

# Chocolate Sighs

## (Sighs Matter)

By Gary Jordan

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

I was puzzled. Even through my post-orgasmic fog I recognized that statement as the verbal shorthand that signaled the commencement of foreplay. Not just any foreplay, mind you, but a foray into the brave new world of light consensual bondage. What confused me was the fact that I was lying spread-eagle in bed, my arms and legs fastened to the head and foot posts, and blindfolded to boot.

I cleared my throat. "You want to start over?" I didn't think I could, but I'd been wrong before. If she wanted to trade places, I might manage something.

"Hmmm? Oh!" I guessed she just realized what she'd said. "No, no.. I mean yes, but -" She sighed. "I misspoke. I meant that we need something from the store. On the other hand, I did not mean that I don't want to, you know, what we're doing."

"Well, if you're going to the store, would you toss a sheet or something over me? I don't want to catch a chill," I said. I knew better. When a woman says, "we need" she means, "you better provide."

I felt Jeanine's body stretching across mine. Since I couldn't move, I concentrated on enjoying the feel of flesh-to-flesh, of her nipples scraping over my stomach and up my chest, her cheek brushing mine. Her lips were next to my ear. "You're normally more perceptive than that," she whispered. "When I say 'we need', it means 'go get for me'. I thought you knew that by now."

"I am yours to command, mistress." Well, at least until I was untied. And since the bonds that tied me weren't all physical, I guessed that might be forever. Had I told her this morning how much I loved her? Before the games started? "I love you, Jeanine."

"I love you, too," she replied. She locked her lips on mine and her tongue sought mine. Tongues danced, or wrestled, or played hide-and-seek. If this kept up, I might manage to rise to the occasion. It didn' t. She lifted somewhat and I heard the *shrrrk* of separating Velcro, followed by the thwack of the cuff slung against the wall by a bungee cord.

I would have expressed annoyance - the cuffs end up behind or under things - but she kissed me again before I could speak. I brought my free hand into play, lightly scratching her shoulders. Soon enough, I had two hands free and the blindfold was removed. She bounced lightly from the bed, leaving me to free my own ankles while she dressed in her bathrobe.

She used the bathroom while I freed myself and retrieved the toys, ankle and wrist cuffs, bungee cords and blindfold. I stored them in the top drawer of the nightstand. The alarm clock on the nightstand said 9:15. If my memory served, it was 6:45 when Jeanine had awakened me with a kiss and the words "One of us needs..."

I smiled as she breezed through the bedroom, asking "Coffee?" as she passed. My ' yes' followed her down the hallway, and it was my turn in the bathroom. A quick shower, a vigorous toweling, and I dressed for a shopping trip in shorts, T-shirt and sneakers. My cup waited for me on the kitchen table; she was refilling hers.

After my first sip - high Andes with cream and Equal - I asked, "What is it we need?" Something important, probably. She seemed distracted.

"My period is late," she replied, searching my face for my reaction.

I trust I didn' t disappoint. I could feel my grin pushing back my ears, and her face relaxed into a grin in relief. We only started trying to have a baby two and a half weeks ago. Can we cook, or what? I said, "So I need to pick up..."

"...an early pregnancy test," she finished, as I expected. Her brows knit. "I don' t want to get my hopes too high until it' s confirmed. As anxious as I' ve been, I know stress can screw up a menstrual cycle. I can' t celebrate until I know for sure."

"And when you know for sure, how do you want to celebrate," I asked.

**"Let' s not put the cart before the hatching eggs," she answered. She loved her little fractured bromides, like, "Crying over spilt milk won' t put out the burning bridges behind us." I just loved her, fractured bromides and all.**

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**The pharmacy was open, and had early pregnancy tests behind the counter. I bought two, from different companies, after discussing the merits of each with the pharmacist. To my surprise, kits were available that could determine pregnancy within a week of conception, but Jeanine having missed a period, other kits would be less likely to deliver a false positive.**

**Something else I bought at the pharmacy, I hadn' t seen available at my convenience or grocery stores. I bought a chocolate bunny. Not just for Easter anymore, I guess. Of course, I' d have to rush straight home to avoid a melted chocolate incident. That would violate the rules of chocolate, and Jeanine just hates when that happens.**

