



Ginger Spice

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Where can one find spice for life?

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/ginger-spice-1.aspx>

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Legend perpetuates a mythic fairy tale that depicts a cheeky gingerbread man who was magically animated, and who spent his life running away from people and talking creatures who wished to eat him. Ancient documents have now come to light that tell a different story:

Once upon a time, there was a Gingerbread Man, who lived in the small town of Puddington. Unlike the other sweet inhabitants, the Gingerbread Man was lacking a certain something that should have been intrinsic to his smiley existence. The poor cookie was lacking in spice. Usually, the inhabitants of Puddington were raised by family who could add ingredients to their lives, making each of them a nommy, well-rounded dessert.

But alas! Poor Gingerbread Man; he didn't have any family or friends to help him reach the wholesome, nommy cookie potential that should have been his present. He had been left at the Cookridge Orphanage when he was still a lump of dough, only gaining one grain of ginger when it flew in on a breeze from a passing Cinnamon Swirl, who was in a tizzy after having rolled in the wrong tin of spice.

Being a True Gingerbread Man was merely a faraway dream for this Gingerbread Man. He felt like a fraudster, a crummy excuse for what he should have been. He wished with all his almost-gingerbread heart that he could have the toothsome passion that most Gingerbread Men possess. Real Gingerbread Men are a rarity, and women of all species and desserts crave them for their sexual prowess. Every True Gingerbread Man gets a candy cane stiffy when he is aroused, and shoots out gallons of icing, decorating anybody in the vicinity and getting them all hot under the pastry. After all, ginger is a wonderful aphrodisiac.

But, sadly for the Gingerbread Man in question, instead of lighting the local bakery's oven as he walked past, and causing the Lemon Sugar Nuts and Frangipane Shortbreads to swoon and ooze syrup all over the road at the mere whiff of his scent, he only managed to raise vague smiles in return to his own large, friendly, currant-fruity grin.

And so it came to pass, that the unhappy Gingerbread Man wrote a letter unto his Fairy Gingermother:

“Dear Fairy Gingermother,

I am supposed to be a Gingerbread Man. I am really rather sweet, and ever so friendly. I always have a smile on my face, and I am really rather nommy, if one would only stop to lick my little candy buttons. Honest!

But, you see, I am sadly lacking in the spice required for life. I only have one tiny grain of ginger in me, which flew in on a breeze from a passing Cinnamon Swirl, who was in a tizzy after having rolled in the wrong tin of spice.

It is my absolute dream to be a hot, spicy Gingerbread Man. I don’t need tasty puddings to fall all over me, or anything, but I’d love to be able to make them really happy. Like... you know... Really Happy. A little bit of oozing syrup here, a pinch of sugared sherbet there, it’s all good. I’d love to be the sort of Gingerbread Man who can make a Fruit Puff a Cream Puff just by giving her a quick snog.

But in order to do that, I really need some more ginger. Is it too much to ask? If it is, I don’t know what I shall do. There is a milk tanker that passes by my cottage every day, and I keep thinking about throwing myself into it. That’s really not very healthy, I know.

Please, please, please help me. I am willing to work for my ginger. I’m really good at twiddling gumdrops into boobies on the female of my variety, I bet. I could help you out. Surely you need your Rainbow Drops tweaking? I bet you anything I could do that.

Please help me, Fairy Gingermother.

Yours Needing-A-Little-Spicing-Uppingly,

The Gingerbread Man (Puddington).”

And so it came to pass, that the Gingerbread Man’s letter was delivered to the Fairy Gingermother by some Flying Sherbet Saucers who were zooming that way. The letter was received two days later, and duly answered in the form of a large package, delivered by a contingent of White Chocolate Snowmen, who were on their way north for the summer.

The Gingerbread Man was so excited, that his little candy buttons popped out onto the floor, causing Old Mrs McDoughnut, who was passing by, to exclaim her embarrassment loudly, and he grabbed

them close to his chest to hide his nakedness.

“Oh my, what a large package you have,” giggled Old Mrs McDoughnut’s voluptuous granddaughter, Éclair Doughball, as they carried on down the road. Scampering inside with his package, the blushing Gingerbread Man couldn’t wait to open it.

