

Chocolate Sunday

By Gary Jordan

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This story is a bit different for me. I actually wrote different endings - in fact there are four slightly different endings, two for each **branch** in the story.

It is also different in that I submitted it to the scrutiny of the *[Fish Tank](#)*, an interactive writing exercise on the Newsgroup Alt.Sex.Stories.d (ASSD). The story you're reading now takes into account some of the observations of the contributors to the Fish Tank.

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

I loved to hear my chocoholic say the code words for our little experiments in light, consensual bondage. Some of our most exciting sex was during these games.

She said it on Monday morning, an hour before the alarm was supposed to wake me for work. She won the coin toss, ending a two win streak for me. I was bound as usual to the four posts of our bed, and she rode my face into the sunrise. There wasn't time to reciprocate that morning. I went to work both tired and frustrated. Work turned into a double shift; I went to bed exhausted.

She said it Wednesday, after dinner. Again, she won the toss. Again, I was bound to the posts of our brass bed and blindfolded. Again, her thighs carressed my ears until she could take no more. While she caught her breath, the phone began to ring. When the answering machine picked up, my brother's voice begged me to pick up, if I were there. Jeanine released me, and I spent ninety minutes assuring him that the world had not ended; he would find another job; all would turn out well.

When my brother at last believed in himself as I did, and freed me from the bondage of the telephone, Jeanine was asleep.

She said it Friday when I walked in the door. The gods of chance favored her once more, and once more I donned the blindfold and wrist and ankle cuffs. This time, mindful of the fact that she had been on the receiving end of all the attention this past week, she offered to change places with me. Tempted as I was to take her up on her offer, I assured her that I was a good sport, and was certain that she would take good care of her slave, as she had always done in the past - we had plenty of time, didn't we? Surely there would be no interruptions tonight.

As usual when Jeanine won the toss, we started with her straddling my head. The only anomaly was that this time, she faced the foot of the bed. I became aroused just thinking of the possibilities. I began my oral ablutions with a little more vigor than usual in anticipation of Jeanine returning the favor. I could feel her hair caress me as she began to lower her head.

Her back arched as she approached her first climax, drawing her head further away from me. It only sweetened the anticipation. As she cried out in ecstasy, I redoubled my efforts, wanting to please her as I hoped to be pleased. Her cries turned into shrieks - this night held promise.

When I felt her squirming to remove her over-sensitive clit away from my tongue, I caught her fleshy lips in my teeth and continued to tease. If I would be satisfied - and her hair once again tickling my cock suggested I would - I would make sure she was compensated for it. She breathed great gulps of air, and I felt her exhalations hot upon my straining cock. Before she could completely recover, I sucked again on her clit, worrying it with my tongue. Jeanine cried out her pleasure in a piercing scream, which trailed off as she ran out of breath. Her body slumped over mine. Had she fainted?

If so, her faint was awkward, whatever it might have done for my ego. My face was covered by her moist, delicious pussy and only by tilting my head as far back as our bodies allowed could I gulp air through my nose, and a pillow interfered with that. The blindfold was slightly dislodged but I could not cry out, I was most effectively gagged. A silk scarf would never achieve what Jeanine had.

If the jiggling of my body would not rouse her, if my muted calls could not reach her ears, at least I was in position to do the one thing that never failed to awaken my sleeping beauty. I strained my neck for one more breath through my nose, then for the fourth time applied lips and tongue and gentle teeth. Even in her seemingly unconscious state, Jeanine began to respond - by pushing herself more firmly onto my face. It was becoming a race - would Jeanine awaken before I passed out? I felt a thrill of fear. If Jeanine did not awaken, there was a real possibility that I could be smothered.

Viewed abstractly, and through the shield of time, I would someday appreciate the humor of the situation. "There are worse ways to go," I could joke. It would someday be a hilarious memory - "Remember the time you almost loved me to death?", a jibe - "I smothered you with kisses, and you smothered me with...", a ribald tale to share with intimate friends.

That would be then, but this was now. My vision was becoming narrow, my lungs were on fire. The angel of death winked at me with one brown eye. I flailed, but the cords held my arms and legs immobile. Tears streamed from my eyes. Even as I felt my own consciousness slipping away, I did the one last thing that could possibly rouse my quivering Jeanine from her rapturous state.

I bit her.

