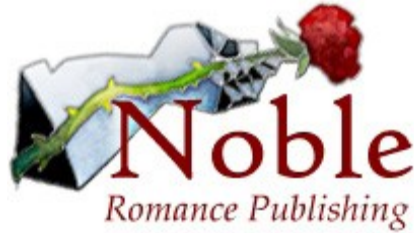


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The Gingerbread Tryst

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### **Book Blurb**

Meet Marisa, a restless homemaker who spends her time baking, masturbating and dabbling in magic. Happily married, Marisa only wishes her husband Don could keep up with her insatiable need for sex. She craves orgasms daily and her sex drive has become a sore spot in an otherwise happy marriage.

Determined to find a solution to ramp up Don's libido, she turns to magic. After trying magical amulets and oils, Marisa discovers a book that contains wish spells. Throwing

caution to the wind, she decides to experiment with an incantation that could make her naughty gingerbread man cookie a real flesh and blood man.

Taken by surprise . . . literally, Marisa indulges in a delicious sexual rendezvous that ends up going further than she could have ever imagined. This delightfully sexy tale offers up hot thrills sure to please any sweet tooth!

## **The Gingerbread Tryst**

**By Nichelle Gregory**

Somewhere not far from the city, lived a middle-aged woman named Marisa with her husband, Don. Although Marisa loved her husband very much, she spent a lot of time alone as a result of her husband's hectic work schedule, which left her feeling lonely and bored with her homemaker's life. A loner, she spent her time decorating their home, dabbling in magic, cooking or masturbating.

Her husband would often travel out of the country on business, and sometimes he'd be gone for weeks at a time. Marisa looked forward to his homecomings, and she'd often surprise him at the door, holding a bottle of wine in one hand and wearing nothing but her skimpiest lingerie. On good nights they'd make love for hours and on the nights he fell asleep too tired to have sex, Marisa would sulk. She wanted to make love all the time and her day wasn't complete unless she had achieved an orgasm. She craved the big O like most women craved new shoes. Don always brought her to a climax when they made love, but he didn't understand her demanding sex drive, which had become a sore spot in her marriage.

With Don gone most of the time, Marisa was left to her own devices . . . literally. Using the Internet and her own credit card, she'd accumulated quite a collection of sex toys to indulge her insatiable cravings. From glass dildos and anal plugs, to vibrators, she made sure something in her box of pleasures got her off.

Marisa considered masturbation an art form. She could spend hours playing with her pussy until she achieved the perfect climax . . . or two. She loved creating the mood for her me-fuck-me sessions and always took special care to set up before pussy play. The right lingerie, music or lightning could change how fast she came or the intensity of her release.

Her second passion was baking and cooking. Her husband loved watching her cook, and he enjoyed tasting all the delicious dishes and desserts. He built a fabulous stainless steel kitchen, customized and equipped with double ovens, every cooking gadget available on the market, and loads of marble counter space. Marisa enjoyed Don's reaction to her sumptuous goodies and was thrilled many of her decadent treats led to sweet sex.

Marisa's third favorite pastime revolved around the supernatural. She collected books about magic and spells. Don didn't know about her clandestine hobby or all the magic amulets, oils and other such items locked away in a private chest in her closet. Over the course of a year, Marisa had amassed quite a collection of things she had either worn or covertly applied to Don in hopes of increasing his sex drive. None of the items seemed to have a lasting effect, if any at all, but Marisa was determined to find a successful incantation. Then she would have everything she ever wanted.

The holidays were just around the corner and Marisa had promised her husband Christmas cookies when he got home from work. Standing before the bathroom mirror, she wiped the steam from the glass, looking for signs of age on her face. Her green eyes glowed, and freckles dusted her cheekbones. Her full lips curved up into a gentle smile. At forty, she felt certain she could pass for ten years younger.