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**I brought my loot into the house, and Jeanine greeted me at the door with hug and kiss. While not a rare event, the fact that the front door was open was unusual. Especially with Jeanine still in her bathrobe. I yanked at the robe' s knot and she hastily pulled me in and closed the door. I pulled a kit from the bag, one that required the highest concentration of hormones for a positive result, and she dashed from the room with it.**

**I followed her to the bathroom, but had to wait outside a locked door. While I had overcome my shyness about certain things, and Jeanine rarely *locked* the closed door, This Was Different. After an interminable wait, the door opened and Jeanine came out and sat on the edge of the bed, facing the alarm clock. She checked her wristwatch, comparing the two, and sighed.**

**Whatever you may have heard or read, sighs matter. I knelt behind her on the bed and began kneading her shoulders, trying to drive the tension out. Her next sigh had a different taste and texture. Encouraged, I asked, "How much longer?"**

**"Three more minutes," she groaned. I had dug my thumbs into a particularly recalcitrant knot, and hoped that accounted for the tone. When that knot eased, I switched to back-scratch mode. Jeanine loved to have her back scratched, and I had finally broken my nail-biting habit on her account.**

**She loosened the knot and lowered her garment - back scratches through a bathrobe are somewhat less satisfying than direct contact. With my nails on her tanned back, she lowered her head, seemingly ignoring the clock. When the three minutes were up, I tickled her ribs and said, "ting!"**

**She jumped up and took a step towards the bathroom. Her bathrobe tried to pool around her knees and trip her. Flashing a mischievous grin, she stepped out of it, and reached for my hand. I knee walked to the edge of the bed and stood, allowing her to pull me along.**

**In the bathroom, we both bowed over the stick resting on the edge of the sink. I asked, "What does the pink dot mean?" The tests I' d bought had different displays, and I couldn' t remember.**

**Jeanine sobbed. That was answer enough, and I gathered her into my arms and held on tight. I rocked her gently as her shoulders heaved with her frustration and disappointment. Jeanine, nude in my arms, is arousing. Jeanine, naked and crying in my arms, aroused different feelings entirely.**

**I debated internally. If I told her that the test she took was the most accurate available over the counter, she' d be devastated. If I told her about the other, she might cling to false hope and be disappointed again. I had to figure out a covert way to do this, and fast. I had the germ of an idea.**

**I eased her back to the bedroom, and seated her awkwardly (still in my arms) on the bed. I kissed her eyes, her nose, her jaw, her cheek, and her neck. She had her hands loosely folded in her lap, as I opened the nightstand drawer. I withdrew only the blindfold. She glanced at me curiously.**

**She swiped the back of a hand across her eyes. "I know I said, or at least I didn' t rule out..."**

**"Jeanine, I' m asking you to trust me," I interrupted. She wiped her eyes dry. She looked at me for a long time. Well, it seemed like a long time. I don' t know what she saw in my face - love, concern, anxiety, sympathy, fear - but finally, she nodded, just a fraction of an inch.**

**She lowered her eyes and whispered, "I am yours to command, master." A chill ran up my spine and danced around my hindbrain. Emotions warred. Lust fought with tenderness; love battled pride; others welled up to support the main combatants. This woman was placing herself in my hands, trusting me. The battle was brief, the outcome never in doubt: love triumphant and tenderness her handmaiden. I would sooner die than betray that trust.**

**I placed the blindfold over her eyes, then simply held her for a time, one hand stroking her cheeks while the other supported her and enfolded her to my chest. Afterwards, I had her stand while I retrieved her bathrobe and dressed her in it. I even knotted the belt. Lust had lost a battle, but was prepared to renew hostilities.**

**I got the cuffs and cords from the floor, then led her sightless to the dining room. I seated her at the table, attached cuffs to her ankles, threaded a bungee cord through both D-rings and attached the ends to the chair legs. She was free to keep her legs together or apart, whichever might be more comfortable, but not to cross them. I placed cuffs on her wrists, as well, but attached to nothing.**

**The coffeepot in the kitchen must have timed out, but was still hot. I flavored hers with chocolate milk and sugar, mine with my usual, and served her. While I sipped mine, I started another pot, this time from the designer coffee stash. Swiss something or other, with the accent on chocolate. While that brewed, I turned on the television and placed "Shakespeare in Love" in the VCR and adjusted the volume. Our favorite movie.**

