

Chocolate Knights and Chocolate Daze

By Gary Jordan

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The “Knights” portion of this story was originally submitted as an entry to the Virago Blue Challenge as a flash story (under 1000 words). It contained no sex, but maintained continuity with the rest of the “Chocolate Morsels Universe.” A follow-up was always intended.

“Daze” is that follow-up. I wasn’t happy with it. I decided to submit it to a jury of my peers, in the best forum for improvement in the alt.sex.stories community: The Fish Tank (<http://www.asstr.org/~Desdmona/FishTank/base/>). I think that was a very good decision. No story which entered the tank failed to be improved, and following The Fish Tank, whether it was my story or another author’s has helped all of my writing. These amazing people helped:

- Uther Pendragon, Katie McN, cmsix, John,
- Alexis Siefert, Desdmona, Tesseract, and Denny

What follows is the post-immersion version of the combined stories, so you can see and judge the progress.

Chocolate Knights

Jeanine said, “Somebody needs to go to the store’?”

The code words, repeated back but made into a question by raised eyebrow, cocked head and hand on hip, made me feel foolish. I still nodded to confirm that she’d heard correctly. After all, why should she be the only one who ever initiated our games? We both enjoyed the play. I mean, really! Light bondage was originally my idea, so why shouldn’t I be the one to request it?

Jeanine looked as though she were considering it. Since the day she lost a wager and agreed to my repeated request to at least try it, she had always been the one to call for the ropes and cuffs. I had no complaints - a coin toss decided who was wearing the restraints - but it had been a while.

Okay, okay. Morning sickness does tend to throw a monkey wrench into games that restrict movement, and dampen the mood besides. But it had been weeks - at least one, anyway - since she had experienced her unpredictable bouts of nausea. And we had hours before the costume party.

She smiled that starburst smile and I knew I wasn’t wrong.

But I wasn’t necessarily right, either. “After the party, if you’re still up to it,” she said.

Even better. I had a little scenario in mind that would be in keeping with the party theme, which (if I haven’t mentioned it) was ‘Knights in Armor.’ It didn’t matter who won the toss, my fantasy would work either way.

Of course, I hadn’t seen the costumes yet. Jeanine had worked on them in secrecy rivalling the Forbin Project. I didn’t have any idea if I would be dressed as a knight or a ‘faire damsele,” or maybe as Jeanine’s squire. I was sure I could make any of these work in the fantasy.

I did **not** take into account how much my “scents” of humor had corrupted my lovely mate.

After a light meal, it was time to dress for the party. I did the dishes while Jeanine laid out the costumes and put hers on. Then it was my turn. Walking down the hallway to the bedroom, I felt a growing sense of anticipation. I’d get to see these “award winning” costumes (Jeanine assured me) for the first time, and see Jeanine in hers. Would she be an armored knight? A damsel in distress? The queen who bestows her favors on the knight?

I nearly stopped laughing when she kicked me lightly where I lay helpless on the floor. But wiping the tears from my eyes just allowed me to see her in her regalia again, and started another round.

She allowed me to calm myself, grinning the while. Her efforts had had the desired effect and she was justifiably proud of the results. “You like?” she asked.

I worked back to my knees and bowed forehead to floor, arms extended towards her. “I am not worthy, O Mistress!” I fawned and scraped before her superior display of punsmanship.

She bade me rise, and I got the full appreciation of her pun. How to describe our costumes...



The theme was Knights in Armor. Jeanine stood modeling what appeared to be a can of Chili with a well-known label. Adorning the label was a yellow band ending in a trade-marked star. (Can you picture it? We were going as Knights in Armour.) The only difference I noted was that hers said, “Chili without Beans” and mine was “with Beans”. A pair of four-foot can openers completed the costume.

I had to kiss her before I got dressed - we’d have a hard time getting that close, once I was in my can.

We won “Most Original Costume” and the prize was, appropriately enough, an electric can opener. Sometimes the Almighty has a strange sense of humor, too. Jeanine drove home - despite the best (or worst) of intentions for the remainder of that evening, I’m afraid I drank a bit too much.

