

Baking Bread

Emma needs him — Steed rises to the occasion

by Errant Etta

Emma Peel's normally immaculate kitchen was very untidy. Open containers with traces of their contents sprinkled about them covered every flat surface. Bowls, measuring spoons and cups, a flour covered sifter, and various other items were nestled haphazardly in the sink. A large blue crockery bowl, its' inner surface shiny with oil, sat on the range. Emma herself, her hair gathered back with a bright green ribbon, bent over the worktable and studied the book propped open in front of her. "When kneading the dough it is imperative that a smooth rhythmic motion be used and continued until the dough is smooth and has acquired an elastic consistency. This usually requires at least ten minutes of uninterrupted activity. The dough should be turned one-quarter turn with each motion, using the heels of the hand to do the actual kneading until a one-two-three rhythm has been obtained." Emma blew a stray tendril of hair off her forehead and glanced at the clock.

She sprinkled flour over the table surface, dusted her hands and dumped the dough onto the table. She began to knead the spongy mass and after a moment had indeed acquired the one-two-three rhythm. After two or three minutes had passed she glanced at the clock again. Would she last for ten minutes? The muscles in her forearms were already protesting. She began to use her whole body, keeping her arms locked, using a different set of muscles to give her forearms a rest.

The rocking motion of her hips brought other rocking motions to mind. Her thoughts wandered. The door chimes startled her. She would just ignore it. She wasn't expecting anyone. The kneading could not be interrupted. After a moment she heard the snick of the latch and Steed call "Mrs. Peel?"

"In the kitchen." She answered.

He appeared at the door, bowler and umbrella in hand, "Ah, scene domestic."

"If I see 'Mrs. Peel, we're needed' picked out on the counter in flour, you'll just have to wait." She glanced at the clock, "Seven more minutes."

"I would not interrupt your culinary efforts for worlds, Mrs. Peel. This is a social call."

"Make yourself comfortable. You know where things are. Sit and have a drink 'til I'm finished here." She continued to knead the dough.

Steed carefully placed his hat on the shelf beside the door after moving the small collection of cookbooks to the side. He hooked his umbrella's curved handle over the doorknob. Shrugging out of his jacket, he let his gaze wander over Emma's shapely form. From the auburn hair, trying to escape its' ribbon, down to her bare feet. He hung the jacket over the back of a chair. Watching the rhythmic motion of Emma's shoulders, he loosened his tie and opened his collar. He removed the tie, carefully folded it and placed in the

pocket of his jacket. Still watching, though his eyes had moved down to settle on her trim, rounded bottom, he removed his cuff links, deposited them in the breast pocket of the jacket, and rolled his sleeves up over his muscular forearms. He stepped up close behind her, placed his hands on her shoulders and slid them down until they rested over her wrists. "Can I be of assistance?"

"Steed" she drew the word out, half-exasperated, half teasing, "This is really a one person job."

He retraced the path of his hands up her arms, then down her back settling on her waist. He pulled her hips back against him and nuzzled the smooth skin just below her ear. His right hand slid down to lie flat across her belly pressing her more firmly against him. She could feel his erection against the base of her spine. The other hand slid up and began to smoothly unfasten the buttons of her shirt.

"Steed, please, I have to knead uninterrupted for ten minutes, only five more." She tried to continue her rhythm and each time she pressed down on the dough her hips pressed back against him.

"You do your kneading, Emma, I'll do mine" he breathed against her neck. The hand on her belly moved to undo the button of her slacks. The zipper slid down and he worked his fingers under the elastic of her underwear and cupped his hand over the crisp hair of her mons. His fingers and palm began a slow kneading motion, keeping perfect time with the rocking of her body. Finished with her buttons, the fingertips of his free hand began to slide up to her breasts. He encountered no encumbering underwear and began to circle first one small breast and then the other before settling on the left. He teased her nipple with his thumb and forefinger, gently tugging and rolling it until it puckered and jutted against the palm of his hand. He cupped it and kneaded it in time to the motions of his other hand.

Her breathing became faster as he placed feather light kisses on her neck and shoulder, his warm tongue leaving a trail from kiss to kiss. He tugged the lobe of her ear gently with his teeth and her head turned toward his mouth reflexively. He traced the corner of her lips with the tip of his tongue, she turned just a little farther and his mouth covered hers in a deep kiss. His tongue, soft and insistent, invaded her mouth. Her lips felt swollen as she answered by invading him in turn. Her whole body tingled and her thoughts were jumbled. The ache deep in her belly grew and she stopped thinking of the reason she wanted to wait.

With an effort she pulled her mouth away, her voice was husky. "Just let me put this in the bowl." She took the dough, dropped it in the bowl, covered it with the cloth she had prepared and turned to face him.

