Watching You, Watching Me

by 4mation

Summary

Anna wants to indulge in a particular fetish. Elsa obliges her.

It was Anna’s idea. These sorts of things were always Anna’s idea. She had always been the adventurous one, the risky one, the one who loved danger and risk, the one with all the kinks and fetishes. It was Anna who would slip a note into Elsa’s hand requesting the Queen’s presence in the stables, who would whisper filthy things into the blonde’s ear under the pretence of hugging her sister, who would slip into the bedroom late at night with a bowl of chocolate syrup and a devious grin.

But even Anna (adventurous Anna, voracious Anna, shameless Anna) couldn’t quite keep her cheeks, neck and ears from glowing bright red when she suggested this particular event. Elsa had choked with surprise when she’d heard those words, whispered softly into her ear, her sister’s hot breath ghosting across her pale skin. She’d nearly snapped her pen in surprise, and the document she’d been signing now had an unsightly jagged line running across it from where Elsa’s hand had jerked, but that was the least of Elsa’s problems.

She should say ‘No’. Up until now, they’d taken risks before. They had been reckless, to be honest. But at least they’d been relatively safe. They’d taken precautions. They’d made sure that, where possible, nothing was left to chance.

But this was different. This involved Elsa’s powers. And where the Ismakt was involved, there was never a guarantee of safety, of security. It was powered by Elsa’s emotions, which, needless to say, tended to go a little crazy when her sister was doing... things with her tongue and fingers. More than once, Elsa had stabilised her breathing, panting as she came down from her orgasmic high, only to find the entire bedchamber was lightly dusted with snow. And that was just with regular sex. With something like this... It could be more than risky. This could actually be dangerous.
And so, Elsa refused. She’d put on her queenly mask and, in the most regal voice one could manage with a lap full of sexually-charged redhead, had flatly told Anna that this was too dangerous. There were too many variables, too many possibilities. Too much risk, too much chance of danger. Elsa didn’t know that much about her powers. She’d been training lately, in private, away from everyone else, but this wasn’t something that she’d ever practiced. If Olaf and Marshmallow were any indication, then there could be some extreme questions of morals as well. Elsa did not want to be responsible for bringing more living beings into this world when she was already overloaded with the duties of being Queen.

Much to Elsa’s relief, Anna had patiently listened to Elsa’s reasons for refusing, and when the blonde had reiterated her concerns to her sister, the younger had graciously acquiesced to Elsa’s wishes, and promised not to bring up the matter again. Elsa had been intensely relieved by her sister’s surprisingly easy acceptance. Normally, it was Elsa who would be talked into whatever scheme Anna had concocted. It felt good to know that no matter how completely Anna ruled the bedchamber, Elsa was still the older sister, and still possessed the authority to veto Anna’s ideas if necessary.

Unfortunately, Elsa hadn’t realised how dependent she’d become on their nightly activities. Nor had she realised just how patiently devious Anna was capable of becoming if the situation required it. Nor had she realised just how frustrating it was to talk to a locked door with no response from the other side.

And so, after a week of torturously lonely nights in which the Queen of Arendelle discovered that her fingers weren’t a suitable substitute for her lover, Anna, still smirking from her victory, announced that the Queen would be staying at a retreat for a few days. Queen Elsa was weary, the Princess announced, and she would benefit from a short vacation. She had requested that no companion other than her sister accompany her, explaining that they needed to catch up on some much-needed family time. The location of the retreat would not be revealed, and nobody was to follow or attempt to contact them for the duration of their stay. Captain Halden, commander of the Royal Guard, had looked extremely unhappy about the entire affair, whilst Lord Ivar, spymaster of Arendelle, had been extremely miffed that none of his spies were permitted to even attempt to follow the Queen and Princess. Kai had been exasperated by this sudden holiday, while Gerda had sighed and sent a maid to help Princess Anna pack. Elsa’s own luggage was taken care of by her handmaiden, a young woman named Kaya that Anna only vaguely knew.

