

**Chapter 1 : Girl The Wild's 5 - Read Girl The Wild's Chapter 5 Online**

*"Welcome, honored Lords and Ladies, to the Winter Session of ," he said, folding his hands on the table in front of him. His voice was magically modified to be heard from any part of the chambers, be it in the observers' balconies near the main floor or the royal box itself.*

Holly was the first of the fighters to KO one of the girls, seeing as she used her magic and what described her breed to a tee, making her hit herself over and over followed by furiously beating the ever-loving life out of the girl. But now, levitating back and seeing as she was angrily on defensive tactics with Protect and Shell softening spells Luna had Sketched, right down to using one of the very Elemental Blades she just created. Juno heard a subtle cuss from her mouth as she laughed and stalked her. His girls were doing fine for now, but they had to be wary if they retaliated with their magic, as he could see it was very chaotic, almost no control was in each spell unleashed from their primal hands, causing odd misfires that still found or missed their intended targets. As the fight continued, girls yelling, Farah keeping guard and Juno issuing commands here and there, the pack soon dwindled down to just one and that was Luna— growling and barking at Holly. Luna growled, their powers were equal but she was too weak to take her on now. Another blow from her blade would have snapped her arm from the last block. Her magic was low in reserves, as she had to keep using Recover every time Holly found an opening, plus not enough for Regen as well Backing slightly at her now dire situation, still growling as Holly quickly charged in, her eyes went wide, the very thought of this strange girl about to defeat her. Crouched down, hands aflame with the same blade, Sol sent Holly back with an incoming Fire. She shook off the attack and brandished another elemental blade. Sol walked back and forth, pacing her steps as she sized up Holly, Vivian, whom had the last girl in her coils, and Erin. These three took down her pack and gave her hunting sister a gamble for her life. But—that was not all— These three were in the way of someone important— as her eyes fell onto him with a smirk. Juno slightly gasped as she watched him, and he even noticed her tail was wagging slowly. Juno saw them come to his side, all eyeing Holly. Holly smirked, cracking her knuckles as Sol simply cackled. Sol suddenly did, wagging her fingers and tail back and forth in a rhythmic manner. The infamous attack she was initiating being very, very unpredictable. The veritable, chaotic energies were slowly surrounding her as she kept up the movement, all the while making the very atmosphere around them very tense. Growling as the energies surrounded her in a burst of brilliant red light, followed by glowing swords. Holly gasped lightly as the random move was actually a beneficial one. Holly only blinked once as she brought her arms forward in one, fluid motion, stopping Sol completely, her attack slamming hard into the Protect spell. The two froze, remaining still as the barrier cracked and groaned suddenly from the force. Holly screamed as she pushed her back, surprising Sol, whom of which skidded back a few feet, only to hear a gasp come from her mere seconds later, and the sound of glass breaking. She barked out, the attack causing a dark haze to surround them both. Stepping forth, her magical energies built up in her palm, ready. Sol growled and preformed another Takedown, charging hard at her enemy. Her movements even did the effect justice, her attack now almost walking pace. Exhaling once, her fist glowing with energy, Holly yelled out and followed through. The blow knocked Sol senseless, all the air leaving her lungs in one loud grunt. Holly rushed in with Pummel, bashing her fists into the girl, not giving her a single time to react. Juno was silent, as with his harem as Holly went to town. Standing before the weakened girl, Holly stared coldly as she unleashed one final attack. A much larger explosion came from where Sol lay, she surrounded in flames before they immediately quenched themselves. Now caught up, he saw Holly frozen and looking very blank in the face. She remained that way, still staring at Sol for a second until she fell back on one knee. He snapped to, still stunned at what she did, an unknown blue magic somewhat becoming familiar in his mind. Sighing, he felt a shudder of relief wash over him. Standing before a now unconscious Sol, Juno tagged her with the Great Ball. The pack was captured but he would have to talk to someone about more than one girl entering a ball. He sighed and smiled as his girls all had the balls in their arms and Vivian tossing the two eldest up and down.

Chapter 2 : Chapter 5 - The Wilds - Scion of Chaos - Fimfiction

*McCandless stays with Jan and Bob at "the Slabs," the remnants of a demolished Navy air base that has become home to a community of drifters. There he helps Jan and Bob sell used books at the local flea market.*

Scion of Chaos €” Chapter 5: SilentBelle The white unicorn moved at a slow pace through the forest as she carefully placed each step. Burrs, scratches, and tangles marred her appearance, but now that she had had a moment to collect herself and view her surroundings, she found herself quite surprised at how easily she could forget those trivial facts. In fact, she felt more at ease than she had since she had woken up. Perhaps it was just the scenery distracting her, but after being in the forest for over an hour, the eeriness had all but disappeared. In a forest as foreboding as the Everfree, it was quite reassuring to be able to have a response to anything she said; with the amount that Scoddri would say when he began to talk, it almost felt as though her fellow crusaders were with her. Sweetie Belle figured that Scoddri must have a cutie mark for going off on tangents with his conversations, for she was quite certain that she would never hear him tell the same tale the same way twice. She must have stayed up countless nights reading until morning, or even past that, letting her eagerness get the better of her. And then she would nod off in the middle of an experiment. It must have been so frustrating for her to wake up to a finished chemical reaction, only to look down and see a blank page of notes and realize that she missed the whole experiment. Did you two meet before? Before her eyes, like all the forest, it shimmered with the strangely beautiful, energetic glow. But I simply laughed and pointed out how incorrect she was in her assumption. It certainly makes the forest a lot less creepy than the last time I was in it. But here, it almost looks like there are small patterns all along the plants. And that If we had magic like this in Ponyville, it would become a forest full of monsters? When I was talking about magic, I was talking about true magic, the kind that dwells in this forest. Primal, potent, natural and chaotic, not the controlled energy that unicorns draw out from themselves for their day-to-day chores. After all, that is what you have been seeing in those glowing leaves, and in every plant in this forest, and even in the very soil you are stepping on. Magic causes these changes, not the unicorns who play with it every once in a while. It was topic that she never seriously considered before. But that reasoning no longer held the same charm as it had in the past. Despite being within an hour of noon, this dense canopy of branches cast even darker shadows than the previous parts of the forest had. In spite of the dimmer lighting, Sweetie Belle sighed, relieved to have a small reprieve from the obnoxious bushes that had plagued her journey thus far into the Everfree. Once she had gotten to the base of the trees, she paused to look up at the towering giants above her. The entirety of the trunk and its enormous limbs shed a light that made the rest of the forest seem dim in comparison. I wonder how long it takes for a tree to get that much magic inside of it. In fact it was almost as if the voice had abandoned her altogether. Sweetie Belle began growing frantic and she pivoted sporadically around the glade, as if she could find the bodiless voice. Some of her fears bubbled up to the surface of her mind as her nerves were set on edge. Where are all the other animals, and why did they stop making sound? Up until this point all of the timid forest fauna had paved her journey with a steady stream of vibrant dissonance. The silence seemed to slip in around her in an engulfing embrace. You have to get out of this glade now, slowly and calmly. Just head to the nearest thicket and walk through it. She was a mere half-minute away from the thick undergrowth when she saw it off to the side, the sheen of two golden orbs flashed for a moment in the corner of her eye. Something was there, something big. With a jolt of fear she sprang forth and broke into full gallop. Sweetie Belle tumbled into the thicket, tripping into a prone position as she heard a roar erupt from behind her. The beast stood towering above her, its body a mass of ragged fur and feathers. Its golden eyes glowed ominously as it stood on its hind legs, its fore-claws extended viciously. Framed between those massive claws, and below its eyes was a savage curved beak, so large, Sweetie Belle was certain it would have no trouble eating a small filly like her in a single bite. Strands of saliva glistened as the creature opened its maw. A resounding bestial roar shook Sweetie Belle to her core. Helplessly she shook as she watched the monster preparing its claw for the single swing it would need, all the filly could do was let out an earsplitting shriek. The beast responded by letting loose another roar to drown out the keening noise. She ran as fast as she could through the dense,

