

**Chapter 1 : The Wandering Prince of Troy - Wikipedia**

*The Wandering Prince is the first book in The Loves of Charles II saga by Jean Plaidy. It is about his relationships with Lucy Water, his first important mistress and the mother of his son James, Duke of Monmouth, and his sister, Henriette.*

InuYaoi Sesshomaru, youngest heir ever to the Kingdom of Dogs, drifts for dark and personal reasons. His wandering leads him to Kagome, and after spying on her he forces her to submit to a proposition she cannot refuse. Difficult questions triggers a quest for truth, and together they uncover the grim history of Inuyoukai, justifying their deep curiosity for one another. Anyways, hope you guys enjoy! Kagome, I thought I smelled you last night. Having recognized his cocky voice, she whirled around, fastening her jeans and while still holding a soiled kleenex. Of all the times Koga had bumped into her in the Edo era, this might have been the most inopportune one of all. After that kind of storm the stragglers are easy pickings," he said with a tilt of his torso, showing off his tusked prize," but nevermind that, did ya miss me? The amorous wolf then moved onto her, pulling and clasping his hands around hers Kagome was beyond mortified. She had to gently let him down. The slightest hint of affection would send Koga into an unrequited tizzy, and it was hardly flattering these days, just irritating. He brushed his nose under her chin before taking one last drag on the crown of her head. The canid looked to be anything but satisfied with her answer. You smell like a dog, but not like the mutt," he then pointed the obvious to her edgy face, "and where is that mutt anyway? Did that fleabag do something to you? I like the way he-" "Oh, Shit! And as the cutaneous ping of his youkai whip materialized from his claws, for a moment, his all consuming need to protect her alarmed him. He had never experienced such an incredibly greedy emotion before. Kagome wanted absolutely no parts of his vile touch, and that Sesshomaru was keen to lend a claw or two, seeing that he was an excellent peace keeper. After all, one cannot disturb the peace if they laid in pieces on the ground. Its message was clear, contemptible, challenging: The girl is mine. A dispatch on sight situation that is. A testament to an ancient strife between dog and wolf. With his chest mail only partially secured, the pauldron juddering atop his shoulders as he sprinted, his kimono loose around his waist, sans obi, in combination with his scent utterly saturated on Kagome and her nervous behavior, he was positive that this demon had been trying to have his way with her. He hit his target. Where ever the prince roamed was his territory in regards to wolves. Retracting his luminous cord, the inuyoukai came to an agitated halt, standing several yards in front of his bleeding rival as he observed him shrugging off a superficial wound. And after his brilliant display of accuracy in front of the girl too. Her frantic words fell upon deaf ears, which was just so unfortunate for Koga. Eventually, to her dismay, and as a cannon ball started to sink to the pit of her stomach, he eagerly gave chase, his mokomoko slipping through her desperate fingers as he tore away from her grasp. The girl should have known better, trying to discourage him from his Kami given purpose-which was guarding her ningen ass, among other things, but especially from wolves. High stepping, Kagome jogged through the deep snow, her self awareness gradually returning each time her foot sank shin deep until she was hit with an epiphany. She paled as realization careened into her psyche, knocking her anger out the way as it more or less said, uh, duh, before it triggered her into an all out run. This was the first time Sesshomaru did battle with a wolf but he needed no instruction. Whirlwind excluded, and seeing that they were also too light to break the crust, mortal wolves employed similar tactics when they chased heavy ungulates through deep snow. Koga was using the same strategy on Sesshomaru. And it was sort of working. He glanced over his shoulder. What the-these bastards can fly?! Then, just as a claw melted a single strand of black hair, Koga about faced, still running backwards as an unexpected power crackled and revealed itself in the form of steel tipped claws. His father, who fought with many wolves, had told him they were fairly rustic creatures, somewhat quick and powerful, the extinct Daiyoukai even more so. But still, their abilities were rather primitive. Translation-they beat the brakes off their enemies, punching and kicking them to death. Which explained why his relative was unusually skilled at hand to hand combat, managing to parry each one of his blows. It seemed that for every ounce of skill Sesshomaru had with a sword, Koga possessed the equivalent with his hands and feet. Not to mention Kagome was watching this fight in its entirety. At least he assumed she was. He had just noticed that she was screaming about something. He figured

