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A Little Bit Of Kink & A Whole Lot Of Freak

1. Adjective _____
2. Noun _____
3. Noun _____
4. Verb Base Form _____
5. Adjective _____
6. Adjective _____
7. Noun _____
8. Noun _____
9. Verb Base Form _____
10. Noun _____
11. Noun _____
12. Noun _____
13. Adjective _____
14. Noun _____
15. Noun _____
16. Noun _____
17. Noun _____
18. Noun _____
19. Noun _____
20. Noun _____
21. Verb Base Form _____
22. Verb Present Ends In S _____

23. Verb Base Form _____

24. Noun _____

25. Adjective _____

26. Adjective _____

27. Verb Past Tense _____

28. Noun _____

29. Noun _____

30. Noun _____

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My fingers close around the chilled martini glass, and I breathe in the _____Adjective_____ scent of fruity _____Noun_____. I still can't believe Kim set me up with a dating profile on Connect.com and then began working as my personal _____Noun_____, weeding out the dorks and losers who tried to strike up a conversation with me. When she uncovered this supposed diamond in the rough, she all but dressed me and dropped me off at this restaurant to meet him. I keep telling her not to worry about my non-existent love life, that the right guy will come along when I _____Verb Base Form_____ myself from the piles of work that greet me at the office on a daily basis, that online dating isn't my thing, but my best friend...she's a _____Adjective_____ one.

So, here I am. Waiting. Hoping not to be stood up because that would be utterly _____Adjective_____. Although, the silver lining is that I'd be able to close my Connect account. That was the deal. If the guy is a _____Noun_____, I go offline. But Kim is so convinced he's God's gift to the female population that she agreed to my terms.

It's a _____Noun_____ for me. Right?

I take a long sip of my flirtini, the champagne bubbles fizzling in my nose. A quick glance at my watch says Mr. Wonderful has exactly three minutes to show up before I _____Verb Base Form_____ it out of here. I take another sip and turn toward the door. My mouth falls open and I nearly let go of the glass.

Tall, built, hair so dark it's almost black, bright green eyes, tanned skin... Holy shit, am I already drunk or does he look exactly like his profile picture? Is that even possible? I mean, the man is pure _____Noun_____, a living, breathing _____Noun_____. Now that I know he really exists, I am definitely taking him _____Noun_____.

Our eyes meet and he heads in my direction, ignoring the _____Adjective_____ stares from every single woman along

his path. His _____Noun_____ are long and assured, his _____Noun_____ draped in a black suit with a starched white button-down shirt underneath. No _____Noun_____. So fucking hot. Mmm, I want to lick every inch of _____Noun_____.

His full lips curl upward, exposing a perfect set of sparkling white _____Noun_____. My heart thumps as he draws closer with his _____Noun_____ extended. I like a guy who shows respect and doesn't swoop right in for a _____Noun_____. Although, in this case, he could probably _____Verb Base Form_____ me against any wall in here and I'd be just fine with it.

He takes my hand in his strong grip and _____Verb Present ends in S_____ it. "Hi, you must be Casey. I'm John. It's great to finally meet you."

I want to _____Verb Base Form_____, but I feel a _____Noun_____ coming on. I knew there was no such thing as _____Adjective_____!

He continues, clearly interpreting my silence as a good thing. "Your picture doesn't do you justice. You're _____Adjective_____."

I swallow hard. "Thank you. That's very sweet. It's nice to meet you, too." How the fuck can this guy sound like he just _____Verb Past Tense_____ the _____Noun_____ out of a dozen balloons? Is Kim fucking with me? Out of the corner of my eye, I check the door, half expecting my best friend to barrel through it in _____Noun_____. No such luck.

"I see you already have a _____Noun_____. Would you like another or should we head to the dining room?"

Every syllable is like nails scraping on a blackboard. I'm going to need about three more of these to mute this guy,

and there's no time like the present to start. Although, if we get things started with dinner, I can escape David Beckham even faster.

