

**WARNING!**

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**This story was written as an adult fantasy. The author does not condone the described behavior in real life in any way shape or form. Anyone tempted to act out any of the scenarios in this story; should seriously consider seeking professional help.**

**Chocolate**

By Satin Knight and Megan

It was easy to miss the little chocolate shop. Tucked away down a side alley, anyone who walked past it was likely cutting through between the buildings and wouldn't have turned a blind eye. From all appearances it was just like the dozens of small family-owned shops that dotted the city. For this was a city that lived and breathed chocolate. Steaming hot chocolate in the morning, pain au chocolate as an afternoon snack, rich chocolate mousse after dinner, and perhaps a few gooey truffles before bed.

But everything was not as it seemed. If anyone had bothered to stop in front of the shop his or her attention would have been richly rewarded. For the chocolate creations were not exactly ordinary. True, there were dome-shaped truffles with little dollops of butter cream, but they were actually firm breasts with pink nipples pointing up. And the foil-wrapped chocolate statues were not of Easter bunnies, as might be expected, but of people, connected together in the most intricate of sexual positions.

All of this would have made sense if they had noticed the name, *Chocolade Erotiek* inscribed on a small metal plaque by the door.

But being off the main street, few people did, and the shop had fallen on hard times. Perhaps in a world where real sexuality was so easy to find, the delicious erotic notion of devouring a chocolate nipple no longer possessed an illicit thrill.

The shop still had a few customers, mostly embarrassed teenage boys who bought them either as dares, or out of pure curiosity. Occasionally, an older man or women would come in, hoping to buy a treat for their lover that would jump-start a sex life that had become boring and infrequent.

The owner was Tansje, a quiet man in the middle of his life. He had come to apprentice in the shop when he was in his early teens, worked under the master chocolate maker who owned it, and finally bought the shop when he passed away a decade ago. He was perhaps the last owner of Chocolade Erotiek, ending a sensual tradition that had begun in 1802.

But Tansje was not one to give up easily, and he kept searching for a way to bring his small shop back to life. His faith in himself and God kept him going day after day.

One morning in late Autumn, Tansje woke as he usually did at 4 o'clock and went downstairs to the shop to make chocolates for the day's trade. His work was almost automatic, for after 40 years he went about his daily routines like clockwork. But this morning was destined to be different, although Tansje did not yet know it.

At precisely 5 o'clock he began to mix a batch of vanilla filling for the "Breasts of Venus" truffles. As he stirred the sweet confection he noticed that his usually limp penis was stirring as well. That's odd he thought to himself, maybe vanilla is having an effect on me. He continued to stir, bringing the snowy-white filling to a thick, buttery and deeply scented finish.

And then it happened. From the deepest, darkest recesses of his mind a most remarkable idea emerged.

Perhaps, he thought, what has been missing from my confections is the taste of sex itself. I have spent my whole life perfecting the essence of vanilla, peppermint and raspberry, but I have never considered how to infuse the essence of sex into what I make.

Eureka!

Returning to the copper bowl that held the shimmering filling, he placed it on a small stool. Unbuckling his pants he withdrew his stiff cock and began to stroke it gently. He imagined young naked girls dancing around his kitchen, laughing, prancing and showing their downy-covered pussies to him. They were his predilection and while he knew that such thoughts about young girls were bad, he couldn't help himself. One by one they would come to him and kiss his penis, until the most beautiful one of all sat on the table in front of him and spread her legs to reveal her pink girl slit. Without a word, she parted her tiny lips and whispered for him to cum.

With a deep guttural groan, Tansje ejaculated a massive load of milky cum into the copper bowl, streaking the pristine peaks of the filling. Small gobs of cum slid down the well-worn sides of bowl and disappeared beneath the surface. The mixture now had a very different aroma, a powerful combination of vanilla and sex, unlike anything he had ever smelled before.

Placing his softening cock back into his pants, he worked quickly to fold the new flavoring into the delicate filling. Shivering with excitement Tansje placed the bowl in the freezer to chill it.

Carefully he laid out the “Breasts of Venus” molds on the marble worktable and gently lined them with warm chocolate. He worked quietly, filling mold after mold until the entire surface was covered with them. Tingling with anticipation he removed the copper bowl from the freezer and as he had done hundreds if not thousands of times before, filled each with a dollop of filling and smoothed it. Quickly he sealed the bottoms of each with a layer of chocolate and inverted the molds onto fresh sheets of parchment. Finally using a pastry bag he squeezed a pink nipple shape on to the peak of each. His special “Breasts of Venus” were ready.

He stacked a few dozen on a small silver tray, put on his wool overcoat and stepped out into the alleyway, which was busier than usual.

A beautiful young schoolgirl with long blonde hair and hazel eyes started to walk by him.

“A special sweet for a sweet girl?”

Tansje thrust the tray towards her. The thought of the girl eating a candy infused with his cum nearly made him faint.

“Oh, thank you.”

The girl pulled off her mitten and took the candy from the tray. She eyed it, not quite making out what it was. And then took a bite. The filling oozed out and dripped down the side of her mouth. Oh my god, Tansje thought, my cum is dripping from her lips.

“Wow, this is really good. I’ve never tasted anything like this before. Can I have another?”

“Why yes, you can have all you want.”

She ate another, put one in her pocketbook, blew Tansje a small kiss and hurried on her way. She was the perfect teenage girl, just the kind of girl he had longed to have suck his cock and then submit to his fucking.

