

# The End

*by Alexis McCoy*

The sequel to The Opposite. It's the 7th and final year for the Terrific Trio and friends.  
Who will come out on top, Voldemort or Harry? Surprises, betrayal, and love.

## Prologue: Giovanna Zaviera

*Chapter 1 of 17*

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### The End

Prologue: Giovanna Zaviera

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A woman with dark brown hair and piercing green eyes looked in the mirror of her bedroom. She finished putting her long, curly hair up in an elaborate knot at the top of her head. She heard the fighting of siblings down the hallway. Sighing, she walked to her door.

"If I have to come down there, you two, it will **NOT** be pretty. Shut up and finish getting ready for school!" she yelled at the top of her lungs. She heard a collective sigh.

"Yes, mamá," the two siblings droned. It was silent as the woman walked back to her vanity chair. She continued to stare at her reflection.

"Why don't you take a picture? It'll last longer," the mirror replied. The woman sighed and got up. She grabbed her red cloak and swung it around her shoulders.

"Children, I'm going out. I'll be back late. Try not to kill each other," she said, pulling up her hood.

"Yes, mamá," they droned again. The woman Apparated out of the house.

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She appeared standing across from an ancient house. This was the house where she'd last been, before she left for her new home in France. It was the Riddle house. Walking forward, she noticed a barrier. Throwing a rock, it hit the barrier and shot back at her with amazing speed. Throwing up her own barrier, the rock bounced off and fell to the ground.

"This must be a Non-Apparition zone. I guess I'll just have to break the barrier," she said, scanning for a weak point. She found one on the far side of the house. She closed her eyes and touched it slowly. Inch by inch, her hand slid through until she was able to go straight through it. She walked up to the old house and scaled the steps. She paused at the door. "Here goes nothing," she mumbled and knocked slowly.

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Inside the house, three heads snapped up. Bellatrix Lestrange looked at her husband, Rodolphus. Lord Voldemort sat in the center of the room with the fire crackling.

"Someone's at the door, Bella. Do not be rude," Voldemort said glumly. Bellatrix looked at her husband, and Rodolphus shrugged. "The question is: How did they break the

barrier? Rodolphus, did you not put a strong one up?" Voldemort asked. Rodolphus nodded furiously.

"The strongest I have, my lord. It's nearly impossible to break through it," Rodolphus said. Voldemort snorted.

"Apparently, someone has. 'Nearly impossible' isn't going to cut it. Maybe you should work on that, Rodolphus," Voldemort said solemnly. Rodolphus nodded as Bellatrix left the room, stepping over Nagini.

"Yes, my lord," Rodolphus said.

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Bellatrix opened the front door and saw a woman standing there. There was an air of authority about her. She stared Bellatrix directly in the eyes, never wavering. Bellatrix smirked at the short woman.

"What do you want?" she asked. The woman frowned at her rudeness.

"To see Tom Riddle," she stated in a placid voice, as easily as stating that she brushed her teeth that morning. Bellatrix raised an eyebrow at the woman's curtness and gall. Voldemort called to her from the other room.

"Invite her in, Bella. She can't possibly want to kill me if she asks for me by that name. We might have a new ally. If not, you can kill her," he said. Bellatrix nodded and stepped aside, letting the woman in. She walked towards the room with the fire. Rodolphus looked at the woman suspiciously. She glared at him. Then she looked down at the hissing snake.

"*Back off, Nagini,*" she said in Parseltongue. Nagini looked at her for a second, as if trying to recognize the woman. Then, miraculously, the large serpent backed down. Rodolphus and Bellatrix looked at each other in amazement. Although the woman could not see it, Voldemort also looked shocked. The woman walked around the chair and looked at the red snakelike eyes. Voldemort squinted at her. Something about her was familiar.

"Who are you, and what is your business here?" Voldemort asked in an abnormally polite voice. The woman pulled back the hood of her cloak. She looked Voldemort in his eyes.

"What? You don't remember me, Tom?" she asked. Bellatrix frowned at the sound of Voldemort's birth name. Voldemort continued to stare at her with a very blank expression on his face.

"I'm sorry. I do not know who you are," he said simply. The woman laughed and looked down. She took the single pin holding her hair together out. The curly hair fell around her face. She looked back at him.

"How about now?" she asked, her intense eyes gazing at him, pleading with him to remember. Voldemort's eyes widened as realization washed over him.

"Giovanna?" he whispered. The woman now known as Giovanna nodded, smiling a little. Voldemort stood up and looked at the woman. He towered over her short form. "What are you doing here?" he asked. Bellatrix frowned.

"Um, my lord, who is she?" Bellatrix asked. Voldemort turned to face her. He opened his mouth to speak, but instead Giovanna spoke first. She pinned her hair back up. Then she looked at Bellatrix with her green eyes.

"I am Giovanna Zaviera. I used to be..." Giovanna began.

"That's not important right now. What's important is why you are here," Voldemort said, cutting her off and turning back to Giovanna. Giovanna smiled wryly.

"I guess you didn't want too many people knowing about that, huh? Nevertheless, I have some awkward news for you," she said quietly. Voldemort crossed his arms.

"This had better be good. I could use some good news," he said sullenly.

"Oh, it is. You can believe that. I'm sure you will be pleasantly surprised when I tell you," she said. Voldemort took his seat and looked up at the caramel skinned woman. She sighed deeply. "Do you remember the last time we were together, Tom?" she asked. Voldemort looked at her like she was speaking a foreign language. Then he smiled smugly, as if the memory was one of high regard. Giovanna rolled her eyes.

*Men,* she thought.

"Yes," he said simply.

"Well, that was right before you went on your supreme rampage hunting for those people and before you found out about that 'prophecy.' Well, after you left, I had given up all hope of being with you. Then, I became very sick. Well, at least I thought I was sick. That was when I found out that I was..." Her voice trailed off. Voldemort's eyes widened. He found that she didn't need to finish her sentence.

"And you didn't tell me?" he asked, sounding a little mad. He stood up and began advancing on Giovanna, who didn't even flinch. She could honestly say that he didn't scare her one bit. She was probably the only person in the world who could say that. "You mean to tell me that I have a child. And I've had a child for seventeen years?"

"Actually, Tom, you have two children. I had fraternal twins; a boy and a girl. Plus it's kind of hard to tell someone who is a homicidal lunatic," she said. Bellatrix clasped her hands over her mouth. Rodolphus gasped. Voldemort merely stared at her. His anger was rising and rising quickly...

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A long way away in Little Whinging, Surrey, a boy woke up.

## Chapter 1: A First Time for Everything

*Chapter 2 of 17*

Harry receives something he never thought he would.

The End

Harry Potter rolled out of his bed, landing hard on the floor. He mumbled in pain and touched his scar. It was practically smoking from the pain. His eyes watered, and he tried to get back on his bed. He gave up, feeling like the pain was driving all the energy he had away. Finally, the pain stopped and Harry managed to make it back to his bed. He looked up at the clock and noticed it was seven in the morning.

It'd been one month and three weeks since the summer holidays had started. His birthday was just not coming fast enough, even though it was just three days away. He longed to just hex his aunt, uncle, and cousin to hell. But, then he would end up in Azkaban for Muggle torture. Sighing, Harry got up and dressed. Then, he heard a tapping at his window. Whirling around and throwing his wand out, Harry noticed it was just Pigwidgeon, Ron's owl. He trudged to the window. He took the letter out of his beak. It was from Ginny.

Harry,

*Hi! How are you? I have relatively great news. You'll never guess what's happened since we've been in training in Dublin.*

*Bill got married to this Russian girl he worked with named Nadia Hardenne. She speaks almost NO English, and when she does, it's hard to understand what she's saying. Bill seems to have gotten around that though. They got married last November after we left. Also, I'm an aunt, and the boys are uncles. Not to mention Bill is a father. They have a little girl named Vasha Niclette. They had her before they got married. Vasha was born 11 months ago. She's named after Nadia's mother, Vashti. Oh, Harry! She's the prettiest little girl you'll ever see. Plus, I think she's the first Weasley EVER to not have red hair. She's blonde like her mother. Although, I think it's beginning to change color.*

*Remember that Penelope Clearwater girl? Well, she and Percy finally got engaged after dating FOREVER! Charlie is dating this girl named Persephone Vardalos. She's Greek and worked with Charlie. She also speaks better English than Nadia does. The boys all swoon over her. It's disgusting. But, she's really nice and fun to be around. When you meet her, DO NOT call her Persephone. She hates that name. Call her Seph.*

*In other news of relationships, Remus is getting married to Tonks. We'll be able to get you for that wedding. It should be an interesting one, considering how clumsy Tonks is. Fionnula is also getting married, but she's not getting married until December. She's marrying this guy named Darien Can't-Think-Of-His-Last-Name. I think he's an Auror or Magus. Again, I can't remember. Fred is dating Angelina Johnson. It's annoying, really. All they do is snog each other, and they do it in plain sight of everyone. It's disgusting watching your older brother kiss another person. Then there's George and Alicia Spinnet. They argue day and night, yet they remain together. I don't understand. If you think Ron and Hermione fight all the time, wait until you see them.*

*So, enough about everyone else. I miss you a lot, Harry. I wish I could see you now, but Mum and Dad told us that you couldn't come until your birthday. I told them to give you some time on your birthday. I'm sure you want to torture that horrid cousin of yours. I'm not allowed to say anything regarding You-Know-What on this because it could be intercepted. I really hope this got to you, though. See you soon.*

*I love you.*

Ginny

Harry smiled and folded the letter. He was surprised most of all that Bill, of all people, got married. Plus, he had a child **AND** it was a girl. Harry knew that Ginny was the first Weasley girl to be born in several generations. That's amazing. He'd half-expected Charlie or Percy to beat him to it. He also realized that "You-Know-What" was the Order of the Phoenix. Just the mention of it made Harry angry. Since Ginny wasn't allowed to say anything through the letter, it meant that he'd be left in the dark until August. He scribbled a note back to Ginny and gave it to Pigwidgeon. The tiny bird flew out at top speed. Harry turned toward the door and went downstairs.

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Harry made himself breakfast. He was determined to stay as far away from the Dursleys as possible. If they didn't realize he was there, he wouldn't have to deal with them. Then he heard the thundering footsteps that could belong to none other than Dudley Dursley. Rolling his eyes and sighing, Harry tried to finish before Dudley came in. Too late.

"What are you doing up so early?" Dudley asked. He almost sounded polite. Almost. This shocked Harry. He looked at Dudley with suspicion in his eyes. Dudley stared back at him. "Well?" he asked. Harry snapped back into reality at that last question.

"I'm eating breakfast. What does it look like?" he spat. Dudley "hmped" and opened the refrigerator. Harry smirked.

"Why are you eating so early?"

