

Kisses In The Dark

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It's just a date but a date can be a stepping stone . . . maybe even lead to a relationship.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/kisses-in-the-dark.aspx>

In an apartment a man and woman stand facing one another.

He asked me what I wanted to drink.

The man moves from the woman; he walks into the kitchen, and the woman strolls towards the window.

I didn't really care because I'm not much of a drinker, so I told him whatever you got. While Rick was mixing up some drinks for us I took off my shoes and set them next to me. The living room of his apartment was nice, I was impressed. The white walls had pictures of people that I took to be his family.

She looks out the window of the apartment and glowing lights fill the woman's eyes. The light from the cars below turn into twinkling stars, and the stars reminds her what it is to be intrigued with what could be: *That guy in that blue Mercedes I wonder what his life is like.* The feeling to be intrigued again excited her, to be excited again and not need a reason to be.

When Rick came out from the kitchen he looked all handsome in his blue dress shirt and back pants. I was like damn! He was carrying two cocktail glasses. He set the drinks on the short-table between his sofa and television.

The man motions the woman to come to him; the two take a seat, something is on the man's mind: he takes a sip of his drink, clears his throat and now he speaks to her, his voice: unsure but calm, deep but clear, strong but gentle, and filled with passion, "Mary I had a good time with you tonight." His words slake her curiosity and ignite her desire for more.

Even now I still remember his eyes. It was like . . . I don't know I just liked the way he looked at me and his voice was intense, not loud just intense; but after all that he just picked up his drink from the table and started sipping it like nothing had happened, which made me wonder how he could give me

a look as if he were in love with me and then just sip his drink all casual; that made me cautious of him, then he started to make fun of me.

Rick turns to Mary a grin covers his face and words slip from his mouth, "You screamed so loud when the killer jumped from behind the tree. I almost started laughing at you. Your--" Objection covers Mary's face, she hides her feelings with a smile, a laugh, and a playful demeanor, "Rick that's not funny, that movie was scary."

I didn't think this was funny, not at all; so I had to interrupt him, I gave him a piece of my mind but he just HAD to keep going with it, which was not cool; he was so not impressing me.

"It was not that scary! For crying out loud," Rick set his drink on the table, "Your hands and arms were flailing in the air every which way," he shakes his hands in the air and his voice becomes slightly exaggerated, "You were screaming as if someone shot you! People were looking at us."

He was right I got a little scared, big deal. The people in the theater were acting all snobby, looking at me and giving me dirty looks as if I did something wrong. I mean come on, getting scared at a scary movie is not something new. One lady three rows behind us was shaking her head at me and she was giving me a mean look, her face was like this:

Mary's lips turn into a frown, her chin sticking out high in the air with her eyes looking down, and her eyelids slightly closed while shaking her head. Mary's face resumes to its natural look, and with her arm outstretched she flaps her hand in the air as she continues to recall her date with Rick.

You know what I mean, so you can see why I was irritated when Rick brought up the incident. Anyways, I just gave out a playful laugh but in my mind I was thinking, stop making fun of me, get over it already. I think he picked up on the fact that I was getting irritated with him because as I was thinking this he just stopped talking about it and instead picked up his drink.

The man drinks his beverage and the woman follows his lead.

I could tell he was still laughing to himself about the incident at the movie theater because he had a grin on his face as he drank his drink. Which was okay at least he was not talking about it. So I did the same. The drink was yummy.

Mary's lips form around the edge of the glass. She gently tilts the glass and the liquor wets her tongue. Her eyes widen, "Mmmm, this is good," she opens her mouth wide and lets the rest of the drink enter, "May I have another?"

Rick turns his head and his face shows his shock, "You're done!?" Rick quickly finishes his drink, "Okay two more drinks coming up."

"What do you call this drink?"

"It is called 'kiss-in-the-dark'."

I watched him in the kitchen as he was making the drinks and I couldn't help but admire him. He looked all serious and full of concentration, and his blue eyes were so sexy. The blue shirt he was wearing that night only made his blue eyes stronger. He came out of the kitchen with two more drinks.

