

BIRTHDAY GIFT



Ellen Mint

This wasn't right.

I pursed my lips, my eyes circling back and forth over the bright pink frosting. No matter how many times I read it, the letters didn't change. My name was misspelled.

Every year on my birthday, I'd order a cake for myself — the most expensive one from my favorite bakery. But after Mrs. Nutters closed, I was stuck this year with a new baker and a cake for someone else.

Not that it mattered really. My plans were to take it home, cut out the biggest piece, and eat it alone.

Just, forget it. Pay for the thing and...

"Is something the matter?" the new grandmotherly lady working the register asked me.

She must have read the massive flinch in my eyebrows. I was midway swinging my purse around to pay for it when she asked. "It's only that...well, my name is wrong. But it's no big—"

"Oh, so sorry, Dear," she cooed to me. "We'll fix that right up."

"Really, I can...I can move that 'a' around, and maybe add an 'i' with the leftover ___"

"Antony!" the cake queen shouted, spinning away from the counter with the cake I should have just paid for without looking at it.

"Ma'am," I tried to reach out to stop her, "it's no trouble. I...I'll..."

I expected a gray-haired grandfather to stroll out, bifocals clinging to the tip of his nose as he inspected the cake's inscription. When a six-foot-tall man with shoulders as wide as the door dressed in a pink apron approached, my jaw struck the sprinkled tiles.

The gorgeous man with dimples deepening into both of his cheeks wiped his hands off on a towel and turned to my miscreant cake. "What seems to be the problem?"

"Had a bit of a goof up," the old lady said, showing him first the inscription, then pointing at me.

Heat throbbed on my cheeks as the man's sharp eyes focused upon only me. No

one else was in the tiny bakery to snag his attention. Holy hell, those arms!

Each bicep hardened to chiseled rock, the veins rising as he took the tiny cake in his wide hands. Those cannons were on full display because he wore a small white tank top under the pink apron. My eyes drifted from his chiseled shoulders down to the wrists. Strong, hard-edged wrists attached to long palms which could easily pin both my hands together in one.

The blush burned hotter as the fire dripped down my throat, my gaze trying to look anywhere decent while those deadly arms flashed before me.

“Don’t worry, Dear,” a voice cut through my death blushing. It was the kindly old lady, her paper-thin hand patting me on the shoulder. “He’ll get it all fixed up.”

“Oh...okay,” I nodded, meeting the amused smile of the gorgeous baker who had to deal with me.

He balanced the cake in one hand, lifting it up the way a fancy waiter would his tray, while those burning umber eyes cut through me. Bouncing on his heels, he weaved closer, and asked, “How about you come back with me?”

“What?” I squeaked. Trapped in a tiny room with a man who looked like he could power an entire galaxy on his hotness alone? I couldn’t. I shouldn’t...

His striking whiskey gaze danced down me before bobbing back up. “You can make certain I get it right.”

“That...” My head bobbed, my voice frozen as I nodded along. “Okay. I can.”

“After me,” Antony said. To my disappointment, he didn’t sweep his other wide palm around my hips and guide me to the back of the bakery. There was no reason for him to aside from I really wanted it. Was it too late to make a birthday wish?

Falling in behind, I dodged around what looked like giant cement mixers bolted to the floor and metal shelves full of massive bags of flour. “Sorry about the mess,” Antony called back to me. “Careful!” His hand swung out, the palm cupping my cheek. With no effort, he held me frozen in place, my eyes widening as I stared at the stranger.

“You nearly hit it,” he explained while pushing a stainless steel door closed. How

did I miss that? It would have clipped my cheek or even eye, but all I could see was...that ass framed by the lines of the apron and the jeans suckered to it.

“It’s rather dangerous back here,” I muttered, finally yanking my eyes off of him to take in the mounds of slippery flour scattered across the floor. Should I even be back here? Should anyone?

Antony chuckled. “There can be the occasional muffin related fatality if you’re not careful.”

“Seriously?” sputtered from me before I caught those deep dimples and a laugh rose at his joke.

“Back here.” He yanked open what looked like a closet door and tugged on a string dangling from a naked bulb. Three tables filled the small rectangular room, necessitating Antony to turn to the side to fit. As I trailed in behind, I had to suck in my gut in order to close the door.

Which was when I backed up onto the toes of the man holding my cake. Shame gurgled in my stomach, my head whipping around as apologies fell like rain. Until I realized he was cupping my hip with his hand, his eyes an inch away, his sculpted lips parting in surprise.

