

Chocolate Covered Red



Jael Gates

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Written by Jael Gates



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Nothing tasted better to me than chocolate...when I could still eat it, that is. Now, of course, blood had replaced all food and drink as my sole source of sustenance. And while I didn't miss brussel sprouts, escargot, or coffee, I did miss chocolate to the point of craving it. So every night after work I dropped in at *The Sweet Spot*, a confectionery halfway between the apartment in which I currently lived and my trendy boutique.

A male worked there--a hot, hunky one with dark hair and darker eyes. Yummy with a capital Y. We never spoke, which meant I didn't know his name or if he owned the place. What I did know was that he baked all the cakes, cookies, and pies that filled the display case. I mean, the guy had flour on his face every time he walked into the shop proper from the back, carrying a tray laden with goodies. The fact that he often had chocolate smears on his shapeless chef's pants and jacket, told me he must be the main or only confectioner.

Lucky man.

Or not...if he didn't love sweets as much as I used to.

Since I dropped in to sniff the chocolate-scented

air and never purchased anything, I avoided sitting at the wrought iron, glass-topped tables scattered around the shop. Paying customers deserved those. As a businesswoman, I respected that.

Late one stormy Friday night in December, after a stressful week of accommodating fussy Christmas shoppers, I did my usual and slipped inside just long enough to catch the heavenly scent. I found the place completely empty of customers and even the confectioner, who must've been in back. After inhaling deeply one last time, I turned to go.

"Leaving so soon?"

I whirled around in surprise. The confectioner now stood at the counter, his forearms resting on top of the display case. His brown eyes swept me from head to toe.

"It's closing time, isn't it?" I risked a smile. "And this storm is only going to get worse. In fact, I think it's raining now, and I have a walk ahead of me." A brilliant flash of lightning confirmed the bad weather. Thunder rattled the floor beneath my feet.

He rounded the corner of the counter to walk to the door, where he flipped over the CLOSED sign and lowered the shade. When he shut the mini-blinds on the

windows all around, he looked through one. "It's already bad out there. You should hang for a bit."

I shook my head. "Oh, I--"

"Please. I see you every single day, and I don't even know you."

"You'd like to know me?"

"Hell yeah."

"Then of course I'll stay, because I'd like to know you, too."

He grinned and reached for my hobo bag. I shrugged out of my long leather coat, which I handed him. He draped the garment over the back of a chair, along with my angora scarf and gloves. "Daniel Mancuso." He stuck out his right hand.

I shook it. "Clarice De Luca."

"That's Italian, isn't it?"

"As Italian as Mancuso."

We both laughed. I loved how his white teeth flashed against his tanned skin. He had a gypsy look about him that drew me in. Or was it a pirate thing? Either worked just fine for me since I'd fallen for both at least twice in the past couple of centuries.

"You're a vamp, right?" Daniel asked.

"How'd you guess?" I actually went to pains to conceal it.

"You sniff, but never buy. There could only be two reasons for that. One--you're on a diet and love torture." His gaze took in my lush curves, gorgeously adorned in a red business suit with matching five-inch heels. "I'm thinking no diet. Two--you're a vamp and love torture."

"It's not that I love torture. Well, not *that* kind, anyway." I gave him an impish grin. "I just haven't stopped craving chocolate, and this is the only way I can enjoy it these days."

"That's not true, you know."

"What?"

"There are lots of ways to enjoy chocolate without actually ingesting it."

As if. "Name one."

"Sure...just as soon as I give you a tour of the shop. I do have a question first, though--one I've wanted to ask for a while now."

"Then do it."

"Are vamps as indestructible as myth would have us believe?"

"Absolutely. We're never sick and nothing can kill

us...except a wooden stake, of course."

"That part's true, then?"

"Uh-huh."

"What about garlic and sunlight? Can those hurt you?"

"You're asking an Italian if garlic hurts her?"

Daniel laughed.

"As for sunlight...it would be pretty hard to run my boutique if my hours were sunset to sunrise, now wouldn't it? Now I have a question. Are you the owner of this shop? I admit I've wondered."

"Yeah. Inherited it from my papá ten years ago. I was going to sell the place, but--" He shrugged. "What can I say? You're not the only person in this room with a thing for chocolate."

