

CHOCOLATE MULE

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"Y'know," Mule began as he gazed over the top of his half-glasses, "if there's a story in 'domination and chocolate,' then *you* can write it." He continued reading something boring about quality and software testing as I contemplated his otherwise disconnected pronouncement.

Domination? Chocolate?

Those two topics were certainly near and dear to me so I gave it proper consideration. Yuppers - there certainly could be a story here.

"How much can I divulge?" I asked rather tenuously, because we all know how private Mule is when it comes to... well... everything. If I write a story then it has to be based on real events - he knows that - and I wasn't sure how far I could go with truth and still protect my sub.

"Just go for it," he announced in his usual terse manner. "I'll look at it when you're done."

Aha! "Go for it" and "I'll look at it" were certainly Mule-isms. When it comes to our writing, there is no D/s, no play, no games. When it comes to our writing, Mule and I are a team and quality is a major part of our lives. Heck, I think that we're a sort of ISO-9000 D/s couple.

Staring at Mule while he read more monotonous quality documentation from a company whose name, I swear, is Segue, I allowed my mind to recall a few chocolate-related events. You see, where Mule and I are concerned, there are always *several* chocolate-related occurrences. I just wasn't sure how many of them or how much of them I wanted to share.

Besides, scene chocolate comes in varieties. First, there are those little miniature chocolate kisses that I figure *every* domme has nibbled from her subbie's, well, "places," and second, there are always M&Ms, that don't melt in your sub's <ahem>, and finally, there is chocolate syrup, which is, of course, another story. Which story should I tell?

And I hadn't yet gotten to whipped cream. How could I possibly tell a story about chocolate without a chapter or two about that lovely frothy white ambrosia that decorates not only the chocolate topping but other very lovely parts of my Mule, as well? The answer was simple.

Our story would have to include it all. Our experiences were a fruit salad with topping and that was all there was to it.

He continued to read the tedious article while I permitted images of chocolate to dance around inside my head. Fleeting images of golden-wrapped Godiva and handfuls of M&Ms and little Bocci

kisses and Fauchon truffles even down to Hershey's Huggs interrupted my concentration. It's hard to stare at Mule reading monotonous documentation while confections were adorning my thoughts. I wasn't getting hungry; rather, I was getting downright wet.

Chocolate does that to me. So does Mule.

I could have told the saga of the leftover chocolate syrup discovered by the bellhop at that staid old hotel in the mountains. OK, I *should* have thrown the bottle out, but for some reason, I left it on the night table. As we were checking out and the proper British greeter was issuing her farewells to us, the bellhop trotted across the foyer carrying the well-used squeeze bottle and searching for its owners.

I thought I was going to die.

Elbowing Mule, I did one of those shoulder-points and he turned around to witness a chubby young bellhop prancing around the foyer with a rather drippy brown bottle of syrup and he did his Mule-best to corner the guy unobtrusively and indicate that the contents were, well, disposable. We made a good team, Mule observed that wonderful day, as long as we work together.

I notice. He confronts. It works for us.

Then there were the Raisinets. Aside from being nature's perfect junk food, chocolate-covered raisins are just one of those treats that I have trouble allowing myself to enjoy. I guess it's just kid-food to me; grown-ups just don't eat Raisinets - except on Halloween, I suppose. When my daughter still trick-or-treated, I used to attack her bag and remove the Raisinets, claiming they were probably laced with razor blades or rat poison or something and were going directly to the hospital for x-raying.

They never got out of the kitchen, but *she* didn't have to know that.

Anyhow, there was a particular weekend that I munched M&Ms instead of slices of strawberries or bananas off Mule and he rather enjoyed *that*, but I wasn't sure I wanted to go there with a chocolate story. After all, one or two things are private.

Then there was that visit to the historical museum and the re-enactment of the Revolutionary War thing - Mule is a *big* history buff and keeps a copy of the U.S. Constitution in his flight bag - and it included a chocolate episode. In fact, it also included a whipped cream episode. And bananas. And strawberries. And heck, I think there was a kiwi and maybe even a bag of red licorice, but I'm not sure anyone would understand just how we mix fruit, chocolate and play and top it all off with whipped cream, so I guess that's not an appropriate story either.

