

Chocolate RULES

By Gary Jordan

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

This statement, uttered in bed, generally indicated some sort of feminine hygiene emergency, and the one who 'needs to go to the store' is generally me. It is a law of nature that the gender which does not use or need a product, or is most likely embarrassed by its purchase (I am long over that, at least), is the gender which must buy it.

"What do you need?" It wouldn't embarrass me. I'd get her to be specific; plugs or pads, regular or maxi, normal or super-absorbent, scented or unscented, wings or strings. My last SO used to rip the end off the last box and hand it to me. It's harder to screw that up and nothing to explain.

"There is no chocolate in the house." This was delivered in an aggrieved tone. It **must** be my fault (if true, which it was not.) She was a chocoholic, and that involved rule 9: "*Q. Why is there no such organization as Chocoholics Anonymous? A. Because no one wants to quit.*"

"That turns out not to be the case," I replied. I'd read in some Heinlein novel, or maybe a Tom Clancy, that this was the correct way to say "Wrong!" politely. I knew The Rules. I also knew where all of the secret stashes were.

"Would you care to make a little wager on that?" She had that single eyebrow raised. She watched too much classic Star Trek. But she bet like Riker - she seldom lost. Maybe she knew where all the secret stashes were, too.

"What stakes?" Best I determine penalties before I commit too rashly. Remember Rule 7: "*Money talks. Chocolate sings.*"

"The winner gets to perform oral sex on the loser."

"That's a win - win situation," I laughed. "I could just forfeit right now. What's the catch?" There **had** to be a catch.

"The loser is bound, gagged, and blindfolded. The winner decides when to quit."

My heart almost stopped. This type of thing had been discussed early in our relationship and rejected, not by me. I figured there were trust issues, and planned to bring it up again at some later date. Apparently, today was some later date. Either that or she was **extremely** confident about the absence of chocolate.

She was plainly waiting for my response. I was plainly stalling for time, reviewing the locations of the aforementioned caches in my mind. Some were fairly ingenious, if I do say so, while others were decoys to distract from the real stashes. At least one of these stashes had to have survived her curiosity.

"Deal. Any restrictions on this bet?"

"I go with you, to make sure you don' t use the phone and arrange for a delivery, or sneak outside for any reason."

"That' s not fair -you' ll kno**all** my secrets." If you didn' t already, I added to myself.

"Too late for that. I **already** know all your secrets, and I want to watch your face when you realize that. I won' t be seeing your eyes for a while after that. And there has to be a time limit, say twenty minutes. Then the loser goes to the store and comes back to be bound."

"Okay, you come with. Any restrictions on the penalty? Are we talking oral only, or can other parts play?"

"Hmmm. Nope. Lips, tongue, teeth - and you better be carefull with those, in the unlikely event you win. Nothing else."

"Agreed, with the same warning. Start the clock."

I jumped out of bed, taking a few seconds to put my boxers back on. She stretched slowly before getting up, choosing to pad around in the nude. An obvious ploy to distract me. Despite her chocolate fetish, she remained slender. Rule 8: *"Chocolate has many preservatives. Preservatives make you look younger."*

It would normally work, too, but I had a goal firmly in mind. Another thing was firming, but I could ignore him for now. I lifted the mattress. No Nestle Crunch Bars. Too obvious.

Next, I lifted the cap on the brass head rail and felt inside. Ah ha! The tape still held the string in place. Grinning, I began to lift the string from the tube. Instead of Kisses, the string held only little tinfoil bow-ties. Now it was her turn to grin.

The nightstand drawer came all the way out. The Hershey bar wrapper was still taped in place to the bottom, but the foil-wrapped bar was gone. Likewise, the Heath bar wrapper was taped to the back. I eliminated all other drawers from my list of hiding places. Her grin widened.

In the bedroom closet, I patted the pockets of various coats, stowed now until more appropriate weather. Jeanine had been there first, but I expected that. I eliminated all similar locations in the other bedrooms, based on the fact that if she found any one type of location, she'd have checked all similar locations. Shoe boxes were too obvious for me to bother.

In the master bathroom, there were no Turtles under the toilet tank lid and no Rollos in the shower curtain rod. I wouldn't bother with any other curtain rod in the house.

I had a lot of faith in rule 5: *"If calories are an issue, store your chocolate on top of the fridge. Calories are afraid of heights, and they will jump out of the chocolate to protect themselves."* I needed the stepping stool and a screwdriver.

Her face was neutral when I set the stool under an air conditioning vent and removed the plate. But that smug little grin was back full force when my hands found nothing in the ductwork. So much for the half-pound bags of M&Ms. I wasted a minute restoring the plate.

