

Encounter: The Chocolatier -- Self Service

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The Chocolatier -- Self Service

There was a certain art to making the perfect chocolate penis. Perry had used several different mass-marketed molds, and he'd never been completely happy with any of them. Finally, at the risk of completely embarrassing himself, he'd purchased a make-your-own-dildo kit and molded a likeness of his own. Using it as a model, he made his own mold for a chocolate version.

Scaled down -- actually scaled down quite a bit, thank you very much -- his own dick made quite a lovely four-inch lollipop. His cock had a nice curve to it, if he did say so himself, and the pattern of veins was aesthetically pleasing. He altered the final mold slightly, adding a faint line to hint at either skin fold or retracted foreskin.

When he was done, he declared it good.

It took a few hours to make enough of the specialized lollipops to fill a typical bachelorette party order. Of course, the bachelorette parties always wanted the special chocolate, the "Love at First Bite... Guaranteed" chocolate. That took a bit of extra time, since he had to ensure the magic was properly settled into the chocolate before he started pouring.

It was tiring work -- no doubt of that. What he hadn't expected on this set of chocolates was for it to make him so Goddamn horny. By the time he finished a hundred and thirty chocolate penises -- a hundred for the order and thirty extra just in case -- he was literally sweating. His dick was a hard, straining force of nature in his jeans, and he wasn't sure he was going to make it home, even as close as home was, without spewing in his pants like a teenager.

As it turned out, he didn't make it home. He rushed out of the chocolate shop, climbed into his car, and made it about a half mile along the three mile trip to his house before it became all too apparent he couldn't concentrate well enough to drive safely. Abandoning the main strip that ran through the center of Silver River, he swung onto a dirt road that wound its way quickly and steeply up into the surrounding mountains -- a frequent refuge for horny teenagers. He supposed he just about counted as one of those at the moment. Fortunately, the place was fairly quiet at the moment, so he didn't have to worry about anyone catching him with his pants down. Maybe literally.

He pulled off the main road -- if you could call it a road, this high up, where it wasn't much more than bare rocks and grass -- and parked the truck where he was certain no one would be able to see him if they happened to drive past. Then he slid down in the seat, unfastened his pants, and went to work.

He was steely hard in a matter of seconds, before he even managed to get his zipper all the way down. He'd been more than halfway there most of the afternoon, and for a moment he thought he was going to spew at the first brush of his fingertips against his hot cock. He clenched his teeth, closed his eyes, and managed to ride the wave, avoiding being sucked under by the slimmest of margins.

Once he was more or less under control, he began to stroke himself. Long, easy strokes, twisting around the head at the end of each one. A low, involuntary moan escaped him and he let his head fall back against the seat.

One stroke, another, firm and sure, stoking the fire in his groin. His balls drew up, his back tightening, arching away from the seat. Not much longer...

Eyes closed, he imagined a mouth on his cock, sucking him down. Tongue twirling around the tip, slipping oh so slightly into the slit. Hot and teasing --

He clenched, and came. And thought at the last minute that he should have grabbed a napkin, a tissue, a handkerchief. Something. It was far too late. He shot white ropes of come over the dashboard, the steering wheel...

"Shit," he said, barely able to force the word out or even feel the irritation that had prompted it. Now he was going to have to clean the damn truck when he got home.

Honestly, sometimes his life just fucking sucked.

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