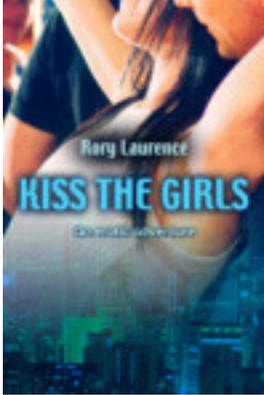




Rory Laurence

KISS THE GIRLS

An erotic adventure



Kiss the Girls is an adult story. A young man is on the verge of graduating from High School and stepping in to the adult world. That is where his problems begin.

Kiss the Girls

by

Rory Laurence

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First Edition

Kiss the Girls

Kiss the Girls

A Novel by Rory Laurence

Rory Laurence

Chapter 1

Patrick McGuire got out of bed at dawn every day of his life. First thing was to make himself the usual large pot of extra strong tea. The tea was left to simmer on the hot plate while he hurried through his bathroom routines then took his time getting dressed.

He had to look smart no matter what he was wearing. Today he chose his black stovepipe trousers and favorite opal blue shirt. The sleeves were meticulously rolled up to just below the elbows. The black Jarman shoes were polished and buffed.

After drinking three cups of his special tea he said goodbye to his mother then strolled out of the house and up the road to the main street. His friend Brandon lived about six city blocks away in the direction of the business centre.

He walked fast now and soon arrived in front of the small house where he pushed the rusty iron garden gate aside. A moment later he ran up the four steps leading to the small neglected patio and walked up to the front door.

He did not know that friend Brandon had changed his plans for this Friday morning and that he would be away for a few hours. Unbeknown to him Brandon had arranged for his beautiful younger sister to be there when he arrived. She had to ensure that Patrick stayed because he had to help Brandon remove an engine from the car in his back yard. It was a two man job and it had to be done today.

Twenty-one year-old Denise was on a short visit from Northern Rhodesia, and had slept over the previous night. She had agreed to wait until Brandon and Demi returned from visiting Demi's parents. She had to leave the front door unlocked for him.

Patrick had never been interested in Denise. He did not know that she had left town, neither cared. But what he did know was that the slender Denise was an extremely attractive young lady with long, perfectly shaped legs, and fiery long red hair.

Her big eyes were almost emerald green and she had dimples in her cheeks. When she smiled conversations suddenly stopped and the men in the room looked on all agape. Her perfect teeth were whiter than white. She always knew they were staring, and she loved it.

Denise had something going for the athletic handsome young Patrick with his large dreamy brown eyes and long eyelashes. His jet black hair was brushed back, and as was the fashion he tried to emulate the Tony Curtis hairstyle. He had an almost permanent smile that made the girls stop and stare.

Patrick opened the door and stepped inside. He wondered why it was so quiet in the house. The children would usually be playing somewhere, screaming and shouting, or crying their hearts out. But there was only silence as he looked down the long dark hallway. The kitchen door leading to the back yard was shut which was unusual because it was always wide open. Something was wrong!

He started slowly down the hall. He had never seen Demi's bedroom because the door was always shut and locked while she was at work.

Today the door was wide open and when he walked past on his way to the kitchen he instinctively looked inside to see what the secretive place was like.

He did not notice the woman standing in front of the dressing table mirror. He turned away then suddenly realized that there had been someone there. He looked back again to make

certain his eyes were not deceiving him. They were not. Denise was standing stark naked in front of Demi's dressing table ostensibly admiring her body in the mirror. Her hands were cupped under her breasts. She was lifting them up and letting them down, perhaps to see how it would look if they were a little fuller. But she knew Patrick had arrived and it was only staged for his benefit.

She failed to get his attention a year ago but she wanted him and this time she was going to get him. She knew exactly how to do it.

Denise knew he was there but pretended not to see him, and glanced discreetly to her side to see if she had his attention.

He stood there agape for a moment, his eyes round, appearing to be under the spell of an evil witch. His smile was gone.

His first thought was that he had done something wrong, that he had invaded her privacy. He just stood there for a moment not knowing what to do with himself or how to get out of his predicament. Seeing him standing there totally captivated, she smiled to herself and played her card.

"Police!" she shouted, shrill and sharp. "Who are you? What the hell are you doing here?"

