

## 50 Shades of Madlibs

1. Verb - 3Rd Person Singular Present
2. Noun
3. Noun
4. Verb - 3Rd Person Singular Present
5. Noun
6. Verb - Past Tense
7. Noun
8. Adjective
9. Noun - Plural
10. Noun
11. Noun - Plural
12. Noun
13. Verb - Non 3Rd Person Singular Present
14. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
15. Noun - Plural
16. Noun - Plural
17. Noun - Plural
18. Noun
19. Noun
20. Verb
21. Verb
22. Noun
23. Noun

24. Verb - Past Tense

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25. Noun

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26. Noun - Plural

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27. Noun

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28. Noun

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29. Noun

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30. Noun - Plural

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31. Verb - 3Rd Person Singular Present

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32. Noun

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33. Noun

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34. Adjective

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35. Noun

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36. Noun

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37. Noun - Plural

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38. Noun - Plural

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39. Verb - Base Form

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40. Noun

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41. Noun

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42. Verb - Past Tense

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43. Adverb

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44. Noun

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45. Noun - Plural

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46. Noun

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47. Noun

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48. Noun - Plural

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49. Noun
50. Noun
51. Noun - Plural
52. Pronoun
53. Verb
54. Noun
55. Noun
56. Pronoun
57. Adjective
58. Noun - Plural
59. Adjective
60. Pronoun
61. Noun - Plural
62. Noun - Plural
63. Noun
64. Noun - Plural
65. Verb - Past Tense
66. Adverb
67. Adverb

# 50 Shades of Madlibs

He \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - 3rd Person Singular Present very gently on one as his hand moves to my other \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, and his

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun slowly \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - 3rd Person Singular Present the end of my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, elongating it. I

\_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Tense, feeling the sweet sensation all the way to my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun. I am so \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective.

Oh please, I beg internally as my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural clasp the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun tighter. His \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural

close around my other \_\_\_\_\_ Noun and he tugs, I nearly \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Non 3rd Person Singular Present.

"Let's see if we can make you \_\_\_\_\_ Preposition or subordinating conjunction like this," he whispers, continuing his slow,

sensual assault. My \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural bear the delicious brunt of his deft \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural and

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural, setting alight every single nerve ending in my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun so that my whole

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun sings with the sweet agony. He just doesn't \_\_\_\_\_ Verb.

"Oh... \_\_\_\_\_ Verb," I beg, and I pull my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun back, my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun open as I \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past

Tense \_\_\_\_\_, my legs stiffening. Holy hell, what's happening to me?

"Let go, \_\_\_\_\_ Noun," he murmurs. His \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural close round my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, and his

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun and \_\_\_\_\_ Noun pull hard, and I fall apart in his hands, my body convulsing and shattering into

a thousand \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural. He \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - 3rd Person Singular Present me, deeply, his \_\_\_\_\_ Noun in my

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun absorbing my cries.

Oh my. That was \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective. Now I know what all the fuss is about. He gazes down at me, a satisfied

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun on his face, while I'm sure there's nothing but \_\_\_\_\_ Noun and awe on mine.

"You are very responsive," he breathes. "You're going to have to learn to control that, and it's going to be so

much

fun teaching you how." He kisses me again.

My breathing is still ragged as I come down from my orgasm. His hand moves down my waist, to my

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_, and then cups me, intimately... Jeez. His finger slips through the fine

lace and slowly circles around me - there. Briefly he closes his \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_, and his breathing hitches.

"You're so deliciously \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Base Form \_\_\_\_\_. God, I want you." He thrusts his \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ inside me, and I

cry out as he does it again and again. He palms my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_, and I cry out once more. He pushes inside me

harder and harder still. I \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Tense \_\_\_\_\_.

Suddenly, he sits up and tugs my \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb \_\_\_\_\_ off and throws them on the floor. Pulling off his

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_, his erection springs free. Holy cow... He reaches over to his bedside table

and grabs a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_, and then he moves between my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_, spreading them

further apart. He kneels up and pulls a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ on to his considerable length. Oh no...Will it? How?

"Don't worry," he breathes, his eyes on mine, "You expand too." He leans down, his hands on either side of my

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_, so he's hovering over me, staring down into my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_, his jaw clenched, eyes

burning. It's only now that I register he's still wearing his shirt.

"You really want to do this?" he asks softly.

"\_\_\_\_\_ Pronoun \_\_\_\_\_," I beg.

"Pull your knees up," he orders softly, and I'm quick to obey. "I'm going to \_\_\_\_\_ Verb \_\_\_\_\_ you now, Miss Steele,

" he murmurs as he positions the head of his \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ at the entrance of my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_. "Hard," he

whispers, and he slams into me.

" Pronoun !" I cry as I feel a weird pinching sensation deep inside me as he rips through my virginity. He stills, gazing down at me, his eyes bright with ecstatic triumph.

His mouth is open slightly, and his breathing is harsh. He groans.

"You're so Adjective. You okay?"

I nod, my eyes wide, my hands on his Noun - Plural. I feel so Adjective. He stays still, letting me acclimatize to the intrusive, overwhelming feeling of Pronoun inside me.

"I'm going to move, baby," he breathes after a moment, his voice tight.

Oh.

He eases back with exquisite slowness. And he closes his eyes and groans, and Noun - Plural into me again. I cry out a second time, and he stills.

"More?" he whispers, his voice raw.

"Yes," I breathe. He does it once more, and stills again.

I groan. My body accepting him... Oh, I want this.

"Again?" he breathes.

"Yes." It's a plea.

And he moves, but this time he doesn't stop. He shifts onto his elbows so I can feel his weight on me, holding me down. He moves slowly at first, easing himself in and out of me. And as I grow accustomed to the alien feeling, my Noun - Plural move tentatively to meet his. He speeds up. I moan, and he pounds on, picking up speed, merciless, a relentless rhythm, and I keep up, meeting his thrusts. He grasps my Noun between his

Noun - Plural

and kisses me hard, his teeth pulling at my lower lip again. He shifts slightly, and I can feel something building deep inside me, like before. I start to stiffen as he Verb - Past Tense on and on. My body quivers, bows, a sheen of sweat gathers over me. Oh my... I didn't know it would feel like this... didn't know it could feel as good as this. My thoughts are scattering... there's only sensation... only him... only me... oh please... I Adverb.

"Come for me, Ana," he Adverb breathlessly, and I unravel at his words, exploding around him as I climax and splinter into a million pieces underneath him. And as he comes, he calls out my name, thrusting hard, then stilling as he empties himself into me.