

Short Erotic Stories #2

The plumpy baker and the puppet milkman



By YogurP Creations

My dear baker

“The milkmaaaaaan! The milkmaaaan has arriveeeed!”

Martha dashed down the stairs of her home, forgetting to even get the slippers in her feet as she reached and stepped out the door. She almost trips on with one of her turkeys that was peacefully walking in the garden in her race towards the gate, but thankfully no poultry accident was meant to be mourned.

“For a second there I thought you wouldn’t come!’ Martha felt her breath heaving while she extended her arms to receive the first lot of milk bottles she ordered. ‘This damn rich guy and his feast is driving me crazy!’”

“How could you think I would fail my best client? You didn’t have to rush, I’m not going anywhere.” Oliver checked his notebook and ticked the order and date before giving her the first two boxes of fresh milk. He was a small puppet, but he was strong. “It’s just this day of hard work and you can get some holidays!”

Martha sighed while she started to load the boxes in a cart she had prepared last night in advance. One by one, Oliver gave her the boxes. His face was covered mostly by his cap, but a carved smile was shown below. When the young ginger lady finished loading his order, her hands went frantically looking for the money in her robe pockets and gave it to the dummy. She noticed he hesitated for a moment, but finally took it with a shy “thank you” before starting to take the empty bottles from the previous day’s order.

“Some help would be so great. There’s too much to bake. I don’t even know if my oven will be able to take it all. And with all that demands of everything being fresh on the same day! I couldn’t have prepared almost anything yesterday.” Martha started to feel the cold sneaking through her robe and she noticed her robe was quite opened. One of her nipples decided to break free. She fastened the belt.”Having to start baking the damn milk buns at 4 of the morning...” She fumbled ashamed, blushing at the idea Oliver might have watched the escapist breast.

“I’m sad to say I’m not good at baking...”
The puppet cautiously turned his head towards her

while he loaded the last empty bottle and wrote down in his notebook. “What about your kids?”

“They went to a live concert they were waiting for ages, last night...At moments like these I could say something cliché like ‘I wish my husband was still here’, but it wouldn’t be much of a difference in this case.”

Martha went silent while she remembered his lazy ex-husband. Complicity, Oliver stood silent as well to avoid any despective comment and let her his little wooden hand to comfort her. She took it and gave it a shake.

“Look, if you allow me to, I will come back once I finish with all the orders. I might not be a big help but it’s better than nothing.” He got his cap off so he could arrange his blonde hair for a moment, leaving still some bangs to drop once he put the cap back. “See you in a few hours, okay?”

Martha took his cart and nodded at him, before the puppet got to his own cart to take on the course once more. Martha sighed once more, but this time it was the warm oppression feeling in her chest what made her do so. Ever since her divorce, she focused on her job and her kids, and

for the longest time that was more than enough. But each new day something was telling that the loyal milkman was one more piece that she wanted to fit in her life.

Anyway, Oliver's case was certainly unique. Most of the living dummies preferred to live in the city, since young people seemed more accepting, rather than choosing the towns, where the old people were full of superstition and fear. However the little village accepted the young puppet without any trouble. He was always prompt, smiled at everyone and was genuinely courteous.

Martha moved the wheelbarrow up to the kitchen window and went into the house to start collecting through it. When she finally had everything ready, she began to fill the jars to prepare all the material in the measuring containers. She had to make different types of breads and rolls, which was a lot heavier than just making the same loaf in larger quantities. At least everything that was not cooking was predisposed, as well as the measurements. She decided to go change once she closed the window, to be already dressed. As she closed it, she noted how it was still so dark that she could hardly see the outside. However, her turkeys and chickens had already

begun to stretch out and search her garden for food. It should be around 6 in the morning.

The warmth of the burning wood began to comfort her body. Luckily, that is one of the advantages of working with the oven, although now it was just the right amount of heat to help ferment the dough. Her hands began to work with the first batch, to make two different types of chocolate buns, which would be the ones that required the longest fermentation time. As she began to knead the dough and recover from the cold, her body began to pick up a rhythm thanks to the radio tunes, which she had turned on to liven up the atmosphere. Although she complained all week after receiving the large commission, she knew that she was capable of fulfilling it if she managed properly the plan she had made. Besides, where was the fun without having a challenge? Martha began to hum as she finished the first batch of dough. The small rustic kitchen now offered a delicious sugary smell that all its visitors loved.