Someday I’ll get her to tell me what happened when we got home. I woke up the next afternoon pleasantly sore, and with plenty of dried evidence that somebody’s fantasies were explored, but every time I ask, she gets a silly grin and clams up. Snickers and Mars Bars haven’t worked as bribes, either.

I’m going to have to pull out the big guns. Ghiradeli will make her talk.

Chocolate Daze

Out! Out of my kitchen until I'm done!" he said.

"I just want to sample the product for quality assurance purposes." I used my most reasonable tone, despite the fact that I wanted to slip by him in the worst way.

"You just want to sample until the cookie sheet is empty. Go sit in the living room. I'll bring you one fresh from the oven. Out!"

I stuck out my tongue. He did the same. Since our tongues were conveniently both out, they approached one another, and began to wrestle. Being nobody's fool, he placed his body between me and the cookies, and I found myself being wrestled out of the kitchen.

After a brief tussle in the doorway to the kitchen, I finally gave up, or so I let him think. I realized he was serious, and he just might let the next sheet burn rather than let me get to them first. I gave him my prettiest pout, tossed my hair and spun on my heel to stalk to the living room.

He got this recipe from a newsgroup, so he said. He told me he modified it to suit *my* preferences. I knew what that meant. He yelled from the kitchen that the directions said the cookies should be left for a day to bring out the flavors fully. Maybe some would make it to the next day - no way would I allow him to cache them all, not after filling the house with their smell.

I heard him take the last of the cookies from the oven. He came into the living room with just three on a plate, and a glass of milk. He knows that when it comes to fresh cookies, I'm from the scorched tongue school.

Today was no exception. How someone can wince, grin, make "mmmmm" noises, and inhale cool air all at once is beyond me. I did, though, and followed the first burning bite with a swallow of milk. The next bite was dunked first, but the density of these cookies didn't allow for much milk absorption; My face must have repeated the odd pain/pleasure pairings.

"So," he began, as I started the second cookie, "about the night of the party..."

I laughed. "You think you can bribe me?" I broke off to moan in pleasure. Damn these cookies were good! "You think I can be bribed with a teensy plate of cookies?"

He nodded. "There's more where those came from, but, I won't make anymore until I know what happened."

I laughed, but it came out with that snort I hate. Damn, he'd know he had me. "Fine. I'll tell all, but it's more than a three-cookie story, so you'd better refill my milk and bring in a platter."

In seconds he had zipped to the kitchen, slid a couple dozen cookies onto a plate, and filled a large glass with milk. I couldn't help it. That swiftness in complying had me giggling. He settled in to hear the story.

“What’s the last thing you remember?” I asked.

“I came back from putting our prize for ‘Most Original Costume’ in the trunk.” It was an electric can opener. “Bill handed me another drink, and we got into a discussion of something important and I had a couple more.” It was probably about women. “I wandered over to where you and the girls were gossiping in time to hear someone say you needed to go shopping. After that, it’s pretty much a blur.”

“That was Glenda. She was pointing out that not much of my wardrobe will fit much longer. I’ll need maternity clothes.” I grimaced. I might be a traitor to my gender, but I hate shopping. Not the shopping itself, it’s the crowds. I have a fair number of suitable office outfits, all purchased at smaller shops away from the malls. Maybe Glenda and I could spend a day searching for maternity shops the same way.

“Anyway, I could see that you’d reached that silent grinning stage in your drinking, and I figured it was time to get you home.”

I guess I got a far-away look in my eyes. He settled in to listen.

“I confess I felt a wave of affection for you at that point.” He’d stood there with a nearly empty drink, gazing at me with such adoration. He isn’t like Kelly’s husband, who gets loud and obnoxious, or Patty’s ex-boyfriend, who starts hitting on other women. When he gets tipsy, when the barriers go down, he lets me know quietly the depth of his love. As rarely as the drinking happens, how could I be angry? I looked at him now and he smiled. He could only blush. I continued.

