

**Chocolate
Basket 2:
Lisa's Choice**

t'Sade

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Old Man Barison answered the door with a glare and a growl. In one hand, he held the rough wooden door open while his other squeezed tightly around the neck of a long bottle of beer. His tired eyes glared at the figure as she slowly came into focus; age had sapped more than just his strength away. Just as he was about to swear at the blurry vision, it focused on a young-looking woman. A moment later, he realized he was looking at his youngest daughter.

“Lisa!”

Still holding the beer, he wrapped one arm around her and almost dragged her into the house. She hugged him back, her slender arms wrapping around his heavily muscled chest and giving him a squeeze. Her father could feel her breath on his chest, slipping through the buttons for a moment before he released her. Stepping back, he gave her a once over, enjoying the sight of her.

She was short, her head barely reaching his shoulder coupled with a lithe form. Her hips flared out slightly matching the curves of her breasts. It gave her an hourglass shape that always brought the farm boys around the house, but he chased most of them off. Her dark brown hair matched the sea-green eyes that looked up at him. A faint memory exploded in his mind, of her being three years old and sitting in an old iron tub for a bath. Fighting back the memory, he reached over and pushed an errant strand of hair from her eyes. At twenty years, she was a lot different than three, but the same love still pounded in his heart.

He started to smile, but it dropped instantly as he saw someone standing behind her. The newcomer left a bitter taste in his mouth

as he stared at the neat suit, the impassive face, and perfectly combed hair.

His thoughts darkened: Oh, please don't let that be a husband.

Before he could respond to the new man, Lisa gave him a hesitant smile, "Papa? This is Tomin, he is... uh, he needs to talk to you."

Glaring the best he could, he stared at the man who refused to stand back. After a few seconds, he felt the instant dislike growing into a white-hot hatred of this newcomer. There was something about the passive face, the calmness that bothered him deep in his gut.

"What do you want?"

Tomin finally stepped forward and held out a hand.

"Georg Barison? My name is Tomin Goth, I represent the Acquisitions branch of Swetin's Confectionery."

Her father noticed that his other hand clutched to a heavy briefcase, like a lawyers. Without hesitating, he grabbed Tomin's hand and squeezed it, feeling slightly superior as bones crunched against each other. To his surprise, Tomin didn't flinch but gently retrieved his hand once the farmer released it. Georg stared at it for a moment.

"And...?"

Blinking, Tomin smiled again, "Oh, I'm sorry. I'm here to interview you to complete a process your daughter started some months ago."

Georg's eyes slid toward his daughter, who was looking deeper into the house. A faint blush colored her cheeks. He felt his face dropping into a glare, but she didn't look back at him.

"What process?"

Tomin cleared his throat, "Uh, could we continue this inside? I need to get some answers and I would prefer to finish this as soon as possible. I still have a long trip back into Dorza."

At the mention to the country to the west, Georg's head snapped up and he glared at the lawyer-like man. Glancing back at his daughter, he finally released the wooden door and stepped back. Both Lisa and Tomin entered his one-room house. Georg sat down heavily in the only chair, leaving Tomin to fend for himself. After a few seconds, the newcomer sat down on the ground and opened his

case. Pulling out a thin sheaf of papers and a pen, he closed it and used it as a writing surface.

“This will only take a moment of your time, sir.”

“Who are you?”

“Tomin Goth.”

“No, what do you do?”

“Oh, I’m an actuary.”

“Like insurance?”

A faint smile crossed Tomin’s lips, “Yes, like insurance.”

The sick feeling in Georg’s stomach continued to build, but he forced himself to relax and drained the bottle of beer in two swallows. Lisa was standing next to him with a fresh one from a buried refrigerator in a matter of moments, but he barely noticed.

“Ask away.”

“Your full legal name?”

“Georg Barison Jr.”

“And your relationship to Lisa Barison?”

Georg’s eyes flashed, “You already know that.”

Tomin gave him an apologetic glance, “I know, sir, but I need you to tell me for the record.”

“Fine... I’m her father.”

“Do you have other children?”

“Yes.”

“And they are?”

“Three sons, two younger than her. One daughter, but she died.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. Lisa’s mother?”

Georg didn’t think he felt sorry, but ignored it. Tomin wrote for a few moments, then continued.

“Lisa’s mother?”

“Dead.”

Tomin flipped to the second page.

“Your occupation?”

“Freehold farmer.”

“How long? Approximately?”

“All my life, my family owned this land for four generations.”

Tomin nodded, wrote it down and asked more questions rapidly. Georg was surprised at the depth of questions, about his parents, their income, even about Georg’s brothers and sisters. Then, the

questions drifted toward Lisa, about her education and life. It also branched briefly into her sex life, but he quickly cut off those questions. Tomin, undeterred, asked questions until well after the city bells rang out the hour. Finally, he stopped and wrote a few paragraphs of text in silence. With another smile, he looked back up at Lisa.

“I need a few moments to work these out, do you mind if I do it outside?”

Lisa nodded, not saying anything. Tomin gathered up his stuff and slipped outside, leaving Georg alone with his daughter. The farmer stared at the door for a long moment before swinging his gaze over to Lisa.

“Baby? What is this about?”

Hesitation and fear flared in her face as she stared down at her lap. Her fingers twisted together for a moment and he could see the signs of her not wanting to tell him something. Sighing, he forced his stomach? back into place and leaned forward, resting one heavy hand on her shoulder.

“I won’t be angry, but what is this about?”

It took her a few starts before she could get the words out, but when she did, it was a faint whisper of sound.

“Y-You know how you couldn’t afford to... send me to college?”

Georg, confused at the direction she started, only nodded. She blinked back a tear and continued hesitatingly.

“And Quath and Rium ha-have to work in the fields? And you said you wished they could go to town and learn a real skill.”

