

AUTO-POTTEROTICA

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A Horny Math Problem

TRAINED AND DRESSED BY
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May machines be increasingly horny

FANCY AND LOVELY

Draco had a feeling he would never be ready for the night of the ball, so instead he had to use his own shower time. He sighed as he opened his curtains. His cheeks were inflamed, and he was quite worried about the way he felt. He felt as if he was a child playing with fire, as if his own body was reacting to the sensations of having sex with a man.

Draco was a little bit pale, as well, and a little more flushed than he'd been when he got out of bed that morning.

* * *

Harry made his way to bed that day, feeling a headache rising within him, as he waited for Draco to wake up. It was about time before he let the headache get to him, so he hurried to his own bathroom and put his own potions on his bedside table before going and showering the other two boys.

He was sure that the head would go into an 'I know I'm not ready' state, but Harry knew better than to do anything he had to do and couldn't.

He felt a wave of heat coming from his forehead, and with a sigh, he wiped the head so he'd wipe away the pain, too. Harry didn't want to deal with what he felt, not though he was as sensitive to pain as he was. Since his mind worked differently, it wasn't pain as much as it was lust from Draco.

* * *

'What do you want with this,' Draco suggested, walking over to his friend's door. 'It's a very big mess. You really want it big?'

Harry shook his head as he opened the door, which was slightly more than three doors down. Draco, of course, was waiting for him.

'Where are you going,' he whispered, as he closed the door. 'Why are you so worried about me, I am not ready.'

Draco looked at Harry and smiled. 'Are you sure it's not because of me?'

Harry frowned.

'Yes, I am. You're right, yes, you are. I don't think my body's been prepared, you know.'

'I think it's the start of a wonderful relationship, and I really want it with you. I don't think I can wait,' Draco confessed with a small but pleased smile. 'I've never really planned much of anything, but there is something about sex that I don't want to be with you. I love you,'

Harry murmured.

* * *

Draco pulled out of his mind, and he was lying on his bed, but then he had to see if Harry was asleep, and he realized that he hadn't realised that he was lying. And they both were.

'I am,' Draco murmured and Harry smiled down at him. 'But when I get home, I can't look at you without feeling sorry, you know that, Draco.'

He was wearing a pair of slacks so that the top half of his shoulders were off and the top half had a collar. There was also a skirt, and on top of them were two slacks, with red braids sticking to them.

'Where are you going?' Draco asked as their hands moved to one thigh. 'Do you know what you want?'

Harry shrugged and nodded. 'Maybe next time,' he told them. They both looked at him, even as he stared at them.

'How did you say goodbye before?'

'I don't know,' Draco said as both of them started talking about anything but his first, and third, time together. It was only the fifth time they'd been here, and that he wasn't going. He looked at Harry like a child and Draco was as close to a father as they got.

DREAMS¹

“I had several dreams from my childhood in your mind at least several times,” Remus responded with a pensive look. “How about something personal?”

“I imagine,” Sirius muttered.

Remus sat back on his chair and looked at Sirius. “Then what can you tell me with that? Or tell us with how much power you have?”

“It is quite simple. . . no matter what is going on inside your head, the results are completely unexpected and there is an even more obvious reason for it.” Sirius looked at Remus again, “And what is that reason? Have you ever been alone at night when your dreams are coming true?”

“No sir, no sir,” Remus said with a blank look on his face. “You and I both think that we need to take some time away from there,” Sirius said and then looked at Remus. “Yes, we need to relax. If it isn’t a dream, then I do not

¹completely unedited

care. If it is, I can't help but wonder who would be our new friend. Could you find someplace where we could all be together? I know the places that are already on the list,"

Remus asked and Sirius sighed in pain. "Well, let's take a look," Sirius suggested. "Let's look at the rest of the family's family then. A little time with the kids before coming back to Hogwarts, it's a good idea." Remus chuckled to himself and went back to Harry's memories of his dream that day.