“I made both our good-byes and steered you out to the car.” I laughed the whole way at my friends’ remarks. They teased about the obvious possessiveness and affection being displayed. I’d done most of the blushing, then.

“Getting into the car was a problem. The costumes were really designed for help in getting into or out of, and while I could help you, you were in no condition to help me.” Just walking the block to where we’d parked while supporting an amorous husband was an adventure.

“I managed to remove the plastic hoops that gave your costume its can shape. You looked like a crumpled can of Armour Chili with Beans, gazing at me from the front seat. I couldn’t resist kissing your nose.

“Unfortunately, I couldn’t reach the slits where my own hoops could be extracted. With the hoops in place, I couldn’t easily reach the zipper on the bottom surface of the ‘can’ that would at least give me some flexibility in the costume. Remember? All during the party, we had to stand or perch on the arm of a chair or sofa.” He nodded, I think, but I wasn’t really looking.

“It took me a minute to adjust the driver’s seat and tilt steering wheel to allow me to even sit in the car. The hoops wouldn’t let me sit back, and the strain on the material was giving me a double wedgie.” I’d thought about returning to the party for some help, but I didn’t want to leave him, and didn’t want to make that trip twice.

“By the end of the thirty-minute drive, I was feeling... anxious.” I was as randy as I can ever remember. “The stress of sitting awkwardly, driving with my arms held out to the side to reduce chaffing, and that ever-present pressure in my crotch was driving me to distraction.” I could hardly wait to get inside and out of the damned costume. I decided to remove it with scissors, if I couldn’t get him to help.

“I shook your shoulder, and you slowly returned to that dreamy state of adoration. You reached for me, and I pulled your arms to guide you from the car to the house.

“Once we were inside, I left a trail of turned-on lights guiding you to the bedroom. I figured I could go back and get them, once I’d gotten rid of the costume. I certainly didn’t expect to leave them on all night. But then, I didn’t expect you to -” I broke off, looking at him with a crooked smile.

“What? Why are you looking at me like that?” His expression was so delightful. It was equal parts apprehension and curiosity, with a dash of little boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

“I should have known better than to ask your help with a zipper while you were in that condition,” I said. I let a sigh slip out.

“Couldn’t I manage the zipper?” he asked in a small, anxious tone.

I laughed. Despite myself, I laughed *that* laugh, the one he claims reminds him of Sandra Bullock in Miss Congeniality, the one with the cute little snort. On top of that, I was sipping milk at that particular moment; the results were a bit untidy.

He fetched a towel, and I wiped up the spilt milk. “Are you sure you want to hear the rest of this?” I asked. I was getting to the embarrassing parts. He’d call them “the good parts,” but it would be my turn to blush.

I could see his head begin a nod, but his eyes clouded for a moment and the nod stopped. Oh, I knew it would return. His curiosity was fully engaged. Still, I appreciated that he was at least concerned and deliberate. He finally completed the motion.

I took pity on him. “Okay, the details aren’t that bad. Just a little embarrassing maybe - to both of us. I would have told you anyway, but it was so much more fun to get you to ‘bribe’ me.” I ate another cookie, offering him what he calls my “canary-fed cat grin.”

“I’ve been had!” he said, semi-grinning.

“And you love it,” I replied. “Anyway, I managed to get you into the bedroom and asked you to undo the zipper. You knelt in front of me and had no trouble at all with the zipper. None.” I cleared my throat. “Then you yanked the bottom of the can, along with my tights and panties, down to the floor.

“That wouldn’t have been a problem, but you grabbed the bottom hoop and stuck your head underneath. Still no problem, except I couldn’t reach past the bottom hoop, and then your tongue started tickling my thighs apart.”

He laughed. He couldn't help it, I could tell. I just looked at him with a tolerant smirk. 'Sure, go ahead and laugh. I wanted that tongue where it wanted to go, just as much as it wanted to be there. Like I said earlier, I was feeling, um, *anxious*. But picture the situation. My panties, tights, and the bottom of the costume were bunched around my ankles. When I tried to spread my legs, I lost my balance. It's a good thing the bed was behind me.' I paused to let that sink in.

