

Convenient Accidents

by Ladymage Samiko

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Crookshanks was his own feline; he wandered where he would. That said, he had something of a proprietary interest in his Young Miss, whose bright, brassy tones were echoing clearly from beyond an open door, answered by darker, resonant murmurs that played pleasantly in Crookshanks's ears.

The cat sauntered past the door, ample hindquarters knocking it shut when he stumbled. An errant tail swish twitched the key to the floor, engaging the wards.

Crookshanks stretched languorously and yawned. It would take Young Miss and Shadow Man about two hours to get free— just enough time for a nap before dinner.