She stepped over to the full-length mirror, admiring her luscious curves. Baking as often as she did made resisting her own cooking difficult, but Marisa loved her rounded hips and juicy thighs. Her skin was a pretty pink, flushed from the heat of the shower as she applied her favorite lotion. Towel drying her shoulder-length red hair,

she swiveled to look at her breasts. She considered them to be her best feature. They sat high and firm on her chest with big rosy nipples hardening in the coolness of the air. She tweaked one, sucking in her breath as a shiver of pleasure coursed through her body. A nice, slow, multiple orgasm was just what she needed to get in the mood to bake.

Walking into their huge master bedroom, Marisa groped under the king-size bed for her treasure trove of sex toys. She selected an extra thick dildo then crossed the plush carpet to open all the curtains. The morning sun hit her naked skin, casting shadows onto the floor, and her burnt orange hair seemed to be aflame in the reflection of the window.

Turning on *Debussy's Clair de Lune*, she adjusted the volume then lounged across the leather chaise in the sunlight, massaging her breasts and gently rubbing her trimmed pussy. Lifting one leg over the back of the chair, she let the soft melody of the piano music float around her, guiding her touch and speed. She was in no hurry and she reveled in each knowing caress of her slick, sensitive folds. With every practiced movement of her fingers she edged closer to orgasm, but she held back, building the delicious tension. Raising the rubber dildo to her lips, Marisa encircled her tongue around the soft silicone toy while imagining it to be her husband's dick in her mouth. She could almost hear Don's hoarse moans in her mind as she brought the dildo down to her silky wetness. She teased herself with a few short strokes before plunging the seven inches of rubber fully into her greedy pussy.

Moaning softly, she worked her hand in and out of her creamy core, playing with her clit and rocking her hips. She moved in time with the music, pushing the manmade cock in harder and deeper. The slow pace of the strokes was a lesson in patience and Marisa loved disciplining herself. When she could take the teasing tempo no more, she began moving the dildo at a feverish pace, music forgotten and only the sound of her breathy moans in her ears. The orgasm spiraled from deep within, zipping

through her body in dizzying vibrations, making her cry out. She opened her eyes, unable to focus as the walls of her vagina continued to quiver around the toy. Breathing more slowly, Marisa took the dildo from her pussy and tasted her own juices. She became aware of the music again as it crested into a soothing finale.

Now she was ready to bake!

Dressed in only lace panties and her favorite apron, she went to the kitchen. She spent the rest of the morning making different kinds of cookie dough she'd cut into shapes later and bake. With the dough chilling in the fridge, she decided to take a little break. She threw on jeans and a sweater then put on her heavy wool coat and boots. As she stepped outside, she drew in a deep breath of crisp cold air. Walking at a leisurely pace through the snow, Marisa enjoyed the sights and sounds around her. The whole town came alive during the holiday season with special festivals and concerts that drew in many tourists. She window-shopped along the way to her favorite little quaint bookstore, which specialized in carrying a wide variety of unusual books.

Marisa opened the door, setting off jingly bells hanging above her head, and entered the store. She headed to the section dedicated to magic and spells, carefully running her fingers over the dusty old leather bindings. She stopped when her gaze fell upon a purple book pushed to the back of the shelf. Something about the book's markings stood out as she picked it up. As she began flipping through the pages, her excitement grew. The book contained nothing but erotic spells, and Marisa felt certain one of the incantations inside would do just the trick where Don's sex drive was concerned.

Walking back to the front of the store, Marisa could hardly contain herself. She couldn't wait to get home and go through the spells more carefully. Once she had her cookies in the oven, she'd have hours before Don got home to riffle through the book.

Happy no one was in line, Marisa smiled at the woman behind the counter, whom she knew to be the store owner. She didn't know the lady's name, but she

seemed to be present no matter what time of day Marisa came in. And she always wore the same style of black dress with brightly colored stone jewelry around her neck. The age-old look in the woman's piercing grey eyes and bone white hair, which stood out against the youthful smoothness of her skin, gave her the appearance of one who had centuries of knowledge.