"Because I'm trying to avoid you lot. I don't want to have to work for you. I'm not a slave, Dudley. So, I figure if I stay out of your way, you'll forget I'm here and just leave me be," Harry said, taking his bowl over to the sink and rinsed it out. Dudley grabbed a few cookies and looked at Harry as he was washing the bowl.

"This is your last year of school?" Dudley asked through a mouthful of chocolate chip cookie. Harry sighed. He did not really feel like conversating with his cousin. Since Dudley was actually being civil towards him, he felt he should at least oblige him with half-assed answers.

"Yes."

"So, you'll be leaving here after?"

"Hopefully."

"You really want to go?"

"Dudley, if you were in my position, wouldn't you want to leave this place too? I can't stand it here. For the past sixteen years of my life, you've all treated me like shit. So, of course the first chance I get to leave the horrid place for good I'm going to take," Harry said forcefully. Dudley stuffed another cookie into his mouth. Then something dawned on Harry. "Why are you up so early? Normally I'm the only one up this early," Harry said. Dudley almost choked on the cookie he was eating.

"I can't stand that food Mum makes me eat. Normally, I get up earlier than this, but for some reason I felt the need to sleep. Then I found you," Dudley said. Harry realized that this was the longest conversation that they'd ever had. "Aunt Marge is supposed to be coming tomorrow," Dudley said. Harry sighed.

"That's definitely the **LAST** person I need to see on my birthday. The **VERY** last. I'm definitely hiding up in my room for the next three days." Harry turned to go upstairs.

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Elsewhere, Head Magus Cyril Jones sat at the head of a table. Twenty other people surrounded the table. They all wore robes of white and had stern faces. Dumbledore and Cornelius Fudge walked in the room. They sat on either side of Cyril Jones.

"Albus, it is nice to see you again. Fudge, welcome. These people are the Magi. We have Dewei Camara, Bruis Eamon, Zyoko and Yul Long, Kali Vallari, Ferris Winfred, Dylan Hamish, Kenneth Druce, Artan and Freya Ferguson, Aiden Gillespie, Aiko Sheng, Darrion Shamus, Aislin Douglas, Fionnula Onsu, and her brother Drake. They are ready and willing to aid you," Jones said. Dumbledore nodded. Fudge looked out at all the faces.

"Albus, I understand that you trained the eight youngsters to be part of the Magi, also," Fudge said. Dumbledore nodded.

"Yes, Cornelius. They are well trained, but they still need a lot of work. As of right now, I think we have all the help we can get. I still have many Aurors on my side in the Order," Dumbledore said. Then Fudge looked at a woman with dark brown hair that was in a long braid. She stared back at him.

"You're Kali Vallari?" he asked. The woman nodded. "You were engaged to that fellow... What was his name...?"

"Troi Wallace. He died two years ago when he, my sister, Devi Cuyler and her husband, Galvin Cuyler, were attacked while in the line of duty. Galvin and Troi were killed. Devi was driven into insanity," Kali said in a dry monotone. Fudge nodded. Jones cleared his throat.

"The Italian Minister of Magic, Ricardo Assante, sent some of the most powerful Magi he has to our aid. They are Isi and Kieran Sonnagh and Chrissy and Clyde Tremaine. They are the best of the best in their country. The others had to stay and aid their country in case of disaster there also. Albus, will you allow his granddaughter and the Potter boy to attend Hogwarts this year? Or will you let them continue on in their training?" Jones asked.

"Harry and Aurora will attend school, and hopefully they will not need to be taken out. I suspect that Voldemort does not have the aptitude to try and attack while certain Magi working at the school. Catriona Onsu will continue as the Defense teacher, and Aislin Douglas will be our new Potions mistress. Plus, we will have special guards in the school at all times."

"I thought Severus Snape was the Potions master at Hogwarts," Fudge said. Dumbledore shook his head.

"Yes, he was. But, last year he was captured when Bellatrix Lestrange raided the school. During his imprisonment, he was tortured with the Dolore Curse. By the way, I really believe that should be made an illegal curse, Cornelius. It's a dreadful curse," Dumbledore replied. Fudge shook his head. Jones nodded.

"If I might be able to speak, Signore Jones?" Chrissy Tremaine said, standing up. Jones nodded. Chrissy looked at Dumbledore. She was a relatively tall woman and had short brown hair.

"I have five daughters that will be attending Hogwarts this year. The two eldest, Celerina and Catalina, have had intense training since they were ten. I believe that the twins will be able to assist you in anyway, as they are as powerful as Aurors," Chrissy said. Dumbledore nodded.

"I will be sure to place them in the right house then, Mrs. Tremaine," Dumbledore said. Chrissy nodded.

"Please call me Chrissy, Signore Dumbledore," she said.

"Then you may call me Albus, Chrissy." The old wizard's eyes twinkled as Chrissy smiled. Fudge was examining some papers. He looked over at the Tremaines.

"It says here that you have nine children. I only have heard of eight," Fudge said. Chrissy looked at her husband, Clyde. His facial expression had changed dramatically.

"Our second daughter, Chaylse, was kidnapped after she graduated from Meloni three years ago, right before we had our second set of twins. She was never found. She disappeared at the train station on her way back. No one even saw her leave. She was just gone," Clyde said dryly. Fudge nodded.

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On Harry's birthday, he opened his eyes. The sun was shining brightly. Hedwig hooted delightfully at him, as if to say happy birthday. Harry smiled at her. He was seventeen and of age. That meant it was time for some payback for the Dursleys. He got up and sauntered downstairs as if he owned the place. Aunt Marge was talking with Aunt Petunia in the TV. room. Aunt Marge looked in his direction.

"Hey, you, boy. Bring Petunia and me some tea," she said in her disgusting voice. Harry turned toward her. At first, he was going to say something horrible to her. Then he decided on a much better payback. He got the tea as he was told. Aunt Petunia was watching him.

"Here you go," Harry said almost a little too kindly. Aunt Petunia took her cup and Aunt Marge took hers. She kept looking at Harry as if he was nothing more than a bug.

"You never comb that disgusting hair of yours, do you? You look like some sort of hooligan. Petunia, why don't you make him do something with it?" Marge complained. Harry smirked and moseyed back towards the kitchen. He leaned on the counter, watching the two women with a smug look on his face.

"I've tried, Marge. Believe me, I've tried. I gave up years ago, though. Every time I make him cut it, he doesn't comb it, and it just grows back the way it was. It's no use," Aunt Petunia said. Aunt Marge just smirked and took a sip of her tea. That was when Harry decided to strike. He sent a jet of air directly at her cup. It shattered, and hot tea poured all over her. Aunt Marge stood up, shrieking in pain. Aunt Petunia was trying desperately to wipe it off of her. She then glared at Harry, who was openly laughing his head off.

"You did this, didn't you?" she asked. Harry looked at her with big sweet eyes.

"How could I? I'm all the way over here, and I'm not allowed to do magic outside of school, remember? Plus, it's my birthday. I don't have time to mess around with that ghastly old bat. I've got better things to do." Harry then turned on his heel and walked upstairs.

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In his room, there were about five owls hooting loudly. Hedwig was going mad, having to share her space with unwanted guests. Harry smiled at all the packages. Then, Uncle Vernon's heavy footsteps were heard.

"If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times, Potter. Keep that bloody piggy...What's all this?" He stopped, seeing all the packages and owls in Harry's room. "I told you that I'll not have anymore owls in this house! It is bad enough you've got that one." Harry sighed and looked at the parcels. He picked up one and took the note from it.

Harry,

*Happy birthday! I hope you like this book. It's on spells that people with Soliopathy can do. With any luck, you'll be the most powerful of wizards by the end of this year. I'll see you at...Well, I'm not exactly sure if I'm supposed to say yet. See you soon, Harry.*

Hermione G.

Harry smiled and ripped open the package. A golden book that felt like it was as heavy as gold shone in the light. It said Curses, Barricades, and Charms for the Soliopathic Witch or Wizard. Opening it, he saw pictures of old wizards that were shooting spells out of their hands. Harry smiled.

"Trust Hermione to give someone a book for their birthday." He then turned to two packages that Pigwidgeon had brought with him. One was marked for Ron, George, and Fred and the other was from Ginny. He picked up Ron's first. He squinted at his best friend's sloppy, minuscule handwriting.

Harry,

*How's it going, mate? Happy 17th Birthday! I'm sure you've gotten loads of presents from your aunt and uncle... It was a joke. I hope you're laughing. Well, just think about it. Now, you can practically torture the Dursleys. I wish I could be there. Remus and Tonks are coming to get you at 8:00 tonight. Fred and George gave you basically every illegal item that you can bring to school from their joke shop. I'll just let you see what I gave you. See you soon, mate.*

Ron

Harry smiled and looked at the package. Sure enough, there were enough items from Fred and George's joke shop to expel him from school. Plus, Harry never really ran out of the items from last year. Ron had given Harry enough candy and sweets to rot his teeth. Hermione would happily confiscate everything that the Weasley brothers gave him. Laughing, he looked at Ginny's note.

*Harry,*

*Happy birthday! Did you do what I told you? I hope you did. I wish I could've seen it. Well, I've given you something I'm sure you'll make good use of. We will see you tonight. I'm sure Ron put in his letter who will be picking you up. I know you read his first. Don't make a face like you didn't. Remember, Harry. I'm a Shai. I know these things. Love you.*

*Ginny*

Harry smiled and tore the package open. It was a camera. Harry knew instantly that it was just not any camera. There was also a picture underneath it. In it were Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Neville, Aurora, Neve, Draco, and himself. Draco was staring off to the side, trying with all his might to look sullen. Aurora was pulling on his arm. Ron was rolling his eyes as Hermione yelled at him. Harry and Ginny were staring at each other, occasionally looking at the camera. The only people who actually were paying attention to the camera were Neve and Neville. They were waving and smiling at the camera.

Harry looked at the fourth package. It was wrapped in black paper. A note was attached to it. He recognized the elaborate handwriting immediately. He was pleasantly surprised that this particular person even knew when his birthday was.

*Potter,*

*Happy birthday or what not. Aurora MADE me get you something since I'm staying with her. These are some things I found when I went to get my things out of my house. My father, damn him to hell, is a lunatic. He apparently likes to keep trophies of his "conquests." You'd be surprised what I found down there. Whether I like to admit it or not, Potter, you've become something of a friend to me. I hope you like it. If you don't, screw you.*

*Draco W. Malfoy*

Harry blinked twice. He looked at the package, almost afraid to open it. After staring at it for about two minutes, he opened it. A wooden box fell out. It was engraved with the words "My Beautiful Flower Lily." Harry took in a sharp breath. He opened the box. Two rings were in it. One had a green emerald and diamonds in it. There was also a picture of his parents, Sirius, Remus, Wormtail, Aunt Petunia(!), two women Harry'd never seen, and four people he deduced were his grandparents. His parents, Sirius, Remus, and the two women were laughing maniacally and in their wedding attire. They kept clanging glasses together. Harry deduced they were all very drunk. He smiled. This was the best present he'd ever gotten, even if it was from Draco. He made a mental note to thank him. He then turned his attention to the last package. It was from the Assante sisters.