Georg nodded, his voice rumbling in his chest, “But you know we can’t afford this. If I could, I would have sent all of you into college. You know that.”

Lisa sniffed and blinked back the tears, her fingers twisting even tighter into white knots, “I-I know. And I... I so... sold myself.”

Something popped in Georg’s thoughts and he felt shock spasm down his spine. His mouth opened slowly as he stared at his daughter in complete and utter surprise.

“What... did you say?”

Lisa sniffed again, tears already running down her cheeks, “I-I sold myself.”

Georg gasped at the words, unable to know what to say before he finally focused on a response.

“WHAT!?”

The force of his yell shook the windows of the house as he lunged out of the chair, towering over her as she cringed below. Anger, shock, and surprise burned through his veins as he bellowed down at Lisa.

“You did what!?”

She hesitated, unwilling to look up at him. Fingers popped as she straightened them, but she still refused to look up at him.

“I sold myself. They said it would be enough to send Quath and Rium to school.”

Georg sputtered as he reached down to grab her shoulder, yanking her to her feet as he forced his glare into her face. Eyes, the color of a summer dust, brown not quite, slid away, unable to look at the rage that he felt boiling inside him.

“Why did you do that!?”

Lisa whispered, her body shaking, “I... want to help you. And you said you... would do anything.”

With a powerful surge of strength, he picked her up and shook her, “I said I would do anything, I didn’t tell you to turn yourself into some sort of cattle!”

Lisa, tears rolling down her face, twisted out of his grasp and stepped back. For the first time, she looked at him with helpless rage and snapped back, her voice shrill in the tiny room.

“It wasn’t your choice, papa, it was mine! And I did it!”

Georg gasped and squeezed his hands into tight, shaking fists.

“Did someone force you to do this?”

Lisa shook her head violently, “No, I did it.”

“Are you sure? I’ll kill them if they did!”

Sniffing, she wiped the tears from her eyes, “I did, papa. My own free will and my own choice.”

He felt the strength seep out of his legs and Georg collapsed to the ground, his fists driving into the hard-packed earth. Tears prickled his eyes, then began to roll down. A sob threatened to burst out of him, but he drove it down as he looked up at her.

“Why?”

“For Quath and Rium. They... can't stay here. They need to have the choice, that you and mama never had. Winton wants to be a farmer, you know that, but Quath and Rium don't. And... I saw a chance to give them that.”

“B-But your life? Why would you throw your life away?”

Lisa dropped next to him, her trembling hands holding his shoulders, “Because I want to. I want to give them something I never had.”

“But-”

She shook her head, then embraced him in a tight hug, “No, papa. No buts. I wanted to do this and I have.”

His face buried in her shoulder, he sobbed tightly, “I don't want to lose you, Lisa.”

“I know, papa, I know. But this is something I have to do.”

The old farmer could find no words to convince her. Instead, his mouth only opened to gasp air and sob against her. Slowly, his arms wrapped around her and hugged her tightly, squeezing the daughter he loved so much.

“I love you.”

“And I love you, papa.”

He held his daughter tightly and let the sobs rip from his throat. Her own tears soaked his shirt as they remained there, until the door creaked open and the vermin, Tomin, slipped inside and called to her.

“Lisa?”

Slowly, she pulled away from him and rose to her feet. Georg saw the image of his daughter, at the age of five, for a moment, but made no attempt to stand up. Instead, he stared at the ground, feeling shock and numbness spreading through his limbs.

“Yes?”

“I have your numbers.”

She stepped over to Tomin and picked up something. Gasping, she spoke quickly.

“A-Are you sure?”

Tomin only grunted but Lisa was already kneeling in front of Georg. Feeling very tired, he looked up at her, then at the piece of paper shoved into his face. Slowly, his eyes focused on it, at the number neatly written along the middle. It was a large amount, in

the millions, and in Franome Marks—the local currency. He blinked and stared at it again.

“What is this?”

Lisa started to answer, but Tomin interrupted her with his calm voice.

“The expected earning of your daughter until retirement, giving a 1.2% interest rate and 3.1% inflation. In short, this is how much money we would expect her to make during her life. And that is the price we are willing to pay.”

Georg looked up at the slime in confusion, “Millions?”

Tomin nodded slowly, “I’m sorry, it would have been higher but...”

He was not listening anymore. The old farmer gasped as he stared back at the page, “Millions? My baby is worth millions?”

Lisa smiled at him, her eyes bright with tears, “See, papa, it should be enough to send them to college. And pay off your loans. You will be a free man, papa.”

Tears burned at his cheeks, “But, what about you, Lisa? I-I don’t want to lose you.”

She smiled at him, “But you could be free, not just a mortgaged freehold farmer. You could give them everything that you wanted to. Everything, papa. Everything I couldn’t have and everything you never got.”

He felt a tearing at his heart, a begging for him to say something. He worked to speak, feeling the tightness in his throat squeezing to the point he gasped for breath. He shook with the need to say something, anything. Finally, he gasped out the words that tore his soul in half.

“Are... you sure?”

Lisa sobbed, her eyes sparkling with tears. Throwing her arms around him, she squeezed him tightly.

“I’m sure, papa.”

—
A few days later, Lisa didn’t feel as sure. A sour bubbling boiled in her stomach, sending pangs of stress and fear throbbing through her veins. Sitting on the edge of a rough wooden bench, she stared out over the edge of the wagon at the large ranch spread out before her. A chain wall spread out in all directions, except for a large iron

and wood gate guarded by two men. Sharp and very dangerous looking halberds rested in their hands, and they looked more than competent to use them.

Beyond the walls, she could make out low buildings spread out, circling around a small inner courtyard of sorts. A few humans and furies moved about on various tasks. In the air, the thick scent of chocolate filled her senses, almost swamping them and masking out all other smells. Cringing as butterflies flapped in her stomach, she glanced back at Tomin. The actuary ignored her, his nose buried in a thick book. The book's lurid cover left a sour taste in her mouth and she looked away.

