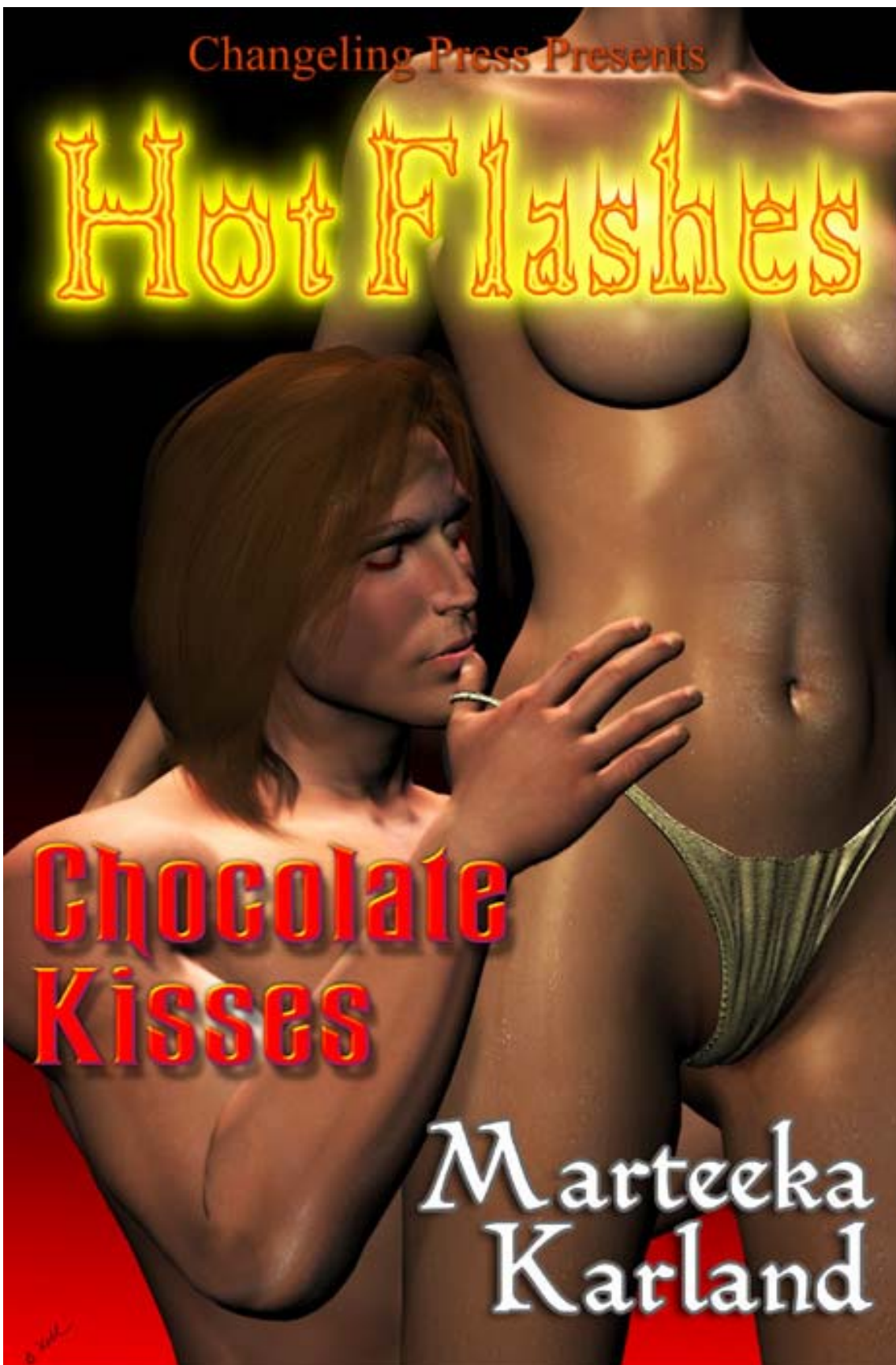


Changeling Press Presents

Hot Flashes

Chocolate
Kisses

Marteeka
Karland



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ISBN: 978-1-60521-096-4

Formats Available:

HTML, Adobe PDF,

MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:

Changeling Press LLC

PO Box 1046

Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046

www.ChangelingPress.com

Editor: Katriena Knights

Cover Artist: Bryan Keller

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Chocolate Kisses

Marteeka Karland

When Tianna completes a family tradition by welcoming a new neighbor with her famous Chocolate Brownie Sheet Cake, she doesn't expect the oversexed, oversized Gothe'maran man to be so... well... oversexed. And oversized. A short story in the *Forbidden* universe.