**Back to the kitchen, while Jeanine sat listening, curious. Flour, eggs, sugar, milk, butter, oil; all gathered and whisked together. Stove on medium (the big eye) and my shallow skillet warming on it. Jeanine tried to divide her attention between the sounds of my industry and the movie. So long as none of her attention was on test results, I was content with whichever was the victor.**

**I committed a bit of batter to the buttered pan, tilting to evenly distribute it. While that firmed, I fetched Cool Whip from the refrigerator and Nestle' s Morsels from the cupboard. With an ear to the movie, I joined and spoke the words, "Strangely enough it all turns out." And "I don' t know; it' s a mystery." Jeanine dimpled, and the theatres were opened.**

The center of the first crepe was properly pockmarked and the edges crisped and curled up, so I flipped it. It was unimportant. The first crepe served only to establish the proper temperature of the pan, and would join the spent coffee grounds rather than a plate. It did, and the second and edible crepe was started. I poured Jeanine another cup of coffee, added her condiments, and placed it in her hands.

One crepe followed another. The problem with crepes is that they are labor intensive. Unless you have sufficient pans and eyes to make several simultaneously, you are tied to the kitchen making them - they can be consumed in less time than it takes to make another. I made three (after the tossed test), and reserved the oldest/coldest to myself.

Jeanine' s were buttered, rolled and filled with whipped cream (well, Cool Whip) and chocolate chips, with confectioner' s sugar sprinkled on top. Mine was buttered and slathered with birch syrup, and tightly rolled. With Jeanine' s eyes blindfolded, it was up to me to feed her, kissing the near misses and dribblets from her lips and chin, and occasionally her cleavage. Has eating always been such a sensual feast? She licked birch syrup from my lips as well.

Brunch became a pleasant memory as I refreshed our coffee cups, and steered Jeanine to the couch, unshackled. I watched and she listened to the movie. I watched Jeanine' s cup as closely as the movie, and kept it warm and full. Not so warm or full as she kept my arms, but a Jeanine full of coffee was necessary to my plans. I nibbled her ears and tweaked her nipples to keep her distracted.

Each time the running gag repeated in the movie, I joined the actor in saying the lines: "All will turn out well." ("How will it?") "I don' t know; it' s a mystery." By the second time, Jeanine was echoing the questions, and giggling. When, at the end, Gwyneth/Viola says it, Jeanine beat me to the draw, leaving me to say, "how will it?"

"I don' t know. It' s a mystery." Jeanine' s voice was far more relaxed than Gwyneth' s, more accepting of the answer. I decided I' d made a good choice in that movie, despite the overall theme of love denied. Jeanine turned her head to mine and kissed me. I could have shouted my happiness, if my lips were not otherwise occupied.

After a pleasant interlude, Jeanine leaned back. Through dimples she said, "Thank you, love. I do feel better. But right now, my eyes are swimming in coffee, and I' d better..."

**"No," I cut in, and arrested hands that were reaching for the blindfold. "I have not released my slave yet."**

**I stood and drew her to her feet. She protested, "I don' t think..."**

**I silenced her with a finger over her lips, the D-rings of her wrist cuffs both in the other hand. Standing put us in reach of the door, where a bicycle lock hung open on a chain. I untied her bathrobe and slipped it from her shoulders to the floor, releasing her wrists momentarily. I turned her around and fastened both wrists together behind her back with the lock, the chain still dangling. Turning her again, I reached between her legs and took the end of the chain.**

**Lifting the plastic-sheathed chain caused it to insinuate itself between the cheeks of her lovely ass in back and between her lower lips in front. She gasped and rose momentarily to tiptoe. "I' m not sure I like this new game," she said, a little unsure.**

**"If you want to stop, just say the safe word," I replied.**

**"Wait! You didn' t give me a safe word this time," she complained.**

**I began to lead her toward the bedroom. She followed hesitantly, taking small steps. "There is that, of course," I allowed. "But I did ask you to trust me. Do you trust me?"**

**She bit her lip. She followed. I grabbed the bag with the other test and the chocolate bunny on the way. I backed all the way to the bathroom of the master bedroom. I lifted the toilet seat, then attempted to back Jeanine to the point of straddling the toilet.**