It took a few agonizing minutes for the wagon to bumble down the path toward the gate. Lisa stared at it with growing fear, fighting the urge to leap out of the wagon and sprint for freedom. Tomin barely gave her a glance before he saw the gate. With a heavy sigh, he closed his book and leaned back.

With a jerk, the wagon stopped at the gate and both guards peered in. Seeing Tomin, one chuckled loudly, "Found another, Tomin?"

Lisa felt a blush growing on her cheeks as both guards stared at her, blatantly undressing her with their eyes. Unable to look at them, she stared down at the wood. The blush burned her cheeks as one of them reached out for her, pawing at her breast even as she tried to flinch back. She looked up to see him glaring, about to yank her closer when a woman's voice cut through his action.

"Let her go."

As if burned, the guard's hand yanked back. Both guards snapped into position with fear growing in their eyes. From the gate, Lisa saw the new woman, a tall rabbit anthropomorphic, pad over with a frown on her face. Shaped like a human, the anthropomorphic, or furry, had rabbit-like attributes. Two long ears peeked out from her head, curling up with a tiny flip at the end. Lisa could see a tiny tail, a puff of cloud, peeked out at the base of her spine, but it moved too quickly for her to stare at it. What caught her attention the most was the soft fur, the color of morning mist, that rippled in a faint breeze. A darker shadow of color plunged down her cleavage, hinting at more. Only a canvas apron, stained brown with chocolate, covered her body. Large breasts squeezed against the fabric,

straining except where the swells peeked out from the side. To her surprise, Lisa saw no other clothing on the rabbit as she stopped at the wagon.

Sea-green eyes smiled up at Lisa for a moment and she felt the blush deepen as the playful, almost predatory, smile crossed her face.

“You must be Lisa.”

The farmer’s daughter could only nod, her mouth refusing to work. The new woman continued to smile for a moment, then turned to the guards, the grin dropping from her face.

“Report for extra duty tonight. You know better.”

The guard who had tried to grab her looked down and squeezed the handle of his pole arm.

“Yes, Mistress Falayn.”

Holding up a hand for Lisa, the furry smiled again.

“If you want, we can walk the rest of the way in, Lisa.”

Shaking slightly, Lisa stood up and let the rabbit woman guide her down from the wagon. Gasping from the butterflies in her stomach, Lisa had to hold to the wooden edge for a moment before she could steady herself. Holding Lisa’s hand with a firm grip, the new woman drew her into the ranch. One hand slipped around Lisa’s waist, pulling her close. At the touch of naked fur against her skin, Lisa felt a tingling sensation igniting deep inside her, mixing with the flipping of her stomach.

“My name is Cotton. I’m one of the handlers for Swetin.”

Lisa, confused, looked at her, finding her face strangely close to Cotton.

“Handler?”

Sea-green eyes almost sparkled as Cotton grinned, “A handler. Someone to take care of you while you are here and make sure you have everything you need.”

“And you are... my handler?”

Cotton squeezed her, pulling Lisa tightly to her for a moment. Lisa felt a heated tingle growing inside her, pushing at the growing fear. Cotton leaned forward, her breasts pressing against Lisa’s arm as she spoke.

“Only if you want.” Lisa felt the tingling growing, “But, Swetin said to give you a choice. It will probably be either me or Rylan.”

“Rylan?”

“One of the hands, a rather... gentle man who I have worked with for many years.”

Cotton chuckled as she drew Lisa toward the courtyard. “You are in good hands with us, Lisa.”

The courtyard was large and crowded. Along one side, a dozen men and women, all in aprons, were herding a larger group of naked men and women into a corral. The naked humans were giggling and laughing, playing and groping, and even kissing each other. They had an innocent air to them, as if they were not aware of what was going on. The clothed handlers guided them into the corral, their hands gently pushing and pulling until they were all inside. One of them kicked the corral shut and the naked humans did nothing to stop it from locking in place.

Cotton leaned up against Lisa, “Those are cowgirls and cowboys.”

“Human?”

A faint chuckle, “No, but close. Look like human, taste like human, but not all the intelligence of a human. They are bred that way, and we use them for our cheaper lines of chocolates.”

Lisa felt surprise and fear growing inside her, “Like me? They are going to be turned into chocolate like me?”

Cotton held her tightly for a moment, “Never like you, dear. Those five or six dozen will produce the same amount of chocolate as you. Swetin tried to explain, but it has something to do with soul and passion. They were bred for this purpose, so they don’t produce as much. You have a fire, a passion, even the desire that they can’t even comprehend.”

As she was talking, Cotton continued to guide Lisa toward one of the low buildings. Opening the door, Lisa could smell soap and water in the air, along with perfumes that drowned out the overpowering scent of chocolate. Silence surrounded them as the door closed behind them. Cotton drew her into the first door, a shower and smiled.

“Don’t worry, no one gets hurt doing this.”

Lisa felt the fear bubbling inside her again, mixed with a strange flush that seemed to waver deep inside. Cotton turned around slowly, giving Lisa a brief view of her naked rear, before the rabbit was standing next to her. Delicate fingers reached up, teasing at the

buttons of Lisa's blouse. Blushing violently, Lisa's hand snapped up to grab the fingers, pinning them tightly as she looked into the sea-green eyes with the fear she felt.

Cotton spoke softly, a low murmur, "Don't worry, I won't hurt you."

Lisa's voice was a whisper, so low that she wasn't sure it would reach the curved ears of her handler, "I-I'm scared."

Compassion glowed in Cotton's eyes, "I know."

