

The Kiss



By
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At just under six foot and very attractive, Penelope was on the lookout for a boyfriend. Her slim build and smooth, rhythmic, dance action turned heads everywhere. A smile with perfect teeth, eyes that could be almost hypnotic, and very pretty nose were just some of her better qualities. But she wasn't out for just any man. She wanted someone special, handsome, strong, caring, determined... Then she saw him. She knew he was the one.

Fabio was six foot four, muscular and solidly built. Determination and strength showed in his eyes. She had heard of Fabio. He had a reputation of danger, excitement and survival. He was handsome, manly and forceful. Fabio was the one she wanted.

Penelope began to dance, showing off her graceful curves in the hope that Fabio might notice. He pretended not to see, but even Fabio couldn't help falling in love with the beautiful and graceful Penelope. His pretences couldn't last against Penelope's allurements and he began to look at her openly. Penelope was his type. She was the one he wanted.

Their eyes met and they held each other's gaze for just that moment too long. Penelope broke the spell by looking away first. Her head lowered coyly; she peeked up toward him again. Fabio was still looking. He

caught her eye again and began to make his way toward her.

Penelope turned as if she was not interested, yet purposefully enhancing her curves and making herself as attractive as possible. She sensed him coming closer. Holding her desire to turn and look, she moved slightly but refused to glance back at him.

He touched her. It was like electricity coursing through her body. She had been waiting for this, but had not known his touch would feel so good. Turning her head, she found herself face to face with Fabio. He was even better looking close up.

Penelope had never been involved with anyone else. She had been around for sixteen seasons and had never been kissed. They both knew it was love. Fabio lowered his head toward hers. So close. Desire coursed through both of them. A slight pause as if they were silently asking the other, "Is this okay?"

Their lips met. They kissed. It was as if the world ceased to exist, as if fireworks were lighting up the sky above them.

In a moment of self-doubt, Penelope wondered if Fabio was enjoying their kiss as much as she was. This was her first kiss. Was she doing it right? Their lips were pressed together. Her small doubts caused her to shudder involuntarily. Her fangs pierced through his lower lip. She felt the poison automatically eject. Distress and betrayal flashed in his eyes as the kiss broke. Fabio pulled away and slithered aimlessly on the ground, convulsing, until he lay still.

Penelope was devastated, but there would be others. Maybe kissing wasn't meant for snakes.



*Sweet Sixteen.
Love at first sight.
Her first kiss.
What could possibly go wrong?*



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