Before she knew it, she had already prepared all the dough for the chocolate breads, with one rising for round chocolate chip buns and the other cooling to be layered to make pains au chocolat. The chocolate was already prepared the

day before in two large buckets, where it rested in pieces, some to be chips and others to make a cream. The smell joined that of sugar, enveloping the air in the kitchen as the first rays of sunlight streamed in, offering a festival of yellows, oranges, and browns. Martha had to put a hand up to be able to see. Her curly mahogany hair gleamed despite having her little cook's sanitary hat.

“Look at it... Well, I've finished sooner than I thought.” She sat down for a moment and looked at the order paper where she had written down the entire plan of the order. “I just have to prepare the dough for the regular milk buns and the loaf breads... And now all that's left is to bake...”

I think I can take a little nap...

Yes, it was a good plan. A nap before preparing the rest of the dough. She didn't even need a cup of hot milk or pills. The warmth of the oven and the sun entering the room along with the sweetness was more than enough. She felt so ecstatic that in a few seconds her body had already entered relaxation mode.

“Martha? Are you there?”

Oliver started ringing the bell. He needed to extend his arm quite far, but he managed to press it hard. The sound of the tune that sounded like a bird singing that Martha had chosen squawked enough to wake her up. She felt her eyelids heavy, but she managed to open them as she stretched. The doorbell rang once more.

"Huh? Who...?"

Martha looked at the clock. It was almost 9:30. She had been asleep for over an hour at least! Like a bolt of lightning, she jumped out of the chair and went to open the door. Oliver barely flinched as she swung open, nearly tearing the door out of the place. He was quite used to her being a bit of a crazy goat and he didn't care. He stared at her, covered in flour and wearing her sanitary cap. Without a word, Martha grabbed his arm and pulled him into the kitchen.

"Take this bowl, it already has the correct amount of flour, and put those jugs of milk, sugar, and egg little by little and mix! I will mix the other dough that I have pending and so we can let them ferment while we bake the ones that are already there." She left all out without a pause.

“Uh, yeah, sure.” Oliver collected himself and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt. He had changed his clothes for clean ones to help her. Martha handed him an apron so he could get to work right away and another plastic hat. “Oh, don’t worry, my hair doesn’t fall out.” He gave his straw-blond hair a tug to show its resilience, then wiped his hands a little. ‘It’s glued on well.”

“Oh ok. Well, do as I’ve asked, please. Oh, and I’m sorry...” Martha noticed that she was turning red. “I fell asleep...”

“It doesn’t surprise me, really. But don’t worry, we’re sharing the load now...”

Oliver began to mix the dough following Martha’s instructions, who prepared the bread directly at the table. She was guiding him little by little so that he would not be so hesitant. The doll was perched on a stool to reach the buckets on the table, which Martha found kind of cute, but she didn’t dare say it out loud. He would probably take it well, but she didn’t want to abuse his trust. He was a good guy after all. When she had the dough ready, she put it on one of the shelves to let it ferment covered with a cloth. Martha took out another of the buckets, which had one of the early

morning doughs ready. She asked her to add one of the chocolate cubes and stir carefully to mix. When it was done, she already had the bread dough kneaded and ready for resting.

“Very well, let me explain how to shape the buns. We take and divide this dough in two... and then again each part in two...”

She prepared four large circles of dough and took out a cutter to divide them into even more small parts. Gently, she took hold of one of the small portions.

“Look.” She began to smoothly move the dough in her hands, using her palm and rotating until it formed an almost perfectly round ball. “The trick is not to squeeze or let it fall on its weight in the other palm. Soft, but with skill.”

“I’m as clueless as before... But let’s try.”

“Lucky that you have cold hands. That way you don’t have to worry about overheating the chocolate and getting sticky. Oh, put some flour on it before you handle the dough!” Martha took hold of his little wooden hands and daubed them with a

little flour. She noticed that Oliver was beginning to turn red. "Oh, sorry." I'm a bit rude, right?"