It was from his Fairy Gingermother! Inside was a note, a tiny pinch of ginger in a small paper twist, and several strange-looking red and white candy canes. The Gingerbread Man had never seen anything like them before! None of them were like the kind he saw in naughty magazines, with a long shaft and a curved end where it emerged from its owner, before dropping off when it had reached its climax for future sucking and licking and general pleasures.

One of these new candy canes had a slight curve, and large knobbly bits in a spiral pattern all the way up the shaft. Another was wide, with a bulbous head and a straight, smooth shaft. Another was very small and shaped a little like a whirling top, with a cone-shape at one end and a little nub like a doorknob at the other. And the last one was shaped a little like an anchor, with a gently curved bow, finished off on either end with a gleaming gumdrop. There was a handle in the centre of this, finished off with strings of liquorice laces.

The Gingerbread Man was a bit bemused. He sniffed the small paper twist of ginger, feeling an odd stirring in his loins, and read the note.

“Dear The Gingerbread Man (Puddington),

Please find enclosed a tiny pinch of ginger in a small paper twist, and four candy canes. I expect they look rather odd to you, but trust me; these are the best that Fairy Dust can buy.

You must travel to meet me at my home before I can give you any more ginger. You see, if I gave ginger to everybody who asked for it, we’d be overrun by Gingerbread Babies. One must use these substances carefully, you know.

Set off to meet me, and ask people you meet along the way how to find me. You will be glad of the candy canes I have sent you. Use them well.

Snort the ginger and set off immediately, I’m really rather busy to write more now.

Yours Awaitingly,

Your Fairy Gingermother.”

“Oh, goodness,” the Gingerbread Man said to nobody in particular. And he made sure his little candy buttons were secure, unwrapped the small paper twist of ginger, pushed it into a line of gingery powder, and snorted it all up his gingerbread nose.

“HEADRUSH!” he exclaimed to nobody in particular. And...

“GROINRUSH!” he exclaimed to his groin. What in Puddington was the delicious feeling that suddenly throbbed through his lower regions? He couldn’t be sure, but he felt like his soft cookieness was stiffening a little. How odd, but amazingly delicious this was. And he couldn’t stop thinking about the firm, plump choux breasts and long, shapely legs of the giggling Éclair Doughball...

But stop! he told himself. *What folly is this? Off to the Fairy Gingermother’s home forthwith!*

Almost floating out the door, the Gingerbread Man grabbed the candy canes and set off. He sauntered up the high street, noticing that the female Puddingtons were sniffing as he walked past them, and batting their pastry eyes at him. The Gingerbread Man grinned his curranty grin at them all and carried on.

When he reached the edge of Puddington, he wasn’t sure which direction he was supposed to travel in, to reach the Fairy Gingermother’s home. He paused, looking around him,

“Are you lost, Gingerbread Man?” giggled a voice from behind a custard hedge. He looked around, and saw the chocolatey face of Éclair Doughball peeking at him.

“Not yet,” said the Gingerbread Man. “But I need to work out how to get to the Fairy Gingermother’s home. Do you know where she lives?”

“I’ll tell you,” giggled Éclair. “But would you do something for me first?”

The Gingerbread Man’s senses were heightened by the ginger coursing through his sweet veins, and his groin throbbed madly.

“What would you like me to do?” he asked.

“Make me squirt, Gingerbread Man,” the naughty Ms. Doughball giggled at him.

“Oh my,” replied the Gingerbread Man. And he wondered to himself how he might do such a thing. Was he supposed to sit on her? Push her tummy? Drop a bushel of apples on her? How did one

make a female squirt?

Suddenly, he felt the Power of Ginger overtake him, and he leaped over the custard hedge in a single bound, grabbing Éclair from behind and whispering into her choux ear.

“Alright, you naughty sweet thing, now you’re going to get it.”

And he took the candy cane with the slight curve and large knobby bits in a spiral pattern all the way up the shaft, and teased her oozing little hole with it. He didn’t even know she had a hole, but there it was, dripping with hot cream, all ready for him.

