

Chapter 1 : Unspoken Promise | Destiny Wiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

Perks Intrinsic. Adaptive Frame - Well-rounded and reliable. Press [Heavy Attack] to launch an uppercut attack. Blade. Hungry Edge - Increased sword ammo.; Honed Edge - Increased sword damage.

Jun 11, Renee rated it it was amazing This was a great follow up to book one. It sort of picks up right where book one left off. The problems between Matt and Abigail have yet to be solved. The author creates this high and low by adding obstacles for both characters. There is a time when I wanted to hate Abigail for something she does to Matt. There is also a time when I wanted to smack her but I have to remember she is sti This was a great follow up to book one. There is also a time when I wanted to smack her but I have to remember she is still without her memory. As for Matt, well just as many instances I wanted to smack him. I remind myself that he is young and not nearly as worldly as she is. There are still problems for this duo that must be resolved. I really want to get to her career. I know she is not physically ready to really work as she used to but I hope book 3 focuses on more of her future. I really see them together as a couple but there is always a but Can Matt be faithful? There was so much drama for him in this book that I think maybe he has been cured of the wandering eyes. I enjoyed the minor players in this book as well as Matt and Abigail. I liked how Kelly plays a role in the friendship area. I think Trey is the perfect friend to both Abigail and Matt. When he feels she is right he sides with her. When Trey feels like Matt has done wrong he sure tells him so. The good base is there for the next chapter I cant wait! Unfortunately, I had to. But it was well worth the wait. You must read Book 1 first to get the full details and background before you read this book. But I promise you, it is totally worth it. When we left Matt and Abigail in book 1, it was almost wrapped up into a nice pretty little bow. Then we are just smacked across the face with a doozy intro with this book. One hurdle after another hit both Matt and Abigail and you are in for a ride. The ups and downs of their relationship and the obstacles they face are tiring. The way they handle them make you want to shake them, slap them and tell them to wake up and grow up. This book is amazing, and I was left a little miffed, and sad but yet very excited when it ended and I saw there more to come in book 3. Totally recommend this book to all. At times this made me want to reach through the book, smack her and tell her "to grow the hell up". I think I felt so strongly though because I was already looking at her like a sister! Gabbie Duran drew me into her characters and they became an 3. Gabbie Duran drew me into her characters and they became an extended family for the day that my world revolved around Abigail Adams. I highly recommend this book to anyone looking for a good romance!! I really liked how this book ended It was a pleasure to read this book!!

Chapter 2 : Unspoken Promises (Unspoken, #2) by Gabbie S. Duran

An Unspoken Promise has 26 ratings and 2 reviews. Kat said: one birth sister, one adopted. the parents never really liked the adopted one, treated her ba.