Lisa kept her fingers on Cotton's, holding them for a long moment before finally relaxing them. Moving delicately, she felt the first button being released, then another. Soft fur teased her cleavage as the rabbit worked the line opening, her eyes never leaving Lisa's. As her blouse opened, Cotton's fingers stretched out inside, stroking the furry tips against her breasts. Lisa felt the tingling inside her growing, a flush of heat that rose in her stomach and stretched out to her breasts. The sensations, the first woman to ever touch her that way, caught her breath and she held it, unwilling to move or shift away from the hands. Cotton's ministrations parted the blouse even further when the last button was opened. Gentle palms stroked against her skin, rubbing against her hard nipples as Cotton pushed the blouse off her shoulders.

A moan vibrated in Lisa's body as she felt the gentle fingers pushing the fabric off her body and then stroked back down to her breasts. Much smaller than Cotton's, Lisa felt a brief pang of embarrassment for their size, but the rabbit's sure movements cupped them gently. A smile crossed Cotton's lips as thumbs rubbed up against Lisa's nipples, teasing the aching nubs with growing waves of pleasure. Lisa felt the fear inside her, but the warm tingling that spread through her skin eroded at the uncertainty.

Lisa whimpered softly, "They... aren't big."

Cotton chuckled, "Size isn't everything, dear."

Blushing, Lisa stared down at Cotton's breasts, straining underneath the canvas apron. The rabbit followed her gaze, then giggled.

"Would it help if I got undressed too? To help you shower?"

The heat inside Lisa surged powerfully, but she said nothing. Sensing her reaction, Cotton reached down and took Lisa's hands in her own. With a slow movement, she brought it up to her own

breasts, pressing the frightened girl's palms against her canvas-covered swells. Lisa's fingers stretched up, trembling against the slightly rough fabric as she felt her breath catch, throbbing in her lungs. Her entire body felt hot and shaking, a trembling that only inflamed the heat deep inside her body.

At the first touch on the button holding the apron strap to the front, she jumped slightly. Hesitating, she fumbled with the button until it slipped out. The fabric flopped open as the first breast sprung free, large and heavy. It sagged down, but Lisa's fingers reached down to cup it. It felt strange, holding another woman's breast in her hand, but it was soft. The fur trembled with Lisa's heartbeat and she sought out the peak, teasing it with a circle even as her other hand reached up for the second button. A few moments later, the canvas apron slipped to the floor and she was standing naked in front of Lisa.

Silver fur lead into a darker shadow stretching between the large breasts, dipping down in a tiny arrow that plunged between the rabbit's legs. Lisa realized she was staring and tore her eyes away, pulling them up to the amused sea-green eyes. Her fingers stroked against the furry swells, teasing at the hard nipples. Cotton leaned forward, her lips almost brushing against Lisa's.

"You appear to be wearing more now."

Lisa's blush sparked, but Cotton only smiled. Furry fingers reached around her arms and worked at the buttons to her jeans. A few moments later, Lisa felt the humid air brushing against her own naked skin as the rabbit eased both her pants and underwear over her hips. Lisa moaned softly as Cotton's body slipped from her fingers. Kneeling slowly, her handler guided her clothes to the ground, one ear teasing against her thighs as Lisa stepped away. Naked as Cotton, she saw the blush reaching her breasts and a slight tremble rippled up her spine.

Cotton stepped up to her, wrapping her arms around Lisa's waist and pulling her close. Fur-covered breasts pressed up against Lisa's, teasing them as the girl found her trembling growing even stronger. Cotton's lips brushed against hers, and Lisa opened her mouth to take in the kiss. Delicate and powerful, the kiss stole her breath away and Lisa almost melted into Cotton's arms.

When she became aware again, she was being soaked with hot water. The rabbit's hands stroked against her body, teasing every curve and driving the heated flush even further into Lisa's trembling body. A whimpering moan erupted from her and Cotton leaned forward to kiss her again, stealing her breath with every pulse of her heart. In her chest, Lisa's heart pounded painfully but she only wrapped her arms around Cotton.

In the embrace, Cotton was washing her with a soft cloth. Soapy hands stroking along with cloth against Lisa's breasts, hips, shoulders, and even legs. With a start, the young woman felt a finger teasing up between her legs and she moaned, spreading them slightly. It felt like her skin was on fire as she had to lean against the wall. Cotton's fingers continued to tease further between her legs, parting the labia and plunging one slick finger into her body. Intense, a bolt of pleasure arced up Lisa's body and she could only pant with the sensations. Cotton looked into her eyes with a grin, then pushed the slick finger even further into Lisa's body.

It reached a resistance, one that even Lisa felt, and Cotton chuckled.

“Still a virgin, good.”

Lisa started to move, but a growing pressure built up inside her. Cotton's finger pressed up further into her, straining against the resistance. Lisa felt something wet ripping inside her along with a sharp prick of pain. Shuddering, she whimpered, but Cotton's hand stroked up her side as the finger inside her slid out, then pushed back it. It felt sore, but that pain gave away to a growing pleasure as the delicate digits stroked back and forth across her body.

Soon, Lisa was moaning again, shaking her head as she felt a crest of pleasure beginning to grow. Just as she felt it starting to explode, Cotton pulled out and leaned back. Panting, Lisa looked down and whimpered. The rabbit only smiled and stroked against her stomach, standing up to press her own soaked furry body against Lisa's.

“This is the torture part. I have to get you nice and warm, but not let you finish.”

Lisa could only moan as Cotton's mouth brushed against hers, exploding the burning sensation inside her body. Hands stroked against hers and Lisa did the same, touching the furry woman and

letting her own fingers trail down to the juncture of Cotton's thighs. One finger slipped up into her easily, a heated slickness soaking the tips? as she moaned into the kiss. Cotton's kisses grew more passionate in response, the rabbit's fingers touched her everywhere. Surprised at the reaction of Cotton and her own body, Lisa pushed the finger back in, stroking it in and out over the tiny bump of pleasure.