I flash a bright smile. "Let's head into the restaurant. I'm starving!"

He grins and holds out an arm to me. "So am I."

I bite my lower lip. He is a gentleman, at least so far. Maybe I'm being a bitch about the whole pre-pubescent voice. _____ The rest of him certainly makes up for it. I can handle this. I bet he's hung like _____ elephant, too.

The hostess does a bit of drooling over John until he opens his mouth. She flashes me a sympathetic smile and twists in the direction of our table, leading us to the center of the room. "It's the best one in the house," she says before scurrying away.

John holds out my chair and I slide into it, tapping my foot on the floor. I need another drink. Badly.

He sits opposite me. "So, you're an accountant, right? How do you like crunching numbers?"

"I am. It's not bad. Pays the bills." I pretend to rub the back of my neck and search for a waiter in my periphery. Dammit! Where did he go? Doesn't he know there are patrons who are desperate for booze in here?

"My mother was an accountant, too. She was very good with numbers."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. When did she pass?" Can I be a bigger bitch? This poor guy is talking about his dead mother, and all I can focus on, besides his squeaky voice, is getting another flirtini into my system.

"Don't be. She's still alive and well." A wide smile spreads across his face. "We're very close." He fumbles inside of his jacket and pulls out a small framed picture of him with an older woman and sets it in between us. "She usually

joins me on first dates, but she's come down with a bit of a cold, so I promised her she'd be with us in spirit tonight."

He reaches across the table and squeezes my hand, looking deep into my disbelieving eyes. "She knew you'd be special, Casey. And she was right, as usual." His bright white teeth nearly blind me when he flashes that smile. I gasp. A fucking dimple, too? Good God, I don't think I can handle much more. This beautiful man has a voice that can dry me out faster than an image of Jim Belushi naked, and he travels with his fucking mother to boot? Is there no justice in this world?

The waiter finally comes over and I don't even let him speak before I order another flirtini, heavy on the vodka. I need all the help I can get right now.

John orders a glass of club soda. Actually, he kind of grunts the order. His eyebrows furrow and he starts tapping his fingers on the table. He suddenly seems a little bit ruffled, and I can't figure out why. I'm actually afraid to ask, under the circumstances.

"So, you're a big drinker, huh?" He rakes a hand through his thick, dark locks and scrubs a hand down the front of his face. "Your profile didn't mention that."

"Oh, um, well, I like the occasional cocktail." I nibble at a stray cuticle.

"I haven't had a drink in a couple of months. Ever since..." He tugs at his shirt, which is already pretty loose around his neck.

"Ever since what?" I murmur, clenching and unclenching my fists under the table. Why does it look like he's turning from Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde right now? I shift on the chair. I can pound the flirtini and bolt. Fuck the heels.

I'll just leave them here. He can keep them. Maybe his mother would like them.

His movements are getting more and more frenzied, and the awkward silence is killing me. "Um, John, are you okay? Do you need some water?"

He lets out a deep sigh and collapses against the chair. His eyes, once bright, are now dark with something that makes me question why I didn't take my cocktail to go. "Listen, Casey, I have to be honest with you. I'm a sex addict."

"So, you like a lot of sex?" I ask, gnawing at my lower lip. Oh, Christ. I'm going to fucking kill Kim.

He taps his fingers on the table again and stares at the white linen tablecloth. "It's actually more than that. I have some pretty deviant fetishes. Roman showers, Cleveland steamers, bondage...I do it all. But when I was caught fucking my motorcycle, Mom decided it was time to hold an intervention." He points his thumb at her framed smiling face. "Having her picture around keeps me in check. I'd love to take you home, bend you over my couch, split you like a log with my huge cock, and then have you vomit all over me, but I promised Mom I'd take things slowly this time. Last time, things got a bit out of control. My date and I had a little bit of a disconnect." He averts his eyes. "She said she was into kinky shit, and I guess I took that statement a little too literally."

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