Future chapters will involve some angst and a lot of love letters written while Sam is under. What would of happened if they did kiss? What happens when Sam still leaves on the UC op after a fight with Andy? Involves Sam and Andy writing letters to each other while Sam is under. God, if she was hurt.. He closed the distance between them and decided that he needs to tell her how he feels. As soon as he gets close he forgets everything he had decided to say. God, she looks so beautiful. What would he have done if he knew it would catch on fire? He notices that his breathing has finally returned to normal and the fear he felt all but ten seconds ago is almost gone. I had that whole thing to deal with" she says, trying but failing, to lighten the mood. No, she told herself. All week she had been trying to just focus on the job and get it done but it had been incredibly hard. Whenever she was close to him she could smell him, he smelled exactly like he did the night of the blackout, a mix of sweat and his favorite collogne. God they way he tasted, she would give anything to get that back. The sirens of another approaching fire engine brought her back to reality. He glances away for a brief moment and surveys the scene around him and realizes just how bad things could have been. Thank fuck she was alright. He locks eyes with Andy again and is surprised to see a look of lust and want in her eyes. All this week he has been trying to put his feelings for her in the back of his mind, like she said, he compartmentalizes a lot. For some strange reason he feels the need to kiss her. To kiss her like he will never get to again. To convey every thought, feeling and emotion in a single gesture so hopefully she will understand just how much she means to him. Just how much he needs her, like the air he breathes. He slowly leans towards her and sees her doing the same thing, their eyes never leaving the others. And just like that her lips are on his. It was soft and delicate, like he thought he might break her. As he wraps his arms around her waist to old her tight and deepen the kiss she lets a small moan escape her lips and with that her arms are around his neck pulling him closer. She forgets about where she is and enjoys the feeling of his lips on hers, his tounge demanding access to her mouth and she gives in with little protest. God, i feel so safe and protected in his arms, Andy thinks to herself. As they drive home to his apartment in his truck she could cut the sexual tension in the air with a knife. They both knew what was going to happen tonight and Andy had been waiting so long for this moment. Every now and then she would catch Sam stealing glances at her and she could tell that he was nervous. Sam Swarek was nervous? They pulled up to his apartment and Sam reached into the back to grab their bags, he then went round to the other side of his truck and opened the door for Andy while holding out his hand. She grabbed his arm and spun him round and then pressed her lips to his, half asking half telling him what she wanted. He got whats she was saying and he parted his lips so she could explore his mouth with her tongue. He wrapped his hands around her waist and then she was tugging at his clothing, there was too much clothing and she wanted it gone. First came his shirt, then hers. Her fingers then moved to his belt buckle but he pushed her hands away, he looked into her eyes and could see a trace of hurt. He then picked her up in his arms and started walking to his bedroom and she understood what he was saying. She normally liked foreplay but tonight was not the night for that. She needed him and she needed him now! He felt so at one with her in the moment, like nothing else mattered and as they moved in sync with each other he began to loose himself in her. To him it was always just sex, granted it varied with whoever he was sleeping with but in this moment with the women he loved giving herself completely to him he felt complete, they had an unspoken promise and he would do whatever it took to keep that promise. That night they fell asleep entwined in each others arms, unsure of where one stopped and the other started. Thanks for reading guys. This is my first ever story so please review and tell me what you think! Thanks, hope you enjoyed reading it. Oh and i hope to have then next chapter up within the next week: Your review has been posted.

Chapter 3 : Unspoken promises

To him it was always just sex, granted it varied with whoever he was sleeping with but in this moment with the women he loved giving herself completely to him he felt complete, they had an unspoken promise and he would do whatever it took to keep that promise.

It is a well-guarded secret of the elves of Middle Earth that they are born dreamers. Not dreamers in the way of man, with their conjured visions of the future, nor of the dwarves with their relentless pursuit of treasures. No, every elf is a dreamer in that they lead two lives, one in the waking world, and the other in their unique dreamscape. Guarded sanctuaries, none may enter these dreamscapes without explicit permission. This is a fact accepted amongst all the elves, and broken one battle weary night by a single unassuming man. Faced with desolation in both the waking world and in the dreams plaguing Bard since the Battle of The Five Armies, the Bowman does everything he can to bring life back to where it was lost. Yet as he grows close to Thranduil while sleeping, the lines between dreaming and reality begin to blur. That, naturally, led to me needing to reread AUP and discovering just how many issues it has. Unfortunately, this meant that before I could start on additions to the series, I needed to fix the main story first. However, I have rewritten enough of it, paragraph by paragraph, that I decided I might as well post a new version in case people liked the old one better for some reason. Please let me know what still needs work, or any constructive criticism you might have. Since this was a submission to the Barduil Big Bang, there was art done for it which can be found here. Still as lovely as ever. Thank you to everyone who read this story the first time. Thank you to everyone who is completely new here.

