

Chapter 1 : Fifty Shades of Darkness Chapter 7, a fifty shades trilogy fanfic | FanFiction

In the theatrical & home media releases, the brief teaser trailer for Fifty Shades Freed () is shown halfway through the closing credits. On the HBO version, the trailer is deleted to go to straight into the shortened Perfect World Pictures logo.

Each post has 3 average comments and average likes. Shall I forget the face of a bright sunshine? Whose beauty is comparable to an angel so divine; Shall I overlook your smiles that are so sweet? Just a glimpse of you knocks me off my feet. Shall I pass a day without seeing you? Or miss a chance to prove my feelings are true; Shall I think twice to win your heart? Living without you will tear me apart. Shall I not recall the way your hair dances in the summer air? Shall I hold your heart or will forever yearn for it? I long for the day when our lips would meet; Shall I live another day without saying how much I love you? Or shall I die as a friend veiling these feelings for you? Hugging, they pledged forever and locked it with a kiss. His entire body smiled when he caught sight of her. They fought like they made loveâ€”with passion, and grace. Embracing beneath an oak tree, they saw their future together. She said it first, but he felt just as strongly. Around each other, their temperatures skyrocketedâ€”the best of fevers. She understood him like no other and that was enough. He scooped her up and neither of them looked bad. By their fifth anniversary nothing had changedâ€”and nothing would. The beauty of it was that they always bounced back. Shamelessly co-dependent, they leaned on each other every single day. The pull was fiercely magneticâ€”they had to be coupled. Through it all, they held tightly to their lasting love.

of results for "fifty shades of darkness" A Shade of Vampire A Valley of Darkness Nov 16, by Bella Forrest. Kindle Edition. \$

The far side of the Moon from two spacecraft. The Lunar Reconnaissance Orbiter left mapped the far side at a variety of sun angles, allowing us to observe the morphology of the surface. Clementine mapped the Moon at high sun angles, emphasizing albedo contrasts. Both views show that this side of the Moon has much less dark, smooth maria than does the near side. But this paper also introduces some brand new confusion, apparently just to keep the topic of space sexy and interesting. In pre-Space Age days, these two terms were often confused, with some believing that the far side was always in the dark. In fact, both hemispheres of the Moon receive equal amounts of solar illumination, just during opposite parts of the lunar day. The Moon rotates on its axis once every 29 days, so each hemisphere is in sunlight for two weeks. Daytime on the near side when we see the lunar surface from Earth is paralleled by nighttime on the far side. But to the paper in question: The new work draws on some recent observations of planets in other star systems that orbit their primary at close distances. These objects experience extreme degrees of radiative heating from their local suns and thus, possess very hot surfaces. These conditions could result in these exoplanets possessing an atmosphere made up of ordinary rock-forming elements such as aluminum in vapor form. Different elements condense at different temperatures, so if one side of a planet were hotter than the other side, the sequence of condensation would be different for the two sides. Thus, if any of these exoplanets are in synchronous rotation around their suns as the Moon is around the Earth, there might be a compositional difference between the star-facing side and the opposite side of the object. This condition is postulated for the early Earth-Moon system by the authors of the new work. The Moon was initially much closer to the Earth than it is now slightly more than about 3 Earth radii, or about 20, km, compared to the current distance of 60 Earth radii, or , km. The new study suggests that because the near side of the Moon was exposed to a constant view of the very hot, young Earth, the far side a. According to the authors, this means that the lunar far side will be richer in this element and thus would form a thicker crust. One is a bizarrely contrived reconstruction of the history of the early Moon, whose validity is not only mostly speculative but also largely untestable something in common with most hypotheses dealing with the earliest stages of lunar evolution. The second one deals with the scientific illiteracy of many journalists, who regurgitate press release constructions and buzz words without any real analysis, understanding or thought. The idea that the crust of the lunar far side is thicker than the near side is not new, indeed it was first discovered by gravity field mapping done most recently and thoroughly by the GRAIL mission. What is new in this paper is the suggestion that the thicker crust is a consequence of near side heating by the radiant, molten Earth. In fact, we are still not even sure that the thicker crust on the far side is the cause of the paucity of mare flooding there. The concept is based around the idea that all mare magmas originate at a similar depth inside the Moon and can only break through to the surface where the crust is thin. But such a postulate ignores the variety of depths of origin for the lavas, their compositional diversity, and their wide range in ages. Most of the heat-producing radioactive elements are concentrated on the lunar near side, but strangely, only on the western portion of the near side, not an obvious consequence of the mechanism proposed by this paper nor is this phenomenon addressed there. Finally, the Moon experienced an intense bombardment by asteroids and leftover debris from the accretion of the Solar System for more than million years after formation, each impact redistributing vast quantities of material over whole hemispheres, not to mention re-orienting the spin axis and possibly changing the rotation rate of the Moon with each basin-forming event a basin is a large impact crater, usually with a diameter greater than km. All of these effects could significantly modify the model presented in this paper. This is what happens when astrophysicists publish papers on lunar geology. Now if you will excuse me, I have a manuscript on galactic evolution that I plan to submit to the Journal of Geology. His website can be found at www. The opinions expressed here are his own and do not reflect the views of the Smithsonian Institution or his employer.