I don' *know* how hard I bit her. I do know *where*. And Jeanine did release me from that glorious death grip. She rose up on her toes, one shoulder in the pit of my stomach (which did nothing for my ability to inhale) and wailed - then fell to one side clutching one hand to her breast and the other to her crotch, twitching. Her eyes were rolled up in their sockets. The wail trailed off into moans, but the twitching continued, and I could see when I raised my head enough that her fingers pinched her nipple and thrust into her pussy in time to the twitches.

The twitching finally stopped. Jeanine was not now conscious, if in fact I had awakened her at all. Her sleeping form, with a rictus of a smile, mocked my every attempt to wake her by calling her name. I was no freer now than in the minutes before, but I was exhausted, and resigned to my fate. When I at last caught up on my oxygen deficit, I too slept.

Days passed. Jeanine called in sick on Monday, claiming a "female problem." They did not ask for a doctor' s note, which fact saved my life, as she had sworn my death if she had to explain her disability to anyone, including a doctor. I *thought* she was joking, but I' m relieved the issue was not put to the test.

From Saturday through Monday, Jeanine walked... funny. Not funny ha-ha, but funny peculiar. (Well it *was* funny, but one ha-ha might have cost me my hu-ha, so to speak.) Even when she returned to work on Tuesday, she winced when she walked, and mincing steps were all she could manage.

I did not press for my conjugal rights. Although this was the longest stretch of abstinence since we were together, discretion was the better part of apology. (Discretion and chocolate. *Lots* of chocolate.) We talked about it, on Saturday after, as Jeanine released my bindings. She let me know that this would *not* be a joking matter no matter how many years went by, that any jibe on my part would be met by a sudden frost, and that if she caught even a hint of repetition to any acquaintance, I would become intimate with the couch. And no amount of chocolate would make her change her mind.

Sunday arrived, over a week later. Jeanine took breakfast with me as she always had, and always does, and for a wonder, seemed like herself again. I served her favorite chocolate chip crepes. After I completed the dishes, we sat together on the sofa and watched a movie from the VCR. I placed my arm around her shoulder; she leaned her head upon my chest. It was a very pleasant couple of hours.

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

I could feel my heart pounding, as well it might. Lust and fear are equally effective at stimulating the adrenal glands, and I had both working overtime.

We turned off the television and adjourned to the bedroom, my arm around her shoulder, hers around my waist. I had made a single preparation for the day when Jeanine might utter those words again. In my pocket I carried a two-headed coin. At the foot of the bed, I fished out that coin, cocked it on my thumb, and tossed it to spin and land on the spread. I called...

"Heads!" Jeanine said.

I shut my mouth and looked with her at the coin, then snatched it up and returned it to my pocket. It was going into the next vending machine I patronized, and good riddance. The goddesses of chance have strange senses of humor.

The undressing was a solemn ceremony, with lots of eye contact and few smiles. I suffered the binding of my limbs to the four posts of the bed in quiet dignity. I wasn't sure I liked this game any more. Jeanine frowned, then released the cords binding my legs. She propped pillows behind my back and head, so that I was reclined, slightly. She used a single cord to bind my ankles together, and another to stretch them to the footrail.

Sex slaves are not supposed to speak unless spoken to - it was one of our rules. But Jeanine could tell I was bursting to ask why the change. she *always* tied me down the same way.

She sat next to me, and placed a hand over my mouth. That meant she *expected* me to try to interrupt, and didn' t want me to.

"Nine days ago," she began softly, "you gave me the most intense orgasms I have ever had, or hope to have. And I nearly killed you in return." If she hadn' t placed her hand over my mouth, I would have protested - but she was right (about almost killing me - we' d see about the other.) "I' ve come to like our little games, although I usually like it just a *little* better when you win the coin toss." Her hand pulled my head so that our eyes locked. "**Fairly**. Lose the double-headed coin," she added, sternly.

I slammed my eyes shut and nodded vigorously. Cheaters never prosper. I don' t know how she knew, but I shouldn' t have been surprised. ~~She~~*She* always knows.

"The thing is, I love regular sex with you, but when I get to the point where I' m too sensitive to continue, and I ask you to stop, or change around, you do - and its *good*, and I love you for it.

"But when I' m your slave and you get me to that point, you just keep on going - usually, it' s even better. ~~I~~*I* can' t ask for that. I really *am* too sensitive. The trip can be agony for a few moments, but I love it when you take me there."

She swallowed. "When it' s my turn to play, I don' t usually go there. When I reach my limit, I change on my own. I do something else until I' m ready again. Last time, you got me there so *fast* and kept going while I was out of control, that it might as well have been me in the ropes."

