



Sarah Winter Shaw

Summary

Mr. Chocolate Kiss follows Coco, a writer with a deep love for chocolate, whose quiet routines are gently disrupted by a man who expresses his affection in an unusual way. Each encounter leaves her flustered, confused, and slowly more aware of a connection she didn't expect. What begins as irritation and surprise gradually turns into warmth, comfort, and affection, leading to a simple first date and an unspoken understanding between them. In the end, the story is less about stolen chocolate and more about two people finding each other in small, unexpected moments.

Mr.

Chocolate

Kiss

Mr. Chocolate Kiss

Once upon a time, in a city buzzing with books, bakeries, and people who took their coffee far too seriously, there lived a handsome goofball who fell completely, hopelessly, and head-over-sprinkles in love with a beautiful, chocolate-obsessed writer. She was the kind of woman who carried pens in her bag and chocolate in her soul. Chocolate fueled her thoughts, softened her bad days, and occasionally prevented crimes.

And every time—every *single* time—this man saw her nibbling on chocolate in public, he committed the same outrageous act.

He kissed her.

And stole the chocolate.

With his lips.

Thus, legend named him: **Mr. Chocolate Kiss.**

At first, our heroine—let's call her Coco—was confused. Then startled. Then *furious*. Because who does that? Who steals a girl's chocolate like it's a casual hobby? Especially when she was on her period, freshly off work, emotionally exhausted, and had been dreaming about that one perfect square of chocolate like it was handcrafted by the cocoa gods themselves.

She barely had time to process what had happened when he grinned at her, entirely unbothered by her visible shock, and asked, "Wanna share?"

She opened her mouth—either to slap him or say yes, the verdict was still pending—when he swallowed loudly.

Gulp.

Gone.

All of it.

Right down his smug, stupidly handsome throat.

Coco stood there in disbelief, staring at him like she'd just been personally betrayed by fate itself. Then she did the only reasonable thing.

She stormed off.

Honestly, she was more heartbroken over the chocolate than the kiss, and that fact alone made her even angrier.

Weeks passed. Life resumed. Words were written. Chocolate was eaten—*guardedly*. Coco convinced herself that Mr. Chocolate Kiss had been a strange, one-time encounter. A fluke. A cocoa-related fever dream.

And then...

He struck again.

Another public setting. Another innocent moment. Another chocolate bar halfway to salvation.

One kiss.

Half a bar.

Gone.

This time, she didn't freeze.

She spun around, eyes blazing, and snapped, "Why do you keep eating my chocolate?!"

He looked at her like she'd just asked the most adorable question in the world and said, far too calmly, "Because I love you and didn't know how to say it."

Pause.

Then—because he clearly enjoyed chaos—he added, "But I *did* know how to kiss it."

And then, as if that wasn't enough damage, he smiled wider and said, "Also... you seemed way more upset about the chocolate than the kissing. I figured I should keep testing that theory."

Her brain shut down.

Completely.

Somewhere between embarrassment and butterflies, Coco realized something deeply unsettling and painfully adorable.

He'd been kissing her.

A lot.

And she hadn't really... stopped him.

Her face turned the shade of strawberry ice cream left out in the sun. Mortified, flustered, and absolutely undone, she bolted back to her apartment like a cartoon character fleeing consequences.

Days later, she returned to the world prepared.

Armed.

She bought an entire *bag* of chocolate. Multiple bars. Emergency reserves. Decoys. She scanned the streets like a detective in a trench coat, eyes darting, senses sharp. The coast appeared clear.

Then a familiar voice murmured, "Looking for someone?"

An arm draped over her shoulders.

She gasped, whipped her head around—and accidentally kissed him.

Right. On. The. Lips.

Both of them froze.

He blinked.

Then smiled.

Then wrapped her in the warmest, snuggliest hug imaginable and kissed her back like he'd been waiting for this moment his entire life. Spoiler: he absolutely had.

She tried to wiggle free, but his cuddle-grip was octopus-level strong. Eventually, she stopped resisting.

And wow.

She liked it.

A lot.

The next thing she knew, he was lifting her off the ground like a rom-com prince, carrying her to his car, gently placing her in the passenger seat, and announcing, “It’s time for our first date. Movies. Dinner. And maybe... dessert.”

Her blush could’ve powered a small town.

She nodded.

Speechless.

At the theater, he bought one enormous soda.

“One?” she asked.

He leaned in and whispered, “We’ve already shared chocolate kisses. A straw seems minor.”

She nearly combusted.

During the horror movie, she clung to him at every jump scare. He whispered reassurances, promised protection from fake ghosts and real chocolate thieves, and kissed her forehead every time she squeaked.

At one point, he slipped chocolate into his mouth, pulled her close, and kissed her mid-chew.

It was weird.

Melty.

Perfect.

Afterward, pasta and laughter followed at a cozy Italian restaurant. Stories were shared. Likes discovered. Dislikes confessed. Something warm and real settled between them.

When he walked her home, she told him it was the best date she’d ever had.

He agreed.

He turned to leave.

She didn't let him.

"Stay," she whispered.

His smile could've melted ten chocolate bars.

He kissed her like a man in love. Because he was.

She kissed him like a woman finally ready to admit it. Because she is..

They both walked into her apartment, and the door closed behind them. Their fate now becoming their forever future.

And that is the deliciously embarrassing, ridiculously sweet, and cocoa-covered beginning of the legend of **Mr. Chocolate Kiss**.

Epilogue

Coco and Mr. Chocolate Kiss started dating shortly after that night, as if the universe had quietly nodded and moved them along. It was sudden, a little wild, and unexpectedly intense, the kind of love that didn't ask permission.

Only two months in, while Coco was mid-laugh and absolutely not prepared for anything life-altering, Mr. Chocolate Kiss did something very on-brand.

He bent down on one knee.

No crowd. No speech rehearsed in a mirror. Just him, looking a little nervous and a lot sincere, asking her to marry him.

Coco was shocked. Then breathless. Then smiling so hard her face hurt.

She said yes.

Families were introduced, stories were exchanged, and everyone quickly learned two things: they were wildly in love, and chocolate was non-negotiable. They planned a small, intimate wedding with only parents, siblings, and a few close friends. There was laughter instead of formality, warmth instead of nerves, and of course, chocolate cake. And chocolate ice cream. Possibly more than one kind.

They honeymooned in Miami for two blissful weeks filled with sun, slow mornings, and kisses that still tasted faintly like cocoa. When they returned to San Francisco, Coco moved into his house, bringing her notebooks, her favorite mugs, and an unreasonable amount of chocolate.

One week later, life surprised them again.

Coco was pregnant.

Nine months passed in a blur of anticipation, cravings, laughter, and hands resting protectively over her growing belly. And then, on a day neither of them would ever forget, Coco gave birth to three healthy baby boys.

Triplets.

Ben. Leo. And Sam.

Three tiny hearts. Three new loves. And a family that began, quite simply, with a stolen piece of chocolate and a kiss.

The End