Chapter 3 : Fifty Shades Darker (film) - Wikipedia

Fifty Shades Darker Book II of the *Fifty Shades Trilogy* Daunted by the singular tastes and dark secrets of the beautiful, tormented young entrepreneur Christian Grey, Anastasia Steele has broken off their relationship to start a new career with a Seattle publishing house.

Will they have a happy ever after? I have loads of great ideas for this, but I would like your thoughts before I continue! Sorry for any mistakes! All rights and Characters belong to E. The storyline is mine! Megan xoxo "You want me. You prick teasing bitch! I glue my eyes shut, when he buries his nose into my neck, smelling the lingering scent of my CoCo Chanel perfume. Christian will find me. His eyes darken with black fury, provoking his next vicious move. Jack harshly slams my back against the brick wall behind me. The impact against my back overwhelms me, causing me to continuously gasp for air. The automatic thought that crosses my mind, when he rips open my black, sheer shirt, evoking an explosion of buttons to scatter around the room, "Go for the balls, Go for the balls! My subconscious screams with worried tears pouring down her face. I am dragged from my incoherent state when a sharp palm meets with my face. Go for the balls. My knee viciously jerks upwards attempting to meet with his manhood, but is blocked by his own knee. My eyes widen with worry when he presses his chest against mine and bites roughly against my neck. I feels trickles of blood run down my neck as the induce pain leaves me in silent. Only Christian calls me baby. Jack grasps my hair brutally in his firm grip, pressing his lips powerfully against my lips, silencing my screams. I attempt to shake my head free, but he just tightens his grip. He frantically yanks my skirt upwards and tears my red lace panties from my body, while he still pins me against the wall with his chest and silences my screams with his own lips. Jack swiftly throws me against the floor. My head thumps with the floor creating a dizzy haze in my vision, I venture into scrabbling to my feet, but am denied of this attempt when Jack pounces on me with his boxer shorts and trouser pants round his ankles. I now know that i have lost this battle, as no matter what, this barbaric attack will scar me for life. I lie stiffly in an utter state of shock when my hips are harshly pinned to the floor with his filthy hand, and the inevitable occurs. I feel the Ana I used to know crumble to nothingness, this tragic event will haunt me till the day I die, and the Ana that Christian eventually admitted to loving will be forever missing. I feel clenched fists clash with my ribs several times, but I do not physically feel the pain. A slow tear rolls down my cheek as I feel myself drift out of consciousness. So what do you guys think? Please Review and tell me what you think: Do you think I should continue? Your review has been posted.

Chapter 4 : Fifty Shades Darker

"He woke up frightened and reached for the matches and the matches were put into his hand." The shortest ghost story ever written, Somerset, England.

