

# Chocolate Sauce

By Gary Jordan

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

Of course, that meant **I** needed to go to the store. I occasionally joke about having married into royalty. She tosses that "imperial we" around quite a bit. She was sitting in front of the computer when she made her pronouncement, so I wandered over to see what inspired my latest Saturday shopping trip.

I fully expected to see *virtualchocolate.com*, or *chocosphere.com* or any of a dozen chocolate-related sites. Jeanine is a card-carrying chocoholic and proud of it. I only caught a glimpse of the open window before she minimized it. I don't think Jeanine realized that the URL remains visible in the little box when the embarrassing window is minimized, or even recently closed.

It caught the author's name, Uther Pendragon, and the story file name, "prone.txt." I recognized the name of Jeanine's favorite author. That she *had* a favorite internet author was my fault. We'd had a thunderstorm while I was online, and there was a surge and power failed. The computer survived, but a lot of settings were out of whack and I hadn't had the opportunity to clear the temporary internet files, cookies, or history.

Then Jeanine had a state holiday off and used the computer next. However it came about, (I think she was being nosy) she found those files and links, and did a little reading of her own. I can't regret the results, though. When I got home that afternoon, she practically ripped my clothes off and made love to me. Since then, she's shared little excerpts of stories with me (and vice versa) as a way to suggest new things, or variations on old things.

I wondered what was in that file on the screen. Knowing I'd ask, Jeanine quickly signed off, then deleted the temp files and history from the control panel. She was catching on. Now she wanted to talk.

"Do you think our sex life is too... vanilla?" she asked, her face serious and concerned.

I pondered a smart-ass remark about a vanilla question from a chocoholic, but managed to stifle myself. She was seriously asking and deserved a serious answer. "I have never complained about anything in bed, have I? You' re all the woman I can handle." I pointed at the AOL sign-on screen. "The things we' ve added from the net haven' t hurt, either, but they' re just icing."

"Chocolate frosting," she corrected, glancing at a printout titled "How To Eat Pussy" and blushing a little. She' d remarked at the time that articles like that one should be mandatory in sex education classes. That little gem plus some open communication *had* improved that area of our sex life.

"But you *have* voiced a fantasy or two that I' ve turned down," she continued. "I worry that you' re getting bored."

I hope I looked as flabbergasted as I felt. Sex with Jeanine, boring? Maybe in another hundred years, and I hoped to be around to test that. I turned it around. "Are **you** getting bored?" I wondered if Pendragon wrote those cheating wife stories, or threesomes, or poly relationships. I' m greedy. I want Jeanine all to myself.

"Now don' t you go getting all insecure on me," she replied. She stood into my embrace and hugged me fiercely. "I am **not** bored." With that she proceeded to give me a tonsillectomy with her tongue. When we broke, panting, from that kiss, I noticed that her hands were in my back pockets and mine were kneading her cheeks.

"What was I saying?" she wondered.

"You were telling me not to worry about boring you," I replied, trying to bore through my jeans and her shorts with the hardest tool available.

"Right," she dimpled, thrusting her pelvis to meet the excavation effort. "What I guess I' m saying, is even though I' m not bored, ~~am~~ I'm curious about some things..."

"Does that mean you' ve changed your mind about...."

"**No**," she cut in, easing the pressure between us to emphasize her point. "I still don' t want to be trussed up like a thanksgiving turkey so you can practice stuffing the cavities." Her nostrils flared and her eyes flashed.

I thought better of contradicting her description. I wanted to be not-bored tonight. A bird in hand - both hands, in this case. I squeezed playfully and asked, "So what *are* you curious about? Will I like it?"

The delightful rubbing resumed, and she responded, "Probably more than me. Than I. Let' s just forget about that for now. Take me to bed and bore me a couple of times, vanilla-man."

As nicknames go, that wouldn' t be my first choice. But I thought, ' what the hell' . I released her ass, and took her hand. With the other hand I grabbed that printout and dragged a giggling Jeanine off to the bedroom.

