

Better Than Chocolates



***story by Anthony Stevens
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Better Than Chocolates

by Anthony Stevens

Better Than Chocolates

She was going to be pissed. I knew it. I had totally ignored her not-so-subtle hints about jewelry, chocolates or dinner out. Brenda looked at me like I was insane when I told her I had to go help a friend with his hot rod. Here it was, Saturday morning, February fourteenth, Valentine's Day and I had left her with our kid so I could play.

It was shortly before noon when I pulled back into the garage with Mark right behind me. He was driving his big old wagon and the back was loaded with camping gear. Mark had promised to take his wife and son camping and they were getting a late start.

The door from the garage into the kitchen opened and our ten year old son was standing there with a conspiratorial grin on his face. "Ready, Dad?"

I grinned back and nodded. "Your stuff is already in the wagon." I gave him a hug and sent him scurrying out.

Brenda stood in the door just as they were pulling out of the drive. "Now where the hell does he think he's going?"

Yep. She's pissed. Good. That will make this all the more of a surprise.

She stood on the step with her arms folded and her lips pursed while the garage door slid down. "It's awfully nice of you to consult with me on this. I might have been planning a nice dinner."

I opened the small cardboard box on my workbench and pulled out a soft leather strap. "Come here, Brenda."

"What? Why... What are you up to now?"

"Hold up your hand, please."

I could see her expression flickering between confused, pissed and curious. Curious won out and she held up her wrist so I could wrap the strap and buckle it. She was still on curious while I did the other one.

"Wait a minute. These are brand new. And what brought this on? It's been over a week since you felt like playing." She was trying to remain angry but I knew her sub instincts wouldn't let that continue much longer.

I locked the cuffs together behind her back, then got a pair of EMT scissors with

blunt edges for removing clothing from my tool box. She was wearing an old t-shirt, jeans, sneakers, bra and panties.

“Hey! This is a good t-shirt.”

“Nope. It's a wax polishing rag for the car now.” I cut it off while she fumed. The old bra was next and it hit the trash bin. It only took a couple of minutes to finish stripping her.

My wife had been keeping fit with jogging and doing the heart trail in the local park. Her hard work showed since she was in her late thirties and still had a great figure.

Once she was nude, I took a few minutes to tease, kiss and just hug her. She was in a much better mood when I led her back into the kitchen.

“I have several presents for you.”

“Oh?”

I helped her to scoot up on one of the bar stools then got out a couple of boxes I had hidden.

“You've already seen your first present. Mark took our son camping with his family and they won't be home until late tomorrow afternoon.”

She gave me a brilliant smile, leaned forward and rubbed her breasts against my arm. “I thought he was acting strange this morning. And just what has my favorite husband been planning to keep us from getting bored, eh?”

I opened a box and laid a rather slutty dress on the counter. The next box held a pair of dress heels. “And this is what you're going to wear when I take you to L'Plaine Soleil for dinner this evening. We have reservations at seven.”

“That outfit looks lovely. I'm not sure I have under-things that will go with it though.”

I dug under some of the tissue paper and pulled out a satin thong that matched the dress. “Don't worry about a bra. That dress will show off your breasts nicely.” I saw her nipples crinkle at that suggestion. This was a good excuse for a taste of that soft area just below her ear. My lips, teeth and tongue worked along her jaw line, took a few minutes for a long, deep kiss and then slipped down to her breasts. I don't think she was that angry any more.

“Oh! I almost forgot.” I pulled a jewelry case from my hip pocket and watched her eyes grow wide when it revealed a diamond choker and matching earrings. “Happy

Valentine's Day, love.”

I fitted the choker around her neck and inserted the earrings. “Come on. Let's take a look.” She slipped off the stool and I led her to the wall mirror in the bedroom. Her long hair had been combed out and hung in folds over her shoulders. The earrings and collared sparkled as she twisted and turned.

“Like them?”

Without a word, she turned and dropped to her knees and since her hands were useless behind her, she made do with her mouth.

I had to moan my pleasure as she was swallowing and when she finished, I dropped to my knee, took her face between my hands and asked. “Now, wasn't that better than chocolates?”

About Me

Anthony Stevens

I'm an olde pharte technogeek, writer, photographer, leathercrafter, Dom, car nut, SCAdian history freak, costumer, scale modeler and graphics enthusiast. I've gone by the handle Master Anthony Stevens from time to time, or just MAS. In Spanish, that is... MAS que los de mas, MAS de todo o' MAS que nada. I'm a cat lover (seems to be a writer thing, eh?) and live in northern Virginia. My own favorite reading matter is SciFi, Fantasy and of course, Erotica. Favorite authors include, but are not limited to:

Robert A. Heinlein

Charline Harris

Anne Rice

Vernor Vinge

Jerry Pournelle

Anne McCaffery

Tanya Huff

John Scalzi

Larry Niven

Stephanie Burke

Jacqueline Carey

Ben Bova

Charles DeLint

Marion Zimmer Bradley

Kim Harrison

John Ringo

Spider Robinson

Mercedes Lackey

Musical tastes run from Beethoven to Buffet and Willie Nelson to Jean Luc Ponty. My hobbies include attending SciFi, Fantasy and Fetish conventions, photography, cosplay, hot rods and model railroads. Over the years, I've lived in Florida, Mexico, Virginia, New Jersey, Indiana, Texas and California.

That's it in a nutshell. Drive carefully and keep the greasy side down!

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www.MasterAnthonyStevens.com