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TONYCNJD AFFORDABLE **EXPRES**

Hi
You I hope you get this. Just after I was totally convinced there were few men left in this world, here I finally see one take action into his own hands.
And I won't lie to you, I liked it a lot and it was incredibly hot.
I was the girl in a corporate skirt, a skirt that was rather high, waiting at a bus stop and periodically

checking my phone. I had seen you earlier walking around and truth be told, I didn't give you much thought. But don't read into that. I have the red storm in town this week and my job has been stressing me out a bit.

As I waited, suddenly I saw a man run up to an older woman sitting nearby, do a ninja-like cartwheel, and then grab her purse. She screamed and this is when you took note. You were walking right past me at this point and threw your coffee at the ground and tossed me your messenger bag.

'Not again,' you said. 'Not in my house, naw uh, no way.'

Following this decree you then ran after the man and yelled at him to stop.

'STOP ASSHOLE RIGHT NOW!'

And surprisingly, he did. Although he had a black mask on, he turned around and I could tell he stared you down. And lo and behold, he then started running towards you and yelling incoherently. You had paused by this point and remained in place, doing a few shadow kicks and punches to dissuade him as much as you could.

And finally, the moment I was waiting for; the conclusion. With him running toward you, you maneuvered yourself to execute a roundhouse kick, which if executed perfectly, would have kicked his head off completely. Trust me. I am from Cleveland and that's how it works.

As the moment of impact neared, I was hoping you would try to kick his head toward me. And then use that as an opening to ask for my number... So I kept close watch, believe you me.

'Suck on this criminal!' You said when twisting and readying your body to take him out. But unfortunately your foot hit a parking meter and he was able to just beat the shit out of you since he had the upper hand on the first move. He literally just kicked your ass, then took your wallet, and for some reason took your pants off as a form of psychological punishment.

You laid there in just a white button down and underpants and cried until the police showed up and put a blanket on you and gave you tea.

But I think it's cool that you at least tried to do something. And for that you get a date with me. My name is Tiffany. I have a cat, some ambiguous student loan debt, and I drive a Kia. Let's get some sushi and talk about society together.

Hope to hear from you....

Tiff

P.S. To make sure it's you, tell me where this went down. Be