

# Forbidden

By Tara Jade Brown

A short story about craving for the chocolate. And giving in.

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Smashwords Edition

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I am sweating, and my heart is racing, my lazy and unfit body defying the cardio strain I've just put on it by stamping to the rhythm of "It's Raining Men." It's been ages since I've danced like this, and as I give my body a few minutes' rest, I wonder why I haven't taken any kind of dance class; I enjoy it so much. It would definitely help me get my body back in shape, being the only real weapon to combat my desire and craving for chocolate.

I sit back at my table, the plastic chair legs stretching in all four directions with a faint squeaky sound. I ignore it. All other chairs at this table are empty, pushed away in the frantic excitement of gathering on the dance floor.

Many of the other tables are half filled with people talking, drinking, and laughing. Waiters slowly gather utensils and half-full plates, leaving the tablecloths white marred by few dots of splashed wine and spilt food.

I turn my head around to the buffet bar and see it's already empty.

My shoulders drop. I should have come back earlier to get some of the dessert. I turn back to the dance floor thinking it's for the best. I definitely don't need it.

I wipe my forehead with the back of my hand and reach for the glass of mineral water. It's cool and I fold my palm over its surface, expanding the contact area between my warm hand and the cold water inside.

I pick up the glass and, as I raise it to touch my lips, I see it:

On the other side of the table, the small white China plate with a rose and a leaf pattern drawn on the rim. In the middle is a perfectly shaped cube of chocolate cake with a hard chocolate topping and soft liquid chocolate oozing out of the middle like lava flowing down to the sea.

I stop, the glass midway between the table and my lips. I'm oblivious to the half-finished movement. I look at the most beautiful chocolate cake I have ever seen.

I put down my glass without drinking and look around. Someone must have ordered it. And it's waiting for this person. No one seems to be on the way to this table. Everybody is dancing.

No one sees my temptation.

I look back at the cake. The aroma now comes to me and my nostrils flare to take it in. I close my eyes and inhale more deeply.

Perfect.

My saliva glands are starting to work and I need to swallow.

And swallow again.

I quickly pick up the glass of water and take a few deep gulps.

"I've had the Time of My Life" starts in the background but I am barely aware of the song. I am captivated.

I look at the cake again.

The topping of hard chocolate crust is broken in two places, one small triangular piece detached from the rest.

I swallow again.

Would anyone notice if I took it?

I look down, my fingers twisting uncomfortably on my lap. My heart is racing.

I look up at the pool of warm chocolate oozing out. It cools and thickens on the cold porcelain.

If I scraped some of the filling off the plate, would anyone realize? Would anyone care?

I look back at the people on the dance floor.

So many smiling faces.

But I'm serious.

I start to feel dizzy. Maybe I should leave.

But I can't.

I look at the cake again and then I imagine how it would feel to taste it.

And then I decide that I must.

I take the long spoon I used for my latte macchiato and lick away the remains of the coffee.

I then place the spoon in my hand on my lap, holding it up and ready. I close my eyes again.

I shouldn't be doing this.

I look around one last time.

Doesn't anybody see this cake?

Doesn't anybody want it?

Can't anyone take it away before it's too late?

Everyone is oblivious to me and my forbidden cake. I close my mouth tightly and clench my teeth. My cheek muscles are pulling and contracting. My jaw is aching from the pressure.

This is not yours—this is not yours to take!

Then I relax and open my eyes.

I do not have a choice.

With one more look around the hall, I lift the spoon and aim it at the cake. I move in slow motion but I am persistent and intensely focused. The voices are gone, the music disappears, it's just me and the thing forbidden for me to take.

I stretch my arm, reaching for the plate. Without hesitation, I dig slowly into the cake, the hard topping cracking and breaking under the metal edge of the silverware. The soft, airy spoonful of chocolate cake splits from the rest and falls on the porcelain. I wipe the brown liquid and scoop up the bite. Slowly, I bring it back, my shaky hand moving without my will.

I open my mouth just slightly and leave it like this. The cake is only an inch from my lips.

I inhale.

It's intoxicating.

I swallow, my mouth watering in anticipation.

My heart rate picks up. I am doing something I shouldn't.

But I can't help it.

I need it.

I want it.

I close my eyes and just slightly move my body, my hips finding a more comfortable position.

I open my mouth and slowly I take in the bite, folding my lips over the spoon, careful not to touch the cake in my mouth.

I slide the spoon out through my tightly shut lips and set it down somewhere on the table, my eyes still shut.

And then, I feel it.

I let my tongue rise up to the roof of my mouth. Slowly, deliberately, I let the fluffy chocolate cake spread through my mouth, the soft inner chocolate sliding down my tongue to both sides of my cheeks and the back of my throat.

I could suffocate in this moment and not care.

It's heavenly.

I have never tasted anything like this before.

I am lost in time and space, folding my tongue around the bite, the smells leaving sweet and slightly burning trace as I exhale through my nose.

The tastes lingers and spreads throughout my mouth. I am now completely beholden to addiction and endorphins. I can't get enough of it.

I open my eyes. The cake is still there, just a small corner part missing. I look around again, suddenly afraid.

Someone will come back. Someone will realize.

But I want to have more.

I need more.

I quickly grab the spoon again and head for the cake.

I dig in, taking a much larger piece than before, breaking it off and quickly drawing the spoon back. I lift out of my chair, my head bending forward to meet the spoon almost halfway.

I take a bite and remain in this half-standing position, my eyes closed, mouth watering, enjoying the thousand sensations this cake triggers on the nerve endings on my tongue, sending immensely strong impulses to my brain.

I sit down, and after a long while, I swallow, savoring the feeling as the piece glides down my throat.

Then, while the taste still lingers on in my mouth, I slowly start to realize that I have never tasted anything like this in my life before. Never had something like this been placed in front of me. Offered to me, to try.

To taste.

To enjoy.

To love.

I feel the hurt and the sorrow. The tears find their way through my closed eyelids, rolling over my cheeks in a stream.

I can't seem to stop them.

I quickly stand up and head for the exit, my sight blurred by my tears.

I don't even say goodbye to the bride and groom.

It is clear to me now: It was never meant for me to try in the first place. It was never mine to begin with. And it never would be.

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