The Ghost of Us: Ghost Romance

In the Choices *book* The Ghost of Us, *you play as a medium who is trying to solve the murder of Grey Morrison murder so that they can move on. While attending a wedding reception, Grey offers to teach you how to dance, despite the fact you're unable to touch.*

EXT. WEDDING RECEPTION - NIGHT

Event: Grey leads you to a secluded spot at the edge of the festivities, where it's just the two of you and the sweet music.
You: So, what're you going to teach me?
You [HAPPY]: I should warn you that the only experience I have is from those cheesy middle school dances.
Grey [HAPPY]: Then we'll start with a box step. It's the foundation on which a waltz is built.
Grey [HAPPY]: Follow my lead, starting with your left foot.
Event: {He} places one hand on your waist, then takes yours in {his} other. The tingling sensation returns, even stronger this time.
You [SURPRISED]: Oh...
Grey [HAPPY]: I knew I could make you gasp with just a single touch.
You [HAPPY]: Right, and it has nothing to do with the fact that I can feel you more than I normally would.
Grey: What *does* it feel like?

CHOICE MENU: It feels…

Tingly... *thrilling*.	Comforting.	Unsettling.
Event: {His} gaze meets yours, a playful fire dancing behind {his} eyes. **Grey [HAPPY]:** I tend to have that effect on people... **You [HAPPY]:** Not lately, you don't. **Grey [HAPPY]:** Hey, I don't need a physical form to make people hot and tingly. It's just more fun when I can join in.	**You [HAPPY]:** It's cold, but it somehow feels like curling up by the fire after a long day. **Grey [HAPPY]:** What are you? A cat? **You [HAPPY]:** Oh sorry, I forgot you need the rich person version of things to understand. **You [HAPPY]:** It's like eating caviar in a recliner on your private jet. **Event:** The two of you laugh, and it's like the vibrations of {his} laughter ripple out from {his} hand and through you.	**Grey [HAPPY]:** Ouch. **You [SURPRISED]:** No, I just mean... It's been a long time since I experienced something *new* like this. **You:** It's nice, and I'm happy for you, but I can't help but wonder what it means... **Grey:** I'll try not to take it personally. **You [HAPPY]:** You take everything personally. **Event:** {He} laughs, and it's like you can feel the

Grey: Though I'll admit, I wouldn't mind watching *you.* **Event:** Heat rises in your cheeks as {he} leans in closer, and you quickly clear your throat.	**Grey [HAPPY]:** Oh, well, in that case, I'll just have to keep doing it. **Event:** {He} rubs {his} thumb over your hip, and you can't quite hold back a soft sigh at the feeling.	vibrations of it where your bodies are connected. **Grey [HAPPY]:** True. So you'll just have to make it up to me by letting it go for a bit.

You: What's it like for you?
Grey: It's more like the memory of feeling if that makes sense.
Grey [HAPPY]: But whatever it is, I'll take it. It's a hell of a lot more than I had yesterday.
You [HAPPY]: Then you'd better get to teaching me before it goes away.
Event: Grey nods and urges you closer, the strange sensation spreading to every part of you {he} 'touches'.
Event: {He} begins to lead you in a basic box step, and with {his} steady guidance, it's easy to fall into the rhythm.
Grey: Good. Now remember, don't think too hard about it. Just focus on how your body feels.
Event: But you're more focused on *{his}* body, and the suggestion of pressure where {his} hand meets your waist.

CHOICE MENU: Grey…

Where'd you learn to dance?	You're a great teacher.
Grey [HAPPY]: I was classically trained when I was young. **Grey [HAPPY]:** I hated the lessons, but looking back, I'm glad I took them. It's led me here after all... **You [HAPPY]:** And where might that be? A wedding for two people you've never met? **Grey:** A wedding where I get to dance with the most captivating person around. **Grey [HAPPY]:** Besides myself, obviously. **You [HAPPY]:** Obviously.	**Grey [HAPPY]:** That has to be the first time I've heard that. **You:** I mean it! Anyone can recite instructions, but it takes skill to really make someone else understand them. **Event:** {He} pauses, staring down at you with a fleeting, unreadable expression... that's quickly replaced by a sardonic smile. **Grey [HAPPY]:** Chalk it up to my natural charisma then. **You [HAPPY]:** That must be it.

Event: Gradually, Grey leads you through a more complex step, {his} touch electric as the two of you twirl around the grass.
Grey [HAPPY]: You're a quick study.
You [HAPPY]: It helps that you don't have toes to step on.
Grey: You really never learned how to dance?
You: You know me. This job doesn't leave a lot of time for extracurriculars.
Grey: But surely you've had a partner to do this with?