“Oooooo,” she sighed. “Oh yes, that’s it. Oh, you’re so hot... Mmmmm... do it... stick it in deep, you sexy Gingerbread Man.”

The Gingerbread Man saw that she was oozing little trickles of cream from her hole, mixing with the running chocolate from her melting front. This was one sexy choux, with her firm, warm ass sticking out at him, breasts all lathered in gooey chocolate at his touch, and her arms and legs shaking with desire for him!

He squished his gingery groin against her, feeling her cream smearing all over him, making the throbbing he felt in himself more intense. Holding the candy cane firmly, he pushed it into her.

“Ohhhh,” she sighed loudly. “Oh yes, deeper, deeper, oh yum! Yummy yummy yum!”

She reached behind her as the Gingerbread Man withdrew the candy cane and then thrust again. She yelped and grabbed his free hand, pulling it round so she could suck on his fingers.

“Mmmm... so tingly,” she mumbled as she nibbled his gingerbread fingers, just enough to make him grind harder against her, and slide the candy cane harder, faster and deeper, in and out of her oozing hole, twisting it as he went.

“Oh crumbs! Aaaaaaah!” The candy cane shot out of Éclair’s hole, and embedded itself in the custard hedge, followed by a huge SPLATT as her cream shot out and plastered itself over the Gingerbread Man, the candy cane, and half the hedge.

“Tharrrrr she blows!” cried the impressed Gingerbread Man in his best pirate voice, glad that she’d released his fingers without biting down on them.

He looked down at the ecstatic Éclair, who was now flat on her back with cream and chocolate mixed

and dripping from her onto the ground.

“Which way to the Fairy Gingermother’s house, you sexy pudding?” asked the Gingerbread Man, wiping himself down with a piece of plum sponge from a nearby plum sponge tree.

Weakly, Éclair lifted a dripping finger and pointed south, a silly grin on her chocolate-sticky face.

“Thanks very much,” said the Gingerbread Man, the throbbing in his groin now dulled to little twinges. And he began to walk south towards the Fairy Gingermother’s home, kindly leaving Éclair the candy cane for her future pleasures.

He passed by the Yummy Lush Caves, and walked through the Emerald Glades. He discovered the Fields of Fudge, where he stopped for a while to watch the fudge-packers box up the sweet fruit of the candied soil for a while.

And so it came to pass, that he walked some more, and found the place where the Great Cocoa River and the River O’ Butterscotch met. He decided to follow the River O’ Butterscotch, because it would take him further south than that Great Cocoa River. By the time he reached the edge of the Riproaring Valley of Buckwheats, he was very tired, and the wind was very strong. And so, he sat down in the shelter of a large windmill.

As he rested and regained his breath, the Gingerbread Man suddenly heard a wailing, carried on the breath of the breeze that crept around the windmill. But no, it was not the wind wailing, he was sure. And so, he stood up, and crept towards the nearest open window. He could hear somebody crying inside.

“I say,” said the Gingerbread Man, “Is everything alright in there?”

The sound of wailing stopped at once, and the heavy tread of somebody could be heard walking them across floorboards. A fat little face pushed itself out of the window, and peered down at him. Little trails of tears had formed rivulets in the flour dusted on her cheeks.

“Who are you? What do you want?” sniffed the little fat face.

“I’m a Gingerbread Man, and I’m trying to find the Fairy Gingermother’s house. I stopped for a rest and heard your wailing. Can I help you at all?”

“A Gingerbread Man? Oh goody gumdrops! Oh, do come around to the front door. I feel better already!” And the little fat face disappeared to the sound of little fat feet running across the windmill’s

wooden floor.

Walking around the outside of the windmill, the Gingerbread Man found the front door already opened for him, and he was pulled inside by a little fat fist.

“Oh, Gingerbread Man! I am so happy to see you!” the dumpy little windmill wench told him. “ My boyfriend broke up with me, and I haven’t had sex for two whole months. How awful it is. I don’t suppose... I mean... Would there be any chance... What with you being a Gingerbread Man and all... Could you possibly... Y’know...”

The dumpy little windmill wench’s blushing through the flour made the Gingerbread Man’s groin grow instantly hard, throbbing intensely.

