

when this kiss is over. . .

by Thomas Hunt

"Chicken noodle."

"Great and for you sir?" The waiter said.

"I'll have the steak. Rare."

"Very good sir. If you need anything else sir, please don't hesitate to ask. My name is Juan."

The waiter walked off through the fancy restaurant to place their order. The man stared into the eyes of the girl, who's crystalline white dress clung to her shoulders with little straps, revealing her pale white skin.

"So, you have something to talk to me about?" He said as he poured the champagne into her waiting glass.

"Tim, it's over. I'm sorry, I'm not really good at this."

"What's over? We just got here. I just ordered a steak. Relax. Sure Juan doesn't look like much of a waiter, but he'll do, I only ordered rare. It'll be here in no time"

"No, you and I are over. I'm sorry." She got up and placed her napkin down on the plate.

Tim, a middle aged man in a green shirt, wearing a large onyx ring stood up and dropped his napkin to the floor.

"What?"

"I'm sorry." She said as she turned and ran out the entrance of the restaurant.

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"Hi, is Jennifer Parson there?"

"Just a moment."

"Jennifer Parson speaking."

"Hi Jen, this is Bianca. I got a problem."

"Oh yeah? What's that?"

"I broke up with Tim."

"Why?"

"He wasn't it. He wasn't, the one."

"Whatever. You keep dumping eligible men, and you're gonna have hell to pay. "

"Bah. Plenty of fish in the sea. Always been my motto."

"Yeah, so why you calling me to cry if you're the great fisherwoman?"

"I wanna go out this weekend."

"You shoulda thought of this before you threw Tim back into the ocean right?"

"Yeah, but you said you knew someone who'd be perfect for me about a month ago."

"So I did. It was a month ago."

"Well, now I'm ready."

"Oh so you're ready, so why do you think he'd still be available?"

"You said he would be."

"That's true."

"So?"

"I'll call him, but try to like this one. I'm getting sick of playing matchmaker to the fucking male gourmand over there."

"I'll try."

* * *

"Hello?"

"Jen, I don't know how to thank you."

"Thank me? For what?"

"For what? Like you don't remember. Jim. He's perfect."

"Oh yeah, Jim. I forgot I was running a dial-a-date

program on the side. Which reminds me, you're actually calling me at home? You don't actually have time to hang out with me do you? Or you just calling to rub it in that you have a new beau?"

"A little of both. Now stop complaining, I see you all the time."

"Yeah, at work when your company plays my company in softball."

"Such a mouth on you, you're becoming quite a bitch in my absence."

"So anyway, you were bragging about Jim?"

"Yes. Jim is absolutely perfect, he's kind, sweet, and wonderful in bed."

"In bed? Already? You're quite the tramp."

"It's been a few weeks, I thought it was time."

"You did or he did?"

"Little of both."

"Sounds romantic."

"And how."

"So, you're free tomorrow?"

"Maybe, I'll give you a call."

"Yeah, I'll stay up waiting."

"I'll call, I'll call, shit, gimme a break. I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"Alright."

"Oh, and Jen, sorry for calling so early, I just had to tell somebody."

"I know. Talk to you later."

* * *

"Come in Jim, I'm almost ready."

Jim, a young man in a green shirt entered the apartment timidly, as though he had never been there before.

"Hello?"

"Hi Honey, I'll be out in just a minute" she said from the bathroom down the hall, the door half open, her makeup half done, her feet still clad in bright red socks that clashed violently with her white dress.

Bianca smiled at him, "Make yourself at home, I'll be right out. She went back into the bathroom, closed the door and finished up her makeup. Jim sat down on the couch and looked around the room, trying to get his bearings.

"So where are we going?" She yelled from the bathroom.

"What?" Jim said.

"Where we going!"

"It's a surprise."

She came out of the bathroom, her red socks transformed into polite white heels. "Ooooh I love surprises. Do I look ready or what?"

"Or what."

"Shut up. Let's go."

They arrived at the restaurant around seven thirty. It was very fashionable. They were led to their seat by Faye, a charming hostess who usually averaged around five dollars for simply walking through the restaurant and showing people to their tables. It incensed her that there were restaurants that had replaced her position with a sign that said "Please seat yourself."

Bianca looked around, things were just about right, crowded but not too crowded. And the evening was just getting warmed up.

"Good Evening, can I start you off with some appetizers or are you ready to order?" The waiter, a sharp looking Puerto Rican in a tuxedo said.

"Honey, why don't you go ahead and order first?" Jim said.

"But darling, I'm not sure what I want yet."

"Don't worry, we're in no hurry." Jim said, tapping his pale black ring against the table impatiently.

"I'll have the Caesar salad."

"Very good, and what kind of soup would you like? We have Clam Chowder and Chicken Noodle."