

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

Chocolate Bites
By Vic Winter

Connor wasn't nervous.

He was excited; it was finally opening day of his very own bakery. This was the culmination of his dreams, the thing he'd been working for ever since he'd first walked into La Gourmande and asked to train under Pierre LaMonde, one of the best bakers in the country, or so Pierre would tell you. Connor'd learned his craft, he'd found a home, a place where he wanted to live and sell his wares. He'd found the perfect storefront, even if he did have to wait over a year to actually buy it.

It was here now, though: his opening day. The cases were full of pastries, cakes and cookies, the shelves loaded with bread and buns. There were a half dozen little tables with chairs spread out in the front of the shop with the hopes that people would drop in for bread and stay for a sweet bite or two along with a coffee, or even a hot chocolate. Dayton had insisted that there had to be hot chocolate available, no matter how hot the day outside. It was kind of cute, actually, how much his big, bad, growly lover was stupid for chocolate.

So, Connor wasn't nervous. He *was* anxious.

What if there were no customers? He shook his head; he'd built his reputation in town already by selling out of The Silver Kitchen Diner. Everyone knew him, knew his wares. Still. He was living with the town bad boy -- a werewolf who even had a bad boy reputation among his own kind. What if that put people off? What if they stayed away because he was gay and...

What if people stayed away because of the werewolf pacing in front of the counter, growling and looking at his watch?

Connor wasn't nervous, but Dayton clearly was and it was going to make him crazy.

Connor tried a little growl of his own to get Dayton's attention. It worked. Dayton stopped pacing and his head swung around. "Mate?"

Oh. That word still filled Connor with pleasure. It started low in his belly and spread out from there, all warm and fluttery. It aroused him, too, his cock starting to fill in his baker's whites. Dayton knew it, his head lifting slightly, his nostrils flaring as he breathed in deeply. A warm smile spread across Dayton's face and he growled, the sound low and vibrating in Connor's balls.

Connor moaned. He couldn't help it. There was just something about Dayton. There always had been, right from the start.

He took a step back as Dayton took a step forward. They had time before he was supposed to open the shop at seven, but he really didn't want to be caught in flagrante or in anything else by anyone wandering by who happened to look in. It was one thing to know that the baker and the werewolf were lovers, it was quite another to get a front row seat to the fucking itself.

Dayton was taking his retreat as a challenge, Connor could tell and he turned and ran, eager to get to the privacy of the kitchen before Dayton caught up with him. He nearly made it, too.

Instead, they went down hard right in front of the swinging doors. Dayton managed to drop him and flip at the same time, so he landed on top of his lover instead of underneath. Just as he was thinking happy thoughts about not being on his back on the cold floor, though, Dayton flipped them again, hips grinding into his. Suddenly the cold floor didn't seem that bad, and the pastry filled counter hid them from view.

When Dayton's mouth covered his, tongue pushing into his mouth to taste, Connor had to admit that any thoughts disappeared in a rush of heat and want and need. There'd never been that many men before Dayton, but nobody compared to Dayton. Nothing had ever felt the way Dayton's kisses did, the way Dayton's love-making did.

Connor managed to get a leg wrapped around Dayton's hip, and he pulled his lover in as close as he could.

One of Dayton's hands slid into his pants, fingers wrapping roughly around his prick. Connor bucked up into the touch and wrapped his hands around Dayton's

shoulders. Oh, God. Good. He couldn't think; he couldn't speak. All he could do was buck and whimper.

Then Dayton's mouth closed over his and he couldn't even do that anymore, the sounds cutting out as Dayton's tongue invaded. Trying to catch his breath, Connor chased his orgasm, Dayton's hand bringing him closer and closer to the edge.

It was the bite, though, that sent him over. Dayton's lips closed over his throat, the sharp teeth biting down -- not breaking the skin, Dayton rarely went that far, but sharp enough to feel, sharp enough to bruise -- until his back arched and his body froze and he screamed out. There were no words, only a desperate, needful shout that left him limp and quiet when it was over.

Connor panted, still clinging to Dayton's shoulders. There was come in his pants and on his chef's coat. And even though he'd already swept twice this morning, he was sure that his entirely white uniform was showing every spec of dirt the floor had to offer. As Dayton rubbed lazily against him, though, he was having a hard time caring.

It wasn't long before Dayton's face went slack, his mouth opening on a low roar, and then his lover collapsed down, heavy and panting.

This was Connor's favorite part of love-making. Okay, it was only one of his favorite parts. This, though, this time where he was sated, where Dayton had made him feel amazing and the scent of both of them rose up in the air, surrounding them and-- oh shit. The bakery could *not* smell like come. It just couldn't.