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A couple of hours later, I shuffled out of the bedroom. Jeanine snored softly in our bed, a smile on her face. I closed the door and sighed. I had done my best to wear her out, resisting when she yanked on my hair and continuing to minister to her orally. I stayed in that mode until she begged me to stop, and then we made love as slowly and tenderly as I could manage. I almost drifted off myself, but the rest of me wasn' t as tired as my tongue and jaw.

I trod softly down the hallway and seated myself at the computer desk. AOL went through its paces; I declined the new scanner, was welcomed, and told I had mail. It was all spam except a forwarded joke from my brother. I laughed softly at the joke and copied it to a text file for future reference. Next, I entered the URL I had seen earlier and clicked ' go' .

A text file opened. I read Pendragon' s story, from it' s amusing titles to it' s punch line ending. It was a clever Feghoot. It was the topic of the story that captured my imagination. Jeanine had this story opened when she asked if *I* thought our sex life was too vanilla. She said she was curious. Well, I was every bit as curious about this act, but&hellip; and I smiled at that ' but' , like a demented Beavis and Butthead parody.

She mentioned being curious, but she didn' t bring it up. Where did that place the topic? Should *I* mention it? Should I wait until she felt confident enough to suggest it herself?

The sound of a throat clearing three inches behind my left ear made me freeze. I didn' t think to clear the screen, or minimize it. I was plainly caught with my hand in the cookie jar and crumbs on my lips. I guiltily said, "Hi, sweetie. Feeling rested?" Busted.

"I woke up lonely and craving you and chocolate," she replied. Since you weren' t where I expected you, I thought I' d settle for some m&m' s. I see I didn' t cover my ass well enough on the computer, though. So what are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking you want your ass covered," I answered drolly, "and not just on the computer. I confess to being mildly shocked. When you flatly turned down bondage, I never thought you'd be interested in *this*. You're kinkier than I thought."

She just chuckled. "I don't know that 'interested' is the right word. I'm curious, yes, but not eager or insistent or anything approaching that. I was going to do a little more research on the net before I discussed it with you. You've never brought it up, and I was curious about that, too."

"Consider the subject open for discussion. I've never tried this. Beverly thought it was dirty and perverted." I don't normally bring my previous Significant Other into our conversations, but I figured it would explain my reticence. "I take it Brian wasn't into it, either." I don't normally mention her previous SO, either.

"Oh, *he* wanted to try it, all right, but back then I thought it was dirty and perverted, too." She shifted her voice to a bad Elvis impersonation. "Come on, baby, lemme fuck you up the ass. You're gonna love it," she mimicked. "I wasn't so sure, and that clever way he had with words didn't convince me otherwise." By this time, she had pulled a chair over to the computer and sat facing me. "But you've never pushed, and Brian left me with the distinct impression that *all* guys craved this. I'm curious about that, too."

I swiveled in my seat to face her. "I won't lie. It's something I'd like to try. I would have brought it up in time, when I felt more confident about us. Beverly made me a little gun shy, is all, and it's something I could live without if you didn't want to. I brought up bondage, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did. Someday I might let you bring it up again," she dismissed it. "Or I might bring it up. That topic is tabled for now. Does that make you insecure about us? I didn't mean for it to." She leaned forward to plant a kiss on my nose. I intercepted it with my lips, and our tongues somehow got involved. That lasted a while, and then she leaned back, grinning.

"I love you, kinky woman."

"I love you, too, kinky man."

I liked that a lot more than 'vanilla man'. I grinned. Then I remembered something. "You said, before we got sidetracked, that we needed something from the store. If I'm going to the store, maybe we need to table this while the stores are still open." Stores in our dinky town close quite early, except the convenience stores, and they don't have a lot of selection.

Jeanine blushed. "I was thinking out loud. I was reading that story," she nodded at the screen, "and I was thinking that we needed lubricated condoms and lubricant, or some such." She blushed deeper. "I didn' t actually mean to send you for them just then."

"Send *me* for them! Why couldn' *you* buy them?" I teased.

"I might not have any problem buying the condoms. But - ' Analease' ? I' d die of embarrassment." I didn' t think she could blush any deeper. "It' s one thing to think about anal sex, but to have a clerk know you' re about to get buggered? I' d never be able to face them again."

