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Hard Candy

Ally Blue

Holiday eBook Freebie

Note to the readers: This is for everyone who's been clamoring for more of Matt and Chris from *Love's Evolution*. I hope you enjoy this peek into Matt's mind as much as I enjoyed writing it. Happy Holidays!

Hard Candy
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The third time Matt scorched the chocolate, he threw the whole damn pot in the sink and swore he'd never try to cook again.

Just like the last two times, the vow only lasted long enough for him to remember why he'd decided to do this in the first place. With a sigh, he scraped the ruined chocolate sauce into the garbage disposal and opened the dessert section of Chris's cookbook. Maybe he couldn't make Chris's favorite, but surely to God he could find *something* he was capable of cooking.

"Matt? What are you doing in there?"

Shit. Untying Chris's apron from around his waist, Matt threw it aside. "Nothing, babe! Go back to sleep."

No answer. Matt breathed a sigh of relief. Chris had been sick as a dog for the last week and half with a vicious strain of the flu. He'd barely been able to get out of bed. Matt had done okay at taking care of him, except when it came to cooking. He'd always been useless in the kitchen, but it had never bothered him until now. Preparing meals for a professional chef was pretty daunting, even if said chef couldn't eat anything but soup and crackers.

Now that Chris was on the mend and getting his appetite back, Matt was bound and damned determined to make him the sweets he'd been craving ever since he first got sick. Matt figured it was the least he could do, since Chris had been forced to skip the baking he normally loved to do for Christmas.

The scuff of slippers on wood jolted Matt out of his thoughts. He whipped around just in time to see Chris shuffle through the archway from the living room, yawning and rubbing the back of his neck with one hand. His blue terrycloth robe hung open over his pajamas, a couple day's worth of stubble shadowed his jaw and his black hair stuck up all over the place. Matt thought he looked adorable.

"Hey, Chris." Shoving the chocolate-coated saucepan deeper into the sink and thus out of sight, Matt jogged up to Chris and wrapped his arms around Chris's shoulders. "What're you doing out of bed?"

Chris arched one dark eyebrow. "I came down to see what all the noise was about."

"Oh." Matt winced. "Oops. Sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about." Chris slipped his hands under Matt's Christmas sweater. His palms still felt too hot against Matt's bare skin, even though his fever was way down today. "I'm feeling much better now. I fail to understand why you want me to stay in bed."

Matt flashed his most evil grin, the one that always made Chris's green eyes glaze with lust. "Same reason I want you in bed the rest of the time, babe."

Laughing, Chris leaned forward and pecked Matt on the lips. "My darling, you are the horniest person I've ever known."

"Yeah, other than you." Matt returned the kiss, along with extra tongue. "Which is why you married me, I guess."

Chris smiled, his eyes shining. "One of many reasons."

Matt's chest went tight. Every time he thought of his and Chris's handfasting ceremony that past summer, he got choked up.

Sentimental, that's me.

It didn't bug him any. He'd never been one to deny what he felt. Luckily, Chris had always liked that about him.

Matt pulled Chris closer and pressed his cheek to Chris's hair. "You smell like VapoRub."

“Yes, well, I’ve used it so much in the past ten days it’s seeped into my pores.” Chris drew back and peered over Matt’s shoulder. “Matt. *What* have you been doing in there?”

“Nothing.” Looping his arm through Chris’s, Matt steered him back through the archway and toward the stairs. “Let me help you back upstairs. You need your rest.”

Chris stopped walking and gave Matt a stern look. “Don’t give me that innocent face. I heard the distinct sound of one of my good saucepans hitting the sink a few minutes ago.” He sniffed the air. “And I smell burnt chocolate.”

Damn. Should’ve known he’d notice. Apparently Chris’s stuffy nose had cleared up some in the last couple of hours.

Hanging his head, Matt bit his lip and peered up at Chris through his lashes. The innocent act hadn’t worked, but Chris could never resist Matt’s whipped-puppy look. “I was trying to make fudge cake for you. I’m sorry I messed it up.”

Sure enough, Chris’s expression softened and he smiled. “That was a very sweet thing to do, Matt.”

“You mean *try* to do.” Matt wrinkled his nose. “I wish I wasn’t such a disaster in the kitchen. I mean, here it is almost Christmas, you’ve been so sick and I can’t even manage to make your favorite dessert for you.”

“It’s the thought that counts.” An evil grin curved Chris’s mouth. “Besides, as much as I love fudge cake, it isn’t my favorite dessert.”

This was news to Matt. Chris had not only invented his own recipe for the rich dessert, he made it every Christmas and ate the bulk of it himself. Matt frowned. “It isn’t?”