Chocolate Kisses

Knock, knock, knock. The sound reverberated as Tianna rapped politely on the door. It was customary for one to greet a new neighbor, but Tianna had misgivings about it this time. Her mother would roll over in her grave if she knew her youngest daughter hadn't made a new neighbor welcome with the Darnell family's Chocolate Brownie Sheet Cake. It was a tradition in her family that hadn't been broken in over one hundred years. The only thing that gave Tianna the courage to walk up to the new tri-level mansion across the street was the thought of being the first to screw it up. She'd already put it off for three weeks. Damned house was completely out of place in this little country neighborhood anyway. She doubted anyone else had approached him either.

She'd seen the man who owned the house, Rikardi Lyyons, and had confirmed he was indeed the owner with the movers. He terrified her. OK, so terrified was a harsh word, but any man who rode a big black hog in a leather suit, black helmet, and looked good doing it was *not* a man she wanted to get anywhere near. Add to that he was the new ambassador to Earth from Daysom in the Gothe'mar Empire, and he spelled trouble. She was a good girl. Good girls didn't associate with men like that.

Except that she'd become obsessed with him. She watched for him to come home. She couldn't get any work done for it. When he got home, she made every excuse she could to go to her mailbox, or check her rose bushes, or pick up doggie dung from the front of her yard. *Anything* to get close enough to his house to see him. See what he was doing. It was freaking creepy! And she had never been so compelled to do anything in her entire life.

He'd also become the star of every erotic fantasy she had. When she pleasured herself, it was Rikardi's face she saw when she closed her eyes, his hands on her body

as she stimulated herself, getting ready for sex. Instead of one of the many dildos in her collection, it was always Rikardi's cock she imagined inside her, bringing her to orgasm.

She shivered and shook herself.

Ding dong, ding dong. When no one answered her knock, she rang the bell, stubbornly refusing to leave until he answered and took her cake. She'd meticulously cut it into perfectly symmetrical squares and placed it carefully on a serving platter and she'd be damned if she'd let all this hard work go to waste. Besides, maybe if she had one close encounter she'd see he wasn't really "all that" and get back to her life.

She knew he was there. She'd watched him pull in the drive on that sexy as sin motorcycle, his sexy as sin ass clad in all that leather. So where the hell *was* he?

Tianna blinked. She couldn't believe she'd just mentioned his ass, even to herself. She'd just decided maybe this wasn't such a good idea when the door was flung open. The man who stood in front of her wasn't a man she'd ever seen before, but he had the same hugely muscled build as Rikardi.

He wasn't wearing a shirt. Normally, that wouldn't have been a problem. She'd seen lots of men without their shirts before. But she was so sexually energized this was just one more thing to cloud her judgment. He had the best-looking chest and abdomen she'd ever seen, even in magazines and movies. Lightly hair dusted, muscled, tanned... what's not to like? Powerful shoulders and arms completed the look, and Tianna had to grip her plate of chocolate cake to keep from dropping it.

Wait a second. Had she thought his arms completed him? Those sinful leather pants were just as good. They clung to his ass and...

Tianna swallowed. How was it possible for two men in the same house to be this good-looking?

The man looked her up and down then asked, "How much do you weigh?"

Tianna blinked. "I'm sorry?"

"How much do you weigh?" He repeated his question, but with a touch of annoyance. Like a man who was used to having his orders obeyed without the slightest bit of hesitation.

She felt compelled to tell him. She couldn't have stopped herself from telling him what he wanted to know if her life had depended on it.

"A-about a hundred and ninety-seven pounds." She felt her face heat. Why she hadn't simply refused to tell him was beyond her, and saying she was so close to two hundred pounds mortified her. It was one thing for one of the sexiest men in the world to see she was a large woman, quite another for her to place a number on her weight.