But it was just part of the plan to unnerve him, throw him off balance and make him as vulnerable as she could. It worked exactly the way she expected it would. He got such a fright he wanted to run out of the house, but the pretty red head with the most perfect body he had ever seen came toward him too quickly. And now he was at her mercy.

"Wait Patrick," she shouted. "Wait, I didn't know it was you."

It might as well have been a tidal wave and it was going to get him no matter what. He stood there amid the impending doom with nowhere to run or hide and subconsciously resigned himself to his fate. It was a glorious sight though.

It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, but the thought of Brandon and Demi walking in on them at any moment terrified him so much he instinctively retreated toward the front door.

He had never seen a naked woman before now, and had never been intimate. That was just the way his life had gone until this moment. Most of the guys hanging around the Black Rose Café where he went after school seemed to have had an obsession with women. They never stopped discussing the girls from the neighborhood. But he actually had no opinion in that regard because he had other interests, and eligible young women his age - that he may have been interested in - were seldom if ever present in those places.

And now he just stood there like a fool not actually knowing what to do, but what he subconsciously wanted was to touch her, touch her breasts and put his hand on her and just feel her everywhere.

The next moment she was standing in front of him, her warm body right up against him and he started shivering. He just did not know how to behave.

“Kiss me Patrick,” she said.

He was very nervous and the shiver gave way to shaking. He wanted to resist her advances and walk away but his feet seemed to have been glued to the floor, and his knees threatened to give way. At this time of his life he held certain old fashioned ideas about sexual

encounters outside marriage. He knew they were strictly to be avoided. But even if he wanted to, today was not going to be the day to consider those feelings.

Yet something inside told him the time to leave was now. But he was aroused - whether he wanted to be or not. And suddenly he no longer cared about his beliefs and principles because he no longer had any say in the matter.

He was completely overwhelmed, just as she knew from experience that he would be. She took his hands and moved them around her soft body and down to her buttocks then put her arms around his waist. She pulled him hard against her, and soon his nerves chased him into a dimension he had never yet been in, and all resistance became futile.

She parted her most inviting full soft cherry red lips, and kissed him softly on the mouth. Confusion reigned for a moment because he had never kissed a girl in his life. He did not exactly know how to other than pressing his pouted lips against hers like he did with his aunts.

He drew her soft warm body even harder against his. He opened his mouth the way she did, and they kissed for what seemed a long, long time. All the while she was walking backwards toward the double bed covered with a bright pink floral bed spread, pulling him after her, holding him close, afraid he might break loose and run away.

“Do you like my tits Paddy?” she asked taking his hands, and placed them on her breasts.

“They’re hard,” he said. He suddenly found his courage and bent down and kissed the nipples one after the other. When she felt the bed behind her legs she quickly unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it down from his shoulders and tossed it on the chair standing next to the bed.

“You’re such a man Paddy,” she whispered, running her fingers over his pectorals, and a moment later loosed his belt, pulled the zipper down and let his pants drop by themselves. She

sat down slowly, confidently on the edge of the bed and calmly pulled his shoes off and tossed everything aside.

“Come closer to me Paddy,” she whispered, and when he did, she pulled his underpants down and kissed his hard penis.

“Don’t,” he said and withdrew a few inches because at this moment such a gross act was a little out of line with his ideas.

“You’re such a lucky man Paddy,” she said taking his penis between her hands, “you’ve got a big Pinto. Women love a big man Paddy.”

“What’s a Pinto?” he asked.

“It’s your thing silly,” she said chuckling like a naughty little girl.

Then she climbed on the bed and, standing on her knees, retreated slowly to the other side holding out her hand to him. When he was next to her, she lay back.

“Come to me Paddy,” she said softly and ran her hands down her pelvis to tantalize him even more than he already was.

A moment later he was next to her and put his hand on her and began to stroke her, softly, deliberately. He was very hungry now but still afraid that Brandon could arrive at any moment, and this fear chased his nerves even harder.

“Have you been with many women Paddy?” she asked but she already knew that he has had none. Everybody in the neighborhood knew who was going with whom, and he was not going with anyone. He did not answer. But she wanted to let him know who was in control.

“You’re so big and hard,” she whispered. “Make love to me Paddy.”

“Brandon might come in at any time,” he stuttered.

“Don’t worry,” she said, “they’re at Demi’s mom’s place. We’ve got lots of time.”

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“Trust me,” she said smiling her most wicked smile.