Soon, Cotton's body was trembling along with Lisa's. Soft whimpering turned into moans as the rabbit bucked up against Lisa's thrusting fingers. Then, with a soft cry of pleasure, she felt the rabbit's inner walls clench around her finger. Cotton's orgasm was short and almost brought Lisa to her own crest of pleasure. But, too soon, it ended and the rabbit pulled away from the kiss. A grin, glowing from the afterglow, stretched across Cotton's face.

"Almost got me."

Lisa gave her own smile, "Sorry."

"Not yet."

To the growing heat inside her body, Lisa could only watch with baited breath as the rabbit dropped to her knees. A soft breath teased her skin, almost hidden from the hot water dripping down it, then she felt a tongue lapping up between her legs. A surge of pleasure and intense heat exploded inside her and Lisa could only moan as she spread her legs. Incredible explosions of pleasure filled her as the rabbit's furry lips and tongue licked and sucked, bringing her to the crest and pulling back before Lisa could reach it. Wave after wave grew inside her, never finding a release, until the farmer's daughter was whimpering with the need to orgasm. Her hands dropped down to Cotton's head, guiding her, pressing the tongue in the spots of the most pleasure, but she was still denied the release of the pleasure that screamed to escape.

By the time her shower was done, Lisa was begging for an orgasm. Her body writhed and shook against the wall of the shower. As the rabbit finally pulled away and stood up, Lisa could only stare at her, pleading in her eyes, and her throat refusing to speak. Cotton leaned forward, kissing her lips before whispering softly with a smile.

"Now you're sorry."

Lisa whimpered, but the rabbit still didn't have a release for her. Instead, she took Lisa by the hand and led her through a door at the back of the shower, through a few dark hallways and to a large steel door. Opening it, Lisa saw two large vats of brown liquid. One of them was empty, a wide expanse of chocolate that slammed into her sense of smell with the power of a rushing dragon. The other was filled with the cowgirls and cowboys. Moans of pleasure mixed in with screams of orgasm as a massive orgy of chocolate and flesh rippled through the vat. The trainers were there, most of them naked. Many of them were thrusting or being thrust into, joining in the great orgy of pleasure that filled the room.

Gasping, Lisa let herself be pulled into the room as she felt the fires inside her beginning to burn again. Cowboys mounted cowgirls and handler's alike, coming in a few moments before finding a new body, a new hole. To her surprise, they were covered completely in chocolate, but some of their features were blurred.

"Are they just having sex...?"

Lisa's voice trailed off as Cotton shook her head. Eyes scanned the massive orgy for a moment, then pointed to one of the cowgirls. Like most of them, her breasts were large, her hips wide, and she had an innocent expression on her face. One of the cowboys and one of the handlers were fucking her, thrusting throbbing cocks into her sex and ass. As Lisa focused on her, she could hear her moans of pleasure and squishing in the sex. Her own body spiking with pleasure, the heat still burning inside her, she watched the cowgirl reach orgasm after orgasm.

Then, she began to melt. Lisa gasped and clutched at Cotton as she watched the cowgirl's face begin to soften, melting into the chocolate that covered her until she was almost a headless form being pounded with hard strokes. The rest followed, merging with the chocolate with every stroke until the cowboy came into empty air. Without pausing, he mindlessly found a new cowgirl and mounted it, his own form melting with his orgasm.

"They're... melting!"

Cotton held Lisa as the young woman trembled with fear. Brown eyes refused to tear away from the orgy, watching body after body slowly melt into the chocolate with each growing orgasm. The handlers continued to push their way through the steaming

chocolate, moving to mount the remaining cows to drive them toward their own orgasms. Whimpering, Lisa finally tore her eyes away and stared at the ground.

“Are they dying?”

Shaking her head, Cotton held her tightly, “No, this is our process. They are still aware, swirling around in the chocolate. When we make the forms, they’ll come back, each of them making a smaller version of themselves, from chocolate.”

“Aware?”

A faint smile cross Cotton’s lips, “Yes, aware. They can feel themselves being touched, held, even eaten. We stuff them with cream, jelly, whatever Swetin wants and we sell them.”

Lisa said nothing, but she could feel the fear mixing in with the pleasure that she still felt boiling inside her. The heated flush was lessened by the realization of what was happening, but there was still a burning inside her, from an orgasm that refused to be ignored. Slowly, she looked back at the chocolate vat, where only a few of the cowboys were left. These were already mounting some of the female handlers, their soft moans filling the room as the others made their way to the edge.

Cotton smiled and gestured toward the vat, “Do you want to see what happens next?”

Hesitating, Lisa nodded. Cotton drew her to the edge, where the smell of chocolate and sex filled her senses. Reaching down for a large ladle, the rabbit scooped up a large amount and held it over the ground. Whispering words of power, a magic spell, she poured out the thick liquid. It splashed down, but instead of spreading out, the puddle of chocolate formed into a woman, a cowgirl. Perfect in almost every detail, right down to creamy white skin, the figure being formed by the poured chocolate looked alive. Cotton emptied out the ladle and set it back down. With a sure hand, she gently picked it up and handed it to Lisa.

With trembling hands, the young woman took the figure, surprised at the soft skin and gentle breathing. Eyes saw nothing and Lisa found herself stroking along the breasts. They jiggled slightly, the soft flesh still warm. Curious, she teased further down, parting the legs and feeling the lips, perfect in detail, underneath. Surprised, she looked up.

“Aware?”

Cotton grinned, “And probably having one of the strongest orgasms of her life, if you keep stroking her there. That is a hollow shell. If you break her in half, you can see that.”

Lisa shook her head, “No, I don’t want to hurt her.”