Thus, by the end of that week, Anna and Elsa were comfortably nestled in Kristoff’s sled with a few bags containing clothes, toiletries, food, and sleeping comforts. The Ice Master himself was to ensure their safe arrival and departure from their retreat, and thus had been forced to endure a lecture from Captain Halden regarding security and potential punishments should any harm come to either royal. Half an hour later, Kristoff managed to disentangle himself from the enormous Captain’s grip and leapt into the sled, scratching Sven behind the ears. He’d glanced back at the two sisters (who were surreptitiously holding hands under the blanket stretched across their knees), rolled his eyes, and then snapped the reins, urging his old friend to sprint as fast as he could. It was a long way to the North Mountain, and Kristoff wanted to be back by dinner. What the sisters planned to eat atop a frozen mountain, Kristoff didn’t really know, but, judging by the glances and blushing, he suspected that they might be a bit too preoccupied for supper that particular day.

Anna gasped as she felt cold lips press icy kisses to her bare neck. Her lips curled upwards in a
taunting smirk, but it was quickly lost as her mouth formed an ‘O’ of surprise as she felt frosty fingers pinch at her nipples. The dark areolas were hard and pebbled from the cold and sexual excitement alike, and a sensual moan burst from the redhead. The sound itself was enough to cause Elsa to feel fresh wetness leaking down her thighs.

The blonde let out a small squeak of surprise as she felt hands tugging at her hair, pulling her down into a deep kiss. Although she’d never admit it to the younger (Anna already had way too much embarrassment ammunition), Elsa couldn’t help but feel a little turned on when the redhead got a little rough. The blonde moaned into the kiss, smooth lips gliding against her own. Elsa twisted her fingers, and she heard Anna inhale sharply.

Grinning, pleased that she’d finally gotten the upper hand, Elsa pressed her advantage and let the power flow through her, small snowflakes blossoming from her fingertips as they formed small frosty pads to cover Anna’s nipples. Unlike her normal ice, which lasted forever, Elsa deliberately formed the ice to be imperfect, so that the heat from Anna’s body would soon melt them. However, until that happened, Anna would have to deal with a constant assault of shocking cold pinching at her breasts, whilst Elsa’s hands remained free to wander as they pleased. Judging by the gasp of intense need that burst from her sister’s lips, Elsa guessed that the pads were effective.

“I am so going to make you pay for this,” Anna panted, and Elsa felt the hands entwined in her hair tighten as Anna desperately clung onto something, trying not to scream in pleasure as the pads pinched hard. Even here, in Elsa’s ice castle, the sisters fought hard to not make too much noise during their lovemaking, a habit born from months of hiding their trysts from the castle staff.

A habit that was becoming extremely hard to keep when Elsa’s hands cupped the Anna’s breasts before moving lower down her sister’s body, tracing over a toned stomach and muscular thighs.

“I love how strong you’ve become,” Elsa murmured into her sister’s ear. Anna shivered as she felt an icy touch ghost over the hard muscles in her legs. “It’s so sexy. All that swordfighting’s definitely made you toned.” Elsa nipped at Anna’s ear, reveling in her sister’s gasp as cold lips bit down on her earlobe. “Improved your stamina, too. Remember the early days, when I’d be left high and dry because you couldn’t stay awake after you came?”

“S- Shut up!” Anna gasped, wondering when the tables had turned. Normally, it was Anna who was teasing, biting, dominating. But there was something about this castle, something about being on the North Mountain far away from Arendelle, that made Elsa act differently. Less controlled. More confident. More free.

Icy teeth nibbled Anna’s neck while the pads on her nipples contracted again, causing another gasp to burst from the younger’s lips. “It made Elsa naughtier, too.”

“I wasn’t swordfighting,” Anna protested, biting the inside of her cheek as she struggled not to orgasm right then and there when she felt a frosty nail trace her outer lips, just teasing her dripping, warm entrance. It would be extremely embarrassing if she came before Elsa even really touched her there. “I’m dancing. Swordfighting is for amateurs. Anyone can have a swordfight, but only masters can dance. Fencing is an a-art, and I’m an artist, not some fucking knight banging a sword on a shield!”

“Ooh, swearing,” Elsa teased, drawing spirals all around Anna’s labia, fingers leaving trails of frost in their wake. Elsa flicked her pinkie, and was rewarded by another cry from her sister as the pads clamped down. “Is someone a little cranky?”

“Gods, Elsa, if you don’t put those fingers in me right now, I swear to everything that is good in this world, you’re going to be sleeping alone for a fucking month when we get back. Can you
imagine that? You barely lasted a week before you came crawling back to me. What would a month be like?”

