

Mr. Chocolate and Ms. Peanut Butter

A Sweet Love Story

“So, pretty busy lately, hmm?” he said, in a blatantly accusatory tone. “You’re spreading yourself a little thin these days.”

She glanced at him, seeing his darkness color his tone; perhaps darker than he intended, perhaps not, hard for her to be sure, for sure.

“So...” she replied sardonically. “So says the man who’s so busy smoothing over everything...too busy to share a piece of toast or a bagel, but not too busy to hang around with a sprinkle or two.”

Deep inside, he knew he ought to just shut up, not play this losing game; but, good sense and love are not known to be the best of friends; unlike the two of them, which they were, ever since meeting by accident so many years ago.

It had been a beautiful Spring day. He was strolling through the park, having just left a gathering, declining to participate any further in a rather heated debate over the taste/benefits of high fructose corn syrup versus real sugar. He had slowly felt himself beginning to come unwrapped (nobody having ever accused him of not being bitterly tempered upon occasion, especially when confronted by some misanthrope who wouldn’t know the difference between beet sugar and cane) when he, well, tripped, actually tripped, and fell into her arms. He had no doubt that this chance meeting saved him from what was otherwise surely destined to be a just plain milk chocolate kind of life.

No, he owed her, he knew it and that dependence added to his frustration, his fear. What if she left?

He took a calming breath, taking in the smell of hot fudge, picking up a faint trace of cinnamon. Calmer now, he replied, “I never said I could cover everything. We’re a team, one of the best in the business...I can’t do this without you.”

“Uh huh...” she answered smugly, sensing victory - then conciliatorily, silky smooth, letting her partner off the hook, “you know, Mr. Hot Shot, we’ve talked about this before...just please relax a little, don’t be so smothering. Sometimes, I feel like you’ve got me so covered I can’t breathe. You know, no one,” she emphasized, “ever said anything about us being...exclusive.”

She had him there. Nothing like cold, hard facts to ruin a good argument, as Mr. Adams might say. Delaying his reply, he blended his drink, adding a little cream, which always lightened him up a bit, making his mood less dark, mellowing out the bitterness of a business world life.

“It’s just that,” he began, “well, we don’t seem to spend as much time together since...oh you know, what’s his name-“

“You know very well what his name is.” She said quickly.

Perhaps a little too quickly, he thought, her blush barely visible through her creamy golden skin. Don’t think of that, he reminded himself; you’ll be back to smothering again.

“The new guy,” he said, still refusing to name his competitor, “he’s all around you all the time anymore.”

“Oh really,” she said. “I’m surprised you had time to notice...what with Ms. Vanilla coming by so much lately.”

“It’s the darn holidays...truffle season and all.” He sighed. “Anyway, he’s from Germany or some such place right.”

“Sort of...his family is, but he was raised in New York and Chicago. Started off big and soft, but he’s a lot smaller now, kind of a hard body if you know what– “

“I suppose he likes beer.”

“And peanuts,” she replied coyly, then straight at him, the words he dreaded to hear. “He’s got a great sense of humor, sometimes a bit too salty and he can get a little crisp, but still...”

Crushed, his candy-coated world began crumbling. His dreams of someday, when the time was right, the two of them leaving this rat race to run itself. They’d pack up, head out west, just like an old movie: him, her dark handsome cowboy, and her, his sweet golden-brown girl; and, well, maybe some ice cream, but that’s it. They would blend perfectly, a new life together. But for now, dreams are what they are. Maybe he could cover up Mr. Crispy? Now there’s a thought...

“Still...” she repeated, moving closer, “no one can take your place. The world would not be the same without our sweet togetherness, our chocolate covered, peanut butter world.”

“Never leave me.” He said, his soul pouring over her.

“No way...Mr. Hot Shot!”