“No.”

“Then what is?” *Please God, Satan and FSM, let it be instant pudding or Oreos or something.*

Chris slipped his arms around Matt’s waist, leaned forward and brushed his lips against Matt’s ear. “Your cock.”

Matt’s knees went weak. He tilted his head sideways so Chris could kiss his neck. “That’s not very sweet.”

“I beg to differ.” Stubble scratched the skin of Matt’s throat. “But chocolate makes everything sweeter.” Chris sucked at the spot on Matt’s neck that always made him break out in goosebumps.

“Oh, my God.” Burying both hands in Chris’s hair, Matt tugged his head up and kissed him hard. “I have chocolate.”

“We’ll melt it in the microwave.” Chris nibbled Matt’s bottom lip. “Unless you have some already melted.”

Matt shook his head. Mental pictures of what he figured Chris wanted to do seemed to be getting in the way of his ability to talk. Pulling out of Chris’s embrace, Matt took his hand and led him back into the kitchen.

Chris didn’t say a word about the mess sprawled over the counters, for which Matt was grateful. Matt found the bowl of chopped dark chocolate—what was left of it—behind an empty condensed milk can. He held it up with a grin. “Lindt’s finest.”

“Indeed.” Taking the bowl, Chris stuck it in the microwave, entered the time and turned to Matt with pure lust blazing in his eyes. “Take off your clothes.”

The note of command in Chris’s voice had Matt’s cock tenting the front of the scrub pants he’d “accidentally” taken home from the hospital last winter. He ripped his sweater over his head and untied his scrubs. By the time Chris took the chocolate out of the microwave a few seconds later, Matt was completely naked, his prick hard as the granite countertops.

Chuckling, Chris set the melted chocolate on the counter. “Eager, are we?”

"You've been sick for a *long* time."

"Ah, yes. I'd forgotten that you're constitutionally incapable of going more than two days without sex."

"You know me so well, Chris." Wrapping a hand around his dick, Matt gave Chris a filthy grin. "So. You said something about chocolate cock?"

"Not really, but that was the intent. As you obviously figured out." Chris took a wooden spoon from the drawer and stirred the melted candy, watching Matt with a wicked smile the whole time. "Get on the counter."

"The counter?" Matt glanced behind him at the one mess-free spot left. Chris wasn't exactly a neat freak, but bare asses and genitals weren't things he usually allowed on his food preparation surfaces. "You sure?"

"Quite."

"But—"

"Matt. You can clean later. There's antibacterial spray under the sink. Right now, I want you on that counter." Dipping a finger in the bowl, Chris brought a dollop of chocolate to his lips and licked it off. "Mmmm. Perfect temperature and consistency. Hurry, before it gets too..." His gaze dropped to Matt's crotch for a second. "Hard."

The dark fire in Chris's eyes got Matt moving. He hopped up, letting out a little squeak when his naked skin hit the cold surface.

Chris laid both hands on Matt's chest and gave him a gentle push. "Lie down, bend your knees up and spread your legs."

Oh my fucking God. Scooting his butt backward a few inches, Matt planted his feet on the counter and opened his thighs wide. He eased himself back onto his elbows and watched with interest as Chris took a barbeque brush from the drawer.

"I thought I told you to lie down," Chris said, pushing the drawer shut.

"Yeah, but there's no way in hell I'm not watching this." Matt gave his hips a shimmy. "Make with the chocolate coating, Chef Sexy."

Laughing, Chris dipped the brush into the melted chocolate. It came out dripping with thick, dark liquid. "Hold still."

Matt managed to keep from moving when the first drop of warm, gooey chocolate hit the sensitive skin at the head of his prick. But the feel of the brush stroking up and down his shaft was too much for him. He moaned and squirmed, heels barely hanging onto the edge of the countertop.

"If you're looking for full-body coverage, you're going about it the right way," Chris said the third time Matt's wriggling screwed up his aim. Leaning down, he licked the smear of chocolate from the inside of Matt's thigh. "I believe you're done, love. Hold your cock for me while the chocolate dries."

Matt shifted his weight to his left elbow and circled the base of his prick with his right hand, holding it upright while Chris put the bowl and brush in the sink. The silver ring piercing his glans gleamed against the rich brown of the candy. The chocolate tugged at his skin as it cooled. It felt like nothing else he'd ever experienced.

It felt damn good, actually. So good his balls ached with it. Of course the fact that he was splayed naked on a kitchen counter with his candy-coated prick sticking straight up in the air might've had something to do with his excitement.