The man offers the woman a drink like a boy giving a gift to a girl all in the effort that she might notice him, maybe even want to play with him. The girl accepts the boy's gift. The air is calm and the mood is innocent, but something cold moves through air. It came from the vents above; and, moves around the boy and girl like a serpent searching for prey. The snake finds its prey and its cold bite sinks into girl's skin. Her body is infected with the venom and small bumps form on her body. The boy sees the girl in trouble. The boy's demeanor says let me help; and he moves to her, gently rubbing her arm to relieve her of her bumps.

At this point in the date I was sipping on the new drink, and we were having a good conversation.

The chilled drink moves down Mary's throat, the liquid travels through her body like a rollercoaster; the alcohol takes effect: her mind grows hazy; her vision begins to blur, and her world starts to spin. BOOM is the sound of her heart beating faster and faster.

Our conversation was getting better, and I think I was a little tipsy.

A new found excitement stirs in her body. She inhales to slow down her heart beat but it's not working--BOOM--hot feelings fill her body.

By now we were working on our 5th or 6th drink; he got all close to me, I wasn't nervous with him being close to me like that, after all, Rick was being a real nice guy the whole date and I was enjoying myself with him. He told me I was pretty and that he really liked me.

Her spinning world comes to a stop; through the smear of colors her blurred vision gradually recovers and objects become identifiable. Now she can see clearly again, only to see that she is facing the blue fire of Rick's eyes--BOOM--her body burns with emotion as she questions her body causing her mind to grow weary.

But then he started to rub my back, and I started to get a little nervous. Not to say that him rubbing my back made me nervous it actually felt good. I was just worried where a back rub could lead to, especially if it was a good back rub.

Her emotions rise like a tide of passion consuming her mind, whispering to her like a friend: kiss me, touch me, love me--BOOM--her heart skips a beat.

He moved me closer and continued to rub my back. I'm not going to lie the back rub he was giving me felt good, but that made me worry even more. My back had been killing me all day. You know how sometimes to you need a pick me up so you go to the mall and buy yourself a cute outfit or some pretty roses and that makes you feel all better. That's the way this back rub was for me.

Her torso becomes erect as a tingle sensation attacks her body like lighting moving through her spine, illuminating her body--BOOM--her pupils widen.

He started kissing me on the neck; I started kissing him back. I didn't mind making out with him, it was fun, so at this point you know I was growing a little concerned.

Their lips mingle back and forth and passion builds up to a boiling point: sweat, wet, tongue-sex; it's too much to ignore, Mary fights her feelings: *Damn you Rick with your "Kisses-In-The-Dark" and baby blue eyes. I'm still not going to have sex with you on the first date; I'm not a ho.*

The male catches the female's scent, and a thought echoes through his mind: *Now is my chance.*

He started to take off my shirt. He picked me up and took me to his bedroom and put me on his bed. He took my cloths off, then he got naked. I didn't know what to do. I was at a loss for words. At that moment I knew it was too late to say no. I didn't want him to think I was messing with his mind. I should have said something sooner.

The man gets on top of the woman. He starts to move in her and she moves with him.

I was hoping he had a problem with premature ejaculation. I wanted it to be over quickly. Ironically as I was thinking this he stopped, and I was shocked. I couldn't believe he was done that fast, not even a minute!

Still on top of the woman the man is transfixed by her eyes, by something in her eyes, maybe love; a shroud passes over the man's face and now compassion becomes his face and empathy his words, "Hi love, if you do not feel up to this I understand and I will stop."

When I heard him say that I was speechless. The reaction in my mind was like . . .

What the heck! This guy has some nerve, first he uses my body and then he does not want to finish, might as well finish you've already done the damage, you weirdo.

The woman looks into the man's eyes and sees her reflection in his eyes. The image of herself in this helpless position irritates her and she become angry at herself for letting this happen, but she gathers courage and she stands her ground. In control of her own destiny she tells the man this, in her own way.

I told him that I had a good time, but that I did not feel comfortable having sex on the first date. He got off me. I remember the way he said "wait" his deep voice seemed to be harder than normal when he spoke to me. He left the room and went to the bathroom.

