

# Tragic Third Date

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As the clock chimes eight, my doorbell \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in S \_\_\_\_\_. After a quick hello, Jake wraps a black satin blindfold around my eyes and kisses my \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body \_\_\_\_\_. Excited doesn't even begin to describe how I feel. I love surprises and am anxious to find out what he's planned.

"This is going to be an \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ date, but trust me. Our other dates have been \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_, right?" he asks, his confidence easily detected in his voice.

"Yes, I trust you," I tell him.

It's true, I trust him for a good date. Two weeks ago, when he cornered me in the copy room and asked me out for the first time, I was \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in ING \_\_\_\_\_ on air. I'd been eyeballing the blond-haired office god for several months and had no idea he was checking me out too.

Date one was perfect. He took me to a fancy little French restaurant before we walked around the lake downtown talking. \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ and perfect. The second date he took me to a spring training baseball game and afterwards for ice cream; two of my favorite things. I thought this guy couldn't get more amazing. Because the first two dates were so good, I didn't scoff when he asked to blindfold me and take me on a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ date tonight. I mean, for a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ to get the first two dates so perfect, I thought there's no way he'll screw up the third.

We drive for about \_\_\_\_\_ Number \_\_\_\_\_ minutes until I feel the car turn in slowly and stop. Jake helps me out and leads me carefully toward the sound of dance music. My thoughts whirl with the possibilities and I like them all.

When the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ opens, the music gets infinitely louder and a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ voice greets us.

"Jake, my man! Good to see you tonight. Thanks for the investment tip the other night. Already took care of it."

"No, problem, \_\_\_\_\_First Name of a Person\_\_\_\_\_, " he says.

He obviously comes here a lot.

"Y'all can go on in. How old is your date?" he asks.

"Karen, I didn't think to ask you how old you are."

I giggle a little. "I'm \_\_\_\_\_Number\_\_\_\_\_."

"Okay, you don't need an arm band, let me stamp your hand." I stick my hand out and get my stamp.

Right away I'm led into the room with the \_\_\_\_\_Verb Present ends in ING\_\_\_\_\_ music.

As he leads me to a chair there are no less than \_\_\_\_\_Number\_\_\_\_\_ women who greet him by name. Where are we?

He helps me sit and when I reach up to remove the blind fold he stops me.

"Let's get you a \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_ and wait for Bambi to make her way over before you remove that."

"Okay. Who's Bambi?"

He ignores my question and instead asks, "What would you like to drink?"

"A lemon drop martini sounds lovely," I tell him. It's my new \_\_\_\_\_Adjective\_\_\_\_\_ drink, one I discovered on our first date.

"What 'cha havin' sweetie pie?" a new voice asks.

"Ronnie, I'd like a vodka tonic and my date would like the perfect lemon drop martini."

"Sure, Jake. Bambi said to tell you she'll be here in about 5 minutes. She's finishing up in the back room."

I listen as the music changes and more voices filter into the room.

"Do you have any idea where we are?" he asks me \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb \_\_\_\_\_.

"Um... a dance club?" I answer.

"Close, but not quite. I brought you somewhere that I love to come so you can learn how to do things I like, the way I like them."

Hmmm. I have no idea what that means. I wait as patiently as I can until a deep, sultry, female voice approaches.

"Jake, my love," she says.

That seems like a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ greeting.

"Hey, Bambi. Busy tonight?"

"Yeah, a little. Who do we have here?"

"This is my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_, Karen."

"Um... hi," I say \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb \_\_\_\_\_, still unable to see her.

"Now that we have introductions, I'm going to take off your blindfold. Remember to keep an open mind. Our dates have been good up to this point and this one can be better." Something about Bambi's voice and his choice of words make my \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body \_\_\_\_\_ clench.