"Well... intense... But no a problem." Oliver tried to keep his eyes focused on his hands to avoid her gaze. Normally that was a protocol that the dolls followed so as not to bother people with their staring, because some people feared them. However, at that moment he genuinely wished that his face did not express anything particularly personal. "Let me, I'll manage to do it..."

"Yes, yes..." Martha took up another of the portions and began to prepare balls with surprising speed. Oliver was having a hard time keeping up, but the few he could get through before she finished at least didn't seem like trash. "I'm sorry I dragged you into this."

"Do not worry. Kneadingmilk buns is fun, really." Oliver paused for a moment to think about what he had said. "The bread ones, I mean...I didn't mean any other kind..."

"Stop being so formal. Such a young and educated man sure has his little parties out there, right?" Martha noticed that she was getting even more red herself, but she was having a good time.

“Whenever you want to knead my brioches, here I am.” Oliver’s face was getting almost ripe. How could a wooden face blush like that? Martha gave him a little nudge, though she regretted it when she felt her elbow hit something hard. She shook off the pain a little and put the last ball on the baking sheet. “It was a joke, kiddo!”

“You’re a party girl, right?” Oliver loaded another of the trays and approached the oven, but with caution. Understandable for someone of his type. “How long will each batch take?”

“Probably about twenty minutes. But the good thing is that I can put two trays in at the same time, so it won’t take that long either. While they are baking, we can prepare the pains au chocolat. Then all that remains is to wait for the dough we have just made to finish fermenting to prepare the bread and milk buns without chocolate.”

“The bread ones, or other buns?” Oliver joked. “Okay, I’ve gone too far.”

“If you’re good, maybe I’ll let you knead some special buns.” Martha wasn’t sure why she

felt so free to flirt that day, but she didn't feel like stopping either. "Let's get the pains ready."

It was noon by the time they had finished baking all the buns with chocolate. The smell of the kitchen was even sweeter now with melted chocolate and crispy baked dough. Oliver found himself unable to stop sniffing intensely, trying to take in all the scents that gathered. He felt almost overwhelmed. Martha, on the other hand, was used to it and although she enjoyed it, she didn't feel so defeated by the festival of sweetness that filled the room. In fact, it was the heat what was almost intolerable with the oven working on full blast. She had to open one of the windows to get some air.

"And now, what?" Oliver had sat down in one of the chairs, looking for a little break. "How long does the remaining dough have to rest?"

"I think we can start preparing this now..." Martha took out a bucket of dough. "Do you want to knead my milk buns, Oliver?" She couldn't help but laugh. That must have been exaggerated. In any case, he responded with another laugh, without being upset. "It's not very different from the others, but the portions have to be smaller."

Oliver walked over as she reached for her pastry cutter again to prepare the portions. Focused and humming with the radio still on, she left the portions ready. Meanwhile, she also listened as Oliver put the stool next to her.

“Look, for these smaller ones you have to apply a slight pressure...” Firm and hard hands also made a slight “pressure” on Martha’s hips. “Yes, something like that, yes...” Her voice began to tremble. “With your palm, make sure you follow a round shape...”

Oliver’s hands began to trail down to her plump rear. It wasn’t difficult for Oliver to hold on to her due to the woman’s short stature. Martha, internally, felt shrieks filling her mind. The milkman was rubbing his ass for real. The doll that distributed the milk and for whom she sighed, was there, with an attitude completely different from his usual docile nature, feeling her up without shame.

“And now, baker?” His whispered voice reached Martha’s ear as she tried to continue preparing the balls. “What do I have to do?”

“Yes...keep kneading without fear...You have to make sure that the dough is in a good shape.” *What am I saying? Ok, I like the little guy, but fucking a doll... Is that even okay?* Martha was trying to keep her composure, but it wasn't easy. The doll's hands would be smaller than those of a human male, but they were firm and beginning to radiate heat. Or was it her own skin? “Better skill than strength...”

“I see...” Oliver began to trace Martha's neck with his carved lips. A stiff, salivating wooden tongue began to tease her earlobe as his hands continued to work her ass. At one point, he squeezed a little, just enough to get her attention. “Like this?”

“Yes, yes, very good...” She put down the first ball and began to knead the second. At first she was able to maintain her usual pace, but her mind began to wander. “I didn't know you liked these things....”