“Take my candy cane and fuck you with it?” he asked lustily, rather surprised at himself, and putting it down to the ginger rushing round his system.

“Oh yes, please!” gasped the dumpy little windmill wench. “The thing is, though, my boyfriend was rather large in the you-know-what area, and it takes a lot to be able to satisfy my needs. But you are a Gingerbread Man, after all, and I am willing to let you work your magic, even though you’ll never be able to fill me like my ex could.”

“Oh really?” smiled the Gingerbread Man. “Let’s see, shall we?” And he held up the candy cane that was wide, with a bulbous head and a straight, smooth shaft. The dumpy little windmill wench’s eyes widened, and she led him over to a large mound of flour.

“You see this, Gingerbread Man? Desserts from all over the world come to me for help in making their bakery babies. This is the finest flour as ever there was, and just the sight of it makes me feel wet with desire. But the flour needs a little something...”

She took off her dress so that she was naked, and reached over to a small shelf, taking from it a little pot. Lying back into the flour, legs wide open, she took the lid off the small pot, and the aroma of golden syrup clouded the air in heady fragrance.

The Gingerbread Man was suddenly aware that a small nub of peppermint candy had just formed in his groin, the unmistakable swirl of red and white showing that it was indeed a small erection. His first ever! How happy he was! It was tiny, yes, but he was hard, and that was all that mattered.

He watched the dumpy little windmill wench smear her breasts and pussy with the golden syrup, and, unable to contain himself any longer, he leaped onto her and thrust the wide candy cane into her

willing hole.

“Oh, Gingerbread Man, how massive your candy cane is! Oh, do me, do me, do me!” cried the dumpy little windmill wench.

And so it came to the pass, that the Gingerbread Man used the candy cane that was wide, with a bulbous head and a straight, smooth shaft to make the dumpy little windmill wench so hot and horny that she couldn't even speak.

He removed it from her aching pussy, and then smeared it all around her syrup-coated pussy lips, and then trailed it slowly up her body, rubbing his little erection onto her clit as he did so. She wrapped her fat little legs tightly around his waist as he kissed the syrup trail from the candy cane up her body, sucking heavily and heartily on her large nipples. He licked them clean of the warm, golden stickiness as he trailed the bulbous head of the candy cane over them in turn, still grinding against her sticky clit.

“Oh, what sensation is this?” gasped the dumpy little windmill wench. “Your ginger is like fire on my nips and itty bitty little clitty! Suck me! Fuck me! Yessss!”

The heat from his ginger and the passion he arouse in her began to bake the syrup and flour together underneath them, forming little syrup cakes around them. Again, the Gingerbread Man plunged the large, bulbous candy cane into the dumpy little windmill wench's dripping pussy, thrusting it in and out, in and out, until she yelled out with joy and her muscles clamped around it in orgasm spasms.

Just the mere sight of the comely wench coming for him made his own little erection burst forth little blobs of hot, dripping icing, all over her, and over the little syrup cakes.

“Ahhhh,” she sighed. “How wonderful...”

The Gingerbread Man was still seeing sugar stars in front of his eyes, when he suddenly realised that the dumpy little windmill wench had worked the little golden syrup cakes into pretty little decorations. She took one, licked the back of it, and stuck it on the Gingerbread Man's chest.

“You're ever so sweet,” she told him. “I shall be able to sell these for party cakes, you know. Do you want to take any with you?”

“Just this one, thank you,” he curranty-smiled at her, as she dusted him off and gave him a few sneaky licks to remove the drops of syrup over him. Then she took him up to the top of the windmill, where she showed him a large sugar balloon with an enormous baker's basket below it, full of bags of

flour.

“I was just about to send this over to the Riproaring Valley of Buckwheats, to the foothills of the Sorbetian Mountains. You will need to get there in order to reach the Fairy Gingermother’s home, and this is the quickest way. Once you get there, keep following the River O’Butterscotch through the mountains.”

“Thank you so much,” said the Gingerbread Man. “Please keep my candy canes if you wish.” And he popped off the little red and white swirly peppermint nub from his groin, and handed it to her. She blushed prettily, and kissed him on the cheek.