There's a tug on the blindfold and it falls to my \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body \_\_\_\_\_. I blink a little to adjust my eyes and find the biggest set of fake boobs I've ever seen are at eye level right in front of me. Not the cleavage or the hint of flesh, but the actual boobs, plus the sequined tasseled pasties covering her nipples.

Her dark hair is long and sleek, her makeup abundant and her platform sequined heels match her pasties and g-string. She's not what I expected to find. Not even close. I \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Base Form \_\_\_\_\_ around the room trying to understand

what's going on. Two brass stripper poles stand on each side of a stage that comes out in to the room like a peninsula. One woman is steadily flipping and \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in ING on one of the poles while another is on her hands and knees \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in ING across the stage toward a group of waiting \_\_\_\_\_ Noun Plural \_\_\_\_\_.

"Jake?" I ask, still confused.

"I brought you here so you'll learn what I like."

"What you like?" The server sets my drink down and I gulp the whole thing in one shot. Then I look at her. "

Another please." This can't be happening. Where did Mr. Perfect Date go?

Bambi and Jake are looking at me \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb \_\_\_\_\_.

"I need to use the ladies' room. Where can I find that?" I ask, to give myself a few minutes to process this.

Bambi points to a corner. "Over there, hon."

I jump up and \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Base Form to the bathroom. Once I'm inside I stand in front of the mirror, noting my conservative appearance. Nothing about me says 'take me to a strip club.' This is a joke, right? Who'd bring a date to a strip club? I'd probably think I'm being Punked or something if it weren't for the fact that everyone here seems to know him well.

Our other dates were \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in ING \_\_\_\_\_ . How'd he get it so wrong this time? Maybe I'm just being a bitch. I decide to give him a chance to turn this around, so I return to my seat.

While the server's setting my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun next to my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_, I notice Bambi leaning over top of Jake suggestively while his hand rests with familiarity on her hip. I sit down and stare at them, wondering what's going

on now. It's like a bizarre dream. Bambi steps away from him, struts to me, straddles my legs and perches her naked \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body on my knees. My \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective mind can't comprehend why she's doing that.

"First lesson, hon. Jake likes tons of contact, but he likes being \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Past Tense first. Planting a hand on my \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body she scoots in closer, licks her \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body and rolls her \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body as she shakes her \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body in my face. I have no idea where to look. Expertly, she turns around before I can say a word, \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in S over and gives me a face full of g-string ass and crotch.

There isn't enough martini in the place for me to be okay with this. I ignore the \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in ING woman in front of me and turn to Jake.

"This isn't my thing."

"But it's my thing. I did what you wanted the last two dates. Tonight, it's about me and since this is the sex date I want to make sure you know how I like it."

I have no idea what he means about sex date. I am beginning to understand that he's crazy, though.

"What do you mean 'the sex date'?"

"Third date is the sex date. Everyone knows this."

He thinks I'm sleeping with him tonight. No way. He thinks I'm getting \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective moves to fuck him with? Nope.

"Do you bring dates here often? Is this your thing?" I ask, \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Past Tense by his audacity.

"Nah. This is the first time I've brought someone here for lessons. You're \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective, but you're also uptight. I thought if we were really going to enjoy tonight I should bring you to the experts."

My



\_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body \_\_\_\_\_ drops open before I take a swig of the martini. When I turn back to face him I realize Bambi has moved over and is turned backwards on his lap grinding her \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body \_\_\_\_\_ against \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body \_\_\_\_\_ as he shoves bills down the front of her g-string.

"See it's not that hard, Karen. You'll get the hang of it quick if you watch Bambi for a few minutes." I pick up my drink ready to throw it on him, but when Bambi leans back and he sucks her \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body \_\_\_\_\_ into his mouth while looking at me, I decide he's isn't worth wasting my perfect lemon drop martini on. I toss the last swallow down my throat, grab my clutch and \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Base Form \_\_\_\_\_ out the door, leaving Jake the perverted asshole with Bambi behind as part of the \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ date I've ever had.