it was because of the wolf and the fact that it still breathed. In any case, as Koga stupidly charged directly towards Sesshomaru, he decided that it was time to put an end to this. And now wrapped around his throat, Sesshomaru reeled, his canine prey in tow as the thread returned to its sender and dropped Koga off in his grasp. Kagome, about sixty or so yards away now, just caught Sesshomaru taking Koga by his neck and slamming him onto the ground. She was exhausted having been running after them the entire time, but burning legs be damned, time was almost up for her old friend. Kagome found her second wind and started to sprint in full stride. Hysterical and mutilated, Kagome had seen a lot of horrors here in the time of demons, but they all paled in comparison to the sound of Koga having his life squeezed out of him. Koga gasped for air and got nothing as his desperate claws tore through silk and the arm that held him. To that effort Sesshomaru just stared. His expression was chilling, inappropriately passive, as if he were bored looking at his own injury. He came to understand that this youkai was not just a full-fledged demon like himself, and why his elders had told him to be cautious of dogs in his youth. He cursed himself as the embodiment of death pierced him deeper and spilled his life onto the snow. His gaze shifted to her and he saw that she was running to him with horror written all over her face. Plus, in the time it would take for her to reach him it would already be over. The wolf would already be dead and nothing of value would be lost. Quaking, shuddering, he arched his back off the ground and focused all his efforts on the hand around his throat. His body twisted and thrashed as he manically tried to pry steel loose, but there was no hope left for him. There would be no escape today, only painful passage into the underworld. And just before he saw Koga off to Hades, the inu took a moment to relish in the soundtrack of a dying wolf. What was once furious and colorful snarling had transformed into hopeless monotonous creaking His leer fell on her. His own suggestion left him stunned and made him hesitant to sever the artery his middle claw grazed against. He then found himself quickly assessing what laid under and around him. Koga frothing red at the mouth, his eyes mostly white having rolled to the back of his head, the bloodied snow that favored a crime scene! This He self reflected looking back at her, still on the cusp of taking a life and dissecting something she had told him a number of times, last night in fact. Then it hit him. Something connected in his brain and made him feel so self conscious that he shook Koga from his claws, allowing him to take a gurgling breath. What bothered him more than he liked to admit was how she spoke of Inuyasha with a certain fondness, and how not once did she use an adjective like creepy to describe him. On the other hand, Inuyasha was just a watered down demon, and as a result he was relatively more tame compared to the real deal. It was a lot to take in, the gore, but Koga was breathing, cursing now too, so she knew that he was going to be fine. Interestingly enough, it was Sesshoumaru who she now worried about. The way he held his body while on his knees was odd, blood stained hand aside-which was currently held stiffly at his hip, he never looked away from her. It was as if he were anticipating her reaction. And while not one hundred percent sure of her next suspicion, though it did seem feasible judging from the discomfit in his eyes, he appeared to have regretted doing this. At the very least regretted doing it in front of her. Which was endearing-in a twisted sort of way-but moving all the same. Because it did look pretty bad What did matter was that he stopped. True, he did lay down some serious hurt prior, but he did stop. Whatever state of mind he was in during was behind him now, and like with Inuyasha, she was thankful that she too could reel him back in with just her voice. Although, he was in need of some serious training. No enchanted beads to rely on, it was imperative that he work on responding to his name. Nevertheless, he was still staring at her, looking like the dog who ate the canary, so she figured it was time for some careful words. His coughing and wheezing had set a contrary ambience for their breezy conversation, to which they carried on. It was all he could manage to say, but his inflection hinted at wanting to explain himself. He was still waiting for it, her pending freakout. Kagome turned to Sesshomaru, confused. She tried to pin a disapproving glare on Sesshomaru but his pettiness tweaked her face and nearly revealed the humor she found in it. There was definitely no love lost between the two canines.

**Chapter 2 : Editions of The Wandering Prince by Jean Plaidy**

*Comment: This book is in very good condition and will be shipped within 24 hours of ordering. The cover may have some limited signs of wear but the pages are clean, intact and the spine remains undamaged.*

