

After leaving the Niflian castle to go out on their date, Fjorm and Ike went to eat an expensive fancy restaurant. The princess, being richer than the mercenary, paid for their meals. Then they went out in one of the safe parts of the wilderness and threw snowballs at each other for fun. They had fun laughing as they competed to get more hits on each other. After that, they found a frozen lake in another part of the place. Fjorm asked, "Ike, have you ever ice-skated before?"

Ike shook his head, "No, I haven't. What's it like?"

The woman explained, "Ice-skating is when you wear these boots and use the blades on them to move on the ice without slipping easily." She took something out of her bag and showed him her pair of ice skates, which were brown leather with silver blades at the bottom. "I brought some your size as well." She pulled out a similar pair of skates that were bigger in size. She offered, "I can teach you to skate if you're interested."

The bearded man looked at her puzzled, "You brought these things with you?"

"Yes, I figured we might run into this lake when I took you out here. The ice should be hard enough for us to practice on."

"Okay then, let's see what this ice-skating is like."

Fjorm smiled, "You'll like it once you give it a try." They switched their shoes for the skates to wear and got on the ice.

"Whoa!" Ike felt his feet slide a bit without his control before he steadied himself and tried to remain still. The man became a bit nervous about this as he wondered if it was a good idea for him to be on the ice in the first place.

His wife held onto him and instructed encouragingly, "Just put your feet together in a V-shape and take baby-steps. You'll get used to the ice easier that way."

"If you say so," said the husband hesitantly. He got his feet into position and walked lightly as his wife kept holding onto him to support him.

The man made a few near slip-ups and Fjorm murmured, "Steady. Stand up nice and straight." Ike straightened his back and form before he resumed his steps. He was about to glance at his feet to see how well he's doing, but his wife told him, "Don't look below you. Just keep straight at all times."

"Got it," he replied. After a little while, Ike started to become used to the slippery floor below him.

Fjorm could feel that as well as she then instructed, "Now push your feet gently, one at a time." Ike slid one of his feet forward carefully and he felt himself slide a bit across the ice. He practiced with the other

foot and moved the same way as well. He kept on practicing his skating and he eventually settled into the activity, going a bit faster and getting used to this new pace. Fjorm smiled, "You're doing great, Ike! I knew you could do it. Now how about we do a little bit of dance together?"

The man chuckled, "Skating while dancing? Heh, this could be interesting."

"Follow my lead, alright?" So they danced together on the ice, keeping their feet on the surface as they moved across, and had fun. Ike stared into her eyes as they danced. How fitting she was here at this very moment. Being a princess of cold kingdom, wearing white & blue, having ice power, and now ice-skating. She was like an entity of a wonderful winter. After a while, a blizzard started to storm, blowing its snow hard through the air all over the land. Fjorm frowned, "A blizzard. We need to find a safe place to stay fast."

"Right," Ike agreed as they both wanted to get out of the ice storm immediately. They quickly switched their skates for their shoes and ran to find shelter. Soon, the couple spotted a cave and went deep inside it for shelter away from the wretched storm.

They ventured down the tunnel until they saw a pool of water with bits of steam rising from it. Fjorm said, "Look Ike, there's a hot spring over there. I bet you must be cold from all of our time outside." The woman was more used to the cold weather than her husband was. And that was due to having lived in Nifl all of her life.

Ike confirmed, "I sure am. Brrrr!" The both chuckled at his fake shiver and little joke.

Fjorm offered, "If you like, we can go into the pool to keep warm until the blizzard ends."

The bearded man took her up on it, "Sounds like a nice idea. I'll use my cape to dry us up after this." They took off all of their clothes and went into the hot spring naked. The water was very warm; it felt soothing and got rid of all the cold their bodies took in from the weather outside. Ike sighed contently, "Ahh, this feels so good! Does Nifl have a lot of hot springs, Fjorm?"

The woman answered, "Not many that I know of. This one is just one of the few I know. The others are just in bath houses." Then she asked, "Is this your first time in a hot spring?"

Ike answered, "It is; we don't have any back in Tellius. If you want to warm yourself, you just have to either find a cave to build a campfire or go inside a building and stay there for a while."

"We sometimes do the same thing here in Nifl when there's no hot spring."

"You got to do whatever it takes to keep yourself warm out there."

"I agree," Fjorm replied. Her face formed a giddy smile and then she said, "You know, Ike. This could be a

good spot to make love in."

"In the mood, are you?" the man asked with a slight blush to his face. "Well, I guess this is kind of kinky. Both of us naked in the spring and all." To be honest, he also had the idea to do his frosty goddess in the spring as well.

"It is," the woman agreed. With an amorous blush, she continued, "I can get you started by hardening you up."

"Yes please," he said. "I would like that." He pulled himself up on the edge and sat there. His legs were spread to give his wife room to pleasure him.

Fjorm smiled a giggle and then she got onto her four limbs which she used to crawl over to her husband. She took the limb member into her hand and then directed it to her open mouth. She closed her lips around it and began to bob her head up and down on it as she sucked him. Ike liked the feeling of his wife's wet cavern on him, it sent a warm, arousing sensation on his loins. As seconds went by, his penis erected itself and got longer, giving the princess more room to blowjob on. He held the back of her skull with one hand as she kept on going. Pretty soon, Ike started to feel himself wanting to shoot through his penis. He warned his wife in a gruff voice, "Fjorm, I think I'm going to cum."