"So I' m supposed to go to the pharmacy?" I asked. "I can picture that. ' Good morning, Sandy. I' d like the Whitman Sampler, a pack of Juicy Fruit, a dozen Trojans, lubricated with reservoir tip, and a tube of Analease, please' , and she' d say, ' Here you go, and say Hey to Jeanine for me.' with a big grin on her face." Jeanine' s blush *ould* get deeper. Sandy was a casual acquaintance and not renowned for her discretion.

I remembered something I' d read. "I' m not even sure Analease is what we want. I think we need something else. You were right about needing to research this on the net." I moved my chair over. "Let' s surf."

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It didn' t take long to discover that there was an embarrassing wealth of information about anal sex on the web. Jeanine downloaded and printed an assortment of how-to guides and FAQ' s. We fondled our way through several pictorial guides as well. I actually placed an on-line order for a recommended water based lubricant, since neither of us wanted to face a clerk or salesperson. Maybe we were being a little juvenile, but so what? It also delayed consummation, but the guides seemed to recommend a slow buildup anyway, so we didn' t think that was a problem.

The key phrases we learned were:

1. "Start slow,"
2. "Go slow,"
3. "Too much lubrication is almost enough," and
4. "If it hurts, you' re not doing it right."

I had forgotten that this particular sword had two edges. Jeanine gleefully pointed out that the guides paid as much attention to male penetration and anatomy as female. Like many heterosexual males, I felt queasy about the idea. Jeanine joked about buying a dildo ' about my size' so I could feel what she felt - at least I hoped she was joking. She quit when I asked her whose fantasy this was, but I still felt somewhat less than sanguine.

It had been a pleasantly sweaty morning, and our research had done nothing to make us less sweaty. Jeanine suggested showers - together - and it seemed a fine idea to me. We retired to the main bathroom, which has a tub and shower fixtures. The master "bath" is a rather cramped shower stall when shared.

I adjusted the water temperature as we stripped. Jeans, even straight leg, are a hassle to remove. Jeanine beat me into shower, but stepped to the back to allow me to get wet when I joined her. Like most of our showers together, there was a great deal of mutual washing with soapy hands, a childish amount of exuberant horseplay, and plenty of kissing. We found ourselves in a tight if slippery clinch.

I felt her soapy fingers clutching my cheeks and tried to return the favor, but she had an advantage due to our relative heights. I felt her soapy fingers brushing my asshole and clenched involuntarily, trapping her there. Not literally trapped - the soap on my cheeks and her fingers prevented that. I raised my own hands to her more-accessible nipples and tweaked.

Jeanine responded by slipping a fingertip boldly "where no one has gone before." *That* was a new sensation. I still had mixed feelings, but at the moment they were surprise mixed with arousal and lust. When her finger pressed through the second ring to explore this "strange new world," my own reaction poked her in the belly.

I didn' t remember closing my eyes, so opening them to stare at the ceiling when Jeanine said, "Look Mikey, I think he *likes* it!" was a bit of a shock. I looked down into her face with her huge grin and stuck out my tongue. She giggled before she tried to claim it with her own.

I don' t know if it was the sensation of her fingertip sliding in and out, massaging my sphinter and incidently causing me to hump against her belly, or the soapy friction of my cock on her soft skin, but I knew I was rapidly approaching a climax. I tried to bend over enough to put my fingers where Jeanine' s were on me, or to grab her cheeks and lift her up to impale her. Two things happened.

First, when you bend, you have no choice but to release some small measure of the clench - Jeanine' s slender finger slid deeper than either of us expected. I couldn' t tell you if she stroked my prostrate - despite diagrams and photos and written verbal descriptions, it wasn' t my finger doing the exploring and I don' t know my own internals well enough to say.

Second, I didn' t get a grip on Jeanine' s sweet ass - too much soap, no traction. But I did straighten right up, even arching a bit, rising on my toes. I came all over the bottom of Jeanine' s tits. That was a function of the angle and intensity of the orgasm.

I saw stars and had balance problems and Jeanine removed her finger to use both hands to help me stand, almost losing me from her own soapy grip. She managed to push me into the shower' s stream, to rinse the soap and allow a better grip. I distinctly remember an irrelevant thought that the bathroom was not handicapped-accessible. I could have used a hand rail or two.

