

We Do What We Must

by Mystical

A failed rescue attempt sees Hermione Granger captured by Voldemort's Death Eaters. Hermione, with the help of a reluctant Snape, will have to overcome the obstacles put in her way to do what she can to help save herself and to play her part in saving the wizarding world.

Meetings

Chapter 1 of 1

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I do not own Harry Potter or any of its characters; it all belongs to JK Rowling.

This is my first fan fiction story and I am really nervous! Please let me know what you think. Also, if anyone would like to beta this story, please contact me; I'm finding it really hard to get a beta! Enough of me, on with the story...

Meetings

Hermione Granger sat cross-legged on the floor of the Great Hall, the four house tables levitated twenty feet in the air in front of her. Her hands stretched out before her, power pulsating from her fingertips in waves, her wand lying forgotten by her side.

Concentrating with all her might on the objects before her, Hermione failed to realise the appearance of another in the room. It was not until he approached her, gently placing his hand on her shoulder, did she jump suddenly, the four tables connecting with the floor with a huge crash.

'Ronald! Don't you ever sneak up on me like that again!'

Ronald Weasley backed off slightly, his cheeks turning red and his freckles becoming even more pronounced at the witch's outburst.

'I'm sorry, 'Mione. I just thought I'd warn you, the Order meeting is starting in half hour, and it'll be hard to sit round the tables when they're that high up.'

Hermione smiled at Ron, her initial anger at him forgotten. She had a tendency to get carried away with her practice sessions sometimes, often forgetting the time completely and missing meals, and sometimes meetings.

'Well, I have to practice. It wouldn't be very good if I went and let the side down now, would it?'

Ron grinned at Hermione as he watched her set the Hall to rights with a wave of her hand before collecting her wand off the floor and pocketing it. Ron and the rest of the Order were amazed at the progress that Hermione had made in the field of wandless magic; however, she was not called the smartest witch of her age for nothing.

Since discovering a book on wandless magic in her seventh year at Hogwarts, Hermione had been intrigued and set about doing as much research on the subject as was

possible. Every morning and night, meditation rituals were performed to focus and exercise her mind. Hermione found this a great help, not only to her wandless magic training but also to her Occlumency training. After many months of endless study, Hermione performed her first piece of difficult wandless magic, the *Wingardium Leviosa* spell, and since then it has been a favourite of hers, each time trying to make it a more difficult task than simply levitating a small item. Four years on and at the age of twenty-two, Hermione's talents were still growing, allowing her to perform extremely powerful magic, not through her wand, but through her fingertips.

Ron's gaze followed Hermione as she sat herself down at what was the Ravenclaw table, but since school had finished for the summer, house colours were abandoned. Ron strolled across to the table and sat down next to her.

'That was bloody brilliant though, Hermione,' mused Ron, whose eyes scanned the air where the tables once were. 'I wish I could do that.'

'I've told you before, Ron, everyone has the ability to perform wandless magic. You just need to focus your mind a bit more.'

'I can't. I've tried and it doesn't work,' Ron muttered irritably, flicking a bit of dirt off the table.

'Don't be silly, Ronald. You have done it before.'

Ron raised an eyebrow at Hermione sceptically. 'When? If you're on about that time last week at The Burrow, I didn't move that potato. I hit my knee on the table and it rolled away.'

Hermione stifled a giggle before turning back to Ron.

'I'm serious, Ron, you have performed wandless magic before. What about when you were young, before you came to Hogwarts and before you got your wand? All magical children perform wandless magic; it's just at that age we aren't able to control it. Wands were created to allow easier control of the magical flow through our bodies, and as time went on, witches and wizards began to rely too heavily on them, forgetting how to perform wandless magic in the process. Before wands, most wizardkind used wandless magic.'

Ron stared at her blankly for a few seconds.

'I didn't realise that. But if everyone used it, how come wands were invented then?'

Hermione bit her bottom lip in thought before replying.

'Well, it takes a lot more focus and energy to be able to perform wandless magic, and so in the olden days, some wizards searched the lands for materials that they could use to harness the magical power inside of us and to draw it out in an easier way. They were the first wand makers, and they passed their secrets down through the ages. The demand for wands grew as more and more people wanted an easier solution to tapping their magic.'

'Wow.'

'Yeah,' giggled Hermione as she surveyed the blank look on Ron's face.

'Why do you go through so much effort though, 'Mione, for something you could do just as easily with your wand?'

'More power,' Hermione answered simply. 'The wand acts as a filter, through which a lot of energy is lost. When it comes straight from you, the full power of it is there, and it feels good, not to mention it is twice as effective.'