“I hope so,” he said apprehensively, temporarily distracted, “Brandon will kill me if he finds me here like this.”

“Are you scared of women, Paddy?” she asked, but she already knew the answer to that one too.

“Sometimes,” he said breathing nervously and pretending his hardest to look as if it was old hat. He stroked her again, softly, and felt the lips of her vagina. He thought it was necessary to go in with his finger, but she quickly pulled his hand away.

“Not your finger Paddy,” she reprimanded him. “That’s what little boys do to little girls on Saturday afternoons in the back row of the cinema when the lights are out.”

“Okay.”

“I’ll teach you what to do when you’re with a woman,” she said. “Do you want to learn Paddy? Do you want to make women want you Paddy?”

“Yes,” he said, his voice quivering a little less now.

“We are not aroused as quickly as men, Paddy. Men are aroused by sight but women are aroused by the touch of a man. You must never be in a hurry with a woman otherwise you’ll make her feel like a prostitute. I’ll teach you how to excite a woman and make her want you. Do you want me to teach you how to make a woman go crazy?”

“Okay,” he said.

“Some women want to be treated like willing partners Paddy,” she said, “but others want to be dominated. Some crave the caveman approach. Some women want to be treated like whores and others like to be beaten up before they have sex. They want to be kicked in the head to heighten their orgasms. They want to be handcuffed and made to feel helpless as they give in to their attackers. Every woman has her own thing but I think most women want to be respected and treated gently. Do you know what I’m saying Paddy?”

“Yes,” he said.

She was in control, her breath also racing, her whole body trembling occasionally like the ripple of an after shock that comes and goes.

“I want to be treated like a lady, not a sex object,” she said. “Be gentle, do it to me like this Paddy. I love it. It drives me crazy.”

She took his hand and ran it slowly along the inside of her leg from her knee up along her inner thigh, and touched herself, softly, fleetingly. And immediately she drew his hand to the other thigh, slowly, softly from the knee up along the inside of her leg. His fingers just touched her for an instant before he found the courage and repeated the procedure by himself, again and again.

They kissed again and then he was on his own. He brought his fingers up along the inside of her thigh as she had shown him, softly, slowly, and touched her fleetingly. He felt her body responding to his touch and it excited him even more. Then he went to the other leg, and continued over and over again. He watched her eyes roll back. She was in ecstasy and it made him feel good, as if he was suddenly in control.

For an instant she seemed to go into a trance and it scared him for a moment. He kissed her breasts once more, took the hard nipple in his mouth, and caressed it gently with his tongue while his hand moved along her thigh.

And every time he touched her she squirmed and said, “Oh I love it Paddy, it drives me insane when a man does that to me. I love you Paddy, you’ve got such gentle hands.”

And suddenly he loved hearing how good he already was.

He kissed her again, and when she parted her legs she pulled him on her and brought her knees up slightly.

“Come in slowly, Paddy,” she whispered. “You can come in me, I’m on the pill.”

He fumbled for an instant there, and then she took his Pinto and guided him inside.

“Oh God I love it,” she cried. “You’re so big and hard and strong Paddy.”

He reached a climax immediately and quickly pulled out an instant before he ejaculated. It was the first time with a woman, and he felt as if he was riding on wings of joy somewhere far, far out in space. Life was sublime.

“I always come quickly the first time,” he lied a little apologetically, feeling a little inadequate.

“It doesn’t matter Paddy, most men do! Did you enjoy that Paddy? Was it a good fuck? Tell me Paddy, was it good? Tell me you love me Paddy.”

“I want to do it again,” he said, and kissed her softly on the mouth.

“Yes sweetheart.”

Minutes later he was hard again and went into her once more, this time requiring no encouragement or assistance but she guided him inside nevertheless. He was getting better and lasted a while longer, but realized it had not been long enough for her.

“It takes practice to stay longer,” she said. “And sometimes you have to put some cream on you. But after two or three times you’ll stay in me much longer.”

“Do women also feel something?” he asked.

He knew from some of the crude discussions and boasts outside the Black Rose Café that sex was not a one sided experience.

“With the right man,” she whispered.

“I want you to feel something,” he said.

“I’ve got enough money on me,” she said. “I’m going to book a room at the New Alba Hotel then we can do it all night long Paddy. It’s Saturday tomorrow and I haven’t made other arrangements. Do you want to do it Paddy? Do you want to screw me all night long?”