A Prologue Chapter Text An arrow whizzed through the trees, narrowly avoiding a long hanging vine and sinking deep into the middle of a propped up target. A childish shout of victory echoed through the forest and a young elf scrambled after the projectile, pulling it out and flourishing it victoriously. Fifty across the forest in one minute. The other elfling, slightly bigger but still a child, rolled his eyes. The two of them ran almost in sync, leaping over and ducking under thick crawling vines, sliding around giant fungi, and scaling vast elder trees to fling themselves over deep dips and shaded hollows in the mossy floor. Above them birds sang cheerily, and from the depths of the trees large cats growled, the air of the forest teeming with life though neither hide nor hair could be seen. Upon reaching a giant tree split down the middle as if struck by lightning, the two broke away from each other, each sprinting in a separate direction. The younger to the left, following a stream that trickled under dead leaves and passed by slowly unfurling ferns. Neither were spared a glance as she passed by, still more arrows finding their way into the quiver on her back. Having gone to the right, the boy followed a short ravine for a little ways before running up the side of a mound to where vines grew thick, tangling together like snakes. Hissing could indeed be heard, but again there were no signs of the animals, and the elfling showed no wariness in his light steps among them. The two met up again shortly, converging to a hollowed out tree in which the full quivers were deposited for the next time they came to play. Another few steps and the forest gave way to a large expanse of grass, dotted here and there by thin white trees and grey wind smoothed rocks. Here they picked up speed, racing each other across the plain to where two adult elves walked side by side, engaged in light conversation. Indeed behind the two elves the ocean beat at a pebbly beach as they greeted their children, its constant roll-in roll-out rhythm smooth and unending in the background. The only thing it ceased for was a great mass of stone situated orthogonal to the ocean, the half un-eroded by the water jutting out proudly into the seam between grassland and forest. On the far side of the stone the depths were calm, walled in by rock to create an almost peaceful inlet where reeds grew, springing up and waving lazily at the edge of the water. A rarely changing dichotomy, one that had existed for many years, and would continue to do so for many more. Crossing the prairie, the elven family settled down against one of the windswept rocks, listening happily as the daughter recounted her tale, the son all too happy to butt in with his own embellishments. The dreamscape, for that was indeed what it was, was filled with joy, laughter ringing through the air and bright sunlight shining down from the clear blue sky.

Chapter 4 : Topic: The Unspoken Promise | Yeshiva World News

*An Unspoken Promise [Georgia Bockoven] on racedaydvl.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Diana, the sole protector of her adopted sister Amy in a life filled with crises, comes to the aid once again when Amy's life hits bottom.*

When that promise is unfulfilled, it can be frustrating and drive a person OTD, or at least to be less frum. The promise is like this. Many people see that living a frum way of life comes with benefits such as: The Torah does tell us of rewards that we will receive if we keep it. BUT, there are no guarantees in life, and what happens for many others might not happen for everyone. Here in the CR, we had an example of a broken unspoken promise. Do you find that there is an unspoken promise? What is your opinion? January 4, 8: In fact, I was never instructed to be Frum. I was told to learn, Daven and be an Ehrliche Yid, though. January 4, 9: He was certain moshach would come then and of course it didn't and he went OTD. Sorry if I forgot who told the story January 4, 9: Chazal tell us so, contemporary gedolim tell us so. Are all the boxes checked within x years of joining? Is there an alternative for us to consider? Will we eventually get our just rewards? January 4, I think I can most definitely say yes. For me, it was the breaking of the unspoken promise that sent me OTD, for the most part. I made the choices I made because there was no room for me in the community and the huge sacrifices I made being frum no longer seemed worth it. If it does please enlighten me. Not that they want the best clothes and car. January 5, 3: If you see your health declining, it may be hard to accept this as a challenge rather than a punishment. For a few, this can lead them to question the effectiveness of prayer and teshuvah. When you reach that point, you may not even want to hear words of consolation or advice from chavrusim. Better to separate yourself from the frum community than to be reminded of the gulf between you and the others.

Chapter 5 : Its an~Unspoken Promise~ â€” Will Smith sir, You are an amazing father, you

Unspoken Promise is a legendary sword. Unspoken Promise can be dismantled to generate Glimmer. This item is likely to come from consistent sources, such as loot drops or store purchases.