He was still reading that dreadful article and doing his occasional nod thing, where he agrees with the author and nods his head at particular points with which he concurs, when I just

got this feeling. It started in my toes and began to rise when I finally figured out what was going on.

Damn! I was getting horny over chocolate daydreams!

And I felt the need begin. I don't know how best to describe the "need," but it's real and it's all-encompassing. Mule knows my need. He's met it on several occasions, usually enjoyable ones. But he was reading that damned article, his gorgeous tush ensconced in those wonderful button-front jeans that show off his tight ass so nicely and his white undershirt peeking out of a striped button-down shirt that I got him when he first arrived because all the clothes he brought were too horrible to describe. Let's just say that Mule was described by my daughter as looking like a "fifties D.J." and whatever that was, it wasn't a good thing. Teenagers have a special way of communicating distaste, and my daughter, the *domme-in-training*, was rather expert at it.

I remember the day she taught him how to push his white socks down to his ankles so they didn't look like knee socks, but that's another story.

He needed a little fine-tuning. And now he looked magnificent. Tasty. Delicious. Oh damn, I had the need and he was reading.

I usually relegated chocolate playtime to hotels because we didn't have to clean it up afterwards but desperate times called for desperate measures.

"Coffee?" I asked, even though his answer is **always** affirmative and when he barely nodded in my direction, I went downstairs to brew yet another pot. This time, instead of that regular stuff, I went for the gold.

Mocha chocolate espresso. And for good measure, I added a few spoons of Fox's U-Bet, the syrup of champions - and New Yorkers. Well, Mule's really from Brooklyn and I think he had to register as an alien when he arrived in the South.

Chocolate coffee laced with syrup seemed like a great afternoon's delight, but then it came to me. Sticking my head deep into Mule's refrigerator, I knew I'd find it, but not without a search. Every refrigerator has one. Pulling out the 1% milk and sliding the orange juice out of the way, delving deep behind the ketchup and near the grape jelly, under the shelf with the antique marshmallow fluff and in-between two containers of expired yogurt, I found it.

A leftover can of whipped cream. Heck, I was so damned excited that I didn't even check the date. Besides, I think those things last forever.

With two cups of steaming coffee and the red and white can stuffed under my arm, I ventured upstairs. But the aroma preceded me and Mule knew it before I entered the room.

"Coffee?" he asked in his usual terse manner.

"No, asshole," I smiled, "it's macaroni and cheese." Smirking, I plopped the cup on his ever-present coaster and glanced my coffee-warm lips against his luscious ear. Of course, I pretended that I didn't mean it, and he was so engrossed in that commentary that I think he bought it.

"I like macaroni and cheese," he commented and I shot a look toward his leering lips and realized that he was again putting me on. What good is having a leg if not to pull?

"I like chocolate more," I replied sotto voce and waited until his head was turned and whooshed some whipped cream into my cup. Although his eyes were busy reading, his ears heard the telltale noise and I watched his neck stiffen. That neck of his speaks loudly, even when his voice is silent.

"I can't listen with my mouth," Mule always says. He lets his neck speak for him and it's a language to which I always listen. A good *domme's* most important characteristic, a friend of mine once said, is empathy. My emotional identification, my cognition, my awareness of my Mule is wrapped up in that very special neck.

I think he was trying to read but another part of him was willing to bookmark the passage and return to it, well, later. There was one more step in our process and that involved what I like to call the "game."

The game is a rather special ritual we invented because it's just Mule's style. He can't accept anything; he's just **got** to give me a hard time, and when I have the need, I'm not always tuned into his sarcasm. Besides, he knows that after I get to my special place, I take **everything** he says very seriously.

In short, he pushes me away right up until he catches me. I don't know if I can explain it any better except with a story.