“Yes,” he said.

Then they lay there looking into each other’s eyes, smiling and stroking one another’s bodies, softly, tantalizingly, trying against the odds to relax. He loved her perfume. Her skin was so soft, so very feminine and he loved the feeling.

He wanted her to reach a climax now, and he also wanted more. He was fit and healthy and extremely virile. And before long he found her hand and placed it on his Pinto again. Then he stroked her again and again as they lay there smiling at one another and looking into each other’s eyes. Not fifteen minutes later her eyes were rolling back again and once more she pulled him on her.

And suddenly he showed her who was in charge, and it made him feel good because he had power over her. The boy had become a man.

“Oh my God my Paddy,” she shouted, her whole body almost trembling, her eyes rolling back. “Stay in me Paddy. Don’t ever let me go.”

A few minutes later they lay next to each other, just looking into each another’s eyes again like lovers in love do. She looked different to him now. A year ago she was just a female - a pretty female though. Right now she was an angel and he wanted to hold her close and never let go. For an instant he wanted to ask her to be his girl but the thought passed.

“You’re so beautiful,” he said much more confidently now. He ran his fingers over her soft skin across her stomach, and up to her breast, then down again.

“You’re so gentle, Paddy, I love it when you do that.”

“You’re so soft,” he said.

“God you’re so virile. A lot of men get up and go home after the first time around. But I suppose you too will change soon enough.”

He shrugged and said, “Let’s get dressed before Brandon comes.”

“You were wonderful,” she said. The twinkle in her eye was very obvious.

“We can get a room now and stay right through until the morning,” he said. “I’ve also got money, we can go halves.”

“You don’t have a job yet sweetheart, you can pay next time,” she said.

Then they kissed, and were in the process of getting out of bed when they heard Brandon’s noisy old Chevvy in the service lane behind the house from whence they entered the

yard. He was busy dragging the heavy corrugated iron gate across the uneven surface of the tarmac. It was an unmistakable and almost excruciating noise that told everybody in the neighborhood that Brandon James was home. When he drives inside Demi would get out and walk to the back door from where they would come inside. Time was short now.

“Get dressed,” Patrick said, “I’ll go out the front door. I’ll come back in ten minutes in case they think we’ve been together while they were away.”

“I love you Paddy,” she said. “You’re such a man Paddy.”

“Do you want to get a room now?” he asked again.

“Yes darling,” she said pulling up her panty, and began dressing at high speed.

“I’ll have to talk to Brandon first,” he said. “He expects me to help him when he pulls the engine out. I’m not sure how to get out of it yet. You know Brandon. Anyway I’ll do it. I’ll meet you at the Alba in a little over an hour from now.”

She pecked him on his cheek and said “yes my angel,” then he hurried away and across the street to the Black Rose Café. There was something a little different about the way he walked now. His chest was pushed out a little more, his shoulders back a fraction further, his head held high, and he looked ahead when he walked instead of down.

A few minutes later he stood outside the Black Rose where the usual carnival atmosphere prevailed, also with a Pepsi cola in one hand and a Chelsea bun in the other. A quick check to see who was there, but he kept to himself, feeling a little agitated because his ordeal with Brandon was very close now.

The Black Rose was the place most of the young men living in the suburb met after school everyday and especially over weekends and public holidays.

The big guys always seemed to stand around like vagrants, just talking nonsense and laughing hysterically at jokes which were not really funny. They too were drinking their Cokes and Pepsis and eating potato chips or Vienna sausages and French fries. The latest hit tunes played loud inside the café.

Then there were the rebels standing a short distance away, close to their motor bikes parked on the sidewalk. They were dressed in leather lumber jackets with hell's angel markings, and bandannas around their heads. But they were harmless, just trying to look tough as they puffed away on their joints. The smell of marijuana permeated the air, and their eyes were darting around in case the cops suddenly appeared.

Otherwise almost every one hanging around there, boys and girls of all ages, seemed to have a cigarette dangling gangster-like from the corner of the mouth. And when they talked, it was slang and loud just like in the movies. No one took notice of anybody arriving there - neither did they care if someone did.