Her hand moved from my mouth to my chest, her fingernails toying with the sparse hair. "I' m afraid, though." She looked at me, pausing, and I took that as permission to speak.

I asked, "Afraid of what?"

She looked down, unwilling to meet my gaze. She whispered, "Pain."

"I' m so sorry, I didn' t..."

Again with the hand. I kissed her palm and shut up. She had more to say. She gathered herself to say it.

Choose a direction for this story to proceed.

[She Hated the Pain](#)

[She Loved the Pain](#)

"You bit me and it **hurt**." She shuddered, remembering, her eyes closing at the recollection. "It hurt so **bad**. That pain **ruined** the most incredible orgasm of the night. And it wouldn' t stop. Every time I thought it was over I' d try to get the pleasure back, and I' d feel that pain again *Over* and *over* until I thought I would **die**."

Tears leaked onto her arm. "I couldn' t even guess how many spasms I had until I passed out, and I don' t think they stopped then. I had aftershocks all weekend."

To say I was shocked would be like saying it' s warm on the sun. I didn' t know what to say. **I'm** not into pain, giving *or* receiving. Jeanine had been, if anything, more reticent about pain than me. Now **I** was scared.

"What do you want to do?"

She pulled herself together. "First, I' m going to toss another coin. A real one this time, and you' ll call it in the air. If it' s still my turn after that, I' m going to do the same thing I did that night, except this time, you' re going to be gentle and keep your teeth to yourself, and I' m going to suck your dick like a Hoover." Well, that was plain enough talk. I grinned like an idiot.

"If you win, you' re going to do whatever you want, for as long as you want, except there will be no gag, so I can say a safe word any time I want." Her eyes were blazing. "And if you stuff my mouth with cock and I want to say the safe word, you' ll find out first hand how that bite felt."

"No gag." No problem.

"No gag. *This* time. If the pain comes back I want - no, I *need* to be able to tell you to stop, and trust that you will."

She got off the bed and went to her purse. She pulled out a quarter and held it up for my inspection - a standard quarter with George on one side and the bird on the other. She placed herself where the coin would land so that we could both see the result, then flicked it into the air. At the top of the arc I quietly said, "Tails."

The coin fell to the bed and bounced only once. We looked at it together. Then we looked at each other.

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Tails **Heads**

Jeanine had a small grin on her face as she undid the bindings. Well, she *had* said that she preferred it slightly when I won. She asked me how I wanted her, and I replied, "Often and forever." She giggled, and the mood in the room lightened considerably.

I actually only used the wrist restraints, essentially confining her arms to the side of her body. And the blindfold, because it always seems more erotic when she can't actually see what I'm about to do. When she was comfortable, on her back with a cushion under her ass, I began stroking her with feathery touches.

I asked, "Are you still afraid?"

She bit her lip. "Yes. I'm afraid that when I start to come, I'm going to feel it again. Maybe not with a regular orgasm, but if you push me...."

"I will remember," I soothed. "I will not hurt you."

I was feeling slightly inhibited. More than slightly, actually. But I continued stroking her all over. She began to breathe a little faster, and I concentrated on her hips and arms. If Jeanine relaxed, I could, too.

What the hell. Relaxation was a key ingredient to any lovemaking, until you achieved the right kind of tension. "Raise your hips," I ordered. When she did, I pulled out the cushion. "I'm turning you over," I said as I put action to the words.

With Jeanine on her belly, I went to the bathroom and returned with a few supplies. One was an edible massage cream (chocolate flavored, of course), which I squirted on her back. She jerked at the sensation of the cold fluid, but did not protest. She knew what it meant.

I am not a masseur, but I give decent backrub, and proceeded to do just that. I didn't pay attention only to her shoulders, where the tension was manifest, but worked her over everywhere; feet, calves, thighs, glutes, glutes (okay, I may have lingered there a bit), shoulders, arms hands - even fingers and toes.

When I rolled her onto her back, I got a look at her smile, which had been hidden by her hair. Maybe I hadn't taken the best approach, but I was on a good approach. I massaged the cream in everywhere, paying as much attention to her pecs as I had to her glutes. Jeanine made appreciative noises and actually did relax. No hint of a safeword, so far

I positioned her back onto the cushion again, losing the edge of the relaxation, but regaining some necessary height for what I planned next.

I repositioned myself as well, grabbing a tube of water based lubricant as I did. Lying on my belly, raised on my elbows between her thighs, I placed Jeanine's heels on my shoulders. This had the effect of lifting and spreading her knees, and making all of her available to me. I began to lick her pussy lips farther apart.