“Your hand is on...” I whispered, drawn to the scent of amber and brown sugar wafting from him. Black stubble formed down his cheeks and across the upper lip. My teeth bit down at the thought of it scratching against my lips. His eyes were like trying to stare into the sun, and my gaze traveled down his arms, mapping every curve and divot. “...my cake,” I said, remembering why I was in this back room in the first place.

“Yes,” Antony smiled, raising the offending baked good as if in a toast, “yes I am.” A serious sheen came over him as he placed the cake on a spinning pedestal and selected a scraping spatula from a drawer. “Now...let’s fix this.”

Before I could utter a word, he dragged the edge of the long, silver spreader over the entire top of the cake. All those beautiful rosettes, gone in a heartbeat. I winced, watching the pink and white frosting clump together at the tip of the spreader.

Antony was already pulling out a piping bag and filling it with more frosting. “What did you wish it to say?” he asked while pressing the metal tip near the cleaned-off cake.

“Just, um, ‘Happy Birthday,’” I said still wincing at the loss of so much hard work. To my surprise, the massive man piped out the most beautiful cursive with for a joyous birthday. I watched every pink line squish out of the tip, his face softening as he worked.

“This isn’t necessary.” I tried to stop him mid-stream.

“Don’t worry about it. You have to have the wishes, otherwise they won’t know it’s a birthday cake.” He was trying to be kind, but a swarm of guilt burrowed deeper in my gut.

It doesn’t matter what’s on it, only I will ever see it.

“Who’s this cake for? A friend?” he asked lightly, the piping bag whipping back and forth to add beautiful filagree under the Happy Birthday. Antony drew back the tip and turned even in the tiny room to look at me. “A boyfriend?”

“No,” I admitted, noticing the smile rising from my confession. “It’s...” Digging a hand to the back of my neck, I stared at the naked bulb and admitted, “It’s for me. It’s mine. My birthday cake.”

Yep. It’s as sad as it looks. Single woman having to buy her own cake and eat it all alone.

Antony turned back to his work, his expression eclipsed by his shoulder as he said, “Interesting.”

No, it wasn’t. Interesting would be if I’d booked bungee jumping, or sky diving, or scuba lessons for my birthday. This was as far from interesting as one could get. Just another sad roll of the odometer while sitting on the couch all alone.

“Well,” he straddled the cake with his palms, his deep eyes turning over to me. “What do we finish it with?”

“I usually add my name,” because it makes it seem less pathetic than picking up a blank cake. “But you don’t have to...”

“Don’t be silly,” he said, his voice drifting lower. The tip of his tongue glided along his lower lip as he whispered, “I’d love to.”

Antony picked up the frosting bag, the nub grazing the flat white surface before he paused. “What do you think of this flavor?”

“Um...” I shrugged. It was my first time at the bakery, I had no idea what the options for frostings were. And didn’t all frosting taste like sugar and more sugar?

“We have many different varieties,” he said. Was this a convoluted up-sell? Pretend to mess up the cake then try to get me to buy another?

Antony placed his forefinger before the tip of the piping bag. Giving it a quick squeeze, a dollop of icy-pink frosting squirted out. His upper body pivoted on his hips so he could look fully at me while holding out the sugar rosette. “Try it?” he asked, lifting it to my lips.

Leaning forward, I sucked his finger into my mouth. The frosting dissolved quickly on my palette, but the taste of his body lingered. Wanting more, I rolled my tongue around his finger to the first knuckle when I heard a moan of satisfaction. Antony watched in rapt attention as I gave one last long lick down the bottom of his finger and pulled back.

“I like it,” I breathed.

His dark eyes widened, a single long sigh parting from between his lips as I licked the edge of mine. I glanced down at the still nameless cake when hands scooped along my hips. His fingers dug down into the tiny pockets of my jeans, fluttering closer to my skin.

When his lips plunged to the side of my neck, hot kisses traveling up, I leaned back against him. Fisting my hand through his thick hair, I pushed him tighter to my throat. A chuckle trembled from his mouth to rumble against my skin, and he nipped me.

Moaning, I began to grind my ass back and forth over his hips. The apron helped aid me, Antony’s tender bites punctuated by his groans as I worked him over. One hand swept across my belly, fingers wiggling through the edge of the buttons to electrify my

skin.

“What...?” Antony whispered in my ear. Lapping my short lobe into his mouth, he grazed the edge of his teeth against it before finishing, “does the birthday girl want?”

His hands fell away, my shirt yanked from its tuck, my neck red hot from his love bites, and my panties soaking. Struggling to spin in the tiny room, my palm flattening to the wall to keep myself upright, I took him in. He flicked the tip of his tongue over his bruised lip, his eyes glittering.

