



Frost, Flame, and Flower
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A Century Before

“I’m telling you Jack, if you freeze my Poinsettias again, I’m going to roast you!”

Poinsettia stood there lobbing a fireball and taking aim at her nemesis.

“Aw, you wouldn’t burn me Settia, would you?” Jack grinned engagingly all the while lifting his hand and pointing a finger at her prized Poinsettias.

“Don’t bet on it, Jack!” If he froze her plants two days before Christmas, even she wouldn’t be able to bring them back in time for the special holiday.

“Hey Jack! You’re it!” Another frost elemental came flying up and pushed Jack hard, and for just a second he fell towards the prized Poinsettias his finger still pointing. Frost shot from the tip before he could stop it. As if in slow motion, Jack saw the plants turn white with frost just before they froze and shattered.

“Jack!” Poinsettia wailed, tears in her voice.

Jack caught himself just before he hit the ground and turned to glare at his friend who backed off with hands held high in surrender. “Sorry Jack.” He called before flying off. But the damage was done.

Jack stared at the beautiful fairy named for the bright and cheery plant that signified the holiday the humans called Christmas.

“How could you?” Settia said, her voice tight with tears. “Now Santa won’t have enough Poinsettias. I hate you Jack Frost, I hate you! I never want to see you again, get out of my sight!”

“Settia...I didn’t mean...” Jack lifted one hand as though to touch the fairy girl’s shoulder but she shrugged him off.

Her back, hunched shoulders, and the sound of her tears were his last memory of her.

A hundred years later

True to her wishes, Jack made his home in a cave at the South Pole, far from the fairy who held his heart.

“Jack Frost!” He heard a voice calling from outside the cave. “Jack Frost!”

Having no idea who it was, but figuring one of his own kind had finally found him, he strolled outside the cave only to be confronted by Dar-Flame, Settia’s father. The fire elemental floated in the air, his arms crossed and a displeased look on his face. Jack’s first thought was, “Uh oh!”

Jack carefully called his own power to him in the event that Dar-Flame was there for a little revenge after the fact. “Yes?”

The fire elemental smirked. “It occurs to me that my daughter Poinsettia is of a marriageable age.”

Jack’s eyes widened, unable to believe his ears. “So, what does that have to do with me?” He asked crossly.

Dar-Flame had simply raised one finger to his lips before smiling down on him benevolently. Since fire elementals were rarely if ever benevolent unless it was with their young, this did not bode well for a frost elemental.

“I seem to remember that you once had a…” Dar-Flame paused then waved one hand around. “thing, for my daughter.”

“Yeah, so?”

“Well she hasn’t shown an interest in any of the male flower faeries.” The elemental shuddered and though Jack would never have admitted it he felt the same way. Male flower faeries were the epitome of romance, so much so they almost seemed effeminate and they made every other self-respecting male fairy, sprite and elemental groan mentally if not verbally whenever one of them got started about their latest conquest. In short, male flower faeries were the lady killers of the supernatural world.

Tired of the conversation already, Jack shrugged and said, “I’m sure you’ll find a nice fire elemental for her.”

“Well, see that’s the problem, she won’t have a fire elemental either. In fact, it appears that she won’t have anyone but you. So, am I right? You do have a thing for my daughter?” The heat from Dar-Flame’s body blasted him as he leaned close.

“I love your daughter. I always have, but she won’t see me.”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. Jack, you give up too easily. She regretted her words within a month of saying them. She’s been moping around for the last hundred years like her best friend died. Even Santa hasn’t been able to get much of a smile out of her, and you know how much she loves him! Somebody has to get that girl out of the doldrums and that, son, would be you.” Dar-Flame pointed one finger tipped in fire at Jack.

Poinsettia traced the delicate veins of a red Poinsettia plant with her fingers, loving the velvety smoothness of her namesake. Christmas used to be her favorite time of year, but now that Jack was gone for good, it just made her sad. Sighing she let the magic that helped make the Poinsettias vibrant and healthy flow from her fingers and circle around the thousands of Poinsettia plants in the special greenhouse that Santa had built

just for her. Each plant's colors deepened, the red leaves turning a beautiful crimson, and the cream colored ones glistening with health. As the golden sparkles left her fingertips they danced over and around each plant giving the greenhouse a magical glow.

If only Jack were here. Then as though in answer to her most secret wish a familiar cold breeze blew into the greenhouse.

"What?" Poinsettia turned around afraid to hope and felt her heart jump before landing with a thump.

"I've just been wishing too hard." She murmured to herself when she didn't see anyone there, and then went to shut the door that the wind had blown open before her charges froze.

Shoulders drooping she forced herself to let the power flow from her fingers again, and watched as her charges not only became more colorful but grew taller.