“I could handle it,” Elsa said dismissively, not wanting to give in. She was having far too much fun teasing her sister, finally getting payback for all those times in Arendelle when Anna had made the blonde beg for release, panting as she threw aside her pride and her authority as Queen and elder just so that Anna would hurry up and put her damn tongue back in. “Believe it or not, there’s more to being Queen than having your sister eat you out on a throne.”

“You think you can handle it?” Anna taunted, blinking hard as she bit down on a scream of frustration as Elsa’s fingers glided over her clit again, not staying long enough to relieve even a fraction of the pressure building in Anna’s groin. Sweat dripped down the redhead in an endless shiny sheen, a stark contrast to the cold, smooth body pressed against the Princess. “You think I don’t know how hard you tried to get off every night? How you’d moan my name into your pillows, your hips thrusting as you tried to get your fingers deeper inside? How nothing you tried worked and you had to try falling asleep completely frustrated? You should’ve seen yourself, Elsa. You were a wreck, every morning. And you just looked worse and worse as the week went by. It was actually really funny for me, going down to breakfast and seeing you all grouchy and grumpy. And that was just for a couple of days. You really think you’d last a month?”

“I could handle it,” Elsa boasted with a confidence she didn’t really feel. On the one hand, Anna falling apart from sheer frustration as she grinded helplessly against the cold body pressed to her back, trying to get some form of friction... Elsa would remember this for years to come. On the other hand, Elsa knew that she wouldn’t be able to maintain her dominance anywhere outside of this castle. Here, she was free, uninhibited, liberated. But back in Arendelle… back in Arendelle, she had to be Queen Elsa again, and she had no doubt that Anna would use that to her advantage. Her sister would abuse the rules that Elsa had to follow to torture her in an endless cycle of unfulfilled orgasms and teasing touches, never fully delivering until Elsa broke down and gave in.

In a fit of petulance, Elsa made the frosty pads pinch down hard, taking childish satisfaction in Anna’s groan that was half pleasure, half frustration.

“You... You’d never be able to handle it,” Anna taunted. Her breath was coming in short pants, and this time she did scream when she felt the cold finger just barely dipped into her hot core before immediately pulling out again. “You need me, Elsa. Just like I need you. But unlike you, I’m fine waiting a month. You, though… What would people say if they knew just how much of a sex maniac their Queen was? I’m always tempted to just not touch you for a few days, just to get you flustered. You get so frustrated, it’s adorable. Not to mention sexy. You’re always dripping if we go for more than three days without sex. Not to mention the look you get in your eyes… Gods, it’s so hot. You look so hungry, so starved… in fact,” and Elsa felt the head pressed against her tilt away so that it was looking straight ahead. “You’ve got that look in your eyes right now. Why don’t you take a look, Elsa?”

Elsa looked up from the smooth neck to see Anna grinning back at her. Over Anna’s shoulder, Elsa stared into eyes that, despite being made of nothing but ice and snow and frost, somehow glowed with a desperatestarved look. The look of pure need in those eyes shocked Elsa. Did she always look like this?

Unconsciously, Elsa twisted her fingers to dissolve the pads on Anna’s nipples, and the movement caused her wrist to press down on the icy nub beneath her hand. Anna moaned as the icy grip on her breasts vanished whilst the hand carefully constructed from ice to mimic Elsa’s own ground against her clit. Throwing her head back, Elsa felt cold, snowy hair brush into her face as the figure in her grip tossed its head back with a silent moan of its, perfectly mimicking Anna’s movements.
Elsa gasped as she felt frozen hands reach behind her to grab her ass, each hand kneading a cheek. She glared across the room at her sister, whose grin widened as she groped the rump that was a perfect, snowy reconstruction of Elsa’s own.

“Mm, sis…” Anna moaned, dragging her tongue over her lips as she stared at Elsa fondling an icy reconstruction of the redhead. Anna squeezed harder on the snowy rear in her hands, and she couldn’t help but revel in seeing her frozen doppelganger mimic her movements, gripping the real Elsa’s ass. “We look so sexy.”

Elsa bit her lip to fight down the moan that threatened to erupt as a result of Anna’s words combined with the cold fingers digging into her butt cheeks.

“We’d better,” the blonde retorted, dragging one hand up from the figurine’s thigh to cup its snow-filled breast. She watched in fascination as the ice Elsa she’d constructed copied her movements exactly, and the Queen felt herself getting wetter at Anna’s moan as a cold hand squeezed down on the redhead’s breast. “Do you have any idea how long it took me to make these? Hours of careful design, hours more to make them feel like real people, and then an entire day working out how to make the magic work… Do you think just anyone can make ice puppets that perfectly mimic someone’s movements?”