“As you yourself have said before...I also have my private life. Although well, it's been a long time since I had someone to have fun with out there...” He gave her a little bite on the ear. Despite

the material of his body, he knew how to control his strength so as not to harm her.

“I see...Are you telling me that the milkman hasn't been actually delivering milk in these last years?” She didn't believe it. Oliver was too good not to have hooked up with one or another woman in town. “Too bad...”

“What can I say...I prefer quality over quantity....” Oliver pushed his hips against her buttocks, while a part of him already was as hard as the rest of his body. “Do you want me to offer you some fresh milk?”

“Uy...you're really high in spirits now, huh?”

Oliver continued to push his erection against her, more and more oblivious to reality. His attitude was beginning to be a clue that what Martha felt towards him was mutual. There was no shame, no retaliation. They wanted to relieve many years of wondering, badly. It didn't matter what they were, as they were...”responsible” adults, despite the fact that they were obviously breaking some kind of health regulation in the kitchen. After all, Oliver's hands had already taken account of her ass and Martha already had her pants and panties below

her knees. That was a good way to relieve the sexual tension that they had been feeding themselves for years, but of course it was not very hygienic to do it precisely in the kitchen.

Martha dropped yet another ball, barely finishing half the run, as she crouched down a bit against the table to push her butt against Oliver's hard branch. She wasn't sure if it was because it was made of wood or if she was more sensitive, but she was able to recognize each part of the member -veins, glans, frenulum- through the puppet's pants and underpants.

"Do you know how much I wanted to do this? Do you know how much I wanted to give you a special milk order, Marthita?" Oliver was completely focused on her.

"I don't know, but tell me, please. Tell me how much you wanted to do it!"

The voices of both were beginning to rise to a dangerous volume. As much as the baker's house was remote, nothing prevented a villager from walking and crossing the area to end up listening to the dirty nonsense that they wanted to let out.

“ I wanted to put a baguette on you so badly that you didn't want to bake for a whole month, dammit! “The doll was finally beginning to show its less glamorous side. Martha felt like a winner. “Sorry, I overdid...”

“No, no! It makes me very happy that you tell me that!” Martha sighed as she felt Oliver's hands working at the same rhythm that she managed to keep with hers.”Okay, it's the ideal time to say those things. Let it go, you are already touching me!”

“I'm sorry...”Oliver fell silent as soon as he apologized and cleared his throat.”Come on, let's celebrate...We have to finish preparing these tender buns to be able to earn a break...Right, baker?” As he got back up, he began to hold a little more force on her butt. “But I like it natural, like you...”

Martha resisted the temptation to turn her head to see how Oliver took out his stick to immediately put it between her buttocks and squeeze them with his hands. The red-haired woman perfectly felt everything that made up the thick wooden penis. The way he rubbed it became more and more feral and animalistic. Oliver

brought his face closer to her and offered a playful bite on the shoulder.

“How about? Do you like it? Do you want to try to see if some fresh milk comes out? Maybe you could put it in a new recipe.” Oliver laughed.

“Oh, what a lawsuit I would have if someone found out if I even thought of putting something like that in the dough...” Martha started to laugh. “But you still haven’t told me how are the buns are that I’ve offered you, hey.”

“They’re so tender.”

“And the nipple? Admit that you liked it, come on.”

“I like everything about you.” Oliver moved his hands up, entering the front of the body, and hooked two other buns that he hadn’t touched before.” Everything, everything, baker, it shows that you know how to bake good material...”

“I don’t know how I haven’t tried to flirt with you before...” Martha couldn’t take it anymore, and finally finished placing the last ball of dough in the

tray. "And speaking of baking, let me put this in the oven...and then we'll take care of the rest."

"Is there even time left?" Oliver released her and sat on the edge of the table. "Ugh... I'd tell you to open another window, because I'm sweating what I haven't sweated in my life."

"And more than you're going to sweat..."
"Martha gave him a mischievous smile and placed the trays in the oven. "I didn't know that you could evacuate fluids."

Oliver laughed and started fingering himself along his member. A look of a hunting animal spread across his face. The woman knew that face, had seen it many times when she was younger, in her college days. But it had never excited her as much as this time. She moved closer to Oliver as she took off her blouse, exposing her beautiful breasts. These further enhanced her plump, chubby body. The doll had already noticed that figure but only under cloth. Seeing that loose flesh in front of his eyes was a show that was bringing out an instinct that he thought was long repressed.