Another 9k words monster for you to devour! He was smirking to himself over her interrogation and her obvious surprise at the idea that he rather liked the idea of her wearing his jerseys to lay claim to her. Shut your eyes," he said to her, still grinning to himself. She spun to face him. He kind of liked it when his little witch got fired up. If he was being honest, Thorfinn was still furious with her for snogging Nott, having discovered from Quincey just what the little witch had arranged with the other boy. Thorfinn had decided on a compromise. Before realising he cared about her. She was going to look at him with such hatred in her eyes and she was going to lose her mind at him for doing it without her permission. He fancied her too bloody much for that. You have to take me back to Hogsmeade, Thorfinn. Easy on the merchandise, Princess. He could feel her heart beating in his chest when he leant into her like this and Thorfinn smirked when he felt the way it began to race as he held her. What do you care if other boys do? Not when he had to bite his tongue to keep from telling her that she was his and would be until the day she died. What do you mean, why not? As in why did you pick Theo Nott to be the Slytherin to befriend? You should see the way he eyes my hair. They glare at me when they see me. He looks out for himself first. Thorfinn opened his eyes to stare at her. Thorfinn felt a wretched spear of guilt course through him to know she trusted him so much. She squealed in surprise when he gripped her a little tighter and turned her in his hold, dumping her onto his bed on her back and sliding out from under her until he hovered over her. The way her cheeks went crimson and her breath hitched let Thorfinn know she was suddenly thinking less than appropriate things about him right in that moment. He wanted to do it again. Wanted it so much it stung and he had to clench his fist in his duvet to keep from tunnelling his hands into her wild hair and holding her still to be snogged. When her eyes darted to his mouth, Thorfinn knew she was thinking about snogging too and before he could think better of it, he lowered his mouth to hers. Her heart was racing in her chest as his tongue traced the seam of her lips, requesting entrance she was only too happy to grant. Sliding her tongue out to meet his, Hermione reached for him with both hands, tangling her fingers into his long blond hair and pressing herself to him a little more firmly. She let herself get lost in the kiss, exploring him, tasting him, feeling like her heart would beat right out of her chest with how her whole body tingled and quivered beneath his. His tongue stroked against hers surely, massaging her hungrily. A little more hungrily. He groaned very softly when Hermione nibbled his lower lip as he went to pull away before she pull him back in for more. Her whole being wanted so much more, chasing the feelings of heat, and tingles and butterflies inside of her that made it feel like nothing else mattered in the whole world but that she could keep kissing Thorfinn Rowle. Her whole body felt like it was burning up, searing from the inside out as though she had a fever she never wanted to break. The quiet sound of a grandfather clock chiming out the half-hour intruded on the kiss and Thorfinn tensed against her suddenly, his mouth leaving hers and trailing a line of kisses across her cheek and along her jaw. Her scarf prevented him from kissing her anywhere else. Hermione was beyond the ability to speak. She just wanted to kiss him again, to keep kissing him until the both passed out from the lack of oxygen. She never wanted to stop kissing him. Hermione nodded mutely, her eyes still glazed as she reclined on his bed with him half pinning her to it. His blue eyes glittered with heat and hunger when she met his gaze and he groaned again when Hermione reached up slightly and pressed another kiss to his lips. He leaned back into her hungrily; his kisses getting rougher; his tongue sliding hotter against her own. He swallowed the sound she emitted when a whimper of what she vaguely realised was desire coursed through her. Heat zinged between them and Hermione sighed when she felt his magic brush against hers, sparking wickedly and shooting little thrills through her. He felt like home, she realised idly as he leaned into her a little more, his tongue sweeping against hers faster. His lips against hers, his arms tight around her, his body pressing hers into the mattress deliciously and his magic brushing so sensually along the length of her own, Thorfinn Rowle felt like home to Hermione. She felt like she belonged right there with him. He kissed her until Hermione felt dizzy before he finally jerked back from her. What are

