she volunteered. “To be honest with you Susan, the best thing I can do right now is to get back to work and deal with my home problems later at home and perhaps with a counselor – either a marriage counselor or a separation counselor, I'm not really sure which right now. OK where were we?” “We, well...I was doing crunches and you were about to redirect the form I was using.” “Yeah, you're right, sorry. OK let's go lady, get on the mat and let me see what you've been doing for your homework. “ Susan lay down on the exercise mat and began counting off crunches. Somewhere around the third set, Susan noticed something different about Mac. Usually he wore sweat pants and a tee shirt. Today, he wore trunks. Maybe his hard-drinking wife was behind on laundry or whatever but Mac's athletic legs were adding to the physical distraction that he was becoming in her life. Also, having witnessed his pain, Susan felt a compassion for him that lent human vulnerability to this hard-bodied, former Seal. The combination was a powerful aphrodisiac to Susan having not quite recovered from her fantasy encounter with him the previous night during Tom's unwanted assault onto her body. Mac knelt and touched Susan's tummy lightly to show her which muscles he wanted her to isolate and those simple touches coursed through her body like electricity! As Mac stood, Susan caught a glimpse of Mac's cock through the leg of his trunks. Having not seen many men's cocks in her life Susan didn't know if it was big, small or whatever, but it was Mac's cock and that made it powerful. “Mac, would you show me that again...” she stammered and blushed and said, “The muscles you want me to work on, would you show me again please?” Mac knelt and placed his hand on Susan's abdomen. “Right here, Susan, tighten these muscles.” Mac said. Again when he stood, Susan was rewarded with another half-second glimpse of his manhood and she realized that it had become thicker and the head was becoming purpler. All too soon, the session was over and Mac left to work out for a few minutes while he awaited his next student. Susan finished her routine and headed off to the locker room to grab a shower and dress for the drive back home. In the shower, Susan's thoughts returned to Mac. In fact, lately whenever something else was occupying her thoughts, Mac was there in her mind, coaching her, directing her, loving her. As she crossed the lobby towards the doors she noticed Mac also leaving, now in faded jeans, a flannel shirt and an unbuttoned Navy Pea-Coat. “Heading home?” Susan asked as a conversation starter. “Yes, my six o'clock called and cancelled because of the weather. It does look ugly out there.” Susan agreed. It was raining and as fast as the drops struck the cold asphalt, they froze forming a thin but growing sheet of slick ice with a film of water atop it. “You 'gonna be OK driving home?” Mac asked. “I think so, it's not far.” “Susan, again I'm sorry for what you witnessed today. It never should have happened.” “Forget about it Mac,” Susan said with genuine empathy,” I have on my big girl pants and

I can deal... Besides," she grinned, "You're helping me to fit into smaller big-girl pants!" "Thanks Susan, that's nice to hear," Mac said, then he blushed in a charmingly boyish way and added, "and I have to say that you're looking pretty damned good in those smaller big girl pants too! I'm enjoying my Tuesdays and Fridays a whole lot more these past weeks!" The blushing couple walked out into the weather. It was horrible. With a quick wave, Mac jogged off to his 4X4 on the employee lot and Susan walked quickly to her SUV. A sheet of ice covered the side of her vehicle and the key wouldn't go into the lock but she whacked the ice with the heel of her fist and the ice broke away allowing her into the truck. Susan started the engine and was waiting for the defroster and washer fluid to loosen enough thin ice for the wipers to work. Her transmission was still in park when a gust of wind whammed the side of her truck and it began sliding sideways down a small slope that wasn't level but no one would've called a hill, either. Susan jammed her foot on the brakes but the wheels weren't moving and the truck didn't stop sliding. She tried to turn the steering wheel but with the SUV in Park, the steering was locked. Susan looked around frantically to see where gravity was taking her but the still icy windows obscured her vision. Helpless and terrified that she might bump into someone and pin them between her car and another one, Susan began frantically blowing the horn. Without warning her SUV came to a sudden drop and a jarring stop. Gathering her resources, Susan got out seeing where her car was. The SUV had slid