For the next few hours Tansje gave away all of his special candy, making certain that only the most beautiful young girls received a piece. Watching them squeal when the sticky sweet filling burst from the chocolate and coated their mouths and cheeks made his cock throb. He dreamed of unloading another huge ejaculation all over the blonde girl

that had tasted him for the very first time that day. Closing time could not come too soon.

As darkness descended on the city, Tansje locked the door of the shop and placed the “Closed” sign in the window. The image of the teenager was burning in his mind. It would not just be enough to masturbate to her image, he needed something better, something more REAL.

A second Eureka!

He would create a life size sculpture of her in chocolate. Perfect in every delicious and sexual detail. It would be both edible and fuckable.

Tansje rushed to the sculpting room, and began to chip away at a huge block of strong chocolate. He started with the head, and created her delicate, elfin face, with long ringlets of hair cascading down her back. He paid close attention to her lips, the very ones that had drooled his cum.

He strained to imagine her breasts; they were covered in a wooly coat. He carved small girlish ones, firm and tender. They looked like the ones that all the dancing little girls in his fantasy had and which had aroused him so much.

His hand impulsively reached up and squeezed and rubbed it, fondling the nipple as he had dreamed of doing so

many times before. Struggling to remain focused he proceeded to carve her thin stomach and hips out of another block of the rich chocolate. She is beautiful, he thought, made by my own hands and soon to be penetrated by my own manhood.

He carved the outline of long, slim legs, and up the inside. Everything was complete, except for one vital detail, her teenage fuckable pussy.

He carefully chipped away around the top to create a delightful mass of unruly hair, with a long slit underneath. He shaped the lips as he imagined they would look, puffy and protruding, glowing and ready for his cock.

He carved the inside, like coring an apple. His cock throbbed, dripping clear pre-cum lubricant. He gazed lustfully at the flawless representation of his very own a teen girl, hungry and ready for him.

Well, he thought, what she wants, she gets! She loved the taste of my cum, now it's time for her to feel the power of my cock.

He quickly unbuttoned his trousers, and flung them over to the side.

He ran his hands over the firm chocolate that had already begun to melt. He licked it, and imagined that he could almost taste the real girl that he craved.

Climbing onto the worktable he thrust his hard, pulsating cock into the soft chocolatey insides of the imaginary girl.

He fucked her hard, the rubbery chocolate embracing his cock as he ravaged her body. I want to fill this girl up with my own private filling, he cried out.

Spasms of pleasure rippled through his body as he approached his ejaculation. But he soon noticed someone else grunting excitedly as well. The chocolate girl was being transformed with every thrust. Where her flowing ringlets had been dark brown they were now rich reddy-gold, dripping with chocolate.

She was emerging as the real thing, the very same schoolgirl who he would have fucked that afternoon if he had the chance. She had deep, hazel eyes that seemed to urge him on, straining to give him the best orgasm of his life.

Licking the chocolate off her pussy, he savored her delightful teen taste. I must find a way to extract this girl nectar for my fillings, he thought.

Moments later, he exploded in spurt after spurt of hot gooey cum. Every single drop of fluid within him had been drained into this luscious girls cunt. He felt it leak out around his cock and spill onto his balls and the counter below.

He withdrew his exhausted cock, briefly pausing to fondle it and wipe the mixture of cum and chocolate off, tasting it momentarily and bent down to lick the girl out.

But to his great surprise and shock, she was no longer there, and his ecstatic encounter could not be prolonged, no matter how much he wished. His teenage fuck fantasy had vanished; leaving just a puddle of melted chocolate and wispy streaks of his cum. Perhaps it had all been a dream, he thought. But dream or not, it had been the best day of his long and lonely life.

He sighed and dragged his chocolate-saturated body up to the shower, and slowly washed it off of himself.

The next day, he woke up bright and early, and opened the chocolate shop as usual. While stacking chocolate erections on a shelf, the jingle of the bell on the door handle startled him. He turned around and gasped. There was the blonde schoolgirl more radiant than he remembered her.

“I’m sorry I startled you.”

“No, no that’s okay. How can I help?”

“Well, I shared the candy you gave me with my girlfriends at school and they all loved it. Especially how the filling gets all over your mouth.” She giggled. “I was hoping I could buy some more and bring them to school.”

His cock twitched and then his heart sank. He had not made any of the cum-laced filling that morning. Then a delicious and evil idea entered his mind.

“I didn’t make any of the special filling today, but if you’d like to help me make it I’d GIVE you a few dozen to take to school.”

“Is it hard to make?”

“Not with you to help me.” Tanjse winked at her.

She smiled and nodded. Tanjse beckoned her into the kitchen and he went over to the shop door and locked it, placing the “Closed” sign in the window.

“You can put your jacket and things on the coat stand. I’ll be there in a minute.”

His cock was already rock hard. He looked around the shop and smiled. Then he went into the kitchen.

Tanjse started to say, “Now this is a very special secret filling that is as old as this shop. You must promise not to reveal it.” But the sound was cut off as the kitchen door closed.

And from that day on, there were always the special “Breasts of Venus” truffles stacked neatly in the window and on the counter and on all the shelves. And every day after school the blonde haired, hazel-eyed girl came to work in the shop, stocking the shelves, helping customers, and sweeping the floor. But mostly she helped Tanjse make his special filling, and collected some special fluids of her own to glaze the caramel chocolate pussies for which she was the inspiration.

**Send comments to [sunshowers@loveable.com](mailto:sunshowers@loveable.com)**