“Depends.” I started at his wrists, my nails sweeping higher up his forearm. The muscle locked in with a flex, Antony’s mouth parting as he watched me scratch his bicep. My body slid closer, both hands swerving along the dangerous arms until they met at the nape of his neck.

Tugging his head lower to meet me, I asked, “What’s on the menu?”

Antony surged forward, his succulent lips pressing to mine. Heat burned across my cheeks and dripped down my spine until pooling at my thighs. He wrapped his tongue around my lower lip, pulling and nibbling it as his hands scurried under my shirt.

“Well,” he spoke, his words bouncing against my flushed lips. “There’s a pair of perfect cupcakes.” His palms dug under my bra band and kneaded against my breasts. Strong hands massaged into the giving flesh, ramping up the pleading in my inner core. But it was delicate fingers that’d piped filigree lines that twisted and twirled along my nipples.

Antony tugged each out, rubbing the tips against my bra. The soft cups caressed both ends, the cushion amping up my ache as he’d dive back harder than before. Every jolt zapped deeper into my flushed core, my hips gliding against the rising wetness between my legs. I clenched my thighs which begged to have those powerful hands shove them apart.

“What else do you have?” my voice stuttered. Both hands abandoned my breasts, the right tugged halfway out of its cup.

Antony curled a finger to his chin and tapped the divot in thought. “Hm, well, if a

round, succulent pair of cakes aren't to your liking, what about..." He grabbed my jeans, unbuttoning and unzipping them in record time. A hand flush to my skin slid down my underwear. When a single finger grazed my plump lower lips, his eyes burned in mine, "a delectable cream?"

His mouth plunged to mine the same moment he dove inside me with his finger. Curling it in a come hither movement, he pressed and swirled through my 'cream' while rolling the pad of his hand against my clit. It was a slow, aching ride. Every thrust of his finger drove me mad, my lips slipping from his to drink in air. But that palm of his... The ride of it slipping back and forth over the hood of my clit ignited a fire deep under the usual hot coals of direct contact.

"Fuck," I gasped, grinding against him. Antony's smile at my reaction pressed to my neck, his teeth once against grazing over my thin throat. When he thrust two fingers in, he bit down hard.

I shuddered in his grip, my body screaming in joy as what should be pain erupted into an avalanche of pleasure. My thighs strained at their stretch to keep my body aloft but also him inside of me. My toes cried out at raising me. Every strum of his fingers, every graze of his teeth sent my body burning hotter than a roman candle.

"What if..." my crackled voice rose from my chest. Dropping my hands that'd been clinging to his rock-hard forearms, I circled my palms around his hips. His perfect finger dancing inside of me didn't slow, but those black diamond eyes watched. "I was hoping for something harder?" I curled my palm over his crotch, cupping my fingers directly over the cock that pressed through both jeans and the apron.

As Antony groaned, I reached behind to tug the apron string apart one-handed. He ripped it off, throwing the apron to the counter followed by his tank top, and I unbuttoned his jeans. With our eyes locked, I curled the tip of my finger around the zipper's pull and slowly tugged it down. Halfway, I stopped, grabbed him by the nape of the neck, and tugged him to my lips.

We stumbled back, my spine bouncing off the counter. Antony yanked at the fallen

sides of my pants, his palms sweeping over my ass. Kneading hard into my buttocks, he yanked his hand back and gave a light swat. I leaped up at the contact to find his eyes glassy with want.

“I wish I could spank you with that spreader,” he said staring at the spatula covered in frosting.

I picked up the rubber handle, the stainless steel reflecting back the hunger in his eyes. As I drew it near my lips, my tongue lapped up the wrong-name he’d scraped off my cake. Pink frosting caught at the edge of my mouth, but Antony licked it off. His hips knocked into me, the jeans had fallen so that his cock strained through only the stretched thin cotton of his boxer-briefs.

“Is this an...?” I wafted the spatula through the air as if it was a sword, and curled my palm around his erection. It wasn’t pulsing or throbbing. No, it was rock hard and dead certain on what it wanted. Giving a jerk with my hand over his underwear, I placed the spatula in his fingers. “...off the menu item?”

He smirked, revealing a tinge of frosting on his canine tooth. Before I could kiss it off, he grabbed the small of my back and hauled me against him. His cock nestled against my lower belly as he leaned his shoulders against the wall. The first swat was soft, barely jiggling my ass.

“Well, birthday girl?” Antony smirked against my cheek. “How many spankings do you deserve?”

A crack of the spatula bouncing off my asscheeks was the answer. I leaped in surprise, a giggle answering him as I pressed tighter to his body.

“One for your beauty,” he said in a soft voice as if reciting an old poem. “Another for your grace. A third for luck.” Every slap of the thin spatula roared through me, my ass singing from the sting that dissipated just as he wound up for another.

