

I personally love stories that have no entertainment value whatsoever. The idea of telling a five minute story and having the other person/people so bored they are uncomfortable makes me a little aroused, I'm not afraid to admit it.

I only mention the above information because if as you read this story you get exceptionally bored, know that somewhere I'm feeling pretty good. Probably too good. Anyway, on with the story.

So the age of 15 is a rough time, more hair in new places (God willing), mother-son sex fantasies, bullies, pudding cup rings snapping off and losing a whole can of pudding. The usual things. Add in girls and Lord Jesus, there's almost no point in going on. Unless you're comfortable talking to girls, if that's the case then feel free to fuck yourself repeatedly.

Well when I was 15 the hip thing was to get a girl to let you stick your lounge into her mouth. A more noble cause could not be found. It was with this goal on my mind that we head into the world of fiction.

There was one girl on my block and she was popular, because since the age of 13 she'd been the proud mother of a set of breasts. Early development was rejoiced back then, now it's cause for an Oprah appearance. Her name was Rachel incidentally. I'm sure that'll come up again.

Anyhow Rachel (wow it did come up again) was a popular young lady and I had as much chance of lounge kissing this girl as I had of falling off the face of the earth and landing in the largest pool of pudding in the Galaxy. That would not be a very good chance sadly.

So I mostly just spent

myself locked in my room surrounded by Dungeons and Dragons sets, and KISS Posters imagining myself tongue kissing random non-Rachel girls. Because

## First Kiss

By Taylor Carver

I was nothing if not a realist. So imagine my shock when Rachel showed up knocking on my door bawling her pretty little eyes out.

It seems that Rachel's grandma was the unfortunate recipient of a tainted McHamburger and was now in the process of becoming six feet under. Understandably Rachel was pretty bummed out about this. So bummed in fact she probably wouldn't approve of me saying bummed. But I'm my own man and that's what I'll say. Point being she was bummed enough to end up sitting on a bench in our neighbourhood park with me beside her holding her as she cried.

Now from my room description I hope you can surmise that I am a loser of epic proportions, I literally had no idea what I was supposed to do with this girl, suddenly in the cockles of my brain a thought leapt out at me.

"KISS HER WITH YOUR TONGUE!!!!!"

In lieu of what happened, perhaps I should have ignored that.

With natural instinct leading the way I leaned in and kissed Rachel, first under her right eye then of course under her left eye. Slowly but surely I made my way down to her mouth, amazingly with no indication that I should stop. I was truly the most Alpha of all males at this point in my young life. Then just as quickly I was not.

As I kissed her on the lips she pressed forward against me, seemingly telling me to move forward, so I stuck out my tongue. She responded by biting my tongue as hard as she could.

Allow me to restate that. She bit my tongue as hard as she could.

Needless to say this hurt. A fair bit actually. Especially when I saw Rachel spit out the end of my tongue. That actually made it hurt a lot more oddly enough.

As I sat there in shock and pain, I couldn't even attempt to verbalize anything, half because I was so shocked and half because half of my tongue was bit off. It was at this point that the next crazy thing happened although I'm a little too close to the story to judge which was crazier.

I felt the ground shake below me and as I looked down (and continued to bleed of course) I realized that my feet were lifting up off the ground. This did little to calm me down as levitation was not something I was accustomed to.

I got to about five feet off the ground when I heard a whooshing sound in my ears, then in a blast of light and noise I was hurtling through the air away from the ground faster than I thought possible. I continued like this for what felt like an hour.

Suddenly WHAMMO BLAMMO. I crashed into something that at first I assumed was mud. As I lifted my head up and wiped my eyes clean I suddenly realized that I wasn't in mud. The huge sign to my left settled the question of my location, thankfully.

It read: "Welcome to Station Seven; The Largest Pool of Pudding in the Galaxy"