The rabbit gently took the chocolate woman from her hand and set it down on the edge, “Don’t worry, once they are a shell like this, they only feel pleasure. Even while being eaten. It’s all Part of the magic.”

Still trembling, Lisa looked out at the chocolate, where the handlers were pouring more of the figures on to tables. Most were female, but some of them were males, complete with tiny hard cocks. Cotton sighed and gestured to the tables.

“Each of the cowgirls and cowboys makes one chocolate shell. We buy the cows for a couple hundred gilds and tell them for three times that amount.”

“But... you paid millions for me. Does that mean I’m going to be sold for...?”

Cotton slipped her arm around Lisa’s waist, her fingers teasing Lisa’s hip and gently turning the girl away from the orgy vat.

“No, you are special. Because of your passion, your strength of soul, you will make more shells. As I said, you’ll probably make as many as all of them but together, maybe even more.”

Lisa’s body trembled, but she leaned against Cotton as she felt her feet being drawn to the other vat of chocolate.

“Aware?”

Cotton nodded. “Aware, but I don’t know how. Once you are turned into shells of your wonderful body, you will be filled with cream and covered with a milk chocolate coating. Those are put into satin boxes and Swetin sells them for tens of thousands of gilds each.”

Lisa stared out at the vast pool of chocolate before her. It was almost as large as the pools she swam in as a child, and felt sensations raging inside her. Her body trembled with the intensity, shaking as she felt the urge to scream and run.

Cotton’s arm around her waist tightened slightly, holding her tightly as her thoughts crashed through her mind.

“I’m... scared. I’m so very scared.”

Lisa's voice was a whisper again, her body shaking. Cotton drew her into an embrace, holding her tightly as her lips found Lisa's.

"I know. But, this won't hurt you. You will never hurt again."

Tears burned at Lisa's cheeks. Cotton's furry body held her tightly as the sobs began to rip their way from her body, wet sounds of desperation and uncertainty. The world shook from the pounding of Lisa's heartbeats and she clung to Cotton tightly. She held on until the pain in her heart had faded and the tears stopped rolling down her cheeks. Cotton made no effort to stop her; Lisa felt the soft furry hands resting against her naked skin gently.

After an endless time, Lisa found the strength to stumble back. Sniffing, she wiped the tears from her face. Blinking, she looked at the sea-green eyes watching her and felt some of the heat inside her body sparking again, trying to ignite.

"I'm sorry."

Cotton smiled warmly, "I understand." The eyes flashed over Lisa's shoulder, then back. A slow grin spread across her face and she pointed across the vat.

"And here is your other handler, Rylan."

Lisa sniffed again and turned around. She was expecting another furry or even an average-looking man, but she was stunned at the sight of Ryan. Hairless, his naked body strained as he waded through the chocolate toward them. His smile was warm, inviting, and she could see the lines of his muscles. Powerful and strong, he almost radiated a sense of masculinity that threatened to stop her breath. Slowly, Lisa's eyes trailed down along the chiseled chest and found herself looking at his cock. At first sight, she gasped, lifting one hand to cover her mouth.

It was huge.

A thick python of a cock, it was almost as long as his thigh. The head slid through the chocolate, driving a V-shaped ripple through it as he moved closer. Lisa felt the heat of her body tingling again as she stared at the thick member. It was almost as wide as her wrist, a powerful cock that left no question of its purpose. As she stared at it, it twitched, a ripple of movement as the dripping head slowly rose out of the chocolate.

"No one ever said you were beautiful, Lisa."

She barely heard his rumbling words as she stared down at his cock. It twitched again, slowly rising higher to expose large balls. Each one dripped with chocolate as they hung down heavily, the size of small apples. Rylan repeated himself twice before Cotton poked her. Lisa, blushing from the boiling heat deep inside her sex, snapped her head up.

“What? I’m sorry.”

Rylan smiled at her, holding out a hand for her, “You are beautiful.”

Shaking, Lisa took the hand, marveling at the strength in it. He pulled gently and she stepped into the pool of chocolate. Warm almost to the point of being hot, it slid up her feet like syrup. She shivered at the hot sensations but stepped completely into the vat, looking at the warm brown eyes of Rylan. Her breath came quickly, a panting, as she thought about her future, the fear, and even the passion inside her. With a supreme effort, she tried to push down on the growing pleasure, but it refused to be denied.

Rylan pulled her close to him, wrapping his arms around her trembling body into an embrace. Lisa could feel the strength in his muscles and his cock growing against her leg. Whimpering, the girl could only pull herself closer, rocking slightly against the hardness pressing against her body. Behind her, Cotton’s hands stroked against her back, sliding along her until the furry breasts pressed against her. With a gentle embrace, the two handlers hugged Lisa firmly.

They both relaxed slightly and Lisa found tears in her eyes again. Panting, she wiped at the tears, and looked around. Rylan, saying nothing, gestured toward the center of the vat. Hesitating, Lisa waded toward it, followed by both handlers. She almost stumbled as the thick liquid swirled around her feet, but she soon stopped near the end. Cotton stroked up against her, pulling her in an embrace as she felt Rylan’s hands stroke along her back, lowering to her hips. Lisa moaned from the sensations, the fires in her sex igniting in a few seconds of contact. The thick hardness rolled against her buttocks as she felt his powerful fingers teasing along her hips, her flanks, and even reaching around to her breasts. They were strong and sure, sending tiny bolts of pleasure through her heated skin even as the rabbit was pulling her into a kiss.

Hungrily, Lisa leaned into the kiss, losing her breath into it as her hands reached out for Cotton. Fur brushed her palms as she found the soft skin, stroking and teasing with every movement. Behind her, Rylan slid one hand back around, down the line of her spine and slowly between her legs. Moaning, Lisa spread her legs apart to give him access. The finger stroked forward, tracing the line of her sex before slowly working toward her bump of pleasure. Gasping, Lisa leaned against Cotton as he slipped it further into her, stroking back and forth until the tiny opening relaxed under the intruder.

