Bread

by MycrotsUmbrella78

Summary

The Captain and a great deal of flour...

Georg tossed his pencil down in frustration at the scattered blueprints on his desk. Pinching the bridge of his nose he leaned back in his chair and listened to the quiet. Too quiet. Never a good sign. He was halfway out of his office when he recalled Max poking his head in hours ago to announce he was taking the children for the afternoon. Still it was terribly quiet. He opened the door to his study and was flooded by the scent of fresh bread. Suddenly starving he realized he'd not been down since breakfast and had worked thru lunch entirely. He wondered if he'd be able to charm a slice or two from Cook?

Unbuttoning his cuffs on the way down the stairs he stopped at the door of the kitchen roll his shirtsleeves. Was Cook humming? He glanced up and grinned. There was his lovely wife, well, her lovely backside. Swaying to the music in her head as she peered into the oven. Georg leaned against the door jamb and crossed his arms to settle in and see how long it took her to notice him.

Singing a bit to herself having peeked in at her loaves and satisfied they were doing beautifully she set to work kneading the next batch. Two perfect loaves were already resting on the countertop. She was feeling rather proud of herself, she just hoped he wouldn’t think her ridiculous to offer him simple bread when he was used to such extravagance.

"He won't think you're ridiculous at all,” she told herself firmly. “He’ll be delighted."

"He certainly will," he said walking toward her, hands in his pockets.

"Oh, you scared me!" She squeaked, spinning to face him.

He leant a hip against the countertop next to her and just kept grinning.
"The bread smells divine. I didn't know you baked."

"Well, I don't really bake per say, just bread truthfully. I, uh, wanted to surprise you, but now it seems a bit... I'm just, happy I suppose, well that and I'm a bit of a show off. I wanted to show you my hidden talents."

"But darling," he drawled, "I'm well aware of your hidden talents...".

"Georg!," she gasped in mock outrage hitting him with a handy dishrag and trying not to smile back at him. "That is not what I meant..." but she couldn't hold out and she gave him a crooked smile before turning back to her dough. She could feel him watching her work and was pleased he seemed interested. She gave him a sideways glance, hmm, no tie. And he'd been rifling his hair and he had removed his jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeves, a sure sign that he had been frustrated about something. But she had to admit that she loved her Captain a little less, buttoned up. And he smelled so good.

Maria swiped her hand across her nose and forehead to push back her bags and stood back a bit from the counter to hunt up more pans.

"Hold on," he said reaching out to grasp her arm he pointed to her nose. "You have a little flour... just there," he murmured, running his index finger down her nose.

She shivered a bit with pleasure, two months married and her skin still fizzed when he touched her. Rubbing the flour off his finger with his thumb he started to back away but caught her eyes shining at him. For a moment he was back in his uniform, the orchestra behind him, and his beautiful governess in his arms. He hadn't been able to do as he pleased in that moment, which was to see if she tasted as wonderful as she smelled. But here and now...he smirked as he leaned into her upturned face.

He meant to give her enough of a kiss to fluster her so she wouldn’t notice the loaf he planned to nick on his way out. Holding her eyes with his he reached his hands up to cup her jaw, his fingertips skimming the soft skin below her ears, watching her eyes close. He closed the distance between them and ran the tip of his tongue across the seam of her lips.

She whimpered and he felt a grin tug at his lips. He had her. He deepened the kiss, one hand reaching for the small of her back and the other snaking behind her to reach the bread behind her. His fingers could just brush the crust, an inch further and he would be home free. His palm made contact and he swept the bread behind his back. Smug with success he licked into her mouth one last time and drew back to catch her bottom lip with his teeth.

And then he felt her hand drop down to the belt buckle of his pants and use it to pull him back against her, only to press in hard and slide down his zipper. Then back up.

She pushed away from him with an impish grin and retreated to the other side of the island countertop. And basked in the shocked look on his face.

"Weren't you going to sneak off with that bread you have behind your back, Captain?"

Sputtering a bit he snorted,"Why you little...you knew what I was about the whole time?"

"Mm, maybe a better way to phrase that is that you didn't know what I was about...," she shook her head at him,"...trying to seduce me into not noticing you're a thief."

"Oh ho... trying? Trying?" He started walking around the counter toward her. She started backing up.
“Still stalking her he dropped the bread and he raised an eyebrow, his blue eyes sparkling, enjoying the game. "Perhaps I should come over there and show you what succeeding feels like, mmm Fräulein?"