*Harry,*

*Compleanno Felice! That means Happy Birthday in Italian. Aurora and I hope you had a happy one. I hope you like these. We got them from Switzerland when we went to visit our aunt Veronique. Draco loved them, so we thought you would too. Enjoy.*

*Neve*

Harry opened the tiny package. There was a box of chocolates inside. Harry picked one and ate it. First, all he tasted was chocolate. Then it tasted just like a cherry jellybean. He looked at the box, then found that he couldn't read what it said. He touched it and the words changed.

"Oksana Slavinski's Jellybean Chocolates.' There's an idea if I ever heard of one." Harry said. He ate two more before he heard a soft knock on his door. He walked to it and opened it. Aunt Petunia stood there with Dudley. She held a small cake with seven candles in it, and Dudley held a rather long box. Harry just stood there, looking at them with wide eyes. Aunt Petunia cleared her throat.

"I know you're leaving for good soon. Plus, it is your seventeenth birthday. Since we've never given you anything special for your birthday, I feel that now is as good a time as any. Happy birthday, Harry." Aunt Petunia gave him the cake. Harry took it numbly, too shocked to even mumble a thanks. He turned and sat the cake on his desk. He turned back to face his aunt and cousin. Dudley gave him the box. Harry opened it slowly. What was in it literally made him almost faint. He blinked twice as he stared at it. Then he removed it from the box. It was a broomstick. A Firebolt 500, the newest model. Harry looked back up at his aunt, finally finding his voice.

"Thanks. How did you get it?" he asked. He knew that his aunt liked to pretend that the wizarding world didn't exist.

"I gathered from your room that you liked that game your father use to play when he was in school. Lily told me about it one day when I asked. So, I contacted that man. Weasley, I think his name was. I gave him some regular money, and I told him what I wanted to buy you. He sent it by owl a couple of days ago. Do you like it?" Aunt Petunia said. She sounded almost hopeful.

"Of course. I love it. But, I thought you'd be the last person to buy me anything," Harry whispered the last part. Aunt Petunia appeared to not hear him. She nodded and began to walk away. Before she turned the corner to go downstairs, she looked back at Harry.

"I don't hate you or your mother, Harry," she said softly. Then she went downstairs. Harry nodded and turned back inside his room.

*I guess there's a first time for everything* he thought, smiling to himself. Then he heard a loud knock on the door downstairs.

## Chapter 2: The Wedding

*Chapter 3 of 17*

Two people are joining in holy matrimony.

**The End**

Chapter 2: The Wedding

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"Potter, open the bloody door!" Uncle Vernon yelled from the living room. Harry sighed and went to the door. Opening it, a woman with long black hair and blue eyes smiled at him. A man stood next to her, also beaming. Harry smiled back at them.

"Professor Lupin, Tonks. Hi," he said. Remus sighed.

"Harry, I haven't been your professor for four years now. When are you going to start calling me Remus?" he asked.

"Oh, shut up, Remus. Harry, are you ready to go?" Tonks asked. She looked very different because Harry'd never seen her with black or long hair. Harry nodded. Then Aunt Petunia came up behind Harry.

"You're leaving?" she asked. Harry nodded and went upstairs. Aunt Petunia looked at the two people. She turned and invited them in. Remus and Tonks looked at each other with very apprehensive looks on their faces. Then they stepped inside. Then, Harry came bounding down the stairs with his trunk. He looked at Aunt Petunia. She stared back at him. Harry took out his camera as Dudley came into the room. "What are doing?" she asked.

"Taking a picture," Harry said. Petunia nodded and pulled Dudley closer to her. "Smile," Harry said. They did just that. Harry put the camera up and looked back at his aunt. "Well, bye then," he said, unsure of what to say.

"Bye," Aunt Petunia said. Then she did something that surprised everyone. She pulled Harry into a hug. Harry's eyes widened, and he hugged her back. "Good luck," she whispered in his ear. Harry pulled away from her. It was like she knew what was going to happen later on in the school year.

"Thanks," Harry said. Then he headed out the door. When the trio got out the door, Harry looked around. Tonks was fumbling around with something in her pockets.

"Here, Harry." She pulled out an envelope and handed it to him. Remus rolled his eyes and sighed. Harry took the envelope and opened it.

**Harry James Potter,**

You are cordially invited to a wedding.

**Remus J. Lupin and Nymphadora Andromeda Natalia Tonks**

will be joined in holy matrimony on Saturday, August 3 at the Burrow.

See you there.

Harry smiled up at them. Remus was looking off into the sky, trying his hardest not to seem interested. Tonks was smiling as hard as she possibly could.

"Remus likes to pretend it isn't happening on Saturday, the stupid git. Anyway, since we were coming to get you anyway, we thought that we might as well give it to you in person. Do you like it? Molly designed the invitations," she said. Harry nodded.

"How are we going to get to the Burrow?" he asked. Tonks' smile disappeared.

"We're taking the Knight Bus because **REMUS** forgot to get clearance for a temporary Portkey. Well, here it comes," Tonks said. She looked as the bus stopped suddenly in front of them. Harry cringed. He didn't like riding it at all. He'd flown into the windows one too many times in his third year. When they got on, Remus paid for all three of them.

"Well, here we go," Tonks said. Harry took one last look at Number 4, Privet Drive, the house where he grew up. Then the bus was off.

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When the trio arrived at the Burrow, Mrs. Weasley was de-gnoming the garden again. She looked up and smiled as Harry, Tonks, and Remus walked over to her. Standing, she walked over to Harry, dusting her hands off.

"Welcome back, Harry. I hope you had no problems getting here." Mrs. Weasley looked over at Tonks, who looked very sick. She was holding her head, and her eyes were drooping.

"Yeah, we had loads of fun riding that dreaded thing. Just loads and loads of it. I can hardly control my effing glee." Tonks glared at Remus, who was staring off into space again. Mrs. Weasley smiled.

"Go inside, dear. I expect that my loud children are practically jumping out of their clothes waiting for you." Mrs. Weasley turned and headed back to her garden. Harry looked at his trunk and held his hand out. The trunk began floating and followed him inside.

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Inside the Burrow, Harry heard the familiar sounds of Ron and Hermione bickering. Harry went up to Ron's room and missed a book flying out of the doorway. He stuck his head in the door and another book met his nose.

"Bloody fuck!" Harry yelled, holding his now bleeding nose. Ron whirled around, and Hermione gasped. She walked over to Harry.

"I'm so sorry, Harry! I didn't see you there. That book was meant for Ronald," she said, looking at his nose. Harry moved his hand. "Let me see." Hermione pulled out her wand. She fixed his nose with a wave of it and smiled. "Is that better?" she asked. Harry nodded and looked up at his two best friends.

"Hey, mate. I trust you got our gifts." Ron winked at him. Harry smiled wickedly and nodded. Hermione looked at them.

"Did I miss something? Ron, did you and the twins send Harry something illegal?" she asked. Ron's ears turned a shade of pink.

"Now what makes you think that I would condone wrongdoing at Hogwarts, Hermione? **AM** a prefect, remember?" Ron said sardonically. Hermione frowned at him, then stormed out of the room. Then she came back.

"Well, I'm **HEAD GIRL**, and if I catch either of you doing something you're not supposed to, I won't hesitate to write you up." With that, she was gone. Harry turned to face Ron, who was smiling evilly.

"The girl is straight mental, I tell you. Not to mention she's moody as hell. She changes from nice to mean to nice again in a matter of minutes. She's been like this ever since she got here at the end of June. I don't know how much more I can take, mate." Ron sat at the end of his bed.

"Have you tried talking to her about it?" Harry asked, sitting at his desk. His trunk fell hard on the floor next to him. Ron nodded.

"Everything I say is wrong. Nothing I say is right. She seems to find something wrong with every little thing I say. It's getting quite annoying. Like just now, she asked me if she looked fat. Then she said be totally honest. I told her that she wouldn't like my answer. She said say it anyway. So, I said that it looked like she'd put on a few pounds. I also said she still was sexy to me. She blew up at me. I was arguing that she's been eating as much as me these last few weeks. That's when she started chucking books at me. She's crazy, I tell you," Ron said, throwing his hands up.

"You should've just lied to her, Ron. You obviously don't understand women," Harry said, laughing.

"Sod off, Harry. What makes you think you're so great at understanding them?" Ron grumbled.

"I'm not having books lobbed at me, now am I? So, I consider myself pretty good at understanding them. So, you can sod off, Ron," Harry said, laughing. Ron smirked and hit him playfully in the arm. Harry nearly fell, but he wouldn't give Ron that satisfaction.

"Hi, Harry. Ron, what did you say to Hermione? She's crying like mad," Ginny said as she entered the room, arms crossed. Harry was a little shocked at her shortness. Ron sighed.

"She asked me a question and told me to be honest. I was honest, and she blew up at me. She would've been mad if I'd lied," he said through clenched teeth, his ears turning red. Ginny sighed.

"I suggest you go calm her down," Ginny said. Ron mumbled a few choice words and headed towards Ginny's room, leaving Ginny and Harry alone. Ginny waited until she heard the door to her room close. Then she suddenly threw herself at Harry. The chair fell backwards, and Ginny kissed Harry passionately. Harry's eyes were wide open. When Ginny came up for air, Harry was breathing hard.

"I missed you too, Gin," Harry said. Ginny blushed and stood up. Harry stood up after her, rubbing the back of his head.

"Did you like my gift?" she asked. Harry nodded.

"Yeah. It really made me smile, seeing all of us like that," Harry said. Ginny's smile faltered for a moment, then she kept smiling. Harry noticed this. "Gin, is something wrong?" Harry asked. Ginny turned away from him.

"I can't tell you. It would alter some things. I can tell you one thing, but you can't tell Ron or Hermione," Ginny said. Harry nodded, still curious as to what she couldn't tell him. Ginny closed the door and turned towards him. "I think the reason Hermione's been acting so strange is that she's pregnant. Neither of them can see it because all they do is fight. She has all the symptoms: mood swings, cravings, she has to go to the loo every ten minutes, she throws up almost every morning, and she sleeps half the day. I can't believe she hasn't picked up on it yet. Maybe she has, and she's just not telling anyone. Don't tell her or Ron we had this conversation." As Ginny finished, a woman with short blonde hair opened the door and a baby with a cross between blonde and red hair ran in the bedroom at full speed. She ran right to Ginny's legs and began pulling on her.

"Gin, up! Up!" she said in an almost demanding voice. Ginny picked her up, smiling.

"Harry, this is Vasha, my niece. That's her mother, Nadia. Nadia's Bill's wife," she said. Harry turned around. The woman smiled and waved at Harry.

"You are Havvy Potta. Bill told me so much about you," Nadia said. Her accent was very heavy. Harry almost laughed at the way she said his name. Then he shook her hand. Bill walked up behind her.