The store owner stared at the book Marisa sat on the counter and then glanced up with an odd expression on her face. "Be careful with this one, dearie," she cautioned, fingering a beautiful moonstone hanging on one of the necklaces around her neck.

Marisa frowned. "Excuse me?" She had been coming to the store for months and never heard the woman say anything to her about the books she purchased.

"This one has many powerful spells. Amateurs often get into magic not knowing the full price." She peered over her reading glasses to stare at Marisa. "Buy at your own risk."

Marisa scoffed. "It's fine. I don't intend to do any harm . . . I just want to have a little fun."

The store owner laughed. "That's how it always starts."

Marisa left the store a little disturbed, but by the time she had walked back home she'd completely dismissed the woman's warning.

Baking in the nude was another little secret of Marisa's that Don didn't know about. Marisa loved the feel of her cotton apron against her bare breasts as she cooked. The sensation of the rough cotton texture rubbing her nipples as she worked in the kitchen was a turn on and Marisa was convinced she baked better when she was aroused.

She stripped back down to her lace panties and donned her apron, humming as she took the chilled dough from the fridge and placed it on the huge marble island in



the center of her kitchen. She unrolled the gingerbread dough, enjoying the smell of ginger, nutmeg, and molasses wafting up into the air. She smiled, singing a holiday jingle as she washed her hands, before selecting a wide assortment of candies and colored frosting to decorate and pipe on the cookies. Opening another drawer, she gathered her best cookie cutters and silicone baking trays. She set the trays on the counter without looking, and managed to knock the old book of spells to the floor. Bending to pick it up, she noticed a wish spell incantation on the opened page.

Intrigued, she sat on one of the stools facing the island and read the section on wish spells. She had only tried amulets and oils to increase Don's sex drive; now, with the book, she had a dozen different wish spells, all claiming they could make her fondest desires come true.

Looking around her kitchen, Marisa tried to think of something harmless she could cast a wish spell on. She was curious and anxious to try the incantation, but she needed to test the spell on something first before using the magic on Don. Her gaze fell on the gingerbread cookie dough.

Perfect!

She hurried back to the dough, rolling the softening ball flat with her wooden rolling pin as a delightfully naughty idea popped into her head. Grinning, she used her knife to carve out the biggest gingerbread man shape she had ever made. She placed raisins on the crown of the cookie for his hair, milk chocolate pieces for the eyes and nose, and added red hot candies for his mouth. She carefully piped blue frosting on the cookie for the shirt before standing back to look at her handiwork.

Giggling, she carefully placed a cinnamon stick between the legs of the gingerbread man. With the cinnamon stick standing vertically, her aroused cookie looked like he had a very long cock. She added more raisins for his balls and used her knife to carve muscles into the arms of her cookie man.



Marisa shook her head. If Don saw her now, standing here gawking at such a freaky creation, he'd be disgusted. Grabbing the book, she studied the incantation for the wish spell. The bookstore owner's warning replayed in her head, but Marisa wondered what harm could come from wishing the cookie was a man . . . a real flesh and blood insatiable man. He would be just like the mischievous cookie in the classic fairytale from her childhood except he'd chase after *her* and . . .

*Pound my pussy until I can't take it anymore.* Marisa laughed out loud at her dirty thoughts.

She stared at the fragrant brown dough in front of her again, taking in a deep breath. What was she waiting for? The spell couldn't possibly work. Exhaling, she quickly spoke the words of the wish spell before she could change her mind.

For a few seconds, nothing happened. Marisa was just about to turn away when she noticed a twitch. The little gingerbread man had moved!

Screaming, she backed away from the island until her bottom hit the wood cabinets behind her. She watched the cookie dough flutter and shake as it rolled back into a ball, then it traveled to the edge of the island and fell onto the floor.

