

## Rule by Jay Crownover

1. Adjective
2. Adjective

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"Okay."

"Okay?"

I breathed out a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective breath and as it whispered across his mouth he briefly closed his eyes so I did the only thing that was left to do, I leaned forward and pressed my lips to his. It wasn't with the same desperation as it had been the last time, there was no panic that he would change his mind, no years upon years of pent up desire and frustration, and there was no regret that it was only going to be a one night thing-just the \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective press of my lips against his and the soft bite of his lip ring into my lower lip. Kissing Rule would always be uniquely different from kissing anyone else, there was just something about it that put it in a class all its own. I felt his lips turn up into a grin as audible sighs from several of the tables around us were heard . He pulled back and tapped a finger on the tip of my nose.

I sat back in my chair and cleared my throat. "Well, then."

He barked out a laugh. "Yeah, at least that part of it seems to be a no-brainer."