

A Matter of Lust

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Trask's gaze fell upon a woman on the edge of the dance floor in a short, black dress that hugged every curve of her Adjective body. He placed his drink aside and Adverb ran his tongue over his teeth as he Verb - Past Tense toward her. "Hello," he purred, breathing in her clean scent of Noun and roses and Noun.

She turned slowly toward him, her gaze roaming over his face, his body, and he got the distinct impression that she was mentally undressing him. He Adverb hoped she was. She obviously Verb - Past Tense what she saw because a smile blossomed on her glossy, pink body part. "Hi."

The instant, piercing sexual Pronoun between them made his blood surge. He reached out with a fine strand of psychic energy and lightly dipped into her primal core. "You are very Adjective," he said, Verb - Present Tense the tiny taste of her fire.

"Uh-huh," she said, Noun and humor making her body part sparkle. "Tell me something I don't know."

Trask laughed. He liked this woman. "I think I might be in Noun with you," he said, beginning the game. It was a Noun that had worked many times before--the humans always seemed enchanted and amused

by the concept, but it was a Adjective sentiment, something meant to Verb a grin and nothing more. But as the words left his mouth, they felt different this time, almost as if they had...Noun.

"Are you sure it's love you feel?" she asked, a smile dancing along the corners of her mouth. Her body part flicked down to his crotch. "Or something else entirely?"