"Settia."

Poinsettia's shoulders straightened as her body jerked in surprise and without her thoughts to guide them the little sparkles dancing from her fingertips shut off as though someone had turned off a faucet. "Jack?" She asked tentatively, afraid to turn around.

"In the flesh. May I come in?"

"It is you!" Poinsettia cried as she turned around and her eyes beheld the one person she had been longing for for a hundred years. Running towards him, she threw herself into Jack's arms and felt them close around her.

"Yes, it's me." Jack murmured, her hair muffling his voice.

With one more quick squeeze, she stepped back and put her hands on her hips.

"Where have you been?" She nearly shouted.

She watched as Jack's eyes widened. "But, but you said..."

"Yes, yes, I know I said I never wanted to see you again. Geez Jack, I was only one hundred then. You shouldn't have taken what I said so seriously." She waved one hand, the gesture reminiscent of her fire elemental father.

"Not taken...Settia, you yelled at me, you cried! How was I supposed to know you didn't mean it?"

"I never said I didn't mean it." Settia replied tartly. "At the time I very much did mean it, you killed my plants!" She ended on a shout.

Jack rubbed one hand over his face and shook his head. *Women.*

"That was an accident." He said quietly. "Kyle bumped me and jarred my finger. My power escaped before I could stop it."

Settia felt her face heat. *So that's why Kyle has been apologizing for the last century.* She hadn't known and instead had just passed it off as Kyle having done something else that he knew would annoy her.

"Yeah, well your buddy didn't bother to explain that." Settia rolled her eyes. "He's been apologizing to me over and over for the last century. When I finally asked him and he realized I had no idea what he was talking about, he clammed up."

Jack's right lip twitched before curling up in a half smile. "That sounds like Kyle."

Their eyes met, Settia's twinkling with mirth, and Jack's lip twitched again, before unable to hold it in any longer Jack started guffawing.

Settia covered her mouth with both hands, still trying to hold it in, but Jack's laughter got the best of her and a twitter popped out that quickly turned into full-fledged giggles.

"I'll bet the look on his face when he finally realized you had no idea what he was talking about was good." Jack gasped, bent over.

"Yeah, it was pretty funny!" Settia crossed her eyes and puffed her lips out like a fish before collapsing back into fits of giggles.

Long moments later the laughter and giggles finally tapered off and Settia looked at Jack with new eyes. "You let your hair grow." She stated quietly of his long platinum locks.

"Yeah, it keeps my neck warm."

"I thought all you frost elementals liked the cold." Settia teased.

"Most of the time I love it, but when you go out in weather that is over a hundred degrees below zero, well that's too cold even for me."

"A hundred degrees below zero? Jack where have you been?"

"The South Pole."

"So that's why no one could find you! I've been looking for you for forever. I even asked Belinda to look in her scry glass and see if she could find you."

"Belinda?"

"Oh you remember, her dad's a flower fairy, and her mom's a witch. Kinda strange that one." Settia rolled her eyes for emphasis.

"I take it she wasn't able to find me since you didn't come?"

“Of course not. If she had found you, I would have come right away. I missed you Jack.”

“I missed you too.”

“I thought you loved me. Why did you stay away so long?”

Uh, gotta distract her from the waterworks! “The important thing is I’m here now. You can do whatever you want with me.” He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

Settia couldn’t help grinning. *A better question would be what don’t I want to do with you?*

“Oh, I can think of a few things. Seems to me you’ve got some lost time to make up for.” She laid one hand on Jack’s chest and fluttered ebony eyelashes at him. “Seems to me that was supposed to be our first night, and now you’ve gone and made me wait a hundred years. What are you going to do about it?”

“Oh, I can think of a few things.” Jack parroted.

“Let’s go to my place.” Settia declared as she grabbed Jack’s hand and tugged.

“Aren’t you going to be cold?” Jack eyed her poinsettia body suit and wings.

“No. You forget my dad’s a fire elemental. I’m all toasty inside.” She threw him a saucy grin. “I may just melt you, Jack!” She teased.

“I seriously doubt that.” Jack huffed, finally giving in to her tugging and following her out the greenhouse door.

“I live here full-time now. I have my own cottage.” Settia tossed over her shoulder. “You’ll like it, it’s cozy.”

It wasn't long before they were standing in a small glade that had a cute little cottage straight out of a fairytale sitting square in the center. The pine trees standing all around it were decorated with glowing orbs in reds, greens, blues, purples and silvers, with garlands and lights to match. The cottage itself was red brick with lights shining down from the eaves.

Settia pushed open the door and the room instantly lit up. "It's not that big but since it's just me, I don't need much space."

There was a small living area with a couch, and a few low tables. The walls were lined with shelves and books.