The pinball machine was one of the major attractions. There were never fewer than six young men around it trying their hardest to destroy the Minstrel man in their mostly futile quest for free games. Two guys he never met were sitting outside on the sidewalk right up against the wall of the café, each on a plastic bottle crate. There was a crate between them serving as a table, and they were playing poker for a penny a pot.

Another teenager with a greasy Elvis hairstyle, wearing black shirt and black slacks, was standing in front of the plate glass window, strumming a make believe guitar. He was screaming Jail House Rock as loud as he could while trying in vain to imitate Elvis, but nobody heard or cared as he performed for himself.

The girls who came around to the Black Rose always sat at the small corner tables inside, pretending total disinterest in the boys. They were forever busy sipping their milkshakes, which never appeared to go down. They looked a little too young to be wearing thick red lipstick and heavy black mascara, which was applied rather amateurishly around the eyes and on the eyelashes.

Occasionally one of the guys would step up to the narrow full length mirror next to the entrance, take out his comb from his back pocket and run it through his long greasy hair. He would study and admire himself for a moment, smile to himself, then peek through the glass front of the shop to see what the fair sex was up to, or if they were by any chance looking in his direction.

And if they were, he would smile like a Cheshire cat, but they quickly looked away and sniggered amongst them selves.

Patrick went there too, but he avoided the more decadent types although he liked listening to stories of their latest exploits.

But today his mind was too occupied and his nerves kept him on edge as he stood there, like a racehorse at the starting gate, ready to run another course. He had a little time on his hands and began to work out a plan to get away without angering Brandon. But Denise filled his thoughts and the idea that they would soon be together again was just strong enough to keep him separated from the reality of the normal world around him.

A while later he walked up to the full length mirror next to the side entrance, saw the lipstick all over his face, and quickly wiped the marks with the back of his hand. But he did not

try too hard because they were like stripes that raised him above the foot soldiers. He looked at himself in the mirror for a few minutes and smiled.

An experience like that with so beautiful a woman was an achievement in itself. And having had it for the very first time did something to an immature young man that nothing else in the world could equal at that time of his life. He was a man now and already looked at the women there very differently.

Thirty minutes later he was back in the house, and walked into the kitchen just in time for tea.

“Where were you guys?” he asked innocently.

“You’re late today,” Demi said.

“Hi Patrick,” Denise said and smiled her cutest smile while trying to look surprised to see him.

“Hi there,” he said trying his hardest to sound his usual self.

But when a man had sex for the first time in his life, and with a stunning woman like Denise, his manner unwittingly changes. And no matter how hard he tried to hide them, something always seemed to give him away.

“Want tea?” Demi asked smiling that rather sad smile he had seen so many times.

Patrick could see she was sensing something, but he thought she was not sure. She looked first at Denise, then at Patrick, then back and forth a few times. The smile was gone now; she shook her head and took Brandon’s tea out to him but hurried back in case she missed something.

“Well I haven’t got all day,” she said, suddenly a little annoyed with him, “are you having tea or not?”

“I thought you’d never get here,” Denise interrupted Demi, “I’d better be off otherwise mom will be worrying herself sick again.”

“See you over the week end then,” Demi said.

And with that Denise got up, waved at Brandon from the kitchen door, turned and walked out of the house.

“Thanks I’ll have a cup,” Patrick said in his usual polite manner, and a minute later walked outside to where Brandon was working on the car.

Demi was three years older than Patrick, and in spite of the fact that he was much younger she too had developed some rather deep-seated feelings for him over the past few years.

She was pretty, with high cheek bones and big blue eyes. She had curly blond hair. Demi was very thin and frail but carried herself proudly.

Brandon was not the best looking man on earth, and he was not as kind or loving and understanding as Patrick. So she began to look to Patrick to make up for what Brandon lacked.

Patrick never realized how much she was attracted to him because she was driving in a one-way street and he was not even on that street. Her attentions and affections meant nothing more to him than his mother’s love.

She never wore a bra. Whenever they were together, she stood a little dangerously close to him. Her blouse was unbuttoned a little further than it should have been. She exposed as much

of her breasts as she could safely get away with without raising Brandon's suspicions. And when she had the chance, she brushed up against him, pushing her breasts right up against his body.

It had not quite meant anything to Patrick at that time. She was older than him, and she was Brandon's wife, and the thought would never have occurred to him to flirt with her.