When I was coherent enough to answer Jeanine' s repeated, "Are you okay?", and look into her expression of concern/awe, I could only ask, "Was it good for you, too?" It came out deeper than normal and even to me sounded erotic but tired.

Her face changed to smug/chagrined. Doing what she had done to/for me had to account for the smugness. The other came from the certainty that it would be a bit before I was in any condition to return the favor. Jeanine was still turned on, but I needed to sit. I did just that, in the tub. I got there by going first to one knee, then tucking the other leg under and rocking back on my heels.

Kneeling there, my arms limp by my side, I said, "I' m so sorry, darlin' . You' re going to have to finish on your own." I leaned to the side of the shower.

Any number of expressions chased themselves around Jeanine' s face then. Masturbating in front of each other wasn' t something we did then, either. Mutual masturbation in bed, under the covers, sure. And I had seen every inch of her often, during sex and just in general, but this was another undiscovered country.

It was a measure of her arousal, that she only briefly hesitated before raising a hand to her own nipples and dropping another to her slippery slit. I could tell that she was struggling not to turn away. The fingers of her left hand brushed lightly over her engorged nipple while with her right she inserted first one finger, then a second, placing her palm above her clit. I watched her fingers glide in and out from one joint to the next as her palm gradually circled at an increasing rate.

She closed her eyes and bit her lower lip in concentration while I took notes for the future. I was distracted by the soap bar brushing my ankle, floating in the slowly draining tub. I felt some energy returning as I watched Jeanine working herself toward an orgasm, so I picked up the bar and soaped my hands, and straightened, no longer leaning..

Jeanine' s eyes shot wide open when my left hand travelled unnoticed between her slightly spread legs and came up middle finger first between her cheeks. Arching forward to escape the impaler while both hands shot to the wall behind me placed her pussy in perfect position for two of my fingers to replace hers while my lips replaced her palm. It also placed her nipples under the spray of the shower, which was okay except that the water cascading down her torso into my face made breathing more difficult.

The tip of my middle finger searched briefly and found her puckered anus and made insistent circular motions. The constant pressure brought Jeanine to her toes, but there was no escape. Sooner or later, she would feel what I had felt. In the meantime, my other fingers found that internal nerve bundle and applied pressure while my tongue flicked the external counterpart.

Jeanine wrapped both hands around the short pipe connected to the shower nozzle and if her hands had been less slippery, I think she' d have performed a pull-up to escape my triple attack. As it was, she managed to raise a little, so that her toes were supporting her in a ballerina pose. The short-stroked humping of her hips against my face was sufficient to alter the pressure of my fingers inside. It also caused my middle left to pop past the two rings of her sphincter, to the first joint.

That was apparently enough to burst the dam. She wailed above me and shook with her orgasm, clasping my fingers like a nutcracker. I switched from flicking and licking to sucking on her clit and worrying it with my tongue and she wailed louder still.

I had to pull my head back for a quick breath. When I did, Jeanine relaxed slightly and dropped to her heels. But I hadn' t relaxed - My left finger slid in almost to the knuckle and the finger pressure on her G-spot more than doubled. She screamed a "Whoof! Whoof! Whoof! and came again, loudly and long.

Now it was her turn to collapse on me, and I had to yank fingers from their hiding places to free my hands to catch her. That caused a "Yeep! and its own series of shudders, as she folded into my arms and lap.



Her arms wrapped around my neck while mine wrapped around her back. Then I heard her sobs. Damitol, I' d hurt her. I tightened my arms around her as the shower washed away the traces of our lovemaking, and rocked back and forth to comfort her, not knowing what to say.

After a bit the sobs finally stopped, and she leaned back through the spray to face me. She was about to talk, and I knew she' s let me know in no uncertain terms that her curiosity was more than satisfied and we wouldn' t be proceeding beyond this point. I was preparing my own apologies.

The hot water ran out.

Her shriek and my own inarticulate yell were vastly different from the earlier sounds. I tried to yank the shower curtain aside but it was pinned by our tangled legs. She was trying to climb the curtain and pull away to the back of the tub at the same time.