Nervously, you tiptoe up and peer through the peephole, and peering back at you are gaunt faces the color of bleached bone with sickly orange-yellow eyes. Death is drawing near. Slowly, it began to blink. The only shadows in the yard. Since the old Griffin Place burned down in a fire accidentally started by a reefer a clumsy stoner had left in an old mattress, the only other haunted place available was the now deserted Brady House on the edge of town. She drew you in, and you wanted to catch every word even though the story she was telling probably involved horror that iced over your spine and shriveled up your godforsaken soul into cold ashes. Tourists and curious residents hovered a discrete distance away, some wondering why there was a parade of shadowy people in Victorian period and plague doctor apparel strolling down the main avenue. Nothing but faint harpsichord music and the dry rustling of leathery wings returned her reply. Worse yet, I am alone and have to walk through Lichwell Street in the dark. The primping, the flashing of garishly-purple and red dyed hair nearly caused me a massive panic attack. That was when the centipede wriggled out. She recoiled with horror as it wriggled away from her grasp. Instead, my mom dressed me in the most hideous pink tutu with puffy sleeves and dragged me to ballet class. He wanted to remove it but was afraid Mr. Underhill, the study hall moderator, would see it. Logically she knew she should stop, but the darn thing kept itching. It was not unusual to have a rain of speckled frogs and toadstools, and more often than rain, there were days of flying goldfish and colorful glass floats full of eyeballs and memento mori pendants. Something was moving under your skin and soon you realize there were dozens of squirming trails moving toward the surface. No, I really hate surprises, especially involving clowns and first-graders hopped-up on sugar from cake frosting and soda drinks. The worst mess I ever had to clean up. It moved slowly, but there was no wind blowing today. He actually compared your hair to a drowned poodle? Outside, two distant figures danced across a snowy field, creatures neither man nor beast. All was quiet and then with a brisk rustle, a tattered broom moved from one dark corner to another. A cat wanders in. A circle of life. However, a few kept slipping out to do a bit of sightseeing, mostly they watched Kes; they seemed to like watching her a lot. I ran to the main entrance just in time to see an animated tentacled mummy heading down the main staircase. All prayers for frozen precipitation fled his tweenage mind, however, when he was greeted by the sight of two Victorian-looking gentlemen digging a hole in his front lawn. Maybe we should test it on something small first, a spider or that damn pug from next door. Blood did not look like ketchup and it was a hell of a hassle to clean up. I wisely backed away from the doors which immediately began to bulge and shake, violently shake. That was when I realized my cat just came back That is, until he saw it using its long bony hands and arms to drag itself forward. The Second Act of the Tale: A thin yellow light trickled in through the window, lighting the room like a candle

Chapter 5 : Gautham D Mass - @_fifty_shades_of_darkness_ Instagram Profile | Socialboor

k Followers, 1, Following, 33 Posts - See Instagram photos and videos from á'alá—@á—° Gá—@á—řá—°áŽEá—ř (@calendrierdelascience.comss).