“A fourth for love,” Antony grazed the edge of his teeth along my jaw, and I could feel his hand winding back. But it was a gentle tap of the tip of his fingers that bounced against my naked hams. I gasped in surprise, staring deep into his eyes that flashed

orneriness.

Cupping my lips to his, I tasted his tongue while reaching for the cock. He jerked his hips, gliding it against my palm when the hardest whack of the spatula spread across my buttocks. “And a fifth to fuck,” he finished, laughing as he scooped me up by my smarting ass.

The cool metal counter provided a surprising balm for the pain and did nothing to curb the inferno he started. “Birthday girl...” Antony thrummed his fingers against his hips so I’d watch. In one fast move, he yanked his pants and underwear off, the baker standing naked before me.

“What would you like?” he asked, his head cocked while I stared in agony at the hard dick turning red in excitement.

Lifting a foot higher, I enveloped my leg around the back of his waist. Antony’s smirk raised as he stepped closer. When my other leg locked him in, I stared up into those impish eyes. “I think I’ll take the whole package.”

His forehead butted against mine, warm breath curling down my cheeks. With a jerk, he drew his cock up through my folds, wetting it in my arousal before he bounced the head against my throbbing clit. We both gasped, the entire lower half of my body clenching as it pleaded with me to ride him hard.

“The customer,” Antony spoke while guiding himself, “is always right.” He thrust in fast, my entire core ramping up in an instant. I locked my ankles above his butt dimples, my ass bouncing up and down on the counter.

Each slam of it brought a reminder of the spatula’s sting. Every spanking sparked a new jolt of pleasure through me. His hands grabbed my hips, tugging me tighter and tighter to his thrusting cock. They dug into my skin, Antony kneading me in a rhythm as he muttered, “Fuck me so hard.”

“God,” I cried in response, watching his face flush red as he switched one hand holding me as the other grabbed my ankle. Raising it higher up his back, he increased his thrusting, somehow delving deeper than I thought possible.

It was my turn to erupt. “Holy shit,” I screamed, “don’t fucking stop.”

“Christ, you’re hot,” Antony purred, his hips jerking faster and harder. I thrust down to meet him, every deep fucking driving his hilt against my clit.

“I can’t, I’m gonna,” I whispered, before tipping my head back and coming. The euphoria erupted into a merciless pleasure shivering down to my toes. A hand grabbed at my breast hidden below my bra, and I clamped down on his cock with my trembling cunt.

Antony’s forehead pressed against mine, the sweat of his exertions slipping down while I stared in awe at the smile. It grew wider with every ramping thrust, the joy in him causing me to shiver. “God, yes!” he cried, his head tipping back, the Adam’s apple rising as he came.

The hand that’d plucked my nipple folded to a fist and landed against my hip, hard. Antony collapsed to me, both of us gasping and exhausted but smiling wide. “So, Birthday girl,” he began.

A loud banging erupted from the door, my heart dashing for my throat. “Antony?” the old lady shouted tersely, “Have you finished?”

He snickered, his tongue rolling around his lips before he said, “Not yet, I’m afraid.”

“Lazy boy. What is he...?” she muttered while vanishing without opening the door and discovering just how devoted to customer service her employee was.

Antony slipped his cock out of me and framed my face with his hand. As the thumb brushed up and down my jawline, he asked, “What should I put on the cake?”

A smirk rose as I glanced to the half-naked cake and turned to the fully naked man. “Your number.”

Without pants or a shirt on his perfect body, Antony picked up the abandoned piping bag and began to write out a three in frosting. I watched from the counter, savoring in the nude flesh, the taut muscles, and the wry face delicately giving me his edible number.

“Hmm,” I muttered while dragging my hand from the top of his pecs down his

abs. If this was the end result, I wish more people would get my order wrong.

Antony finished his work and moved to wipe the sweat off his brow. In doing so, it smeared it in the pink frosting. I dabbed it off on my finger, about to lick it off, when he caught my hand. Chocolate eyes stared deep into mine, his fingers massaging my palm. “Birthday girl,” he said in his toe-clenching voice, “you haven’t inspected the second page of the menu, yet.” Pulling my hand closer, he sucked the frosting off and flicked his tongue fast through the fold of my finger.

Happy Birthday to me.

 THE END 



[Ellen Mint](#)'s books, [Undercover Siren](#) and [Fever](#), are available on Amazon and KU.

[Gettin' Lucky](#) is free across the web. Her next book *Pride & Pancakes* is to be released by Totally Enchanted. Look for it Christmas 2019.

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