Resting on my elbows also left my hands free. I stroked the cheeks of her ass while I licked, and when her breathing began to get the least bit ragged, I annointed a finger with lube and began to press just the tip into her puckered asshole while switching my oral attentions to her clit.

I was gratified to see that my ministrations were having the desired effect. Jeanine was panting, her body covered in a faint sheen of sweat, and each return to her anus with additional lube brought a breathy groan from her lips. Best of all, still no safe word, no injunctions to desist.

As she began the long moan that signaled her climax, I slid one lubricated finger slowly but firmly up to the knuckle. This was rewarded by a deepening of that moan, and the clenching of her toes above my shoulders.

I shifted the focus of my oral ministrations, avoiding the most sensitive of her sexy bits. With the foreknowledge that Jeanine liked being pushed beyond, I planned to do just that, but not quite yet.

I continued to apply my tongue to the task the gods must have designed it for, while Jeanine returned to panting and groaning. The groaning only increased as I widened her anal passage, stretching both rings until she could accomodate a second finger.

Anticipation can be a powerful aphrodisiac. By now, Jeanine could be certain that our lovemaking would include anal sex, and she would be waiting for the instruction to roll over and get on her knees. She had to be asking herself if she would stop me, since no previous episode had been *completely* free of pain whatever amount of lubrication or stretching beforehand. Never beyond her tolerances, but her tolernce levels were at a low ebb just now.

I sensed that her anal passage was relaxed and stretched enough, and her clit was once more begging for attention. I rose to my knees, keeping her heels on my shoulders, and positioned my cock to ride between her fleshy lips and across her clit. All the attention to detail had allowed my dick to soften somewhat, but it returned to readiness in a couple of thrusts. I filled my palm with lube.

Jeanine, despite her increased arousal, took my position to indicate that vaginal sex was next on the menu. She actually relaxed slightly, allowing her to more fully enjoy the sensations she was feeling. I pulled my hips back, allowing my cock to ride through the pond of lube in my hand, then poked forward into the brown tunnel between her upturned ass cheeks.

The head of my cock cleared the inner and outer rings and an inch beyond while Jeanine let out a startled "**E**EP!" and clenched down. She panted rapidly and exclaimed, "Ohfuck!" about every fourth or fifth pant. I maintained a firm pressure, while insinuating two fingers in her pussy and spreading lube around her clit, and occasionally over it.

The two fingers curled up to locate that bundle of nerves, the G-spot, and apply a firm pressure there. I knew from experience that Jeanine preferred to vary the pressure herself by moving her hips. This time was no exception, and the motion resulted in my cock sliding deeper into her ass as well. Jeanine's exclamations were truncated to "ohfu!", and then just "unh".

Despite my modest proportions, I've never managed to sink my cock to the hilt in Jeanine's ass. She's just too tight, and before I can get that deep, the sensations overwhelm me. Today was no exception, although my pubic hair was tickling her cheeks when I lost control. Her gyrations brought me off, even as she wailed her own peak.

When her spasms caused my cock to pop free, I dropped quickly back to my elbows. Her legs now dangled limply outside my shoulders. I reinserted the two fingers and positioned my face, waiting for her breathing to slow. As it did, I located that nerve spot and tickled it while tonguing her retreating clit.

The results were rapid and spectacular. She wailed, she thrashed, she tried to buck my head aside - and then she fainted.

Okay, so she didn't faint. She was still awake, her eyes unfocused. She appeared to have no muscular control and couldn't answer my repeated, "Are you okay?" I think she tried to move, but she only twitched. Finally, her eyes closed and she managed a nod and a small smile.

As much as I might have liked an encore, I was sated and happy. She'd had no reason to use the dreaded safe word, and I'd had the gift of seeing her in ecstasy. I removed the cushions and bindings, and dropped all the toys in a laundry basket, then curled up behind her. I draped one hand over her waist, and allowed myself to sleep.

The End

From the start, this was not like Friday night, except for the blindfold. Instead of wrapping her legs around my ears, Jeanine bent over and wrapped her lips around me elsewhere. It was unexpected and I went from three-quarters erect to rampant in less time than it takes to say it. Like a Hoover, damn.

Jeanine used a hand on the shaft and lavished attention on the head with lips, tongue and a hint of teeth. I knew I wouldn't last long, but that's never been an issue for this type of play. And Jeanine never attempted to deep-throat me, after the results of her only attempt. I didn't need it and never missed it. I had serious doubts about the claims of those who swear by it.