InuYaoi Sesshomaru, youngest heir ever to the Kingdom of Dogs, drifts for dark and personal reasons. His wandering leads him to Kagome, and after spying on her he forces her to submit to a proposition she cannot refuse. Difficult questions triggers a quest for truth, and together they uncover the grim history of Inuyoukai, justifying their deep curiosity for one another. She also prefers her lemons raw with the tartiest of tart, favoring obscenity over romanticism. You know, the usual disclaimer. I felt as though the original started off rather poorly and needed improvement. Her disappearing act originally commenced once a week, then once every other week until eventually once every other month. Inuyasha was hung through the motions. Seeing Kagome only once a week? Like hell he would. During those first few years of adjusting to high school life again, Kagome only visited the old time on the weekendâ€”at least that was her plan. The half demon was adamant that he would not see his Miko only once a week and invited himself to continuously stalk across time in pursuit of her. Then, she loved that adorable dog-eared fool and just having him around felt good. Your crush impatiently waiting outside of your school good. Apparently, if the stalked were fond of the stalker then no boundaries were crossed. That went on seemingly forever until her senior year of high school. Despite knowing that he still struggled to adapt to her shift in priorities. During that year she was particularly consumed by her strange writing book work. He scowled, bitched and tolerated her neglect in the best way a brash young half breed could. The reason why he did not stay back with Sango, Shippo and the others was because he could not bear to wait a week without seeing her, but when she grew increasingly more indifferent to his presence he began to feel deeply disrespected. So, one day, and after years of steady and growing indifference from her, Inuyasha saw to it to give her a taste of her own medicine. During this visit, and with his clawed hand supporting his head, he huffed and puffed with the intent to capture attention as he sat on her bedroom floor. His companion was doing the usual, studying and ignoring him. Kagome was now a sophomore in college and it was crunch time, winter finals loomed and neglected hanyou be damned. Not so much as an attempt to acknowledge half of his humanity. Too prideful to admit that he grew tired of feeling slighted, his clothing angrily shifted and swished as he scrambled onto his feet. He was visually irritated standing there in the middle of her bedroom, unsure of what to do next. To that his features creased, transforming into anguished longing as he watched her carry on with her writing. Having noticed his crowded movements in her peripheral, her hand writing on autopilot, Kagome blessed him with attention. Can you just be more patient? He knew that tone all too well. Those days it seemed like that was the only inflection she had to spare when she spoke to him. The hanyou had enough. Debating, he switched between looking at the Miko and her bedroom window. He considered the unthinkable while pouting with silent hurt and hesitant to commit to his gall. Bare feet carried him to the pane that once stood as a portal within a portal. It used to house warmth and romance behind it, but nowâ€¦ Scant hope remained, and still Inuyasha waned, looking back at his frigid love, hoping, praying that she could be assed to take notice. She would never admit it to him but she felt relieved that he took it upon himself to leave. He could wait a few more days until she hopped over to visit him and the rest of the gang anyway. OoOoOoOoOoO Back in his own era, Inuyasha sat by the well, confident that it would only be a matter of time before his Kagome came rushing back with an apology. Dusk approached and she was nowhere to be found. Seething with disbelief he sprang up into a nearby tree and sulked. As always arranged, every week she visited for a few days with modern goodies in her bag. Sango and Miroku returned a day before her scheduled arrival. Where they went during the week no one knew. They were in that magical honeymoon phase of their relationship. In all honesty, they probably could have been tossing rocks in a lake somewhere and chances are they would have had the time of their lives doing so. The thought of their happiness irritated Inuyasha more than he liked to admit. He never thought he would feel jealous of their new-found love. Out of nowhere it appeared that Sango was okay with the monk caressing her body in once off-limits places. That really made Inuyasha see red. Goddammit, he bitterly thought to himself

as he melodramatically stuffed his clawed hands into the sleeves of his fire rat clothing. Goddamn this is pissing me off. Little did he know of the thoughts and emotions Kagome would soon put him through. Coming to grips with seeing her a few times a week one thing, adjusting to seeing her a few times a month was agony. As her senior year neared the finish line he struggled with the notion that Kagome would always put her studies before him. The days of his adorable companion rushing back to be with him were coming to an end. The realization of such was depressing. His indifference was obviously a lie but he dared not tell anyone of his feelings, let alone Kagome. Everyone else adjusted to her less than frequent visits. They had other things to do. Even Shippo had other activities to fill in his free time. He often disappeared for longer stretches of time than Kagome to train his demon abilities with other young foxes. One thing for sure, all this peace was becoming a real drain. And like before he found himself spending more and more time alone. The sting of her visiting less and less dulled with time—until she reopened the wound of his longing for her by showing up every so often. And that was how things were. At least until a power-hungry dragon demon shattered the peace near the Northern mountains. Suddenly there was something to do, much to the relief of Inuyasha. With Shippo and the miko busy with their own studies it was up to the half-demon, the slayer and the monk to ensure that tranquility was restored. To say the least Inuyasha was pretty freaking excited and itching to get the show on the road. The journey was expected to be long and challenging. Inuyasha could run for days on end and it would still take weeks to get there, let alone scale the mountainous terrain. It was time for her bi-monthly trip to the old time. Finals were brutal this year but she aced her exams and was relieved that it was now winter break. Only during these periods of extended vacation did she visit more frequently. She knew her friends would be stoked to see her more often during those few weeks. Satisfied with her haul she made her way down the stairs and told her mother she was leaving. Sesshomaru found himself wandering across Japan more frequently. With the western lands secure he often roamed outside of his royal territory, slaying the odd unruly demon when he felt like it. Rumor has it a young dragon came of age and was itching to expand his territory. Unfortunately, for that young upstart the demon lord intended to investigate—and by investigate that meant destroy. Gracefully, he traveled through the still forest as a cool and gentle breeze stirred his tress. Then he registered a familiar scent. It had been nearly four years since he last smelled her but he knew who it was. No, not at all. What intrigued him was how her essence seemingly appeared out of thin air. He should have detected her before he entered the wooded area. Sure, she was miko but she was still ill-trained. Her aura insured of him that very fact, but how did she gain the ability to completely hide her scent and energy despite that? Silently, he strode in the direction of her smell, suppressing his overwhelming youki as he went. Before he happened upon Kagome, in one swift motion he leapt into a tree and concealed himself from her view. Hiding his youki would suffice. Kagome was hauling herself out of a weathered looking well. Sesshomaru could smell that his half-brother traveled to this area regularly but the scent was stale. It has been some time since he last been there but why did he hang around this area anyway? And why was the miko pulling herself from this well? Humans were strange indeed. Mildly interested, a sheet of cascading silver spilled over his shoulder as he cocked his head to one side, soaking in the girl below.



