

Ginger's Bread Man

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One more button... The last bit of icing flowed from the tip of Ginger's decorator's bag, covering the remainder of the exposed cookie. Perfection. Utter, unimaginable, culinary cookie perfection. She'd made the world's perfect gingerbread man. Her entry for the annual *Kickazz Cookie Contest* was complete. The finals were tomorrow, Christmas Day, and she finally had her entry ready for submission.

The perfect cookie lay on the counter. She'd really outdone herself this year. Her gingerbread man was topless, with a cowboy hat, blue jeans and boots. Ginger's very own baked cowboy.

"Too bad you're not a real cowboy. I'd really love to save a horse right about now." Laughing, Ginger pulled her apron off. She needed a shower.

Fifteen minutes later, feeling refreshed, Ginger was back in the kitchen to clean up. She gathered the remnants of her baking extravaganza and placed everything in the sink. As she began wiping down the counter, she realized something her cookie was gone! Someone -- probably Mildred McHoffenheimer -- had broken in to her house to steal her winning cookie. That cookie stealing witch!

Ginger snatched the phone off the hook and began dialing Mildred's number. A large hand took the phone from her and placed it back on the cradle. With a screech, she whirled on the intruder and her heart stopped. Good Lord, it was her cookie. Live and in living color.

"Cookie?" She whispered, unsure of what she was seeing. The man before her looked exactly as she imagined her cookie would appear -- sandy hair capped off with a pale cowboy hat, deep, bronzed tan. His body appeared to have been made of carved granite. She letting her gaze wander lower, but she didn't get past the bulge in his blue jeans. Yep, this man was a great big version of her cookie. Damn, she'd be winning this year, and in more ways than one.

"Well, darlin'," he drawled. And damn if he didn't have that southern twang she imagined as she kneaded the dough. "You can call me cookie if you'd like, but I sure would love it if you screamed my name as you come."

"Oh. Oh my." She licked her lips. "What's your name?"

Cookie leaned closer, his lips a hair's breadth away from her own. "Graham."

The absurdity of a gingerbread man being name Graham was beyond comprehension. He sealed his mouth to hers, his first kiss, their first kiss, was gentle, but Graham remained insistent. He licked and teased the seam of her lips, and she imagined him whispering pleas for entrance.

She opened for him, groaning when their tongues twined and danced as he explored her mouth. Ginger clutched his shoulders, knees going weak as their kiss intensified. She molded her body to his, pressing her breasts against his chest and cradling his erection with her hips. He had her hot and ready to go with a kiss.

All hesitation, not that there had been much anyway, fled when he cupped her cheek and pulled out of their kiss slowly. "I've been waiting to do that from the moment you pulled me out of the oven."

He slid his hands along her shoulders, stroking her arms. She tensed when he reached for the tie of her robe. She wasn't wearing anything beneath it and she wasn't thin or toned in any way. Ginger's curves had baby curves of their own which seemed to multiply daily. He must have sensed her discomfort. Graham leaned forward and pressed a soft, lingering kiss to her lips before pulling back to look at her. "Just want to see every inch of this lush body, darlin'. Want to stare at every luscious inch of you before I taste you from head to toe."

Oh Lord. The way he spoke about her curves, she actually believed he spoke the truth. Ginger didn't bat an eye when he slid the silk off her shoulders and she stood before him, bare as the day she was born.

"Damn, you're beautiful!" The expression on his chiseled face couldn't be denied.

"No Graham, that's you." She stroked his chest, smiling as his tiny nipple hardened beneath her fingertips. She nibbled her lower lip, desperately wanting to lick, but resisting.

Graham growled low in his throat, the sound vibrating through his chest. "Come here, darlin', and let me have some of that icing that smells so sweet."

Ginger furrowed her brows, confused. "But Graham, I used all the icing..."

Graham scooped her up in his arms and placed her on her kitchen island. The cool granite counter sent a shiver along her spine. Or was it the fact that Graham dropped to his knees and nudged her thighs apart? She didn't know and when Graham leaned close, his nose less than an inch from her pussy, and inhaled... she didn't care.

"Now that, darlin', is the sweetest icing this man has ever had the pleasure of being near. Keep those legs open for me while I get a taste." The last few words were barely a whisper as he stuck his tongue out and lapped at her juices.