And so it came to pass, that the Gingerbread Man was helped into the baker’s basket below the sugar balloon, and he waved goodbye as the winds took him and the flour quickly over the Riproaring Valley of Buckwheats, and landed them gently at the foothills of the Sorbetian Mountains.

He hopped out of the basket, and made his way up the foothills, following the River O’ Butterscotch up and over the top. It was very cold up there, and he wished he had more ginger to help him; his syrup content was beginning to stiffen his limbs, and he knew that without the extra ginger the Fairy Gingermother had sent him, he would never have made it.

Over the top and down the other side of the Sorbetian mountains he travelled. They were huge, all pinky and orangey and lemony and limey mountains of sorbet, and he had to move fast to stop ice crystals forming on him.

When the sorbet was far behind him, he found that the River O’ Butterscotch turned into the River O’ Caramel. Beyond that, he could see the legendary Paradise Hotchpotch. Energised at the sight of it, he kept walking until he reached it.

Bordered by white and pink marshmallow banks, it was a mishmash of twinkling gummy trees and big fat chocolate logs, with swirling rainbow sugar raining from the glowing leaves. It had shrubs of jellied flowers, and forests of purple and blue candy sticks. There were puddles of chocolate milk, which glooped and glopped in thick, ploppy bubbles, and lakes of lemonade, which fizzed and sparkled in the warm sun, letting off geysers and showering the sugary rice grass with jewel-like splendour. A Paradise Hotchpotch indeed! *How marvellous it would be to live here*, thought the Gingerbread Man, sitting down for a rest.

He took in the sights, and smelled in the sweet air, feeling his groin twitching again. He could only wonder at how he would feel with a full dose of ginger, should the Fairy Gingermother agree to let him have more. If she didn’t, he didn’t know what he would do. He had already made two people very

happy, and it made him feel warm inside, even more than the ginger did. If he couldn't get any more ginger, how could he possibly do that again? He sighed.

"Helloooo there!" A voice snapped him out of his wondering thoughts, and he looked towards where the sound had come from. There was a pink and purple sugar boat floating on the River O' Caramel.

The Gingerbread Man got up, and ran towards it, before it could swing away from the bank. A figure on deck was waving madly at him.

"Hello, Sailor!"

"Tell me, Gingerbread Man, is this the River O' Caramel? I've got rather lost, and I'm late with my gummy bear deliveries."

"Yes, yes it is," he shouted back, running alongside the boat on the swirling waves.

"Oh, thank fudge for that," the boatman grinned. "Where are you going, Gingerbread Man?"

"I'm trying to get to the Fairy Gingermother's home," panted the Gingerbread Man, trying his hardest to keep up.

"You are? Hop aboard, matey, for I, too, am going there!" The boatman steered his pink and purple sugar boat into the shoreline, just close enough for the Gingerbread Man to hop aboard. He stretched out his hand, and helped him on, steering the boat back into the waves as the Gingerbread Man lay there, catching his breath.

"Well, now, Gingerbread Man," said the boatman, "Tell me why you seek the Fairy Gingermother's home, for I am very nosy, and she's incredibly hot. Are you going to do her?"

"Do her?" asked the puzzled Gingerbread Man.

"You know. Do her. Fuck her, make her cum."

"Oh my," said the Gingerbread Man. "I was needing a favour, and she said I should go to see her."

"I bet she did," smirked the boatman. "She's a hot magical fairy fucker, that one. Did you know she moonlights as the Fairy MILFucker for the Wizardy Land of Wanketty Wishes? She's universe-famous for her sexploits."

“Oh,” blushed the Gingerbread Man, wishing he was a lot hotter and sexier than he was.

“But I’d say a sweet little cookie lad like you would be right up her sexy fucking alley.”

“Really?”

“Oh yes. She likes them firm and innocent. And when she has removed their innocence, she moves onto the next one. She’s not cruel, she’s like a guide, a teacher. Eventually, you can manage on your own. She’s a magical, sexual springboard. And boy, can you spring on her!”

“Have you ever... er... Done Her?” asked the Gingerbread Man.

“Who hasn’t, lad? Who hasn’t? She’s a sexy fairy, and no mistake. Knows how to make life sweeter, you know?”