He groaned and pushed at Dayton's shoulders. His lover didn't budge. He pushed again, a little harder this time. "Dayton! Dayton, you can't go to sleep!"

His lover grunted. "Afterglow."

"No!" He pinched Dayton's arm. "We have to get up!"

"Ow!" Dayton lifted his head and frowned down at Connor. "What was that for?"

"No sleeping."

"I heard you the first time."

"And you need to get up," he insisted.

Dayton sighed. "Is the floor that uncomfortable?"

"No." Except that now that it had been brought to his attention, it really was. "Well, yes, but that's not the point."

"You're not making a lot of sense." Dayton still wasn't getting up, but one hand was petting him now. Either that or Dayton was cleaning the come off his hand on Connor's chef's jacket.

Groaning, Connor pushed at Dayton again.

"The place reeks of us."

"Of course it does, it's ours."

"No. It smells like we've had sex in here."

Dayton's look clearly said, "Well, d'uh," and it clearly said Dayton thought he was crazy.

He pushed again. "Just get up already so I can air the place out. People don't want to walk into a bakery that smells like a cat house."

"It does not!" Dayton got up, glowering at him.

Connor had to laugh. "You know what I mean. Doghouse has a whole other connotation."

Dayton simply growled at him. Connor's cock twitched and he groaned. "Stop that, you're making me hard again."

The glower turned to a grin and another growl sounded, this one possessive and sexy as hell. He shook his head and held out his hand, Dayton grabbing it immediately to help him stand. They bumped into each other and he raised his head, Dayton's lips covering his

immediately. They lingered in the kiss until a timer in the kitchen went off.

"Oh, God, the apple tarts."

"You're a mess, too," Dayton pointed out helpfully.

Connor considered bopping him, but the beeping from the timer came again and he high-tailed it into the kitchen.

Connor wasn't nervous. But he still needed to change his clothes and spray something to cover up the smell.

Dayton went into the little public washroom and cleaned himself up, grinning. He'd managed to calm his mate's nerves with a little surprise sex. He deserved a hot chocolate for that. Maybe it would even help bring people in if they saw him sitting at one of the tables, having cookies and hot chocolate. It would encourage them to do the same, to buy more than what they'd come in for.

If Connor didn't have a good first day it was going to make him unhappy and worried and Dayton didn't like it when his mate was unhappy and worried. It made him cranky. Of course, Connor always fed him hot chocolate when he was cranky, so there was a bit of a silver lining there.

Still, he wanted Connor's bakery to be a success. His lover had worked hard for this.

He went back into the storefront and looked out the windows. The sun was up now; Connor would be opening soon, but there was no one outside yet. Dayton supposed it was too much to hope that there would be a line-up at opening on Connor's first day. He checked his watch. Yeah, it was almost seven.

Dayton went to the door, and then back over to the counter, checking out the goodies. It smelled great in here. Like a bakery, yeasty and sweet, bready and chocolaty, and also like him and his mate. It was good.

Connor came out of the kitchen and set a bunch of apple tarts on the counter with a little sign proclaiming them to be two dollars apiece. Then he looked up and shook his head.

"You have to stop that, you know?"

Dayton frowned. "Stop what?"

"The pacing. The growling. You're going to scare my customers away."

"There aren't any," Dayton pointed out.

Connor rolled his eyes and came around the counter. "And there won't be if you don't stop putting out 'mine, back off' vibes."

Dayton opened his mouth to protest that Connor was his, when he noticed the lurid mark just above Connor's collar. A love bite. His love bite. Everyone would know that Connor was taken. Of course the place wasn't a sprawling metropolis and pretty much everyone no doubt knew that already, but still, that bite mark was the cherry on top of the whipped cream.

Connor came up to him, adjusting his t-shirt, tucking the side back into his jeans. "What are you grinning at?"

He reached out and touched the mark. "You're mine."

Hand going to his neck, Connor rolled his eyes. "You left a hickey!"

"You weren't complaining when I did it."

That earned him another eye roll, and then Connor laughed. "You're very possessive." It certainly didn't sound like a complaint.

"It goes with the territory." He growled a little. That went with the territory, too, along with the seemingly perpetual five o'clock shadow.

"I know." Connor checked the door and then leaned in and kissed him softly. "It's kind of hot."

He would have grabbed Connor and kissed him properly, but his lover stepped back. "We're open. You really do need to stop pacing. How about a hot chocolate and something gooey to eat?"

"Yes, please." For the right incentive, he could be very good indeed.

"Okay, but that means you have to sit. In that corner table there, and promise me you won't glower at my customers."

"I won't glower if I have hot chocolate." It was a physical impossibility.