* * *

"Why do you think that happened Harry? That was the one where I woke up this morning. Wasn't that the last I woke up that day? Then again Harry, I was in my cot," Sirius asked as he closed his eyes and gave him his hand. "I don't know, but there was a slight shift in your subconscious mind and your subconscious has had other thoughts about me for a while,"

Harry remembered.

"This morning I realized that I knew that I had to find a way not to wake up later in the morning. Instead I started to dream about my life. Someplace in the middle of the night I came in the door." He pulled back and began to read the list on the page. "Well, well... I think I saw a hint of the baby in the way of the book, but it didn't really show. I started thinking about my life and the things that happened, Harry, I think when I told you earlier, I saw a lot of similarities between my life and yours. But you both also talked about your dreams."

He looked around at Remus. "You both talk like this? Are you sure that all this dream is real?" Remus shook his

head. "Yes, I am certain that no more than one dream can be registered by you," Sirius replied with a smile on his face. He pulled Harry closer and gently kissed his cheek.

"You really do realize that no matter what is going down between us or our friends, we always have something of our own life. So how big of a chance does it get that we can't tell someone of who we are?"

"I guess you are right, I'm just not looking forward to seeing everyone."

"I know you are, I guess so," Harry said in a low voice. "You have seen the things that have happened between your friends and me and your family now too. I know what you've been told." With that, he kissed Remus once again and returned the kiss. When he let go of Sirius, Harry kissed Remus a few more times before letting go in shamefully embarrassed.

* * *

"Just... just think about it. I think the last dream has been the one you all saw... and I guess that just happens, no matter if all of the kids do. I think I'm going to wake up with my hands on my knees as if I didn't care. I might just lose my magic," Harry said with a chuckle. He looked down and saw Sirius looking at him with a smirk.

"Why'd you have that in your dreams?" The sandy-haired boy asked. "You're going to have to find some place for us," Sirius replied, looking at the list of names. "We would need the help of a few girls first," Harry said with a nod, "We could use someone else to find one of those that is, in case you ever need anything else."

The three girls, Harry included, looked around for any hidden treasure.

There was a list of names on the back. “Let us take a look at the rest of the family. And the girls,” Sirius said, “we need to rest for a few moments.” As expected, Harry started to remember the previous dreams that they had seen a few times. He had to admit, having two girls all to his name would be relaxing after the war. It would only be the first time they would be able to visit with and make friends, it would have all the fun.

THE MAGIC OF MAGIC

“And what is this magic?” He grinned, “It is quite possibly the most complex magic I’ve ever seen. It can be made up of anything, it can bend space, it can even move through time and space-time and is able to create things out of nothing! Read this book, *The Magic of Magic!*”

He handed the book to Harry and saw the red-haired teen nod. “So tell me how you learn about this magic from Hermione.”

Harry opened the book, his blue eyes becoming intense in their passion. “Well, you’re going to need to learn about this magic so that you can understand why our mother Hermione created something so special for us.” Harry looked to Harry, trying to give the red-haired teen a bit of a shock.

Harry thought for a moment and found his curiosity to have reached a critical level. “How did she do it? She wasn’t the first person to create something that could make time travel possible.”

Hermione smiled, “**She got herself and her sister to kiss each other before they turned into time.** You see, when they kiss someone, it sends a pulse of energy. It’s called a bond. And that bond between them is what made me feel the way I did. Hermione had a lot of love, her kindness and compassion in her. She just couldn’t handle the pain.” She said with a blush.

“My sister kissed my brother. I know. It was... I was so hurt and I had to protect her. I didn’t think it was going to be as much of a challenge as it was to me.”

Harry looked at her face, taking in her cheeks, her beautiful green eyes and her hazel eyes. For some reason her eyes were beautiful and filled with emotion, “She was the first person to ever kiss me.” Harry’s eyes hardened a bit, “So? What do you think she did, in the end?” Harry shook his head, “She died because of it, it was the only thing that would have saved her.”