He asks Ana out often which, though it makes her uneasy, she writes off. Ana and Christian attend the show together and kiss in an alley. The next day, they have lunch in a restaurant and Christian reveals he wants her any way possible. Christian reveals to Ana that he bought SIP but that the deal must stay secret for another month. Christian insists his actions were for her own protection because Jack is a "known philanderer" who has apparently harassed his last five assistants. Ana escapes using her self-defense training, and Christian has Jack fired and confiscates his work computer. Robinson and discovers that Elena and Christian own a salon business together. Ana is disgusted to learn Christian continues to be friends with Elena, the woman who seduced him when he was only 15 years old and introduced him to the BDSM lifestyle. When Elena realizes that Christian sees Ana as a girlfriend and not a submissive, she becomes antagonistic towards Ana, trying to sow discord in the budding relationship. Ana confronts Christian about Leila. Fearing Ana is leaving him again, Christian impulsively puts out his marriage proposal. Ana does not answer, claiming she needs time to consider it. Ana realizes she never wants to be without him and accepts his marriage proposal. The next day, the Grey family throws Christian a large birthday party at their mansion. After Christian and Ana announce their engagement, Elena angrily confronts Ana, accusing her of being a gold-digger and claiming that a vanilla relationship will never satisfy Christian. Enraged, Ana throws her drink at Elena and tells her to mind her own business. As they fight, Christian comes in and confronts Elena. He reminds her that while she taught him how to take control of his own life, Elena never once taught him to love like Ana did. She leaves in disgrace and Grace confronts Christian about it. After telling Grace the whole story, he decides to end his business relationship with Elena and give back the salon to her. Christian takes Ana to the boathouse, which has been decorated with flowers and soft lights. He proposes properly with a ring and Ana accepts. Characters[edit] Anastasia "Ana" Rose Steele: She is described as a tall, elegant, sexy, regal platinum blonde and appears to be in her late 30s or early 40s. She is one of the main antagonists aside Jack Hyde. Adoptive daughter of Carrick Grey and Dr. In relationship with Elliot Grey. One of the main antagonists aside Elena and becomes the main antagonist in Fifty Shades Freed. A former submissive of Christian and a minor antagonist. Close friend of Ana. A colleague at SIP. Reception[edit] The novel reached No. Fifty Shades Darker film In March , the producer for the eponymous film adaptation of Fifty Shades of Grey , Dana Brunetti , had said there were, as of then, no solid plans to make a sequel. Before the first film premiered, there was still high anticipation from fans for the sequel to the film. After the first film premiered at a special fan screening in New York City on 6 February , director Sam Taylor-Johnson confirmed two sequels to be succeeded after the first film, with Fifty Shades Darker to be released in The film is scheduled to be released on 10 February

Chapter 6 : Fifty Shades of Darkness by Foxy Tale

I decided to do a little twist on a part in fifty shades of darker when Jack comes on to Ana, however things are slightly different this time.