Breathing heavily, Marisa stared in shock as a figure began to rise from behind the marble island. Her gingerbread man continued growing in height and thickness as she gripped the counter behind her, transfixed by the magical sight. She couldn't take her eyes off the flesh and blood man now standing before her. He had sexy brown skin the color of molasses, soft black curls on the crown of his head, warm brown eyes and a full mouth turned up into the teasing smile she had designed. His muscles looked huge beneath the thin cotton blue shirt she had piped on just moments ago.

She watched him walk toward her with slow, unsteady steps. He came from around the island, moving more rapidly as he gained his balance. A gasped escaped from her lips as her gaze traveled down over his flat, muscular stomach to the

enormous erect cock bobbing in front him. The taut flesh was so big and long that despite her disbelief and fear, Marisa's pussy began to tingle.

"No, no, no! This isn't happening!" she cried, moving away from her delectable fantasy turned flesh.

"Run, run, run as fast as you can; I'm going to catch you . . . I'm your gingerbread man!" He called after her as she raced around the island.

Her heart was pounding so hard she didn't hear how fast he came up behind her. She let out a yelp when he caught her, lifting her up easily into his strong arms. With her head pressed against his smooth chest she could smell his fragrant skin, the tempting scents of cinnamon and ginger teasing her senses.

He placed her on top of the marble countertop, and Marisa shivered as her lace-clad bottom connected with the smooth cold surface. She stared up into his dark brown eyes, marveling at what was happening, somehow accepting the present situation as real. She reached out to touch his smooth face. Caressing his hair, so soft and spongy under her fingertips, she gazed at his handsome smile, unable to turn away, even when those lips moved toward her as he bent for a kiss. His mouth was firm and spicy tasting. She let him control her with a deep, tongue-melding kisses that tasted like . . . red hots!

He pulled away and she swayed, completely aroused by the sensation of heat on her lips from his cinnamon kiss. She felt him untie the knot holding her apron in place and then she was bare except for her panties. Her nipples beaded under his stare and she waiting with bated breath for his next move. He gently laid her down on the countertop, playing with the loose red curls falling around her shoulders. She remained still as he traced a single line down the middle of her chest with his thumb and through the center of her panties.

“Please . . .” Marisa moaned, quivering as he tweaked one rock hard nipple. She knew she should resist this crazy magic, but she couldn’t when her body craved more. She remained still, staring up at him, captivated by his touch, mesmerized by his beauty.

“I’m going to pound your pussy until you can’t take it anymore,” he whispered in her ear. He picked up a bag of red frosting and began piping the sugary cream around each areola, leaving the puckered nipples bare.

Running his hand down the sides of her hips, he moved his fingers over the lacy material covering her sex. He placed a kiss on top of the panties and she wiggled beneath his hands. She saw him grab the same knife she had used to cut out his shape, but she felt no fear. He carefully slid the knife under the thin straps on both sides of her hips, cutting her panties free.

When he pulled the lace away, Marisa opened her legs and watched him move between them. A warm blush filled her cheeks as her gingerbread man stared at the tender folds of her pussy. She bit her lip as he placed one milk chocolate candy in her belly button, before rubbing his hand on the small trimmed thatch of red curls covering her mound.

Marisa wriggled her hips closer to his hand, wanting him to delve deeper, but he continued to tease. She watched him pipe more red frosting over the lips of her pussy and she whimpered as the chilled sugar hit her skin. When he was done he stood back to look at her, slowly pulling the blue shirt off over his head. Marisa admired his smooth muscled chest as he came back to her side.

Marisa had never felt as sexually excited in her entire life as she did now, splayed out on her kitchen island with frosting and chocolates covering her body. She cried out when he bent over her to lick around one heavy breast. His tongue flicked and laved around each taut nipple until she grabbed his head. She wanted him to suck on her nipples!

