

# A Little Bit Of Kink & A Whole Lot Of Freak

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18. Part Of Body
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20. Noun
21. Noun
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23. Adjective
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# A Little Bit Of Kink & A Whole Lot Of Freak

My Part of Body close around the chilled martini glass, and I breathe in the delicious scent of fruity Noun. I still can't believe Kim set me up with a Adjective 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 Noun 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 Adjective love life, that the Adjective guy will come along when I Verb Base Form myself from the piles of Noun that greet me at the office on a daily basis, that online Verb Present ends in ING 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 Noun is that I'd be able to close my Connect account. That was the deal. If the guy is a dud, I go offline. But Kim is so convinced he's God's gift to the female Noun that she agreed to my terms.

It's a win-win for me. Right?

I take a long sip of my flirtini, the champagne bubbles Verb Present ends in ING 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 Part of Body falls open and I nearly let go of the glass.

Tall, built, hair so dark it's almost black, bright green Part of Body, 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 Part of Body 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 Part of Body 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 Part of Body curl upward, exposing a perfect set of sparkling white teeth. My Part of Body thumps as he draws closer with his Part of Body extended. I like a guy who shows respect and doesn't swoop right in for a kiss. 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 Part of Body in his strong grip and pumps 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 stunning."

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 Noun Plural? 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 hysterics. 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 Noun Plural scraping on a Noun. 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 Adjective voice. Mother The rest of him certainly makes up for it. I can handle this. I bet he's hung like an Animal, too.

The hostess does a bit of Verb Present ends in ING 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 Verb Present ends in ING away.

John holds out my Noun and I slide into it, tapping my foot on the Noun. I need another Noun. 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 Noun 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 Adjective voice, is getting another flirtini into my Part of Body.

"Don't be. She's still alive and well." A wide smile spreads across his face. "We're very close." He

\_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in S inside of his jacket and pulls out a small framed \_\_\_\_\_ Noun of him with an older woman and sets it in between us. "She usually joins me on first \_\_\_\_\_ Noun Plural, but she's come down with a bit of a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, so I promised her she'd be with us in spirit tonight."

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

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

John orders a glass of club soda. Actually, he kind of \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in S the order. His \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body furrow and he starts tapping his \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body on the table. He suddenly seems a little bit \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective, and I can't figure out why. I'm actually afraid to ask, under the circumstances.

"So, you're a big \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, huh?" He rakes a hand through his thick, dark \_\_\_\_\_ Noun and scrubs a hand down the front of his \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body. "Your profile didn't mention that."

"Oh, um, well, I like the occasional \_\_\_\_\_ Noun." I nibble at a stray cuticle.

"I haven't had a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun 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 Noun Plural under the table. Why does it look like he's turning from Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde right now? I shift on the Noun. I can pound the flirtini and Verb Base Form. Fuck the Noun Plural. I'll just leave them here. He can keep them. Maybe his mother would like them.

His Noun Plural are getting more and more Adjective, and the Adjective 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 Part of Body, once bright, are now dark with something that makes me question why I didn't take my Noun to go. "Listen, Casey, I have to be honest with you. I'm a sex Noun."

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

He taps his Part of Body on the table again and stares at the white linen tablecloth. "It's actually more than that. I have some pretty deviant Noun Plural. Roman showers, Cleveland steamers, bondage...I do it all.

But when I was caught Verb Present ends in ING my motorcycle, Mom decided it was time to hold an Noun." He points his Part of Body at her framed smiling face. "Having her picture around keeps me in check. I'd love to take you home, Verb Base Form you over my Noun, Verb Base Form you like a Noun with my huge cock, and then have you Verb Base Form 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 Part of Body. "She said she was into kinky shit, and I guess I took that statement a little too literally."