Then a thought crossed my mind. No man passes up a piece of pretty ass like mine, and at that moment I knew there was something off about this guy. He's going to kill me! You hear about things like this on television but you never think it could happen to you and yet here I was in some psycho-killer's apartment. I was trying to get my pretty little ass out of there as fast as I could. I had my clothes in my hand and I was on my way to the door. I didn't have time to put on my clothes. I didn't know what this guy was going to do to me. He walked back into the room cutting off my escape. I looked up at him and knew he could see the terror on my face. I was too scared to hide it. My mind was running frantic. I knew I was a goner . . .

The man looms over the woman, he reaches his hand to her and hands her a towel. "The bathroom is over there," he points over his shoulder, "There is also a new tooth brush on the counter, if you want to bush your teeth."

I took the towel and my cloths and went to the bathroom. I took a long warm shower. I brushed my teeth with the tooth brush that was left out for me. I hadn't brushed my teeth all day and they were starting to get that filmy feel to them, that feeling is so yucky it was driving me nuts. I was glad to brush my teeth. I came out of the restroom, and Rick had changed his clothes. I asked him to take me home. Rick grabbed his keys, and we left his apartment. We got into the truck and drove off. A few minutes passed, and I noticed that he was not driving me to my house.

Sweat begins to form on her forehead, her heart begins to beat slightly faster, her breathing becomes delayed; and Mary beings to worry again.

Crap! I knew it. He's driving me somewhere no one will hear my screams. You could understand why

I was thinking this. I had good reason to question his motives.

“Where are you taking me? This is not the way to my home,” Mary says to Rick

He answers her, “It’s late and by now you must be hungry.”

Once I found out that he was just taking me to get some food I was okay with that. I hadn’t eaten since that dinner I had with him. We pull into a Denny’s parking lot. I ordered a grand-slam, and he ordered hash browns with bacon. At this point we talked and he apologized for the incident.

Rick and Mary are sitting waiting for their food, and he talks to her. “I really had a good time with you tonight Mary.” The food comes, and the two begin to eat.

I could tell he was trying to repair the date and this fact made me think that maybe he was an okay guy after all, and I started to feel kind of sorry for thinking . . . “He was going to kill me.”

Rick sets his fork down and turns to Mary, “Who was going to kill you? Are you still thinking about that movie?”

I was dumbfounded, I couldn’t believe that I had said that out loud.

Mary’s face gets hot, her cheeks begin to redden as she tries to hide her secret from Rick, “Um . . . yeah that’s right.”

I mean what else could I said. I was caught off guard. I almost choked on the piece of bacon I was chewing!

Rick shakes his head as he says with a grin on his face, “Remind me to never take you to another scary movie again.”

Mary answers him, “Will do.”

I don’t like scary movies they’re too scary. As I was starting to eat my second piece of bacon he kissed me.

Rick admires Mary. His admiration for Mary gives him courage and this newfound courage excites him causing a grin to form on his face; his excitement for Mary overwhelms his cares about reason, and his courage gives him the confidences he needs. He leans over and kisses Mary on the cheek.

He almost made me choke on my bacon again. All I could think was what the heck dude! Can't you see I'm eating? We finished our food and got back into Rick's truck. We pulled up to my house, and he walked me to the door.

Rick hugs Mary, his deep voice seemed a little softer than normal, "I had a good time," he looks into her eyes and smiles as he asks her, "I was wondering . . . if I could see you again, maybe on Friday after I get off work."

When he asked me if he could see me again I was glad he finally asked, what took him so long? I had a good time with him, but he messed up big time. I can't forget that, and if I acted like everything was cool and said yes to another date, he would think he could have his way with me. Nope I don't think so. You have to work for this girl's love.

"Ummm, I don't know," Mary's face seems to be unsure, "How about you give me your number and I'll call if I'm free."

"Yeah that sounds good."

Mary hands Rick a piece of paper, and Rick writes down his number and hands it to Mary.

After he gave me his number he got into his truck and drove off, and that was the end of the date.

Mary walks into her house and thinks for a moment: *Man, that was a weird date.*