He pointed me toward the back. I slipped past him and the display case to enter a kitchen with stainless steel everything except for a waist high--a normal-sized person's, not his--marble slab mounted on sturdy wooden in the middle of the room. Daniel turned out the front light and closed the door separating the work area from the shop.

"Why don't I take your jacket? Don't want you

covered in flour, too." He glanced down at his ugly chef's outfit.

I grimaced, an expression he caught.

"You don't like my duds?"

"They're a little, um, loose. In fact, you could hide a ten-layer wedding cake under that top."

"Then I'll change." He began unbuttoning his jacket and shrugged out of it when he finished. No cake hidden there. But I did see that he wore a tank-type undershirt that hugged his muscled chest and set off powerful shoulders and biceps. Once again, the contrast in color--his gorgeously bronze skin against the snowy white shirt--caught my eye.

Daniel reached for his belt, then stopped and looked up at me, silently asking if that was too much, too soon.

As if.

I'd had my eye on him for years, after all.

I motioned for him to continue. He next unfastened his belt and pants, stepping out of them to reveal his boxer briefs, the kind with a front pouch that hugged his dick and balls.

Oh, how I envied that pouch.

I'm sure I gaped at Daniel as he scooped up the chef's jacket and carried both pieces of clothing to what I'd assumed was a pantry. It turned out to be a closet. He stuffed the dirty garments into a bag and reached for a pair of jeans, hanging on a hook.

"Please don't," I said.

He half turned to look at me, one eyebrow arched as if surprised, though by then he surely knew about my dishonorable intentions.

But I played along. "*Pretty* please?"

"Fine, then. But you're making me feel way overdressed. Why don't we get rid of your jacket *and* skirt?"

"It's actually a dress, and I can't reach the zipper. A little help?"

He moved so fast he blurred--not bad for a human.

I unbuttoned and slipped out of the peplum jacket. He draped it neatly over his arm. I turned. He unzipped me. I turned back and lowered the dress, which matched the jacket exactly. Daniel added it to what he held and looked pointedly at the lacy black slip I wore.

"This, too?"

"Do you see me wearing one?"

"If you're sure..." I pulled it over my head. "And my stockings?"

"Leave 'em."

Cool air swirled around my body. I eyed my tits, barely covered by my black lace bra. "Brrr. Maybe that wasn't such a good idea. See my nipples? I'm one big goose bump."

"Actually, I can't see them. May I?" He touched my bra.

I nodded.

Daniel eased the lace down over both tits, baring the nipples, which were, indeed, very distended.

"Maybe I can warm them up for you." He tried to bend from the waist to help me out, but that proved to be awkward since he stood so tall. "Hm. What do we need...?" He looked around, came to a decision, and walked over to a kitchen step stool. He crooked a finger at me.

I joined him there and sat.

Daniel dropped to one knee, grasped a tit in each hand, and squeezed them together. His tongue began to lap--first one, then the other--until the nipples tingled and swelled even more.

"Better?"

"Mmm. Much."

He thumbed them good and hard, then got up.

"Anything else need warming up?"

I jumped off the stool. "Not at the moment." I slowly turned as if taking in every detail of the kitchen. His lusty sigh told me I hadn't wasted the effort. My reflection, though distorted in the shiny steel appliances, showed me what he saw. Long black hair. Big brown eyes. Bare tits, now deliciously wet and resting on the band of lace that once confined them. Matching thong that revealed tight ass cheeks dying for some really hard slaps and a good, long fuck. Plus thigh hi-black stockings and red stripper heels.

Yeah baby.

But I played it cool. "Is this the oven?"

"Yes. All my pies, cakes, and cookies are baked there."

"What goes in all these?" A sweep of my arm indicated several large, empty pots, ready for the next day's ingredients. I realized Daniel kept a very neat kitchen.

"Sugar, butter, chocolate, vanilla."

"About the chocolate... Are you ever going to tell me how I can enjoy my used-to-be favorite indulgence without actually eating it?"

"We'll get to that." He walked over to the sink. "This is where I wash everything up."

"Okay."

"And this is where I store my supplies."

"Okay."

"These are the utensils I use."

Bor-ing. Though I liked the look of the spatula.

"And this is where I put my trash."

"O-kaaay."

"Do I sense a little impatience?"