grasping plant-life, just barely avoided being snagged. Sweetie Belle could hear the plants she left in her wake being uprooted and crushed as the massive creature gave chase. The reverberating tremors of the beast charging nearly caused the filly to trip as she tried to stay ahead of the fast monster. She slipped through tight paths between series of smaller trees just as the beast brought its claws down, severing the saplings at the trunk instead of her. With wide eyes Sweetie Belle jumped out from a thicket to see her path come to a steep riverbank. With a gasp, the cool waters immersed her legs, nearly to her underside, and she almost lost her footing to the current as she landed in the shallow churning waters. A roar drew her attention up to where she had just slid down from. The beast ambled back and forth as it searched for a viable route to reach the filly. Sweetie Belle knew it was only a matter of time before the creature found a way down to her, and she had nowhere else to run. She let out a slight gasp as she found her solution. She reached for her magic and sent it up and out of her horn, she willed it forward, to the beast, intent on grabbing it with her magic. The unicorn watched as her magic soared through the air like an emerald whip, quickly wrapping around the beast, tightly, firmly, and efficiently. It worked, she thought to herself in relief, as the monster gave a low growl. Then, with one simple movement, she felt the magical bindings simply shatter as the beast easily stepped forward. She watched the shimmering light of the dissipating magic fade as the creature pressed on toward her. Your magic is not strong enough to move the potential energy that surges through this stream. Such an action would be as futile as stopping the stream itself. All it ever does is get me in worse situations! The barreling monster was nearly upon her. In an act of pure instinct she lowered her body into flowing rapids, and with her mind, envisioned herself grabbing all of the magic that flowed by her. But before she could even start her next plan of action, she began to feel a sharp pain inside her chest as the mass of magic flowed into her and it burned. With a scream, the magic burst forth from her horn. She watched through teary eyes as the magic erupted with the chaotic energy of a lightning storm, and it whipped forward with the force of a hurricane. The beast let out a terrified squawk as the storm of magic, every colour imaginable, rained down upon it. Many of its feathers were torn from it, and its fur was quickly covered in more than a few singed spots. In the next moment the creature bounded away with fearful hoots as it retreated back up the riverbank it had come from, where it disappeared amongst the thick foliage of the forest. Sweetie Belle was terrified by the horrific storm of raw magic that was issuing forth from her horn. The river issued pillars of steam where the energies met with its surface, and the plant life on the riverbank blackened with every strike of energy that touched down. So the filly willed, with all her might for the torrent to stop. And it did, but only for a second. With a solid flash of bright light, and an explosive peal of thunder, the filly was launched out of the river. Amidst the pelting spray of numerous drops of water the unicorn felt the flow of magic abruptly cease as she was tossed free from the cascading waters. Panic still held its firm grip upon her as Sweetie Belle struggled to stay afloat in the powerful current, it pulled at her with a motion she had never felt before. She was tossed against numerous stones and boulders uncontrollably, and spun about as she quickly lost any sense of direction. With enough struggling she was able to break the surface for a single breath before she was sucked under once again. Kicking out with her legs, the young filly was able to push off the slippery rocks that formed the riverbed. Whether by luck, coincidence, or fate, Sweetie Belle felt her surroundings stabilize as she managed to dislodge herself from the chaotic turbulence of the current. She broke the surface of the river and choked some air into her lungs. Sputtering and coughing, she managed to paddle herself to a nearby, gently sloping bank. Sweetie Belle pulled herself out of the river and onto the riverbank, and collapsed amongst its soft grasses. Never before had the filly been more glad to be on solid ground and to be able to breath such fresh air. End of Chapter 5 Join our Patreon to remove these adverts!

**Chapter 3 : The Wilds - Daily Tours**

*Here's chapter 5, everyone. "This is a lot of food, mama." Weiss remarked as she hopped up on one of the chairs, smiling at the plates of food made for her birthday.*

The Wind in the Willows Kenneth Grahame Chapter 5 Dulce Domum The sheep ran huddling together against the hurdles, blowing out thin nostrils and stamping with delicate fore-feet, their heads thrown back and a light steam rising from the crowded sheep-pen into the frosty air, as the two animals hastened by in high spirits, with much chatter and laughter. The animals did not hold with villages, and their own highways, thickly frequented as they were, took an independent course, regardless of church, post office, or public-house. Little was visible but squares of a dusky orange-red on either side of the street, where the firelight or lamplight of each cottage overflowed through the casements into the dark world without. Moving at will from one theatre to another, the two spectators, so far from home themselves, had something of wistfulness in their eyes as they watched a cat being stroked, a sleepy child picked up and huddled off to bed, or a tired man stretch and knock out his pipe on the end of a smouldering log. On the middle perch the fluffy occupant, head tucked well into feathers, seemed so near to them as to be easily stroked, had they tried; even the delicate tips of his plumped-out plumage pencilled plainly on the illuminated screen. As they looked, the sleepy little fellow stirred uneasily, woke, shook himself, and raised his head. They could see the gape of his tiny beak as he yawned in a bored sort of way, looked round, and then settled his head into his back again, while the ruffled feathers gradually subsided into perfect stillness. Then a gust of bitter wind took them in the back of the neck, a small sting of frozen sleet on the skin woke them as from a dream, and they knew their toes to be cold and their legs tired, and their own home distant a weary way. Once beyond the village, where the cottages ceased abruptly, on either side of the road they could smell through the darkness the friendly fields again; and they braced themselves for the last long stretch, the home stretch, the stretch that we know is bound to end, some time, in the rattle of the door-latch, the sudden firelight, and the sight of familiar things greeting us as long-absent travellers from far over-sea. They plodded along steadily and silently, each of them thinking his own thoughts. As for the Rat, he was walking a little way ahead, as his habit was, his shoulders humped, his eyes fixed on the straight grey road in front of him; so he did not notice poor Mole when suddenly the summons reached him, and took him like an electric shock. It was one of these mysterious fairy calls from out the void that suddenly reached Mole in the darkness, making him tingle through and through with its very familiar appeal, even while yet he could not clearly remember what it was. He stopped dead in his tracks, his nose searching hither and thither in its efforts to recapture the fine filament, the telegraphic current, that had so strongly moved him. A moment, and he had caught it again; and with it this time came recollection in fullest flood. That was what they meant, those caressing appeals, those soft touches wafted through the air, those invisible little hands pulling and tugging, all one way! Why, it must be quite close by him at that moment, his old home that he had hurriedly forsaken and never sought again, that day when he first found the river! And now it was sending out its scouts and its messengers to capture him and bring him in. Since his escape on that bright morning he had hardly given it a thought, so absorbed had he been in his new life, in all its pleasures, its surprises, its fresh and captivating experiences. Now, with a rush of old memories, how clearly it stood up before him, in the darkness! And the home had been happy with him, too, evidently, and was missing him, and wanted him back, and was telling him so, through his nose, sorrowfully, reproachfully, but with no bitterness or anger; only with plaintive reminder that it was there, and wanted him. The call was clear, the summons was plain. He must obey it instantly, and go. I want you, quick! And I must go to it, I must, I must! Oh, come back, Ratty! Please, please come back! Poor Mole stood alone in the road, his heart torn asunder, and a big sob gathering, gathering, somewhere low down inside him, to leap up to the surface presently, he knew, in passionate escape. But even under such a test as this his loyalty to his friend stood firm. Never for a moment did he dream of abandoning him. Meanwhile, the wafts from his old home pleaded, whispered, conjured, and finally claimed him imperiously. He dared not tarry longer within their magic circle. With a wrench that tore his very heartstrings he set his face down the road and followed submissively in the track of the Rat, while

