

Game of T

1. Pronoun
2. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction

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"Does Pronoun have a name?" Esgred asked as he mounted.

"Smiler." He gave her a hand, and pulled her up in front of him, where he could put his Preposition or

subordinating conjunction around her as they rode. "I knew a man once told me that I smiled at the wrong things."

"Do you?"

"Only by the lights of those who smile at nothing." He thought of his father and his uncle Aeron.

"Are you smiling now, my lord prince?"

"Oh yes." Theon reached around her to take the reins. She was almost of height with him. Her hair could have used a wash and she had a faded pink scar on her pretty neck, but he liked the smell of her, salt and sweat of a women.

The ride back to Pyke promised to be a good deal more interesting than the ride down had been.

When they were well beyond the Lordsport, Theon put a hand on her breast. Esgred reached up and plucked it away. "I'd keep both hands on the reins, or this black beast of yours is like to fling us both off and kick us to death."

"I broke him of that." Amused, Theon behaved himself for awhile, chatting amiably of the weather and telling her of the men he'd killed in the Whispering Wood. When he reached the part about coming close to the Kingslayer himself, he slid his hand back up to where it had been. Her breasts were small, but he liked the firmness of them.

"You don't want to do that my lord prince."

"Oh, but I do." Theon have her a squeeze."

"Your squire is watching you."

"Let him. He'll never speak of it I swear."