Soon, she was gasping for breath, her lips pressing and parting from Cotton's lips as Rylan added a second finger. Soft whimpers of pleasure came from her as she finally gasped for air. Cotton's smile swam in her vision, mixed in with tears of emotions she couldn't identify. Slowly, the rabbit ears slid down before she felt the hot breath against her sex. Moaning at the torture about to resume, she could only shake her body as Cotton's tongue lapped at her sex, swirling around with the fingers plunging into her virgin opening. Jabs of pleasure sparked up her spine as she rocked back and forth, plunging onto the fingers before pressing against the tongue.

The wave of pleasure grew, racing toward a crest, but both of the handlers stopped before she could reach it. Whimpering, Lisa shook her head, "No, please, not again..." but they refused to respond. As soon as she cooled down slightly, the fingers and tongue returned to their assault on her body. Rylan's strong hand, the upper one, stroked against her breast, squeezing and teasing it. Slowly, it moved up to her throat, holding her still as he plunged his two fingers into her body, twisting them slightly until she felt the opening relaxing around them. Already, she could feel her body dripping down his length, but he continued to pleasure her with a relentless movement.

A third finger slipped up against her sex. To her surprise, she realized it was Cotton's as the furry digit pressed between Rylan's two fingers, increasing the girth pushing into her. It was tight for a moment, but soon she was gasping in pleasure, riding the three fingers as her body strained to reach an orgasm.

Both handlers stopped and restarted, always preventing her from reaching the crest. After an endless pleasure, caught between the two, she had four fingers in her, two of Rylan's and two of Cotton's.

Lisa's own hands were clasped to Cotton's heard, holding them for balance as she jerked and writhed against Rylan's chest. His cock, throbbing and hard, pressed against her spine, but he refused to use it against her heaving body.

"Please... please let me... please?"

Her voice rang out as she spoke, unable to resist the sensations that exploded inside her body. Delicious pleasure filled her veins, swamping her senses until she felt like she would be torn apart by the sensations.

Then, it stopped.

Lisa gasped from the sudden feeling of the fingers slipping out of her. Whimpering, she looked at Cotton who stood back up in front of her.

"What?"

With a grin on her face, the rabbit turned her around until she was facing Rylan and his throbbing cock. Lisa's eyes stared down at it, both hungry and startled by the incredible pole of heated flesh. It was dripping with chocolate and precum and she felt a powerful desire to feel it inside her, deep inside her. A soft whimper of pleasure escaped her and both handlers chuckled.

Rylan stepped forward, pressing his hardness against her stomach. Lisa jerked from the sensation, but Cotton was already pressing her body against her back, squeezing Lisa's form between the two handlers. Powerful hands, Rylan's hands, slid down her sides, curling underneath her buttocks. Lisa's legs spread apart again as she felt him picking her up, his muscles bulging from the effort. The tip of the shaft slid down her stomach as he lifted her out of the chocolate pool.

Lisa moaned as she felt the tip slipping between her legs, the inferno of need and desire exploding inside her. Soft, furry fingers reached from behind, guiding the thick, spongy head to her opening. Trembling with anticipation, Lisa could barely look up into Rylan's eyes. Gasping, she nodded and he pulled her down.

The thick member squeezed into her, stretching her tender opening with only the first few centimeters. Lisa gasped from the sensation of her first cock, and Rylan leaned against her, squeezing her body even more between him and Cotton. Slowly, he drew his hardness out and pushed it back in, a slow movement that sunk ever

more of his length into her. She gasped against from the pleasure, of being filled from the inside. To her surprise, she could feel every vein, every pulse of his heartbeat, but she was helpless to stop him.

Even if she wanted to.

Rylan slowly drew in and out of her, pushing more of his thick pole into her body, stretching her inner walls to their limits. The slick spear of pleasure drove deeper into her body, his movements growing faster as her own juices lubricated his movement. Lisa gasped as he grabbed her tightly to thrust harder and faster into her. Wet sucking noises drifted up from their union as his throbbing length plunged in and out, filling and emptying her in a matter of seconds.

Lisa writhed and throbbed, moaning in pleasure. Cotton's hands stroked along her body, teasing the nipples before slipping down to the hips. Fingers trailed to her sex, tracing the stretched opening before moving back up to the nipples. Rylan continued to thrust into her, his body moving harder and faster as he managed to cram more and more of his cock into her depths.

He reached the limits of her sex long before his entire cock was buried inside her. Lisa shook her head violently, whimpering as she thrust down onto his member.

"No, no, please more, more!"

Her cries of pleasure exploded out as she felt a crest of pleasure, one more powerful than she had ever felt, start to grow inside her. Everything shook inside her, her skin, her body, even her insides. His cock drove up into her, thrusting and powerful, hot and hard. It plunged deeper into her, stretching her inner walls until she felt like she would be ripped in two. Instead of being hurt, she felt her body take more until his balls slapped hard against her inner thighs, stretching her labia tightly as he tried to ram them inside her.

And the pleasure continued to grow.

Fingers, cocks, touching, and even lips against her neck all tore at her sanity. Her eyes opened and closed slowly, her body starting to spasm on the thrusting member. She saw the other handlers, at least dozens of them, watching her with rapt fascination. Most of the males were hard, stroking their own cocks as the females fingers themselves or one of the other handlers. The thought of being watched sent the burning pleasure even higher and she slammed

down on the cock, stuffing it into her with hungry grunts of pleasure.

Her body was lowered into the chocolate and she felt the hot liquid lapping up against her back and neck. Cotton was above her, her legs straddling her face as she looked down. Lisa looked up and smiled. Her entire body shook from every thrust and she smiled. A strange sense of peace filled her and Lisa closed her eyes again. Stretching up, she held onto Cotton's hips as Rylan continued to pound into her, his entire length pushing in and out with relentless pleasure.