"Mmokay," she muttered through the member in her mouth. She decided to take his cum down into her throat as she kept blowjobbing him. Then the man released his seed into her mouth. She swallowed the warm, salty liquid before she went to the edge of the spring. She got up and leaned herself over the edge, laying her front torso on the rocky floor and leaving her rear expose for her husband. She looked back at him and said, "I'm ready for you, Ike."

"Okey-dokey," he replied. Ike went over to her and inserted himself into her entrance. She had already willed her womanhood to be moist by the time he came the first time. The man began to thrust into her, pumping in and out. Despite her not being a virgin, he went slow and gentle so as not to bring up any bad memories of her rape in the USSR.

Fjorm hummed in pleasure, feeling her husband making love to her. It was so good, but it would better if he went faster. She understands that he was not trying to hurt her or anything. But this sex was consensual and she would never compare that to her past traumatic experience in the war against the USSR. The woman turned her torso around and held onto his back with one hand, telling him, "Ike, go faster. Please..." Without a word, the man began to hump her a bit faster. Fjorm began to moan softly as she enjoyed more of the pounding she received. With the position of her torso being sideways while holding onto him, Ike took the chance to give one of her boobs a squeeze, something his wife was delightful for. Then she let go of him and turned her torso back onto the ground. Ike's mind soon gives in to his instincts, making him fuck his wife harder than before. But it was only momentarily when he realized that he could be hurting her this way, so he reverted back to his previous pace. Fjorm seemed to understand his intent when she told him, "Ike, it's alright. I can take it. Give me all the love you can

provide." With her permission, the man was free to mindlessly pound her as hard as she could take it. The rhythmic movement made his wife's breasts swing back and forth like fruits on a tree from a strong wind. The fats of her butt cheeks were also jiggling with skin looking like water ripples. Her moans grew louder and she breathed in arousal, "Ike... You're so good..."

The man smirked, "And you feel so good!" Her cooch had tightened itself around him. Soon, he felt another twitch as he released in her again, filling her up as his pounding began to slow. Then he stopped and finished the rest of himself inside her. Ike pulled out and sat on the edge of the spring, groaning as he felt the aftereffect of his release. Fjorm went over to his private area and blowjobbed him again, this time, using her tongue to clean him off. No way was he going back in his pants as messy as he is. Once she got him cleaned up, the spouses got out of the spring and dried themselves with Ike's cape. The man smiled and breathed, "Man, I feel all warmed again! I'm glad we found this place, Fjorm."

"Me too," the woman shared his pleasure. "That spring was refreshing." Then she pointed to the cave's mouth and said, "And look, the blizzard's stopped. I guess it's safe to go on back home now."

"Yeah, probably," Ike replied. "Let's make sure the coast outside is really clear first." Being a very experienced mercenary, he knew that one must always be prepared for the possible dangers of the world around them, especially in the wilderness.

Fjorm agreed, "Good idea, I could be mistaken." They put on back their clothes with the husband having bundled his cape to carry, now that it was too wet to wear in the cold. They went to the cave's mouth and looked outside to the ice storm has softened into a lighter falling snow.

"Looks like you were right," Ike told her. "The blizzard has stopped."

"See? Told you. I know to identify what types of snowy weather I see in Nifl, whether it's near or far away."

He made a small smile, "I guess there's still some things I need to know."

His wife offered, "I can teach you along the way." So they left the cave and headed back into the city, where they went on their way to return home.

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The couple returned to the castle where they were greeted with the sight of the lamia girl, Lydia, holding the baby Fríge in her arms at the lobby. The babysitter made funny faces at the baby girl to entertain her and get a laugh. Ike was amused at this as he grinned, "Hey Lydia, are you practicing out to be a court jester to the princess?"

The lamia turned her head to the man and smiled at them, "Princess Fjorm, Ike, you're back! How did

your date go? I was taking care of your daughter while you were gone."

"Why thank you, Lydia," Fjorm appreciated. "We had a lot of fun out there. We had a snowball fight, we went ice-skating and...other stuff." She decided to leave out the part where they had sex at the hot spring, in case their friend was not into hearing about this type of thing.

Lydia commented, "That sounds great! Anyway, I got something good I want to tell you all."

Ike said, "We're all ears, Lydia. Let's hear it."

Lydia happily broke the news to them, "Princess Gunnthrá is having a baby!"

The couple were joyed to hear this revelation. Fjorm beamed, "Oh Gunnthrá, I'm so happy for her. That means I'm going to be an aunt."

Her husband smiled, "I bet Vlad must be really happy about this."

"He is," Lydia confirmed. "He's eager to be a good father to the baby once it's born. Come on, we should go congratulate your sister right now."

Fjorm said, "We're coming, Lydia." They went up the stairs with Ike holding his wife's hand as the lamia led them to the room that Gunnthrá and the others were in right now.