From the moment she'd allowed herself to believe this man was her cookie, she'd been wet. And now Graham was taking care of her. He nibbled, licked, lapped and sucked on her pussy, not a single inch left untouched. Just when she was ready to fist her fingers in his hair and shove his mouth where she needed it the most, he began pleasuring her in earnest.

Graham alternated between hummingbird fast flicks of her clit to Hoover-like suction. Each time she approached her peak, he'd back off and force her to back away from her climax. Over and over again he aroused her. Shudders wracked her body which had nothing to do with the cool granite beneath her jiggly ass and everything to do with the man between her legs.

Frustrated beyond belief, she broke down and begged. "Please, Graham," she whined. "Need more, need you."

Like a cat, Graham rolled to his feet, popping the buttons on his jeans with inhuman speed to free his cock. The first glimpse of his erection stole Ginger's breath. Long, thick, hard and cut, Graham had a cock women fantasized about. Yeah, just as she imagined.

Wasting no time, he captured Ginger's lips in another searing kiss and she shivered when he probed her entrance with the tip of his cock. She widened her thighs in response. Wrapping her legs around his waist and hooking her ankles together, she tried to pull him closer. She wanted his cock in her! Now!

Graham eased the very head of his dick into her pussy and just as quickly pulled it back out again. In and out. In and out. Over and over again he teased her with the tiniest hint of his cock before taking it away again. Ginger tightened her legs around him, tensing her muscles as she tried to force him into her pussy.

"Please, Graham," she begged.

"Now darlin', all you had to do was ask," he drawled. Before she could take another breath, Graham shoved his thick dick straight into her pussy with one forceful thrust that left her gasping for breath. He stretched her like no other lover before and filled her to the point of almost pain. She clutched his shoulders, pulling him closer and savoring the feeling of being possessed by this man, completely.

He didn't give her much time to adjust to his size. Face buried in the crook of Graham's neck, Ginger gasped when he pulled out of her spasming cunt and thrust forward again, grunting as he fully seated himself.

"God, yes, Graham. Fuck me." Ginger had never been one for dirty talk during sex, but she'd also never fucked one of her pastries either. Graham grunted in response and gripped her hips. Oh, Ginger liked this. Liked it a lot. She had a feeling she was in for a wild ride and she tightened her hold on Graham's shoulders. "Fuck me, Cookie."

Graham began pistoning his cock in and out of Ginger's pussy. Gone was the teasing and slow, leisurely love making. In its place was raw fucking and she loved every second.

Over and again he thrust in and out of her cunt, the tip of his cock rubbing her inner walls in just the right spot. Shudders and shivers raced down Ginger's spine as her orgasm approached. It edged closer with every thrust and retreat of Graham's dick. As if sensing her climax was near, he increased his pace.

Faster still his hips moved and she rocked against him, meeting him and increasing the power behind his thrusts. His pelvic bone slammed against her clit with every meeting of their hips and she panted and moaned against his neck. So close.

His pace continued, never slowing and he didn't show signs of tiring. The spasms increased, her pussy squeezing his cock with every invasion. So. Fucking. Close.

"Gonna come, Cookie." She warned. Damn did she want him to come with her.

"Come on my cock, darlin'."

Yeah, she liked the sound of that. Loved the way he drawled the word darlin' and how strained he sounded as he spoke. He wasn't unaffected and from the sound of things, he was so close to coming.

Fast and steady would get her there, he just needed to keep things going the way they were. Again and again his hips met hers until finally... oh fuck, finally she came.

She squeezed his cock with her cunt for all she was worth as every muscle in her body tightened in response to her orgasm. Even her toes curled as she screamed his name against his neck. Digging her nails into his shoulders as the shudders wracked her body, she panted and moaned with each new wave of pleasure. Oh, she'd been fucked, but good.

Distantly, she recognized her own name being screamed as Graham tensed between her thighs. When she could finally breathe, she released Graham, pulling her fingers free of his arm. He winced and she gasped when she saw the deep marks her nails had left.

“Well, damn, darlin’, you darn near broke the skin.” He chuckled and she released the breath she’d been holding only to suck it in again as he rocked his hips against her. The bit of guilt she’d begun feeling vanished when she realized he was teasing.

“Yeah? Well that’s how the cookie crumbles when you fuck a baker, darlin’.”

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