

# **Chocolate Basket**

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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# Chocolate Basket

# 1

It was a crisp and surprisingly cold morning. Icy fog hovered along the ground, streaming through trees and gutters in stately processions. A faint breeze rippled through the quiet town of Caroblon, creating tiny fog tornadoes that spun away into nothingness. Near the edge of town, the breeze faded, leaving a still and silent line of fog and houses. The south district of Caroblon was still asleep, with the sun not even hinting at pushing over the horizon. Small, two bedroom houses lined up along a paved road, each lawn carefully trimmed and each sidewalk perfectly neat.

In one house, a light flickered on as someone began to move. Yellow light plunged out of the windows, spearing through the darkness with a careless ease. A few minutes later, the door opened, slashing into the darkness as a man stepped out in his robe. He was average looking, with the weight of a simple life on his shoulders.

Yawning widely, he reached down for his morning paper, then paused as he saw a large basket sitting on his step. Underneath it, the paper glinted in the morning light. Frowning, he bent over more, his robe parting slightly to show he had nothing underneath. Fingers reached out for the top item, a large foil-wrapped object in the shape of a woman. Standing back up, he peered at it.

It was a statue of some sort, about 20 cm in length and surprisingly heavy. The outlines were obvious, full breasts and wide hips. Even the mouth, opened in a slight "O" could be seen through the thin foil. Curious, the man found the crinkled opening and worked at it until it peeled away in strips.

Underneath was a woman-shaped chocolate. Every detail was perfect, from the large breasts tipped with tiny, hard nipples to the

smooth cleft of her sex. The expression on her face was welcoming, almost hungry and he felt his manhood twitching in response.

Frantically looking up, he peered down the dark street in both directions but saw no one. Frowning slightly, he thumbed along her stomach, tracing the lines to the mound between the chocolate sex. Below, he could feel the tingles and heat growing between his legs, but he just clutched the robe tighter around his waist.

Feeling the growing heat, he reached down and bit the head off the chocolate woman. A faint crunch, then the taste of milk chocolate and a wonderful cream flooded his mouth, sending a delicious ripple of pleasure through his mouth.

Then it shuddered.

Yelping, he dropped it as he threw himself back. His right foot caught on the door frame and he plummeted to the ground. In front of him, the chocolate woman plunged to the ground, landing with a loud splat and shattering. Everything flashed as he slammed into the ground, but it only took him a few seconds to regain his feet.

Trembling, he looked down at the chocolate woman. The chocolate shattered, exposing a slightly smaller woman inside. A yellow cream dribbled out of her headless head as the body twitched slightly. The shaking grew more violent as he reached down, brushing aside the shell of chocolate to pick up the tiny female.

In his hand, her body trembled like a tiny kitten. More cream oozed out of her headless neck, dripping on the ground as he brought it up to his eyes and peered at it in the light behind him.

She was perfect, the same rounded breasts and wide hips. Only the dribbling head gave any indication of something different than normal. He rotated her around, staring at the soft-looking mounds of her ass. Curious, he touched her bum with his thumb, feeling the cool but distinctively feeling flesh. His cock twitched again as he turned her back over and watched as the legs spread apart from gravity, exposing a tiny pink opening. His thumb caressed her stomach, pressing on it slightly as he felt his cheeks flush.

To his surprise, the soft yellow cream began to ooze out from between her legs. His shaking slowly abating, he brought her back up to his mouth and pressed his tongue between her legs. The soft cream sent another bolt of pleasure through his mouth as he pushed

harder, lapping at the tiny opening. He could feel a faint heat just as his tongue felt the hint of a taste of woman in the cream.

Suddenly hungry, he lapped harder at her sex, sucking out the cream from the tiny, perfect opening. Both hands wrapped around her as he shoved his mouth harder between her legs.

Then, the leg cracked. He almost dropped her as the limb began to hang, as if he just broke a bone. As he watched, a tiny droplet of cream burst out from the wound and he felt the hunger double. Slurping up the tiny leg in one hand, he sucked at it as he felt the toes brushing near the back of his mouth.

Then he bit.

A soft shudder rippled through his treat and he tasted more cream on his tongue. Her severed leg slipped down into his throat, with a shiver of pleasure, and he swallowed it. Pulling away, he looked at the wound but only saw a faint hint of flesh and bone and dribbling cream.

Licking his lips, he bit off the other legs, sucking at her hips until he managed to force the tip of his tongue deep into her sex. It began to pull apart from the pressure, but he didn't care. Lightly biting down on her stomach, with her breasts against the front of his teeth, he sucked hard until there was no cream. Then, he bit down again, cutting her in half as he felt the wonderful sensations of the tiny sex bounce on the tip of his tongue, swirling around in his mouth before he swallowed it. He gave the top half a tiny smile, then ate that quickly.

Remembering he was on his porch, he looked around at the dark street. No one moved and he looked down, at the throbbing length of his cock peeking out of his robe. Flushed, he grabbed the basket and paper and went back into the house, slamming the door quickly.

Hours later, he was in the middle of his living room floor, surrounded by foils. The basket was almost empty, only a few foil-wrapped treats remaining. A few headless and armless women rested on the floor, dark jelly filling oozing out of their necks and shoulders and sex. He barely gave them a glance, having no desire for those tastes.

He was stuffed, his stomach bulging from too many treats. His robe was only half on, slipping away from his bulging stomach and his still throbbing cock. One of the chocolate women was torn in

half, a thick cream dribbling down his shaft from where he tried to shove himself into it. It dripped down his entire length, splashing off his balls and puddling below; a few streamers of his own pleasure mixed in with the cream but the shaft continued to throb painfully hard.

His mouth, chest, and fingers were all coated in chocolate, dripping with cream. His tongue constantly lapped at his lips, tasting the treats that passed through them.

Groaning from the pressure in his stomach, he fumbled for the basket and pulled out another one. He stared at it for a moment, then smiled broadly.

“Oh, a cream one!”



# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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# About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at [curiouscabbit.com](http://curiouscabbit.com) or possibly at your favorite retailer.