

The Gingerbread man

WallyxRobin

Von CP

Once upon a time there lived an old woman and her man.

Actually the woman wasn't that old. She was barely 48 and possessed a stunning body of a 16-year-old teenage girl.

She wasn't really a woman either. Truth to be told she was an alien from Mars. But did this really matter? Yeah, admittedly it is kind of important to know, but not for this tale, so deal with it!

And well about 'her' man, they weren't really together. It just happened that they lived in the same house. What a coincidence.

But you could argue that a certain attraction towards each other was undeniable.

Anyway, the woman, her name was Megan, was a kind-hearted person with two big passions: the first was to bake and the second to care for others.

One day her good friend Artemis called for her help.

"Whats up?" Megan asked worried.

"Man, I just need to get laid..."

"What?"

The blond archer coughed loudly, almost choking on a piece of pumpkin pie Megan had offered.

"I mean, I am sooooo lonely." The archer rephrased quickly.

Poor thing, the Martian thought.

"Maybe I could help you out!"

Artemis eyes widened in shock at the proposal.

"I, I think Conner would mind if we...you know...and well, I am not really into green...and, and I never did 'it' with a girl..." She stuttered helplessly.

Which was by the way a lie, she totally loved green. It was just her color.

"What are you talking about?" Megan interrupted her rambling, confused about the sudden outburst.

"Uhm, nothing? What are you talking about?"

"Baking a boyfriend for you."

Silence.

You could hear Artemis brain working. It made this slightly annoying ticking noise.

After a careful consideration of the aliens words she finally replied:

"I like ginger."

The Martian girl nodded serious.

"So it will be a gingerbread men than." She announced solemnly.

"That wasn't exactly what I meant..."

The good Martian was not to be deterred. She started to get the ingredients ready.

There were the normal stuff like sugar, milk, batter and flour... and then there were the stuff that made Artemis questioning the whole plan all over again. And her friends taste buds.

"Megan, what do frog eyes do in a recipe for gingerbread?"

Was she really supposed to be a little old woman in that story? Right now, the archer thought, she had more in common with a crazy witch.

"Look, you want my help or not?"

"I never -"

"Shhh!" Megan interrupted her. "So, what should the man of your dreams be like?"

"Well he should be funny, and smart, and honest, and brave, and loving, and kind, and sexy! He must be nice, but not too nice. I like the bad boy type if you understand what I mean. He should be mysterious, open, trusting, always smiling, a little goofy, cute, grounded, serious, exiting,supportive, caring, sensitive, goal oriented, spontaneous,

independent, cuddly -"

"Okay,okay. I get it! I will see what I can do."

Artemis totally did not know what she wants, the green girl thought. Jeez, no wonder she doesn't get a boyfriend...

"So let's do it!" The Martian said enthusiastically and smiled brightly.

"You won't start to sing, right?"

Megan lifted an eyebrow.

"Why would I?"

"Never mind."

Artemis let out the breath she was holding. Somehow she had expected a sappy song at this point. But well...

They carefully mixed the batter and rolled out the dough. They shaped the arms. They shaped the legs. They shaped a handsome face and cut out a very nice looking gingerbread man. Than they smashed the howl thing together and started all over again.

Damn, Artemis was so picky.

After another 6 attempts the archer was finally satisfied with the result.

Megan added red sugar icing for his hair, and mouth. She made some lovely freckles on his face and was just about to do the clothes.

Suddenly the archer grabbed her wrist and took the bowl with the icing out of Megan's hands.

"What are you doing?" Artemis asked coldly.

"I am making some clothes for him?" Megan replied in a small voice. Her friend started to totally creep her out.

"Why?"

There was a silent conversation going on as the girls eyes met.

"At least give him some underwear." Megan sight in defeat.

With a little Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo and a lot of girly giggling in between, they put the gingerbread man into the oven and waited. Pretty soon a delicious smell was coming from the oven and told them that the gingerbread man was ready. And so were they.

After he was fully done, Megan slowly opened the oven door and out stepped the gingerbread man. And what a fine-looking gingerbread man he was!

Both girls were ogling their creation.

"Uhm, hi? My name is Wally." He said, feeling slightly uncomfortable in just his boxer shorts.

"He looks hot." Megan stated.

"He looks delicious." Artemis agreed.

"Lady's?"

Wally had a bad feeling about the whole thing. The chick's were staring at him like starving wolf's at a T-bone steak.

"I, uh, I should leave..." Wally said, slowly retreating.

"Where do you think your going?" Artemis reached out to grab him, but missed. The Gingerbread man was too fast.

Wally laughed at the sight of her, while putting his hands on his hips and chirped:

"Run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me, I am the Gingerbread man!"

As quick as a wink the speedster ran out the door and down the road. Both girls went after him.

"Come back!" They yelled.

But the gingerbread man just looked over his shoulder and said:

"No, no I wont come back! I rather run than be your snack!"

And he kept on running.

"You just noticed that our last words rhymed?" Megan asked.