faint, thin little smells, still dogging his retreating nose, reproached him for his new friendship and his callous forgetfulness. No talk left in you, and your feet dragging like lead. The snow has held off so far, and the best part of our journey is over. The sob he had fought with so long refused to be beaten. Up and up, it forced its way to the air, and then another, and another, and others thick and fast; till poor Mole at last gave up the struggle, and cried freely and helplessly and openly, now that he knew it was all over and he had lost what he could hardly be said to have found. Whatever can be the matter? Tell us your trouble, and let me see what I can do. O dear, O dear! The Rat stared straight in front of him, saying nothing, only patting Mole gently on the shoulder. What a pig I have been! And think of River Bank, and your supper! Use your nose, and give your mind to it. Instantly he disengaged himself, fell back a pace, and waited, all attention. The signals were coming through! Mole stood a moment rigid, while his uplifted nose, quivering slightly, felt the air. The Rat, much excited, kept close to his heels as the Mole, with something of the air of a sleep-walker, crossed a dry ditch, scrambled through a hedge, and nosed his way over a field open and trackless and bare in the faint starlight. Suddenly, without giving warning, he dived; but the Rat was on the alert, and promptly followed him down the tunnel to which his unerring nose had faithfully led him. It was close and airless, and the earthy smell was strong, and it seemed a long time to Rat ere the passage ended and he could stand erect and stretch and shake himself. Mole reached down a lantern from a nail on the wail and lit it, and the Rat, looking round him, saw that they were in a sort of fore-court. A garden-seat stood on one side of the door, and on the other a roller; for the Mole, who was a tidy animal when at home, could not stand having his ground kicked up by other animals into little runs that ended in earth-heaps. Down on one side of the forecourt ran a skittle-alley, with benches along it and little wooden tables marked with rings that hinted at beer- mugs. In the middle was a small round pond containing gold-fish and surrounded by a cockle-shell border. Out of the centre of the pond rose a fanciful erection clothed in more cockle-shells and topped by a large silvered glass ball that reflected everything all wrong and had a very pleasing effect. Why did I bring you to this poor, cold little place, on a night like this, when you might have been at River Bank by this time, toasting your toes before a blazing fire, with all your own nice things about you! He was running here and there, opening doors, inspecting rooms and cupboards, and lighting lamps and candles and sticking them, up everywhere. Everything here and everything in its place! So this is the parlour? Your own idea, those little sleeping-bunks in the wall? Bustle about, old chap! He hailed the Mole to come and warm himself; but Mole promptly had another fit of the blues, dropping down on a couch in dark despair and burying his face in his duster. Your cellar, of course! Every luxury in this house! Just you wait a minute. This is really the jolliest little place I ever was in. Now, wherever did you pick up those prints? Make the place look so home-like, they do. Tell us all about it, and how you came to make it what it is. It will be like old times to hear them again. It was a pretty sight, and a seasonable one, that met their eyes when they flung the door open. In the fore-court, lit by the dim rays of a horn lantern, some eight or ten little fieldmice stood in a semicircle, red worsted comforters round their throats, their fore-paws thrust deep into their pockets, their feet jiggling for warmth. With bright beady eyes they glanced shyly at each other, sniggering a little, sniffing and applying coat- sleeves a good deal. Carol Villagers all, this frosty tide, Let your doors swing open wide, Though wind may follow, and snow beside, Yet draw us in by your fire to bide; Joy shall be yours in the morning! Joy was hers in the morning! Animals all, as it befell, In the stable where they did dwell! Joy shall be theirs in the morning! Then, from up above and far away, down the tunnel they had so lately travelled was borne to their ears in a faint musical hum the sound of distant bells ringing a joyful and clangorous peal. Shut the door after you. Pull up that settle to the fire. Come over this way. I want to talk to you. Now, tell me, are there any shops open at this hour of the night? The rest of the field-mice, perched in a row on the settle, their small legs swinging, gave themselves up to enjoyment of the fire, and toasted their chilblains till they tingled; while the Mole, failing to draw them into easy conversation, plunged into family history and made each of them recite the names of his numerous brothers, who were too young, it appeared, to be allowed to go out a-carolling this year, but looked forward very shortly to winning the parental consent. The Rat, meanwhile, was busy examining the label on one of the beer-bottles. Now we shall be able to mull some ale! Get the things ready, Mole, while I draw the corks. And very well they do it, too! They gave us a capital one last year, about a field-mouse who was captured at sea by a Barbary corsair, and made to row in a

galley; and when he escaped and got home again, his lady-love had gone into a convent. You were in it, I remember. Get up and recite a bit. His comrades cheered him on, Mole coaxed and encouraged him, and the Rat went so far as to take him by the shoulders and shake him; but nothing could overcome his stage-fright. There was no more talk of play-acting once the very real and solid contents of the basket had been tumbled out on the table. Under the generalship of Rat, everybody was set to do something or to fetch something. As they ate, they talked of old times, and the field-mice gave him the local gossip up to date, and answered as well as they could the hundred questions he had to ask them. The Rat said little or nothing, only taking care that each guest had what he wanted, and plenty of it, and that Mole had no trouble or anxiety about anything. They clattered off at last, very grateful and showering wishes of the season, with their jacket pockets stuffed with remembrances for the small brothers and sisters at home. When the door had closed on the last of them and the chink of the lanterns had died away, Mole and Rat kicked the fire up, drew their chairs in, brewed themselves a last nightcap of mulled ale, and discussed the events of the long day. Sleepy is simply not the word. That your own bunk over on that side?

Chapter 4 : The Wilds Daughter Chapter 5: Birthday Dinner, a rwby fanfic | FanFiction

*How They First Hang Out* Anna took a deep breath, hand paused on the doorknob before she swung it open. "Oh, fuck me." Harry stood there with the largest smug grin, still dressed in his camouflage and a duffel bag over his shoulder.