"Hello, Harry. I didn't know you were here. Ginny, could you watch Vasha for us? We have to go into town to get some things for the wedding." Bill said. Ginny nodded. Bill pulled Nadia off.

"Nice veeting you, Havvy," Nadia said. Harry nodded and the two left. Vasha turned and looked at Harry. Ginny was right; Vasha really was a pretty little girl with vibrant blue eyes. Ginny walked closer to Harry. The first thing Vasha went for was his glasses. Harry let the child pull them off of his face.

"This is Harry, Vasha," Ginny said. Vasha was examining his glasses with interest. Ginny took them from her and Harry put them on. Vasha looked over at him.

"Har!" she said, reaching for him. Ginny looked at Harry.

"I'll take her," he said. Ginny nodded and handed Vasha over to Harry. Vasha snuggled against him. In one minute flat, she was asleep. Harry looked at Ginny. Ginny giggled a little at Harry's shocked expression.

"That's funny. Normally, the only person she'd fall asleep on is Bill," Ginny said in a voice of amazement. Harry looked shocked. "I guess she likes you, Har," Ginny said playfully.

"You're gonna pay for that later." Seconds later, Harry heard yelling, the slamming of a door, and the crashing of a glass object. He and Ginny walked out of the room to see George storming down the hall, his ears red. He had a black eye and a bloody nose. There were also scratches on his face. He mumbled a hello to Harry as he passed.

"See, I told you. He and Alicia fight like cats and dogs. George looks like that nearly every day. But at night, they make up and they do it loudly. Mum begs them to put a silencing charm on their room. I guess right now he's heading towards my room to get healed by Hermione. It's a regular occurrence." Then another scream was heard. This time it was from a guy.

"I think George found Ron and Hermione," Harry said, laughing. Ginny nodded.

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That night at dinner, there were about six conversations going on at the same time.

"So, Harry. How did your aunt and uncle take your departure?" Ron asked. Harry glanced at Mr. Weasley who looked oblivious to Ron's question. He winked at Harry.

"You'll never believe this. Aunt Petunia, of all people, gave me a broomstick. She gave me a cake and a Firebolt Five Hundred. It was a complete and total shock. I still have the cake upstairs. You're welcome to it. Don't worry. Aunt Petunia isn't a bad cook. In fact, she taught me so she wouldn't have to do it," Harry said. Ron dropped his fork on his plate. Everyone else also looked shocked. Vasha was spreading her food over her plate with her fingers and giggling. Mrs. Weasley was no longer feeding her. Then, Hermione came down the stairs, looking as rosy and happy as ever. Harry looked over at her. Ron also noticed her.

"Hi, Mione. Feeling better? You certainly look better," Ron said. Hermione sat down hard in her chair. Suddenly, everyone became very interested in their plates. Harry nudged Ron.

"That was definitely the **WRONG** thing to say, mate," he whispered. Ron began to apologize a little too late. Hurricane Hermione had already begun her tirade.

"So, you're saying that I looked horrible before, Ronald? You're saying that I was fat and ugly before? Is that what you're saying? Huh? Answer me!" Hermione yelled. Ron shook his head at a speed that was unnatural.

"No, Mione. I think you're always pretty. What I meant was that you looked a bit sad before. I don't like to see you sad. Now, you look happier. That's all, Mione," Ron said quickly. Hermione eyed him a moment longer, then began eating quietly. Everyone let out a long sigh. Ron leaned over to Harry. "See, I told you, Harry. She's mental," Ron whispered. Harry snickered and continued to eat.

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A couple of days later, Hermione was pinning a veil on Tonks' head. Tonks was literally shaking with anxiety. Her bridesmaids were Hestia Jones, Emmeline Vance, Freya Ferguson, and Aislin Douglas. They were all standing next to the window, looking out at the guests. Mrs. Weasley came bounding in the door, her red hair up in a bun.

"Tonks, dear, are you ready? They're ready for you," she said. Tonks took a deep breath. She stood up and slipped her shoes on. Then she looked at her bridesmaids. Hermione headed outside.

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Outside, Harry and Ron were practically sweltering in the heat. Remus's best man was Mr. Weasley. His groomsmen were Mundungus Fletcher, Elphias Doge, Kingsley Shacklebolt, and Dedalus Diggle. Remus pulled at his collar. Mr. Weasley laughed at him.

"It's okay, mate," he said. Remus smiled nervously. Mr. Weasley began walking back to the house so that he could enter with Tonks's Maid of Honor, Catriona Onsu.

Hermione sat down hard between Ron and Harry.

"She looks absolutely beautiful. Of course, I just hope she doesn't..." Hermione began. Ginny immediately shushed her.

"Don't jinx her, Hermione! You know how clumsy she is. Look," Ginny said. Then, to the quartet's surprise, Aurora, Neve, Draco, Neville, and Luna Lovegood were walking over to them. Luna looked perfectly healthy. She smiled down at them.

"Hello, you guys. It's been a minute. I hope you liked our gift, Harry," Neve said, sitting down. Harry nodded.

"Yeah. Thanks. I really liked your gift, Draco," Harry said. Draco stared at him for a moment. Harry'd never said his first name to his face. If he even said his first name, it was when they were talking about him to a teacher or someone of higher authority. He nodded in Harry's direction and sat down next to Aurora.

"You're looking mighty good, Luna. We were afraid that we'd lost you for a second there," Hermione said. Luna nodded.

"Thanks for saving me," she said. Hermione nodded. Then everyone was hushed. The music had started, and Hestia Jones and Mundungus Fletcher were coming down the aisle followed by the rest of the groomsmen and bridesmaids. Then, everyone stood up. Tonks was standing there, looking as nervous as was humanly possible. She smiled and Remus smiled back at her. She began walking. Next to Ron, Hermione sniffed. Ron turned to look at her. She had tears running down her cheeks.

"What are crying for? I thought this was supposed to be a happy occasion," Ron whispered. Hermione glared at him.

"It's just so beautiful. Look at her. She's so pretty in that dress," Hermione said. Ron rolled his eyes and turned back around.

About halfway down the aisle, Tonks stepped on her dress. As she started to take her next step, the dress pulled, and she fell flat on her face. A collective gasp of surprise came from all of the guests. Harry and Neve shook their heads, and Draco was trying to suppress a grin. For a moment, Tonks just laid there.

"That's gotta be embarrassing," Ginny whispered. Tonks stood back up and dusted herself off. Thankfully, there was nothing on her dress. She regained her composure, held her head high, and continued walking. When she reached Remus, he was about to burst with laughter. Tonks smiled at him. They began snickering. The guests sat down.

"Sorry," she whispered. Remus just shook his head. The minister cleared his throat, and the two stopped their giggles. They straightened up.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to witness the giving and receiving of the marriage vows of Remus Lupin and Nymphadora Tonks. This is a solemn occasion not to be taken lightly or in jest. It is a decision made between these two people after much thought and consideration. Marriage is an institution ordained as a sacred union in which two join as one and ever to remain so until death do one part."

"Tonks, pay attention," Remus whispered harshly. The priest raised an eyebrow at the two of them. Tonks just smiled sweetly, and Remus rolled his eyes, biting back the urge to say something sardonic.

"Now, do you, Remus J. Lupin, take this woman, Nymphadora Andromeda Natalia Tonks, to be your lawfully wedded wife? To love, honor and cherish her, to provide and care for her in good times and woe, in sickness and health, for richer or poorer, for better or worse, till death do you part?"

"I do," Remus answered almost immediately.

"And, do you, Nymphadora Andromeda Natalia Tonks, take this man, Remus J. Lupin, to be your lawfully wedded husband? To love, honor and obey him as he is the head of the home. To care for and cherish him in good times and woe, in sickness and health, for richer and poorer, for better or worse, keeping yourself solely unto him, till death do you part?"

"I do," Tonks answered just as quickly.

"The rings please," the priest said. Mr. Weasley held up the rings. The priest took them and handed one to Remus. "Repeat after me as you place it on her finger. With this ring, I thee wed."

"With this ring, I thee wed." Remus slid the ring on Tonks' finger. The priest gave her Remus' ring.

"With this ring, I thee wed." She smiled up at him. They stood staring into each other's eyes in absolute silence, forgetting where they were.

"Ahem!" The priest cleared his throat loudly, bringing the two back to this dimension. The two turned to face him. "Now that the rings have been exchanged, there is another order of business." He looked out at the crowd. "Is there anyone present that has **JUST CAUSE** why these two young people may not be legally joined together? If so, speak now or forever hold your peace." The priest waited a couple of seconds. No one moved or said anything. "Hearing no just cause, by the power vested in me by the British Ministry of Magic, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride," the priest smiled and said. Remus and Tonks turned to face each other. They were kissing for about a minute before the priest made his presence known again. Tonks immediately pulled away, blushing like a schoolgirl.

"Sorry," she whispered.

"Yeah. Guess we got a little carried away," Remus said. The priest nodded. Remus and Tonks faced the guests, looking very happy.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I now present to you Mr. and Mrs. Remus J. Lupin!"

"I wonder what the 'J' stands for," Harry said as he clapped. Ron shrugged.

"Who knows? Mum begged him to tell, but he refused."

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At the reception, Hermione was on her sixth piece of cake. The rest of them were watching her with wide eyes. When Hermione finally stopped eating, she looked at them.

"Why are you all watching me like a flock of vultures?" she asked, wiping icing off of her lip.

"Do you realize that **THAT** was your **SIXTH** piece of cake? Where does it all go, Granger? You're eating like a pregnant woman," Draco said. Of course, he would be the one to point out the obvious. Ginny and Harry looked at each other.

"Don't be silly, Draco. I can't possibly be pregnant. I don't know where it all goes. I guess I have high metabolism. It's just that recently, I've been really hungry," Hermione said, eyeing Ron's plate with interest. She took a piece of chicken off of it. Ron glared daggers at her. She looked back at him with just as much power. Ginny and Neve shook their heads.

"Yes, that's what they all say. Then, nine months later, they're crying," Draco mumbled underneath his breath. Aurora snickered, and Hermione looked at them. She'd heard Draco mumble something under his breath, but couldn't make it out.



Suddenly, a woman with dark red hair glided by them. She was beautiful in every sense of the world. The guys all followed her. Ginny and Hermione rolled their eyes. Aurora hit Draco in the shoulder, knocking him out of his stupor. Ginny nudged Harry.

"Huh? Oh. Who was that?" Harry asked, still looking at the girl. She walked over to the table where Charlie, Bill, and Nadia were. She sat next to Charlie. Nadia was feeding Vasha. Or at least she was attempting to feed her. Vasha was very energetic and refused to eat the green concoction her mother had on the spoon.