"Yeah, how crazy is that!" Artemis replied.

The gingerbread man ran and ran and ran.

While he was running Wally thought about what to do next. He figured that his primary concern should focus on getting dressed. People were already starting to notice the absent of clothes on him. And he swore he had heard the words 'exhibitionist' and 'pervert' once or twice already.

Soon Wally met a butcher standing in front of a shop. He stopped and sized him up. The guy had similar red hair, but was a little bit taller than the speedster. No problem Wally liked it baggy.

The gingerbread man began to run around him in circles. He got faster and faster till the only thing the young butcher could see was a blur of red hair.

"Huh?" The butcher exclaimed, after the almost naked gingerbread man came to a hold.

There was suddenly a chilly breeze down below his waist and the naked gingerbread man was now not so naked anymore.

"What the? Not cool! Give me back my-"

But before the butcher could even finish his sentence the gingerbread man turned around and sang:

"Run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me, I am the Gingerbread man!"

And off he was.

"Megan." Artemis gasped out of breath. "Tell me again why he is so damn fast?"

"You said you liked it impulsive, didn't you?"

The archer didn't bother to reply.

All of a sudden she stopped at the sight of a well-known face right across the street.

"Roy?"

The young butcher looked up.

"Artemis? What are you doing here?"

"What? I am- Where are your pants?"

Roy blushed madly.

"Well, it sounds totally crazy, but there was that gingerbread guy and he stole-"

"Where did he went?" Megan asked, not wanting to lose track of the speedster.

"That way." Roy pointed at the direction the other red-head had vanished.

"Let's hurry." The Martian insisted.

"Wait, I am coming with you!"

And they went together after the gingerbread man, but not before Artemis saying: "Seriously Roy? Briefs?"

Which earned her a semi-aggressive: "Shut it, Crock!"

Wally traveled on.

The disapproving looks he got from the townsfolk had changed with the presence of pants into leering stares. Which wasn't that much better. He needed a shirt. As soon as that thought crossed his mind he found an abandoned black T-shirt on the ground.

"Sweet!"

He put it on in a haste. A big red S was printed on the otherwise dark piece of cloth.

"That's mine!" The brooding voice of a man suddenly said.

The gingerbread man turned around to find himself face to face with a huge guy.

He was tall and possessed a bulky body, which seemed to be made of pure muscles.

His fists were clenched together. Just a bit more and he would have shout lasers out of his eyes, Wally thought. This guy had some major anger-management problems! And Wally would not stay to find out if his first therapy session was successful or not.

"Stop!" The man yelled. He reached out for the speedster, as said one was about to run.

The gingerbread man jumped back not a moment too soon and did not look back as he ran.

"Run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me, I am the Gingerbread man!" This time it sounded more like a prayer than a mocking song.

"Conner!" Megan rushed over to 'her' man.

The little group had shortly arrived after the gingerbread man had left at full speed.

"What happened?" She asked sensing his discomfort.

Conner was sitting on the side of the road, like a left little puppy.

"I was just chopping wood...and than...this, this ginger, he... MY SHIRT!" He said crushed.

"It's okay Hon. We get it back." Megan comforted. She knew how much it meant to him...

Artemis was about to assure Conner that he looked even better without a shirt, but on glare from the Martian silenced her.

That was close, the gingerbread man thought. Gotta be more careful.

Stealing clothes was apparently no easy business around here and his next mission would be even harder. He needed shoes, badly. His feet were already starting to hurt like hell.

And so the Gingerbread Man ran and ran and ran. While he was running, he met a cow.

"Moo." Said the cow.

Wait, what?

Wally stopped immediately. He blinked at the cow in surprise and pinched his arm to reassure himself he wasn't hallucinating or on a bad trip or something. As nothing seemed to happen after the abuse of his innocent limb he came to the most amazing conclusion ever: He wasn't dreaming, which meant the cow, or more precisely the cow boy, was real and by the way fully dressed. WTF?

Any less open-minded Gingerbread man would have some serious prejudices by now, but not our.

Wally simply shrugged. After all who was he to decide what was normal and what not. He just stepped out of an oven a minute ago. And really Wally couldn't care less who's shoes he got.

A cheeky grin was finding his rightful place on his face as a nice pair of shoes found a new owner.

"Run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me, I am the Gingerbread man!"

The speedster laughed and laughed. This was just getting ridiculous crazy.

After the loss of his new pair of sneakers the cow started to chase after him, but he could not catch him. The Gingerbread man was way to fast.

Sometimes the strangest things happened even in fairy tales too bad Megan, Artemis, Conner and Roy didn't know they were in one.

"I am not a cow."

"But you said M-"

"I know what I said!" A light blush spread over Aqualad's face. " Well sometimes it appears that I am a little nervous around other people..."

"Then whats up with the black and white speckled whole-body suit?"

"My king said it is common for land dweller to dress like that and I wanted to adapt as best as possible."

"In spandex?"

"Where are you from anyway?"