Her orgasm finally exploded inside her, burning white-hot through her veins. Her scream echoed shrilly against the walls of the room, but she was lost in the endless explosions of pleasure that filled her. Flares of ecstasy burned their way through her body, tensing it even as she felt every muscle trembling from the sensation. It faded too soon, but the cock was still driving into her. Lisa's eyes fluttered open, looking up at Cotton who was stroking her own sex. Trembling from the incredible pleasure still pouring through her, Lisa managed to slip the fingers of one hand into her hot sex, twisting and plunging almost in time to the log of man flesh driving into her.

Cotton moaned and held her tightly as Lisa felt another wave of pleasure, just as strong as the first, slam into her. She screamed again, her body sinking further into the hot chocolate with every movement. The cock drove into her as Rylan spread her legs, moving his position to force more of his length into her body. Her inner walls spasmed around it, squeezing it with desperate strength as the flares of pleasure ripped through her body and mind, a powerful wave she could not resist.

Rylan's cock continued to drive into her. Each thrust forced another flare of pleasure into her, burning through her veins until her body felt like it was on fire. The chocolate lapped around her, but the sounds were growing muted as it covered her ears. More chocolate flowed over her face and she gave Cotton and Rylan one last look before closing her eyes.

Her orgasm tore into her, ripping at her senses with hard waves of pleasure. Her body trembled from the sensations, then slowly fell apart. She felt her skin fading into the chocolate vat, spreading out

as her body dissolved in the final orgasm of her life. She managed to scream one last time, a storm of pleasure pulling her apart as she sank into the vat.

But, she didn't die. Instead, the pleasure stretched out over the chocolate until it glowed. Magic and energy crackled in the air and she felt more alive than she had ever felt before. She was the chocolate, she was the vat. Inside her, she felt Cotton and Rylan orgasm. His long jets of cum splattering on her skin and sinking into the hot depths of her body. A tiny ripple of pleasure, an orgasm without body, flowed through her and Lisa bobbed in the waves.

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Lisa didn't know when she blacked out, but her awareness returned as she was being poured out onto the table. She couldn't move, but she didn't want to. A strange, semi-dazed afterglow of pleasure filled her as she felt someone's furry hands stroking her body. It was Cotton, but she couldn't see her. Instead, she felt the fingers stroke up against her sex for a moment. Then, something cool pressed against her lower lips and a hot thick liquid began to pump into her. Lisa felt an explosion of pleasure fill her as the cream filled her sex, then began to pump into her womb. It spread out even further, filling her chest with heat until it began to bubble out of her mouth. A soft hand wiped her mouth clear. There was a faint sensation of movement, then her body, her chocolate body, was dipped into more hot liquid. The taste of milk chocolate filled her senses. Pulled out, Lisa was set down on the table and allowed to cool. In her mind's eye, she could see herself, covered in chocolate and filled with cream.

To her surprise, she felt herself being poured again, then again. Hands, hundreds of them, stroked her body, filled her with more cream and dipped her in chocolate. Lisa could feel shell after shell being formed, her awareness stretched out across all of them, a strange gestalt mind that rocked constantly from the pleasure of being filled. Even the sensations of being dipped in chocolate and set to cool filled her with pleasure. Her mind dissolved in the waves of ecstasy.

Then, someone picked up her first body. She could almost taste the different in the shells, in the weight, as she felt Cotton's mouth press against her shell. The feeling of a tongue, huge against her

back sent more waves of pleasure exploding across her skin. Teeth nibbled down, cutting through the outer shell to caress against her skin. Instead of pain, she felt pleasure from the intensity. Cotton's mouth lapped at her body, licking off the outer shell until the cool air caressed her skin. Lisa desperately wanted to scream, to see the rabbit licking at her body, until the sensations of pleasure rippled through her mind. In other parts, more shells were being poured, being filled. A constant wave of pleasure rolled over her as she felt her first shell being squeezed. Thick and bubbling, the cream was forced out of her body as she tried to gasp. A bolt of pleasure burned through her chocolate veins as Cotton's mouth lapped at her sex, at her legs, sucking the cream out of her until she felt the hollowness growing inside her.

Too soon, her body felt empty, a void left behind by the thick cream that filled her. An ache grew inside her first shell, only partially filled by the sensations of more shells being poured. Her first was empty, a hunger burning inside.

Then, Cotton bit into her leg.

Instead of pain and terror, she only felt a bolt of pleasure as her leg snapped off. Slipping around the tongue that swirled her around, tasting her. A vibration, a moan, rippled through her body as she felt her toes dissolving slowly. Cotton gulped and her leg slipped down her throat, into the heated depths of Cotton's throat. The rabbit was already biting her other leg off, swirling it in her mouth before swallowing. Lisa's mind, spread out over hundreds of chocolate shells, exploded in the strongest orgasm she ever felt. Without a body to slow it down, it burned white hot trails of pleasure through her consciousness as her first shell, her second body, was slowly bitten apart. Cotton's tongue swirled each part in her mouth, the hot member slipping around until she began to dissolve before swallowing her.

Lisa felt the last of her first shell being swallowed through the brands of pleasure that seared her mind. She tried to gasps with a body that no longer existing, but she felt all of the shells shudder from the sensations. Everything froze for a moment, then the pouring and stuffing resumed. In the distance, from another shell, she could feel a chuckle. Somewhere on a table, someone shoved

another nozzle up against her mouth, pumping hot cream into a hollow body as her second shell was gently set in a soft, padded box.

Through the pleasure, Lisa could feel the tears of joy growing inside her. But, they hovered there until they were burned away by another orgasm that seared across her mind.

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. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

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