"**THAT** was Persephone Vardalos, Charlie's girlfriend. I'm starting to think she must be part Veela or something. Guys all seem to be hypnotized by her. We went to Diagon Alley to help out at Fred and George's joke shop and guys just flocked to her. She practically had to beat them off with a stick. Needless to say, Charlie wasn't too happy about it, and they got in a fight that night," Ginny said.

"She's not part Veela, Weasley; she's a Siren," Draco said, eating a piece of cake. Everyone looked at him except Hermione, who was now eating a piece of apple pie.

"A what?" Aurora asked.

"A Siren," Draco repeated. Everyone still stared at him with an inquiring expression on their faces. Draco sighed. He opened his mouth to speak, but Hermione beat him to it.

"A Siren is a witch with the power to lure men in. She has no real control over it. I'm a partial Siren. It usually doesn't kick in until that particular girl turns sixteen. You never wondered why all of sudden you thought I was pretty, Ron?" Hermione asked absentmindedly. Ron looked at her like she was crazy.

"I've thought you were pretty since third year, Hermione," Ron said quietly. Hermione turned her head to look at him. She smiled at him.

"That was so sweet, Ron. Why didn't you ever act upon it?" she asked. Everyone else at the table rolled their eyes. Ron blushed a dark red color.

"I was too shy," he said. Hermione kissed him.

"Get a room, you two," a voice said from behind them. Ron and Hermione turned around and saw Angelina and Fred standing there. Angelina looked very happy, and Fred looked a little too happy. He was as drunk as they come.

"Hi, Angelina, Fred. I know you two aren't talking about getting a room. All you two do is play tongue hockey. I'm surprised you're not sucking face now," Ron said. Angelina smiled, and Fred wobbled a little. He looked down at his brother.

"Well, Angie always wins," he said giddily. Angelina laughed. Ron and Ginny made disgusted faces.

"That was a little more information than I needed to know, you guys," Ginny said.

"That's Fred for you. He and George have been drinking so much tonight. Alicia is doing damage control right now. I will never understand how they can do this every week," Angelina said, looking at Fred, who looked like he was about to fall asleep. Angelina was halfway supporting him. "We'll see you all later. Come on, Freddie." Angelina dragged Fred off. Ron snickered.

"Freddie?" he asked. Hermione made a snorting noise.

"I know you're not talking, Ronnie," Neville said snidely. Ron glared at him.

"Shove it, Neville," he said.

## Chapter 3: Attack at Diagon Alley

*Chapter 4 of 17*

The group goes shopping and meets two new friends.

### The End

#### Chapter 3: Attack at Diagon Alley

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The entire Weasley family and friends walked through Diagon Alley, looking for school supplies and such. The students all wore their Magi uniforms under their clothes against their will. Catriona and Drake Onsu had stopped by and reminded them of constant vigilance and constant danger. Harry, Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Aurora, Neve, Draco, Neville, and Luna walked together to the sweet shop. Harry went in first. As he was going in, he walked right into another guy. They went to the floor. Harry rubbed his backside as he stood up. The guy looked up at him.

"Sorry about that. I didn't see you coming," he said. He looked at Harry's robes and saw that he had the Hogwarts symbol on them. "So you're going to Hogwarts?" the guy asked. Harry nodded.

"Are you attending also?" Harry asked. That was when a girl with dark brown hair and small gray slits for eyes walked over to them. She looked at Harry for a moment and then looked at the boy.

"*J'ai vu que vous tombez. Vous sont bier?*" the girl asked. The boy nodded.

"*Oui. Ava, parle l'anglais,*" the guy said. The girl nodded. Harry's group had dispersed and was now roaming about the candy store. "I'm Tommy Zaviera. This is my twin sister, Avarielle," Tommy said. Harry nodded.

"I'm Harry Potter. I'm a seventh-year at Hogwarts. What year are you guys?" Harry asked. Tommy looked awfully familiar, but Harry couldn't quite place where he'd seen him before.

"We're also seventh-years. We just moved here from France. Our mother had business here," Tommy said. That's when Neve walked over to Harry. She seemed to ignore the other two. Tommy looked at her with wide eyes.

"Harry, which one do you think I should get?" Neve held up two large jawbreakers. Harry looked at her.

"How about that one? Neve, this is Tommy and Avarielle Zaviera," Harry said. Neve turned to look at the twins. She smiled when she saw Tommy. He was really cute. Draco was watching this scene from across the room. Aurora was examining some jellybeans when she noticed Draco glaring in her sister's direction.

"What is wrong, Draco?" she asked. Draco shook his head.

"I don't think I like the way he's eyeing your sister," he said. Aurora laughed.

"So now you are getting protective of Neve? This is too much! At first you did not care what happened to her. Why the sudden change of heart?" Aurora asked, putting three bags of jellybeans in the basket she was carrying. Draco looked at her.

"I just am. Don't ask questions. Would you rather me fight with her day and night?" Draco asked in a harsh voice. Aurora shook her head. "So shut your trap, then."

"You are so mean to me, Draco Willem Malfoy." Aurora poked out her lower lip.

"I am Neveah Assante. Just call me Neve. You said your name was Avrielle?" Neve asked Avarielle. The girl shook her head.

"It's Avarielle. Just call me Ava. I don't like my real name anyway. What year are you?"

"I'm a sixth-year. You are..."

"...seventh-years. I'm Ginny Weasley." Ginny walked up behind Harry and Neve. Ava and Tommy looked at each other and smirked.

"You're a telepath," Ava said. Ginny smiled.

"Only partially. You're a full-fledged one," Ginny replied. Ava nodded. Ron and Hermione walked over to them carrying small bags. Neville, Luna, Draco, and Aurora followed. After formal introductions, Harry came up with an idea.

"Why don't we all go to the Leaky Cauldron?" he asked. Everyone nodded and then looked at the fraternal twins.

"Sure. We haven't anything better to do. Our mother has already left with our supplies. Our flat is down the street on the other side," Ava said. Hermione nodded. The eleven of them all trekked to the Leaky Cauldron and sat. Harry ordered eleven butterbeers.

"So, where are you all from?" Ron asked, taking a sip of his butterbeer. Ava looked in his direction.

"We were born in Spain. Then, we lived here until we were nine. We moved to France after that. Our mother doesn't like living in one place too long. We went to Beauxbatons for six years, and then we moved back here. Our mother said she had unfinished business here. Something about our father. We've never met him. We were always told he was dead. But, apparently he isn't. We haven't seen her much since we've been here," Ava said. Someone with a caged snake sat next to them by the next table. The others became engaged in a conversation. Harry noticed the snake talking.

"*I am not happy being here. I do not like humans very much*," a voice said. Harry realized that it was the snake talking. But, who was she talking to? Harry heard another voice speaking in Parseltongue. It was a female voice. He looked at Ava.

"*Humans aren't that bad. In ancient times, some humans use to worship snakes. Your master can't be that bad*," she said. Harry stared at her with wide eyes. As they finished talking, Ava looked back over in the circular table.

"You're a Parselmouth?" Harry asked. Ava nodded.

"I don't understand how, though."

"What House were you placed in?"

"I was placed in Slytherin. Tommy was placed in Gryffindor. Are you a Parselmouth too?" Ava asked, taking a sip of her butterbeer.

"Yes. Draco's in Slytherin. He's the only one of us that is. Luna's in Ravenclaw. The rest of us are in Gryffindor. I got my ability to speak to snakes from a person I don't care too much about," Harry said the last sentence glumly. Ava nodded.

"My mother is a Parselmouth. She said my father was one, too. She doesn't understand how Tommy didn't receive this gift. Instead, he's a natural Soliopath," Ava said. "I'd much rather have that ability. I can do Soliopathy, but I'm not a natural one. I don't encounter too many snakes. My mother has one named Nyoka. It's a long python. It obeys only my mother and I," Ava said. Her gray eyes were almost mesmerizing.

"I wonder who's Head Boy this year," Ginny said. Aurora looked at Draco, who seemed to not have heard Ginny's statement.

"Draco is," Aurora said happily. Draco looked over at her at the sound of his name.

"What?" he said. Hermione looked crushed at this news. "Is something wrong with me being Head Boy, Granger?" Draco asked.

"No, no. That's not it. I just always thought that the last person to be Head Boy would be you," Hermione said. "And stop calling me Granger. I call you by your first name. Why can't you do the same for me?"

"I see, **GRANGER**. Well, sorry to bust your fucking bubble, but deal with it. I'm Head Boy, and there's nothing you can do about it," Draco said. Sensing the oncoming fight with words and possibly wands, Ron immediately asked a question.

"Mione, did you do something to your hair? It smells exceptionally lovely today. Plus, it's really shiny and soft. It's like touching silk," Ron said, playing with her hair. Hermione glared at Draco one last time, who blew her a kiss. Then she looked at Ron and smiled.

"I just washed it with this new shampoo. Do you like the way it smells, Ronnie?" she asked. Ron nodded, smiling at her. He noticed that Neve and Tommy hadn't stopped talking since they got in there.

"Do you guys mind letting us in on the conversation, too?" Luna asked them. Neve looked over at the rest of the group and blushed, making her caramel skin almost pink.

"Oh, we were just talking about what kind of things go on at Hogwarts. That's all," Neve said. Everyone looked at her with "Yeah right" looks on their faces. Draco was glaring daggers. He really didn't like the way Tommy was looking at her. Aurora noticed this.

"Would you please stop looking at him like you are going to pounce on him, Draco. Neve is an excellent judge of character. Plus, I am very certain that she can take care of herself. She did with Sloan. Not to mention she can whoop your sorry arse," Aurora said. Draco cringed at the thought of that scumbag. It brought back quite unpleasant memories.

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They left the Leaky Cauldron several minutes later, bustling about with the bags they were carrying. Neve and Tommy were walking ahead of the group. Draco and Aurora

were behind them. Suddenly, the ground in front of Neve and Tommy exploded, sending rocks flying everywhere. On instinct, Neve pushed Tommy to the ground and untied her robe. Tommy looked up at her.

"Stay down, Tommy," she said, pulling out her wand. About fifteen Death Eaters were swarming all over the place, cursing anything that moved. Neve took aim at three of them. They looked at her and laughed.

"What are you going to do, little girl?" one of them sneered. Neve smiled.

"*Stupefyt!*" Neve yelled. Her Stunning Spell was relatively strong. Tommy watched in amazement as the group took on the Death Eaters nearly alone. A few other wizards had joined in the good fight also. Then there just people screaming and running frantically around. Soon, the Death Eaters were either tied up, in a body bind, or Stunned. Neve walked back to pick up her robe. Then, a scream was heard. Everyone whirled to see two Death Eaters holding Tommy and Hermione.

"Tommy!" Ava started forward. Aurora stopped her. The Death Eater pushed his wand into Tommy's head. Hermione's wand was on the ground next to her foot. She struggled in the man's grip. Ron started to take a step forward, his ears as red as his hair.