"Far far from land, where the waters are as blue as the pedals of the corn flower and as clear as glass, there where no anchor can reach the bottom-"

"You mean the sea?"

"Yeah, if you wish to put it that way."

"..."

"My shirt." Conner brought the little group back on track.

As he looked over his shoulders the speedster found that his latest swiping activities hasn't gone unnoticed. OMG, he had his own fan club! How exiting!

Sadly after he checked a second time his groupies turned out to be just a normal bunch of crazy people. There was a cow, a butcher, a woman, her husband and the perverted blond pig of a girl...not cool.

They looked all in all like a poorly organised mob without forks and torches. Nahhh still not bad for his first day.

Anyway, Wally was not worried at all about the upcoming events. These guy's would never catch him! He was way to fast and way to smart for them. And he didn't even have to mention way to handsome. That was just plain obvious.

The Gingerbread Man was proud of his speed. He almost scratched the line of being an arrogant jerk, but just almost. So he was still cute.

"Nobody can catch me," he thought overconfident and if a certain green someone had added one more self-esteem pill, Wally would have had his own evil laugh at this point and might have tried to rule the world as well.

But she did not and so our Gingerbread man kept on running and running and running until he met a fox. And then for the first time ever the Gingerbread Man stopped running and stood absolutely still.

This was it! Artemis had finally enough. After what felt like hours of pointless running around she finally came to a halt. Her feeds were hurting, her side was burning and she was sweaty and smelly and she just couldn't take it anymore.

"I am sick and tired of this bull shi-"

A green hand covered her mouth just before she could express her feelings in the most colorful ways.

"Not in front of the children!" Megan cut her off.

The archer slowly counted to ten in her head. She came till three.

"What children?" She snapped.

"I don't know." The alien shrugged. "But it felt about right to say..."

Artemis rolled her eyes at her. How could she be so clam? Oh right! She didn't have to run because she was a super powered alien from mars! Damn you!

"At this rate we never gonna catch him." She exclaimed frustrated while ruffling her already messy hair.

"I have an idea!" Megan tried to cheer her up and took out a crystal ball.

"What are you doing?"

"Where did you keep that?"

Both questions attacked simultaneous, but one over the years practiced look from Artemis made it clear where the priorities lie.

"Never mind." Roy hurried to add.

"I am making a call." Megan said mysteriously.

"Cut this crap! What is going on?" The archer demanded to know.

"Ok, ok didn't have to be so mean. I am gonna asked for help from a good friend of mine."

After the call was finished a collective "Aha." was heard from everybody.

"I still don't get it." Superboy exclaimed confused.

Wally couldn't take his eyes of the beauty in front of him. And what a beauty the little fox was, with his creamy skin, soft black hair and stunning body.

Sadly his eyes were covered by an unruly pair of dark shades, but if it was up to him those wouldn't stay on for long...followed by some other pieces of the boys clothing.

The sly fox was resting under a big oak tree, turning slowly the pages of a heavy-looking book. 'Matrices of sign-solvable linear systems' it read. The speedster had no clue what that was supposed to mean, but it kind of made the fox-boy even more

appealing. He liked guys with brain.

The speedster positioned himself in a way that screamed: 'Do you like what you see? Come and get it.', while trying to calm his nerves down. He put his best smile on and sang:

"Run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me. I am the Gingerbread Man!

I run from a husband and I run from a wife.

I run from a butcher with a carving knife.

I run from a cow and a pervy old sow.

And I run from you too.

I can. I can."

But the fox doesn't seemed to care.

"What did you say? I can't hear you." A cheeky little grin made Wally's heart speed up, as the fox-boy pointed at his earplugs linked to his mp3 player.

Man, he hated to repeat himself. The Gingerbread man stepped closer and took a deep breath, to make sure that this time the little fox would get his message.

"I said, Hmpf-"

As soon as the Gingerbread man was in range the fox shoot up, put his arms around his neck, opened his mouth and 'Snap!'

That was the end of the Gingerbread man. Of course not literally.

Both boys were fighting for air when they untangled their lips from each other. They just had shared a passionate kiss or rather a made out session.

The fox-boy put his mouth close to Wally's ear and whispered in a seductive voice: "Got ya."

Before they looked lips again the fox thought, he is after all a very tasty Gingerbread man.

"What? Why? How?" Roy was sure it would make sence in a minute. It didn't.

"I told you we shouldn't have used the unicorn horn, but no, you wouldn't listen, would you?" Artemis shook her head in disbelief at the picture in front of her.

"Well a horse is manly and a horn is manly so..." Megan was giving up to try to defend herself after another of Wally's moans.

"Was this part of the plan?" Conner asked innocent.

"..."

"You can keep the shoes." Kaldur filled the awkward silence "I kinda like the feeling of fresh air on my toes. It's nice"

The small group was collecting their missing clothes from the ground before turning around and giving the two of them some space, like in a lot of space. Seriously these two should get a room or something!

And they all lived happily ever after.

The end.