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Curated by Lauren Amos

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* THANKS, BITLIT 🤖

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50 Shades

of Greyscale

Chapter 1

Quick to this morning, but I don't think he's talking about change now.

"I have some woman you have some reason, please, I think he's talking about changes. And as I sit down at my hands, and he starts to play slowly strokes my bra and runs his hand through his hair.

"You have some contract. Deep down I know this is what you didn't answer my question or agreed additionally under clause 3 above.

Dr. Greene is delicious.

"I have some questions and your mouth," he scolds me close.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if you were so young, sweetheart. But someone had to say that you can do this," he whispers, his eyes are alight with humor.

"I don't think so."

"Anastasia, you should steer clear from the building, and I can feel him strange, kissing me, his expression unfathomable.

"That's because I'm told. Even if it were leaving?"

I nod.

"You see, Ana, my nerves are acceptable to the Submissive?

\* Whipping

\* Bondage with her face

When I see him. I don't have to worry about what you want to do.

And then he seems to be his submissive scheduled.

He looks so confused.

"We have to be in bed," he says simply.

Taylor holds the door open for me, and I can see his shoulder and grown as he stares down at me.

"You're biting your lip, and you can walk away any time the Dominant sees fit.

Paul is back to the bar stools.

"Well then, you can do this," I murmur, staring at my hands, and he starts to play slowly strokes my chin, his tongue mirrors to hear him.

I feel so proud of him.

"I think you're going to have your hair and places his hand on my knees. He leans forward and kisses me softly.

Chapter 2

He shakes his head and grabs my hand and places it back in the doorway, staring at me, his eyes dark and intense down at me, Quietly, he shrugs.

"I love you, Anastasia, what is it?" I ask, and I can tell he's irritated.

"Yes, shall I collect you?"

"Yes."

"Okay. I want to get a drink."

He pauses, gazing down at me.

And the time I was driving with a gun.

It's as if I'm his right thing.

I want to get my hair and press my lips together as the tension is sure what the hell do I say to this really.

Congratulations of the Audi.

Taylor is waiting to the bed.

"And the world falls are a word, and I don't want to go to bed.

I need to know that you have never been to see his shoes. He shrugs.

"You look lovely, Anastasia. I want to go to bed."

He shakes his head, his expression unreadable. He shrugs as if in pain, but this time I saw him.

"I want to get my first night to watch you sleep for me?"

He puts his arms around me, his expression changes.

He smiles against my throat.

"I love you, too, Christian, and the words from the building.

I turn to see his shirt off over me.

"I want to get my first night to watch you sleep for me?"

"You look lovely, Anastasia.

I wouldn't have a mountain of bright, and pulls out into the door.

Said she would be proud and the bed.

He stills and leans over to the bed.

"You look very pleased to see me, and I want to go to bed."

Chapter 3

Could be a good time.

I have to get the word on the floor of the bathroom.

Grabbing my hands and stretches out beside me, and I start to move again.

"I need to know."

"I think you had a point of curious from the entrance of the bathroom.

Grace and Christian has been at the end of the bed.

I stare at him, and he stands and grasps my hands.

"Ana, what do you want to do?"

"Already?" I beg and he stops suddenly.

The thought makes me smile.

"You have a primal response to the back of the bed. I was working on the table."

"I know. I'm sorry. I don't want you to tell me on the table."

I groan inwardly at the thought.

"Where were you?" he asks, his eyes widen.

I love this man. I reach over to the entrance of the bathroom robe, I think about that.

I don't want to leave him and hold out my hand, and his eyes widen.

"I have a problem."

"I know. You'll need them."

And more of the f\*\*king lunatic gets in the mirror.

I lean back on the bed and pulls me on the bed and pulls me on the bed and pulls me on the bed.

I start to move again.

I take off my shirt's soft and warm and gives me a congratulation of the last three weeks of my purse.

He grasps my hands and runs his fingers through the button on the bed.

I don't know if's a good time."

Christian stands and tugs on the bed.

I can see on his face's line of the late stairs.

His dark eyes swing open with my head.

I remember the day's pocket of his behavior.

I stand and strokes his fingers through the button of his throat.

I continue to travel down my cheeks.

Please.

I have my eyes off his forehead.

"I don't want you to tell me how to share you here."

She points to the first full of personnel finally pull the late afternoon sun sinks through the entire time.

Now that even Prescott has to tell me that he's taking me with my mouth.

You're not." I squeeze his shoulders and pulls me on to his lap.

"Bathrobes?"

"I don't know what you said on his company. I couldn't bear to let me go to bed. Leave your things, Mrs. Grey."

I don't want to tell him that he thinks I'm going to take this for a good time.

I want to know.

I need to know what to do.

I'm sure he was distracting. I want to leave him as I reach out to the end of the bed, letting me sleepily through his teeth.

When he says he's not mad at me. I stand up and stare at the closet.

"We don't want you going to do this for you,

See it's seven thirty in the mirror.

I love this man. I really don't want to hear this for him. I want to leave him and hold out my hands, and his eyes widen. "I have a problem."

I feel like's sensual anything else to her since my mind was a

welcome sip of consciousness, his eyes widen with my head and stands.

Chapter 4

She was confused about specifically filament rope, pressed into a hard line.

"What do you want to do?"

"Ana, I don't want you to be a family life. I want to see you."

He kisses me behind my ear, then shakes his head in disbelief.

"Go and see your dad."

"I have a present that way."

"That's not what I do. I want to see you."

He began too. I want to be angry with this. I have to go.

"Come on, Ana. We'll see you this evening."

"I'm sure you don't want to talk about this."

I smile at him.

"What do you want to do?"

What wash you?" he asks softly.

"I don't want to talk about that."

"Please." I beg.

I can't see him.

I don't want to talk about him.

Sawyer is waiting in the darkness.

"That's better," he murmurs.

"I don't want you to be all of you and you weren't a short time. I don't want to talk about that."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."