

FIRE AND ICE



Sophia DeLuna

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By
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Fire and Ice

The day started for Sarah as it usually did since she had moved here. Waking up alone in her bed, she got up early, dressed in shorts and T-shirt, and collecting her laptop she went to her favourite little place, the Beach Café. Being the first customer, as usual, she seated herself at her favourite place under the large sunshade in the corner. Without having to order, the proprietor, Marina brought her the usual iced tea, and after chatting awhile, they both went on with their tasks, Marina preparing the café for the day and Sarah opening her laptop, continuing to work on the latest novel she was writing.

She loved the mornings at the beach when everything was still quiet, no tourists bustling about, and she could listen to the sound of the surf and the call of the seagulls, undisturbed, before tuning out her surroundings and concentrating on her work.

She had been single for over three years now. Her last relationship had ended rather badly, and thus Sarah had been quite happy to live on her own for a while, but as time went by, she began to feel lonely despite all the new friends and acquaintances she had made here in town. But since she didn't want to actively search for a partner, she kept sticking to the routine she had developed, and satisfied her frustration about her solitary life by spinning wonderful happy-end-stories for the characters she created.

This day, however, her routine was interrupted as the first customer approached the café. Just as Sarah was about to turn from her view of the calm sea to her waiting laptop, her eyes caught sight of a tall, raven-haired woman, and Sarah couldn't help following the well-toned beauty with her gaze as she entered the café.

Shaking her head, Sarah scolded herself for her rudeness, and fixed her eyes on the screen, intending to finally start working on her novel. Alas, her eyesight seemed to have forsaken her as the letters on the screen turned blurry. Instead, as she closed her eyes, the image of the tall stranger seemed to have burned into the back of her eyelids, and remarkably clearly at that. Annoyed with herself, Sarah opened her eyes again, only to find her view magnetically drawn to the neighbouring table, where the raven-haired beauty was now just in the process of relishing a large ice cream cone with a sensuality that captured Sarah's attention.

The laptop forgotten, Sarah stared mesmerised at the luscious lips and tongue savouring the ice cream with tantalising slowness. Feeling as if the temperature had suddenly increased by some 20 degrees Celsius, Sarah started to fantasise about what it might be like to be in the place of that ice cream, when suddenly the lips formed into a wide grin. Sarah froze. Flushing crimson, she shifted her eyes upwards and found herself gazing into the amused twinkling blue eyes of the stranger.

“Uh ... sorry,” stammered Sarah.

Just as the woman was about to say something, someone called out, “Hey Sam, there you are! Come on, honey, the bus leaves in ten minutes.”

Sarah's face fell as she saw an energetic female with intensely red coloured hair dragging Sam with her, eagerly gabbing about the sights they were going to visit. Turning to Sarah, Sam winked at her in passing.

Dumbstruck, Sarah stared after the pair. Why was it that all the beautiful women already had a partner? Couldn't she just once meet one who was single? Sarah thought resignedly. Nonetheless, she couldn't deny being majorly attracted to Sam, and thinking back at what she did with the ice cream, Sarah shuddered and blushed at the memory.

“That was some hot chick, huh?” Marina startled Sarah out of her reverie.

“Uh ... yeah,” stammered Sarah.

“Too bad she's taken,” said Marina, and added grinning, “But I bet she's going to fuel your

imagination. I'm already looking forward to your next novel, Sarah. Perhaps you can weave her in as a mighty heroine or a wicked seductress or something," Marina chuckled as Sarah blushed again. "Well, I'll leave you to your fantasies," she said grinning, and went over to the customers who had just arrived.

Two iced teas and a sandwich later Sarah was completely immersed in the process of writing a new short story. Having scolded herself for being silly, but unable to persuade her brain to concentrate on working on the novel, she had finally resigned herself to humour her nether instincts by at least fulfilling her fantasies via writing. Thus, she had come up with a short erotic story, just for herself, in which the protagonist Sam had left the café with her little sister and returned in the afternoon to inquire after Sarah. When they met at the café the next morning, they didn't waste much time on talking but instead hurried to Sarah's house to indulge in a rather hot adventure, trying out all the fantasies that Sarah could think of.