Late one dark afternoon, when Mule was rather tightly bound to the bed with bungees, I had this magnificent idea that just sort of came to me, especially because he had rather recently emerged from the shower. Mule always tastes delicious, even when he's sweating, but when he's clean, it's always more fun. As I surveyed him on the bed, spread-eagle and rather "ready," it just came to me.

I had never yet tasted his toes.

Now, toe-sucking is one of those things you read about all the time, but not everyone gets into it. Some folks are squicked by feet and toes, after all, are attached to them. If you don't like feet, I doubt you'd want to suck toes.

However, his particular toes just seemed, well, available to me. So I knelt at the foot of the bed and rubbed my face against all ten of them. For some reason, and I really have no idea why, I just reached for the ever-present bottle of chocolate syrup and drizzled it between them. Among them. Whatever.

Then I put my tongue carefully between his little toe and whatever the real name of one's "ring-finger" toe is. And I tasted both the syrup and his toes at once with a rather formal, large and long lick. Just one. Just to see how I liked it.

I never expected quite that sort of reaction but his head just lunged up from the pillow and there was this expression of pure and utter shock on his face. Aside from the fact that I was a little concerned about his hurting that wonderful neck, I was intrigued by his fascination with toe-licking.

So I did it again.

And again.

By now, the poor boy was thrashing about the sheets and the covers were decorating parts of the suite for which they were never intended. I guess the appropriate word is 'berserk.' And it was a wonderful scene to watch and even better in which to participate.

When I was done with all ten toes and he was exhausted from flailing about the bed, I figured there was only one thing to do to top it off.

Whipped cream. Squirting great gobs of it on the residue of chocolate between his toes, I re-slurped from the font of dessert he presented to me. It was that afternoon that I decided he was better off secured to sturdy bedposts than unrestrained during our play.

That's also when I decided that chocolate scenes were better performed in hotel rooms where there are maids. We left her a sizable tip when we left.

While I sipped the steaming mocha coffee laced with syrup and topped with whipped cream, I noticed the grin spread over Mule's face. Of course, I assumed it had something to do with the chocolate and **not** with the article he was still pretending to read, but I always assume he's more interested in my machinations than quality articles. Some things just go without saying.

But we were in his office and that's hardly a place to start spreading chocolate around, so I surveyed my options before deciding on a tact. A good *domme* never makes a sort of mess that requires a professional cleaning crew to repair.

But first, I had to get him out of those clothes. What I had in mind required skin, not cotton or denim, between us. Sometimes, though, the Mule is hard to get out of his clothing... and even more difficult when he's in one of those sarcastic moods. That, of course, is our game.

He's **very** good at it; it's just that **I** am better.

My hands were warm from holding the coffee mug and his were busy

pretending to read the article. So I positioned myself behind him and started rubbing his neck. And shoulders. And head. After a few minutes, the bell rang to signal the end of round one of our game - he started twisting his neck to enjoy the massage even better.

Round two began. My nails, which are manicured every other week because it's cheaper than therapy, started scratching lightly against his scalp. He's got this hair, lots of it. I just don't understand why it's still brown. You'd think after all these years of helmets and hot cockpits it would finally turn gray. Hey, it should be at *least* silver just from the aggravation *I* inflict upon him.

Switching between fingertips and fingernails, I sort of played with his head and when he closed his eyes, I knew round two was over.

Round three sort of faded into a series of massaging down his back, although I could rub only what I could reach and within a few moments, his lips offered what I wanted.

"Unbutton your shirt," I offered.

"I can lose the whole thing," he countered.

I believe the judges gave me that round, too, and within moments, the whole thing was over. But then again, it had just begun.

It's a rather enjoyable game when I drizzle chocolate syrup down his chest and try to lick it off before it hits the white carpet. Once in a while, I've been know to allow a drop or two to travel south until it reaches something I'd rather lick than his chest.

The best part of playing with Mule is that when you tell him to stand at attention, he *really* stands at attention. I think it's that military training. Or it's a purely physical reaction to, well, chocolate. Or my tongue.

Whatever it is, not a drop hit the carpet and Mule took another shower when we were done.

Did I mention the whipped cream on his <ahem>? Heck, that's *another* story.

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