

## Is This True Love?

A first date holds a great deal of pressure for the guy. I have to bring a nice gift, pick a quality restaurant (not too fancy, but still expensive), and be charming without being too nice. What does a girl have to do? Okay, now that I've thought about it and had a conversation with my mother, women deal with a lot too. Be naturally pretty but use makeup, laugh at his jokes, wear something sexy but don't give too much away. It's a lot for two people to handle in one night.

When I rang the doorbell, my fingers felt like sweaty sausages. I adjusted the collar of my new shirt and shifted the bouquet of flowers between my hands. As soon as she opened the door, I swear a glimmer of light surrounded her like an angel.

She stepped onto the porch and pushed up my chin to close my mouth. "Shall we?"

I nodded frantically. She brought the flowers inside, then glided down the concrete path towards my car. The knee-length dress swayed in the wind and her hair bobbed as she walked in that way that made her look like a runway model. She waited at the passenger door, and I opened it for her.

"Do you want me to tell you where we're going?" I asked.

"Surprise me." She slipped into her seat and crossed her ankles like a princess. No... a Queen.

After a steak dinner and sharing a bottle of champagne, we strolled through the park hand in hand. The moon was full, and the ducks quacked as they floated in the center of the pond. When she looked into my eyes, I felt like the only man in the world.

"Thank you for dinner," she said, "I didn't expect you to go all out like that."

"Why wouldn't I? I wanted to make this night special for you."

"I've heard rumours about you."

"Oh yeah?"

"You're quite the bad boy. Riding motorcycles, getting into bar fights."

"Who told you I got into bar fights?"

She shrugged and giggled. "People talk."

"I can assure you, I'm a perfect gentleman."

"I hope that's not entirely true. Don't you want to live a little dangerously?" She took off her heels and jumped onto the concrete ledge of the pond. She tip-toed around the edge, holding my shoulder to support her. "If I fall are you going to catch me?"

"You'd only fall if I pushed you." I winked.

She laughed and shoved me away from her. When she jumped down, she stumbled into me and kissed my lips. Her warmth... her taste... everything intoxicating. I grabbed her hips and guided her closer into me. She pressed her hands against my chest, then smiled at me when she took her lips away. "I think it's time to go home."

When I walked her to the door, I took her hand before she reached for the doorknob. "Did you enjoy your evening?"

Bunching my shirt in her fists, she yanked me toward her to plant a sweet kiss on my lips. “It was the best first date recreation in history.”

“Happy tenth anniversary, baby.” I kissed her cheek, then she led me inside.

\*\*This piece does not reflect any existing book or persons. It is a sample created specifically for the purposes of my portfolio.