"Okay, then." Connor gave him another kiss, this one only half on his mouth, and headed back for the kitchen again.

Dayton sighed and made for the out of the way table Connor'd assigned him. It was going to be a long day.

It was nearly eight before the first customer came in, but after that it got busy and Connor barely had time to breathe. Now it was nearly eleven and he wasn't out of anything but the apple tarts yet, but if things kept up at this pace, he should be ready to close up around four with pretty much every case empty.

He'd gotten a lot of compliments, too. A lot of folks, it seemed, were happy to have an actual bakery in town rather than having to go out to the diner for his baked goods.

Bill Deans wasn't so happy. In fact the man had grumbled loudly during the last few months about how opening a bakery was going to hurt his business, especially as it meant Connor was pulling the breads and

goodies out of The Silver Kitchen Diner, but Connor'd pointed out, just as loudly, that their arrangement had been temporary to start with, on the understanding that as soon as Connor got his own place, he'd be out of the diner. There wasn't much Bill could do about it and in the end, he'd arranged to have Connor deliver a dozen fresh loaves to the diner every morning by five.

Actually, Dayton was the one who made the deliveries, on his bike no less, the bread transported in a box strapped to the back. His lover grumbled about it a lot -- apparently the cardboard delivery box didn't do a whole lot for his bad boy image -- but he still did it, every morning like clockwork. Connor thought the mug of hot chocolate and blow job that his lover got upon his return was mostly responsible for that.

Mrs. Jeffers, the mayor's wife came in just before noon, her secretary with her, jotting stuff down on a pad as Mrs. Jeffers dictated. When it was her turn in line, the woman took a breath and smiled at him. "I've heard rumors that you have the best apple tarts ever."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Jeffers, but we've sold out."

She laughed. "I guess they really must be the best, then. What time does one have to come out to get some?"

"Well, we sold out around ten, but I'll make more of them tomorrow. And of course, I can hold a couple back for you if you're sure you're coming in." Connor managed to talk and smile like she was just any other customer, but he knew that a thumbs up from Mrs. Jeffers would be a huge endorsement of the bakery.

"You do that, then. And I'll try to be a little earlier." She checked her watch. "I don't suppose you do sandwiches?"

"No, I'm sorry."

"You should think about it. You've got the tables set up. I bet you'd do a ripping lunch business. Why don't you box me up a dozen assorted pastries and I'll take them in to my husband's office."

Oh, wow. Unless the mayor hated the pastries, and he wouldn't; Connor was confident enough in his ability that he knew his stuff was very good. He nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

She went back to talking to her secretary as he filled a box for her, thinking about the sandwich idea. He could buy a little bit of lunch meat and keep it in the fridge, see if the idea had legs or not.

By the time he was done packing up her assortment, a hush had fallen over the place. Connor looked up from the pastry shelves and his mouth dropped open. Half a dozen werewolves had just walked into the place.

He glanced over at Dayton, but his lover looked just as surprised as everyone else. In fact, he could see Dayton begin to tense up, getting ready to pounce if anyone dared poach on his territory. Connor knew his lover would defend him and the bakery to the death.

He just hoped it didn't come to that. Unless Dayton had asked them to help out and was just putting on a good show for him.

The werewolves were all wearing leather jackets and a glance outside confirmed they'd ridden in on motorcycles. The mayor's wife stepped to the side as the biggest of them moved up to the counter.

"Can I help you?" Connor hoped his voice didn't sound as weak and breathless as he felt.

"You got petit fours?"

Connor blinked. The petit fours were delicate little French cakes. "I do." In fact he had most of the tray that he'd started the day out with. It seemed there wasn't that big a call for petit fours.

"I want three dozen."

Or maybe there was.

"Sure. I'll be with you as soon as I've rung up Mrs. Jeffers."

To his surprise, there werewolf nodded and stepped to the side. Of course, he should know better than to have judged the werewolves just by reputation. Dayton was supposed to be this big bad outlaw werewolf biker and Connor knew damn well Dayton was far more sweet than anyone would believe.

Connor quickly rang up Mrs. Jeffers' pastries, took her money.

"Keep the change. And I'll be back tomorrow morning for those tarts."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you."

He turned his attention back to the werewolf. "So that was three dozen of the petit fours? Assorted?"

"Yeah. Avoid the chocolate ones."

Connor nodded. Yes, chocolate wasn't good for werewolves, his mate's predilections aside. He filled a large box with the three dozen sweets, which sold him out aside from eight chocolate ones, and wrapped the string around it. "Will that be all?"

"Yeah."