First one to make a Frozen and Ranma crossover. Read and enjoy Ranma discovering the kingdom Arendelle where he meets the two girls we know and love, Anna and Elsa. Who knows what will happen? First off sorry, you know what for. Secondly, I feel like people took the pairing names too seriously. I was just joking around. Well joking around about the pairing names, not the fact there will be a pairing. If I owned them many, many, many things would be different. After staring at the bed, the source of the sound, for a few seconds, she looked back to her book. A minute passed and the sound came up again, this time longer louder. Elsa released a sigh of own and put down her book. In an exasperated voice, "What is it Ranma? We met when we were travelling and pops decided to stay in the area for some weeks. We would fight each other everyday when me and pops traveled. We were best friends! He would make the best okonomiyaki too. Suddenly the boy snapped out his nostalgia, "Oh shoot! Elsa slowly lowered the other book she had in her hand. Her eyes followed the the back of the red shirt boy, then her eyes slowly trailed to the damp spot on her bed. His left arm was in a hastily made cast and whenever he moved his left arm, he winced. His nose was bloody and crooked and his body ached. On his face was a drawn on handlebar mustache, monocle, buck teeth, and devil horns on his bald head. The King and Queen looked up from the documents they were viewing. While the Queen looked in amused curiosity, the King spoke up calmly. I have been hurt! And do you know know why? Elsa being taller, was on the top. The King noticed his two children and smiled internally. Elsa was still insecure after a three months of being out her room and Anna was playful and troublesome as always. Outwardly, he stood up and walked in front of his faithful butler. Alfred, teach him how to be a gentleman. As he came close to the door, the door opened up wildly, slamming into his nose. He fell back onto the cold floor and was knocked out. He suddenly had an idea. End of Flashback "I see. He turned around to Ranma who was still attempting and failing to look as innocent as possible. You may have some ink on your face. The black lines became more pronounced as the surrounding color became a bright vibrant red. Not wanting to make a scene in front of the King, so he stormed out the door, passing the two giggling girls. The King addressed Ranma with a curt cough. But I think you have picked on poor Alfred enough, despite your age. I think I will be sending you to a school outside the castle. Everyone includes you Ranma. Think about it this way, you can finally get out the castle. I still find some of their I do find it quite queer that water seems to be attracted to you, especially outside. And also, I seem to be missing some of my belongings. The King cleared his throat, "It does not matter now as you can go out the castle as you wish as long as you attend school. How hard can school be? It should be on your right. It is a small structure but it is recently built" "Okay! Behind her, Elsa came in the room reluctantly. The Queen and King looked at each other, then turned towards Anna. Rammie can protect me! She shook her head. Her father sighed, "All right then. I expect you to listen to the man i assign to you. Out of the castle! Anna would be up there with him but the soldier had a firm grip on her hand. In response the soldier shrugged and replied, "Your father has ordered me to not let you run around. The aforementioned boy yelled back, "Hey! Is this the school? The two grand doors were open and there were children going out of the building. Ranma stopped and stared, the school looked much different than any school he could remember. As he was thinking, Anna and the unnamed soldier caught up to him. As they were walking towards the school, a few snickering boys were running towards them. One of them ran into Ranma, bringing him down with the boy. Without a word or apology, the boy got up and continued to run in the direction of where the other boys were running. After the trampling of feet vanished, the only sound that could be heard was sniffing, but before Ranma could look for the source, the soldier pulled Ranma up. Ranma turned his head back as they entered the door, trying to look for the source of the crying but it was apparent that the person left. So, thats the end of this chapter I do have ideas of course but my main problem is building up to them. Your review has been posted.

**Chapter 5 : Chapter Five | Wild Winter's Day**

*Chapter 5 Dulce Domum The sheep ran huddling together against the hurdles, blowing out thin nostrils and stamping with delicate fore-feet, their heads thrown back and a light steam rising from the crowded sheep-pen into the frosty air, as the two animals hastened by in high spirits, with much chatter and laughter.*

Retrieved November 10, , from <https://www.gutenberg.org/files/18270/18270-h/18270-h.htm>: Next The embedded audio player requires a modern internet browser. You should visit [Browse Happy](https://www.browsehappy.com/) and update your internet browser today! We had returned but a few days, and Lejoillie had scarcely had time to arrange the collections he had made during our late trip, when the Great Alexander anchored off the island, and Captain Crump came on shore to deliver some goods he had brought for my uncle. He was going afterwards down the east coast to the Florida Keys, as those coral reefs and islands which fringe the southern end of the peninsula are called. He intended to touch at several places on his way, and perhaps afterwards run up the west coast as far as Cedar Keys. Lejoillie at once inquired whether he would convey passengers; and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, he invited Carlos and me to accompany him, and Tim if he wished to go. My father and uncle willingly gave us leave, and we lost no time in making preparations for the voyage. This was soon done, and that very evening we went on board. Captain Crump had brought a fresh supply of ammunition; and as we had plenty of provisions, we were in want of nothing. I took Caesar, and Carlos had two other dogs. I have already described the schooner, as well as that portion of the Saint John River which we now sailed over. Rounding the Hazard Lighthouse, we steered for Saint Augustine, not only the oldest city in Florida, but the most ancient built by Europeans in the whole continent of North America. It stands on a narrow peninsula formed by the Sebastian and Matanzas rivers. Carlos had often been there before, as it is only a few miles across from the Saint John River, and he had friends and relatives of his mother residing there. It still contains many old Spanish buildings, which give it a very picturesque appearance. The streets are, however, somewhat narrow and paved with stone, or rather with a conglomerate of shells. As we remained there but a few hours, I can say little more about it. From Saint Augustine, for three hundred miles southward, there extends a succession of long narrow banks, which form the outside of a series of lagoons, so shallow that only vessels drawing a very few feet of water can navigate them. We kept out to sea for about a hundred miles, when, passing through the Mosquito Inlet, we entered the Mosquito Lagoon. Outside, we had been tumbling about in the rolling Atlantic. We were now in perfectly smooth water; but our skipper and his mate had to keep a sharp look-out, to avoid running on the numerous shoals which lay in our course. The narrow strip of land outside was only a few feet in height, covered with pines, oaks, and palmettos. As it was impossible to navigate the lagoon at night, we came to anchor. The next morning we continued our voyage. Looking over the side, we could see the fish swimming about in vast numbers. Frequently we found ourselves scraping along over oyster-beds, which in some places rose to within a couple of feet of the surface. As we got farther to the south, the banks were fringed with mangroves, and the cabbage-palm and palmetto made their appearance. On some of these oyster-reefs the mangrove trees had struck root—thus forming islands, which are constantly increasing, and still further narrowing the channel. Leaving the Mosquito Inlet, we entered another lagoon, known as Indian River, upwards of a hundred miles in length, and in some places only sixty or seventy yards across, though in others three miles in width. The most interesting objects on shore were the orange-groves, for which the banks of the Indian River are celebrated. Some of the plantations are of large size; and our skipper told us that one we were then passing produced in good years a crop of more than a quarter of a million of oranges. One afternoon, the wind having dropped completely, we came to anchor off a sandy point which afforded an easy landing-place. Extending some distance from it was a forest of dead trees, the stems and branches bare and gaunt, crusted with white, and supporting on their highest branches the roughly-constructed nests of a vast colony of pelicans, the most curious-looking birds of the feathered tribe. As we approached the spot, our ears were assailed by a chorus of discordant sounds, proceeding not only from pelicans, but from numerous other aquatic birds collected on the shores of the creek. Holding back our dogs, we made our way through a tangled wood, concealing ourselves as much as possible, until we got within a short distance of the creek, where we lay hid behind some bushes,

