

Sexual Healing:
Chocoholic

A Valentine's Day story by

D. Musgrave

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*T*he first thing that caught Marianne's eyes when she walked into the kitchen to get her morning coffee was the large heart-shaped box. It was propped up on the counter next to the coffeepot at an angle that made it hard to miss. That, and the fact that it was a huge red heart. Without even opening the box, she knew what was inside—chocolates. She smiled and imagined Tony setting up the Valentine's Day gift before he left for work. Him remembering how much she loved chocolate made her smile all the more.

Staring at the box, she wondered if he realized how much she loved chocolate. In reality, it wasn't just a love of the sweet, creamy treat; it was the keystone in one of her deepest held fantasies. It was such a deep secret she'd only recently confessed it to Tony.

Closing her eyes, she imagined him lying on his back, bound to the bed while she drizzled warm chocolate syrup all over his body. The mental vision of the swirling lines of the sweet sauce crisscrossing his body was so real, she could almost smell the woody scent of the cocoa. Her mouth watered and she sighed, opening her eyes. Maybe one day, the fantasy would become a reality.

She picked up the box and found a bottle of chocolate syrup that he'd used to keep it propped up. At first, she thought it was a coincidence. Until, she opened the box and it was empty save for a folded piece of paper. It was simple and to the point, and in Tony's blocky handwriting.

My Little Humbucker,

Your real treat is to come tonight. This is just to give you something to think about. So is the bottle.

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*Love,
Tony*

A shiver raced down Marianne's spine. It was going to be a very long day, but she wouldn't have it any other way.

* * * *

It was dark by the time she pulled into the garage that evening. Try as she might to concentrate, thoughts of what Tony planned had her distracted all day. She was sure her patients could tell she had other things on her mind. Yet somehow, she'd managed without anyone commenting.

Walking into the house, she immediately smelled chocolate. But not just the familiar sweet woody scent of chocolate, but the smell it has when melted. Like chocolate chip cookies or, even better, fondue.

Instantly, her mouth watered. So did her pussy.

Could Tony have read her mind? She'd never told him just how much she'd fantasized about licking the creamy treat from his body.

It was at that moment, she noticed the soft music wafting up the hallway from the master bedroom. Dropping her briefcase on the floor beside the coat rack, she moved quickly toward the sound. Each step brought with it a stronger aroma of melted chocolate. Faint yellow light filtered out through the bedroom door. Nearing it, she recognized the light as candles. Her heart pounded. Her neck and face felt hot from a flush.

Marianne stopped just before she reached the door, and peeked around the doorframe. Her eyes took a moment to adjust, but when they did, she saw Tony lying naked on his side of the bed. On the nightstand beside him was a saucepan with a handle sticking out of the top. He smiled right at her and raised a ladle out of the pan, letting the thick dark liquid pour back in. Her

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knees quavered, and she moaned before she could stop herself. Mental images of what she wanted to do with that chocolate filled her mind.

As if drawn by a magnetic force, Marianne walked across the room. She stopped at the side of the bed and looked down at Tony's glorious nakedness. There was only one thing that could make him look any more tempting—and that was in the pan on the nightstand.

She dropped to her knees and reached for the pan. Without taking her eyes off his body, she dipped out a ladleful of the warm chocolate and held it over his chest. She tipped her wrist, letting the, dark, rich syrup flow in a line from the middle of his chest down his torso. Her eyes locked on the ribbon of sweet decadence flowing from the ladle.

When the stripe reached Tony's bellybutton, she moved the ladle in a circle and stopped the flow. Unable to control her hunger for a taste, she leaned in and pressed her tongue into the chocolate. The mixed taste of his flesh and the warm chocolate was exquisite and her eyes closed automatically as she reveled in the flavor. She followed the line down his body, taking in his every movement and sound. The deep moan rumbling from his chest made her smile.

Moving down his body to his belly button, she opened her eyes and peered at his hard, weeping cock. Even with a tongue buried in her favorite sweet treat, she had a sudden longing to taste his juices. Instead of giving in to the temptation, she remembered her fantasy and again reached for the saucepan.

Holding the ladle poised over Tony's throbbing cock, she let the thinnest of lines of chocolate drizzle onto his glans. His shaft flexed and twitched, making the line of chocolate zigzag down his member. A deep, rumbling moan followed almost immediately. A thought flashed through her mind: *Could this be his fantasy, too?*

She set the ladle and the pan down on the nightstand. Looking back at Tony's cock with the

swirling line of chocolate adorning it, she almost hated to mess up the decoration. Almost.

Marianne flicked her tongue across his cock head, scooping up his pre-come adding that to the heady aftertaste of chocolate still on her taste buds. This time she moaned. The combination was everything and a little more than she'd hoped.

Closing her eyes, she sucked in his full length. She hummed as she was as near to heaven as she could imagine on earth—a mouthful of hard, throbbing cock, and the sweet, creamy taste of chocolate. Only one thing could make it better. His come.

She sucked harder, hollowing her cheeks as she drew out that which she longed to taste. Pulling her mouth back, until just his cock head and glans remained between her lips, she swirled her tongue around trying to push him over the edge. Suddenly, his cock swelled and his body tensed. A hot jet of come splashed the roof of her mouth, followed by another.

Fighting the instinct to swallow, she rolled the smooth come across her tongue, letting it mingle with the chocolate. Now, she was in heaven.

D. MUSGRAVE

About the Author

D. Musgrave grew up being told more often than not that daydreaming was a waste of time. What a crock that turned out to be. Those wild, fanciful dreams were to one day become the fodder for the erotic tales that now flow onto the pages for D.'s stories. If anyone is interested in sampling those daydreams that became stories, please visit D.'s website at www.dmusgrave.com.