I yanked her to me instead and yelped, "Turn it off!" After an initial uncomprehending look, she got a sheepish expression, reached behind me and turned the knobs shut, stopping the frigid spray.

What could we do? We shivered and laughed, and gradually managed to untangle and stand. We had to help one another from the tub, we were that weak. I wrapped a bath towel around her shoulders and another around her waist, settling for the last of three around myself. I grabbed the stack of hand towels and her brush and we staggered to the couch; it was closer than the bedroom.

She leaned back on my chest and curled her legs beneath her as I toweled first my own hair, and then hers. When all the hand towels were used, I began to brush out her hair, being careful not to pull (too much).

When her hair was all neatly brushed out, I continued to brush gently, just because I enjoyed doing that for her. Soft snores let me know that it had all caught up with her. I debated carrying her to the bedroom, but gave it up. Besides my own exhaustion, I had a mystery pain in my lower back, which I finally attributed to the tub' s spigot. Odd that I hadn' t noticed it earlier, or while it was happening. I fell asleep smiling about that.

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Too tired for sex. This was *not* a concept I ever wished to admit to my lexicon. On the other hand, I wasn' t from Arkansas, and what I included in the definition of sex was pretty broad. (Hey, I' m into pretty broads.)

When we woke on the couch, we were not inclined to move. Jeanine managed to straighten her legs, which awakened somewhat slower than the rest of her, but other than that, we vegged out. I ran a hand through her hair, occasionally, and she clasped my other hand in hers, and toyed with my wedding band.

We were both facing the television, but it wasn't on. It was rarely on; it served mainly as a means to watch taped movies without commercial interruption. And for Star Trek, one of Jeanine's weaknesses. (Okay, mine too.) The remote was on the arm of the sofa opposite the end we leaned into, and neither of us had expended the energy to retrieve it.

Jeanine sighed.

I couldn't read the tone of that sigh, and I believe sighs are important. But I remembered the sobbing in the shower before the ice age began, and I did what any red-blooded male would do in this situation.

"I'm sorry," I apologized. No sense in trying to excuse the event as being in the heat of the moment - she was there, too, and if that was an excuse or an ameliorating factor, she was honest enough to apply it herself.

She began to struggle to sit up, gave up and settled for rolling in my arms and lap to face me. Her eyes were genuinely curious as she asked, "*What*, pray tell, are you sorry for?"

Internal alarms went off. Was I sorry for the right thing? If not, was I about to give her another reason to be angry with me? Best to be general, unless she mentioned specifics. "I'm sorry for hurting you."

She smiled my favorite smile, confusing the hell out of me. "You didn't hurt me. Why do you think you did?"

"I heard you crying."

She rolled her eyes and her expression changed. I recognized that expression, and the sigh that came with it. It was her *Men are so dense sometimes* expression. The last time I saw that expression was when I cuddled with her after Message In A Bottle. She had cried then, too. (So had I, but I don't think she caught me.) She was reminding me that not all tears are from pain or sadness.

"I'm sorry," I said again.

Exasperation now writ large on her features, she asked "*Now* what are you sorry for?"

"For being the kind of dense male who can' t tell one kind of tears from another, of course." She smiled an indulgent smile. "So those were tears of happiness?"

"Those were tears of uncontainable emotion," she shook her head, "of which happiness was just a part. I don' t want to give you a swelled head..." she glanced down at my lap. "Let me rephrase that. I don' t want to give you too big of an ego, but that was the single most intense love-making episode that I can recall. And I happen to think we do okay in that department."

I *was* getting a swelled head. Both ways. "What part did you like best?"

"I liked it all. Each part added to the whole, and it was incredible." She smiled slyly. "You probably won' t like that I enjoyed doing what I did to you. That turned me on more than I expected." Mixed emotions, there. But she was still talking. "And I think I figured out the attraction for those love beads we laughed at."

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah. Your joints aren' t ~~dot~~ bigger than the rest of your finger, but when they pop on out like that..." she shivered again. I don' t think she was cold, and talking about it was warming me up. She turned shy on me, letting her hair hide her face, which was looking at the effect this discussion was having on my towel.