"Take another step, boy, and the girl gets it," he said. Ron stopped moving. The Death Eater smiled. That was when a **POP** was heard behind the two Death Eaters. A woman wearing the same attire as the Death Eaters walked forward. She removed her hood, revealing long red hair. Harry thought he'd seen her before. Neve and Aurora gasped. The woman smiled.

"Nice to see you again, girls. Did you miss me?" the woman said. Harry looked at Aurora and Neve, who now had their wands pointed.

"Who's she?" Harry asked, looking back and forth between the three. Neve snarled something in Italian. Harry looked confused until Aurora spoke.

"She is Lady Nicola Feleti. She is basically the equivalent of Voldemort in Italy. You know. She is like the She-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. She's our grandfather's biggest problem. What are you doing in London, Nicola?" Aurora asked the woman. Nicola definitely looked evil.

"I'm just helping an old friend out," Nicola said. She walked forward. She eyed Harry and smiled.

"You must be Harry Potter. Oh, Tom has told me oh so much about you, Mr. Potter. Not to mention that you do..." Nicola did not finish. She smirked as she looked at Harry. Harry wanted nothing but to hex her.

"Tom? You mean Voldemort, don't you?" Harry asked Nicola. Nicola nodded.

"Oh, I don't bother calling him that. We've known each other for so long. So very long..." Nicola said. Her voice trailed off as if she was remembering a very fond memory. Aurora and Neve looked at each other for a second. "Anyway, let's go. Send Dumbledore our regards. Arrivederci, ladies." Nicola pulled out a glass Portkey and walked over to the two Death Eaters still holding Hermione and Tommy. Everyone disappeared when they touched it. Ava ran forward.

"Where did he go!?" Ava yelled. She turned and faced the group. Ron was practically seething with anger. That's when Ron's parents came running up. A woman with dark brown hair ran up with them. Harry recognized her also, but couldn't place where. She was looking around frantically.

"Avarielle! Thank goodness! Where's Tomas?" the woman asked, hugging her daughter tightly. Ava pushed her mother away.

"Some lady took him. She took him and another girl we met named Hermione," Ava said. The woman looked at the others, and they nodded. Mrs. Weasley clasped her hands over her mouth.

"Oh, no. Dumbledore has to be alerted immediately. Come children. We need to leave. It was nice meeting you... What did you say your name was?" Mr. Weasley said. The woman looked over at Mr. Weasley after checking to see if her daughter was bleeding.

"I'm Giovanna Zaviera. I have to go. *Allons, Avarielle,*" Giovanna was off. Ava looked back at her friends.

"Thanks for saving me. I'll see you at school." Ava turned to walk off.

"Ava!" Aurora called after her. Ava turned around and looked at her. Aurora smiled weakly.

"We will find him, Ava. I promise," she said. Ava nodded and headed off after her mother.

---

Back at the Burrow, a meeting was being held downstairs. Mrs. Weasley had refused to let them know what exactly was going on. She'd banned them from downstairs if they weren't in the Order.

"This really sucks ass, you guys. If anyone should be downstairs at that bloody meeting it should be Potter and Aurora. They're the main targets, right?" Draco said. Everyone nodded. Fred looked over at his brother as Angelina played with his hair.

"Ron, are you okay?" he asked. Ron looked in his direction. His eyes were nearly burning with fury. He'd been throwing a ball up and down. He caught it once again.

"Yeah, I'm peachy..." Ron stood up. "Fucking..." He threw the ball at the wall, and it lodged itself in the wall. **KEEN!** Ron yelled. Everyone jumped at his outburst. He stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

"Well, I don't think he wants to know the joyous news with that attitude, does he?" Angelina said, mostly to herself. Everyone looked at her with a confused face. Harry took that as he cue to leave. He went after Ron. Aurora and Neve looked at Angelina.

"What joyous news?" Neve asked. Angelina looked up from playing with George's hair. It was like she hadn't realized she'd been talking out loud. Eighteen eyes were glued on her.

"I-I-I'm not sure that I should tell you," Angelina stammered. They all leaned in closer to her.

"Just spill it, Angie," Fred said. Angelina looked around the room and then sighed.

"Well, Hermione started getting really sick and stuff in the morning recently. I asked if she'd been taking the potion. She said that she got lazy with it only for a little while. I asked how long, and she said for about two months. Then I asked when was the last time she and Ron... you know. Keep in mind that this was about a month ago. She told me before they did it before they went off for vacation. I'm sure you've all seen her mood swings and stuff. She found out about two days ago for sure when she noticed she'd been gaining weight. Hermione's pregnant. She hasn't told Ron yet, and she doesn't really know how she'll tell him," Angelina said really fast. The room sat in shock.

"Granger? Pregnant? This is too much! I didn't know that Weasley had it in him," Draco said, smiling smugly. Aurora slapped him hard on the back of his head. Draco turned and glared daggers at his girlfriend.

"Change the subject, you guys. I think Hermione should tell him. No one is to say anything about it. Now, did you like that Tommy boy, Neve?" Ginny said slyly. Neve looked over at Ginny, who was raising her eyebrows. She blushed, and Draco sighed.

"I don't like him at all," Draco blurted out. He received another slap from Aurora. "That is really starting to get on my nerves, woman," he grumbled. Neve shot her eyes at Draco for a minute and then looked back at Ginny.

"I think he's really sweet. I hope nothing bad happens to him." Neve turned and looked out the window.

---

Downstairs, Dumbledore was talking to some of the Order's members.

"Molly, who was taken?" he asked.

"Hermione and this woman's son. She said his name was Tomas," Mrs. Weasley said. She looked very dismal. "What do you think we should do, Dumbledore? I mean, has Voldemort tried to contact you in any way?"

"I'm afraid not, Molly. Who witnessed the abduction?"

"All of the students and Tomas' sister, Avarielle," Mrs. Weasley replied. Dumbledore nodded.

"Go and get them," he said. Charlie nodded and went upstairs. When he returned, everyone was there with the exception of Ron and Harry.

"Where's Harry and Ron?" Charlie asked.

"Harry's playing damage control. You know how Ron is about Hermione," George said. Charlie nodded. Dumbledore looked out over all of them.

"Now, what exactly happened?"

---

Voldemort looked down at Hermione and Tommy. Giovanna stood next to him.

"That's him?" Voldemort asked Giovanna in a barely audible voice. Giovanna nodded. Voldemort kneeled down on the boy. Tommy was the exact image of Voldemort when he was 17. It was like looking in a mirror over 50 years ago. Voldemort touched his son's face. Tommy flinched, but did not wake up.

"Oh, stop being so bloody sentimental, Tom. This scene is so fucking sweet, I'm getting cavities. I don't understand why you need him anyway," a sinister female's voice said from the corner. Voldemort stood and looked towards the source of the voice. Lady Nicola Feleti sat there, playing with her nails. She stood up and walked over to them, glaring at her sister, Giovanna.

"Nicola, why did you decide to come back all of a sudden?" Voldemort asked. Nicola smiled.

"Well, when I heard that my dear sister had returned to her past love, I thought that I had to see this to believe it. We don't get much news in Italy, you see. Plus, Vanna over there left me. Then, to think, she didn't even tell me about her children. I would've been a stupendous aunt. I would've spoiled them to the best of my ability. I can only imagine what you did when you found out, Tom," Nicola said. Giovanna frowned. She really didn't like her sister. Especially not after what she did seventeen years ago.

"Maybe I would've told him if Tom wasn't such a genocidal lunatic back then. Then, that Potter boy deflected a curse that made him disappear for twelve years. It was by the grace of God that I even decided to come back in the first place. Plus, my leaving didn't stop you from sleeping with him when I was gone, did it, Nic? How did your husband take that when he found out?" Giovanna asked pointedly. Nicola's smirk was wiped off of her face. She took a step forward. Voldemort realized he was standing in the center of a war zone and took a step back.

Rodolphus and Bellatrix walked in with Lucius Malfoy following. They looked at the scene between the two sisters with interest. They could practically see the lightning crackling between the two siblings.

"Well, Lord Gianni Feleti didn't see anything wrong with it, as he is now dearly departed," Nicola said evilly. Giovanna gasped.

"You **KILLED** your own husband, Nic?" she asked. Nicola had a sinister smile on her face. Bellatrix was impressed. This woman was nearly as scary as her. Nicola pulled out her wand and examined it.

"Well, yes... and no. It all depends on **YOUR** definition of murder, Vanna. You see, Gianni found out what I'd been doing on my 'business' trips. So, he threatened to turn me in to the Italian Ministry. Naturally, I backed him into a corner. Well, it was more or less the Suicidio Curse that did the trick. Everyone thought he had an unfortunate **ACCIDENT**," Nicola said as if it was just like brushing her teeth in the morning. Giovanna shook her head.

"You unimaginable bitch," she whispered.

"A girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do, Vanna. You, of all people, should know that," Nicola said, nodding towards Tommy. Then she turned and walked out just as Tommy woke up. He looked up and saw his mother.

"Mamá. Where are we?" he asked, standing. He looked around the room and saw Hermione lying on the ground. She was still completely out of it. Giovanna looked at Voldemort, who took a step forward.

"Tomás, ceci est votre père, Tom Riddle. Il qui est vous êtes après nommé. Il est aussi su comme Lord Voldemort," Giovanna said. Tommy looked very confused for a moment. Then he looked at the man who was supposed to be his father.

"Hello," he said slowly. Voldemort nodded in his direction.

"Hello, Tomás."

"Mamá, where is Ava?" Tommy asked. Giovanna looked at Voldemort.

"She's at home. Tomás, we're going to ask you to do something for us. Since you are your father's only son, you are expected to fulfill a duty. If you refuse, harm will come to those whom you love," Giovanna said with a hint of sadness in her voice. Tommy looked between his parents. He took a deep breath.

"What is it?"

"You must become a Death Eater," Voldemort said. "Lucius, use the fireplace to get the girl back. She is of no use to us. I have no idea why she was brought here anyway," he said. Lucius nodded and picked up Hermione. She opened her eyes drowsily. She couldn't focus on anything. Lucius placed her in the fireplace and took a handful of Floo powder.

"The Burrow!" he threw the powder down at Hermione, and she was gone in a burst of green flames.

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Hermione slid out from the fireplace, coughing up dust particles. Ron and Harry were currently occupying the room. They both stood and pulled their wands. Hermione continued to cough. She sat up slowly. Ron dropped his wand and threw himself all over her.

"Mione! You're okay!" He hugged her. Hermione smiled weakly.

"Ronnie... Ronnie... I can't breathe," she croaked. Ron loosened his grip on her. He helped her up.

"Come on you two. Let's go tell the Order you're back," Harry said, smiling at his sooty best friends.

---

Back at the Riddle house, Tommy was looking utterly confused.

"What's a Death Eater?" he asked.

"They follow me. They are my loyal servants. Now, it is purely your choice whether or not you want to become one. But, if you choose unwisely, you'll watch those you love suffer in most horrible ways," Voldemort said, walking forward towards his son.

