

Chocolate Kisses



by

Gary Jordan

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CHOCOLATE KISSES

Jeanine said, "One of us needs to go to the store."

Once upon a time, this statement, uttered in bed, indicated some sort of feminine hygiene emergency, and the one who 'needs to go to the store' was - and is - generally me. Lately, the statement has taken on new connotations, signaling the commencement of foreplay. Not just any foreplay, mind you, but a foray into the brave new world of light, consensual bondage. What caught my attention this time, however, was the tone of voice behind the words.

Jeanine's voice was equal parts annoyed, resigned, and resentful. None of these vocal qualities can be mistaken for aroused, passionate, or playful. Even as a member of the congenitally less perceptive sex, I could not overlook the difference. This was not an initiative; this was a reluctant acceptance.

"What do we need?" I asked, cautiously. I didn't think it was safe to assume that it would be something **she** needed. She'd have said "Would you please go to the store for me?" Like I said, the statement she **did** use had become imbued with special meaning.

"You need to pick up some condoms," she pouted. "You used the last one this morning."

"Ah." That explained a lot. The phrasing meant, "I am up for fun and games tonight." The tone meant, "despite the fact that the quartz in my biological clock is vibrating at a much higher amplitude these days, and you won't give me the one thing I want." The "b" word was implicit. It had been explicit in several conversations over the last month.

I got out of bed and started dressing. "Anything I can pick up for you?" The question was muffled by the polo shirt I pulled on over my head, but I knew she heard. I didn't hear a response, but saw her head

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still shaking as my eyes cleared the collar. Shorts, tennis shoes next, then check wallet. I leaned onto the bed and kissed her forehead lightly. "Be right back," I whispered.

The local grocery store was a mile or so away. Not much time to reflect while driving that distance. I grabbed a hand basket and started wandering the aisles, thinking. Jeanine wanted a baby. *I* wanted a baby, but I'd argued that another year would make us financially better suited to being parents. Neither of us had made a stand, the discussion was tabled - again. Her current resentment probably stemmed from the fact that this weekend was a peak fertility period, and another month would elapse before another would occur.

Would another year make that much difference? My car was paid for, hers had a year to go. She was an Information Technology tech for the state Department of Transportation, and had excellent health benefits and a liberal maternity leave policy. My job paid better but the health plan sucked. There were a few vacation spots we wanted to visit that we might have to forego. Was that a great sacrifice?

Then there was the sex. It had always been good - mostly always, anyway. And lately had gotten even better. Would Jeanine still want me when she got big and, well, pregnant? My brother had a story or two in that regard, but I always took his stories with a shaker of salt.

I closed my eyes and tried to picture Jeanine with a big belly. And bigger tits. I guess the picture wasn't a turn-off; I could feel the pressure in my pants. I opened my eyes and looked around quickly to see if anyone had noticed. I found myself on the candy aisle. What would Jeanine like? She was catholic in her tastes - if it contained chocolate, she liked it. But what would commemorate starting a baby?

It was at that moment that I realized the decision had been made. Jeanine wanted a baby. I wanted a baby. We would make a baby.

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Smiling, I looked at the Almond Joys. Each one had a little bulge on top, like a Mounds bar pregnant with an almond. The M&Ms, the ones in the yellow bag, each pregnant with a peanut, bigger and rounder than their smug brethren in the brown bags. I grabbed a six pack of the former and a half-pound bag of the latter, as well as a six pack of Mars bars just out of nostalgia. There was a bottle of wine in the refrigerator. I headed for the checkout. Condoms were available there, too.

I asked for a three-pack of my usual brand and paid for my purchases. The pretty young teenager blushed as she bagged the condoms. I hadn't noticed if she blushed when I asked for them. If she continued in this job, she'd have to get over that. But after today, I wouldn't be contributing to her embarrassment for some time to come - at least nine months, probably more. That thought gave me pause - I'd be competing for Jeanine's attention with our baby. Losing was a foregone conclusion. Could I handle that? If we started a baby tonight, I'd have nine months to express my concerns.