"I know we planned on waiting for the water based lubricant, because it doesn' t cause a condom to deteriorate." I let that sentence hang. She' d continue when she was ready. "I trust you. I know your history, and I don' t think I have anything to worry about from that. You know mine, and if you wanted to wait, I' d understand. I didn' t screw around, but Brian, well, who knows where that thing had been.

"What I guess I' m saying is, I don' t care if you use a rubber for my sake - it' s up to you. But if we don' t use a rubber, there' s mineral oil, and hand cream, and crisco..." When she trailed off, she was speaking directly to my cock, or at least to the tent in my towel, just inches from her face. *He* was ready to write a check the rest of my body couldn' t cash.

"You' re that eager to try this?" I wondered. Good grief I could hardly move. She' d had trouble rolling over. She ~~couldn't~~ mean *now*.

She didn' t. "After a good night' s rest, I think I' d like to try." Whew. And wow. "What we' ve done so far has only piqued my curiosity about the main event. Even if it' s only half as good, I think I might become an aficionado." She nodded slowly while saying all this, her chin rubbing the nearest tent pole.

When I was sixteen, I might have eight orgasms in a single day (no, not every day), and only blisters or friction burns stopped me from going for nine. I' d had no one to share them with. When I was twenty-one, five orgasms a day seemed a sustainable goal, for a while, and most of those were shared. At twenty-six, three wasn' t *limit* yet, but it was getting harder to achieve, except on the weekends.

As the reaction under the towel indicated, it wasn' t always the libido that limited me. I was just too tired for...NO. Not yet. I would not yield to that concept. Especially on a Saturday. Especially not with Jeanine nibbling on my cock through the towel.

I started to shift - Jeanine stopped me with a hand. "I' m too tired for sex," she said. "Just let me please you. I want to."

What the hell do you say to that? I relaxed into the cushions and let Jeanine have her way with me. She yanked on the towel to free the tuck, and lifted enough to move the fold off my lap. She made herself more comfortable, her head laying on my belly and facing away

I was tempted to wax lyrical, a la Morgenstern.

*"There have been ten great blowjobs since they were discovered in 42 B.C., when Cleo had a yeast infection but didn't want to Julius to look elsewhere. The rating of blowjobs is a terribly subjective thing, often leading to long and loud disagreements, because although everybody agrees with the formula of affection times enthusiasm times depth to the power of swallowage, no one has ever been completely satisfied with the weighting of each factor. Despite that, there are ten that everybody agrees deserve full marks. Well, this one left them all behind."*

As I said, tempted. But Jeanine is a **Princess Bride** fan (or what would be the point of a Morgenstern impression); her laughter would interrupt what was shaping up into a very good blowjob, indeed. Not a top ten blowjob on any list but mine, but definitely tops there. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensations of an active tongue, lips, a hint of teeth, and one active hand. She surprised me by taking the come in her mouth, though I could tell she discreetly spat it into one of the hand towels. She knows I don' t care, and I know she doesn' t like the texture, or maybe the taste. I don' t blame her a bit.

I fetched her a glass of wine and some chocolate covered peanuts, as well as her robe. I even fetched her the remote. For myself, I donned my robe and grabbed a pepsi before snuggling with Jeanine to watch a Star Trek episode. I also dug her hairbrush out of the couch cushions. I gave her a few hundred strokes before bedtime. I used the hairbrush, too.

Eventually, we carried one another to bed.

**The End**

Notes to readers:

Yes, Uther Pendragon is the nym of an actual author, a very good one. Most of his works may be found at [Uther Pendragon Stories](#), including the referenced story. Look for "Prone Is Not Synonymous With Supine, or Let Me Put That To You Another Way".

Jeanine ordered from [http://www.astroglide.com/ag\\_home/index.html](http://www.astroglide.com/ag_home/index.html)

The PRINCESS BRIDE, S. Morgenstern' s Classic Tale of True Love and High Adventure by William Goldman is published by Ballentine Books. It' s also a Rob Reiner film, MGM Home Entertainment. The movie follows closer to the book than many.