He chuckled as if he knew her thoughts and still he moved away, but not before he gave each hardened bud a gentle tug with his fingers. Pulling her ample ass to the end of the countertop, he ran a finger through the red frosting covering her sensitive mound and into the creamy petal soft folds waiting for him. She watched him lick his finger, tasting the frosting and her juices. Marisa could scarcely contain her groan of pleasure when he pressed his face into her pussy and feasted on her. She opened her legs wider and higher, groaning and moving her hips against his mouth as his tongue worshipped every inch of skin. Her pussy seemed to be heating up with each lick bestowed upon her by the gingerbread man. Marisa grabbed his head, wanting more, desperate for release.

When he started sucking and flicking her clit, she gripped his hair, riding the heady wave of her climax. He held her in place as she bucked and writhed, forcing her to come hard on his face, with a ragged moan. As the last tremor swirled around her, he leaned forward to lick the melted chocolate from her belly button.

"Mmm," he said with a grin, wiping her cream and the remnants of frosting on a dry tea towel, before lifting her back into his arms.

Marisa clung to him as he carried her up the stairs. He peered into each room until he found the master bedroom. The tantalizing scent of his skin was driving her crazy and she couldn't resist licking around his nipple. He tasted as good as he smelled, the flavors of ginger, nutmeg and molasses bursting on her tongue. She knew this couldn't last, but at the moment, all she could think about was the pleasure awaiting her *now*.

She longed to taste more of him, and as they rolled on the bed, she straddled him and placed a line of kisses down his abdomen until she reached her prize. Never had she seen a cock so exquisitely formed, so magnificent in width and length. The dark cherry crown of the penis glistened with moisture and Marisa stuck out her tongue to

savor him. His groan urged her on as she wrapped her hand around the swollen shaft and encircled her lips around his warm flesh.

She couldn't get enough of his spicy sweet flavor as she swirled her tongue across the ridged head of his dick. He played with her hair as she worked him inch by inch into her mouth, encouraging her to take more. Marisa moaned, on the verge of gagging as he moved his hips, stretching her mouth wider. Her thighs were slippery with a mixture of wetness and sugar as the need to feel him inside of her increased.

He stopped her movements by wrapping one hand in her hair and pulled her up and over his rock hard erection. With his hands on her hips, he steadied her as she began sliding down his cock. Marisa had never been with a man so well endowed and the sensation of being completely and utterly filled overwhelmed her. She gasped and stifled a groan, adjusting to the width and heat of his cock now deep inside of her.

For a few moments she simply squeezed her vaginal walls around him, struggling to remain still as he reached up and toyed with her breasts. Tremors of delight raced from the tips of her nipples down her belly and to the heat building within her pussy. She began to move, slowly at first, still adjusting to his size, resting her hands on his abdomen. He cupped the cheeks of her ass and began helping her find a faster rhythm and Marisa soon lost sense of everything but his cock taking her to heights she never imagined possible. She leaned back, breasts jiggling, bouncing faster and faster on her magical lover.

She never wanted this fairy tale tryst to end, but she was so close to the edge she lost control with the gentlest of caresses from the gingerbread man on her juicy clit. She cried out, lost her rhythm completely as her cataclysmic orgasm spun out into a million different pinpoints of pure pleasure.

In an almost dreamlike state, Marisa slipped from her straddled position and into his arms. With her cheek pressed against his chest, she could hear his heart beating

rapidly and distantly marveled at how a cookie could have a heart before she fell fast asleep.

Dozing peacefully, Marisa awoke on her belly with warm hands massaging her ass. She sighed with delight, forgetting for a second what had happened. Turning her head she saw the face of her new lover and her heart skipped a beat. She wasn't dreaming! Her thoughts turned fuzzy when he pushed into her tender pussy and began pumping her with booty-shaking, skin-slapping vigor. She turned her face into the sheets, anchoring her hands against the headboard as he fucked her. She lost count of how many times she cried out, lost in an overwhelming vortex of ecstasy.

He came with a grunt, collapsing next to her on the bed, both of them breathless and sweaty. Marisa turned to face him, lying on her side, wincing at the dull throb aching between her drenched thighs. She touched and kissed the tip of his still erect penis, awestruck over the gingerbread man's staying power. Her horny cookie creation had more than fulfilled her cravings. In fact, Marisa felt something she hadn't experienced in a long, long time . . . sated.