The drive home was all too brief for such thoughts. Parked in the driveway, I could see the flicker of candles in the master bedroom. A single dim lamp showed through the living room window. More preparations than mine were underway. Inhaling deeply, I locked the car and entered the house.

In the living room, the CD player was playing Belafonte. Not my favorite artist, but he was excellent for setting a mood. I turned out the lamp and took my package down the hallway to our bedroom. Half a dozen votive candles (vanilla scented) revealed that Jeanine had gotten a head start. I grinned at the sight.

Each ankle was wrapped in a Velcro cuff. A bungee cord connected a D-ring on each cuff to the brass posts on either side of the foot of the bed. Her wrists were also adorned with cuffs; the right arm held by another bungee cord to the head of the brass bed while the left

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was still free, and idly caressing a nipple. A "sleeping mask" blindfold was in place as well.

"Couldn't wait for the coin toss?" I asked softly, setting my bag on the low dresser. I deposited keys as well, and began undressing.

"Didn't want to leave the selection to chance," she replied. "I was being a bitch earlier. I deserve to be punished."

Naked, I sat on the bed. I took her left hand, kissed the knuckles, then turned it over and kissed the palm, then the inside of the wrist below the restraint. I extended her arm and pulled the corresponding cord to the limits of its extension to hook in the D-ring of that restraint. I leaned close to her left ear.

"The safe word," I whispered, "is 'condom'. 'Use the word at any time, and *all* activity will be halted for the evening.'" I licked her earlobe. "Do you understand?" She nodded. "Good. I agree with what you said. You were very bitchy, and I am going to punish you as you have never been punished before."

Her head jerked toward me, causing our noses to collide. Even with her eyes hidden, I could see the question on her face. We **play** at bondage. Anyone truly into these practices would laugh at how we go about it, alternating dominant and submissive roles, never inflicting real pain. Jeanine now wore all of our equipment except a black cloth gag. We owned and used no whips or clamps, pointy things or penetrating things save what god gave us (except one small vibrator, but that hardly counts).

The torture we performed was that of delaying sweet release, or repeatedly inflicting it, or both. The semblance of bondage merely allowed us the illusion of submission and dominance, to more freely express ourselves, and to experience what we might not otherwise have the courage to seek. Jeanine's face asked if this was about to change.

I gave no clue. Rising, I went to the dresser. I withdrew a single

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Mars bar and the condoms, then returned to her left side. I unwrapped the Mars bar first, and waved it under her nose. My little chocoholic can smell that scent at fifty paces, through a closed refrigerator door and a sealed Tupperware container. She licked her lips.

"Open your mouth." She did, eagerly. "This is the first part of your punishment. You must hold this between your teeth; you must not bite it or break it in any way." She would have said something, but when she began to close her mouth to speak, the bar was there, lengthwise across her lips. She groaned instead. "You may only speak to utter the safe word." She groaned again.

I smiled. Putting chocolate in a chocoholics mouth and requiring them not to eat it **is** a form of torture. Next, I drew the backs of my fingernails from above her wrist cuffs to the bottom of her breast, around the nipple but never making contact. My other hand I interlaced with hers. I repeated with my fingernails until I drew another groan. Her nipple was as erect as I had ever seen it, standing out from the areola like a fingertip. I switched sides of the bed.

On the right side, now, I repeated the caresses to the same effect. I hadn't decided where next to tease, so passed a few idle moments just lightly flicking her nipples in what I hoped was a random pattern. Jeanine gasped and groaned most encouragingly, though muffled around the candy bar. I noticed that her teeth had sunk involuntarily into the chocolate.

I ran my left hand from between her breasts up to her right cheek, and grasped the Mars bar where it extended beyond her lips. "Open," I said. She did, relinquishing the bar. I looked at it. Besides the imprint of her teeth, her tongue had evidently been licking a hole through the back.

I plunged the bar lengthwise into her mouth and said "Suck, but remember; no teeth." As I began a steady in-out rhythm with my left hand, I cupped a breast and squeezed gently in time to that motion,

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occasionally flicking the nipple. I switched breasts often, sometimes returning to the same breast. Soon, the Mars bar took on a more rounded, if somewhat disgusting appearance. At the bottom of a stroke, I stopped with a half-inch protruding, and left it.