**"The safe word! Stop!" Jeanine had had enough. I turned her around, entered the combination in the bike lock, and freed her arms, which immediately rose to the blindfold. I might have wondered that the blindfold was only raised to her forehead, and the wrist cuffs stayed on, had I not been more concerned with her reaction. Neither of us had ever used a safe word before. Had I gone too far?**

**"Just what is going on here?" Jeanine asked. She looked more concerned than angry.**

**"Well," I began, "I was trying to build a possible surprise-"**

**"I didn' t like the way this was going," she interrupted. "What kind of surprise?" Her face darkened slightly.**

**There was nothing for it but the truth. I showed her the other test kit, and explained about the sensitivity ranges, the comparative concentrations for positive results. I told her my plan to conceal negative results and celebrate positive results. I even told her the purpose of the chocolate bunny.**

**She let me continue without interruption until I ran out of words. She kept her face carefully neutral, although her color lightened and her eyes were distinctly brighter. My face, in contrast, grew gradually redder under her unwavering stare. Finally, she sighed.**

**"We' ll have to work on your sensitivity," she said. "The ' water sports' aspect of this is a total turn-off. I' d be humiliated, and our games have never been about that." She sighed again. "But your goal is so sweet, even romantic." She looked askance at me. "I suppose I' ll have to forgive you - eventually."**

**I grinned until she said, "Out! I' ve got to pee so bad my eyes are yellow! Go sit on the bed." She shooed me from the bathroom, and I went to sit on the bed. For a wonder, she didn' t close the door behind me.**

**I heard the toilet seat plop down with a plastic ' whack.' After what seemed an unusual delay, I heard the sound of flowing water, which went on for an extra long time, then became intermittent before stopping altogether. A little later, the toilet flushed. Then the sink ran.**

**I waited, then waited some more. I seriously thought about leaving the bed and checking on her, but the sensitivity remark still hung in my mind. The fact that the door was open was another step forward in our relationship. I didn' t want a step back.**

**"Master?" Jeanine' s voice lilted softly through the door. My heart leapt.**

**I had to clear my throat, suddenly thick with emotion, before I could ask, "What is it, slave?" Slave indeed. She was the mistress of my heart.**

**"This slave begs her Master' s forgiveness," she continued. "This slave was entrusted with a test, and has failed the test."**

**Damn! The elation I felt at her initial ' Master?' turned to ashes. I should never have told her of the second test, or waited a week, or -**



**"This slave was trusted with the care of a most special rabbit," Jeanine was continuing, "But this slave regrets to inform her Master that the rabbit has died."**

**- not even bought the second test, or...**

**My mind hit rewind, and replayed her statements from the top. ' The rabbit died?' I hopped up and walked in the open bathroom door. Jeanine stood half in the shower stall, blindfold in place, and wrist cuffs bicycle-locked together, the chain dangling over the shower curtain rod.**

**On the sink, the second EPT proudly showed a blue "+". Next to it was a headless chocolate bunny. I turned to Jeanine. "What punishment does my slave think appropriate to the transgression?" I asked.**

**"My Master has already decided the punishment," she replied. "My hips will widen, my belly will swell, my tits will become engorged. My feet and back will ache," dropping out of slave-character, "and my bladder will become incontinent, which, judging by this morning, will please you no end." There was a little fire in that comment.**

**"That was not my intent. I already explained that," I huffed. "And, Ms. Sensitivity, starting your latest speech with ' failed the test' was not your best effort, either." Why was I all indignant? All had turned out well.**

**Jeanine was a little startled at my defensiveness as well. She pulled her arms down and the chain came from over the curtain rod and landed on her foot. Her gasp of pain brought me out of my pique and to her support.**

**"Lean on me, and come to bed," I soothed. We limped together to the bed, and I helped her onto it. When she was supine, I examined her foot. She winced a few times when I waggled her toes, but nothing seemed to be broken. "Just bruised," I reassured her, and kissed her foot. Having her foot raised to my lips gave me new ideas.**

**I found the bungee cords and fastened her right ankle to the foot-rail. I fastened her bound wrists to the head-rail next, but left her injured left foot free. Jeanine cooperated, but I doubted her mood was suited to the game. From the bathroom, I snatched the headless bunny.**