"What the fuck are you doing, Marisa?" Don bellowed, throwing his briefcase on the floor.

Marisa froze with her lips still on the velvety head of the gingerbread man's cock. She snapped up, meeting her husband's shocked, steely look. "Don!"

"You sex-crazed whore! I fucked you before I left!" Don yelled, striding toward them.

Marisa shook her head. "This is not what you think."

Don laughed, closing in on the bed. "Oh no? You aren't in our bed fucking your brains out with another man? I know you've got needs, baby, but damn! Aren't I enough for you?"

Marisa felt tears coming. "You are . . . ."

"I am? Look at you . . . you can't even take your hand off his dick!"

Marisa snatched her hand back, her mind racing to come up with some kind of explanation that would make sense, but she couldn't think. "Let me explain, Don!" She yelled, as her husband snatched the sheets from the bed.

Don shook his head, looking sexy and deadly in his designer black suit. Marisa felt her heart dip when she caught a glimpse of sheer rage in the depths of his brown eyes. "I understand, Marisa. You've needed more. You've always wanted more. And now you've gone and found yourself some." He pointed to her silent lover. "You don't talk much, do you?" Don asked, ignoring Marisa as he undressed.

Marisa tore her eyes off her husband to look at her bed partner who was staring back at Don with the same sly smile she noticed when he first appeared in the kitchen.

"I'm the gingerbread man!" He offered, running a finger down Marisa's shoulder.

Don stopped taking off his shirt to stare at them both before laughing again. "The gingerbread man, eh?" He shrugged, the muscles in his arms flexing as he unbuckled his belt and stripped off his pants and boxers. "Works for me and I know he's *definitely* been working for you," Don sneered.

Marisa didn't have time to react before she was yanked from the bed, hoisted up into Don's arms and placed over the side of the soft, low-backed side chair. She felt him rub his hard cock up and down the crack of her ass.

"My turn, wife," Don said, landing a hard smack on her ass cheek.

Marisa turned her head to look back at him, frightened by the cold tone in her husband's voice. She blinked back tears. "He's not . . . not real, Don! Let me explain."



Don raked a hand through his sandy brown hair. "Shut up, Marisa. Just stop talking."

Marisa's eyes widened. The whole situation was way out of control and she didn't know how to stop the spiral. "Wait! Please, Don, I'm sorry, let me fix this." She pleaded, but lost the air to say anything else as Don plunged balls-deep into her ravaged pussy.

Marisa was forced up on her tiptoes as Don rammed into her with fast, furious, relentless strokes, making her grunt. She groaned in protest when she felt the gingerbread man fondling her tits. She loved sex, always wanted more sex, but this was too much.

"Fuck her mouth, gingerbread man. She'll love it," Don said hoarsely, slowing his movements.

Marisa shook her head, but the gingerbread man had his fingers in her hair and easily turned her head to his cock. "Don . . . please—" Her plea was cut short as her insatiable cookie lover filled her mouth with the head of his cock.

She gagged once more as the gingerbread man pushed his erection deep into her throat and began fucking her mouth with vigor. Despite everything, she couldn't deny the reaction her body was having with a cock in her pussy and in her mouth. She knew Don was close to the edge when he gripped her hips harder, his deep, guttural groans filling the air along with the wet-slick sound of her sucking the gingerbread man's cock.

The balance between pleasure and pain seemed to constantly shift as Don smacked her ass and the gingerbread man teasingly tugged on her nipples. Marisa began to moan, shuddering as the first ripple of her orgasm hit while trying to swallow all of the gingerbread man's cinnamon-flavored cum. She felt Don's cock pulsating deep inside of her as he came. Her two lovers pulled out of Marisa simultaneously, leaving her feeling empty and used.

Every muscle in her body felt tender and sore, but Marisa paid no heed as she stood and ran from the bedroom.