I left her like this for a few minutes, retrieving a couch cushion from the living room. Kneeling between her legs, I slid a hand under her ass, then lifted, sliding the cushion under from the side. Her cheeks were on the edge of the cushion. I leaned back on my heels to enjoy the view.

Waiting for some touch, anticipating, Jeanine began to squirm. Her nipples never shrank from the earlier arousal, and anticipation served to keep them at attention. Her mouth continued to work over the candy bar. The tension in the bungee cords limited her motion.

"Jeanine," I whispered, "are you into water sports?" Her head shook a vigorous no. "As part of your punishment, I will see to it that you find it very difficult to stay away from a bathroom for long." I slipped a single finger into her very moist center, moving it slowly in and out. With the other hand, I gently pulled her short curls, the ones closest to her clit, towards her stomach and back in time to the finger. I kept this up until I heard a whimper.

"Jeanine, I am going to torture your sensitive tits," I whispered again, until they are swollen and aching." I could see her trying to push the shriveled remnant of the Mars bar aside, to speak. "Not a word," I preempted. "Not one word except the safe word, If that's what you want." I added a second finger.

I could see the play of emotions across the unhidden parts of her face. We really don't use pain, and if I had inflicted anything like what I was describing, the safe word would have been used. She wasn't even sure about the threats of abuse - she was very, very confused. Her arousal contributed to the confusion.

I escalated the threats, and the confusion. "I'm going to make you

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feel overpowering nausea, nausea so hideous that even the thought of chocolate will send you running to the bathroom." That was it. The stub of the Mars bar disappeared in her cheek and she was about to utter the word. I substituted my unwrapped cock for my fingers and sank it to the hilt.

She gasped. Then a sudden realization - "You're not wearing a.." She bit her lips.

"What did I say about speaking? Are you going to say the safe word?" She shook her head. "Are you sure?" She shook it again. "One word, you know the one, and I will stop. I will stop this punishment. I will stop causing your belly and tits to swell, stop the threat of a fetus pushing on your bladder. Do you want this punishment to end?" I slowly withdrew with each word to the lips of her cunt.

She shook her head yet again, and I plunged again as deeply as I could. My damp fingers began to circle her clit. "You must be certain. Your feet will hurt, your back will ache, and eventually, you'll have to squeeze something enormous through a passage that feels pretty damned tight to me." I gasped, "Oh God! Even tighter." I started a steady rhythm, before her squeezing muscles made me lose control. "You may speak freely," I wheezed.

I noticed a tear or two trickling down her cheeks. Jeanine said, "Could you untie me, please? I really need to hug you."

I groaned. I didn't want to stop. Maybe I wouldn't have to. I leaned back, without withdrawing completely. I could easily reach the ties on her ankles, and released them, first left, then right. Putting an arm under Jeanine, I lifted and thrust. She slid a foot or so up the bed. Lift and thrust again and her head was nearly at the headboard, with enough slack to free her own arms.

She did, and pulled off her mask. She wrapped her legs around mine, her arms beneath my armpits, and used both to pull me in and up, bringing my mouth to hers. She still tasted of chocolate. She

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kissed me with her whole body, making even my toes tingle. I couldn't pull back, but I could push in and did, faster and faster.

I don't know why she pulled off the mask. Her eyes were tightly shut, tears streaming as she pushed to meet my every thrust. I worried that I might really be hurting her, but when I slacked off a little, her arms and legs pulled me tighter and she thrust harder, so I gave her my best.

I knew I couldn't last much longer. Hell, one of my reasons for enjoying this bondage scenario was that I could get her excited before I truly started, so we could finish together the first time instead of frustrating her until I recovered. But she beat me to the finish line, clenching internally and arching her back. My lips lost their purchase and she scroaned - that's a cross between a scream and a groan - long and loud. Before she was done I joined her in release - I may have scroaned as well.

I would have tried to roll off, but she still had me trapped in a full body hug. I tried to keep my weight from crushing her by locking my elbows while I caught my breath.