"Well, if you think you can...a man your age...you might break a hip," she teased, knowing full well those were fighting words.

He vaulted himself across the countertop towards her as she shrieked with delight and started running for the door.

He caught her, she'd let him. Snatching her from behind he drew her back to his chest and wrapped his arms around her, lest she squirm away.

"Old man am I?" He whispered into the shell of her ear, running his tongue along the ridge. Reeling in the lush scent at her neck and tight press of her hips against his. She relaxed into his arms and placed her palms over the backs of his hands and pushed until they rested on her breasts. Oh, but his girl was so lovely. A walking contradiction if ever there was one. Innocent and brazen. The only women he had ever met that made his heartache with the need to love her and his body tighten with the need to show her all at once.

Smoothing his thumbs across her nipples and feeling the last of his control slipping as she let one arm slip behind her back between them to run her palm down his zipper, he asked, “Where is everyone?”

“Gone, uh, afternoon off so I could, umm,” she trailed off as he found a sensitive spot on her collarbone, “...I, I can’t think when you do that.” Spinning in his arms to face him she slipped her fingers into his hair and tugged until his mouth landed on hers. The kiss turned fierce and he knew her lips would be swollen afterwards, he tried to gentle them, backing off. Until she bit him on the lip, hard.

Drawing back with a challenge in her eyes she met his gaze and said, “Not old then? Prove it...Captain.”

Oh. That was her game then?

“It will be your pleasure...Fraulein.” She giggled a bit and rolled her eyes at his line and then tapped him on the nose.

“Are you certain I shouldn’t run for the liniment?”

Growling, he gripped her hips and pushed her backwards until she bumped into the cabinets. She stood on her tiptoes to slot her hips against his, rolling them into his. Hissing at the sensation he swept his hands across her backside, underneath her skirt and gripped her thighs. Lifting her against the cabinet door and wrapping her legs around him. Pressing his hips against her center he feathered kisses and bites down her neck, her panting breath in his ear. She squirmed against him, desperate to get pressure on the place she needed it most. He ground into her harder, faster, the cabinet door behind them creaking with his thrusts.

Georg came out of his fog long enough to realize they were going to crack the wood at this rate and looked around for a place better suited to their needs. Spotting the island behind them he swung her around and slid her onto it, shoving the pans and an entire bag of flour onto the floor. Claiming her mouth again in a deep kiss as he rucked up her skirt and hooked his thumbs into her panties. Holding her gaze again in a deep kiss as he rucked up her skirt and hooked his thumbs into her panties. Holding her gaze he slid them off and dropped them, sliding one hand back the inside of her leg and slipping a finger inside her. She pressed up against his hand and shivered with pleasure as his thumb brushed against her. Suddenly impatient she batted his hand away and
grabbed him by the belt loops to draw him closer.

"Wait love...slow down and let me. Let me..." he trailed off as she managed his buckle, button and zip one handed.

"Don't want to wait," she slurred a little as she slid her hand past his fly and drew out his erection, dragging her index finger down his length before sliding her hands up his chest.

He slid into her, watching her close her eyes against the pleasure. Keeping one hand anchored on her hip he slid his other over her still clothed stomach and between her breasts. He gave a gentle push and she obliged, lying back and biting her lip to keep quiet as he sunk deeper.

"Mm mm. No, no holding back. I want to hear you," he demanded, placing his thumb against her center and rubbing in tight circles punctuated by the snap of his hips against hers. She was more than lost as she tossed her head, her back arching as all of her strained to be closer to him.

Feeling her core tighten around him and listening to his wife call out his name as she shuddered against him was enough tip him over the edge. Desperate to join her he thrust one last time gasping her name as he came. He managed to find the strength to gather her into his arms and sort of slither to the floor as dignified as a man with his flies undone could.

"We should give Cook the afternoon off every day." She glanced over at him as he made a halfhearted effort to blow flour off forehead.

"And get rid of the children too...perhaps we could hire Max as the new governess?" She giggled at that and rolled over onto his chest.

"Maria?"

"Mmm?"

"I love you."

"I love you too, old man," she said as she kissed his cheek.

“Maria, darling?,” he whispered in her ear.

“Mmmh?” Was the blissed out response.

“Do you smell something burning?”

The End.

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