And then she did, nearly. I still had my doubts, but it was undeniably erotic that she would make the attempt. I cleared my throat to let her know I was close. She continued to suck, though shallower, and her hand returned to jack the shaft.

Her other hand on my pelvis restricted my bucking attempts as much as the bindings did as I came, hard. It felt like quarts, though I knew it was at best a couple of teaspoons all told. Jeanine continued to suck and slurp through the entire ejaculation, even though she'd confided that it was a taste she could do without.

When she'd said that (I hadn't been at all surprised), I had told her if I had three wishes, I'd wish for a long healthy life for myself and those I loved, just enough material wealth not to distract from loving and living, "and, of course, chocolate-flavored semen." I think she's repeated that one to all her friends, most of her acquaintances, and probably a few strangers.

Well, I was feeling relaxed and happy again, and eager to do the same for Jeanine. I felt her weight leave the bed, and I listened for clues to what she might be doing.

After what seemed an awfully long time, I realized that she was leaning on the right side of the bed. My right arm was freed, then pulled back in place. I could tell from the feel that Jeanine had replaced the binding straps with the old Bungee cord we used to use. There was some tension, but plenty of give. She did the same on my left.

"I started hating those things, because they felt like they were pulling me apart," she whispered in my ear. "But your arms are longer, there's less tension, and in case of a smothering accident, you should be able to free yourself." So far, everything Jeanine had done had been for me. I was more eager than ever to pay her back.

At last I felt her legs on either side of me. With the slight angle she had me reclining in, it was a little more awkward for her to place herself as she had that Friday, but she managed. As soon as I smelled her near, I reached out my tongue to lick. Handicapped by the blindfold, the first flesh I touched was Jeanine's clit.

She let out a "whoof" and jerked forward. "Hey! Not so eager on the beaver, back there! Remember, I said 'gentle' this time." Her stern admonition was spoiled by a giggle.

"Sorry, Mistress," I called back. I stopped straining forward, pulled back a bit, and waited, my lips pursed as for a chaste kiss, for her to come to me.

She eased back until she was kissing me back, although her lips were at a ninety degree angle from mine. I kissed her and made the lip smacking noise, "Mwah!"

She jumped just the least bit and giggled again. She took my not-quite-limp cock in one hand and said, "I don't think you're taking me seriously." She squeezed a bit. "Now get serious or else."

I got serious. Well, seriously playful. I once again applied lips and tongue to the task set before me, while Jeanine toyed with the task at hand. Jeanine made appropriate noises to show her approval, and unconsciously pushed back a little more to take advantage of the pleasure of pressure.

Meanwhile, I managed to grasp the Bungee and pull the hook from the D-ring. To prevent the tell-tale 'thwack' of a freed cord, I set the hook on the vertical brass bars in the head board. When both hands were free, I grasped the bars to prevent giving away that fact.

Jeanine was slowly approaching her first climax, and I eased her into it as gently as I could. Her moan was a soft, long musical note, and I shifted to licking her lips and channel as I knew she would prefer while this sensitive.

When her breathing slowed a bit, I once more ventured an occasional lick to the hood of her clit, encouraging the bud to come out to play.

And then, like that Friday, I sped my efforts abruptly, with the same results. While she was in the rapture of the second coming, I licked, lipped, and sucked, tonguing her to her limit and as far past as I could achieve before she could tell me to stop or pull away.

She fainted again. Well, maybe not fainted, but she was no longer responsive in a conscious manner. I removed my blindfold.

I learned the purpose of the slight incline, as her sweaty body tended to slide slightly away from my head instead of onto my face. But I had two free hands, and pulled her back into position for the final event. I did my absolute best to drag that last orgasm from her quivering cunt. And because my arms and hands were free to reposition her as I wished, I managed to breathe while doing it.

This time, when her body began to twitch, there were no teethmarks and no pain to distract her from the pleasure. The smile on her limp, twitching form was genuine. I eased her aside and freed my legs, put all our toys in the laundry basket, and gently eased her around to her normal sleeping position. Every now and then, she would twitch again, accompanied by a soft "oohhh."

At least if she had trouble walking at work tomorrow, she'd have a smile instead of a wince. I wrapped an arm around her and allowed myself to fall asleep.

The End

"You bit me and it **hurt**." She shuddered, remembering, her eyes closing at the recollection. "It hurt so **good**. **That** was the most incredible orgasm of the night. And it wouldn' t stop. Every time I thought it was over I' d feel that pain and pleasure again. *Over and over* until I thought I would **die**."