The Gingerbread Man thought about that, feeling his groin stirring again.

“Hey, Gingerbread Man,” said the boatman. “I don’t suppose you have any candy canes to share with me, do you? It can be a lonely life on this boat, you know, and we have a little while before we reach the Candied Ocean.”

The Gingerbread Man looked at the two candy canes he had left. He wondered if the one shaped like an anchor would be right for the boatman, and then spied an anchor already on deck. So he didn’t need that after all. He held up the small candy cane, that was shaped a little like a whirling top, with a cone-shape at one end and a little nub like a doorknob at the other.

“Will this do?” asked the Gingerbread Man.

“Well, shiver me sugar timbers, lad, I should think so!”

The Gingerbread Man felt a surge of ginger coursing through him again, and suddenly, he felt his groin pulsing and throbbing again. Looking down, he saw a small candy cane rising from his groin, straight and slender, but a candy cane nonetheless.

Putting the cone-shaped candy cane in his mouth for a moment, he undid the boatman’s belt and trousers and pulled them down to his knees, taking his strawberry shortcake underwear down with it too, to his knees. The boatman’s cock was hard and bouncing, twitching in anticipation.

The Gingerbread Man let his instincts take over, started stroking the cock, and inserted his fingers

into the boatman's mouth. He instantly started sucking them, gasping at the tingling fire of the spice teasing his mouth.

"Mmmmm..." hummed the boatman, reaching out to hold the Gingerbread Man's slender, growing candy cane, making it grow longer and wider. The Gingerbread Man wiggled his hips in pleasure. He popped his fingers out of the boatman's mouth, and smeared their shared juices onto the cone-shaped candy cane.

"Turn around, sailor. Let's give you a real taste of ginger fingers."

The boatman turned and spread his legs, placing his hands on the boat wheel. The Gingerbread man traced his wet, sticky fingers up his crack, before gently poking the boatman's asshole with one fiery finger.

"Oh, my sweet ginger god," gasped the boatman.

"Yes, I suppose I am," curranty-grinned the Gingerbread Man, carefully sliding a finger into him.

"Oooo, do me!"

"I rather think I am."

And so it came to pass, that the Gingerbread Man slid two gingery fingers into the boatman, setting his anus on passionate fire, and causing him to wriggle and moan. Giving the cone-shaped candy cane one last smear of gingery spit, he withdrew his fingers, and then gently inserted it into the boatman.

"Oh, sweet ginger fucks!"

"Why, yes, I do. Now, turn around and lean your ass on the side of the boat."

The boatman did as he was told, and pushed himself onto the pink and green sugar sides so that if he rocked back, he could push the inserted candy cane deeper.

The Gingerbread Man, now sporting a delicious-looking candy erection, got to his knees, and then took the boatman's cock into his mouth, dousing it in fiery, delicious ginger spit, and running his soft cookie-dough tongue up and down the underneath of his shaft.

He reached under the boatman, pulling him forward slightly, and took hold of the small, nubby end of

the cane sticking out of his ass. He moved it and out as he sucked him hard and deep, using his other ginger fingers to play with, and bounce the boatman's balls gently.

“Oh, sweet fucking ginger... bread... fucking... fire... fuck... AAAAHHHHH!”

And the boatman spurted his cum right down the Gingerbread Man's throat.

“Ooo, nice!” said the Gingerbread Man, licking his sweet lips. “Salty and sweet, all in one.”

Leaving the boatman to recover, the Gingerbread Man sat on a crate of Gummy Bears, who told them they had thoroughly enjoyed the show. He thanked them, and looked at his own candy cane, larger than he had ever seen before, and wondered what he was supposed to do next. He simply broke it off, which gave him a wonderful shiver of joy, and offered it to the boatman, who was now back at the wheel, leaning on it for support.

“Thank you, friend,” said the boatman. I shall suck this and think of you when next I have need of your smiling comfort. But see, we are already on the Candied Ocean.”

The Gingerbread man looked down into what had been caramel waves, but was now a rolling sea of blue and green sugar strands.