Traditionally most modern scholars have preferred the date. Additional evidence in favor of the date is found in the statement of Menander, repeated by Josephus as corroborated from Tyrian court records Against Apion i. Using the date, this Tyrian record would then date the start of Temple construction in or BC, in agreement with the statement in 1 Kings 6: More than that, the agreement of this date with the timing of the tribute to Shalmaneser and the year when construction of the First Temple began provide evidence for the essential historicity of at least the existence of Pygmalion and Dido as well as their rift in BC that eventually led to the founding of Carthage. If chronological considerations thus help to establish the basic historicity of Dido, they also serve to refute the idea that she could have had any liaison with Aeneas. Aeneas fought in the Trojan War , which is conventionally dated anywhere from the 14th to the 12th centuries BC, far too early for Aeneas to have been alive in the time of Dido. If the story of Dido has a factual basis and is synchronized properly with history then this Belus should[ citation needed ] stand for Mattan I , father of the historical Pygmalion. Pygmalion slew Sychaeus secretly due to his wealth and Sychaeus appeared to Dido in a dream in which he told the truth about his death, urged her to flee the country, and revealed to her where his gold was buried. She left with those who hated or feared Pygmalion. Mercury tells Aeneas of all the promising Italian lands and orders Aeneas to get his fleet ready. Dido can no longer bear to live. Instead she turns away from Aeneas to a grove where her former husband Sychaeus waits. Virgil has included most of the motifs from the original: In both versions Dido is loyal to her original husband in the end. Virgil consistently uses the form Dido as nominative, but derivates of Elissa for the oblique cases. The Barcids , the family to which Hannibal belonged, claimed descent from a younger brother of Dido according to Silius Italicus in his Punica 1. Christine Jongen, Dido, bronze sculpture, In The Divine Comedy Dante sees the shade of Dido in the second circle of Hell, where she is condemned on account of her consuming lust to be blasted for eternity in a fierce whirlwind.

*"The Wandering Prince of Troy" is an early modern ballad that provides an account of the interactions between Aeneas, the mythical founder of Rome, and Dido, queen of Carthage.*

Reblog Bibbidi Bobbidi Asgard: Part 2 Loki x Reader Note: So here we go! Tags are open and please let me know what you think. Bibbidi Bobbidi Masterlist Word of the upcoming ball spread throughout the entire kingdom like wildfire. It was all your friends in the kitchens spoke about for days. Sadly that knowledge did little to fill the void you all felt. That all changed when, out of the blue, less than a week before the ball, Odin made the most extraordinary of announcements. Squashed into the palace courtyard with practically every other servant and non-noble in the whole of Asgard, you waited with baited breath to hear what the king had to say. Everyone was nervously muttering to their neighbours, trying to guess the nature of the grand announcement. The moment that Odin stepped out into view, holding the hand of the beautiful Frigga and followed closely by the two princes, the crowd immediately fell silent. Falling to your knees in respect for your royals, you felt your gaze wandering to where Loki stood. Dressed in his most formal wear - all those layers of unbelievably well fitted black and green leather - he simply took your breath away. When his gaze met yours you instantly looked down, embarrassment at being caught staring so openly bubbling in your chest. That perhaps you feel unworthy or beneath the lords and ladies of my court. As a gesture of my goodwill to my subjects, I have commanded extra accommodations be put into place to allow a proportion of you to attend also. There shall be a random draw tonight to determine who may join your princes in the festivities. Normal citizens being invited to a palace ball? Never in the history of Asgard had such a thing happened. As strong a king as he was, Odin was rarely one to show such overwhelming concern for what the kingdom thought. Your eyes once again drifted to Loki, who you realised had been watching no one else but you this entire time, and you suddenly understood. Still maintaining eye contact with the dark haired prince, you bowed your head in thanks before allowing yourself to be carried by the dispersing crowd.