Finally, Jeanine relaxed her grip and allowed me to snuggle beside her. She kept her hips raised on the cushion, though, and raised her knees as well. Turning her head, she locked eyes with me. Her eyes were still glistening, tears barely held in check. Her smile was alternately tender and ecstatic. "I love you," she breathed.

I kissed her smile and replied, "I love you, too." I remembered the purchases. "Be right back."

I fairly leapt from the bed and grabbed the contents of the bag. Returning to Jeanine's side, I held up the yellow bag. "Pregnant M&M's," I grinned. Jeanine giggled. Next the blue and white package. "Pregnant Mounds bars." I wiggled my eyebrows.

"Goof! Those are milk chocolate - Mounds are dark chocolate"

"And just what," I said, cupping a breast, "happens when they

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become pregnant?"

Her giggles became outright laughs, punctuated with that cute little snort that distinguished her laughter. When she calmed down, we shared a meaningful silence. Then she looked at the ceiling.

"One of us," she intoned solemnly, "needs to go to the store."

I shook my head. "All of us," I replied, "need to stay right here, together. I am bound to you forever."

It was a night of chocolate kisses.

The End

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gary Jordan started sharing his adult writing in 2001 with *First Impressions*, an adult science fiction story. He says that writing helps him deal with the loneliness of being a widower by incorporating the best aspects of a 25-year marriage into fiction. A confirmed chocoholic, he has a tendency to incorporate that taste into his stories as well. It generally results in a lighter, sweeter story -- or so he claims.

Stories by Gary Jordan

Longer Stories

First Impressions

Going Down

Pirates of the Carob Bean

Set Here a Spell

Short Stories

Chocolate Sauce

Chocolate RULES!

Chocolate Kisses

Chocolate Sighs

Chocolate Sunday

Chocolate Knights and Chocolate Daze

NOT a Knight in Shining Armor

L is for Lethargy

Smokin' Hot Sex

Smokin' Hot Sex, Too

Smokin' Hot Sex, Redux

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Flash Fiction (Under 1,000 words)

Blown

Afterblow

Eyes for an Eye

Do-Over

"Gravitation Is Not Responsible For People Falling In Love." ~Albert

Einstein

I Just Wanna Be Naked in School

Literacy

Master PC: A Short Edition

Naked in School - A Palindrome

The Old In-Out

Sex Education

Tiny Bubbles

Unplugged

Wedded Lust

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ABOUT THIS TITLE

Chocolate Kisses was my contribution to *Pendragon's Second Challenge* (June 2001), the details of which were to write a story in which a wedded (or at least committed) couple decide to take that next step and conceive a child.

It was later republished for the *Summer Solstice Romance Festival* (June, 2002), at which time it was reviewed by [Lady Cyrrh](#):

Summer Solstice Romance Festival: Chocolate Kisses [A+]

Where posted: ASSM

When posted: 6/21/02

Author: Gary Jordan

Author address: PJcocoa@aol.com

Type: M/F cons, rom, mild bond, impreg

A couple goes about conceiving a child in an unusual way: bondage and chocolate. The husband fetches sacks of candy from the store while, unbeknownst to him, the wife cuffs herself to the bed as a penance for an earlier disagreement. Unbeknownst to her, the husband has decided that this is the night to create their long-delayed fetus.

I liked this story a lot. The writer's style was smooth and engaging, and the actions of the characters were realistic with the story still being hot. It seems bondage stories are generally split into two camps: ones written by professionals heavily into the scene, and ones written by people not into the scene, but wanting to use the idea of bondage as a story element for some extra spice. This one was part of a third camp: the amateur scene, and it summed up the ethos nicely:

We owned and used no whips or clamps, pointy things or penetrating things save what god gave us (except one small vibrator,

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but that hardly counts).

The torture we performed was that of delaying sweet release, or repeatedly inflicting it, or both. The semblance of bondage merely allowed us the illusion of submission and dominance, to more freely express ourselves, and to experience what we might not otherwise have the courage to seek.

The story had other good things in it, such as the equating of a chocolate candy's shape to that of a pregnant creature. Mounds bars will never look the same.

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Cover art

Cover art created by Gary Jordan with various combinations of Microsoft Paint, GIMP, Paint Shop Pro.

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