“And yonder, see? There are the Islands of Marvellous Sweets! We are headed for the first, and largest, past the Crunchy Crumb Rocks, to Honeycomb Harbour. The Fairy Gingermother's house is just up the road from there, Honeypuff Palace.”

The Gingerbread Man was so excited that his candy buttons popped off again. Gathering them up, he danced a little dance Puddingtonians called The Happy Dance. For happy he was, that Gingerbread Man, who had journeyed so far to find his spice for life.

And so it came to pass, that they sailed into Honeycomb Harbour. The Gingerbread Man saw a great many sights, and heard wondrous things, as he jumped ashore, which would make a story book all of their own. And, following directions from a kindly-looking Butterscotch Wheel, he walked up the road to Honeypuff Palace.

When he reached Honeypuff Palace, he was awed and amazed. Bigger than any building he had ever seen, the golden gates were decorated with chocolate drops and honey cakes, and the walls were made of enormous slabs of honeycomb, with cherry cement and dustings of rainbow sherbert.

There was so much traffic coming from and going to the palace, that he was not sure what he was

supposed to do. He spied a large, surly-looking White Sugar Cookie Man, all decorated in official-looking gilt icing, standing by the gate, writing on a sugar wafer clipboard.

“Excuse me, please,” said the Gingerbread Man, shyly. “I had a letter from the Fairy Gingermother, asking me to come to her home. And so, here I am.”

“Prove it,” replied the White Sugar Cookie Man, not looking up.

The Gingerbread Man held up his last candy cane, the one that was shaped a little like an anchor, with a gently curved bow, finished off on either end with a gleaming gumdrop, with a handle in the centre, which was finished off with strings of liquorice laces.

“I only have this, really.”

The White Sugar Cookie Man looked up and gasped, a smile spreading across his face.

“Ah, you’re the Puddington Gingerbread Man, aren’t you? We’ve been watching out for you. Come this way, this way, this way…” And he led the Gingerbread Man to the palace, through the crowds of carts and people and sweets and strange creatures that the Gingerbread Man had never seen before.

On entering the palace through a security-coded door, which the White Sugar Cookie Man had to lick for admittance, the Gingerbread Man saw a large hall, full of every single kind of sweet treat that you could ever imagine.

“No time to stop, to stop, to stop,” bustled the White Sugar Cookie Man, leading him through a series of rooms and down staircases to the passages below the palace.

“I… I say,” stammered the Gingerbread Man. “You’re not taking me to the dungeons, are you?”

“Of course I am, I am, I am,” replied the White Sugar Cookie Man. “But don’t be afeared. Only the lucky few ever get to visit here, you know, you know, you know.”

Arriving at an ornate door of sculpted honeycomb angels and woodland creatures, the White Sugar Cookie Man knocked loudly on the door, waited a moment, and opened it.

“In you go, you go, you go,” he said, pushing the Gingerbread Man in, and closing the door behind him as he left him all alone.

Nervously, the Gingerbread Man looked around. The room had black liquorice walls, with red sugar decorations all along the panelling. There were strange-looking baking tools hung on one wall, and various pots of funny-looking sprinkles on shelves on another wall. And in the centre of the room, was a large cage, made up of enormous shafts of straight, thick, gleaming candy canes.

In the centre of the cage were two pairs of little benches. The Gingerbread Man wondered what they could possibly for, and thoughts of awful tragedies that might befall him ran through his head.

“Weeeee!” A sudden swooping flurry of wings swept down on him from a corner of the liquorice room, and he felt himself enveloped by little clinging arms.

“You made it! Oh, I’m so happy! I didn’t know if you would have the guts or the heart, little Gingerbread Man. But here you are!”

He felt himself released from the embrace, and teetered backwards to see who had accosted him. It was a pretty, shining little fairy with cotton candy hair, voluptuous and shapely, and completely naked except for the three little wafer flowers covering her nipples and mound.

“But tell me how you are, sweetie! I want to know all about your journeys! How did you get on with the ginger? Were you confused? Did you find your inner candy cane? Have you iced anybody yet? Have you made anybody squirt her cream yet?” She led him to sit on one of the little benches in the cage, and sat opposite him, smoothing his face and poking his little star-shaped button.