When Chris turned from the sink, the heat in his eyes made Matt's insides clench. He let out a whimper. "Chris. 'M not gonna last, babe."

Chris gave him a tender smile. "I don't want you to last. I just want you to come in my mouth."

The words almost brought about the reality. Matt tightened his fingers around the base of his cock. "If you want that, you'd better get your mouth on me pretty damn quick."

Chuckling, Chris stroked both palms along Matt's thighs. "Don't worry, sweetheart. I have plenty of practice dealing with your hair trigger."

Matt opened his mouth to protest, but the words melted into a heartfelt moan when Chris bent and tugged on the piercing with his teeth. "Ooooooh, God."

"Mmmm." Chris licked the head of Matt's cock like an ice-cream cone. His tongue cleared a strip of flushed skin through the chocolate. "Delicious."

Matt didn't even try to answer. What was the point? Talking wasn't even remotely possible when Chris wrapped those talented lips around his prick and deep-throated him. Panting, he rocked his hips as much as he could in his precarious position. Chris took Matt's thrusts with practiced ease, one hand kneading Matt's balls and the other rubbing a thumb over his hole.

As he'd predicted, Matt didn't last long. His prick was still streaked with chocolate when he came. He shot down Chris's throat with a keening cry. Chris swallowed, his muscles contracting around the head of Matt's cock and drawing out his orgasm to an almost painful degree.

Chris didn't let Matt go until he'd been wrung dry. Matt collapsed into a twitching heap when Chris finally drew back. "Damn, babe."

"Thank you." Chris licked his lips, managing to look poised in spite of the chocolate smeared all over his face. He lifted Matt's leg and rubbed a stubby cheek against the bottom of his foot. Matt jerked his foot away with a squeak. Chris laughed. "What would you say to a nice soak in the tub? I need a bath rather badly, and I'm afraid you do too now."

"Sounds like fun to me." Matt pushed to a sitting position, wrapped his bare legs around Chris's waist and drew him close for a chocolate-and-semen flavored kiss. "Don't you want me to take care of you first?"

Chris's cheeks colored. "Actually, there's no need at the moment. I... well..."

He trailed off. Matt grinned. "You came just from sucking my cock?"

The redness in Chris's cheeks deepened. "Yes, well. It's been a while for me too, you know."

Snickering, Matt groped between Chris's legs until he touched the sticky material of Chris's pajama bottoms. "I think it's the chocolate that made you come."

"Perhaps that was part of it."

"Chocolate whore."

Chris laughed. "I can't deny it." His hands ran up and down Matt's bare back. "Speaking of which, is there any chocolate left, or did you use it all attempting to make me dessert?"

"There's another bar in the pantry." Matt shivered when Chris's tongue traced the shell of his ear.

"Mm. Good." Chris kissed the end of Matt's nose. "Why don't we take that chocolate bar and the rest of the Cabernet to the tub with us?"

Matt pretended to consider. "Are you planning to do depraved things to me with candy and a wine bottle?"

"And the cork, too. Yes."

"Then let's go." Dropping his legs from around Chris's waist, Matt jumped down from the counter. "You get the chocolate. I'll grab the wine and a couple of glasses."

"All right." Before Matt could move, Chris stopped him with a hand on his cheek. "I love you, sweetheart."

Matt's throat threatened to close up. As long as he and Chris had been together, that shouldn't still happen every time Chris said those three little words. But it did.

"I love you too." Leaning forward, Matt brushed a soft kiss over Chris's lips. "Let's go, before we have to scrape your pajamas off you."

Chris laughed. "A very good point."

The two of them gathered the supplies, then set off for the huge whirlpool tub upstairs in their bathroom. Matt walked beside his husband with a full heart and a wide smile. He loved that after all this time, the playfulness between them had never faded.

Matt grinned, imagining Chris's expression on Christmas morning when he saw the "Cooking With Semen" recipe book Matt had bought him.

I can't wait for Christmas.

Author Biography

Ally Blue is acknowledged by the world at large (or at least by her heroes, who tend to suffer a lot) as the Popess of Gay Angst. She has a great big penis hat and rides in a bullet-proof Plexiglas bubble in Christmas parades. Her harem of manwhores does double duty as bodyguards and as inspirational entertainment. Her favorite band is Radiohead, her favorite color is lime green and her favorite way to waste a perfectly good Saturday is to watch all three extended version LOTR movies in a row. Her ultimate dream is to one day ditch the evil day job and support the family on manlove alone. She is not a hippie or a brain surgeon, no matter what her kids' friends say.

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