“Of course not,” Anna drawled. She smirked at Elsa, and couldn’t help but feel a twinge of pleasure in her stomach as her doppelganger smirked back at her. “But you’re not anyone. You’re my sister.” Anna languidly released the Elsa clone’s rear, and she ran her hands up its frozen sides, delighting in its realistic shudder as Elsa moaned across the room. “You’re the Queen of Arendelle.” Anna gripped Elsa’s doppelganger’s head in her hands, watching in delight as her own clone copied her actions, holding the real Elsa’s head in hands painstakingly made from ice. “The Snow Queen.” Anna pulled the fake Elsa’s head in for a kiss, but she kept her eyes open. It was definitely a weird experience, Anna decided as she swept her tongue across frozen lips, watching yourself make out with someone. But there was undeniably a certain… sexiness to the whole thing.

“So, Elsa,” Anna continued as she pulled away from the construct holding her to face her sister. She had to constantly remind herself not to whisper; there was nothing that broke the mood more than having to repeat yourself because your lover couldn’t hear you from across the bedchamber. “Why don’t you do yourself a favour and please just fuck ice-me? Because I’m dripping wet over here, and I think that ice-you is going to melt soon if we don’t hurry up.”

“She won’t melt,” Elsa grumbled. “I made her with my best ice. There’s no way I’d make myself with anything less than perfection.”

“Narcissist,” Anna laughed. Her chuckles caught in her throat when she felt (finally!) a cold finger probe at her entrance, the nail just barely dipping inside. The Princess checked across the room only to find Elsa taking a deep breath and closing her eyes, getting ready to finger the living daylights out of her baby sister’s doppelganger. “Wait!”

Elsa’s eyes flew open and her hand jerked to the side. Anna winced as the icy finger drew a sharp line across her leg. The Queen glanced worriedly at her sister.

“What is it? Are you okay?”

Anna sighed. “I’m fine, Elsa. It’s nothing serious. It’s just that… don’t close your eyes. Keep your eyes open. I want you to watch.”

For all her supreme intellect, Elsa seemed to have a hard time processing that command.
“What?”

Anna reached up and took a hold of the Elsa-clone’s head, tilting it to face forward over her shoulder. Anna’s own copycat did the same, taking the real Elsa’s face in hand and making the Queen face her sister.

“I want you to watch yourself take me. I want you to look at us. We’ll see exactly what we look like when we’re making love. And we’ll see with our own eyes that there is nothing wrong with what we’re doing, because there is no way that something this beautiful could ever be wrong.”

Elsa took a deep, shuddering breath, and Anna felt snowy breasts push against her back as the ice-Elsa copied the original’s movements, even if it itself didn’t need the air. When Elsa looked up again, her eyes met Anna’s, and the Princess momentarily forgot to breathe at the sheer love and need that shone in those blue eyes.

“Okay. Okay. But only if you watch as well.”

Anna grinned, and marvelled as she saw herself grin back.

“Are you kidding? I wouldn’t miss this for the world.”

And then, Elsa drove two fingers straight into the construct’s body, and Anna moaned as two icy fingers entered her, diving deep into her body. Anna frantically reached behind herself and, after some scrambling, fingers sliding off frozen skin, jammed two fingers of her own into the doppelganger clutching her. Elsa’s scream of pleasure echoed towards Anna from the other side of the room, and that sound was enough to cause Anna to fall apart. Shuddering, Anna came with a gasp, unable to make any louder sound as the sheer joy and love caught in her chest, unable to find its way out of her body. Anna panted and moaned, and she furiously pumped her own fingers faster, unwilling to leave Elsa unsatisfied. Elsa’s own moans grew in a crescendo of pleasure as icy fingers drove into her over and over, before finally Elsa came, screaming, the ice of the walls crackling as fresh layers of frost burst all over them. Anna felt ice-cold liquid burst forth onto her fingers as the clone behind her shivered and trembled, struggling to keep itself upright. The sounds of Elsa’s scream echoed throughout the bedchamber of her ice palace, ringing so that it sounded like a thousand Elsa’s were all exploding in pleasure all at once. It was the best thing that Anna had ever heard.