“Marisa!” Don yelled.

She kept moving down the hall to the stairs, intent on reaching the kitchen and the book of spells that could make everything right again.

“Run, run, run as fast as you can; I’m going to catch you . . . I’m the gingerbread man!”

Marisa didn’t have to turn and look as she stumbled down the stairs on wobbly legs to know she was being chased. She could sense the gingerbread man was close to catching her as she raced through the kitchen, hopping over splotches of frosting and flour on the floor. Nearly slipping on the mess, Marisa heard a huge crash behind her and knew the insatiable cookie had fallen. Gaining precious seconds, she grabbed the book, ran to the bathroom and locked the door.

Her fingers shook as she worked through the chapters to the right page.

“I’m going to pound your pussy until you can’t take it anymore!” The gingerbread man called, thumping noisily on the other side of the door.

“Stop it! Go away!” Marisa screamed, tears falling down her face.

“Get the hell away from my wife!”

Marisa heard scuffling and knew the two men were fighting. She flipped the pages faster, hearing the sickening thuds of fists upon flesh. Finally, her fingers fell on the right wish spell and without wasting another breath, Marisa hurriedly wished the gingerbread cookie away. Instantly, there was nothing but silence on the other side of the bathroom door.

“Don?” Marisa called. He answered her with a low, pain-filled groan. She opened the door and gasped, seeing the bruises on her husband’s face. “Don!” Falling at his side, Marisa touched his swollen lip and jaw.

“Is he gone?” Don asked in a daze.

Marisa hugged him, sobbing with relief. “Yes, he’s gone.” She looked at the pile of gingerbread dough on the floor. Tucking her hair behind her ears, she kissed her husband on the forehead. “Let me get you some ice.”

She stood with the old book clutched to her heart and knew she had to use a wish spell one more time. She had to erase the memory of what happened from Don’s mind. Looking at the words, Marisa closed her eyes, carefully whispering an incantation that would keep Don from remembering all that just took place. When she opened her eyes, Don was staring back at her in bewilderment.

“What happened?” he asked, sitting up.

Marisa helped him to his feet. “You don’t remember?” She wrapped a towel around his waist then grabbed her robe from the hook on the back of the bathroom door and slipped it on.

Don shrugged, wincing as he touched his jaw. “No, I don’t.”

“You were mugged on the way home from the train station,” Marisa said, swallowing hard as she waited for his response.

“That’s funny . . . I thought I drove to work today.” He turned away and headed down the hall. “Whoa! You went cookie crazy in here!” Don exclaimed, walking into the kitchen. “You never make a mess like this,” he said, running a finger through the flour on the island where Marisa had lain, being pleased by the gingerbread man, only hours before.

Marisa smiled weakly. "Yeah, I got a little carried away." She looked at the piles of dough on the counter and all of the candy and frosting on the floor. Baking holiday cookies would never be the same for her again.

Don opened the freezer, grabbed a package of frozen peas and applied the cold package to his lip. "So, I was mugged then I came home and we had sex?" he asked, motioning to their state of undress.

Marisa nodded. "Uh huh. I, uh, I was impressed by your bravery. Punching that mugger was really dangerous, but it turned me on." She winced inwardly as Don dropped the peas on the counter and encircled his arms around her, squeezing her ass with both hands.

"Now you're turning *me* on," he said, kissing her temple.

Marisa exhaled, gently pulling away. "Why don't you take a nice warm bath while I finish up these cookies?" She couldn't fathom having anymore sex . . . at least not tonight.

Don frowned. "Are you okay? You seem a little jumpy."

"I'm fine. I just have to get these in the oven." She gave him a bright smile, picked up a small cookie cutter and pressed it into the dough.

"I can't wait to taste those gingerbread cookies. You always make them so damn delicious!" He kissed her on the lips. "Mmm . . . you taste like cinnamon."