“But you had no other choices,” she pointed out, “She would have never gone against the law,” Harry nodded sadly, “I only wish I could be there for her when she died. I can never truly blame her.” He glanced over at her and saw her shake her head.

“How do you feel about her daughter?” Harry asked and she looked at him. “As long as she is the only one who knows.”

“I just want to send a thank you to you for taking the time to come, even if you only get to show you to me once a month,” Hermione said with a blush, “So, you shall have to come with me for a while and take care of business as often as possible today. It is a pleasure to see you.”

“Of course.”

IN AND OUT OF STYLE

No words were spoken. Not at all. But she was careful. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, closing them again when she saw Harry approaching her now. He was wearing a grey cloak, the most distinguishing feature.

The cloak had a light, silky black exterior, it fit her nicely, while his hair was a light-green colored, slightly waxy color. Her hair was mussed, and she looked like someone had made a huge dent in her family.

He looked a little angry at himself, but he smiled to himself at the same time. Harry smiled down at her, rubbing a hand up and down his face. She could tell that he wasn't happy right now. She kissed the side of his neck, and Harry wrapped an arm around her.

He was still naked, only in a white muggle shirt with his eyes rolled over. He took it off and went to where Luna had gone and took a towel out, covering him in it to keep from getting wet.

Harry went back to the bathroom to grab a clean one of

those toys in case he needed to use it. Hermione took his hand and let it drop to the toy chest to pull it out. He got it and turned. He got a good grin, just for a small change. He was dressed like a muggle, but with more clothing, less messy. When he reached for his clothes again, she said, "Come on." And made a motion with her hand at his front that turned everything, and then made him turn again.

He found a matching pair of t-shirts (the size was one size small, but she decided to just have him try them out with her clothes, since he was bigger than her and it was his first two shirts) that he was wearing on both his feet. She pulled them down until he was looking her in the eyes once more. They were similar to that of her first shirts.

Hermione gave a slight smile. "Well Harry, I'm guessing we'll be doing this again." He said, "You'll look very stylish." She chuckled.

"Do I have to say something?" She asked.

"Sure you do, but I think you don't need to like it." She said angrily, slamming her head against the lake.

"Just look at his face." He said.

"It's beautiful."

THE RING

He didn't care if Hedwig was watching him, he just wanted to see what he was fucking.

"Congratulations, Harry," Hedwig said, giving him a short kiss and patting his head.

"No, Hedwig, it's nothing," Harry said, his voice lighter. "I just-"

"What?"

"-I have a lot of things to do." Harry said.

"I mean, the ring?" Harry said, feeling a little guilty. "I just need to get a ring and I need to have a cock in it."

"But you're not going back to Hogwarts," Hedwig said, her voice a little more serious.

"I have a lot of things to do," Harry admitted. "I have a lot of things I need to do."

Hedwig's voice was a bit strained and Harry thought he heard the owl's wings scratching. "And you don't know what you're going to do, Harry."

"I know that."

GOBLINS

Harry groaned, but the goblin's tongue was able to reach his tip and find the opportunity to suck his cock again, and again. For a few minutes, they were both completely naked, and Harry was running wild in the goblins' dungeon.

The goblins rolled their eyes, then started giggling and pushing their hair back. Harry rubbed their belly against him, their slightly blooded, but still attractive, magical muscles together, and felt the goblin's cock slip out, sliding in and out of his shaft. After a few moments of pushing, they started touching their bodies from the head, and some other spots, and then Harry heard a loud moan and his thrust was called for.

He shot his last shot, and they closed their mouths together, joined hands and their bodies were almost touching. Harry mouthed the word 'kinky' while they pressed their bodies together.

"Harry, what's wrong?" the goblin asked. Harry didn't need to think about it, because he wasn't gonna.

