

Box of Sweet Delights

By Coquette

“Thank you Jane! What a lovely surprise!” Charlotte sang out as she untied the big pink bow and lifted the lid of the box. She scanned the tempting array of candies, each in a pretty paper cup, and each chocolate was decorated with a name written in pink icing — Jason, Edward, Reggie, David, etc. There were two each, a pair for each name, so if you had one, you then knew what the second one would be like. She picked out one with her slender fingers, “Arnold” it said on top. Jane watched expectantly as her dear friend’s snow-white teeth bit into the dark chocolate. She closed her eyes in ecstasy. “Mm! Jane! These nut truffles are sinfully delicious! Where on earth did you buy them?”

“I made them. They’re my own recipe, Charlotte — very special sweets I serve only to my dearest friends, sweetie.”

“Oh! So creamy! I’ve never tasted anything so scrumptious!” She popped another truffle into her mouth and sighed with pleasure as the filling melted on her tongue.

“I only use the finest quality ingredients,” she said as she twiddled the diamonds sparking across her inviting breasts.

“I don’t know how you do it ... m-m-m ...” Charlotte cooed as she swallowed another confection, sat back in her seat and adjusted her skirt that was riding up.

“I’ll let you in on my secret: I select the nuts myself and then tease them for ten minutes to make them tight and hot in their shell. It’s best to strip them first before plucking them from the tree. Tenderize them well and you will easily nip them off. If they are pink and at the point of juicing when you crop them, it makes for the best flavor. Then I steep them in hot water before whipping them until they form stiff peaks.”

“Jane, you certainly have mastered how to capture the greatest favor imaginable. This little one is so tender and juicy ...” Charlotte curled her long tongue and slowly drew it between her glossed lips, “...and there’s its tiny twin ... M-m-m! I can’t resist. I must have it too! ... M-m-m, heavenly!”

“The youngest fruits are best when just coming to ripeness, but don’t yet have their

downy coating.”

“You’re such an expert.”

“You can tell when they are ready by feeling them through their thin, silky covering. The size of a nutmeg is quite large enough. When they get too big, they lose their flavor.”

“How do you preserve them?”

“Simmer them in syrup and then pot them with other select nuts in fruit juice of your choice and a jigger of Grand Marnier. Before making the mélange and letting it steep, you can trim the little stalk off each of the nutmeats, but you must keep them whole, or they can fall apart; they’re so delicate. After a week, they are beautifully soft, like glace cherries.”

“You must have worked very hard to make so many, Jane.”

“It’s a labor of love. Of course, it only takes six pairs to make a dozen. But, unfortunately, they fruit only once, so you need a constant source of supply for fresh ones.”

“Are they sad afterwards, the poor darlings?”

“Often, they ask for their mommy, and I’ve even been moved at times to shed a few tears for the darlings. But I have to be firm. However, they quickly come around to the joys of losing their nuts when I give them their little bras and panties. And if they are very good, I let them help me as a reward. They have such fun dipping their little friends’ balls in the chocolate and rolling them in sugar. They quickly become expert at using the pink icing to write their little friends’ names on the chocolates, and then arrange them so prettily in the box.”

“You are so good to them. I hope they appreciate how lucky they are. Oh, do join me and have one of your marvelous creations, Jane.”

“Thank you, dear; I think I will. It’s hard for me to resist them. I do have to be careful not to overindulge; they are so rich and filling. I have to watch my waistline, you know. Uh, um, I think I’ll take this one ... “Timmy,” she said with a hearty laugh. “I did love that little one, a precocious little choirboy who was always looking up my dresses. He was almost overripe, leading him to be so insatiably naughty. He needed a jolly good spanking. He put up such a fuss at first. He pretended to be so big and

strong, but once his balls were on the cutting block, he was screaming so loudly for his mommy that I had to gag him with a juicy pair of my dirty bloomer panties. However, now, he loves his nylon panties and can't get enough of looking in the mirror at his flat front, unspoiled by bulges not meant to be inside delicate panties. His mother is delighted with how sweet and calm he is now, and she can't stop running her hands over the front of his panties. She gets such a thrill from making him shutter and shake with pleasure. Oh, my goodness, his candied balls are nice! They are simply melting in my mouth! The naughty ones, like Timmy, do have a wickedly piquant flavor underlying their sugary sweetness."

"Oh, look," said Charlotte, "This one is called Robert, like my grandson. He is such a bad boy." Jane winked.

"Oh, I see...", said Charlotte.

Jane speared 'Robert' with a cocktail stick and stirred him around in her Cosmopolitan. She popped it into her mouth, and then offered the matching little 'Robert' truffle to her friend and placed it on her tongue.

"Merry Christmas, Charlotte!" she said, guiding her hand between Charlotte's stocking tops. "Let me tell you about your grandson. He stopped by last Saturday. Such a sweet boy. Very sweet!"

"Oh, I didn't know that, Jane. I was staying in the country last weekend, and I came home to find he was in the hospital. His mother said he had some kind of accident but was going to be fine. I visited him in the hospital just before they released him. He was blushing a lot as he talked to me. He didn't want to talk about the accident. But while in the hospital, I saw the funniest thing. Robert seemed to be a bit uncomfortable and kept moving around and making gasping and moaning sounds as he moved from side to side. He was obviously in some pain, and at one point, he shifted around so much that his blanket slide to the side, and I saw he had on the most darling pair of yellow nylon panties with peach colored bows on the sides and his name embroidered on them in pink. Of course, to spare his feelings, I pretended not to notice, but there was no mistaking about it — they were panties — very fancy girlye panties like those panties you make for your boys to wear when they are serving at our tea parties. I haven't had a chance to talk with his mother since I got back, but I'm going over there directly from here. I wonder if she knows her little troublemaking son is into wearing lacy nylon panties."

"Oh, really, Charlotte, that's quite a story. Boys at his age are so attracted to panties, you can hardly fault him. But changing the subject, will you be here for my tea party

on Sunday?”

“Oh, Jane, you know I wouldn’t miss it.”

“Well, great, and I’m delighted to tell you that Robert’s mother will be here as will his little seven-year-old sister, Angel — such a name for such a deliciously devilish little girl, and yes, Robert will be here too. He’ll be helping the other boys with the tea service.

“Merry Christmas, darling, have another one of my fresh batch of candy-coated nuts.”

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