"I like to read." Settia shrugged. "You wouldn't believe what some of the humans have been getting up to." She rolled her eyes for emphasis.

"I know. I went into a town once and was shocked to see they don't use horses to pull their carts anymore."

"I know, I know, their carts are horseless now, I think they're called horseless carriages." Settia shook her head in amazement. "If they've managed to invent that in only one century, it makes me wonder what they're going to do in one more."

"It doesn't bear thinking on. They're already encroaching on the wild places far more than they ever have before."

"I know. Sometimes I get scared they're going to find us here, but Santa says they can't. Some kind of shield or something." She waved one hand around.

Settia felt Jack's warmth against her side. "I think there's something better we'd like to do than talk about the humans, don't you?"

"Yes." Settia murmured breathlessly, his warmth blending with hers.

“Where’s your bedroom?” Jack whispered in her ear.

“Through there.” Settia pointed towards a darkened opening to the left.

Jack grabbed her hand this time. “Let’s go. You lead the way.”

Settia felt her heart begin to race. She was finally going to get the one thing she’d been longing for for all these years. She led Jack into her bedroom and the orbs on either side of the bed that had been a gift from her father, lit up with orange fire. The bed wasn’t huge, but it should accommodate them comfortably. A quilt covered in a poinsettia pattern, not unlike her wings and clothing, covered the bed.

She turned and took Jack’s other hand in hers. “So, here we are.” She said, looking up into his deep blue eyes.

“Yes.”

As he said the words he released one hand and reached out and touched one of her velvety wings, and Settia felt her insides clench. Her wings were definitely an erogenous zone! Unable to stop herself, she let out a breathy moan and tried to stand still.

“Like that do you?”

Settia nodded, and closed her eyes to better savor the feeling.

“Here, turn around. I’ll bet you’ll like this just as much.” Jack said in a low voice, releasing the other hand and gently turning her so she was facing away from him.

Gentle fingers skated down the side of one wing until they brushed her back where her wings emerged, before skating up the other side. Her stomach tightened at the heavenly feeling, her nipples knotted, and moisture rushed to her core.

“Well I see you definitely like this.” Jack nearly purred. “Your nipples are poking out like ripe little berries, and I’ll bet your slit is drenched. Shall I find out or do you want me to keep doing this?”

Settia couldn’t answer for long moments, the sensations were so intense, the gentle warm, rough fingers skating over her sensitive wings and back were taking all her concentration.

“So shall I find out how wet you are?” Jack repeated, his voice hoarse.

Gathering enough energy to nod was difficult, but she managed it.

“Okay, well as much as I’m loving touching these soft wings, I know you can pull them in, so why don’t you do that so we can lay down, hmm?”

With one final caress to her right wing, Settia felt him withdrawing. She took several deep breaths and then concentrated on getting her wings to retract. She was finally able to manage it a few moments later.

“Good, now why don’t you lie down?” Jack touched her right shoulder and then pointed to the bed.

“Good idea.” Settia tried not to squeak, but wasn’t able to quite manage it. Without looking at Jack she lay down and then closed her eyes for a moment before opening them again. When she finally looked, Jack was already half way undressed. The flame glow from the orbs was dancing on the bronze skin of his chest. He sat down on the bed with his back to her, and she couldn’t resist running the flat of one hand down his spine. He tensed for a just a moment before the muscles mellowed.

“I love your hands on me.” He said quietly.

“I’ve been wanting to touch you for so long.” Settia admitted. “But I didn’t know where you were, and I couldn’t leave Santa without a Poinsettia fairy.”

One of Jack’s boots hit the floor, muffled by the rag rug there, then the sound of the other followed. He stood still without commenting on her words, and shoved his pants down until he could kick them off. His cock already stood at attention and Settia felt her mouth water. It was just as nut brown as the rest of him, but was also long, and thick, the ruby head peeking from his sheath with slick pre-cum shining on the end. She wanted to taste that pre-cum in the worst way to see if he tasted like the cold winter snows he was named for.

Jack stretched out beside her and his warmth belied his name. “So, how about we take this off.” Jack reached out one hand to pluck at her body suit, and found only warm skin. His brow wrinkled before he turned questioning eyes on hers.

“It’s like a tattoo.” Settia explained. “Here I can make it disappear.” Concentrating she willed the beautiful artwork of her namesake from her skin. “There, all done.” She declared brightly.

“Oh, I think we’re far from done.” Jack’s deep blue eyes were glued to her body, and Settia grinned feeling even warmer inside.

“Like what you see?”

“Most definitely.” Jack reached down one hand to part her thighs before moving until he lay with his head above her mound. When his tongue swiped through her slit, Settia cried out.

“I knew it! You’re definitely drenched.” Jack lifted his head and gave her a grin. “I’m going to eat you up.” He warned before getting back to the task at hand.

