

French Kiss

by Michelle Elvy

The date began badly. First, she turned up her nose at my suggestion of sushi: “*Ew!* I want *real* food!” So we found ourselves at a picnic table eating hamburgers and fries, hers dipped in a large pile of blubbery mayo.

Back in the car, she switched the radio from Waits to Madonna. I thought about kicking her out right then.

But I'm a gentleman, so I suggested wine at my place (she was French, after all), but she said, “No, that's *boring*,” and next thing I know we're down by the lake drinking Jaegermeister. *Jaegermeister, for chrissakes!* Haven't drunk that stuff since college. I managed not to puke this time, even when she said, “I'm going to fuck you now, *oui?*” What could I say? I was powerless in her hands, her mouth, her cunt. She scared the hell out of me, from her rock-hard nipples to her abundant thighs to her curious tongue. I envisioned news flashes next day: *Culture Clash: Carniverous Frenchie Fucks Shy Biology Teacher Dead*. She was all energy, grinning and grinding, sound and sexual fury. I ached for days, especially where my knee wedged into the dashboard. How she fit all those ways I never did figure.

I kept her number for a long time. “Call me,” she said as she slipped the paper into my jeans pocket. Not a question, more a demand. I wanted to, I really did.