Down the hallway past the Laundry Room. I wouldn't hide anything there - any room with a dryer could only end up with a lot of messy, gooey slime. The same applied to the closet containing the water heater. Into the living room, then. Various CD jewel cases, DVD cases and tape boxes in the entertainment center contained only CD's, DVD's and tapes, plus an assortment of empty wrappers.

The bases of the lamps contained only wire and switches. Cushions contained only foam. Upholstery was just that. The electric wall clock had a new battery, but no Snickers - those came from Jeanine. I was running out of time. To the kitchen I flew.

This was another shared domain. Breakfast is my meal, lunch is hers, supper we shared. Nothing in the kitchen is sacrosanct; therefore hiding places were few. I rotated the flour jar rather than sifting through, and repeated with the sugar jar. No surprises were hidden there, either, though I could hope. The paper towel dispenser had been refilled with a new roll, so the Cadbury's were gone, too.

"Time?" I asked.

"Running out, slave," she replied. After a few seconds, she started counting down from sixty.

I went through a mental checklist. What had I overlooked? What might she have overlooked? The smile on her face as she passed thirty was insufferably smug.

One last place, and there wasn't much chance she'd overlooked ~~that~~. Rule 12: *"If you can't eat all your chocolate, it will keep in the freezer. But if you can't eat all your chocolate, what's wrong with you?"*

I opened the freezer door. The box was still there, Jolly Green's Brussels Sprouts. I reached in. It was still heavy. I shook it. I peeled back the flap opposite the one I'd glued back in place. I looked in.

"**Yes!**" I held them out to her. Two Mars Bars, still in the baggy, frozen solid. She **hated** Brussels sprouts. Ostensibly, they were there for visits from my brother and my sister-in-law, who loved them. Fifteen seconds to spare.

The look on Jeanine's face was beyond priceless. She'd found all of my best hiding places and cleaned out every one. She was **so** confident. She had made the bet with every confidence of winning. Now she was a deer caught in the headlights.

I plucked the baggy from her fingers and took the hand in mine, leading her down the hallway to the bedroom. She moved as if dazed, trying to come to terms with the bet.

"We'll forego the trip to the store for now," I told her. "Rule 3 would just get in the way." Rule 3: *"The problem: How to get 2 pounds of chocolate home from the store in a hot car. The solution: Eat it in the parking lot."*

"First, the blindfold," I announced. From the medicine cabinet, I retrieved two gauze pads and the ace wrap. I wish I owned something black and silk, but these would be more than adequate. I had Jeanine sit in the edge of the bed while I applied them, securing the wrap with the clips that came with it.

"Second, the bindings," I said. But what to use? For her hands, I used the belt from my terrycloth bathrobe. I put a loop in either end, slipped one over her left wrist, up through the brass bars of the head rail, and over her right wrist, positioning her in the center of the bed.

The loops were not slip-knots. If she felt she needed to, she could remove her hand from the loop. As she realized this, she relaxed slightly.

I needed something longer for her feet. The only thing I owned (other than strings of Christmas lights) which would serve was an orange fifty-foot heavy-duty extension cord. While I retrieved that, I considered the gag. I had just the thing.

I unwrapped the Mars bars and re-wrapped them in the panties she had worn until about two hours ago. I shoved this down the leg of a nylon stocking. Next, I wrapped a cotton tee shirt around each ankle and tied either end of the extension cord around the tee-shirts. These knots would not easily come undone.

I applied the gag next, making sure the candy bars were centered between her lips. Frozen, wrapped in cotton panties, they'd give no hint of flavor. That would change.

Finally, I looped the extension cord around the outside post at each end of the head-rail and drew out slack until her toes were pointed at those posts. She was bent almost double and spread wide. I know this surprised her - she probably expected her legs to be tied to the foot-rail. Each of her hands grasped a bar of the head-rail, there was enough slack and her elbows were bent. I tied off the excess around one end post.

I sat on the right side of the bed. "Comfy?" She shook her head. "Does anything hurt?" She shook her head again, slower. "Ready to begin?" No head motion. I leaned over and gently flicked a nipple with my tongue. Her whole body tensed. "Ready to begin?" I asked again. This time, there was a single, barely noticeable nod.

I repositioned myself near the end of the bed, kneeling behind her upturned ass. Her outer lips were parted, exposing the inner petals. A faint sheen of moisture betrayed the beginning of arousal. I didn't move right away, figuring anticipation might increase the arousal.

She knew I was there. She squirmed deliciously for several minutes, expecting first contact. I was patience incarnate.

Finally, the squirming stopped, and she relaxed a little. Perhaps she thought I'd left the room; that she'd been mistaken in thinking I was on the bed. At that point, I bent and licked, from asshole to clit, then pulled back to blow lightly over the same path.

She jumped as though shocked, inhaling sharply around the gag. Goose bumps appeared everywhere. The squirming resumed, as did my waiting.