**I brushed the bunny across her lips until they opened, and inserted it lengthwise. Chocolate has always been her favorite gag. I kissed her nose and each cheek in turn, trailing a line of kisses down her jaw and neck to the hollow of her collarbone. She squirmed a little as I lingered there.**

**My hands, meanwhile, caressed her breasts, the future vessels of our child' s nourishment. Would I be permitted to taste their bounty? I hoped so. I brought my lips to the peak of the one my hand was not teasing and suckled there as I imagined an infant would. The nipple rose in agreement. Jeanine sighed. Not a resentful sigh, nor a resigned sigh, more of a contented sigh. Sighs matter.**

**I continued to nurse gently, while my hand, of its own accord, travelled south. My tongue explored the pebbly surface of her areola while my hand crossed the finely-haired region of her tummy to the crisp curls below. Casually crossing her nubbin (which caused a little jump), the fingers of that hand nestled snugly in her warmth.**

**I think my fingers were on autopilot as I kissed, nibbled, and licked down the underside of one breast and up the other. Jeanine' s tits, while responsive enough, were not as sensitive as other erogenous zones. Would that change as well? Again, I' d heard stories, but they all came with the caveat "your mileage may vary."**

**When my lips began to follow where my hands had led, Jeanine sighed again. This sigh sounded satisfied, and sighs matter. My fingers had not been idle - they had caressed, stroked, teased, and finally entered the temple. Now they searched for the button which released the gates of passion, and finding the button, pressed it gently. Jeanine preferred a constant light pressure to rubbing -her own motions resulted in changes to the amount of pressure I provided.**

**Even before my lips could join my fingers, Jeanine lifted and stiffened, clenching those fingers in a velvet grip. She sang her melody of pleasure, and I lifted my head to watch the expressions play across her expressive face. Tightness, a caricature of a smile, and finally relaxation and a real smile. Her breath came in gasps.**

When it seemed she'd caught her breath, I used my free hand to place her injured foot and leg over my shoulder and down my back. I resumed the pressure with two fingers while teasing her lips and nubbin with my tongue. When she began to sing again, I sucked on the button, and flicked it with my tongue. Her heel began to beat a tattoo on my back, but I didn't stop until the song ended.

With her injured leg free, I had a position in mind - I didn't know if we could manage it, but I wanted to try. I maneuvered as she caught her breath again. My right leg down and bent, my left up in a kneeling position straddling her right, with her left leg straight up. I placed myself and entered, slowly (and a bit awkwardly, I must admit).

By the time I was bottomed out in Jeanine's wet embrace, she was breathing almost normally. As our pubic hair cushioned my first thrust, she sighed again, a happy sigh. (Join me now - sighs matter. Good, you've learned the chorus.) I started thrusting.

It is an awkward position. At ninety degrees and with her calf at my lips (being kissed), I didn't have the correct muscle tone to keep this up for long. Fortunately, I was close. From the lovely sounds Jeanine uttered, so was she. I had to let her leg slide down to the crook of my elbow, which further spread her and improved my angle, allowing me to thrust harder and faster.

And then Jeanine sang, like an opera star, at least an octave above her norm. She tightened around me like one of those "chinese handcuffs", the ones that tighten when you try to pull your fingers apart. Only it wasn't my finger she was gripping. I tried to continue, but in that grip, I lost control and began a baritone descant of my own.

I wanted to collapse, but until she released me, I was trapped. Her song was voiceless now, her lungs empty, but her mouth was still open, her back arched, her muscles standing out like a weightlifter in pose.

And then she dropped, completely limp, inhaling in gulps. I withdrew my cock and straightened her legs, and for once, opened the Velcroed cuffs and let the strips fall where they may. The blindfold joined them on the floor somewhere. My lover had not yet recovered by the time I covered her with a clean sheet. I slipped under and wrapped my arms about her shoulders, kissing her face and chocolate covered lips.

**It felt like an eternity until her breathing slowed to something normal. Then she exhaled the largest sigh today, ringing with utter contentment and lassitude. It was followed by barely audible snores. I just snuggled closer and tried to join her, reflecting that pregnant women probably needed a lot of naps. But I loved her sigh, and without realizing it, duplicated it myself. After all...**

**The End**

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**It needs to be said: Thank you Denny, curmudgeon and editor.**