whence, on looking through the branches, we were rewarded with a most curious sight. An army of white pelicans was drawn up in a row across the middle of the creek, the water reaching half-way up their bodies, while they stood upright with their necks raised in the air, evidently engaged in some important occupation, in which they were so absorbed that they did not observe our approach. They were apparently waiting in the attitude of attention for a signal from a large, grave-looking old pelican, the chief of their band, who stood on the shore ready to issue his orders. The two ends of the line advanced faster than the centre, so that in a short time the birds formed a vast crescent, which stretched across a good-sized bay; and as the distance from one bird to another was measured exactly by the span of their wings, not a single fish could break through the circle of menacing beaks. Indeed, the pelicans enclosed the fish with their united wings in a regular line as close and compact as a trawl or drag-net. As the circle gradually contracted, the fish began to jump into the air, and to dart about in all directions, leaving many a muddy streak to mark their course. Standing perfectly motionless, they seized the fish as they passed, and stowed them away methodically in their enormous pouches under their beaks. The whole of this time the rest of the troop continued to beat the water with their wings, and appeared to be fully occupied in preventing their prey from escaping, without attempting to catch any in their own beaks. This curious fishing appeared to have excited immense interest among the feathered tribes of the neighbourhood. Birds of every description were collected on the surrounding trees, filling the air with their discordant cries, apparently jealous of the pelicans, and eager to take a part in the feast which they were engaged in providing. Clouds of gulls and sea-mews fluttered over the surface of the water, seizing any small fry they could reach, while robber crows quarrelled over scraps of stolen fish; and three or four bold grebes succeeded in getting into the circle, where they floated and dived at leisure, successfully avoiding the numerous thrusts aimed at them by the formidable beaks of the pelicans. Several cormorants, perched on the trunks of submerged trees, now and then darted down like arrows on some big fish which their keen eyes had espied, and as they rose, tossing them up in the air with their tails, they never failed to catch them again by the head, and swallow them at a mouthful. The pelicans did not venture to interfere with these rovers of the deep, being probably well acquainted with the strength of their powerful beaks. Lastly, came a mob of egrets, crab-eaters, and little herons, which perched on the surrounding trees, stretched out their necks, rolled their wild eyes, and danced about on the dead branches, uttering their jealous cries, but not daring to interfere with the industrious pelicans. The fishing over, the pelicans arranged themselves in a circle on the sand, when those who had been engaged in fishing proceeded to empty deliberately their pouches, spreading the contents before their grave old chief, each taking care to knock on the head any fish which was still living. Then, at a signal from the chief, a bird advanced, and taking a fish swallowed it; then came another croak, and another pelican walked forward and took his share, and so on until every bird had been fed. The feast over, they began carefully to prune their damp plumage, turning their necks over their backs in a way of which I should not have supposed them capable. Having arranged their plumage, they moved off towards their roosting-places, and the rest of the birds which had been watching their departure darted down, hoping to pick up some of the fish they might have left. Lejoillie all the time, though scarcely able to contain himself for laughter, was holding his gun, ready to obtain specimens for his collection. At length, fixing his eye on a blue crab-eater, he fired, and the bird fell to the ground. At the sound of the shot the pelicans took to flight in good order, followed by the cormorants and crows; the gulls and terns flew off up the creek; but the herons, more courageous or more stupid, remained perched on the higher branches of the neighbouring trees. Not to let them all escape, I aimed at a beautiful egret with white plumage, and to my great delight down it fell. It was nearly three feet in height, with a long tuft of silken and silvery feathers down the back of its neck. Carlos knocked over a beautiful little bird with a chestnut-coloured head, a perfect heron in miniature, but only the size of a thrush. Lejoillie was delighted, and would have hugged us both as we brought him the specimens. As there was no chance of a breeze, we agreed to spend the night on shore, where we could stretch our legs and enjoy a cooler air than we could find in our close little cabin. A breeze unexpectedly getting up, the skipper called us on board, and we continued our course down the lagoon. I never remember seeing the water so phosphorescent in any other part of the world. Indeed, they looked like meteors, their rapid course marked by trails of light. The next day the wind was so light that we made but slow progress. The appearance of the shore on either

hand was monotonous in the extreme. At length, passing the settlement of Saint Lucie, the most southern in Florida, we might have got out to the ocean through the Indian River Inlet, but the sea was breaking heavily on the bar; and as the weather looked threatening, we continued our course down the lagoon, steering for an opening called Jupiter Inlet. At night we lay-to among a number of mangrove islets, on the east bank of the sound, being just able to see our way until we dropped anchor. Scarcely were the sails furled than the storm which had been brewing burst above our heads. The thunder roared, lightning flashed, and down came the rain in torrents, flooding our decks. We had to take refuge in the cabin, which we shared with the troops of cockroaches, centipedes, and numberless other creeping things. At length the rain ceased, and the thunder rolled away, and we were expecting to enjoy some sleep, when clouds of mosquitoes and sand-flies came off, literally filling the air, and, finding their way into the cabin, made a fearful onslaught on our bodies. In vain we endeavoured to shield ourselves from their sharp stings. They defied the clouds of tobacco smoke we puffed at them. We had no sulphur, or we would have submitted to inhale its noxious fumes in preference to being bitten by these abominable creatures. Daylight came at last, when, going upon deck, we found ourselves in the midst of a forest of mangroves, rising some forty or fifty feet above the water, the lower branches, stems, and spider-like limbs, within reach of high-tide, being completely covered with thick clusters of oysters. We found them, however, very bitter to our taste. While we were watching the shore, sure enough a racoon came down, and seizing several oysters which hung just below the surface, picked them off the branch, and shaking them violently backwards and forwards, ran back with his prize to a convenient spot on the beach, where, with his teeth and claws, he opened the shells, and speedily devoured the contents. Presently we saw him dart into the water, and return with a handful of shrimps, which his keen eyes had perceived; and he again immediately sat himself down to devour them, giving each of them a pinch as he placed them by his side. He appeared perfectly fearless of the neighbourhood of the vessel, though, no doubt, had we been on shore with our dogs and guns, he would quickly have concealed himself. Lejoillie remained in the bows of the vessel watching its movements with his gun ready. Tim and another man immediately jumped into the boat, and pulling to the shore, quickly put it out of pain, and brought it on board. It was about the size of a fox, being somewhat larger than the common racoon. Lejoillie called it the agouara, and our skipper said it was the crab-eater. The fur was of a blackish-grey, with a tinge of yellow. The tail was somewhat short and marked, with six black rings on a greyish ground. As there was but little chance of our making progress for some hours to come, after breakfast we pulled off in the boat to secure some fish for dinner. Our skipper possessed a species of harpoon called grains, which consists of a two-pronged iron-headed barb, about ten inches in length. The head is loosely slipped into a socket at the end of a staff about twelve feet long, and the two are connected by a rope. A double prong is used for catching fish, but for killing turtle a single-pronged barbed head is employed, as it pierces the shell more easily. We had not gone far when Captain Crump, standing up in the bows like an old Triton, lowered his weapon close to the water; it flew from his hand, and immediately afterwards he drew up a red-fish of about twelve pounds weight, and threw it into the bottom of the boat. He then stood ready for another stroke. Again he darted down the deadly weapon. The head, which had a long line attached to it, by slipping off at once from the staff, remained sticking in the fish, which, after being allowed to struggle so as to exhaust its strength, was hauled on board. Three or four other fish having been caught in the same way, we had an ample supply for ourselves and dogs. At length a light breeze sprang up, sufficient to carry us at a slow rate down the sound. We passed vast numbers of the Florida cormorants—a small species, which breeds in the mangrove islets. They were feeding on shoals of mullet, which rushed along the surface of the water, endeavouring to escape the attacks of sharks, porpoises, and other cruel foes beneath the surface. The cormorants, however, did not have it all their own way; for, watching their opportunity, numbers of ospreys and pelicans incessantly splashed down among them to rob them of their prey.

