

# Fifty Shades of Wordplay

1. Noun - Plural
2. Noun - Plural
3. Verb - Base Form
4. Number
5. Adverb
6. Noun
7. Exclamation
8. Adjective
9. Adjective
10. Noun
11. Adverb
12. Exclamation
13. Adverb
14. Adverb
15. Noun
16. Part Of Body
17. Noun
18. Exclamation
19. Noun
20. Part Of Body
21. Part Of Body
22. Noun - Plural
23. Article Of Clothing

24. Adverb

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"Oh ... please," I beg, and I pull my head back, my mouth open as I groan, my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_ stiffening.

Holy hell, what's happening to me?

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

\_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Base Form \_\_\_\_\_ hard, and I fall apart in his hands, my body convulsing and shattering into

\_\_\_\_\_ Number \_\_\_\_\_ pieces. He kisses me, \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb \_\_\_\_\_, his \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ in my mouth absorbing my cries.

\_\_\_\_\_ Exclamation \_\_\_\_\_ ! That was extraordinary. Now I know what all the fuss is about. He gazes down at me, a

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

"You are very \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_," 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 \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_. His hand moves down my waist, to my

hips, and then cups me, \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb \_\_\_\_\_ ... \_\_\_\_\_ Exclamation \_\_\_\_\_. His finger slips through the fine lace and

\_\_\_\_\_ Adverb \_\_\_\_\_ circles around me - there. Briefly he closes his eyes, and his breathing hitches.

"You're so \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb \_\_\_\_\_ wet. God, I want you." He thrusts his \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ inside me, and I cry out as he

does

it again and again. He palms my \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body, and I cry out once more. He pushes inside me harder and harder still. I groan.

Suddenly, he sits up and tugs my panties off and throws them on the floor. Pulling off his boxer briefs, his

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun springs free. \_\_\_\_\_ Exclamation ... He reaches over to his bedside table and grabs a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, and then he moves between my legs, spreading them further apart. He kneels up and pulls a condom onto his \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body. Oh no ... Will it? How?

"Don't worry," he breathes, his \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body on mine. "You expand too." He leans down, his hands on either side of my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural, so he's hovering over me, staring down into my eyes, his jaw clenched, eyes burning. It's only now that I register he's still wearing his \_\_\_\_\_ Article of clothing.

"You really want to do this?" he asks \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb.

"Please," I beg.