"How can I enjoy chocolate without eating it?"

"Glad you asked. Come here, and I'll show you." He patted the marble slab. "After you take off the rest of your clothes, that is."

I reached back to unfasten my bra, but he beat me to it. The lacy lingerie hit the floor.

My shoes and stockings came off next. Then my thong.

Eyeing the marble slab dubiously, I walked over to it.

Daniel followed. "Marble is very important to

cooling down fudge once when it reaches the right heat in the pan. I pour it out here and work it with paddles until it's the perfect consistency."

"And what has that got to do with me and my little problem?"

"Well, I'm getting to that. A marble slab has other uses, some of which involve chocolate, and all of which are enjoyable. Shall I demonstrate?" His dark eyes twinkled.

"Please."

He moved to lift me onto the slab. I touched it with my hand.

"Holy shit! That thing's freezing!"

"Trust me. We'll warm it right up." He boosted me onto it.

My bare butt landed on a slab so icy it's a wonder my goose bumps didn't stick. "Ach!"

"Hey, a little pain never hurt anyone."

I liked the sound of that.

"Now lay down."

"Daniel, I--"

"Now."

Whoa! I gingerly lay back, wincing when my back

and shoulders touched the freezing marble. "Damn that's cold."

He ignored me to walk around the slab, which held all of me except my calves and feet. "I wonder... What shall we do first?"

I watched him think. He smiled a wicked smile. I shivered, and not just from the marble.

Daniel turned to open the refrigerator door and began taking things out. I glimpsed a bottle of Red on one of the shelves, the substitute blood drink that kept vamps out of trouble, before he blocked my view. *What the heck?* Finally he faced me again, his hands full of canned whipped cream, maraschino cherries, chocolate syrup, butter...

Daniel set everything on the counter except for the whipped cream, which he brought to the slab.

"If you think you're squirting that on me, you're crazy."

"Am I going to have to tie you down?"

"Um...no. But --"

"I think I'd better tie you down."

"No! I'll be good. I swear." I so wasn't into bondage when I'd only known the guy five minutes. Give me a half

hour, though....

"Well, at least close your eyes."

I obeyed.

He shook the can in his hand before depressing the nozzle and encasing my right tit in chilly whipped cream. He did the left tit next.

"You can look now."

I opened my eyes and saw ta-tas that reminded me of Madonna's, but with a cherry on top. I started laughing.

"You think this is funny?"

Gulp. "No."

"Good. I'm an artist, and I take my work very, very seriously."

"Um...Daniel?"

"Yes?"

"Where's the chocolate?"

"Patience, please."

Damn.

Daniel made a show of walking around the slab and inspecting his project. His rakish gaze warmed me up a notch or two, which meant the marble warmed a little, too.

"Butter next."

I struggled not to laugh.

He pushed my legs as far apart as he could, took a good long look, then reached for a stick of butter and began to rub it liberally on his hands. When they were well coated, he smeared it on my inner thighs. Thinking my pussy would be next, I put my heels on the table and lifted my butt to give him easy access. That's when he buttered the crack between my ass cheeks and the asshole, too. In and out, in and out his finger--no, *fingers*--went, each time digging deeper.

"*Ahhh.*" I clutched the table to keep from falling off of it.

He grasped my ankles and lowered them so that my butt rested solidly on the slab again.

"Um...Daniel?"

"Yes?"

"Where's the chocolate?"

"Patience, please."

He reached for a bottle of Hershey's and showed it to me.

"Finally."

With a soft chuckle, Daniel filled a pastry bag--the

kind bakers used to decorate cakes-- and began squirting curly-cues, zig-zags, and geometrics all over my body. He even wrote both our names: Daniel + Clarice.

I raised my head to inspect what he'd done.
"You're very talented."

"You ain't seen nothing yet, baby."

With his thumb and forefinger, he parted my pussy lips, stretching my rosy red love pocket until it hurt in the best kind of way. I groaned. He laughed. I felt the cold tip of the pastry bag slip inside me.

I squealed like a first grader. "Don't you dare--!"

He ignored my warning. Ice cold chocolate syrup dripped out of my snatch by the time he pulled the tip out.

"Want your ass done, too?"

I tried my best not to laugh. "Are...you...insane?"

"No, but I am hungry for something sweet. How about I sample some of this?"