"People like who? You wouldn't hurt Mamá or Ava, would you?" he asked. Voldemort smirked.

"I'd do what I'd have to do. What's it going to be, Tomás?" Voldemort asked. Tommy looked at his mother, who averted his eyes. He thought of Ava and his new friends, especially Neve.

"All right. I'll do it. What do I have to do?"

"You'll be my spy at Hogwarts. Now, give me your arm." Voldemort held out his hand. Tommy took it. Voldemort put his wand to it. Tommy threw his head back in pain as the Dark Mark was burned into his skin. Giovanna looked away from them, tears stinging her eyes. Voldemort noticed this. "This is necessary, Vanna," he said softly. Giovanna nodded. Tommy ripped his arm away from Voldemort as he stopped. He looked at the mark on his normally pale skin. Then he looked back up at Voldemort. Nicola smiled.

"Won't people see this and know?" Tommy asked, breathing hard.

"I put a special mark on you, Tomás. It will be invisible to all except those who are already Death Eaters. You are to tell no one of this. Not even your sister. You do not know I am your father. We never even had this conversation. You will report to me when I ask. Understand?" Voldemort asked. Tommy nodded.

"I do. Can I go now?" Tommy asked, looking resentfully at his mother. Giovanna nodded and put her arm around her son.

"Oh, and Tomás?" Voldemort called after them. Tommy turned around to meet his father's eyes.

"Oui?"

"I would advise you not to get too close to anyone. Especially not any females. They can become real weaknesses. Believe me, Tomás. I know from past experiences," he said, looking at Giovanna, who glared right back at him. Tommy nodded, thinking of Neve. He then turned and walked out with his mother.

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**J'ai vu que vous tombez. Vous sont bien**= I saw you fall. Are you okay?

**Oui. Ava, parle l'anglais** = Yes. Ava, speak English.

**Allons, Avarielle** = Let's go, Avarielle.

**Tomas, ceci est votre père, Tom Riddle. Il qui est vous êtes après nommé. Il est aussi su comme Lord Voldemort**= Tomas, this is your father, Tom Riddle. He is who you are named after. He is also known as Lord Voldemort

## Chapter 4: Back at Hogwarts

*Chapter 5 of 17*

The students head back to Hogwarts for their seventh or sixth year at Hogwarts.

### The End

Chapter 4: Back to Hogwarts

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"...and that's all that I remember." Hermione finished telling her story of the night's past events. Dumbledore seemed to be in deep thought. Finally, he looked up at the young woman with mild interest.

"So, you were Stunned as soon as you reached their hideout, and you were waking up when they Flooed you here?" he asked. Hermione looked at him rather impatiently.

"Yes, Professor Dumbledore," Hermione answered. Seph Vardalos looked long and hard at Hermione.

"They didn't do anything to you, did they?" she asked. Hermione shook her head.

"I would know if they put the Imperius Curse on me. Plus, I have to be awake in order for them to do it, right?" Hermione said, looking hopeful. Seph nodded, looking at Charlie. Dumbledore mumbled something.

"Well, the only thing that seems weird is that we do not know what happened to that woman's son. Did they Floo him also?" Mrs. Weasley asked. Everyone shrugged.

"I don't remember seeing Tommy anywhere before I ended up here," she said.

---

Later that night, Hermione cornered Harry as he and Ron were entering their room. She looked like she'd been crying.

"Hermione, what's wrong?" he whispered urgently. Hermione looked past him at Ron and then back at him.

"I need to talk to you, Harry. Alone," she said, her voice quiet and raspy. Harry nodded and turned to Ron.

"I'll be right back, Ron. I have to go and get some... uh... headache potion from your mum," Harry lied. Ron threw up a hand, letting him know he heard him. Harry nodded and shut the door. Hermione led him outside a good distance from the house. When they finally stopped, Hermione turned to look at Harry.

"Harry, what I'm about to tell you might come as a bit of a shock."

"You're pregnant. I already know. Ginny and I figured it out a couple of days ago," Harry finished for her. Hermione's jaw dropped. Then she crossed her arms.

"How did you figure that out?" she asked, looking a little hurt. Harry smirked at her.

"You aren't exactly the nicest person to Ron, or anyone for that matter. Plus, you eat like you're a bottomless pit. Then you eat the strangest things together like chocolate pudding and oranges. Then, you do look as if you've put on a few pounds," Harry said. He looked at Hermione's face. She looked like she was close to knocking him out. He cautiously took a step back. "Hermione..."

"Oh, Harry! What am I going to do?" she exclaimed, throwing her hands up in the air. "I'm Head Girl! This cannot possibly be happening to me!" she said, sounding as if she was about to start crying.

"Well, school should be the least of your worries, Hermione. What you need to be worrying about is the dormant volcano in there called Ronald Weasley. Do you know how he's going to react to this?" Harry asked. Hermione looked down.

"That's what I'm afraid of. I know Ron wouldn't hurt me or anything. It's just that... I don't know. He's not exactly the happiest person when it comes to things like this."

"Well, you better tell him soon, Hermione. The sooner, the better," Harry said. Hermione nodded absent-mindedly.

"I will, Harry. I will. Thanks for listening." She hugged him.

"Anytime."

---

The next day, as they walked to Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ , Harry kept looking over at Hermione and Ron, who were chatting nicely to each other for a change. He wondered to himself whether or not Hermione had told him. By the way Ron was looking, he figured she still hadn't gotten around to it yet. Next to Harry, Ginny shifted awkwardly as she walked.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked. Ginny looked at him.

"I hate this damn uniform. Do we have to wear it every time we go out? I hate Drake and Fionnula. This is so bloody annoying," Ginny said, looking very uncomfortable. Harry laughed at her, and Ginny shot him a look. "It's not funny, Harry," she growled in a surprisingly animalistic way. Harry quieted down as they began to go through the barrier.

---

On the train, Hermione ordered practically the entire trolley for everyone. They watched as she ate most of the candy and sweets alone. Considering that everyone else knew of her secret, none found it unusual except Ron.

"Slow down, Mione. You might choke on something," he said, laughing. Hermione looked up at him. She'd just put a chocolate frog in her mouth, and one of its legs was hanging out of her mouth. It was still kicking. Then Hermione bit down and put the leg in her mouth. Harry and Ginny started laughing.

"I never thought I'd see the day Hermione Granger eats like Ron Weasley," Ginny said. Hermione shot her a look.

"So, what are you trying to say, Ginny? That Ronnie eats like a horse and that I'm doing the same thing?" Hermione asked. Ginny looked at her. Everyone else might be afraid to go toe-to-toe with Hermione, but Ginny was definitely not. Harry and Ron looked at each other.

"Yes, I am. You know as well as I do that Ron's eating habits are a little less than perfect. Right now, you're doing a brilliant imitation of him," Ginny said. Hermione stood up, all of the candy wrappers falling off of her lap. Ginny stood also.

"Listen, we can take this to the hallway," Hermione said in a threatening tone. Ginny took a step forward.

"What's stopping you?" she whispered to Hermione. Ron and Harry looked at each other; they didn't know whether to cheer or pull them back to their seats. Ron did the latter, and Hermione kept glaring at Ginny. That's when she remembered something.

"Come on, Ron, we have to go to the front. We'll see you all at the school." Hermione stood up, pulling Ron along. That left Ginny and Harry alone. They looked at each other mischievously.

"You know, we're the only ones in here," Ginny said, tracing circles on his chest. Harry smiled and put his arm around her.

"Say no more." They were about to kiss when Aurora, Neve, Neville, and Luna burst in the room, interrupting them.

"Hi, you guys," Neville said. Ginny sighed heavily and rolled her eyes. She then turned and smiled a very fake smile at them. Neve seemed to be the only one who picked up on it.

"Did we disrupt something, you two?" she asked. Ginny nodded her head vigorously. Then, Ava and Tommy showed up at the door.

"Bonjour," Ava said, walking in the compartment. They all looked shocked at Tommy, who just sat down jovially next to Neve.

"We thought you were captured," Neve said breathlessly. Tommy shook his head in a stiff manner.

"Well, when we got to the hideout or whatever, they Stunned both of us. After that, all I remember is landing in the fireplace at our flat in London covered in soot and ashes. I don't think they did anything to me," Tommy said. Neve looked at Harry, who just shrugged.

"Hermione said the same thing. Well, you're safe, and that's all that matters," Neve said happily. Tommy smiled.

---

When they arrived that the feast in the Great Hall, there were a lot of new faces that Harry'd never seen before both, adults and students. He noticed a group of girls who all resembled each other sitting at the head of the table. They all had dark brown hair. It was easy to tell that they were sisters. When Professor McGonagall got to the last name on the list of first-years, the girls hushed.

"Tremaine, Carmelita," she said. A small girl who looked like the others stepped up. Before the Sorting Hat was even placed upon her head, it gave an answer.

"**GRYFFINDOR!**" it yelled. The girls erupted into applause and welcomed what looked like their younger sister.

"The first thing I would like to say before we eat is welcome, students. We have a lot of new faces with us today. I am very happy to announce that Professor Catriona Onsu is still our Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. This should be one for the record books, I daresay. Our newest addition to the teaching staff is Professor Aislin Douglas. She will be filling the post of Potions mistress until Professor Snape is ready to come back to us, which might be a long time from now. Also, in light of recent events, the Ministry has placed guards at the school. Allow me to introduce them to you. We have Cytheria Tremaine, Ferris Winfred, Persephone Vardalos, Darien Shamus, Aiko

Shang, and Dewei Camara. They are highly trained witches and wizards. I would advise you to steer clear of them. They are here to guard you from the dangers of our world. Now, without further ado, let us eat." Dumbledore sat down as the food appeared at the tables.

Ginny noticed that Ava wasn't sitting at the table with them.

"Where's Ava? Tommy's in our house. Why isn't she here?" she asked Harry.

"Ava's in Slytherin with Malfoy. I have absolutely no idea why. I mean, she doesn't really seem like the Slytherin-type, you know? Who do you think that clan of girls are?" Harry asked, nodding in the direction of the noisy brunettes. Ginny shrugged her shoulders, but Aurora spoke up.

"Oh, they are the Tremaine sisters. They are Italian like us. They went to school at Meloni. That is their sister, Cytheria, also known as Cye," Aurora said, pointing to the Italian Magas sitting next to Seph. "Their parents and Cye are all members of the Magi in Italy. I guess my grandfather sent them here to help out," she concluded. She looked over at the girls. Harry and Ginny nodded.

---

The next day, Harry and Ron ran to their Potions class at top speed. They'd overslept like they did in their first year. Aislin was not going to be happy with them. When they finally arrived at the dungeon, Aislin was standing in the front of the class, looking highly pissed at them. Harry and Ron tried to avoid her eyes as they found their seats.

"And why, dare I ask, are you two late? You'd think that you would be the first to set foot in my class," Aislin said, looking disapprovingly at the boys. Harry and Ron looked up at her.