sideways on the slick, wet ice something over a hundred feet and came to rest against the parking barriers for several vacant spots and her right rear tire was about two inches above a drainage grate that sat in a gully. Her tire made no contact with anything that would offer traction for Susan to get out on her own. She wished that the SUV had four wheel drive but it didn't. Susan was about to go back into the gym to call for a tow when Mac's big 4X4 pulled along-side her. He got out quickly and said, "Are you OK?" before he even realized that the stranded motorist was Susan. "Susan! He exclaimed, "Oh my God, what happened?" "Well the car slid sideways down the grade and stopped here, with one wheel up in the air. I don't even think the wheels ever turned! I'm about to go inside to find a phone book and call a tow truck." "Well, Mac's towing service has just arrived on the scene, Ms. Susan. I have a tow strap in the back of my rig and can pull you truck forward where all your wheels are on the ground again and with some luck you can drive out of here. What say you get into your SUV while I grab out the tow strap and hook us up?" His words 'hook up' had Susan wondering if he was flirting or not but he did seem to have the solution to at least one of her immediate problems. She took a step towards her car and her feet slid right out from under her on the slick ice. Her arms flailed upwards for balance and Mac caught her, his strong arms wrapping tightly around her as he pulled upwards to where her feet weren't even on the ground anymore. Overcoming her flush of fear in the fall, Susan now felt herself in Mac's strong arms, her lips inches from his. Neither person knew quite what to do right now as sexual tension ran through their bodies like a fireball. Finally, Mac broke the silence and said, "OK let's try that again." Gingerly he set Susan down on her feet and held her close until she had her balance. He liked holding Susan and felt reluctant to remove his arms from her so he took her arm and led her to the passenger side of his own truck and opened the door for her. "Why don't you sit in the cab where it's warm while I move the truck into position and hook up the towing strap?" Mac



suggested. Mac helped her into the high truck and Susan wondered if Mac would be able to see clear up her moderately short, orange plaid skirt as he helped her. "Well, she thought, "I was looking up his trunks earlier, I guess turnabout is fair." Susan felt a flush of sexual excitement wondering if Mac was peeking as he helped her. All too soon he closed her door and was opening the driver's door and he swung his athletic frame into the big truck. Susan looked around. The cab suited him. Everything about it was in its place and businesslike. 'Bristol fashion' a Navy man might have said. "All set?" Mac asked and he moved his truck ahead of her stranded SUV. Then he hopped out and grabbed a towing strap from beneath a hinged back crew seat and disappeared outside. Susan heard the metallic sounds of the strap's hook being attached to Mac's 4X4 and somehow the clattering sound took her mind back to her frightening slide sideways across the parking lot. Emotion flooded Susan and overtook her like a huge wave knocking her to the sand and dragging her along the bottom. Her dissatisfaction with her marriage, her annoyance with Tom and his infidelity, her annoyance becoming his doormat and the helpless feel of sliding sideways on ice all hammered her. If the parking barriers had not stopped her truck, the drop off was a thirty foot fall into a cluster of huge granite rocks. Susan's body began shaking uncontrollably. Despite the warm cab she shivered and hugged her arms around herself trying to get warm. The driver's door opened and Mac said, "OK now we'll.... Susan what's wrong?" he said, alarm vibrant in his voice. "I'm so cold and was so frightened..." Susan began through her crying and shivering. Immediately, Mac flipped up the armrest between them slid over and held Susan tightly to his chest. "Shhhh you're OK now, you're safe. You're safe and no one is hurt." "I, I, I ..." Susan began but couldn't get her words out. "Just rest for a few minutes, I'm going to keep you safe." Mac comforted. Mac held Susan for long minutes. The scent of her hair and of her perfume was filling his senses and it had been a long time since he'd held a woman in his arms, let alone this woman who'd lately invaded his fantasies. Susan pulled back slightly and looked deeply into his eyes and said, "Mac, the thing is that being safe hasn't served me well lately." That was an icebreaker spoken within the fierceness of this ice storm. Mac's mouth clamped onto Susan's and they kissed like long-apart