

Shake Me Up and Stir Me

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Noun

Shake Me Up and Stir Me

I am not what you would call a "casual _____^{Noun}". My theory is that most men are a waste of time and the ones that you actually end up with are destined to hurt you in one way or another. Casual dating is supposed to be fun, or at least that's what my friends tell me. But to me, casual _____^{Noun} just looks like a _____^{Noun} waiting to happen. Sex on the other hand... Sex is something I can get on board with. If it involves dinner and drinks, it feels a little too 'relationshippy' and I am more in to the hit it and quit it kind of deal.

My _____^{Noun} theory doesn't go far in explaining just why I am about to go on an actual _____^{Noun} with a man I've never met...But I thought I would do my cousin Jen a favor and go out with one of her _____^{Noun} whom she claimed is "unbearably handsome and interesting". With a description like that I thought, what the hell.

That brings us to now, with me standing in the _____^{Noun} on the side of the _____^{Noun} changing a damn _____^{Noun} in my lavender Louboutin's. "Look, I'm sorry but I've never had to change a _____^{Noun} before. My dad always has someone come out and do it for me." I give my date, Timothy a pointed look. This whole "my daddy does everything for me" thing is just too cliché.

I lean a dirt covered _____^{Noun} on the rear fender of his silver Porsche in preparation to bend down and finish tightening the _____^{Noun} _____^{Noun} on the wheel when I feel his hand on my wrist, I glance from his hand to his eyes and the most disgusted look comes across his face as he realizes that I just left a dirt print on his _____^{Noun}. He gives my wrist a tug and tuts. "Come on, don't get her all dirty babe." My eyebrows shoot nearly up into my hairline, considering I'm in a freaking pencil _____^{Noun} and _____^{Noun} changing this guy's

_____ Noun _____ for him because daddy never taught him how! I blow my bangs out of my eyes and finish the job, straightening up and dusting my hands off.

When he finally gets us to the _____ Noun _____ I am completely over his company and ready to get plastered...just not with him. The hostess seats us at our table and he immediately reaches under to start rubbing the back of my knee with his fingers. If the look that crosses my face is any indication to just how uncomfortable that makes me, he doesn't notice and that is such a red _____ Noun _____. That shit is actually crimson.

We order and I suffer through him talking about how successful he is and all the different ventures he's involved in, while I daydream about what excuse I'll use to get myself the hell away from him. Stomach ache? Menstrual cramps? Mmm, how about suddenly contracting the black plague? With how much attention this _____ Noun _____ is actually paying to me while blathering on about himself, I have a feeling he would believe me.

He - gosh what was his name? Timothy? - goes to the men's room and I am finally alone, thank goodness. I take stock of the night and chalk it up to an unbelievable bust. The only thing that could possibly make this better is my favorite _____ Noun _____, a Washington Apple. _____ Noun _____ is my favorite and mix that with the class of a _____ Noun _____ and bitterness of an _____ Noun _____ and you have got yourself the best drink in the world. I decide no matter how heartless it might be, that I should just get my ass up and leave this guy here.

I casually slide my chair out and rise and beeline to the bar. I perch on a _____ Noun _____ and lean my elbows on the edge of the _____ Noun _____, ready to drink away my frustrations. Before the bartender can get to me I am taking out my contacts and reaching back in my bag for my glasses. If I'm going to be drinking I don't really want to have to stick my fingers in my eyes later. I slide them onto my face and already feel more relaxed, putting

on the dog and pony show is another reason why I hate Noun. I like to look good, look good feel good and all that but I love just being natural. Glasses, messy hair - I am all about that. I throw my long strawberry hair into a messy bun and complete the look just as the bartender finally spies me and walks over.

"Let me guess, horrible blind Noun?" His voice is thick like honey with a hint of an accent I can't quite place, it sounds terribly sexy. I blink and nod, cracking a smirk. "Honey you have no idea." He smiles at the use of a sweet name and pulls out a fresh Noun Noun. I haven't even indicated I would want that and somehow, he knows. I let him do his thing, watching his forearms that are adorned in colorful ink flex as he shakes something up for me. My thoughts flit to Noun Noun "Shaken, not stirred." I would love nothing more than this guy to shake me up and stir me in all the right ways. He finishes and pours my Noun adding a flourish of a cherry. I love cherries. So far, he's doing everything right and I am feeling like my night could improve after all. He places it in front of me and flashes me with a smile so blinding it nearly stops my heart.

I grasp the stem and bring the Noun to my lips, snaking my tongue out and running it across the rim in a show for Mr. Hotness. When the liquor hits my tongue, I can't help my moan out in a low hum. A fucking Washington Apple Martini. I close my eyes letting my favorite drink work its magic over my senses. When I open them, he's gripping the edge of the Noun and a look of pure possession burns in his green eyes. "Now, how did you know this was exactly what I wanted?" He smirks, making me feel tingly all over. "It's my job to read people, Red." That accent again, goodness I'll be lucky if I can walk out of here with my Noun still on. I take another sip, appraising this Adonis in front of me. As if he's reading my thoughts again

he mixes me another, watching me with a predatory stare all the while.

When he places the second martini in front of me, I set the first one down and his fingers brush against the back of my hand sending electricity firing up my Noun. I gasp, meeting his eyes and seeing he felt it too. "By the way Red, I get off at eleven and my name is Ford." I blush, I like it when he calls me Red. "Well Ford, I'll sit right here until you're off." He winks in response and goes about his bartender duties while I sit pretty at the bar watching him with rapt attention. I feel the desire rolling off of me in waves headed straight to him and wonder if anyone else can see how desperate I am to get him out of here and into my Noun.

When eleven rolls around, long forgotten is my Noun from hell and all my thoughts are consumed by Ford. He switched me to a Shirley temple at some point, which is another favorite he knew without me telling him. This guy. He comes out from the back of the bar with a Noun Noun hanging over his shoulder just like James Dean and I practically come out of my Noun. My body screaming Take me Ford, take me now! He stalks towards me, offering a hand to help me down from the stool and I take it, feeling my Noun igniting at his touch.

"Your place or mine?" His voice is a whisper next to me but I hear it loud and clear. I step closer to him, practically a breath away now. "How about yours?" He lets out a low hum and I want to dry hump him right there. "Perfect." He takes his free Noun and pushes an errant curl behind my ear, trailing his Noun down my throat. "But first, let me take you on a date." I can't help but laugh out loud. I don't date.

But for Ford, I might just do it. "I hate dating, but what do you have in mind?" He leans close to my ear, tracing the shell of it with his Noun, sending a shiver through my whole body. "Pancakes, to go." I smile, stepping

fully into him. "Okay, and where will we eat said pancakes?" He presses a hand into my _____ Noun

_____ Noun, "My place, where I'll use your naked body as a plate and lick you clean." I moan out loud just as

he captures my _____ Noun and changes my mind about dating all together. When he breaks away smiling I

smile back, lust drunk. "By the way, my name is Phoenix."