OFFSPRING

Everything seemed fine now. He was perfect. He had a gorgeous wife, and he even had a beautiful daughter, a girl he was so happy to see had finally found his love. He really didn't want to be pregnant, but luckily he was already working on the spell.

He was almost positive that he had an underwear potion that could magically make his daughters conceive. He'd even managed to create a baby for the goblin he was currently rubbing his nipples against, but it would be so a long, long time before he could fully get pregnant again.

The goblins had finally noticed what he was doing and they were incredibly horny and vivacious. They were taking a lot more interest in the potion than he had been. The goblins had even volunteered their services to do some research into the potion. The goblins wanted a greater amount of children, so they were willing to help him out by cuddling and making him, like, well, pet.

NOTE FROM HARRY

“Hi!” Harry said, his eyes widening as he felt a dazzling light ache in his balls. “I’m so hard!” Harry said, unable to breathe. “You’re going to be so hot soon!”

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING

“Why not?” Harry asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

“I thought you were going to be grown adults. You know your sister. I’m not grown,” Ginny said. “I’ve just been a teenager for five years. Hannah’s beautiful, but I don’t think the baby is. The baby is in her bed and I don’t think she needs to change that.”

Silence filled the room until Harry heard Ginny mutter, “If you’re gonna do it, you better talk to me first. You can’t just walk up to the baby and say she’s fine.”

Harry turned to look at Ginny. She was smiling. She was practically glowing from the light of her light bulb. She was buried in the mattress and was sated in her own bed. Harry did the same, but he also put his arms around her. It was a soft, supple touch. Harry ran his fingers along the soft skin and left a trail of sticky cum on the bed.

He turned and left Ginny, falling out of the bed and onto the floor. He heard the sound of bones grinding against stone as he walked away.

Harry saw the dark spot where he was lying and a bright, glowing light that was slowly filling the room. He looked at it and saw that it was the baby in the bed. Harry sighed and turned to see what he was going to do about it. He knew he couldn't just leave an empty bed, but he decided to do something anyway.

He held up the crib. He stripped, making sure he was clean. He stripped and began to carefully and delicately clean Ginny and her baby girl. He returned the bed to its original state. Harry needed to see the baby girl. He began to turn the crib over so he could see her. He took a deep breath and looked into her.

UM

He was going to cum on it all over, on the face, on the body, and on the arm, all over.

Harry was going to cum on and hard against the wall and then he would cum on the face.

He was going to cum on each and every one of his fingers.

He was going to Cum on his whole body, and he was going to cum on his new cock so hard that he didn't even have to think about it.

Harry was going to cum on his cock so hard, that he couldn't keep his eyes closed.

He was going to cum.

He would cum.

He would cum at any opportunity given to him.

Harry was going to cum on his cock so hard that the walls of his mind had to be dragged down to his cock and then deep inside him.

Harry was going to cum on every inch of his cock.

He was going to cum on his cock so hard, and he was going to cum on his milk as well.

He was going to cum on Sirius, and all the others.

Harry was going to cum on his . . . partridge.

Harry was going to fuck a real hard-on and when he did, he was going to cum on his cock so hard that none of his fingers would allow him to hold it properly.

He was going to cum on his cock so hard that it would leave bruises if he could feel it.

He was going to cum on the inside of his cock.

He was going to cum on his fucking cock, and on his ass and on his bum, his taste buds, and then on his milk.

He was going to cum so hard, so hard on his cock, and the last time he had cum on his ass and on his milk, he had been doing it for several hours, and his cum had been running down the sides of his shaft.

He had cum on his ass and on his milk and he had cum on his cock.

Harry was going to cum on his people.

TOY STORY 1

With a mighty flick of his wrist, Prospector Pete sent his shaft flying into the air. Jessie gasped in delight and joy as it skidded to a halt. She swallowed hard as it hit the floor. He lifted it up and smirked, releasing his grip only when he felt a soft click behind him. The click startled him.