**Chapter 5 : Queen Dido; Or, Eneas, Wandering Prince Of Troy Poem by Anonymous British - Poem Hunter**

*Madoc is a shadowy figure, elusive and hard to pin down to more than a rumour. The sixteenth illegitimate son of the extraordinarily fecund Owain Ap Gwynedd, he was the only man who could truly be called the King of Wales.*

A Wandering Prince by Ben Davies The 18th century western borders of the fledgling United States of America were exciting, dangerous and alive with rumour. West "always west. Into the putative Louisiana territory, an almost unimaginable vastness nominally under the rule of the French Empire but in truth as unexplored by Europeans as the surface of the moon. Just as the stories of El Dorado had pushed the Conquistadors deeper and deeper into South America, so strange rumours were enticing the brave of heart into the interior of this terra nova. There were natives, so people said, natives who spoke Welsh. A priest from Glamorgan had been spared when his would-be killers had heard him praying in a language the savages had understood. The Madoc tribe had, in their possession, fragments of Welsh bibles. Skeletons had been dug out of burial mounds clad in bronze armour engraved with the sigils of the house of Gwynedd. As if to put a stamp of government approval on the stories, the explorers Lewis and Clarke were handed grave instructions by Thomas Jefferson as they set off to explore the interior: Take Welsh speakers with you; take tribute for when you encounter the descendants of the Welsh prince who had landed on these shores centuries before the Genovese bauble merchant had done it in Madoc is a shadowy figure, elusive and hard to pin down to more than a rumour. The sixteenth illegitimate son of the extraordinarily fecund Owain Ap Gwynedd, he was the only man who could truly be called the King of Wales. The story goes that Madoc, sickened by the fratricidal nature of the royal succession after the death of his father, made two journeys some sources say three out onto the Atlantic. Returning from the first journey the prince told of a land decked out in timber, great herds of deer and coastlines choked with fish. His final fleet of ten ships left north Wales in and disappeared over the horizon. In a counter claim to the Spanish and Portuguese hegemony of the new world he wrote, "The Lord Madoc, sonne to Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Gwynedd, led a colonie and inhabited in Terra Florida or thereabouts" in The story rolled on in the early years of the fledgling United States, and for the believers the evidence was all around them. With the same arguments that fuelled the myth of Prester John in Africa, many pointed to giant earthworks in the Mississippi area fashioned by who alone knew? Oil on canvas painting by and courtesy of Herb Roe How, ran the argument, could a savage race with no draught animals, metal tools, written language or knowledge of higher mathematics possibly have created such impressive structures as the foot high Monks Mound which, taking into account settling of the compacted earth is comparable to the pyramids of Giza. Surely white Christians, those ordained by God to rule the lesser races, must have brought their skills and knowledge to this new Eden. The Welsh Indians never materialised, but the possibility of their existence pushed the great migration west for many thousands, particularly from Wales, looking for a better life. He is currently working on a trilogy of books on the Norman Conquest. Posted by Debra Brown at

**Chapter 6 : Dido - Wikipedia**

*Prince Escalus is seeking any, and all information on the "Wandering Weeper" that has been sulking in the Sycamore forest just outside Verona, Italy for the past week. Prince Escalus, after demanding that the Montague's and Capulet's stop fighting, in the marketplace yesterday, discovered another threat to the peace of Verona, Italy.*

**Chapter 7 : Prince's Army Seeks Information On Wandering Weeper "The abode of the tippler gnor**

*The wandering prince moved to peer in the well, curious to see the spell she somehow managed to master without decades of training. His brows rose to his fringe.*

**Chapter 8 : English Historical Fiction Authors: A Wandering Prince**

*To stop the crisis Prince Escalus, the prince of Verona had sent his royal guard to investigate the whereabouts of Romeo and to get to the bottom of the issue. Montague, the head of the Montagues was asked about his concerns about Romeo he replied with, "Many a morning hath he there been seen, with tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew.*

## Chapter 9 : The Wandering Prince by Jean Plaidy

*The idea of Prince Shouyou wandering around in the woods was too outlandish, and as avoidant as Tobio was of city matters, he had no idea of what that man looked like. As it was, a noble of any sort certainly spelled nothing but trouble, but currently Tobio did not care.*