'You ought to be careful, 'Mione, that sounded very Slytherin of you.'

Hermione made to reply with a sarcastic comment when she stopped herself; there was no need for her to sound any more like a Slytherin, especially not its ex head of house, Snape. Hermione was saved from replying, however, by the clanging of the Hall doors as they were pushed open, Order members filing through, chatting amiably amongst themselves.

Harry Potter strolled over to where his two friends were sitting and slumped down next to Ron; his girlfriend Ginny Weasley followed shortly after, a scowl set upon her face.

Ron looked over at his sister with concern. 'You alright, Gin? Has something happened?'

'Now's not the time, Ron!' spat Ginny angrily.

Harry leaned in towards Ron and whispered quietly, 'Wrong time of the month, I think.'

Ron smirked at his friend's whispered comment, which obviously was not quiet enough as Harry received a slap on the arm from Ginny.

The rest of the Order filled the remaining seats around the Ravenclaw table, with Minerva McGonagall at the head and Remus Lupin at her side. A lull in the general conversation gave Minerva the opportunity to begin the meeting.

'Order of the Phoenix meeting will now commence. Minutes from the last meeting will be available at the end of this meeting. Remus, if you would like to start us off please with your report.'

As Minerva sat down, all eyes turned and focused on the deputy leader of the Order instead.

'Thank you, Minerva, but unfortunately I have no good news to speak of. My time amongst the werewolves has ended as my true allegiance has been broadcast throughout the packs. I can no longer go near them as they will smell me out instantly and kill me. Before I made my escape, I did try to convert the minds of a few newer members of the pack, but they are too scared to go against Greyback.'

'Thank you, Remus.' Minerva said, in a business like fashion. 'Hagrid, what news from the Centaurs?'

Hagrid sat up fully when being addressed by the head of the Order, his chest puffing out with pride.

'Well, Professor McGonagall m'am... I spoke to 'em, but they kept ruddy going on 'bout waiting for the stars to tell 'em what to do. They said they won't join a side till all the sky is read. Bloody star gazers! I thought tha' they were moody 'cause of Grawp, but it turns out they don't mind him now tha' he got some manners an' don't rip trees up anymore. So I thought' tha' I'd move our other giants in so that Grawpy got some company. He can help me teach them too! His English is coming on so well...'

Hagrid pulled out a big, spotted handkerchief and dabbed at his eyes as thoughts of his little brother's achievements brought tears of joy. Minerva cleared her throat before continuing with the meeting.

'Very well, Hagrid. Just be sure that the giants don't annoy the Centaurs too much; we must keep them on side as best we can.'

Hagrid nodded enthusiastically in agreement, the Order smiling at the friendly giant. Percy Weasley, however, merely raised an eyebrow before turning to his girlfriend, Penelope Clearwater, whispering urgently in her ear. Hermione observed the couple from her end of the table. Despite admitting that he was wrong to abandon the family in the initial return of Voldemort, his attitude certainly did not change when he came back after Dumbledore's death. *Still as pompous and arrogant as ever*, Hermione thought, before returning her attention to Minerva who had continued talking. Ron took this time to try to hold Hermione's hand under the table, which she brushed off impatiently. Ron harrumphed, receiving a cold look from his superior.

'Mr. Weasley, do you have something to add?'

All eyes turned to Ron, who had turned bright red again.

'No, Professor. Sorry.'

Minerva paused a second longer before returning to her speech.

'As I was saying... Our spy informs me that a raid is to take place on Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes tonight at 20:00 hours. Fred and George are to remain here '

'No!'

Fred and George Weasley stood, glaring daggers at their former head of house. They were abruptly pulled back down by Bill and Charlie Weasley who sat on either side of them.

'You will stay here, the both of you, as you are the intended targets. Kingsley, I trust you can take care of it?'

The dark wizard nodded in consent, 'No problem, Minerva. I'll have my team deal with it.'

'Good. Now, because a spy has infiltrated our ranks also, I shall come round each of your groups and speak to you personally about your next assignments. Those that already know what they are doing may leave. Thank you.'

Chatter broke out as the meeting was adjourned. Kingsley and a group of five intimidating Aurors left the hall immediately, heading for the Apparition point.

'They're going to ambush them probably,' Hermione heard Ron mutter to Harry as the three of them made their way down towards the lake, having already an assignment to be carrying on with Horcruxes. Ginny had retired early, mentioning that she did not feel well. The three sat by the waters edge, relaxing in the warm, summer air.