Tears leaked onto her arm. "I couldn' t even guess how many orgasms I had until I passed out; I don' t think they stopped then. I had aftershocks all weekend." Was that a faint touch of awe in her voice?

To say I was shocked would be like saying it' s warm on the sun. I didn' t know what to say. **I'm** not into pain, giving *or* receiving. Jeanine had been, if anything, more reticent about pain than me. Now **I** was scared.

"What do you want to do?"

She pulled herself together. "First, I' m going to toss another coin. A real one this time, and you' ll call it in the air. If it' s still my turn after that, I' m going to do the same thing I did that night, except this time, you' re going to be gentle and keep your teeth to yourself, and I' m going to suck your dick like a Hoover." Well, that was plain enough talk. I grinned like an idiot.

"If you win, you' re going to do whatever you damn well please, for as long as you damned well want, and you' re going to gag me so I can' t say a damned thing about it." Her eyes were blazing. "And the only time you' re going to remove that gag is to stuff my mouth with cock."

"No safe words?" I didn' t like where this could go.

"No safe words," she confirmed. I pondered ending the games right there. Or simply ignoring her request for a gag. If she won the toss, it was academic. If I won, we' d discuss the safe word issue again, *only* terms.

She got off the bed and went to her purse. She pulled out a quarter and held it up for my inspection - a standard quarter with George on one side and the bird on the other. She placed herself where the coin would land so that we could both see the result, then flicked it into the air. At the top of the arc I quietly said, "Tails."

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I actually only used the wrist restraints, essentially confining her arms to the side of her body. And the blindfold, because it always seems more erotic when she can't actually see what I'm about to do. And the gag, as she'd instructed. When she was comfortable, on her back with a cushion under her ass, I began stroking her with feathery touches.

I asked, "Are you still afraid?"

She bit her lip and nodded. She must have been afraid that when she start to come, I'd inflict the pain she couldn't ask for, and she wouldn't feel it again. What if the pain wasn't enough? Worse, what if I hurt her too much...

"I will remember," I soothed. "I will not hurt you needlessly."

I was feeling slightly inhibited. More than slightly, actually. But I continued stroking her all over. She began to breathe a little faster. I paid attention to her hips and arms. If Jeanine relaxed, I could, too.

What the hell. Relaxation was a key ingredient to any lovemaking, until you achieved the right kind of tension. "Raise your hips," I ordered. When she did, I pulled out the cushion. "I'm turning you over," I said as I put action to the words.

With Jeanine on her belly, I went first to the kitchen, then to the bathroom and returned with a few supplies. One was a chocolate-flavored edible massage cream, which I squirted on her back. She jerked at the sensation of the cold fluid, but did not protest. She knew what it meant.

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I positioned her back onto the cushion again, losing the edge of the relaxation, but regaining some necessary height for what I planned next. I removed the scarf.

If I'd been following her instructions, this would have signaled a forthcoming blowjob. But sex slaves don't get to dictate to their masters. I covered her parted lips with my own, and was pleased that she enjoyed the kiss as much as I did. When we broke the kiss, I leaned toward her ear. "The safe word is 'ouch'," I whispered.

She started to protest. "Silence," I barked. "Slaves do not make rules. No more talk, except the safe word. Do you understand?" I could see she was conflicted. Her mouth opened to speak several times, snapping shut before the words could escape. Finally, she nodded.

Unwrapping the next of my supplies, I ordered, "Open your mouth." She complied, wondering if she would feel my cock on her lips next, or my tongue again. I used neither. I placed a Snickers bar across her lips, bottom side out. She groaned as she recognized my favorite gag. A chocolate gag. A chocoholic would find it painful to resist biting, which I enjoined her not to do. Well, pain was what she wanted.

I repositioned myself, grabbing a tube of water based lubricant as I did. Lying on my belly, raised on my elbows between her thighs, I placed Jeanine's heels on my shoulders. This had the effect of lifting and spreading her knees, and making all of her available to me. I began to lick her pussy lips farther apart.

Resting on my elbows also left my hands free. I stroked the cheeks of her ass while I licked, and when her breathing began to get the least bit ragged, I annointed a finger with lube and began to press just the tip into her puckered asshole while switching my oral attentions to her clit.

I was gratified to see that my ministrations were having the desired effect. Jeanine was panting around the chocolate bar, her body covered in a faint sheen of sweat, and each return to her anus with additional lube brought a breathy groan from her lips. And still no safe word, no injunctions to desist.