He had heard the many stories and rumors doing the rounds that Brandon had, among other things, been involved in a fight with three men one night and had half killed them. Patrick did not know the details, and although he was not sure if they were true, Brandon's reputation for ruthlessness was.

Consequently he was very careful and rather afraid of Brandon. It would have been the last thing on earth he would have allowed himself, and that was to get involved with Brandon's wife.

Patrick walked up to Brandon, sipping his tea as he went, and stood next to him to look at the engine they were supposed to remove today. A block and tackle was suspended from a makeshift tripod of steel pipes, tied together with wire, and straddled the front of the Chrysler. The engine bonnet had already been removed.

"I can't stay today," he lied in his most apologetic tone of voice. "My mom's not well. I might come around tomorrow in the afternoon if she's better, if that's okay with you."

Patrick was not good at lying, and he avoided Brandon's eyes for the moment.

Brandon looked angrily at Patrick, a look of total disbelief on his well-tanned face. He was livid and it scared Patrick. He brought his index finger up and pointed under his right eye.

"Look me in the eye," he said staring at Patrick with a look that could kill.

Patrick had been looking past Brandon but he could see from the corner of his eye what was happening. He suddenly felt nervous but he did what he had to do. He managed to look Brandon in the eye without flinching, and smiled.

For just an instant he thought of Denise and how beautiful she was. He found it hard to believe that she and Brandon were brother and sister. The twenty-seven year old man was much shorter and quite unattractive with his frizzy short red hair and rather empty grey eyes. And also not helping were the discolored uneven teeth that seldom seemed to make an acquaintance with a toothbrush. Two of his teeth were missing on the side of his mouth.

“You’re just leaving me in the bloody shit now,” Brandon said angrily. “If I knew I couldn’t rely on you I would have asked Roger to come and help. What the hell must I do now?”

“Sorry Brandon,” he said, “I have to go.”

“Go then! Get out, fuck off,” Brandon said abruptly, a sneer on his face, and turned his back on Patrick.

Patrick stood there a moment longer looking sheepish then returned to the kitchen to say goodbye to a now thoroughly worked up Demi, also with a look in her eyes that could kill.

“See you tomorrow,” he said, but she was in no mood for conversation and turned her back on him. He wasted no time getting away from what threatened to become an unpleasant situation and soon hurried away to the New Alba hotel.

He always wondered why they built such a smart hotel in his neighborhood, what kind of people went there, and if he would know any of the people there. He was about to find out.

The recently completed five storey New Alba Hotel was built in the centre of the developing business centre about five miles from the city centre, to cater for the needs of the growing executive clientele. It was far too expensive for the locals who preferred the older Milner Park and Clifton Hotels around the corner.

Fifteen minutes later he was standing a few yards from the hotel entrance, looking nervously at his wristwatch. He was starting to get worried, wondering why she had not arrived yet. He looked up and down the street, went inside to the reception desk a few times and began to think she had probably just had him on.

He sighed with relief when she suddenly came around the corner at the appointed time, exactly an hour since Brandon arrived home. She came up to him, embraced and pecked him on the mouth.

“I thought you couldn’t make it,” he said.

“I had a lot of things to take care of first Paddy,” she said sounding a little annoyed.

“Mom will worry herself to death if I didn’t go home tonight.”

She had stopped off at the Black Rose, and made a telephone booking for two at the hotel, then telephoned her mother to say not to wait up for her if she was late, as she might stay over at a girlfriend for the night. Fortunately Brandon did not have a telephone service, so the secret was safe for now.

“Just go into the ladies bar and wait there for me darling,” she said. “I’ll sign in and pay then I’ll see you there. Well go up to the room separately. Tell me, has Demi got the hots for you or something?”

“Why?” he asked looking surprised.

“Just wondering,” she said starting away to reception.

He had never been in a bar room before. It seemed very quiet for a public holiday, but then he would not know how it should be anyway. He found a tall bar stool and looked around the dimly lit room. He did not recognize any one there. Some older men sat talking to pretty young girls far too young to be their wives. Then there were people who looked like executives having a casual meeting, while four or five well-dressed young men were having a drinking session not far from the bar. A young couple, almost hidden behind a pillar in a far corner, was engaged in some serious necking. That answered his curiosity about the kind of people that frequented the Alba, as if it really mattered.

