



Fifty
Two
Shades
of
Blue- 1517

(a parody)

Karen S. Exkorn

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Blue-ISH

Orange Press

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CHHHAPTER ONE

I struggle to adjust my eyes in the dimly lit Buddha Bar. It's me, my best friend Leesa, and my other best friend Pierre. We've had too much to drink. Oops! I'm wobbling. I try to keep my balance as I teeter in my Jimmy Choos. I reach across to steady myself on a barstool. But it's no use. Those Tantric Tequilas were killer.

My brain parts in my head are spinning. They feel like loose change in a washing machine.

I glance at my watch. The numbers are a blur.

"*Gulp...*I need some fresh air," I say. I glance up at the gigantic golden Buddha statue that is so...statuesque. "I think the big Buddha is staring at me!" I mumble, as I stumble towards the door.

"Let me help you." It's Pierre. And I can see he's also had too much to drink. My heart is pounding as the cool night air hits us. Right smack in our faces.

I walk out onto the sidewalk. Am I going to throw up? Oh. I don't know! Maybe it would make me feel better. I bend forward and rest my hands on my thighs. My head hangs below my waist. Suddenly, I feel other hands. From

behind me. On me. On my hands, which are still on my thighs.

“Oooh la la. Très sexy!” Pierre speaks breathlessly, as he breathes into my hair with his French accent.

Oh no! I’ve always known that he has a secret crush on me. But not now. Not like this.

Pierre tries to hoist me up. But he cannot. So I stand and turn around. Like the towering big Buddha statue, I tower over my French friend in my 4.8 inch Jimmy Choos.

Pierre tries to reach up to my face to pull it close to his. But he cannot. So he rests his head on my collarbone. Which is one of my best features, according to my mother.

“Embrasse-moi!” Pierre murmurs softly into my collarbone.

Uh oh! Is he speaking French?

“Embrasse-moi!” he murmurs louder.

I don’t know what he’s saying! I must have skipped French class that day. What is he trying to tell me?

Pierre tilts his head back, squeezes his eyes shut, and stands on his tippy toes. He parts his lips. I can smell the tequila on his breath. *Or is that mine?*

Oh no!

“No, Pierre, No!” I shout into the space between his French lips. *How do you say “No” in French?*

“*Oui! Pierre, Oui!*” *shouts my inner princess (my inner Jewish American Princess, that is, who prefers to be known as JAP). “Gimme a French kiss!”*

I try to shut her up but it is no use. She's always had a thing for French men. And French fries.

"Pierre, please! You are my friend. We can't..." I stammer.

Pierre's feelings for me are seeping and oozing out of him. I must do something. Say something.

"Pierre. I like you. But not the way you like me. Our likes are not the same."

Uh oh! I feel a surge of bile rising in my mouth.

But wait. I must continue. Pierre is my friend. But...

Uh oh! I feel another surge. But I fight the urge...of this surge.

"Pierre, I..."

Uh oh...

Blegggghhh!

Oh no! I just projectile vomited on Pierre!

Pierre topples backwards like a little tree that falls in the forest that does not make a sound. *Or does it?*

Oh no! I fear that there is more! I can no longer fight the urge...to purge. I look down. *No!* Not on my Jimmy Choos! I reach over to take them off, and as I do, I lose my balance and fall forward onto my hands. My feet are still on the ground, but my butt is in the air! Wait a minute. I'm doing a downward dog! All of my yoga classes with yoga master Shakti are finally paying off! This is the perfect position to...

Blegggghhh! I release my vomit. And it releases my tequila. And I feel...released. *Perhaps this is the cycle of*

release that Shakti speaks of? My vomit is nonstop. Again... and again, I vomit. Until I am done. And then I come to an important realization...

I didn't splatter any vomit on my Jimmy Choos!

Uh oh. Help! How do I get out of my downward dog without getting my hands all...yukky?

"I like a woman who does yoga. On a sidewalk."

Huh? I hear a voice. A voice that is deep and steamy, like a locomotive train. I look through my legs. Suddenly, a face appears...between my Jimmy Choos!

Oh no! It's an upside-down face! Of a man! *Uh oh.* I feel the blood rushing to my head.

Gulp. "Um, can you please..." I stammer.

"Yes. I can." He answers.

In a flash, I feel man hands pulling my ample hips to safety. I am standing! But I cannot turn around. Not yet. Not until I remove the remaining specks of vomit from my chin. So I swipe them away. With my index finger. Discreetly.

I cannot wait another minute to see my hero! I pray that his rightside-up looks match his upside-down steamy voice.

Slowly, I turn. And then I see him. He is...gorgeous. Wait a minute...he looks...familiar.

My hero stares at me. His manly hands have manicured buffed fingernails that rest on his pants, pants that rest on his...buff body. His face is handsome, with a strong jaw and chiseled cheekbones. His hair is chestnut brown and neatly parted to the side. His eyes are steel blue. He looks...familiar.

“Don’t I know you?” I ask, feeling a bit woozy as I try to steady myself. I brush some strands of highlights away from my eyes, and then wish I hadn’t. I almost tipped over. *Oh no!* Now there are specks of vomit in my hair!

“You look familiar.” I say. “Aren’t you...”

His piercing eyes indicate that he might be...

“Christian?”

He pauses. He seems to know of whom I speak. His rosy lips part and he begins to speak.

“Jew.” He answers.

“*Gulp...What?*” I am stunned by his response, but remain mesmerized by his lips. *His rosy lips are...sexy.*

“I am Jew. Christian’s half-brother.”