It was right? Wasn't there a rule against human-doll relationships? In any case, he wasn't in

a position able to think with the right head either. He had too much pent-up desire to cuddle up to his beloved baker and hold her buns until he was satisfied. He made a gesture with his hand to indicate that she should come closer. She didn't flinch. For what?

"I've been waiting for this for a long time... My milkman..." Martha crouched before the table and approached the thick carved phallus. Each hickory part of the member was specially marked, and it was easy to feel all the textures. With one hand, the baker began to learn all those shapes by gently running her fingertips over them. Was it because of her kneading experience? Because Oliver felt that she was killing him with her subtlety. The hands were descending until they reached the testicles, which were also carved in line with the rest of the body. They were especially round. The fingers ran over them and later, Martha began to touch them in the same way that she prepared the balls of the buns, using her palms.

"If you continue like this... I swear I'm going to end up giving you the special order in no time..." Oliver felt the wood of his whole body burn, and he was afraid of ending up exploding in spontaneous

combustion of joy.”But don’t even think about stopping, got it?”

“I didn’t mean to. You don’t leave this until I’ve given you a proper check.” Martha stared at the tip with a greedy smile. She wondered if, being carved, his prominent glans was always free? What’s more...was he permanently erect? How could he hide that amazing log when he didn’t have to use it? She knew that they were obliged to always wear clothes, so seeing their interior could scare more people than expected due to their completely different anatomy. She realized that she didn’t know much about the dolls or what they were like beyond the news. But now she had the opportunity to find out a little more. “Let’s see how your sap tastes...”

In a single movement, she swallowed the member without much difficulty. It was thick, yes, but luckily it wasn’t long. That made part of the task easier. Martha took it upon herself to properly varnish the trunk from top to bottom. She didn’t want to stop to think too much about elegance, and she let the saliva escape from her lips, leaving the surface well moistened. She desired it to be a wild experience, after focusing on work for so long

and feeling her own instincts awaken again, she needed unfiltered action.

"Hmmm." Oliver couldn't say a word. He was focused on feeling how Martha's tongue slithered through all the parts of the member it could reach. "Keep it up, I beg you..." He put a hand to his forehead, which was burning. His fingers instinctively began to press against the hair, stirring it up. "As soon as you're done, I'm going to eat you whole..."

"You'd better do so..."

Martha's tongue slowly ran over every millimeter of the delicious trunk until it left the surface shiny like a recently finished table. Her lips distinguished each peculiar shape, completely inert, although she began to feel pulsations - almost as if it were a human member.

"Hey...I'm going to..."

"Wait, wait!" Martha hurriedly took the branch out of her mouth. "Then put it in me now, I really want it."

"Don't you want me to return the favor?" Of course, Oliver is as polite as ever.

"You're going to return it to me with this."

Martha placed the doll on the table, completely staining it's little body with flour. He didn't seem to care, since he was focused on the figure of the baker, who was almost naked, only the open blouse with the bra open on the sides, her breasts falling completely exposed. She positioned herself on top of him, and brought her parts close to his so they brushed against each other. Oliver reached with his small arms to her buttocks and held them tightly.

"Do you want to put it in? Do you want to put your bar in my oven, milkman?" Martha felt that she was dying of shame saying all that string of horny nonsense, her cheeks lit up the same color as her hair. However, he didn't want to stop. "Maybe it's too hot for you..."

"I don't care!"

Oliver took hold of Martha's buttocks and raised his erect member to insert the tip. Martha did the same and went down to introduce herself

more. Suddenly, she pushed all his pussy way down until the doll was nailed and firm against the table.

“Heh, heh, heh... Now you’re not going anywhere...”

“I didn’t mean to do it either...But, I can’t...”

“Leave it to me, honey.”

Martha began to move her hips, awkwardly at first. After all, she hadn’t exercised in a while, much less exercise like that of sex. However, she hadn’t forgotten the fundamentals, and he immediately picked up a rather interesting rhythm, playing with expectations. Up, down, up, down...and suddenly it stopped halfway, leaving Oliver expectant and about to reply, to resume her movements even faster again. At each exit the branch would make a further pulsing motion, which she controlled - pausing to move closer to Oliver, whose head was level with her breasts, to let him taste them a bit.