“Did you hear me?”

“I think so.”

“Tell me,” He said, “Are you hella busy or what?”

“Hella busy.”

“Tell me,” He continued to stammer, “Are you hella busy or what?”

“Oh fuck, Jessie. Why are you getting red?”

“Because I’m hella fucking busy.”

“Tell me.”

Jessie reached forward and mashed her lip against His muscular chest. With a flick of her wrist, He averted his gaze and she kissed him. She felt his strong hands squeezing her hips and being under her control.

“Tell me what’s bothering you?”

“Woah, what the hell?”

He spat. Jessie pulled back. “

What the hell did you mean ‘be busy?’” He looked at her, a thin line of saliva tracing His face. She swallowed. “Be quick about it, Pete. I don’t want you to get hurt while I’m looking at you.” She smiled and ran a hand through her hair, combing it back to remove it with another hand.

She dropped her hand and turned back to him with a look of profound sadness in her eyes. She let her hand drop from his face and he immediately grabbed her wrist, turning her wrist around to face him. He unbuttoned the top button on his shirt and pulled her closer. He kissed the skin of her shoulder as his lips pressed furiously to her skin.

Jessie could feel her heart hammering in her chest and she pushed him away, so that he was at his most vulnerable. His eyes rolled back onto his head as he gasped for breath, cursing himself for the stupid mistakes he’d made the night before. He kept his eyes on her as she thrashed around him, biting her lip and crying out what seemed to be in between his teeth. She was panting against his chest and looked like she was about to spill out of her mouth. “Jess. . . please. . .” she pleaded. She shoved her face away from his and didn’t let him catch her breath. She took a deep breath, clearing her throat as she continued to pant heavily. She was almost at him by the sound of her heartbeat and he knew she was about to spill out another round of pent-up frustration. He rolled onto his side and looked at her with a fury in his eyes that spoke volumes to her states. “Help me!” he exclaimed, grabbing her by the shoul-

ders and pinning her against him. He didn't let her escape completely. He took one hand off her shoulder and gripped it in his as he pushed in to her. He felt her body shudder against his palm and he smirked, hearing her moan and tremble. He teased her lips with his thumb, the sound sending a wave of pleasure through her body. He drove in to her a final time, her hips grinding against his chest as he cried out her name. Jessie's eyes snapped open as she felt another load puddle onto the floor beneath her. She looked down to see the lump forming under her skin and she rubbed her nose, aghast. Sighing heavily, she buried her face on the seat as she got comfortable.

TOY STORY 2

Woody's death grip tightened around his cock and the thing let out a guttural moan. Woody was looking at it, waiting for it, and suddenly the noises it was emitting made his insides turn into a raging flood. The noises it was emitting made his insides turn to molten lava, and out of nowhere he felt the palm of Pete's hand on his throbbing dick. He gasped and sat up, staring at Pete with wide eyes. "What are you doing?" Pete asked. Woody let out a low moan. He felt his insides turning to mush, and Pete then squeezed his hand. "I'm uh. . . I'm going to come anyway. . ." Woody gulped.

He desperately wanted to, he had been anticipating this for ages, but the feeling of close proximity to the thing was getting to be too much. He almost shouted, but then he lowered his voice, and the sound sent a wave of pleasure through Woody's body. He realized now that he'd warded off the last of the attacks, but he was still sore and wanted more. He ran his hand up the back of the thing,

the warm contact made him itch, and he gripped the thing tightly. When he was finally relaxed, Woody opened his eyes to look at him, and they were locked in a staring contest. Woody had a slight edge to his voice, and a quick downward stroke sent another wave of pleasure through the cowboy. He inhaled sharply, his lips parting slightly to reveal a sharper edge, and he squeezed his eyes closed.

The threat had been activated, and now the opening gambit was open to him.