**Chapter 6 : The Wind in the Willows - Chapter 5**

*How She Took Steps Forward Anna wished she could stop fidgeting as she sat in the empty waiting room, surrounded by the sounds of the soft rock music that was wafting through the air from over her head and the water fountain in the corner that was sure to be the cause of her.*

He leads a comfortable life there, but it comes to an end when men discover gold in the Klondike region of Canada and a great demand arises for strong dogs to pull sleds. Buck is kidnapped by a gardener on the Miller estate and sold to dog traders, who teach Buck to obey by beating him with a club and, subsequently, ship him north to the Klondike. Arriving in the chilly North, Buck is amazed by the cruelty he sees around him. As soon as another dog from his ship, Curly, gets off the boat, a pack of huskies violently attacks and kills her. Watching her death, Buck vows never to let the same fate befall him. Buck becomes the property of Francois and Perrault, two mail carriers working for the Canadian government, and begins to adjust to life as a sled dog. He recovers the instincts of his wild ancestors: At the same time, he develops a fierce rivalry with Spitz, the lead dog in the team. Buck kills Spitz and takes his place as the lead dog. However, the men soon turn the team over to a mail carrier who forces the dogs to carry much heavier loads. In the midst of a particularly arduous trip, one of the dogs becomes ill, and eventually the driver has to shoot him. At the end of this journey, the dogs are exhausted, and the mail carrier sells them to a group of American gold hunters—Hal, Charles, and Mercedes. They overload the sled, beat the dogs, and plan poorly. Halfway through their journey, they begin to run out of food. While the humans bicker, the dogs begin to starve, and the weaker animals soon die. Thornton warns them that the ice over which they are traveling is melting and that they may fall through it. Hal dismisses these warnings and tries to get going immediately. The other dogs begin to move, but Buck refuses. Hal curses Thornton and starts the sled again, but before they have gone a quarter of a mile, the ice breaks open, swallowing both the humans and the dogs. This feeling grows stronger when he accompanies Thornton and his friends in search of a lost mine hidden deep in the Canadian forest. While the men search for gold, Buck ranges far afield, befriending wolves and hunting bears and moose. He always returns to Thornton in the end, until, one day, he comes back to camp to find that Yeehat Indians have attacked and killed his master. Buck attacks the Indians, killing several and scattering the rest, and then heads off into the wild, where he becomes the leader of a pack of wolves. He becomes a legendary figure, a Ghost Dog, fathering countless cubs and inspiring fear in the Yeehats—but every year he returns to the place where Thornton died, to mourn his master before returning to his life in the wild.

**Chapter 7 : A Wild Winter Chapter 5, a Ranma + Frozen Crossover fanfic | FanFiction**

*Lastly, came a mob of egrets, crab-eaters, and little herons, which perched on the surrounding trees, stretched out their necks, rolled their wild eyes, and danced about on the dead branches, uttering their jealous cries, but not daring to interfere with the industrious pelicans.*

The Sorting at Midnight Summary: Chapter Text Aria, with the help of a calming potion, managed to calm down enough to sleep. She had no idea that the train had stopped, or that it was dark out. She sighed, casting a heating charm on the door until the door opened. She vanished the ice, though it took a bit more oomph than it had to clear away the bit of frost earlier. While she did it, she realized who had done it. And where that little scared first year had vanished to. She took a shaky breath and sat up, looking around. Wrin led Aria to the conductor, where they had a short conversation before deciding they could wait outside for one of the school people to come get her. The platform here was small and a bit rickety. It was dark except for the light at the end of Mrs. Aria sat at the edge of the platform, looking up through the overhanging tree branches at the sky. Minerva had given Reubus a lecture on keeping them all together- what if she got lost in the forest? Two forms were there, glowing. One was a fair bit taller than the other, and as she came closer the taller one became two people- Samantha Wrin, and a young girl wearing a light gray tunic under a deep green one. She was staring up at the sky, swinging her feet against the platform with a quiet tapping sound what was quickly swallowed up in the trees. The other person was Elias Dickerson, the conductor. The trio turned to look at the duo. The girl said a very quiet apology and looked down at her still swinging feet, then back up at the sky. Then again, from what her submission papers had said, it might not have been. While Hagrid made just about everyone look tiny, this girl would no doubt make Samantha look tall. They stared at each other for a bit. Minerva, being a cat animagus, could pin people down with a stare for quite some time. The girl held her gaze, firm and unblinking, for long enough the others started getting uncomfortable. She blinked slowly before saying goodbyes and turning to go. Minerva led the group back down the path, making sure that the girl stayed with them this time. Minerva almost missed it. She turned and looked at the girl, now confused. How did you know I was an animagus? Only people related by blood can do it together. It goes in increments of three, five, eight- the fibonacci sequence, just not with one or two. They found out shortly after we finished, though, because I got stuck. Mom was not pleased. Do you know how dangerous animagus transformation can be? When they came into sight, the tree-filter was gone, and she realized just how much magic there was in the area. In reaction, ice started to form. It vanished as quickly as it came- the magic keeping the balance in the forest. They got in a boat, one large enough for five people- or three, if the third was as large as he was. The boat set off across the smooth water, moving quickly. The water stayed smooth despite the boat. Curious, Aria plied the enchantments into visibility with the tip of her wand. The glow was quickly noticed by the adults in the boat. The most recent spell was a size- change spell, and there had been quite a bit of time between that one and the others, the ones that made it work. The boat slid through a sheet of ivy. Looking at them as closely as she could, she decided that they had runes carved into them. The boat ran itself aground rather jarringly, and they got out. She had stern features and black hair. Her hair was pulled back tightly, making her face look a bit more severe. Aria nodded as they hurried up a staircase, out of the cave- tunnel- and across some neatly trimmed grass. Up close, the castle was even more overwhelming, but it also had a sense of peace about it, as if it were welcoming her. They hurried up the stone steps and through the large wooden doors- high magic potential, very old, preserved by magic- and up a grand staircase. They hurried up a set of stairs that moved like an escalator. Hagrid had disappeared at some point. McGonagall knocked on a door at the top of the staircase. The door opened and they stepped through it. Aria glanced back at the staircase and saw that it stopped as they left it behind. That being said, there was a desk and several chairs. Two of the chairs were clear, the others had books on them, or-in the case of the one behind the desk- and old man. Aria was staring at the phoenix she noticed on a perch. The phoenix was asleep, but Aria could still feel a sense of peace from it, and a hint of warmth. McGonagall sat down in one of the two chairs and gestured for Aria to do the same. Some of the parchments on his desk started smoking- one burst into flame-, the window cracked and then

opened, the fire in the heart flared dangerously, and one of the tables collapsed, spilling the contents on the floor. Might I assume that you would prefer doing it tonight? Perhaps we should call the other house-heads. Weasley and Percy said that there was a sorting hat. Could you just tell anyone about what you saw? McGonagall and Dumbledore were discussing it. Aria could hear some other voices too, but she focused more on the one in her head. But it is somewhat necessary. You might need to skip the first year entirely. Which makes it very difficult for me to do my job. More frightening was having none of her mental shields up. Have you cut apart your mind so neatly that you forgot? It was guilty thought, not one she wanted the hat to see, but he did. I agreed to it. Someone close to me, I guess. I nearly missed it. The hat seemed to understand what all was tangled up in that, even if the specifics were caught up in the capsule. You could do well there, but the chances of your breaking are too high. Maybe if we re-sorted in later years, I could put you there, but Hufflepuff might have the same problem. Their efforts to bring you out of your shell might push you further in Slytherin or Ravenclaw? The obvious choice is Ravenclaw, of course, but would it really be the best for you? Not just now, but later as well? Or by any means as separate as they have been, and may become in the future. It was an organizational feature for the most part. While the hat thought, she reset her defenses, pushing him out. She used several different methods of mind-shielding, from Occlumency and Guardians to Separation. The other newcomers- which Aria assumed were house-heads- were a short, skinny man with wispy hair; and a man of noteworthy high with shoulder length black hair. One of the softer dialects. He looked at her, surprised. He was using a dialect slightly different from the one she knew, and it took her a moment to piece it together. It was easier for her. Dumbledore looked a bit amused. The short man looked thoughtful. Charms professor, head of Ravenclaw house, and not that much fun to prank. Aria obeyed, going down the escalator stairs, which were now going down. They wove quickly through hallways lined with sleeping portraits. Patches of floor otherwise black were silvery white with moonlight. Speaking of which, are you hungry?