Will they have a happy ever after? Sorry for any mistakes A trickle of perspiration drives down his perturbed face, while he brushes his rough hands through his copper hair. He steadily removes his hand from his roots and it venture towards my cheek. Instantaneously I toss my head in the opposite direction to prevent him from doing so. You promised to never let go or leaveâ€¦ but you didâ€¦ I woke up needing youâ€¦" I snap irately, I turn back towards him with a sour look masked across my face. His face is flusters and his eyes have swelled with water. I can feel the temper blazing deeply within me. The fury must be evident in my face, as I feel my cheek begin to burn. I just need him to leave! My teeth grind together as I wait for his next action, and hopefully that is of him leaving! The tension vibrates of the cream, painted walls, as does my previous scream. Christian gingerly steps away from my bed, staring timidly into my eyes. He reluctantly exits the room, glancing back at me every so often, but I glare into his eyes encouraging him to continue leaving. I release a deep breath and close my eyes to ready myself for graces interrogation. I unwillingly reveal my blues pools and look directly at Grace, who is frowning heavily. Her usual smooth forehead is tainted with deep creases of uncertainty. I suddenly notice the guilt rising within me. The guilt continues to advance into my throat, leaving a burning sensation in the process. I acknowledge that my mouth begins to fill with water. I reach over for the card board dish next to my bed and empty bile from my stomach into it. I continue to heave as Grace slowly rubs my back encouraging me. Once the dry heaves end I collapse back against my pillow. I immediately regret my actions when my head comes in contact with the mattress. A sharp agonising ache rapidly erupts at the back of my head. I feel the dripping of liquid in my hair and assume that it is blood. My eyes shoot open. I abruptly tense my sore muscles at the thought of a stranger treating me. My hands promptly grip at her wrist before she has a chance to get a nurse. Her eyes instantly settle, and the corners of her pink lips curl into a reassuring smile. Her dainty features compose me, as I know that I can absolutely, and completely safe with Grace. Once I nod my head cautiously, she scurries towards the sink in my hospital room and gets prepare. He petite hands are covered in latex gloves and she is wearing a doctors gown. I need to know that it is ok for us to proceed with the examination? I faintly nod my head, as I cannot gather the energy to speak. I fasten my eyelids together for a long duration at each blink. My fingers begin to knot together anxiously, as I watch Grace open up one of the many swabs. And then we can clean you up, and you can consider writing a statement, if you feel up to it. Similarly I just nod in approval. Once Grace has taken the appropriate swabs, a sample of my urine and cleaned me up, she exits the room to get my samples sent to the lab, leaving me with a glass of water and the morning after pill. I know that my shots is activated yet, so I cannot take any risks. The thought of becoming pregnant from such a horrific event petrifies me. A child should be made out of love. I automatically swallow the pill and feel slightly relieved as I do. I sheepishly tuck my knees into my chest and stare out at rainy Seattle. I distract myself from the tempting thoughts and memories by staring absent-mindingly at the condensations frosting against the windows. Each of my blinks are painfully slow, as are the deep breaths I inhale. A continuous thump on the hospital door draws me away from the window. The door harshly swings open. A women with short dark brown hair, appears in front of me. Her green eyes illuminate the room, and her elegant, young features cause a gasp to escape from my mouth. She is dressed in a typical grey trouser suit, with a white blouse underneath. She confidently strides over towards the chair situated at the left of my bed. I feel a sudden rush of jealous arise within me, as I realise she is the perfect candidate for Christian. Her question and comment makes me uncertain. What is she implying? Her brow draws into a questionable arch. Her gestures seem interrogating. That bastard just needs locking up! I can confirm who sexually assaulted meâ€¦ Jack Hyde! The urge to vomit presents itself again, when his name rolls off my tongue. I however ignore the urge and hold back my emotion. I stare into her green eyes with fury. She however ignores my deadly glare, and begins with her questions. I gaze blankly into her emerald crystals, while I gingerly recollect the events of earlier today. But at the time it felt right, ridding myself of the horrific

memories that were sealed into the seams of the clothes. My eyes screw shut as I block out the excruciating images that are plunging into my mind. The detective aimlessly scribbles in her notepad as she studies my expression. I abruptly lift my head and inspect her eyes. I squint slightly in the process. I clearly see her motivate for the interview, and I instantly see red as the atmosphere saturates with tension. Her eyes wonder around my body and face searching for a small give away. I raise my eyebrow, demonstrating my composure, as I understand that my answer has to be crucially right. The detective smirks as she grips hold of her notepad and slips it into her blazers inside pocket. Her elbows find her knees as she leans forward towards me, unnecessarily closing the distance between us, instantaneously I shuffle to the opposite side of the bed. I carefully deliberate my next words before assemble the energy to speak. And your tone with him was unnecessary in that case then" "What are you getting at? Her long winded questions are beginning to irate me, and I grasp the motive behind her questions, I just want to be certain. Or has this happen before? My mouth gaps open at her accusation and I blink rapidly. Surely she cannot possible accuse someone like this! Why on earth would she think that Christian would do this to me? I have many many many ideas floating around in my little head, which I hope you will all love! Did the detective search Christians apartment, and discover the playroom? Does she now know about Christian and his kinky fuckery? Or is Ana just being paranoid? How do you think she knows? She is trying to pin it on dear Christian? Your review has been posted.

Chapter 7 : Fifty Shades Darker Quotes by E.L. James

Fifty Shades Darker is a American erotic romantic drama film directed by James Foley and written by Niall Leonard, based on E. L. James's novel of the same.

Chapter 8 : Fifty Shades of Darkness | Creepypasta Wiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

Fifty Shades Darker is a erotic romance novel by British author E. L. calendrierdelascience.com is the second installment in the Fifty Shades trilogy that traces the deepening relationship between a college graduate, Anastasia Steele, and a young business magnate, Christian Grey.

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