As she began the long moan that signaled her climax, I slid one lubricated finger slowly but firmly up to the knuckle. This was rewarded by a deepening of that moan, and the clenching of her toes above my shoulders.

I shifted the focus of my mouth, avoiding the most sensitive of her sexy bits. With the foreknowledge that Jeanine liked being pushed beyond, I planned to do just that, but not quite yet.

I continued to apply my tongue to the task the gods must have designed it for, while Jeanine returned to panting and groaning. The groaning only increased as I widened her anal passage, stretching both rings until she could accomodate a second finger.

Anticipation can be a powerful aphrodisiac. By now, Jeanine could be certain that our lovemaking would include anal sex, and she would be waiting for the instruction to roll over and get on her knees. She had to be asking herself if I would stop, since no previous episode had been *completely* free of pain whatever amount of lubrication or stretching beforehand. Never beyond her tolerances, but her tolernce levels were unknown just now.

I sensed that her anal passage was relaxed and stretched enough, and her clit was once more begging for attention. I rose to my knees, keeping her heels on my shoulders, and positioned my cock to ride between her fleshy lips and across her clit. All the attention to detail had allowed my dick to soften somewhat, but it returned to readiness in a couple of thrusts. I filled my palm with lube.

Jeanine, despite her increased arousal, took my position to indicate that vaginal sex was next on the menu and actually relaxed slightly, allowing her to more fully enjoy the sensations she was feeling. I pulled my hips back, allowing my cock to ride through the pond of lube in my hand, then thrust forward into the brown tunnel between her upturned ass cheeks.

The head of my cock cleared the inner and outer rings and an inch beyond while Jeanine let out a startled "**MMMF!**" through the chocolate gag and clenched down. She panted rapidly and exclaimed, "Nnhh!" about every fourth or fifth pant. I maintained a firm pressure, while insinuating two fingers in her pussy and spreading lube around her clit, and occasionally over it.

The two fingers curled up to locate that bundle of nerves, the G-spot, and apply a firm pressure there. I knew from experience that Jeanine preferred to vary the pressure herself by moving her hips. This time was no exception, and the motion resulted in my cock sliding deeper into her ass as well. Jeanine' s exclamations were truncated to "nhfu!", and then just "unh".

Despite my modest proportions, I' ve never managed to sink my cock to the hilt in Jeanine' s ass. She' s just too tight, and before I can get that deep, the sensations overwhelm me. Today was the exception, and my pubic hair was mashed against her cheeks when I lost control. Her gyrations brought me off, even as she scroaned her own peak.

When her spasms caused my shrinking cock to pop free, I dropped quickly back to my elbows. Her legs now dangled limply outside my shoulders. I reinserted the two fingers and positioned my face, waiting for her breathing to slow. As it did, I located that nerve spot and tickled it while tonguing her retreating clit.

The results were rapid and spectacular. She wailed, she thrashed, she tried to buck my head aside - the bitten-in-half remnants of the Snickers bar flew to land between her tits. That' s when I bit her.

It was no more than a gentle nibble with bare teeth. The *tiniest* application of pressure. **Certainly** far less than the previous bite.

She sat straight up and bayed.

To truly appreciate this, you have to remember that her arms were fastened to her sides, her shoulders were lower than her ass, and a moment before, her legs were limp and spread wide to either side. It impressed me; I opened my mouth in awe and tried to slide back. Moments later, Jeanine collapsed like a sack of... like a sack of... hell, like an empty sack. She was gasping huge gulps of air, and whispering something on the exhale.

I disengaged and eased the cushion out from under her ass, then moved up to listen to her. With each breath she exhaled, she was saying, barely audibly, "ouchouchouchouch..."

I smiled as I untied her wrists, tossing the bindings and cuffs toward the laundry basket. The blindfold joined them. I fetched a damp washcloth and a dry towel and gently cleaned the worst of the sweat, chocolate, and lube from her unresisting body. I covered her with the sheet and spread, then after turning out the lights, slid under to hold her as she drifted off to sleep. I' d have to wait for another day to learn if the safe word meant she had reached her limit of pain - or of pleasure.

The End

From the start, this was not like Friday night. On came the blindfold. Instead of wrapping her legs around my ears, Jeanine bent over and wrapped her lips around my cock. It was unexpected and I went from three-quarters erect to rampant in less time than it takes to say it. Like a Hoover, damn.

Jeanine used a hand on the shaft and lavished attention on the head with lips, tongue and a hint of teeth. I knew I wouldn't last long, but that's never been an issue for this type of play. And Jeanine never attempted to deep-throat me, after the results of her only attempt. I didn't need it and never missed it. I had serious doubts about the claims of those who swear by it.