**Chapter 8 : Chapter 5 - Into The Wilds: First Hunt**

*Scion of Chaos - Chapter 5: The Wilds By: SilentBelle* The white unicorn moved at a slow pace through the forest as she carefully placed each step. Burrs, scratches, and tangles marred her appearance, but now that she had had a moment to collect herself and view her surroundings, she found herself quite surprised at how easily she could forget.

The last Horcrux will be taken care of next chapter. She is not what anyone expects, and will turn the Wizarding World upside-down and sideways, just like any good Potter should. Their rituals had been able to determine that the final one was located somewhere in Hogwarts, but the general consensus that it would likely be easier to wait until the longer summer break to search for it rather than try during the much shorter winter one. After all, quite a few Heirs had been lost in the war between Voldemort and the Light, and those that were under the age of majority and still at school or younger were highly prized regardless of the alignments of the various Families. Merlin walked through the halls of the Ministry of Magic, Arcturus and Frank on either side of him. The three men rode the elevator down to level nine and then went down the stairs to level ten, heading into the opulently appointed Wizengamot chambers. Merlin glanced around for the Potter box, and upon spotting it, walked across the main floor and then up the carpeted stairway until he reached the dark oak door to the box on the top tier around which the other Most Ancient and Noble Houses were arranged. Only the empty royal box was higher, but it would remain closed off until Amaranth ascended properly to her throne at twenty-one. He placed his left hand against the Potter coat of arms on the door, making sure the ring made contact with it as he pushed out with his magic. The coat of arms glowed a deep silver before the door swung open, allowing Merlin entrance. There were three padded and comfortable chairs in the box: A discreet door in a corner led to a small washroom with a toilet and sink within. The moment it clicked into place, the golden coat of arms on the front of the box gained a merlin falcon rising volant on either side of it in dark silver to mark his role as Regent over the House of Potter. He felt the magic of the Wizengamot rise up to test him as he settled in. It felt curious, rather like a dog sniffing at a kind stranger. Merlin let his magic reach back, chuckling softly when the magic of the Wizengamot seemed to perk up and then roll over on its back, as if asking for a belly rub. A smile curved his lips at that. He doubted many places in Magical Britain would be closed to him given his status as a true and soul-marked servant of Magic, but it was always amusing when deeply magical places reacted like that to him. He activated the privacy wards on the box and then cleared his throat. There was a subtle pop and a house elf was standing next to his chair, her neatly pressed uniform of a black knee-length dress made of a soft tea towel marked with the Potter coat of arms over her right breast. Are you the elf assigned here, or were you just one that was able to come? Is Miss Mara alright? He held out his left hand. I believe Lady Malfoy is watching over her and her cousins at Potter Manor. I apologize for banning you elves from there while we settled in. She nodded and then let her hand fall away. Callie will go tell them and then return to serve the Regent. Heir Black has adopted her as his daughter in blood and magic. Keep yourself unseen just in case. Merlin rose to his feet and then went over to the sideboard, pouring himself a glass of water. He took a long drink, refilling the goblet before setting it on the table next to his seat. He sighed before turning to look at the enchanted mirror that hung next to the door. The mirror showed a rather annoyed-looking Albus Dumbledore standing outside, wearing a particularly garish set of bright red robes with candy canes, jolly snowmen, and sparkling snowflakes all randomly drifting around on it. By the Lady, did the man have no fashion sense whatsoever? He stepped forward and pressed a rune at the bottom of the mirror that activated its partner hanging on the wall next to the door outside. The initial meeting space for the Wizengamot had been a natural cavern far beneath the surface of the quickly growing port city above, and the Ministry of Magic had been constructed overhead by the goblins in the s. That was why the Wizengamot chambers were so far down rather than up on a more prestigious floor, even though quite a few complaints had been lodged about it over the centuries. Dumbledore let out a huff at that. If you want to debate it, please contact the goblins at Gringotts and they will provide you proof. Have a good day. He watched him continue to try until the chime signaling the five minute warning before the start of the session rang out, forcing Dumbledore to abandon his attempts and retreat to the box set aside for the Chief Warlock.

He took his seat, deactivating the privacy wards just as a second chime sounded. Merlin settled back in his chair, curious to see how the rest of the Wizengamot would react to him. He highly doubted Dumbledore would be pleased with any of his choices, even if quite a few of them would likely benefit Avalon and the British Wizarding World greatly. Dumbledore struck his gavel against the hard surface of the table in front of him before setting it aside. I would ask that we take a moment of silence to remember all those who have fallen in the war against the Dark Lord Voldemort, regardless of what side of the battlefield they were on. Lord Recorder Ogden, do we have any outstanding business from the last Session? He read out the remaining items before settling back in his chair. Thankfully, with the death of Voldemort, the most pressing matters were easily taken care of in short time. Merlin watched all of this in thoughtful silence, ignoring the curious looks he was getting from his fellow Wizengamot members. It seemed that the body was roughly divided along alignment lines, though not all Houses voted solely with their similarly aligned compatriots. It was certainly going to shake things up along party lines when the Houses of Black, Malfoy, Longbottom, and Potter voted similarly on an issue. While Potter and Longbottom were traditionally Light aligned, Merlin was going to settle both the Potter and Ambrose votes firmly in the Gray alignment, giving him the most neutral base for Amaranth to learn from and eventually build upon. Once the last pending item was cleared, Dumbledore opened the floor to new items. Arcturus immediately chimed in, pressing his wand down in its slot to signal that he wanted to speak. Dumbledore allowed it, though he had to quickly work to hide his disappointment that he had to hear anything a traditionally Dark House had to say. Arcturus rose to his feet, a warm smile on his face. Please help me in welcoming him to these hallowed halls. What alignment are you declaring your Houses to be allied with? He was still seething over losing the ability to use the Potter votes. A gray globe lit up over the seal on the Potter box, marking its alignment. Dumbledore turned his attention to him, looking far more relieved to be dealing with an obviously Light-aligned House than a Gray or, gods forbid, a Dark House. What do you have to bring before us today? I propose that we ensure that those who might try to attempt to follow in his footsteps cannot do so. He wondered if Augusta had had any hand in the short speech, but kept that thought to himself, instead preferring to watch and listen as debate sparked up all around the chamber. After about forty minutes or so of intense discussion about where the funding for the audits would come from, Dumbledore called for a vote on the matter. Dumbledore nodded, sitting back in his chair. Lord Longbottom, as you are the instigator of this motion, I will leave it in your capable hands to get everything organized. I would ask that you create a committee to help you deal with this, as well as work with Gringotts to create an account that we can pool the funds for the work into to ensure prompt payment. Albus smiled benignly at him, all the while furiously thinking of what he could do to stall or otherwise delay the work on Hogwarts further than that coming summer. The curse that Voldemort put on the Defense Against the Dark Arts position would surely be found and dealt with, something that Albus had been using ever since the early s to control just how much of the Dark Arts the children that passed through his domain actually learned. After all, if none of the teachers lasted for more than a year, how would anyone, Slytherins most of all, actually learn how beguiling the Dark Arts were? If a non-Slytherin student had shown a particular aptitude in DADA, Charms, or Transfiguration, then Albus had subtly recruited them into his Order, currying favor with them especially if they were from a rich stock both magically and monetarily. Albus cleared his throat and focused on the Potter box. What happened with Heiress Potter? She is actually safe and sound in a secure place, and that is all I will tell you. She will learn exactly what she needs to survive in the Wizarding World and in the Mundane one as well. There are others who know the Secret of her permanent location. Merlin waited for another ten minutes before leaving the Potter box, joining Augusta, Arcturus, Lucius, Sirius, and Frank on the main floor. The six of them left the Wizengamot chambers, managing to escape most of the crowd who wanted to talk to them before they could reach the Floos to go home.