The feel of Jack's warm, wet, rough tongue pulling slowly through her slit had Settia's head tipped back and digging into the pillow beneath it. Tingles raced from her core to her breasts where her nipples tightened so much they felt as though they'd burst through her skin, straight up her spine and to her brain where they burst into fireworks behind her closed eyes.

When the same delightful appendage pressed down on her clit before gently flicking it, Settia's hips pushed up frantically.

"Hmmm...Methinks she likes that." Jack murmured against the little button, the vibrations of his voice causing her hole to clench and more moisture to rush to the opening as her body prepared to climb the mountain of orgasm again.

Then Jack did something truly devilish, he scraped his teeth gently over the hood. Settia gave a soft scream and catapulted into her second orgasm.

When she opened her eyes again, Jack's laughing blue ones were there as she panted trying to catch her breath.

"Magic button will do it every time." His eyes twinkled like the crystals in new fallen snow, his platinum blonde hair falling forward and tickling her nose.

Finally she gave him a grin in return and said, "My turn." Shoving at his shoulders with her hand, she knew it was only because he let her that he was lying on his back now.

Settia slithered down his body like a snake, intent on getting to the prize of his long fat cock. She had plans for that cock. When she was finally face to face with the jutting appendage, she swiped her tongue over the ruby head, gathering the pre-cum that had seeped from the opening. The taste of musk and new born frost exploded across her

taste buds, and she slipped her tongue beneath the sheath searching for more of the flavor.

“Settia!” Jack groaned, his hand going to her head as though he weren’t sure whether to push her away or drag her closer.

Settia lifted her head and cocked one black eyebrow at him as though asking, “What? Are you saying you get to play and I don’t?”

When Jack didn’t answer except to groan again at the feel of her fingers gently tugging on his balls, she lowered her mouth down his cock until he was tickling the back of her throat. *Oh, yeah!*

The feel of him in her mouth brought tears to her eyes, though they didn’t fall. She had waited so long for this, and when so much time had gone by, she had been certain there would be no special night ever. No lover beyond compare who would love her no matter her heritage. Jack didn’t care that she was half fire elemental and that if she wanted she could easily fry him with one glowing ball. He loved her anyway. At least she thought he loved her.

Sucking diligently on the velvet soft organ, Settia’s brow wrinkled before she let him go with a pop. “Jack you do know I love you, don’t you?” She asked, lifting her head to find his eyes closed and his fists clenched so tightly his brown knuckles had turned white.

Jack lifted his head and gave her an incredulous look.

“You do, right?” Settia nibbled on her bottom lip nervously. *Why isn’t he answering?*

Jack finally nodded and his head dropped back to the pillow, but not before Settia saw him roll his eyes. *Just for that.*

Settia yawned and patted her mouth with one delicate hand. “Okay, well goodnight, Jack.” It was all she could do to force herself to climb off those hard muscled thighs. Suddenly two large hands grasped her waist.

“You aren’t going anywhere!” Jack growled.

Settia arched one eyebrow.

“Get back here, you little tease.” She grinned when Jack pulled her back to straddle his waist. His rigid cock was standing up so straight it was nearly waving at her. When he lifted her up and held her so her ripe, wet slit was nearly touching it, she almost laughed out loud at the look of begging on his face.

“I guess I’d better put you out of your misery, huh?”

“Yeah, now would be good.” Jack groaned, releasing her waist and going back to fisting the quilt.

Settia grabbed his hard cock and held it up and then slid down it until she was flush with Jack’s waist. “Mmmmmmmmm....Jack that’s so good!”

He filled her to capacity and then some. She could feel the tip of his cock nudging the opening to her womb. Closing her eyes and tipping her head back she shifted upwards and then back down again until she had established a working rhythm.

“Yes, sweetie, just like...that.” Jack moaned.

It was like someone had attached live wires to her insides. Everywhere that Jack touched little zings kept pinging to other parts of her body, particularly her nipples and clit. The pleasure built until she felt as though she were glowing, and she was certain

orgasm was imminent. Her walls tightened on the velvet club moving inside her, and just that fast lightning exploded in her brain and elsewhere and orgasm washed through her like a flood. Seconds later Jack cried out and the wet warmth of his cum splashed against her walls.

Settia dropped forward and collapsed on Jack's chest, their bodies still connected. She could feel their combined sweat begin to cool on their bodies as she lay there. Inside she felt almost bruised. "Uhhhhnnnn..." She moaned softly.

"You alive down there?" Jack rasped.

"I don't know."

"Me either. Maybe we should just take a nap."

"Good idea."

Just before she dropped off, she heard the softly whispered words, "Love you, Settia. Not letting you go...ever."