He nodded and swallowed.

I let him off the hook again. 'But it was, and I landed on my back, with my butt just barely on the edge. Naturally, you tried to follow. Moving forward meant you were kneeling on the clothing that was keeping my ankles together. But at least I could move my knees.

'Not that it did me any good. You were still holding on to the hoop. Your tongue was driving me insane, licking up my lips and spreading them, and never quite reaching my poor neglected little clitty, and I couldn't reach your head to direct you where I needed you! That was bad enough, but every now and then your nose would do the job, but not with any predictability. I was so close, I was crying.

'And then you shifted your attack.'

I paused to dunk a cookie and eat it. He was on the edge of his seat in anticipation. I let my eyes unfocus for a moment, then locked on his. I swallowed, and grinned. If nothing else, I had his undivided attention.

'I was primed. I don't know how long you had worked on me, but it seemed like an hour. I think if you had breathed on me right I'd have gone off. But no-o-o. When you finally,' I groaned for effect, '*finally* put my honey where your mouth is, you latched on like the littlest puppy on the hind tit.'

It was his turn to smirk.

'I went away. Screaming awakened me, and it was a few moments before I realized it was me. And I couldn't stop. Every time I took a breath, I'd be gone again.

'That had to have happened at least six times that I sort of remember, but probably more. You've given me multiple orgasms before, but never quite so overwhelming or continuous.' I scowled at him. 'Of course, since you don't remember it, you probably can't ever duplicate it. More's the pity.'

That wiped away his smirk. I watched his face go from smug to chagrined, with various emotions along the way.

'As far as sexual repletion, I was satisfied. More than satisfied. I would have been happy just to roll over, even still in costume, and gone to sleep.

'But someone, while I was still quivering and trembling from the aftershocks, had managed to get his costume off. Well, except for the tights and underwear bunched around his left ankle which I had to remove the next morning. *He* had *other* ideas.'

His eyes got wider.

“Before I completely caught my breath, I felt my legs being lifted. Then the mass around my ankles was behind your neck, and I could feel your cock poking around my pussy, looking for a home.

“If I’d had the breath to do it, I’d have begged you to stop, take a rain check, put the launch on hold. But it was too late. The eagle had landed.”

Okay, so now it was a little embarrassing for him again. “I’m sorry.” he said quietly. By now we were both blushing, though I realized that some of the heat in my face was from reliving the arousal.

“Don’t be. I would have asked you to stop, but once you started pistoning, well...” I got a goofy grin of my own. “Let’s just say that since you were doing all the work, I decided to go along for the ride. Even if I *was* the ride at the time.

“It felt good. Really good. God knows there was plenty of lubrication and the most obscene squishy noises.” We both giggled. “I’m afraid I got a case of the giggles then, too, which may have egged you on. Something egged you on, for sure. I finally got glimpses of the clock and you kept up the pace for at least fifteen minutes. I was close again, but beginning to worry about that lubrication, when you leaned forward.”

He leaned forward, listening intently. Beads of sweat had broken out along his hairline and along my upper lip.

“You didn’t change the pace, but with my knees closer to my chest, the new angle had you bouncing off my pelvis and that took me over. Gone again, and then again when I came back.

“You backed up, and my panties and so forth went with you. Despite my exhaustion, I took the opportunity to pull the costume up and off, over my head. I let it fall on the floor and rolled over to crawl to my side of the bed.

“I didn’t make it.”

“You didn’t make it?”

I shook my head.

He put his head in his hands. In a small voice, he asked, “What did I do?”

“I had probably had a week’s worth of orgasms, even if you picked the best week of our marriage. I had come over and over, non-stop at times, and the wet spot alone could have probably put out a forest fire. You, on the other hand were still sporting the woodie you’d started with. All that alcohol, no doubt.” I grimaced, then leaned forward to whisper the next part.