lovers. Arms wrapped around each other even more tightly and the next minutes were all about kissing fiercely. Truck windows fogged up offering the lovers complete privacy, their own little world in which to consummate their nascent superheated lust. Susan began pulling her clothing off. Mac moved the seat back and cranked up the heater to compensate for their impending nakedness. Soon, two lovers were naked in the cab of the big truck and in each other's arms. Mac suckled one of Susan's nipples and tweaked the other one as she kissed and suckled his neck. Their legs were entwined and Susan could feel wetness spreading within her, her body reading itself for Mac. In no time, Mac's strong hands were traveling down Susan's body and soon he was sliding fingers in and out of her engorging labia, literally touching her deeply. "I can't wait Mac; fuck me now, fuck me right now, please God right now!" All foreplay now abandoned, Susan's hand found the lever to recline her passenger seat back and Mac moved into position between her legs. In no time, Susan's feet were on the dashboard and Mac's cock was balls-deep into her body, a body now desperate for him. Susan realized in that instant that she loved Mac but this wasn't about love. She wanted him inside her and needed him there. At some point, Mac would be her Dom and she, his loving and

willing sub but in this moment they were two equals who needed to be connected at the genitals. This was a primal fuck, earthy, animal lust and desire that would not be denied any longer. Mac found power in this woman, indeed a power inside himself that he'd forgotten was there. Sure students flirted with him all the time but the flirts were empty fun. This was different. He was making a genuine difference in Susan's life and she in his. All Mac could think about was pleasuring Susan with his body and he fucked her with as much energy as he'd ever put into storming an enemy position or grinding through Hell Week in Seals training. He'd pummel her body like the hammers of Hell until the fires consumed them both. Nothing else in the world mattered right now. Susan realized that Mac wasn't wearing a condom and she also knew that she didn't want him to wear one – ever. If she became pregnant that was OK by her. Susan felt her orgasm gathering inside her not unlike the windy tempest outside the truck cab. She felt Mac's balls slapping her ass as though that's why God made them. "Now Baby, fill me now, don't pull out, cum inside me!" Her words became a chant like a mantra. "Fill me, cum in me, now Baby, do it. I want it!" Mac's responses were meshed with hers, "Here I am Baby, Oh yes, I want you to cum, I want me to cum and I'm ready, so ready. Oh God, it's now!" Mac's mouth clamped onto Susan's and their tongues danced while Mac's testicles pumped their thick, sticky fluids deeply into Susan's body. This fuck was now convulsive and both giver and receiver were completely in sync. If Susan's vagina could somehow have sucked Mac's sperm deeper into her, it would have. After their orgasms, the two held each other for long minutes, kissing both softly and wildly, their passion not yet ready to subside. A thousand questions and decisions lay ahead for each of them but right now their world was nakedness of mind, heart and body in the cab of a Dodge truck in an iced-over parking lot overseen by ice covered trees. Outside was a winter wonderland but they saw none of it, only each other. Mac spoke first. "I am not going to enjoy going home tonight." "Me either," said Susan, "But we each have children if nothing else. "And each other, " Mac added. "Yes, and each other." Both knew that much lay ahead no matter how their relationship played out. Maybe they'd divorce their spouses and marry. Maybe they'd be fuck-buddies, with Susan stepping out on her cheating, boorish husband and Mac on his snookered wife. Whatever their futures held, they would be together somehow. The two dressed in silence and kissed a last time. Mac helped Susan out of his cab and over to her SUV. By now, the heater and defroster had done their work and the windows were clear and the cab toasty warm. Susan got into the driver's seat and Mac pulled her vehicle forward enough that she was on solid ground. Mac unhooked the tow strap and came to her driver's window. As Susan opened the window Mac said, "No charge for the tow, ma'am. It was my pleasure to serve." "The pleasure was mine as well," Susan said with the biggest genuine smile she'd felt herself flash in years. Mac promised to follow her at a discreet distance until she was safely in her driveway and the two drove off to a future that held only one certainty – somehow they would be a couple in that time and space.