"Good." He looked supremely satisfied. Tianna was certain she looked as confused as she felt.

He grabbed her free hand and practically dragged her inside. Tianna almost dropped the plate as he led her through his house to a huge sunroom on the west side. She could see her own house from there, particularly her bedroom.

"I came to welcome Mr. Lyyons to the neighborhood --" Her well-rehearsed speech started in a squeak that she couldn't correct. He didn't look like he was paying much attention to her, anyway. When she finally noticed what he was preoccupied with, she dropped the plate with a little squeal.

"Miss Darnell. Tianna." Rikardi sat on a plush, very large couch. What startled her enough to drop her plate of prized Brownie Sheet Cake was the fact that he sat there totally naked. When Tianna didn't answer him, he simply smiled and continued speaking. "I wondered when you'd finally come to me, though I didn't expect Damion to be the one to bring you."

Was it common practice for the man to converse with complete strangers while in the nude? "You -- you're *naked!*" It wasn't just that, though. Rikardi was frigging huge. Apparently, distance distorted size considerably. All of him was bulky, solid, ripped muscle. His legs sprawled out in front of him as he lounged. His skin was dark and hairless, except for the nest of jet-black curls around his cock. And his cock, even at rest, looked positively frightening in its size. Yeah, Tianna's lower torso was clenching and dancing for joy, but her mind was dumbfounded, and she was sure her eyes almost bugged out of her head.

Damion frowned and looked at Rikardi. "I thought you said she was of high intelligence."

Rikardi chuckled. "Oh, she is. She's one of the most intelligent women I've encountered on this world, but she's a tad shy."

"She's not an innocent, is she?" Damion said that as though the mere thought left a bad taste in his mouth.

"She's not a virgin, but she's not very experienced. Her tastes are borderline exotic for this culture," Rikardi replied, then grinned and added, "at least, not with anyone other than herself and her toys." Tianna didn't think it was possible for her face to get any redder. She could feel the heat rising from her in waves. She didn't know if it was possible to die from embarrassment, but she was damned close to finding out.

Damion raised an eyebrow. "How do you know her tastes, Rikardi? I thought you said you hadn't touched her yet. Have you been in her mind?"

Rikardi's grin turned positively cocky and he puffed out his chest a little. "Oh, yes. Several times. It's hard to stay out when she's constantly bringing me into her fantasies." Yes. She might just die of embarrassment... if she were lucky. "I'm looking forward to seeing if your methods of self-pleasure have prepared you for me." Rikardi stood now. Yep. The man was fricking *huge*. He towered over her and was several inches taller than Damion -- who was also fricking huge. Even being a "big girl," she felt small compared to them. Had she been a "normal-sized" woman, she'd probably have run screaming. But, as Rikardi had so cheekily pointed out, her tastes were exotic. She liked big men -- in every sense of the word -- and Rikardi sported the biggest cock she'd ever seen, and it was rapidly growing as he looked her up and down. And what did he mean by "prepared you for me"? Her heart thudded so hard in her chest she was sure her shirt moved with each beat.

He turned that dark smile on her, his perfectly straight, white teeth flashing her a wolfish grin. "I want to see you as I've long imagined. I want to see that exquisite body naked. Strip."

His voice was melodious, almost hypnotic. Without thinking, she almost reached for her jeans button before she realized exactly what she was doing.

"I most certainly will *not*!" Tianna had to shake her head to clear it of the spell he wove around her. It had been a really long time since a man had told her to strip. Well, at least a sober man. Now, she remembered how much she loved the feeling of being sexy, and this man looked at her like she was a piece of that delicious Brownie Sheet Cake he wanted to eat. "I don't know you." She turned to Damion. "Either of you. I'm not just hopping into bed with you because you say so."

Rikardi shrugged. "You don't have to 'hop' anywhere. I'm more than happy to carry you." That was the only warning she got before he scooped her up as if she weighed no more than a child and left the room with her.

At first, Tianna was so surprised all she could do was shriek and wrap her arms around his neck. Then, she thought to protest, but his skin felt so good. Smelled so good. She wanted to see if it tasted so good.