And then she did, nearly. I still had my doubts, but it was undeniably erotic that she would make the attempt. I cleared my throat to let her know I was close. She continued to suck, though shallower, and her hand returned to jack the shaft.

Her other hand on my pelvis restricted my bucking attempts as much as the bindings did as I came, hard. It felt like quarts, though I knew it was at best a couple of teaspoons all told. Jeanine continued to suck and slurp through the entire ejaculation, even though she'd confided that it was a taste she could do without.

When she'd said that (I hadn't been at all surprised), I had told her if I had three wishes, I'd wish for a long healthy life for myself and those I loved, just enough material wealth not to distract from loving and living, "and, of course, chocolate-flavored semen." I think she's repeated that one to all her friends, most of her acquaintances, and probably a few strangers.

Well, I was feeling relaxed and happy again, and eager to do the same for Jeanine. I felt her weight leave the bed, and I listened for clues to what she might be doing.

After what seemed an awfully long time, I realized that she was leaning on the right side of the bed. My right arm was freed, then pulled back in place. I could tell from the feel that Jeanine had replaced the binding straps with the old Bungee cord we used to use. There was some tension, but plenty of give. She did the same on my left.

"I started hating those things, because they felt like they were pulling me apart," she whispered in my ear. "But your arms are longer, there's less tension, and in case of a smothering accident, you should be able to free yourself." So far, everything Jeanine had done had been for me. I was more eager than ever to pay her back.

At last I felt her legs on either side of me. With my slight angle of recline, it was a little more awkward for her to place herself as she had that Friday, but she managed. As soon as I smelled her near, I reached out my tongue to lick. Handicapped by the blindfold, the first flesh I touched was Jeanine's clit.

She let out a "whoof" and jerked forward. "Hey! Not so eager on the beaver, back there! Remember, I said 'gentle' this time." Her stern admonition was spoiled by a giggle.

"Sorry, Mistress," I called back. I stopped straining forward, even pulled back a bit. I waited, my lips pursed as for a chaste kiss, for her to come to me.

She eased back until she was kissing me back, although her lips were at a ninety degree angle from mine. I kissed her and made the lip smacking noise, "Mwah!"

She jumped just the least bit and giggled again. She took my not-quite-limp cock in one hand and said, "I don't think you're taking me seriously." She squeezed a bit. "Now get serious or else."

I got serious. Well, seriously playful. I once again applied lips and tongue to the task set before me, while Jeanine toyed with the task at hand. Jeanine made appropriate noises to show her approval, and unconsciously pushed back a little more to take advantage of the pleasure of pressure.

Meanwhile, I managed to grasp the Bungee and pull the hook from the D-ring. To prevent the tell-tale 'thwack' of a freed cord, I set the hook on the vertical brass bars in the head board. When both hands were free, I grasped the bars to prevent giving away that fact.

Jeanine was slowly approaching her first climax, and I eased her into it as gently as I could. Her moan was a soft, long musical note, and I shifted to licking her lips and channel as I knew she would prefer while this sensitive.

When her breathing slowed a bit, I once more ventured an occasional lick to the hood of her clit, encouraging the bud to come out to play.

And then, like that Friday, I sped my efforts abruptly, with the same results. While she was in the rapture of her second coming, I licked, lipped, and sucked, tonguing her to her limit and as far past as I could achieve before she could tell me to stop or pull away. With my hands free, I reached under her and found her nipples. I pinched them. Hard.

She stiffened and howled. When the howling trailed off, she went completely limp.

I learned the purpose of the slight incline, as her sweaty body tended to slide slightly away from my head instead of onto my face. But I had two free hands, and pulled her back into position for the final event. I did my absolute best to drag one last orgasm from her quivering cunt. And because my arms and hands were free to reposition her as I wished, I managed to breathe while doing it. I alternated the nipple being squeezed or pinched, and at the end, placed my teeth where she had all but begged me to put them. I gently nibbled.

This time, when her body began to twitch, there were no teethmarks. The smile on her gasping, twitching form was genuine. I eased her aside and freed my legs, put all our toys in the laundry basket, and gently eased her around to her normal sleeping position. Every now and then, she would twitch again, accompanied by a soft "oohhh"

At least if she had trouble walking at work tomorrow, she'd have a smile instead of a wince. She might be hunching her shoulders a bit, though. I wrapped an arm around her and allowed myself to fall asleep.

The End