A few minutes later Denise came in. She seemed to be a very loving person by the way she embraced him, almost like a loving newly wed wife might, and kissed him on the cheek. That was a feeling he had never experienced before now. It felt good having a girl do that in public and he wished his friends had been there to see them. He smiled to himself and hugged her.

“Would you like a beer before we go up?” she asked. “Have a whisky or something.”

“Nah,” he said, “I never touch the stuff.”

“It’ll make you last longer,” she said.

“I’m having a tall juice,” he said. “Gives you lots of energy! What can I get you?”

“I have enough energy thank you very much,” she said. “I’ll have a Martini. But let’s relax a while; we have a lot of time. You’ll probably be so tired of me in the morning you’ll wish we never met.”

“I don’t think so,” he said looking at her full red lips.

Then they found themselves a soft two-seater couch and stayed there for the best part of an hour listening to the soft music. They sipped their drinks slowly and looked into each other's eyes as if nothing else in the world mattered. But the desire to make love began to chase them again, and they soon walked into their room on the third floor.

It was an expensively furnished room. Patrick had never seen anything like it. It had deep piled light blue carpeting, a queen size bed with radio speakers set in the huge head board, padded in light blue rayon. There was a dressing table and upholstered stool in front of the large window and matching light blue curtains, drawn now. The light was soft.

"I've never been in a nice place like this," Patrick said. "Must set you back a bit? How much is it for the night?"

"Don't ask," she said, pushed the door closed, dropped her handbag on the easy chair, and walked up to him.

The next moment they turned animal and started tearing the clothes from one another's body. He embraced her and she grabbed his penis and kissed him.

"Let's fuck," she said a moment later "we're running out of time."

She fell back on the queen size bed shivering excitedly and parted her shapely long legs.

One glance at her crotch and he almost shook from excitement. He hurried to her side and his hand went down to her.

"Come in to me darling," she whispered pulling his hand away, and pulled him on her. The next moment he went in to her.

"Oh God, oh God," she cried, "fuck me hard Patrick, fuck me, make me your bitch Patrick, give it to me my angel."

Thus the day passed and long into the night they continued to tantalize and please one another as if doing that was their sole purpose in life. And they did it as if it was their last day on earth, and their love would give them redemption from their sins.

Occasionally they would order from room service, eat quickly, and so it went, on and on, until they fell asleep from exhaustion around midnight.

Denise was a good teacher. In only a day she had changed the boy.

Then the new day dawned. A loud crack of thunder right by their window startled them, and brought them back to the reality - a reality that meant they would soon have to say goodbye.

Up at six, one more time, then they showered together, one last time in the tiny cubicle, standing up, and not long after they were on their way down in the elevator.

Patrick walked out through the foyer alone, while Denise returned the key to the cashier then met him outside just away from the main entrance.

It was overcast, but there was a strong wind in the upper atmosphere and the clouds were moving away. The threat of early morning rain was rapidly diminishing.

“What happens now?” he asked when she came and stood next to him a few minutes later.

“What should happen now sweetheart?” she asked.

“Didn’t you have a good time?” he asked.

“Don’t you know?” she asked.

“Are you busy tonight?” he asked.

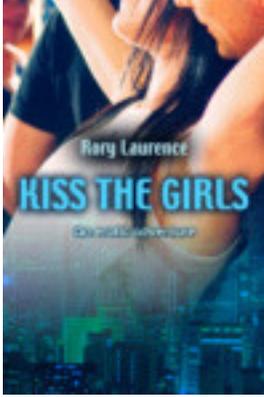
“Well chat again soon,” she said dodging the question, “but right now I’d better go home before mom starts rushing around like a crazy looking for me.”

She pecked him on the cheek, smiled, and hurried away.

He stood there a moment longer, totally flabbergasted by the casual almost business like kiss off. He watched her walking away and wondered what he had done to deserve that. But for now that was not the worst thing that could have happened to him. He had to face up to Brandon later in the day to make friends again after letting him down the day before. But he knew that might not be easy. However he had to because visiting Brandon was part of life.

But for now he had another problem that could be a little tricky, and that was facing his mother for staying out all night and not letting her know he would. He had never stayed out all night until now. He suddenly realized she would have been very concerned but he dismissed the thought.

Kiss the Girls



Kiss the Girls is an adult story. A young man is on the verge of graduating from High School and stepping in to the adult world. That is where his problems begin.

Kiss the Girls

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