He rang the sale up and took the werewolf's money, watching wide-eyed as the guy took the box and he and his friends left. After they'd gone, the next lady in line shook her head. "Can you believe that? Of course, I always heard their kind had a sweet tooth."

Connor couldn't help grinning. "Yes, ma'am, they do indeed."

Dayton grinned as he watched Connor bounce over to the bank with the deposit bag. It had been a great first day. Connor had sold almost everything and was talking about hiring some help at the cash register. Then they went back to the bakery, using the stairs in the back to walk up to the second floor of the old house where they'd moved in.

"Can you believe it?" Connor asked, still bouncing as he headed up the stairs and unlocked the door. "And I need to make more apple tarts, because those sold out really early and the mayor's wife wants some. The mayor's wife, can you believe that?"

Dayton just nodded and smiled, like he'd been doing since Connor locked up behind the last customer, clearly high on his successful first day. He loved seeing his mate so happy.

"Do you think the werewolves will be back for more petit fours tomorrow? They're really the only ones who seemed to like them and they're a pain to make, so I won't do it if they don't sell, but if they come in regularly for them..." Connor stopped and shot him a sharp look as he closed the door. "You didn't put them up to that, did you?"

He snorted. "They're the Alpha's security, and I'm a pain in his butt -- they wouldn't do me any favors."

"No? Well, cool then!" Connor bounced some more and Dayton watched the pert ass happily.

Then he noticed his mark on Connor's throat and he reached out to snag a hand, tug Connor in close. Connor laughed and danced away, making Dayton growl. He did love a good hunt.

He started stalking toward Connor. Grinning at him, Connor headed for the hall, moving slowly, almost casually. Dayton knew better. He pounced before Connor'd more than four steps -- if he'd waited, his lover

would have run. Not that that would have been a bad thing, but he preferred Connor breathless because of him, not the chase.

They landed in a heap, Connor breathless anyway, and still laughing. "You have a thing for me and floors."

Dayton shook his head. "No. I have a thing for you."

"Oh." Connor stopped laughing and he reached up, stroking Dayton's cheeks. "I do love you."

"Good." He pressed their lips together, licking his way in to taste. "You had a hot chocolate."

Connor nodded. "Just before I closed up. So I'd taste good for you."

"Always taste good." He shifted, rolled them so Connor was on top and he was the one on the floor. "Want you to ride me."

Connor nodded, peeling off his jacket and squirming out of his pants. Dayton made short work of his own clothes, so they were naked at the same time; it was best when they were both naked.

"How do you always do that?"

"Magic."

Smiling, Connor bent over him and kissed him. "I believe that."

Damn, he loved this man. He put a hand behind Connor's neck and took another kiss, a deep one this time. He tasted the chocolate, but even better than that, he tasted Connor.

His lover broke the kiss and put two fingers in his mouth. He sucked on them, eyes wide when Connor pulled them away and reached behind himself. "Oh, fuck."

"In a minute." Connor undulated on him, cock moving as Connor did, slapping the lean belly.

He was expected to wait when Connor did that? He didn't think so. He growled loudly. "No. Now."

"Okay." Still reaching behind himself, Connor grabbed Dayton's cock, pushed it against his hole and then pressed down.

Moaning, Dayton helped, pushing up. Connor was moving too slowly and he thrust, groaning as he finally sank in. Connor caught his breath and froze, then moved on him, taking him in just a little deeper. They started moving together, Connor coming down as he pushed up, then the opposite.

Soon they had a quick rhythm going, Connor tight and hot around him. His hands found Connor's waist, helping to bring his mate down harder, then harder. His bite mark caught his eye and he pushed up even farther, Connor crying out and grabbing at his cock. Dayton watched as the slender fingers worked the hard flesh. The sun shone in from the kitchen, lighting up Connor's pale skin. It was a beautiful thing.

He was close; Connor was close. Dayton half sat, grabbing at Connor so he could lick his mark, the shape of his teeth clear, standing out from the light flesh in lurid relief. His. Connor was his.

As Dayton let his teeth scrape across the mark, Connor shouted, heat spilling out between them. The tight grip of Connor's ass demanded his own orgasm, and Dayton gave it up with a shout.

He collapsed back onto the ground and Connor followed him, head resting on his shoulder. He held on. He wasn't letting go.

"Thank you for today," Connor murmured after he'd caught his breath.

"I didn't do anything." It was all Connor.

"You did. You supported me, believed in me."

"Of course I did -- you're my mate."

Connor nodded. "And you're mine."

"Yep. That's how it works."

He got to bite chocolate and Connor on a daily basis.
It didn't get much better than that. Lucky for him,
Connor thought so, too.

End.

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Chocolate Bites

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