you looking for? She was sure that her cheeks were bright pink and that her lips were swollen. Bringing her hand to them slowly, Hermione watched the way Thorfinn watched her touch them, trying to cease the way they tingled. Hermione giggled to herself when he kicked the door closed behind himself only to have to hit the frame too hard and pop back open just a bit. Just far enough for Hermione to hear him muttering to himself and to hear his gasp of shock at what she suspected would, indeed, be an icy cold shower. Hermione felt like her whole body was on fire and her heart was practically singing in her chest. There could be no denying it anymore. She fancied the pants of Thorfinn Rowle. Hermione felt jittery, as though she suddenly felt lighter and had more energy than ever. The bed was made, but rumpled. There was a bag of what she suspected must be his Quidditch gear on the floor behind the open bedroom door and everything else was neatly put away. Shaking her head fondly when she heard him continue to curse from the confines of the shower, grumbling about the cold of the water and how young she still was, Hermione got off the bed and made for the bag behind the door. Digging the uniform out of it, Hermione laid the garments on the end of the bed, waving her wand to freshen them and to smooth away any creases from being shoved into his bag. Put some clothes on, darling, before you blind somebody. This is hardly appropriate," Pandora scolded her grandson at the sight of him. What are you doing? We need to be heading off, dear. Hermione watched with some amusement as he picked up his uniform pants and started hopping on one foot, trying to get them on. She made to reach out and take it. I need you help with this mess. Besides, part of your image is that uncontrolled mess making you look like a fierce lion. Usually he was Slytherin, swaggering and cocky and perfectly in control of himself. Today he looked jittery. And that shower was fucking cold. Shaking her head and attempting to hide her laughter, Hermione approached the flailing wizard where he was still trying to wriggle into his pants on the bed. She put her hands on his bare shoulders and made him sit still, watching the way he tensed slightly before he took a deep breath and met her gaze. Smiling at him gently, Hermione knelt on the floor between his knees and picked up one of his feet, working the rather tight-clinging fabric of his team pants over his foot and bunching it at his ankle. Hermione rolled her eyes, taking his other leg and bunching the fabric until his foot was free of the pants. Anyone who knows you might think you threw the match to get the Arrows the cup this year. Is that what you want? Thorfinn sighed, his jaw tightening at the reminder. She reached for his shirt and handed it to him, watching him pull it on over his head. Hermione nodded her head to herself, her fingers working to separate the segments of hair for re-plaiting, digging them through the thick blond locks and working each plait in where she thought they would look good. Warmth returned with each snap of a bead onto the end of a plait and she narrowed her eyes suspiciously. Before she could comment on it, however, Hermione realised that the last thing he needed was to be distracted again and so she closed her mouth once more and finished her fussing. When all the beads were in his hair once more, she dragged her hands through the thick damp locks, muttering drying charms. He curled one of her hands around and brought it to his mouth, pressing a gentle kiss to her knuckles. Hermione nodded her head seriously, brushing her chin against the top of his head before dropping a kiss there. But we need to go. You have to play in seven minutes. Hermione pressed her face into his chest and wrapped her arms around his waist, clinging to him tightly before she felt a sharp tug behind her navel and was Apparated away and into the dressing sheds. Fans in here on game day? What the fuck, Rowle? Do you know how long I had to sit still without my book - while Reina painted these bats on my nails? She watched the way he struggled slightly with the one for his batting hand and Hermione watched him clench and unclench his fist a few times. Digging her thumbs in gently, Hermione worked the tendons slowly, dragging them across his flesh and pulling at the tight, corded muscles of his hands and forearms. Repeating the process, Hermione watched the way the tension in the muscles slowly uncoiled until he rolled his wrist, shooting her a grin. Bracing the strap around his thumb and almost all the way up his forearm, wrapping it tight enough to help protect the joint without restricting full movement or cutting off his circulation, Hermione strapped his wrist tight. When she was finished, she reached for the fingerless leather glove designed to give him better grip on his bat and protect the fine bones in his hand. Pulling that onto his hand over the top of the strapping tape, Hermione affixed the forearm grieves to his arm next, being sure to pull his sleeve down first to protect him from the icy breeze she knew would be blowing outside the sheds.

Chapter 6 : Unspoken Synonyms, Unspoken Antonyms | Merriam-Webster Thesaurus

Chapter Text. The months came and went, falling into a very similar pattern to the first month, taking breaks, but never slowing down enough to become monotonous.