Daniel started with my tits, quickly clearing them of the whipped cream with his tongue. When one of the cherries rolled down my belly, he chased it with his mouth and then ate it.

He next grabbed me by the knees and slid me to

the end of the table, where he pushed my thighs apart. He dropped to his knees, then buried his face in my chocolate covered pussy.

What a sensation! I arched my back and spread my legs even farther, giving him deeper access.

Lap. Lick. Lap. Lick.

Holy fucking shit.

I came with a long scream and some full body jerks that nearly tossed me off the table. Daniel gave me a chocolaty grin.

"Did you get it all?" I asked.

"Not sure. Maybe I'd better do a test to find out. I have a dip stick around here somewhere." He looked to his left and then right before looking down at his cock, straining against the pouch in his briefs. "Oh! Here it is. Let me take the cover off."

I did laugh as he pulled off the briefs and his undershirt.

Then I got very, very serious.

What a cock. What a bod. What a guy.

My insides quivered in anticipation.

Daniel checked my position on the table and apparently found it perfect for what came next. He

slipped his dick inside my pussy. He began to pump it in and out. I heard a squishing sound, and the delicious smell of hot chocolate filled the room.

"We-ell?" I barely got the words out.

"Have to make sure I've got it all the way in." Pump. Pump.

I came so hard the table tilted. Daniel caught it and me. He waited until my pussy relaxed a little before pulling out his chocolate covered prick. "Still some in there. Maybe I should do that again."

"Please."

"My pleasure." He inspected my neatly trimmed patch. "Why don't we try another angle? Just so I get to it all."

"Okay. Sure. Great idea."

Daniel helped me off the table, turned me around, and pushed me so that my freshly-licked tits brushed the slab. Spreading my ass, he located my pussy and plunged his cock into it again.

"Oh. Oh. *Oh!*" I clung to the table, my tits now pressed flat against the marble, and my feet off the floor. Once again, I came with a scream. Instead of pulling out, Daniel fucked me even harder. In seconds, he came, too.

For a while, we stayed in that position. Me with my pussy stretched to the limit. Him with his cock buried in it. When he finally lost his hard-on, he eased out of me.

I turned to inspect his chocolate-smeared cock. "Still some in there. And there's something else, too. Is that chocolate-vanilla swirl?"

He grinned at my little joke. "Do you think I should I check your ass, too?"

"You're such a gentleman. Oh, wait! You didn't put any chocolate in there."

"I still could...?"

"No, thanks."

He looked so disappointed that I tried to come up with a new plan. "You could always check it for...for...for..." My mind had never been so blank, damn it.

"I know!" He slapped the table so hard I jumped a foot off the floor. "I'll test to see if you're done."

I frowned. "Done?"

"Yeah. This thing doubles as a candy thermometer. Really comes in handy." He pointed to his cock, which began to stretch and swell again. "It measures each stage of the candy cooking process. Soft boil, hard boil...you know."

Actually, I didn't, but could see he'd reached a hard stage and then some, himself. I licked my lips. "Well, if you're sure..."

Daniel started to push me over the table again. I didn't cooperate. That slab was damn cold.

"Let's do this somewhere else." I glanced around his pristine kitchen. "How about the shop? I could lean over one of those chairs..."

He slapped my ass to get me moving in that direction

I opened the door and entered the front of the building, which lay in darkness. Daniel entered the room a few seconds later. Guided only by the rectangle of light that spilled onto the floor from the kitchen area, I walked to one of the tables, turned a chair around and bent over it. I placed my hands on the seat. I spread my legs.

Daniel touched the tip of his engorged cock to my tiny asshole, and then entered me in one buttery thrust. Before I could relax, he grabbed the table for support and began to fuck me so hard the chair collapsed. I groped for a handhold. My fingers slipped on the butter left from his hands.

Harder. Faster. Deeper.

I couldn't breathe.

One of my hands slid off the table, followed by the other. Daniel tried to catch me, but couldn't. His fingers were too slippery, too. To save myself, I dropped to my knees on the cool tile floor with Daniel still firmly inside me. I moved into doggie position. His arms under my belly pulled me up tight. He grabbed both tits in one buttery hand and found my clit with the other before resuming the fuck.