He could just about scream, just about feel, just about anything. He wanted to take the lid off the thing, but he couldn't quite bring himself to do it. He wanted to release it, but his insides were still tense, and that was a little unnerving. He wanted to cum, but how? He'd never felt so much pleasure before. He'd wiggled around before, but that was just to prove a point. This was different. This was pure, unadulterated bliss.

He opened his eyes, and they were to his liking. A contented sigh escaped him as he sat up, a little woozy, but he felt better. A giggle escaped him too, and he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. A splatter of saliva against his forehead was more than he'd ever wanted. A satisfied smile plastered on his face. Woody was surprised. "Sid. . ." he breathed, a soft apology opening in his throat as his shoulders slumped. "I'm sorry." He turned to face him. "I'm so sorry, Woody."

He tried not to let the apology get to his mind. A mistake he'd made many times before, but one he'd never quite forgiven himself. His mind rushed to his first memory of the encounter with Sid, and it was that moment when he'd felt the tangible things. He couldn't quite remember what

exactly, but he vaguely remember hearing a deep groan, a loud gasp, and then finally: “Well, what did you want, Woody?”

TOY STORY 3

Slinky was taken aback by this and stiffened his cock, which caused small fluffy white flowers to sprout from his body. Pete then went through the motions of tickling slinky with his nails, telling slinky to get closer. Slinky did as he was told, clucking and then a chain reaction started. More and more tiny white flowers surrounded slinky, and the chain reaction continued on for miles around, covering the ground with the grass.

Woody and the other toys watched it with delight, knowing this was going to be a really special night.

“Buzz, look at these flowers,” said Woody, softly. He was pointing to the pond where the little pond came from. Buzz and the other toys nodded, and looked at the little pond that was constantly changing its position to make more room for the more toys at the edge of the garden.

“There they are,” said Woody. He untied another leaf from the vine and looked at it. A wavy line ran from the top of the vine to the bottom. Woody picked up a strand

and stood it on end.

When it was in a good state, it had a rim of white. When it was in a bad state, it was almost entirely shade. Woody pointed out the state of Jessie's dress. It was grey, almost as if she had undergone some sort of facelift.

She wore a long, dark sleeveless top, revealing her pale belly and hips, which made her look incredibly. However, if you looked closely, you could see the white of the rim of her vagina through her blouse.

"Where the hell is she?" barked Woody. He walked over to the little tree stand that was by the pond. With his long arms and broad chest, he looked intimidating, like a wild beast. Some of the other tosy tosy thingsy that had been around today, and yesterday, also watched in awe.

Woody had managed to slip out of the prison with Buzz still after all.

All the toys sitting around the tree stood there, gazing up at their old friend. Woody's old friend, the one that started it all, the one that would change all that, was standing there by the pond's edge.

She wore a long sleeved, buttoned up shirt that hugged her in all the right places. Her jeans were also long sleeved, double checked and in a good state, too. Her boots — in a good state, anyway — were dusted with the mud that she had gotten all muddy on her first day. Her jeans were like little sheds with holes through them, being in and out in a cycle. Her corset — which had been the best thing to happen to her — was in the water right now. She looked after it, as if it was the most precious possession in the world. Her hair was also lovely, as it so closely resembled the first days of being released from prison. She was calm,

serene and deep in thought. She was the only comfort to come from this tree, and she knew it.

Woody turned back to face her and gave her a gentle kiss on the lips. She nibbled on his lip, the soft skin of his neck under the leaves giving her comfort and being so incredibly tender and deep. She pulled back slightly, the leaves falling away to reveal a softer, shinier version resting on the leaf.

The sun was blazing so intensely outside. It was so close to the tree's brink that she could practically see the top of it. She looked back, noticing it was a whopping four and a half feet below her knees. This was some sort of height advantage she was going to get today. Normally she would have scoffed at such an outdated idea, but she was impressed with how it worked today, especially when the view was this good.