He smiled down at her, his gray eyes twinkled, "A really dedicated chef would never

let anything interfere with the preparation of a meal.”

She silenced him with her lips as her floury fingers began to unbutton his shirt. She ran her hands beneath the crisp fabric savoring the feel of his taut body. The hair on his chest brushed her sensitive nipples; she swayed against him enhancing the sensation. Her hands went to his waist. She trembled slightly as she unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his trousers. The tension caused by his erection pressing to escape made unzipping his fly difficult. She laughed softly against his mouth. She could feel his smile as he bent slightly at the hips to give her more room to complete her task. The zip finally opened, the soft cotton of his briefs bulged. She cradled the head of his penis in her palm and slowly massaged, increasing the pressure ever so lightly as her fingers followed the length of the shaft.

He made a muffled sound and pulled away. He quickly shed his clothes while she did the same. He lifted her on to the worktable. She spread her legs and he positioned himself between them. She rested her heels on the edge of the table, her knees and hips almost fully flexed. He looked down at her and smiled. He took the shaft of his penis in his hand and guided it so that its' tip just touched her throbbing clitoris. Gentle pressure and slight release alternated as he watched her face. She looked at him blindly and called out his name. He entered. The feel of the smooth hard length of him filled her. She reached up and pulled his body down to touch the length of hers. His harsh, ragged breathing filled her ears. They rocked together, not a one-two-three rhythm but an almost desperate thrusting.

She didn't know who came first, she just felt the rush of almost painful pleasure that started at her center and filled her totally, leaving her limp and panting. She buried her face against the side of his neck and sighed. She hugged him tightly to her. He pressed himself hard into her and another contraction grasped him. She shuddered. He waited perhaps five seconds and repeated the action, another contraction. Her grip on his back loosened. She ran her hands into his hair and gently tugged so that he raised up and looked at her. He smiled and thrust again. Automatically her vaginal muscles answered and a smaller tingle spread out from their point of joining.

He pulled out and gathered her up into his arms. Her arms went round his neck as he carried her to the bedroom. He lowered her to the bed; a cloud of flour drifted up. He turned her gently and laughed softly. A thin layer of flour covered her lower back and hips. He went into the bathroom. She heard water running. He returned, took her hand and pulled her to her feet. He guided her into the bathroom and pointed to the bath tub. She stepped into the warm water and slowly lowered herself. As the water touched her hips and came up between her legs the heat sent a shiver through her as it washed over her already aroused clitoris. He knelt beside the tub, reached over and pulled the ribbon holding her hair. He lathered a sponge with soap and slowly began to wash her like a child. The steam and the lavender fragrance enveloped them. He dropped the sponge in the water and continued to soap her with his hands. His strong hands roved over her

back and belly, sliding down to quickly tease her groin and continued down to the velvet skin of her inner thighs.

She grasped his hand and indicated that he should join her in the water. “Is there room for two?” His voice seemed far away to her. “ We’ll make room, Steed.” He stepped in and they maneuvered arms and legs until they were facing each other, her long legs over his. She took the soap and they caressed each other with mirror-like motions. It became a game. He soaped her breasts and she lathered his chest, the dark hair forming a mat. She applied more soap and made a thick layer of suds. She drew hearts, arrows, a flower, then used her hands to smooth the lather and erase her handy work. He leaned forward, reached around her and closed the tap. She looked down and realized the water was about to overflow the tub. The silence was only broken by the rippling cause by their movements in the water.

He grasped her shoulders and turned her so her back was to him. He began to cup water and wet her hair. The warm water flowed down across her breasts and back. His long arm reached for the bottle of shampoo on the shelf above the faucet. He lathered her hair. The feel of his fingers massaging her scalp sent tingles down her spine and raised gooseflesh in spite of the warm water they sat in. He seemed to be taking his own sweet time with the shampooing. When he pulled the hand mirror from the counter and let her look at herself she understood why. He had sculpted great wing-like ears from her sudsy hair. She could see his wide grin in the mirror. “What’s good for the goose, is good for the gander” she said with an answering smile.

Water splashed over the sides of the tub as they exchanged positions. This wasn’t going to work. She splashed around and sat back on her heels to give her height. She grasped his shoulders and pulled him back to rest on her thighs. She repeated the procedure he had employed, massaging his scalp and producing copious suds in his thick, dark mane. She deviated, however, by forming many tiny spikes all over his head. When she showed him her handy work he laughed, “You’ve made me look like a medieval weapon!”

“You are a weapon, Steed. And you can never tell, it might become the latest fad.” She tried to suppress the laughter that bubbled up inside her.

“Emma, you know I am not a slave to fashion,” he filled his voice with wounded dignity, “and could never be accused of being a trend setter. Fad, indeed!”