Rikardi took her up the stairs two at a time and she truly thought she'd died and gone to heaven. This was a perfect man for her.

"Remember that, sweet. I am *the* perfect man for you. No one else."

"Not now, Rikardi," Damion growled from a couple of steps behind them. "You need to complete the first stage of the claiming first. She needs to know you can satisfy her every need before she knows the rest of it."

Tianna groaned. It was going to be complicated. It was always complicated. They were weirdo aliens with a taste for kink who wanted to get laid. Rikardi had been playing the Peeping Tom inside her head, learning what she liked, and this was their chance to get the BBW and not have to commit to a second session. They'd give her some line of malarkey to make her think they were insane or something, and it would look like she was the one who didn't want to continue the "relationship."

She should put a stop to this now. Right now. Oh, God. Maybe after Rikardi quit that nibbling and sucking at her neck. Her skin prickled and burned slightly where his

lips made contact with her neck. It felt damned good. She decided maybe she'd wait before stomping out of the house and back to her own home.

They'd made it to the top of the stairs at some point and entered a huge bedroom done in rich, masculine colors. The carpet was a deep crimson and the drapes were a lush hunter green trimmed in gold. Three huge windows allowed warm, golden sunlight into the room, giving the effect of spotlights being directed in strategic places. One of them being the plush-looking king-sized bed, dressed in the same beautiful green as the drapes, sitting proudly on a dais three steps off the floor.

Tianna was mesmerized as the bed got closer and closer with every step Rikardi took. Then he was climbing the steps and she was set gently atop the silk comforter in the middle of the bed, only to be followed by both men. They sandwiched her between them, invading her personal space quite deliberately. Rikardi faced her and hooked one of her legs around his hip while Damion snuggled close behind her, pulling her bottom to rest against his pulsing groin.

"Will you freely give of yourself so that I may prove myself worthy to be your consort?"

Rikardi's words sounded formal, and Tianna knew this would be a really good time to scramble to her feet and run like the wind, but instead she simply breathed out, "Yes," and the fun began.

Rikardi's mouth captured hers in a firm but gentle kiss. He wedged his thigh between hers and pulled her leg higher so that he contacted her sex through her jeans. Her breath caught and she clamped down on his thigh, holding him to her. Lord, it felt good to be touched like this!

His hands shaped her thigh and hip over and over, gripping, squeezing, and gently rubbing until she longed for him to do that to her bare flesh. Hesitantly, she laid her hand just above his hip and gingerly stroked. When he grunted his approval, she began a tentative but eager exploration of whatever skin she could reach.

His mouth sucked carefully yet insistently at her lips until she opened with a sigh and his tongue dove in. It was quite obviously a determination not to leave until he

was good and ready. Her head rested on his other arm, and he curled it round her head possessively and fisted her long, auburn hair, positioning her just where he wanted her.

She was so caught up in Rikardi's masterful touch, she almost forgot about Damion until she felt his hand graze her hip. Automatically, she reached back to touch him. When she found bare, warm flesh, she jumped a little. Both men chuckled -- Damion in her ear with a warm breath, Rikardi into her mouth. She sighed when Rikardi plunged his tongue in deeper.

I think you're overdressed for the occasion, little Tianna. Rikardi's voice was but a whisper in her mind. His lips molded hers insistently but tenderly, and she jumped a little when she registered he hadn't actually spoken.

This really should have crept her out, but all she really cared about was getting as naked as possible as fast as possible. She wanted her flesh mashed between theirs. Now. *Yesterday.*

She started to disengage herself when she realized she *was* naked between them. "Wha --"

"Shh," Damion said. "Later. Just enjoy."

What the hell? You only live once. Tianna sighed and surrendered to whatever they wanted. She might go back to being little Miss Prim and Proper when it was all over, but for now, she'd enjoy everything they had to give.

It was like a silent signal went out to each man. Rikardi rolled to his back, taking her with him, and she sprawled on top of him, her breasts mashed wonderfully against his chest. She tried to push away, to take at least some of her weight from him, but he held her fast, both arms snugly around her waist and back.

"You're not going anywhere. You gave me permission to prove I could pleasure you, and that's exactly what I'm going to do." Rikardi's look was fierce, proud. This was a man with something to prove.