I did the shampoo thing -lather, rinse, repeat. Same actions, waiting for a hint of relaxation before repeating. Soon enough, there was no relaxing, just tense anticipation accompanied by mewling around the gag. I switched to continuous mode, licking deeper and harder, swirling around her clit at the end of each stroke instead of touching. Jeanine bucked and twisted to the limits of her bonds, trying to position herself for maximum effect.

I lifted my head to see what was happening at the other end of the bed, a move accompanied by a very frustrated groan. Jeanine had, by this time, nearly bitten through her gag. The Mars bars had apparently thawed, she' d bitten into them through the nylon and cotton. Her lips, cheeks, the nylon and the cotton were all part of a sticky brown mess. I think I created a new dish - little death by chocolate.

I returned to her crotch, this time planting my lips around her button, and alternated sucking with little tongue flicks. I' m told that I' m very good at button pushing - the sight and feel of a powerful orgasm rewarded me. I kept up the pressure until it began to subside, three minutes, I think. Jeanine went very, very limp. I looked down. Sometime during her cum, I had too.

I felt guilty and happy, a confusing sensation. Happy that she' d cum, guilty - well, she' d turned down bondage before, and though she had made it part of the bet, she did it in expectation of winning. I decided to relent, at least slightly.

I untied her legs, gently lowering them to the bed. I moved to the head-rail and removed the loops from her wrists, taking each hand and placing it on a brass bar with the words "hold on to this. Don' t let go."

On each side, I licked the chocolate and saliva drool from her cheeks. She shivered. I whispered, "I hereby declare the bet satisfied. Do you want me to remove the blindfold and gag?" Her head lolled to face me, but no sound save her breath, no other motion followed. I was ever patient. Finally, a small nod.

As gently as I could, I lifted her head and unwrapped the bandages. Before I removed the gauze, I turned off the overhead light. Plenty of light came through the blinds and curtain. When I lifted the gauze, she blinked rapidly and squinted anyway.

Lifting her head again, I tried to untie the knot in the nylons. Having no luck, I found the surgical scissors in the medicine cabinet and finished the job her teeth had started. I removed the sodden mess from her mouth and she worked her jaw to relieve her stiffness there.

After laying the soggy mess on the ace wrap on the nightstand, I lay beside her on the bed. Strangely, she still gripped the brass bars of the head-rail. I snuggled in close and kissed her. She still tasted of chocolate.

When we broke the kiss, she lay back and looked up.

"Bastard," she said softly.

"Me? Why?" I asked, slightly surprised and a little scared.

"You enjoyed that."

"Well, yes. I guess I did. Look, it isn't something we have to..."

"So did I," she interrupted.

"Then why am I a bastard if..."

"You ruined a perfectly good candy bar." Jeanine had her priorities. Chocoholics do, you know.

"Two. Two perfectly good Mars chocolate bars." I just **had** to let her know the extent of my perfidy.

"Bastard." At least this time she was smiling.

I carefully removed her hands from the bars and rolled her on her side. She was still limp as I snuggled in closer. I, for one, was content just to hold her, spoon-style.

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

The End

The RULES of chocolate

courtesy of <http://www.virtualchocolate.com>
by way of Denny, the Curmudgeonly Editor

1. If you' ve got melted chocolate all over your hands, you' re eating it too slowly.
 2. Chocolate covered raisins, cherries, orange slices & strawberries all count as fruit, so eat as many as you want.
 3. The problem: How to get 2 pounds of chocolate home from the store in a hot car. The solution: Eat it in the parking lot.
 4. Diet tip: Eat a chocolate bar before each meal. It' ll take the edge off your appetite and you' ll eat less.
 5. If calories are an issue, store your chocolate on top of the fridge. Calories are afraid of heights, and they will jump out of the chocolate to protect themselves.
 6. If I eat equal amounts of dark chocolate and white chocolate, is that a balanced diet? Don' t they actually counteract each other?
 7. Money talks. Chocolate sings.
 8. Chocolate has many preservatives. Preservatives make you look younger.
 9. Q. Why is there no such organization as Chocoholics Anonymous? A. Because no one wants to quit.
 10. Put "eat chocolate" at the top of your list of things to do today. That way, at least you' ll get one thing done.
 11. A nice box of chocolates can provide your total daily intake of calories in one place. Isn' t that handy?
 12. If you can' t eat all your chocolate, it will keep in the freezer. But if you can' t eat all your chocolate, what' s wrong with you?
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This story was inspired by discussions with my Editor, Denny Wheeler. Denny is the individual most responsible for my transition from Reader to writer. As a poster at the Usenet New Group Alt.Sex.Stories.D {ASSD}, one of his signatures reads, "Money Talks. Chocolate Sings. Beautifully."

So, a special thanks, once again, to Denny, Curmudgeon and Editor.