She looked back to the view, now aware of the other two feet on either side of her. "Let's go," she breathed, releasing the grip on Woody's stick and letting it glide from her grasp. She took a few steps forward before suddenly collapsing on top of him. Woody, panting and already sweating heavily, was in too much shock that she had collapsed like this. He was panting as well, hoping his legs weren't completely paralyzed.

Jessie watched from the distance as Woody fought to get to his feet. Her gaze was fixed on where Woody was, and she watched as he slowly edged off to regain his composure. She watched as he leaned against the railing and bit her lip, sighing and straightening out. She could tell his emotion, sweat and emotion.

TOY STORY 4

The other toys were watching, quite peacefully. Woody groaned and laid back, soaking in the feeling of slinky slapping his ass, and feeling the hot tip of slinky's cock pressing against his inner thigh. He looked back at slinky, seeing that he'd be okay.

"You really think I'm looking for someone right now? That we're gonna be seeing each other in five years? That we're gonna be getting married? What kind of shit are we gonna be doing? We're just gonna be parents, you and I, and I don't want anybody else involved. You're disgusting."

He looked at slinky, seeing that he'd permitted himself. "I'm not looking for a dirt bag, I just want a reliable, long-term, committed relationship. What kind of person would I be with if I only met my fiancé?"

"You know what, Woody, it doesn't matter what kind of person you are. What matters is that you're with me. I'm with you, because you're the only person I can think of with a clean conscience and a love for the Earth I share."

“Well that’s fine, isn’t it?” Woody asked, with a self-conscious grin. Slinky chuckled, settling back down beside the stack of hay. “I think it is. I think it is filthy. I don’t even know what the hell I’m talking about.”

Woody turned to look at slinky, and saw that the cowboy was indeed, structuring his own words. In a way, it was sweet, to have another man’s perspective on your fiancé’s complicated and romantic situation. Woody sighed, and turned back to the stack of hay, where he’d placed slinky. “I still can’t believe this. What the hell happened to Jesse? Where’s he?”

“I don’t know,” slinky said, settling back down again. “I don’t actually care what Jesse thinks. What I do care about is that I’m with you, and I’ve never been more in love with you.”

GROCERY WAS TOO FAR IN THE DOOR

He said he heard a thumpy noise.

The door opened to reveal a young and slimy man walking. He had dark red hair, but his face was too small to conceal his size. He had a snake in his head and his arms were crossed as if he were trying to make a point. He looked the way a hungry animal would, but his eyes were always hidden behind his back. He was trying to look like a ghost. He said, "If I'm not here, all my friends are dead. I'm a ghost, dead because of all your efforts to make me a ghost."

He put on his most powerful ghost eye. He then looked through the door. He then saw Daisy, the Queen of the Koopa tribe. "I never seen a ghost like this. No one will help me now. The King is a big boy and the Princess is a cute girl, dead because King Boo ate her too."

He thought a ghost would look like that, like the ghostly figure in the dark. The prince was a man, and he said this

to Daisy. She replied, "You mean the guy who brought that snake in? You don't know about this."

"I'm curious. Why go the whole world?" She answered, "Because I want to see what it's like on the edge. If I go around the edge, even if I don't travel around the whole world I have to see what it is like on the edge." The Prince Boo then asked her, "So maybe you have a choice."

Daisy shrugged and said, "I'm a free spirit. I know you can't tell me the whole world, but I can have a sense of the best places. Maybe I can go places like the edge where you can tell the world apart. Like the edge of the world, so the worlds are like each other but I can tell them apart." The prince asked, "Can you get back to the castle for me?" Daisy asked, "You mean the whole castle?" His answer was, "Yes, if it's better to stay in here than go around the edge of the world or the world wide. Like I told you, if it's better than the world wide I'll do something with you. But if it is good enough for you to help me I'll help you to help my kingdom." Princess Peach was the last thing to go so this conversation was over fast