"I'm too heavy for this," she protested. "I'll hurt you."

"Look at me, Tianna," he said, obviously annoyed. "I'm six feet eleven. Over three hundred pounds. If you were one of those waify, skinny women this world and

Gothemar both seem to adore, I'd seriously hurt you during love play. You're absolutely perfect for me." His lips found hers again, and he kissed her more thoroughly than she could ever remember being kissed in her thirty-five years. She kissed him back just as eagerly. She felt like she'd been starving, only to be set before a banquet table and told to eat her fill. She wanted to taste everything.

When she felt the soft, unmistakable sensation of a tongue probing her cunt -- which had to be drenched by now -- she squealed inside Rikardi's mouth and arched her back.

So responsive, Rikardi. She already loves your touch.

I told you she was a rare prize. I chose carefully and with great care, my captain.

Again, the words were those of the men pleasuring her in the most wicked of ways, but their voices were inside her head.

Later. She'd deal with it later. Right now, she wanted this experience. Needed it. Craved it.

Two fingers entered her. She knew it was two because they scissored inside her, brushing against the walls of her sex. Damion spread her gently, no doubt readying her for Rikardi's massive cock. At the thought, she groaned. Very soon now, that cock would be inside her. Two fingers soon became three, then four as Damion stretched her. Occasionally, his tongue lapped at her pussy and his teeth nipped at her ass cheek, creating as much pleasure as Rikardi's masterful kiss.

And, oh, could the man kiss! She felt every stroke of his tongue shooting lightning straight to her clit. She'd never been kissed so thoroughly in her life. It was as if he couldn't get enough of her. Like all he wanted to do in the world was taste her, tease her, tempt her to do things she'd only dreamed about. Part of her forbidden fantasies included a man who would fill her completely and stretch not only her body, but her mind as well.

He definitely filled her mind and senses, and she was certain that magnificent cock would fill her body. The only phallus she'd ever had in her pussy that matched his was a toy she'd bought out of curiosity. The thing measured in at twelve inches long,

and she was barely able to close her hand around it. At first, she'd thought she'd never be able to get it inside her, but after using a few other toys of various sizes and working her way up to her enormous new toy, she'd managed it, and found she loved the burn as it stretched her. The thing had rapidly grown to be her favorite plaything for long nights spent alone. She was able to take all of it now with shorter periods of stretching herself. It was still almost unbearably tight, but when she was in the mood, it was the most erotic thing she'd ever experienced. Rikardi wasn't quite that big, but he was damned close.

She was still kissing Rikardi when Damion's fingers slid out of her, and she felt the blunt tip of Rikardi's cock at her entrance. Bracing herself, she stiffened her body, and Rikardi broke his contact with her lips.

"Don't be afraid." Rikardi's whisper washed over her like warm water, relaxing and soothing her. "Damion wouldn't have brought you here if you couldn't handle me."

"I'm not scared." She smiled as she spoke. "I'm experienced enough to know that thing ain't going to slide in easily in one stroke." She leaned in to kiss him firmly on the mouth. "Maybe *you* should relax."

The chuckle behind her sent chills racing over her body. "She's got you there, Rik."

The big man growled beneath her. "Just put a condom on my dick and help me get inside her. You're not here to make fun of me." He didn't sound irritated and some of the strain left his face.

He didn't really have to say anything. Tianna already felt his cock pushing slowly into her. He stretched and burned her, but she loved every blessed second of it. She needed this, needed him.

"Why *is* he here, if you don't mind me asking." It was stimulating beyond belief to have both men focused on her, but she wasn't sure about actually having sex with both of them.

"I'm here --" Damion said as he moved back into her line of sight, "-- as a witness that you consented willingly, and to help if necessary. Rik isn't a small man. Sometimes, more... stimulation is needed. Of course, if he does his job and proves himself, it won't be necessary anyway." His grin was infectious, but only until Rikardi pushed deeper inside her.

She pushed back against Rikardi, sinking down on his big cock. When the burn became too much, she rose slightly and carefully impaled herself again. It took several such attempts before she finally had him fully inside her, and she closed her eyes, savoring the moment.

