

Apple Pie

D. Dancer

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Version 1.0.0

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1

Gwen was having a terrible day. Her plans had her speaking in front of a large group of management, wowing them with her incredible knowledge of TCP/IP security and the proposal that would save them thousands. And prevent their networks from being broken into for the last year. But, life had a way of whacking you upside the head. In her case, it was from a nasty cold that left her hacking and gasping for breath. Instead of standing in front of her bosses and having them throw promotions, men, and computers at her, she was buried under fifteen blankets, sweating into the sheets and trying to decide if she could get any colder.

The door to the bedroom opened up and she looked through blurry eyes at her husband, Ronald, coming in with something that looked like food. She fought down the wave of nausea as he sat down next to her.

“You look terrible.”

She didn’t need him to tell her that. She looked at the plate. It was pie.

Apple pie. Her favorite.

“I brought pie, it’s your favorite.”

“I hate pie.”

She didn’t really, but she wasn’t in the mood to enjoy pie while being sick and not impressing her bosses. He set it down on the table next to the bed and she spotted the vanilla ice cream with real beans in it. Her lips cracked with desire, but she was in a bad mood, damn it. She closed her lips and eyes.

“Take it away.”

"I'll leave it here," he annoyingly said with a smile. Standing up, he leaned over her and kissed her. She turned her head at the last minute and he kissed her cheek instead. She started to pout, then caught smell of something. Cinnamon and caramel. Her mouth opened in surprised as she turned to him.

"You made it by hand?"

"With those huge apples you've been lusting after last week."

Why the fuck did he have to make it so hard. It took all her willpower to throw the blanket over her head.

"I don't want it! Go away!"

He chuckled dryly.

"Okay."

She wanted to flip back the blanket, surprised at how easily he gave up. But, she couldn't. Instead, she pouted in the darkness and tried not to think of that fresh apple pie with real vanilla ice creaming sitting there. Lost in the thoughts of melted caramel running down her throat, she almost missed when her blankets shifted. A hand, a hand was invading her hot and sweating pit of misery. She tried to shift away, but her legs were caught in the blankets. She kicked, but he sat down, pinning her legs as his hand burrowed closer and closer, penetrating the protective layers of heat.

At the first touch of his cool fingers against her thigh, she let out a shriek of surprise.

"Ronald!"

The hands caressed her, then slid over her thigh, working their way between her legs. She pressed her thighs together, fighting off the thoughts of pie and a husband doing inappropriate things to her. His cool hand felt so good against her, though, and she let out a gasp as he pressed up against her sex. She wanted to tightened her grip, to escape his advances. She tried to move her legs, but the blankets were pinning her down as well as cuffs. Then, he slid his finger up and down her slit, parting the mat of hair. He slipped into her, sliding one long finger down her clit and clear into the slick depths of her body.

Gwen opened her mouth to tell him to go away, but the words didn't come out as her husband, the betrayer and traitor, slid a second finger between her legs, parting them as he teased her clit

with both fingers, drumming against her as pleasure fought its way free of her misery. She felt it rising up inside her, building up the sweaty heat of her tomb of blankets. She gasped with breath, wondering if her eyes would fog. Despite her efforts to remaining miserable, she felt her hips rising up to him, spreading her legs to the best of her blanket bounds would allow. He rewarded her with a plunge of both fingers, filling her now-soaked hole and fucking her with his fingers. She gasped, clutching the blankets as she felt it rising up inside her. He twisted and found the part of her insides she loved being touched.

Gwen couldn't take it anymore and let go of her misery. Pleasure steamed inside her, spreading out with the sensation of hot, sticky caramel. It filled her with the rush of pleasure and the intensity of a first smell. She held herself, holding her breasts and enjoying the feel of their slickness as she writhed. The sweltering heat baked her as she let out a hiss of ecstasy, then slumped down in a sated afterglow of a steaming afterglow.

He pulled his fingers out and replaced her blankets. Through the layers of hot cloth, she heard him suck on his fingers.

“And now we both have some pie.”

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About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.