“I was on my elbows and knees, trying to crawl away. You were behind me with a raging hard-on. What do you think happened next?”

He groaned into his hands. He peeked over his fingers. I nodded.

“I hadn’t moved more than a foot or two, when I felt your weight on the bed. Then I felt your hands on my hips, followed by your knees inside my calves, and it didn’t occur to me to be concerned or anything.” I sighed.

He’s a connoisseur of sighs. He believes sighs matter. I know he was shocked to hear, in that sigh, more wistfulness than anything else. It brought his face out of his hands in surprise.

What he saw was a lopsided grin and a deep blush. “Can you remember what it was you were drinking that night? I might want to buy a bottle or two.”

He laughed. Guffawed. Carolled, even. He didn’t tone it down to a titter until I pelted him with a cookie. I tried to look offended, but I couldn’t carry it off.

“Oh, sure, you can laugh, but it might be a different story if I hadn’t been able to reach the Astroglide.”

That brought him up short. “Did I hurt you?”

“No, no! Look, I was completely relaxed, probably as relaxed as a conscious person can be without drugs.” Hell, I was a dishrag at that point. “It was a miracle I made it to my knees, and I was about to collapse. And you were well lubricated, in more ways than one. You were inside in a single stroke, at least an inch, maybe two, and without that painful first push.” I learned something about the importance of relaxing.

“In fact, you had begun to move before I managed to grab the lube. There was a little discomfort, but no actual pain, and you took the lube from me when I managed to roll my shoulders enough to pass it back. From there, it just got better. And better.

“There was nothing I could do to help. My arms had collapsed and my face was on my pillow. I could only moan. You were filling me and drawing back in long strokes. I desperately wanted to reach back and diddle myself, but I lacked the energy, and then I felt you reaching around and I knew I’d be fine.

“It was better than it has ever been, in my ass I mean. When you finally found the spot with your fingers, I almost passed out.

“You passed out first.”

“I passed out?” he said, incredulous.

“You passed out. I had a second orgasm while you were in my ass and as I came down from it, we sort of tilted and rolled to our sides. I remember thinking, ‘This is a new position,’ but you weren’t moving. You were still deep inside me, but you weren’t moving. And then you started to snore.”

“Oh, lord!”

“Yup. I thought about it for a few seconds. You still hadn’t come, I felt like I needed to go to the bathroom, but it was too much trouble. So I went to sleep, too.”

‘Just like that?’

‘Just like that. Sometime during the night, you softened and slid out.

‘Daaaaaaamn!’

‘So, now you know.’

‘Now I know.’

‘Can I fix you a drink?’

The End

The Cookie Recipe

¾ cup (1 ½ sticks) butter, softened
1 ½ cups dark brown sugar, firmly packed
1 tablespoon dark molasses
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1 ounce (1 square) unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled
2 eggs
2 cups all-purpose flour (unbleached preferred)
½ cup unsweetened cocoa
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground mace
1 6-oz bag Ghirardelli Chocolate Morsels

Chill the chocolate morsels until needed. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Cover a cookie sheet with aluminum foil and grease it lightly. Using an electric mixer if possible, beat the butter, sugar, molasses, and vanilla together until light and fluffy. Add the melted chocolate, then beat in the eggs. Sift the remaining dry ingredients together to mix thoroughly and eliminate lumps. Gradually add to the butter mixture, until everything is completely combined. Stir in the entire bag of chilled chocolate morsels. Drop by scant teaspoonfuls onto the prepared cookie sheet, leaving room for the cookies to spread out. Bake for approximately 10 minutes; they will still be somewhat soft to the touch. Remove from the cookie sheet with a metal spatula and place on wire racks to cool. Repeat until all the dough is used up, replacing the aluminum foil (and re-greasing) as necessary. Cool completely, then store in an airtight container such as a large “zipper” freezer bag. The flavors will be more intense the following day.

This is a modification of a recipe provided by Ace Lightning ace.lightning@verizon.net

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