When she opened her eyes, Rikardi was looking at her intently, his face strained and tense. She couldn't help the satisfied smirk she knew graced her features. Rikardi gripped her hips and clenched his jaw, the muscles in his face flexing and relaxing as he gritted his teeth together. Tianna was deliciously full. She loved this feeling, and she intended to savor it as long as she could.

Without comment, they began to move as one, he rocking forward gently as she sat down. He slid his hands around her to grip her ass, and Tianna was in heaven. Every cell in her body seemed sensitized. Everything was magnified. The sounds of their combined breathing and moaning, the taste of him still on her tongue where he'd kissed her, the touch of his skin against hers, all of it seemed to drive her toward the biggest climax of her life. She was stretched and full, complete as she'd never been before. It was as if every carnal experience in her life, everything she'd ever desired and craved had been compressed into this one man.

Gradually, she picked up the tempo, wanting everything he had to give. She wrapped her arms around him, burying her face in his neck. She took a deep breath and filled her nostrils with his masculine scent. She didn't want this to ever end.

Her clit grazed his pubis with every stroke, setting her lower body on fire with the need for a climax. She held off, biting her cheek in an attempt to mute the sensations coursing through her.

It didn't work.

She threw her head back, and with a shout of utter satisfaction, she came. Pulse after wonderful pulse flowed through her. Her pussy clenched and milked Rikardi. Never had she felt the presence of a man inside her so acutely. The sheer size of him left little room for the spasms of her inner muscles. The resulting sensation drove her climax even harder, and she couldn't help the screams that now erupted from her.

Rikardi had a death grip on her ass, and the moment her orgasm started to fade, he let go of a roar of his own. The sound was almost deafening and utterly satisfying to Tianna. He dug his fingertips into her plump cheeks and gave one final plunge into her and she felt the pulsations of his cock as it expanded with each spurt of his semen into the condom. Sweat drenched them both, and Tianna felt like she'd run a marathon. Her lungs hurt as she struggled to get her breathing under control.

"Wow," she breathed.

"Yeah." Rikardi sounded as breathless as she was. "Me, too."

Damion chuckled from his place on the bed. Tianna jumped, startled. She'd totally forgotten he was there. "I'm no expert, but I'd say you proved your point, Rik."

Rikardi looked almost vulnerable, as if her judgment might somehow shape him as a man. "Did I?" he asked, one hand moving to caress her face. "Did I prove I could pleasure you as no other? Am I worthy to be your consort?"

Tianna blinked. He'd said this before. "I'm not sure I understand what you mean."

"He means," Damion said, now dressed and looking amused, "he wants to be your boyfriend."

Tianna looked at Rikardi, who might have been blushing, though it was hard to tell with his skin color. This was insane! *She* was the one who was supposed to be nervous and embarrassed.

"Look at you." She extended a hand to indicate his rock-hard, bulky physique. "You're every woman's dream. You could have any woman you want. Why would you want someone like me? I'm fat, I've been on my own for a long time, so I'm pretty bitchy, and I'm not exactly what one would call a prize catch."

"You're perfect for me. There's enough of you to take me on for a hard ride, and I don't feel like a freak standing next to you. We complement each other. Not to mention you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Give me a chance to get to know you. You get to know me. I promise you won't be disappointed."

She thought for a moment. "Before I answer that, tell me what's with the thing where my clothes vanished and the speaking in my head thing."

"They are but two of many talents of our people. Some of those talents are even more exotic." He winked at her and kissed her nose.

"Will there be lots of sex involved in this 'getting to know me' thing?"

He gave her a slow smile. "Absolutely."

"Then count me in."

Marteeka Karland

Marteeka Karland is an ordinary woman with an overactive imagination. Thank God for a computer, or tape recorder, or pen and paper... whatever she can create a story with! Her husband sometimes thinks she's nuts and asks her every time she gets frustrated with her latest deadline, "Is it really worth all this?" And every time, she answers, "HELL YES!"

Apart from writing, Marteeka's alter ego has worked in the Emergency Room for more years than she'll admit. She has a loving husband, who still chuckles when he tells a buddy exactly what that Goddess of Water T-shirt is all about, and a son who is blissfully ignorant to anything other than he's not allowed to "push buttons" on Mommy's computer.

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