'Why does McGonagall continue with these meetings if there's a spy here?' wondered Harry aloud, throwing a stone into the lake.

Hermione watched the ripples in the water as she replied, 'It's all inconsequential stuff really; all that is said at the meetings is just the reports, the tasks having already been done. Anything that's too confidential never gets spoken of in the Hall anyway. Minerva has always been careful about that, especially since the death of Lee Jordan.'

The death of Lee Jordan and his family had come as a shock to the Order, none more so than the Weasley twins. Every precaution necessary had been taken since then to ensure secrecy, however some leaks still get through somehow. The trio remained silent for a few minutes, remembering their departed friend.

'When are we going to destroy this Horcrux then, guys?' questioned Harry, interrupting their morbid thoughts.

'I don't mind... We can do it now if you want to,' Ron replied a bit hesitantly. The last Horcrux they had destroyed, Hufflepuff's cup, put up a bit of a fight, Ron receiving some nasty blows in the process.

Since Dumbledore had sent Harry after the Horcruxes in his sixth year, every spare moment was dedicated to researching what they might be and where they might be. It was always Hermione in the end, though, that came up with the answers, even discovering the spell that destroys them; only by working as a team, though, did they manage to complete the horrible deed.

Horcrux hunting had proved to be a slower process than any of the trio anticipated. Since being told of their task and of the destruction of Slytherin's ring four years prior, they had destroyed Slytherin's locket, Hufflepuff's cup and the Horcrux that was trapped inside Harry himself, which took a lot of ingenuity on Hermione's part not to kill Harry in the process. Unknowingly, Harry had also destroyed Tom Riddle's Diary in their second year at Hogwarts, leaving only two Horcruxes remaining: Ravenclaw's diadem, which for the time being was safely stowed away in Harry's trunk, and Nagini, Voldemort's pet snake.

Harry shook his head slowly. 'Nah, not tonight. It can wait until tomorrow I suppose. Besides, we still have to figure out how to deal with Nagini, if she is actually a Horcrux. She's the last obstacle left now, besides Voldemort himself.'

Hermione mused for a second, biting her bottom lip in thought.

'I don't think we need to use the Horcrux spell on the snake though, Harry. That spell is for tearing a soul from an inanimate object. Nagini is a living thing. Dumbledore said that Voldemort took a great risk in choosing a living thing as a Horcrux and the reason is because they can be killed so easily. When a living thing dies, the soul has nothing to stay attached to... In theory, we could use a simple killing curse on her and it would work, although I think it will be better to use *Sectumsempra* as then we will be literally ripping apart the Horcrux.'

Harry and Ron looked a lot happier at this prospect. It certainly made things a lot easier for them.

'There's no way of getting to the bloody thing though,' sighed Ron, ripping grass apart in-between his fingers. 'We'll just have to wait until the final battle and kill it then.'

'No, that's no good, Ron.' Hermione said distractedly, rubbing her head with her hands. 'There's no guarantee that Voldemort will bring her to the battle. The only thing I would consider is if our spy somehow managed to kill her. He or she must have access to where it lives.'

'That's not a bad idea actually, Hermione!' Harry smiled at her. 'If only we knew who he was. Minerva hasn't told anyone, not even Remus apparently.'

Hermione nodded. 'Yes, well, it's for the best ARGH!'

Hermione clutched her head suddenly, a screeching siren ringing in her ears; her face grimaced with the ferocity of the alarm. Harry and Ron jumped to their feet, concern etched on their faces for their friend who looked to be in a lot of pain.

'Hermione, what's'

'The wards on my parent's house! They've been breached!' Hermione cried.

Standing quickly, Hermione turned and began running to the Apparition point, drawing out her wand as she went along. Harry and Ron ran after her, easily catching up with her just outside the school gates. Ron reached out and stopped her abruptly, grabbing her by the arms.

'Get off me, Ron!'

Hermione wriggled wildly, trying to worm her way out of his grip.

'You are not going anywhere! We have to get help!'

'I have to go to them, Ron! I can feel them; they're in danger, and I have to get them out!'

Hermione struggled with all her might, but Ron had an iron grip on her. Tears of frustration ran down Hermione's face. *Why won't he let me go*, she thought bitterly.

'Harry, send a Patronus to the castle quick!'

As Ron watched Harry send his silver stag away with a message, Hermione took advantage of the distraction to place a hand against Ron's chest. Concentrating hard, Hermione send a pulse of magic into Ron, blasting him away from her, before she turned on the spot and Apparated into darkness.