“That’s very pretty! Did you fuck her? Shall you always remember her? Oh, I’m so proud of you! But here I am, rambling away at you. How silly of me. I’m your Fairy Gingermother, you know. Now, tell me your story.”

And the little fairy sat listening whilst the stammering Gingerbread Man told her his story, how he had only been graced with one grain of ginger, and about how he felt when he had snorted the little paper twist of ginger that she had sent him. He told her all about Éclair Doughball, the dumpy little windmill wench, and the boatman, and how he had discovered that he could feel so wonderful himself, as well making other people very happy. By the time he got to the end of his story, he was feeling much more comfortable.

“And so, here I am. I never knew that I could please so many people, and still feel so wonderful myself. I don’t really know what I’ve been doing, you know, if I did it right or not, but I did my best, and I was wondering, if you would give me some more ginger, and let me work in payment for it, perhaps I could please many more people.”

The Fairy Gingermother smiled at him, and twirled her cotton candy hair with her finger.

“You know, Gingerbread Man, most Gingerbread Men require twenty-six and a half times more ginger than I sent you, in order to get up to even half of what you’ve done. You have ginger in your heart. It isn’t what we put into you, sweetie, it’s what you already have. And you cannot truly compensate for a lack of something, if you don’t know what to do with what you already have.”

“What do you mean?” The Gingerbread Man was puzzled.

“You, my dear,” said the Fairy Gingermother, “are a complete natural. Just because you don’t have as much spice as some others of your kind might do, it doesn’t mean you cannot bring smiles and joy to people, and yourself as well. You thought you were pleasing people because you had more ginger. But really, you were pleasing people because you are... well... YOU.”

“So I didn’t need to come all this way, then? I didn’t need you to send me ginger after all?”

“Oh, it never hurts to have a little more spice in our lives, sweetie. But really, when you believe in yourself, and allow others to experience what you have to offer, you can make everybody smile, just like that big ol’ curranty grin of yours. We find spice by just exploring who we are and what we can do, in different ways to the usual ways we are used to.”

The Gingerbread Man thought about this. He nodded sagely to himself. He understood.

“Now, I see you brought that last candy cane with you. Good Gingerbread Man! Do you know what to do with it?”

“I... I’m not entirely sure,” blushed the Gingerbread Man.

“Let me introduce you to a friend of mine.” And the Fairy Gingermother rang a little bell, which summoned another shining fairy, who came zooming into the room through a little trap door high in the liquorice ceiling.

She was larger than the Fairy Gingermother, with sherbert strap hair, peardrop hips, and little pointy breasts. She giggled, planting a little kiss on the Gingerbread Man’s nose, and sat on the Fairy Gingermother’s lap.

“This is my partner, Sugar Beth. We like to play together. Would you like to play with us, too, sweet Gingerbread Man?”

The Gingerbread Man gulped, nodding, but unsure of what to do. The two fairies stood up, and Sugar Beth pulled up the Gingerbread Man to stand between them and the two pairs of benches. Each fairy sat with the back of one thigh on each bench, opposite each other, legs splayed and pussies glistening in the light each other emitted.

The Gingerbread Man looked back and forth at them, with their giggling, and wriggling their hips so their breasts wobbled and their pussies winked at him.

Then he looked down at the last candy cane, that was shaped a little like an anchor, with a gently curved bow, finished off on either end with a gleaming gumdrop, with a handle in the centre, which was finished off with strings of liquorice laces.

And he knew instinctively what to do with it.

“Oh my,” gasped the Fairy Gingermother.

“Fuck me,” gasped Sugar Beth.

They were both staring at his groin. He had suddenly grown the biggest erection he had seen anywhere, and he knew, somehow, that when he had finished using it, he would be able to bend it off and proudly display his very own curved candy cane by resting it on his arm and showing it off to all who wished to see it. He could fuck anybody he wanted to now, without the Fairy Gingermother’s help!

But now, to the matter in hand, he thought.

He settled the anchor-shaped candy cane between the two fairies, one gumdrop end at the entrance of each of their pussies, and he began to sing a song.

“Cum, cum, as fast as you can;
You can fuck me,
I’m the Gingerbread Man!”

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