It was not only Bard who shared his secrets, and during a still night after one of the few calm days in Dale the elf unwittingly revealed a major one of his own. Turning with a smile and a greeting already on his lips, Bard jerked, staring at the haggard elvenking. Nothing was really amiss by human standards, but Bard had spent enough time with his friend to see that something was wrong. Clothing ruffled, shoulders hunched, and hair apparently un-brushed and covering half his face. Something was definitely wrong. One half was haggard yes, but practically as flawless as usual, while the other half was one big scar, creeping down from his left hairline, across his eye and just touching the side of his mouth before running down the side of his neck and under his collar. Bard could see tendons and veins, the wound clearly painful and from the raw edges of it newly burnt. With a start, he realized that the king was now blind in his left eye. With a shake of his head, Bard flicked the thoughts away. Answers could wait until later. Of course it does. What can I do? Even as Bard was going to ask again, all emotion was wiped away, the blank mask of King Thranduil sliding seamlessly into place. The intimacy of the moment was unexpected enough to stall his worry, and though not unwelcome it made him flounder. Trying to get his footing back, he asked, "Why can I see it now and not before? That the elf would think of himself as anything less than wonderful was a travesty. I would not subject another to such a sight. You survived, and if a scar is what speaks to prove that then I will only be more thankful because I was able to meet you. Acknowledging that he had won a small victory here, but would get no further if he pursued the topic, Bard accepted the conversation change, sitting on a nearby rock and leaving enough space for the elf to sit beside him. When Bard did nothing but prompt him to continue his conversation, Thranduil relaxed, and soon was sitting again almost as casually as normal. The two of them sat and talked about meaningless things for the rest of the night, and the illusion never went back up.

Chapter 7 : An Unspoken Promise Chapter 1: An Unspoken Promise, a rookie blue fanfic | FanFiction

*Its an~Unspoken Promise~ Doctor Who, Sherlock, Spn, Merlin (which i miss *tear*), Harry Potter (No i didn't make a deal with Crowley for the return haha) and a few others like Beauty and the Beast (the tv.*

Unspoken promises by Brett Stevens on August 23, With the meltdown of Ashley Madison, the online dating site for people looking to cheat on their spouses, some awareness of the impact of seemingly funny and harmless transgressions has come to light. One brave article went so far as to critique the attack on the family inherent in our social approval of Ashley Madison, and brought up an even more important topic as well: Ana Nogales has written a book called Parents Who Cheat: In the book, the doctor examines what effects an affair has on a child. It can leave a child feeling hopeless, guilty, tainted, and damaged. Many carry these feelings through to adulthood, where they find themselves in a relationship in which their partner cheats or they become the cheaters themselves. Nogales confirms my thoughts and feelings on infidelity. Unspoken promises exist in all of the really important areas of human life. When you adopt a pet, you are making an unspoken promise to spend time with that creature, to give it the physical and intangible "affection, love, interest, delight" sustenance that it needs. You are promising to be there for the good times, and the bad. And you have signed up to care for it when it dies, and cry your eyes out afterward. You have promised to suffer for your inevitable future loss of this animal. Each child who comes into this world needs someone who will make such promises. The best method for this, as shown by history, is the family unit. A loving Mom and Dad who will be there for that child as long as they live, providing both tangible "and perhaps we can borrow from Marx and say that money is time, and showing care through time is self-sacrifice" and intangible types of sustenance. If we search our hearts, which few are brave enough to do, we can see that this is what all of us desire both for ourselves and our offspring. This conflicts with the individualism inherent, like our simian ancestry, in all of us. Self-sacrifice means a loss; we would rather spend that time, money and effort on ourselves. The most New Age-y spirit quest consists of this attempt, as do our forays into socializing and finding group activities. It is part of us to want something larger than us. This is not so much social, as the nature of consciousness itself: That creates a type of heat-death or entropy of the mind and spirit which renders people impotent as decision-making entities. Reaching out requires self-sacrifice and unspoken promises. Rules can be evaded and conventions overthrown. But what makes people esteem us, and like having us around, is in part our commitment to these unspoken promises. Friendship and love are interest in others which rivals or outweighs interest in self; they imply self-sacrifice, especially when icky or inconvenient, much like cleaning up after a puppy and years later, cleaning out dog hair when the canine has passed on. As a society we have endorsed violation of unspoken promises for the convenience of individuals, and the result has made all of us prisoners of our own mind, afraid to reach out because others will not uphold their own unstated promises.

Chapter 8 : A Promise Unspoken Chapter 20, a harry potter fanfic | FanFiction

The Unspoken Promise of a Good Sense of Humor As you're well aware, I'm no political humor guy, but recent events have made the conversation of diviciveness inescapable. Our country is falling into a funk and thus my job feels more like a mission than a career.

Chapter 9 : An Unspoken Promise by Georgia Bockoven

DKJ Unspoken Promise is 5 Panel Negative. If you are looking for color, athletic ability and an awesome mind then give us a call. We love talking about "Eli" and his babies.