Oliver held them in his hands, and without much preamble, he licked them like a hungry animal, without any class. This was equally enjoyable, given the situation - a morbid scenario

where they were having sex where it wasn't the best place, and would cause some problems if a health inspector walked by. It had to be added that although there were no rules against this relationship between human and puppet, there was still a feeling that it was taboo in the air. The heat of the oven working and the sun offering a spectacle of warm and homely colors only added to the dreamy atmosphere they were engrossed in as they copulated without a care in the world - aside from fulfilling the errand.

"I've been waiting for this for years...years!" Oliver hooked his little wooden hands back into her buttocks as best he could, and tried to move his hips.

"Me too... me too, Oliver!" Martha understood his signals and began to move her hips again, completely taken in by the pleasure she felt being impaled by the supernatural-milkman."I want you to fuck me, too!"

"Of course, my lady." A playful voice was heard coming from the doll's mechanical mouth. "Gotcha,I'm going to let you know why I was given my job..."

Martha exchanged roles - a sweet submissive expression drenched in the sweat of the moment welcomed Oliver. He stayed for a moment observing the situation. The posture of complete submission, with one exhausted hand stretched out, and the other resting on her breasts, falling on her torso with her blouse already fully open and resting on the table, filling with flour. Underneath, her sweaty little belly, sliding into the darkness of the contrast of the light at her entrance, with a light mat of dark hair. Again the light returned, with her legs that had just spread across the table, separated so that he could position himself between them, shining with an intense yellow and white color, making the scene look as a classic art painting.

Oliver felt himself panting harder than he had ever panted in his life. He was fully aware of all the smells - the ones from the kitchen and the ones from their bodies. His own body was sweating, something that was unusual. He felt the heat of his member, completely hardened and with a mixture between saliva and her natural lubricant covering it, causing a prick of cold that he wanted to eliminate. And he knew the perfect way to do it.

"You'll see... You won't want to be with anyone else after this." He crouched down, approaching her as he watched his own phallus getting closer to its target. He was about to burst. "I'm going to stuff you like a turkey, damn it."

"Don't play hard to get and skewer me already..."

Before one more complaint could escape her lips, Oliver gripped her inner thighs and prepared the point at the entrance. Martha was panting softly at the time, but her breathing quickened again the moment the doll entered in one motion. It was appreciated that it was not a particularly large log, so the incursion of it inside her was not painful. What's more, now with him in charge was that he could move freely. Something that Martha noted as an improvement. The thrusts began to be deeper, reaching the areas that most interested him.

"Like it? Tell me you like it." Oliver kept a steady pace, trying not to overdo it. He wanted to enjoy the moment. "Tell me!"

"I-I love it! Please continue!"

The urgency grew. They both needed to let steam off out their bodies. Without frills, Oliver began to drive himself inside her as deep as he could go, his wooden balls pressing against her buttocks. The noise created by hard gonads against sweaty skin at high speed was hypnotic. A dull sound with a high pitch caused by fluids accumulating and emanating from the percussion of the wood on flesh.

“More! more!!”

Oliver felt the pressure falling on his shoulders. But he wasn't planning on giving up. Trying not to stop his penetration course, he rubbed the back of his hand against his forehead to wipe away some of the sweat. Martha noticed that. She gently wiped out some more sweat from him with her own blouse.

“Thank you... You're a sweetheart.” The doll put his head between her sagging breasts and hugged her with his short arms.

Martha reciprocated. Her arms went around him and for a moment, a brief respite, they were able to breathe and focus for a second on each other. Martha's emerald eyes met Oliver's blue eyes.

The doll and the woman looked at each other for a few moments of calm. The baker's hand caressed his back instinctively - and he stretched out as far as possible to kiss her.

The wooden lips parted slightly to receive hers, gently. One of Martha's hands returned and settled on his hair, messing it up as she pressed her head against his.

"Ow!" Martha realized that she had pushed him a little too hard. "I almost got nailed with something other than your ciabatta."

"Sorry." Oliver apologized, still unnecessarily, and turned his nose away a bit. "Let me fix it..."