She pressed her lips tightly together but couldn’t prevent the corners of her mouth from turning up in an impish grin. He laughed again and turned the mirror toward her. Her “ears” had fallen at a cock- eyed angle: the bubble burst and she joined in.

She grasped his shoulders and pulled him back to rest against her thighs. Her hands slipped down the length of him and she began to tease him with her fingertips, gently tangling them in the dark nest cradling his penis and balls. She tugged the hair, until he

protested with a sharp intake of breath. Releasing her hold and her hands slid down to cup his scrotum. She rolled his balls gently between her palms and watched as his penis reared up to its full length, its' glistening head emerging from his foreskin as it grew. He tried to turn and face her. She used her elbows to press him harder against her body. He quivered as she circled the smooth shaft with her hand and began to slide it up and down. She gripped him more tightly and increased the speed. He braced his feet against the end of the tub and leaned back harder against her body. She watched his breathing become faster and his muscles tauter until he tried once more to turn toward her. "No, let me finish what I started." she whispered against his ear.

He stopped his struggle and settled back against her breasts. She brought one hand up to cradle the head of his penis, gently letting her wet palm graze the swollen tip while continuing to pump the length of the shaft with her other. She murmured in his ear, sweet nonsense words. His breathing came in gasps, his hands came up and grasped her upper arms as he arched and cried out. Hot liquid filled her palm, spilled off and floated on the surface of the water before sinking out of sight. She covered the side of his face with kisses as she felt him go limp and his penis begin to soften. They were still; she cradled him against her and watched his body relax.

She began to feel uncomfortable as she became aware of the weight pressing down against her. She gave his shoulders a little push. "Steed, my feet are all pins and needles." He grabbed the edges of the tub and pulled into a sitting position. Turning around in the confined space was difficult. "Emma?" She slowed extended her legs; they felt as if they were permanently flexed. Her knees and ankles just wouldn't respond to the commands her brain was sending them.

The surface of the water rose and fell as he stood and stepped out on to the already wet tiles. Rivulets of water rolled down his body and thighs pooling at his feet. He grabbed a towel from the bar, placed it on the floor and knelt beside the tub. Leaning across the side of the tub his strong hands helped her straighten her legs. He began to firmly rub her calves and feet. As the prickling eased she watched the play of the muscles in his back and shoulders. His strong fingers kneaded the muscles of her calves. He rotated her ankles, each in turn and massaged the small muscles in the arches of her feet. She felt the cramping ease and could almost feel the blood rushing through her veins.

"Better now?" he asked.

She looked up into his gray eyes, nodded and tried to suppress a giggle.

"Don't snort, Mrs. Peel, services render deserve thanks." He used his best affronted voice. She laughed outright, "Steed, I do agree, but indirectly you were the cause of my needing those services, and I have heard no thanks from you." She looked at him pointedly and let her gaze wander down to his limp penis, "besides, if you could see yourself" her eyes returned and settled just above his forehead "you look as though you weapon is

in need of repair.” The sight of his hand first dropping to his groin then, registering the direction of her gaze, go to his hair and the resulting look on his face caused a renewed outburst of mirth.

He laughed with her. Leaning over he pulled the plug. The level of the water slowly fell. He stood, grasping her hand and pulling her to her feet. He joined her in the tub, pulling the shower curtain closed. After a little fumbling and bumping of various body parts he managed to get the water temperature adjusted and turned on the shower. The fine spray turned to a mist around them and they jostled each other as they maneuvered to rinse the drying suds from their hair and bodies. She faced him as he stood, crouched slightly to avoid a collision with the shower head, and rinsed the remains of her handiwork from his hair. She leaned forward and caressed his nipple with the tip of her tongue. She wanted to feel the change of texture from delicate areola to firm skin with her sensitive lips. In that split second the erectile tissue had contracted and the velvet soft smoothness of his unaroused nipple was now pebbly hard. She moved to the other side but the speed of his arousal was faster than she. He closed his arms around her and kissed her deeply. His hands slid down to cup and knead her buttocks.

“Steed!” she pulled back and threw open the curtain, “my bread!” She grabbed the already dripping towel from the floor and ran to the kitchen. She stood dripping on the floor. Steed entered behind her, a matching towel, this one dry, wrapped around his trim hips. They both looked at the bowl. Emma reached over and peeled back the cloth. The dough had topped the rim and tried to crawl down the sides. Large craters pocked the surface. She touched it gingerly, it stuck to her fingers and a long string followed her hand as she pulled it away.

“ It was only supposed to double.” She wailed.

Steed stepped close behind her, wrapped his arms around her, a wicked twinkle in his gray eyes, “Don’t fret, Emma, just knead it a little more, It will rise again.”

To be Continued;-)