Soon, though, the ringing faded away, leaving only the sounds of two young women panting as they basked in the afterglow of their earth-shattering orgasms. They remained that way, holding or being held by an icy construction of their lover, trying to regain their bearings.

Finally, Anna managed to stand up, pulling away from the doppelganger’s cold embrace. Elsa, drained of energy, let herself fall to the ground, slumping down exhausted as ice-Anna rose unsteadily to her feet.

Anna started walking on trembling legs to her sister, who had collapsed boneless to the ground. To her surprise, her doppelganger continued to mimic her movements, and thus walked across the room as well, meeting the original halfway. Anna stood before herself, eyes wandering over Elsa’s flawless work. The ice clone was an exact replica of Anna, right down to the freckles sprinkled across her body.

Anna felt Elsa’s eyes on her, no doubt lying in a blissful haze of pleasure as she watched not one, but two nude Annas. The pervert. Anna glanced at her sister, lying on the floor with a lazy smile on her face, and she noticed out of the corner of her eye that her clone had copied her movements, staring back at the ice-Elsa lying on the other side of the room. Turning back to face her replica,
Anna raised an eyebrow. The clone did the same.

“We should give them a show, shouldn’t we?” Anna asked, the clone mimicking Anna’s mouth movements, incapable of actual speech. Anna nodded sagely in response, as did the doppelganger.

Anna gripped her ice self’s chin, feeling cold fingers on her own. She pulled herself in for a kiss, pressing her warm lips against their frozen copies. She heard a flabbergasted gasp as Elsa spluttered, and Anna smirked, enjoying her sister’s surprise. That noise of utter confusion and hidden delight was so worth this weird display of selfcest, Anna decided. Pulling away, she flashed herself a dazzling smile, and was rewarded in kind. The redhead turned away from her clone and sauntered to where Elsa lay on the floor, mouth flapping in a spectacular imitation of a goldfish.

“Enjoy the view, sis?” Anna teased.

Elsa’s mouth worked rapidly as she tried to come up with a response, before finally settling on the first comprehensible thought her brain managed to come up with.

“I don’t know whether I’m super jealous, or super turned-on,” Elsa admitted. Anna had to laugh at that, plonking down next the naked blonde and pulling her into a hug.

“Don’t worry, Elsie, you’ll always be my favourite-”

“Elsie?”

“- even if I am super sexy,” Anna continued, ignoring her sister’s glare.

“That you are,” Elsa admitted. She sighed and pulled Anna closer to herself, before noticing their doppelgangers across the room, still mimicking their movements. Elsa twisted Anna to face them. “Look at us. Aren’t we cute?”

Anna giggled. “We sure are. Oh, and Elsa?” Anna wriggled her fingers. “Really? What exactly came out of ice-you?”

Elsa’s cheeks flushed bright red. “It’s just water, you perv. Don’t get too excited. I just, you know, added that in so that it would feel more realistic.”

“Hey, hey, I’m not angry!” Anna said, raising her hands defensively. “I was just wondering. Actually,” Anna said thoughtfully before sucking on her finger contemplatively. “I’m actually kinda disappointed. Just water?”

Elsa buried her face into Anna’s shoulder. “Shut up. Just shut up. It was for the sake of realism. You said you wanted as close a replica as possible. You’re such an ungrateful brat. After all the work I put in. Maybe I should just replace you with ice-you. She’s just as good at sex, and she doesn’t tease me all the time.”

“Don’t be stupid, Elsa,” Anna sang airily. “You could never replace me. You’d miss real-me too much.”

“That’s true,” Elsa admitted, cuddling against Anna. “She’s too cold. I like the real you. You’re actually warm. And it doesn’t feel like I’m dipping my fingers into an ice cube.”

“Gee, you say the sweetest things,” Anna deadpanned. She burrowed her head into Elsa’s chest. “Now, me, on the other hand, I could totally replace you with ice-you. Just like you, she doesn’t really talk much. Oh, and she’s fantastic at sex, which is great.”
“It’s not the same, Anna,” Elsa mumbled, twisting around as she tried to get comfortable on the hard ice floor.

“Oh, but it is, dear sister,” Anna teased. She flashed her sister a winning smile. “Unlike mine, your vagina actually does feel like an ice cube in real life.”

Thus, for the first night of their stay on the North Mountain, Anna found herself sleeping alone on the couch.

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