A twist and pinch set my pussy on fire. His firm massage stoked the flames. My arms buckled. He followed me all the way to the floor, where he finished us both in a frenzy of powerful thrusts. By the time I came to myself again, I lay flat on my belly with him full on top of me. He eased out and rolled onto his back. I rolled over, too.

"Why is there a bottle of Red in your fridge?" I asked once I caught my breath.

"Saw that, huh?"

I turned on my side, put my elbow on the floor, and propped my head on my hand. "You entertain vamps a lot?"

"No. I just wanted to be prepared."

"For what?"

"Not what. Who. For you."

"And how long have you had it in there?"

"Ever since you started sniffing up my candy store."

"Good thing it never expires."

He gave me a sheepish grin and sat up.

I grabbed his arm to stop him from standing.

"Where are you going?"

"To get the Red."

"We'll do that after."

"After what?"

"I suck your cock."

"But there's chocolate on it."

"*Tonight* I'll spit."

"Does that mean you usually swallow cum? I thought you vamps couldn't ingest anything but blood."

"Blood is our only source of sustenance. Swallowing cum is like swallowing saliva. A natural thing to do." I sat up and pushed him back down, then flipped out my fangs and went down on him.

It takes practice to skim fangs over a prick without, well, pricking it. I had centuries worth, however, and was

a pro.

A couple of minutes into it, I felt something slap my butt cheeks really hard. A quick glance back told me Daniel had put one of his spatulas to good use.

Slap. Slap.

Ahhhhh.

Lick. Lick.

Ahhhhh.

I nicked the inside of his thigh on purpose, and he liked it, judging from the jerk of the cock wedged tightly between my tits. I sucked. I blew. I caressed the area between his balls and asshole, and then borrowed some butter from my own ass so I could stick some fingers inside his. He came with hard spasms and a shout so loud that a woman walking past the shop knocked on the door and yelled, "Everybody okay in there?"

I put my hand over my mouth to keep from laughing out loud. Daniel didn't bother.

When the nosy Rosy moved on, Daniel got to his feet and pulled me to mine. He gave me a kiss with lots of tongue. We walked back to the kitchen together.

"What a mess!" I exclaimed.

"No problem. I've cooked in here so many years

I've got clean-up down to an art."

"I'm talking about me," I told him. "I've got butter up my ass. Chocolate in my pussy. And Redi-Whip on my tits."

"But you had fun, right?" He rolled the spatula between his fingers.

I rubbed my tender ass cheeks. "The best time *ever*."

"And you believe that you can enjoy chocolate even if you don't eat it."

"Believe me, I believe."

He laughed at me. "I don't have a shower, but I do have a sink. Let's see if we can clean you up."

"Don't bother. My apartment is just a couple of blocks away. I have a shower. We can do it there."

"*We?*"

"Well, I was hoping you might come home with me. I have beer, wine, soft drinks. In my official capacity, I sometimes entertain humans."

"What do you mean 'official capacity'?"

"Didn't I tell you I was a vampire princess?"

His jaw dropped. "Vampires have princesses?"

I nodded. "Plus a king, a queen, and a huge royal

court."

"No shit?"

"No shit."

He gave me the oddest look.

"What?" I asked, suddenly worried that the whole vamp thing was just too much in spite of the Red tucked away in his fridge.

"I've never seen a princess before. Well, not a real one. Kelsey and Lisa wear tiaras all the time, but that doesn't count."

Kelsey and Lisa? "Please don't tell me you have a wife and four daughters waiting at home."

Daniel burst out laughing. "Not likely. They're my nieces."

"Then you're free?"

"As a chocolate sample in a candy store. And speaking of free... What are you doing after work for the rest of your life?"

"You realize we're talking about eons, right?"

Daniel's smile vanished. He thought for a minute. "How hard is it to become a vamp?"

"Actually, it's easy as...well...pie."

"Can you do it?"

"You really should give this more thought."

"Wrong answer. Can. You. Do. It?"

"Of course."

"Tonight?"

"Yes."

"Would you?"

"Absolutely."

He flashed that smile. "Then I'm asking again: What are you doing after work for the rest of your life?"

"Make that *our* lives. And I'm dipping myself in chocolate and fucking the sexiest confectioner in the whole wide world?"

"Right answer!" Daniel exclaimed. And then he kissed me.