A small squeak was heard as he turned his head, and he kissed her again. Martha found herself ecstatic as their lips ate each other. She could enjoy it quietly, whispering to each other with the sound of their breaths when they needed a slight pause. Martha's lips, soft and moist, traced the rigid edges of Oliver's, which he was careful not to squeeze to avoid damage - even after he had provoked her like an animal, he was unable to be so beastly. Although the baker appreciated that about him.

At one point, he tried to capture her lips with a small bite, to which he received as an answer that she tried to strain her tongue. Unbidden, Oliver let his chiseled tongue meet Martha's for a little play. He felt more and more unsteady as he kissed her, trying to control his hips so he wouldn't come right away. But Martha was wise in these matters. Her legs crossed, squeezing and pinning him deep inside her, indicating with a small grimace of pleasure as her sweet spots were being stimulated. Oliver pulled away from the kiss despite not truly wanting to do so, to look at her again.

“I think... I can't take it anymore...”

“Then... You want the delivery now?”

A second later, Martha was moaning loudly again. Oliver didn't need any more orders: it was time for the grand finale. With his body locked against hers and his head buried in her breasts as his hips returned to their work, he was all set for the goal break. With some ingenuity, Oliver managed to get his hands on her clitoris as he continued to penetrate her. Awkwardly, due to his size and his body not being the most flexible. But enough for her to feel it - and oh she did. He kept

his head between her breasts, rubbing his cheeks lovingly.

The sound of panting - the wood against the skin - the radio, which sounded in the background like a mirage - and the fire of the oven, the minds of both began to be even less rational. The only thing that they were able to feel and affirm that it was real was their bodies, a union of flesh and carved wood, in a tango whose rhythm was marked with each thrust. There wasn't much time left, and the click - the orgasm - came first for her, to her surprise.

"Ah! Ah....Aaaaaah!" Martha's gasps came slightly muffled.

"Wow... you got ahead of me, huh?" Oliver felt that he was about to run out of energy. But he didn't want to finish the race without crossing the finish line, even if he was going to be second. "Hold on with me a little longer while I finish..."

Martha held him even tighter with her legs crossed, although she was running out of strength. Her entire body was receiving a jolt of pleasure that made her mind go blank. Finally, when the shock had run through all of her, she couldn't hold

him anymore, leaving him alone on his quest. But luckily, he didn't need much more. A little effort. And finally, honoring his profession, a thick white load was introduced deep into her. The baker offered her buns, and the milkman took care of the filling, as promised. A small spasm of pleasure ran through his body and finally he fell exhausted against her front.

“The windows!”

Martha sat down at the table and nearly knocked over the puppet as she jerked to her feet. Oliver, somewhat stunned, tried to understand.

“Yes, it's hot as hell here... We have to open them more...”

“They're already wide open! What if a neighbor has heard us! Like Elizabeth's slut...That a featherless parrot...”

Oliver brushed the flour off his clothes for a moment as he watched Martha...being Martha again. She tried to sit up and he couldn't help but notice the movement of her buttocks as she stood up - half hypnotized, he was slow to realize that she was now addressing him.

“And we’ve gone too far! We gotta bake what’s left NOW!”

And when it was time to bake, there was nothing else to do but bake. Oliver washed his hands and put some more wood in the oven. Martha hurriedly washed her hands as well and wiped down the table, including disinfectant. The large wooden table was a mess of flour and the bodily fluids that adorned the top didn’t help. The milkman was about to say something about washing clothes too. Martha, who was her usual nervous wreck, simply tossed it aside and carried the bread dough to a clean countertop to take it no further. The sanitary cap was... who knows where it was, because of the fun little time, it was nowhere to be found on her. To avoid anything that could make her more hysterical, Oliver approached and began to imitate her to finish as soon as possible.

“We should have left that for later! Ow!”

“And what about the fun we had?”

She didn’t say anything and tried to avoid looking at him. She was looking like a tomato. He too. He was so dizzy from the heat that he doubted

he even had sex moments ago. It had been a dream...but he was sure he hadn't fallen asleep, as if to be confused...Or had it been a hallucination? Again everything seemed so normal... But it happened. Oliver glanced at Martha's still naked body. A small part of his special milk was leaking from the container, running down her legs. It had definitely all been real.