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How They First Hang Out Anna took a deep breath, hand paused on the doorknob before she swung it open. He looked so fucking delicious that Anna almost missed the single rose he held in one hand; a peach rose. He raised his brows and allowed his twinkling eyes roam over her figure, pleased to see she opted for tight black jeans and a fitted short sleeved top that was cut low enough for him to appreciate the sinful tease. Anna covered her mouth, absolutely mortified. All morning, she had given herself a pep talk while cleaning up the place. They were just friends. Sure, it was totally acceptable to overstep the boundary with a little innocent flirting but that. But now, that plan went out the window. There was no coming back from that. Play it cool, Anna. The suggestive wiggle of his eyebrows jolted her back. Pulling herself together, she rolled her eyes. Harry shifted his weight from foot to foot and pulled the knapsack higher on his shoulder. This was always the uncomfortable, embarrassing part of trying to get to know someone: Upon entering her flat, Harry set his bag on the hardwood floor near the door and surveyed the space. It was fairly open, the kitchenette and living area being separated by a single breakfast bar that was considerably bare, a single fruit bowl being the only decor. She followed the direction of his gaze, then chuckled. Yeah, I admit it was the first splurge after the move. I figured if I was going to go all out, might as well make a good dent on the credit card. Go big or go home, right? Everything looked so tidy and neat, books and DVDs that were once thrown carelessly on the floor or table were now organized in the built in shelves. If he had to guess how many DVDs she owned by the looks of it, he would have to guess a figure in the hundreds. How could she possibly find the time for that? Harry could sense her nervousness and he caught a glimpse of her tugging her loose curls behind her ears from the corner of his eye. Feeling a bit foolish and rude, he turned towards her and smiled. When she flashed him a trembling smile of her own, his stomach flip flopped. And, to him, she was more beautiful than he remembered. There was a shy still in the air, neither one of them knowing how to rid the awkwardness that settled between them. They were normally talkative, able to hold conversation through emails like they had known each other all their lives. It felt very different. Harry was the first to break the long stretch of silence. Fuck yes he wanted to fuck her. He wanted to fuck her so hard, make her sore for days, and claim her as his " only his. God, he wanted her. Swallowing hard, Harry tried to calm himself before he completely embarrassed himself, knowing he had very little control of the way his body was reacting to her penetrating gaze. Play it cool, you loser! Pressing her lips together, she cleared her throat, then gestured towards the plush couch. No, not at all! Let me show you to the, erm, bathroom. Pathetically, he kind of missed her presence already. She gave off a glowing, warm aura, and even though his heart rate spiked whenever her eyes met his, a tranquility filled his chest, just being around her. He noticed the two doors further down and was tempted to take a peek, wondering which one was her bedroom. Deciding to not be creepy " more than he already had " he made his way back to the appropriate area. He found Anna standing by of the microwave, the popping sounds coming from it as she made popcorn. She was facing the TV with a remote in her hand and he saw her quick intake of breath when she shifted her eyes to him. He smiled slightly at her openly checking him out. Letting out a nervous laugh, she shrugged her shoulders. And her knees grew weak. There is no playing cool. The loud beeping from the microwave caught their attention, interrupting the intense chemistry that was crackling between them. Anna sat next to Harry on the love seat, bowl of popcorn nestled in the spot between them. She pressed play on the remote and leaned back while Harry instinctively scooted closer to her. They both reached in at the same time, their hands touching, then chuckled, gesturing for the other to go first. Smacking her lips together, Anna laughed through her nose. Am I making you nervous, peaches? Would that be okay? Would she be okay with what that meant? She had voiced her attraction to him already, but was that all she was after? Dating a prince was no fairytale. Troubled being here with her? Wanting her was troubling him. Her lips twitched, stomach dipped, and breath came out in pants. He had absolutely no idea the conflicting feelings that had been swimming around her head for the past few weeks. They were both troubled.

She giggled at the shocked sight of him, eyes wide and mouth hanging open. Before she could react, Harry grabbed the bowl of popcorn and quickly dumped it over her head. Anna blinked, staring right through him, completely dumbfounded. Harry stared back, emotionless, as long seconds ticked by. Before the hands on the clock could come to a full circle, Harry broke. Howls of laughter cut through the air, jerking Anna back to life. Amused, Harry clapped his hands on his knees, trying to catch his breath. She squealed, finding herself being tossed on her back and tickled relentlessly. Please, stop, I promise! Anna sighed to control her breaths that were still shaky from giggling so much. And dare she say, arousing. Suddenly, the room fell silent once more, both becoming conscious of the profound position they were in; Anna flat on her back and Harry half-laying on her trembling form. With a cheeky grin, Harry plucked a few missed pieces of popcorn that were hanging in her dark strands, before popping them into his mouth, chewing loudly. Anna bit her lip. The material of his shirt was doing nothing to conceal his body heat, distracting her and invading her most private thoughts. His lips were taunting her, shining from the buttery snack, evoking a hunger in her belly that was desperate to be fed. She wanted to lick his haunting lips, wanted to catch the small crumb that stuck to the corner of his lip. She wanted to feel more, tempted to let her legs fall open and pull his full weight on top of her. She was so, incredibly sexy without even knowing it, driving him wild with desire. The swirl in his belly mirrored hers, and his wants and wishes became the same as hers; wanting to bite that full lip of hers, wanting to pull it into his mouth to suck, wanting to watch her lips wrap around hisâ€” BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ The obnoxious, disturbing sound of the intercom startled them. Neither one moved an inch, savoring the sweet pleasure of hard muscles being molded into soft curves. Following the almost kiss incident, the pair were surprisingly able to fall into easy conversation, learning more about the other while they feasted on pizza and beer, the film that played on the telly long forgotten. Intrigued to hear Anna could play not only the piano, but also mastered the skill of strumming the guitar strings. Anna had clicked her tongue in mock annoyance, calling him an arrogant asshole and fighting off a smile when he erupted with amusement. And how long does it go on for? Is there a time set or something? Anyway, it was just a game my mom invented during a roadtrip to keep us busy. Anna continued to ramble, an observation Harry had made very early on; once you got her talking about a subject or topic she was passionate about, there was no shutting her up. But he found it cute, the way she became animated with her hands and speech. It made him smile, made him laugh. She was something else, for sure. Once the pizza was consumed and most of the beer depleted, they sat back on their hands on her area rug. Always interested in hearing more about her military family, Anna gladly shared stories of her upbringing. She informed him how her dad was adamant about his kids knowing what it took to become part of the military, creating obstacles courses for his kids and timing them. Luke and Finn somehow managed a few freebies.