



# Your kiss

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Will I get a kiss on our first date?

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/flash-fiction/your-kiss.aspx>

I stand in front of the bedroom mirror looking at how I dress. Black Italian soft leather loafers on my feet, black Dockers with a very fine crease for pants, a light blue cotton shirt sans tie with open collar and a black sport coat make up tonight's wardrobe. I nod my head in approval. It is our first date. Three months ago, I met you at Starbucks. Since then, we meet each morning for coffee and conversation on our way to work. We sit at a table for two in the window oblivious to our surroundings. We look into each other's eyes with passion and fear. We want to go to the next level, but fears from our past relationships haunt us. We touch our fingers lying on the table, but pull back quickly. Uneasy smiles cross our faces. One Thursday, as we sit chatting, my hand moves to take yours. Instead of retreating quickly, I grasp your hand and pull it to me. I look into your eyes and ask, "Would you like to have dinner with me and go salsa dancing on Saturday night?" Fear runs through

my heart, as I hear my voice stop. Quickly with no hesitation but with excitement you answer, "I would love to go out with you." I slowly let out a sigh of relief. We step to the next level. Our first date is a reality. My heart speeds up as I continue to hold your hand. When we leave the coffee shop that morning, our hands entwine pulling us closer. I pick you up at your place and take us to a small intimate restaurant, nothing fancy, but plain good food. We agree it is a good choice and slowly eat our meals enjoying each other in a semi-private setting. We split a dessert and finish the meal with coffee. As we leave the restaurant, you slip your arm around my back and pull me closer leaning your head on me. We drive a short distance to a small dance club. As we walk to the door, the music hits us and you wriggle. Just off the dance floor, we find a small round table for two. I get two glasses of wine slowly, while we warm up to the band and the dancers. In less than fifteen minutes, we walk onto the dance floor and make our moves. Our first dance looks as if dancing salsa is our best. We move together synchronized to each other and the music. As you spin, your skirt flares and your legs move quickly to the music. We dance four dances and return to our table. The band plays one more tune and takes a break. The leader approaches our table and asks, "Would you mind leading off our next set as featured dancers?" We look at each other and laugh, "We are not dancers. This is our first time dancing together. If you feel that we are that good, why should we disappoint the rest? We will do it." As the next set starts, we move onto the floor to dance. No one else moves to join us. We move so closely together, it is as if we are stuck together. The music wafts around us, carrying our dancing to a new level. The crowd watches in awe as we turn, prance and whirl, never stopping. As the music subsides, the crowd on the sidelines breaks out in applause, cheers and whistles. We are the hit of the night. The crowd watches us dance four more dances. We stop after that and sit to enjoy our wine. Several couples talk to us and the night becomes a whirlwind of faces and dances. At one am, my heart starts to beat faster. It is time to take you home. I feel a little scared, with these questions in my mind: Will she hug me? Can I kiss her goodnight? Did she have a good time? We get to her place and I walk her to the door. My palms sweat. My heartbeat increases. My mind becomes a jumble of mixed thoughts. We get to her door I grab her hand and hold it against my chest. We look at each other. I see something there, what is it? You remove your hand from mine. Slowly you move both hands around my neck. I feel, oh no, she just wants a hug. I move my head aside, the sinking feeling in my stomach increases. My hands circle your waist. We hug, but as I pull away, your lips touch mine in a soft kiss. My heart increases, my elation simmers. We kissed. Such a wonderful feeling passes from you to me. I decide I want another kiss. My lips touch yours this time and the kiss is harder more intimate. I am in heaven, you like me. Our first date is wonderful. I pull back and your smile lights up the area. I return your smile as my arms circle completely around you. "Thank you for a wonderful evening," I say. "Can we do this again some time? I want to date you more." "Yes, I want to date you more. I hope you enjoy my company." You say. I turn, walk down the stairs to my car. You go inside. I visualize in my mind, you leaning against the door feeling, as if you and I continue on a new journey.