“Please, place what is already baked in those baskets and cover it with some clean blankets... Then we gotta have to load it.”

After a look at the clock to speed up the tension, a few hysterical screams and a few bakes, the entire order was complete. Oliver and Martha washed as best they could and put on clean clothes. Oliver had no choice but to put on some of Martha's son's old clothes - they didn't have any adult clothes for his size. Once the van was loaded, it was time to go. It took a few more yells from Martha, yelling at all the drivers who were slow to start at intersections. Oliver offered some gestures to calm her down, stating that they would arrive on time. Which happened, despite Martha's nerves.

“Did you see that guy’s face? Wanting to scrounge with the loaves when he’s spent who knows how much in the whole party! He wanted even cheaper loaves! Bread! The cheapest thing on the planet! “Martha counted the bills while sitting in the van and wrote everything down in a notebook. Being a freelancer was probably the hardest part of her job. It was in those moments that he was grateful that the townspeople were loyal customers and didn’t have too many problems with money. “Did you see his face? It looked like a cod with hair! I’m sure he doesn’t even know how to appreciate the taste of buns...””

“Yes, I saw his face. I really saw him.” Oliver felt sleepy. He had been awake since 3 in the morning and it was already almost 5 in the afternoon. In no time his eyes would be hermetically closed, even if he didn’t have a place to lie down. “Martha... Do you mind if I take a nap? Or better yet, I think I should go home...””

“Oh, yes, excuse me...First you offer and I’ll drag you and leave you a rag for seconds...” Martha parked the van inside her stony garden. Oliver fell into her lap with the tremor, but he made no move to get back on his feet. Concerned, Martha took off his cap and stroked his hair. He turned his head

slightly - it was etiquette for them not to turn it 180 degrees to avoid scaring people - and looking askance, he put on the most pitiful and false voice he could.

“If I had willingly offered myself, there’s no point in ranting...But I’m not going to receive even a goodnight kiss? That would be cruel...”

“You damned!” Martha brushed a strand of her hair to one side and came over to give him a kiss. “Will there also be a chance to get another special order tomorrow? It’s just that I had planned to close and rest...you know...”

“I’ll bring you whatever you want, sweetheart...”

The doll sat on her thighs and held her chin firmly to have her face in front of him. The kiss was the sweetest yet. Both of them didn’t want it to end.

“Look at her! And you wanting to come back earlier to do her housework so she could rest!”

Two kids of high school and college age, respectively, were watching from the door of the house, seeing through the glass what was

happening in the driver's seat. The older one came a little closer, with a sly smile.

“Kids! Weren't you going to stay at a friend's house?”

“You said it well, in the past. We were going to. But this fool, had the idea of coming to make you dinner and everything so that you could relax from work...”

“Come on, it's not that bad either.” The younger brother shied away from the complaints to tease his mother a bit. “It's not like everyday you see something like this! Oh, Ma, I knew you were a modern woman... Look at you, shagging the only doll in town! Say yes!”

“Children!”

Martha got out of the car preparing one of her slippers. Oliver, not knowing where to go, could only watch the scene unfold, like a movie without a pause button. The older brother motioned for the younger brother to start running as he held back his laughter.

“Hey, Ma! So, have you found carpentry interesting?” The first slipper ended up in the birdbath. “Oh, that is some aim!”

“Leave her, I’m sure she’s tired of all day varnishing.” The minor was about to eat the second one. “Sorry!”

They both ran into the house, still laughing. Martha sighed.

“Every day, the more impertinent they become...”

“Well...” Oliver stuck his head out of the car. “At least it hasn’t caused them a trauma...So I suppose they are okay with it...”

“They are the ones who traumatize me.” Martha laughed.

“Oh...”

Oliver finally got out of the car, as red as her. He positioned himself next to her and took her hand to get her attention. Martha, less embarrassed, looked at him.

"We still have to...um, finish to ferment this relationship." She crouched down a bit to support him against her plump body. He didn't put up any resistance. "But if you want, you can stay for dinner today..."

Martha calmly dropped the proposal, but the doll jumped to respond effusively.

"I'd love to." Oliver hugged her. "Shall we go? Let's see how those kids of yours cook..."

"You should be afraid, very afraid..."

They both laughed, and entered the home, without letting go of their hands at any time.

FIN

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