Marisa didn't answer as she thought about the spicy hot taste of the gingerbread man's cock between her lips. She waited until Don disappeared up the stairs to sag onto one of the barstools, feeling the weight of everything that had happened in less than eight hours. She never wanted to see another gingerbread cookie as long as she lived.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, Marisa took the book of magic spells back to the quaint little bookstore. She stood in a short line, the burden of the book in her arms making her uncomfortable as she waited. Finally she reached the counter where the store owner studied her as she approached. "I'd like to return a book." She set the heavy tome down on the counter, feeling the woman's sharp grey eyes on her face as she avoided her gaze.

The white-haired woman cackled with merriment. "Get more than you bargained for, did you? Tell me . . . what did you wish for?"

Marisa looked at the woman behind her, who stood impatiently tapping her foot. "I don't want to talk about it. Listen, can I return this or not?" she replied hotly, pushing the book farther away.

The store owner lifted one eyebrow. "Usually all sales are final, but for this . . . ." She patted the top of the leather bound book. "I'll make an exception." She handed Marisa her money, along with a small, black velvet bag. "Have an amulet for your troubles. This little gem can't go awry."

Marisa took her money and the bag and hurried from the store, feeling lighter with every step she took toward home. She shook the snow out of her hair and hung up her coat before laying her purse on the kitchen counter. Hearing a noise, Marisa turned to see the little velvet bag had slipped out of her pocketbook and onto the counter. She picked the small trinket up in her hand, pulling the strings loose as she tipped the bag upside down. Cursing, she jumped to catch the whitish soapstone amulet skittering across the counter. There was a slip of paper inside which simply read: *For spells of love, passion and desire.*

Marisa quickly stuffed the smooth stone back in the dark pouch. She shoved the small bag in a pile of all the other potions, oils and magic books she had accumulated over the years. With quiet determination, she swiped everything into the garbage.

She still wondered if Don would ever remember what happened. He woke up bright and early feeling refreshed and frisky, eager to repeat what he thought he did the night before. Sore and achy from yesterday's sex fest, Marisa had managed to avoid making love by getting her husband off with a twenty minute blow-job. Her jaw hurt like hell.

The smell of nutmeg and cinnamon still filled the kitchen and Marisa knew she would never look at gingerbread cookies again without thinking about the gingerbread man. She was grateful Don had taken the rest of the spicy cookies to work to share. Hopefully, he wouldn't ask for them again until next year.

She went upstairs, longing for a hot bath to soothe her aching body. Slowly undressing, Marisa noticed a note taped to the shower door.

*You were incredible this morning. Love you and your cookies! Don*

Marisa smiled. How silly she'd been for feeling unsatisfied with her life. She had a husband that adored her, free rein to spend time doing whatever she wanted and eleven months before she had to make anymore cookies . . . that was magic enough!

~The End~

**About the Author**

Nichelle Gregory has been in love with books and writing since middle school. An avid reader, Nichelle used to hide all of her romance novels under the bed from her parents, who didn't approve of her reading material.

Living in Chicago, Nichelle loves being in the Windy City, except from December to February . . . one word: snow!

A lover of the arts, Nichelle enjoys anything that embraces the creative nature within us all. Her top three interests would be: music, decadent desserts, and of course writing! When she's not engrossed in a book, Nichelle enjoys paranormal, sci-fi and romantic movies with a glass of wine.

Penning her first erotic story in 2008, Nichelle finally gave into the desire to write wickedly sexy tales with romance, heart and lots of heat! She enjoys creating stories that involve super sexy alpha heroes with divine heroines in magical, exotic, and fantastic scenarios. Bringing believable characters to life that thrill and excite her readers is a challenge that continues to push Nichelle. With Nichelle Gregory, you can always expect a fast-paced plot with engaging characters discovering love or lust and of course delicious sex!

Visit Nichelle's Website at <http://www.nichellegregory.com/>

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If you enjoyed *The Gingerbread Tryst* by Nichelle Gregory, you might also like the following books from Noble Romance Publishing:

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