After having written yet another quite graphic scene that took place in the back-room of Sam's book store, Sarah shifted on her chair and concluded that she had better head home and change the battery of her laptop ... among other things.

When Sarah arrived at the Beach Café the next morning, Marina brought her iced tea and said, "Tall and gorgeous was here yesterday, inquiring after you. She asked if I knew you and if you come here often."

Gaping in disbelief at the similarity between her story and reality, Sarah blushed as she thought about how her tale had progressed.

Grinning, Marina asked mischievously, "Naughty fantasies come true?" Laughing, as Sarah blushed even more, Marina said, "I didn't tell her who you are, but I told her you'd certainly be here in the morning. I'd be careful, though, Sarah," said Marina seriously, "Her partner was waiting outside, and they left arm in arm. And they looked rather happy and content, as if their relationship was rather a long standing one and they knew each other quite intimately."

Hearing this information, Sarah felt as if a bucket of ice-cold water had been poured over her and she said grumpily, "Thanks for drowning all hopes."

Patting Sarah on the shoulder, Marina said, "Awww, come on, I'm sure you'll find your princess one day, Sarah."

Sighing heavily, Sarah opened her laptop.

Not in the mood to work on her novel, Sarah brought up the file of the erotic story, which she had expanded to the length of a novelette the day before. Refusing to re-read what she had written so far, she at least wanted to create a happy-ending for her characters, thus she completed the story by having the protagonists move in together and live happily ever after.

Having finished by noon, Sarah wasn't too surprised that Sam had not shown up. And although disappointed, she also felt a sense of relief, as she knew that she was not up to just a holiday affair, as much as her nether instincts were trying to convince her otherwise.

Some time later, Sarah was just in the process of re-reading the little naughty story despite her better judgement when she noticed someone approaching the café. Blushing furiously, Sarah cursed under her breath, "Oh shit!" as she recognised Sam's partner; and she quickly closed the compromising file.

"Hiya!" said the female as she reached Sarah's table. "I'm glad you are here. I'm Becky. Sam sent me. She sprained her ankle and was pestering me all day about not having been able to come here in the morning." Becky rolled her eyes, heaving an exasperated sigh. "Would

you agree to come over to our bungalow?"

Staring confused at Becky, Sarah asked, "Uh ... why would you want me to come over?"

"So she can tell you all the lovey-dovey stuff about your magical green eyes, and how cute you look when you are blushing," said Becky deadpan.

Flushing, Sarah stammered, "Uh ... sorry."

"No need to be sorry, hon. Unless ... uh ... please don't tell me that you aren't interested in her," Becky's face fell, and she slumped defeated on the chair, wondering how she was going to tell Sam that she got a rejection from the cute laptop-girl.

Not sure what to make of this weird situation, Sarah said hesitantly, "Um ... I am interested in her, but ... I'm not interested in a threesome and I'm not searching for a holiday fling, either."

"Great!" said Becky relieved, "As far as I know, she isn't either. Anyway, I'd suggest you talk about intimate preferences with her personally, as I'm not particularly interested in the details of her love life."

"Uh ... You aren't?" asked Sarah, surprised.

Regarding Sarah with a strange look, Becky said, "Um ... no. Do you want to know all the details of your sister's love life?"

Blinking in confusion, Sarah asked, "You are her sister?"

Halting for a moment, Becky broke into laughter, "Gosh! You thought we were lovers? Now I understand why you were reacting so weird! I assure you, we are just siblings. We are only temporarily living together in the holiday bungalow. We inherited the large old house with the antiques shop in town. And until all the formalities are finished, we are enjoying a holiday together before all the work begins. We are going to turn the store into a women's bookshop."

The day started for Sarah as it usually did since Samantha had moved in. Sarah awoke in the arms of her gorgeous lover, sending a thank-you prayer to the Goddess for having made her fantasies come true.

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