CHOICE MENU: I…

Have.	Haven’t.
You: It was a few years ago... **Event:** You avert your gaze as you let the sentence trail off. **Grey:** What went wrong? **You [SAD]:** We'd been dating for about a year when {he} broke it off... because I'd hardly returned a text in two weeks. **Grey:** Hey, there's nothing wrong with that. **Grey [HAPPY]:** Pardon the pun, but I've ghosted my fair share of people.	**You:** You can probably guess why. As much as you tease me about working too much, I really haven't had time for much else. **You:** Well, unless you count fumbling around at high school prom... **Event:** Grey chuckles lightly, and you find yourself relaxing. **Grey [HAPPY]:** That's gotta count for something.

You: You don't have to lie to make me feel better.
Grey [HAPPY]: Perish the thought. I'm an honest {man}, {You}.
Event: You fix {him} with an unamused glare.
Grey [HAPPY]: Most of the time, anyway. And I'm not lying when I say that I think you're ready for something a tad more complicated.
Grey [HAPPY]: Grab that tree branch to start. It looks the strongest.
Event: You look at {him} in confusion, but do as {he} says.
Event: {His} hands slide around to your lower back, sending tingles up your spine as {he} bends you backward in a low dip.
You [SURPRISED]: Oh...
Grey [HAPPY]: Look at you... You're a natural.
Event: {He} guides you back up and into a spin. The wind breezes through your hair, and you're breathless when {his} arms settle around your waist.
Grey: Now is normally when you'd wrap your arms around my neck, but I currently don't have much of one.
You [HAPPY]: I think we can make do.
Event: You smile as you move your arms up to hover around {his} neck, your skin tingling where it brushes {his} ghostly form.
Grey [HAPPY]: I much prefer this less formal style.

CHOICE MENU: I…

Figured as much.	Do too.
You [HAPPY]: Given how shamelessly you flirt. **Grey:** Well, I wouldn't get *this* close with just anyone...	**You:** It's nice... to just be close to someone like this.

You: Right, I only make the cut because you literally *can't* dance with anyone else. **Grey [HAPPY]:** Don't sell yourself short, {You}. My requirements are way more exclusive than that. **Event:** {He} locks eyes with you for a moment, and the world seems to slow... **Grey [HAPPY]:** Only the incredibly attractive and uniquely talented need apply.	**Event:** The tingle of {his} ethereal body against yours warms you, and you can't help but smile. **You [HAPPY]:** The choreographed dances may be flashy, but nothing beats the simple intimacy of a dance like this. **Grey [HAPPY]:** Normally I prefer 'simple intimacy' of the more *carnal* variety, but... **Grey [HAPPY]:** This is nice too.

Event: You shake your head, taking a deep breath to try and slow the quickening of your heart.
You [HAPPY]: Be quiet for once and dance.
Event: You move together with ease, swaying back and forth as the song begins to fade...
Event: As you go to lower your arms, you realize your face is only inches away from Grey's, {his} lips close enough to taste.

CHOICE MENU: I should…

Lean forward.	Turn away.
Event: You let yourself be drawn in by {his} gravity, the rest of the world falling away around you. **Event:** {His} grip on your waist tightens, sending a jolt of electricity rushing through you that makes you gasp. **Grey:** *{You}...* **Event:** Your name is barely a breath on {his} lips, but it carries easily across the scant inches between you, and just as you go to close the distance...	**Event:** Grey slowly leans in, as if caught in your orbit, and you instinctively take a step back, {his} hands still on your waist. **You [SURPRISED]:** Grey... **Event:** A flash of longing dances across {his} features, before {he} stops and shakes {his} head. **Grey:** {You}, I--

Event: You're startled out of the moment as a loud thumping pop song starts, blaring from the speakers.
You [SURPRISED]: Oh!
Event: You lose your footing and stumble, and while Grey tries to steady you, {his} arms pass right through you as you catch the tree for support.
Grey [SURPRISED]: Are you okay?
Event: The concern on {his} face is so endearing that you begin to giggle.
You [HAPPY]: Guess you really did sweep me off my feet.
Grey [HAPPY]: Gotta say, I've never seen a finishing move quite like that before.
You [HAPPY]: I'm an innovator in the field of dance.
Grey [HAPPY]: That's because you had a great teacher.
You [HAPPY]: One whose talents are only eclipsed by {his} humility.