"Well, what it is..." Ron began.

"We overslept," Harry said quickly. Ron nodded. Aislin smiled at them and walked over to them. She put her hand on their table and leaned down closer to their faces. Harry and Ron sank back in their chairs.

"The next time you are late to my class, I will have your arses to hang on my wall. Are we clear on that?" she said in a deadly tone. Harry and Ron swallowed hard. Aislin stood up straight. "Good. Now, thanks to Mr. Weasley and Mr. Potter, I want an extra three inches on the assigned medical potions," Aislin said, walking back up to the class. There was a collective groan from the rest of the class. Aurora raised her hand. "What is it, Aurora?" Aislin asked, not turning around. Aurora put her hand down with a questionable look. Then she spoke.

"But, Professor Douglas, that makes it an even five feet. There just is not enough information on these potions to write that much," she complained. Aislin turned around to face Aurora. Her white robes swirled as she did so. Aurora swallowed hard at Aislin's face.

"Well, Miss Assante, do you want to make it another six inches? I do not do much during the day except teach. I do nothing on my nights. I have all day and night to read these essays," she said with an evil glint in her eye.

"No, Professor," Aurora groaned.

"Then I suggest you get started." Aislin returned to the front of the classroom. Ron and Harry sank low in their seats as all the eyes in the room were set on them.

---

When Potions was over, Hermione slapped both Ron and Harry on the backs of their heads. Ron rubbed his head.

"Ow! That hurt, Hermione! What was that for? I thought you loved homework?" Ron said. Hermione glared at him.

"Contrary to popular belief, I do not **LOVE** homework as you say I do, Ronald. I do, however, like to have a little free time. I'm in five N.E.W.T. level classes, including Potions with you lot. I do not have that much energy to do all the extra homework. Thanks a lot, you two. Next time, could you at least **TRY** to be on time?" Hermione asked. It was a rhetorical question because she stormed off with Aurora after it. That's when Draco walked up behind them.

"Good work, boys. Now you've got your woman mad at you, Weasley. I'm surprised she didn't write you up," Draco said. Then he saw Tommy and Neve talking down the hallway. Harry followed his gaze.

"What? Are you jealous or something, Draco?" Harry asked, looking slyly at him. Draco glared at him.

"Of course not. She's my girlfriend's **SISTER**, Potter. Why would I be jealous if I have Aurora? I just don't like that bloke. Something about him rubs me the wrong way."

"I know what you mean," a voice said from behind them. The trio turned and saw Ava standing there. She was watching her brother also with the slits she called eyes. "He's been acting very secretive and strange since the kidnapping. He always looks like he's somewhere else," Ava said, stepping between Harry and Draco. Then, the warning bell rang.

---

Ginny and Neve were in Herbology, looking at a strange plant that had yellow and pink petals and a gray stem. Ginny watched as two girls who were apparently twins sat down next to Neve.

"Why, hello, Neveah. Did you miss us?" one of them said. Neve turned around and looked at them.

"Now, Celerina. Why would I miss those ugly mugs that you two share?" Neve laughed. Ginny cleared her throat, and Neve turned to face her. "Oh, intro. Ginny, this is Celerina and Catalina Tremaine. Rina, Lina, this is Ginny Weasley," Neve said. Ginny nodded in the girls' directions.

"How can I tell you two apart?" she asked. The one with her hair in a short bob smiled.

"I'm Catalina. I would prefer it if you call me Lina, though. My hair is shorter than Rina's. I also have a mole on the left side of my face, which I guess would be your right. Rina has longer hair and is slightly taller than I am. Plus, her mole is on the right side of her face, your left. Our father doesn't bother too much with trying to tell us apart. He just normally calls us both. Our mother, being our mother, can always tell us apart, even before I cut my hair. Once you get used to it, you'll be able to tell us apart," Lina said. Ginny nodded, although she'd lost Lina somewhere in the middle of her speech. The girl spoke extremely fast, and her accent wasn't making it any better. Her English was much better than Aurora's, but her accent was ten times stronger.

"Papá tells us that you guys received Magi training all last year. Is that true?" Rina asked. Neve nodded with some pride. Lina and Rina smiled and looked at each other.

"I bet you still have sorry reflexes, Neve. You always have," Rina said in a taunting voice. Neve glared at her. Then she turned to Ginny, who was watching the twins with interest.

"Those two have Magi for parents. Plus their sister, Cye, works here now. They started their training when they were ten and just love to rub it in," Neve said. That's when she noticed that most of the guys in the room were staring at them. Ginny noticed it also.

"Okay, does anyone else find this kind of freaky?" Ginny asked. Rina laughed.

"Oh, we're Sirens. It runs on our mother's side of the family. Guys just sort of flock to us. Our powers of 'persuasion' didn't start until this past summer, though. You should've seen Lina and I. We sle..." Before Rina could finish her sentence, Lina nudged her hard. Rina glared at her sister.

"*Tu as fait pourquoi m'a frappé?*" she asked in French. Lina sighed.

"*Elle n'a pas besoin de savoir que nous avons le sexe avec tous ces gars, Rina. Arrêter la conversation si beaucoup*" Lina responded. Neve looked at them. She knew her friends could speak fluently in three different languages: French, Italian, and English. They did this routine whenever they chose to say something they didn't want anyone else to know.

"*Quoi que tu dis, Lina. Tu es le patron*" So, Neve. What's new with you?" Rina asked. Neve looked back up at Rina.

"Oh, nothing much. Aside from the training, nothing good has happened in my life," she said with an underlying tone that only Ginny seemed to catch.

"Well, you met Tommy this year, Neve. That's something good," Ginny said, trying to sound happy. Neve smiled and looked up in a dreamy way.

"You're right, Ginny. I did meet Tommy," she said. Rina and Lina exchanged looks of bewilderment.

"The great I'll-Be-Single-Forever Neveah Verdi Assante found someone? This is too much. For your sake, I hope he's ugly," Rina said slyly. Lina caught the meaning of this. It seemed to go right over Neve's head, whom was still in her own little world. Ginny rolled her eyes.

---

At lunch, Draco was still watching Tommy and Neve. They were talking with Lina, Rina, and their younger sister, Camilla. Aurora and Harry noticed Draco's staring problem again.

"Draco, maybe you should take a picture. It will last longer," Harry said, laughing. Ron nearly choked on his pumpkin juice. Hermione snickered, but tried to hide it by sticking her nose deeper into her book. Draco glared at Harry.

"Piss off, Potter," he said simply. Then he took a sandwich off of the plate in front of him.

"Does anyone else feel oddly attracted to those two girls? I get the same feeling whenever I see their sister or Seph," Ron said. Harry nodded and Draco sighed once again. Hermione looked up from her book.

"They're all Sirens, you dunce. They're full ones like Seph. Those two seem to like it though. I heard that Colin Creevey asked one of them out already," Hermione said. Then she returned to her book. Ron glared at her.

"Mione, you didn't have to call me a dunce," he said glumly. Hermione looked at him. She stared at him a moment longer and then ran out as fast as her legs could carry her. Everyone just looked at her as she turned the corner. Ron looked back at them.

"What did I say? I tell you the girl has gone straight mental. Everything I say has an underlying meaning to it. She's really starting to tick me off," Ron said, stuffing another sandwich into his mouth and chewing it ferociously.

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That night, Hermione sat in the common room, working on her Potions essay. She'd avoided Ron the rest of the day. She couldn't bring herself to just tell him. It was too hard. Her vision began to blur as she wrote. The words began to look really close together. Hermione wiped her face, then continued writing. She didn't hear the footsteps behind her.

"Hermione," a soft voice said. Hermione jumped and pulled her wand out. She was about to mutter a hex when she realized who it was. "Calm down. It's just me," Ginny said. Hermione lowered her wand.

"What are you doing up so late? Shouldn't you be asleep?" Hermione asked, returning to her paper. Ginny sat down across from her.

"I could be asking the same of you, Hermione. Ron told me that essay wasn't due until Wednesday. Why don't you just go upstairs and go to sleep? You look tired. In fact, you look terrible," Ginny said. Hermione looked at her friend with weary eyes.

"So are you saying I'm ugly now, Ginny?" she said, her temper rising. Ginny sighed.

"No, Hermione. I'm just saying that doing all this work at once is not good for your health. School just started and you've already started to overdo it in the studying department. Take a break and live like the rest of us. Now, I want you to go upstairs and put this stuff away. Then I want you to go to bed," Ginny said. Hermione sat back and smiled.

"Thanks, Gin." Hermione packed up her things. She headed upstairs to the seventh-year girls' dorm. Hermione glided over to her bed, dropped her books and fell onto it. The moment she hit the pillow, she was asleep.

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**Tu as fait pourquoi m'a frappé?**= Why did you hit me?

**Elle n'a pas besoin de savoir que nous avons le sexe avec tous ces gars, Rina. Arrêter la conversation si beaucoup**= She does not need to know that we had sex with all those guys, Rina. Stop talking so much.

**Quoi que tu dis, Lina. Tu es le patron**= Whatever you say, Lina. You are the boss.

## Chapter 5: Pain and Heartache

*Chapter 6 of 17*

Hermione and Ron go through a difficult time.

**The End**

Chapter 5: Pain and Heartache

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Harry walked downstairs to the common room three weeks later. There was a crowd around the bulletin board. Murmuring and occasional gasps were heard. Harry walked over to the group of teenagers and pushed his way through. He looked at the board. The new Quidditch list had been put up. Harry, of course, was still Seeker, even after he missed two years of playing on account of Dolores Umbridge and training.

"Harry, guess who made captain!" Ginny yelled. She was now a Chaser. Harry looked at her with sleep written all over his face.

"Who, Gin?" he asked. Ginny smiled and moved to the side. Harry looked at the board squinting even though he had his glasses on. His eyes widened when he saw the name.

"Ron? This is great! He's the best strategic person we have. Has he seen this yet?" Harry asked, honestly happy for his best friend. Harry'd learned in first year that Ron always desired to be Quidditch captain. He'd also wanted to be Head Boy, but that spot was currently being filled by the only person willing to abuse that power. So now, Ron was the Keeper and the captain of the House team. Aurora had also tried out and was now a Chaser for Gryffindor.

"Nope. He came downstairs and everything. But, I take it he was too sleepy to notice the board. When I asked where he was going, he mumbled something about a long shower. You know how unobservant Ron is when he wakes up," Ginny said. Harry nodded knowingly. He also knew how lethal and dangerous Ron was when he was woken up. "Hermione!" Ginny yelled, looking over Harry's shoulder. Harry turned around.

Hermione was gliding down the stairs, looking very sick and very tired. She looked over at her friends and smiled weakly. She walked over to them. Harry looked her up and down. Her face almost looked green.

"Good morning, Hermione," Harry said timidly. Hermione's weird smile diminished.

"What's so fucking good about it? What's all this racket for?" she asked, nodding in the direction of the group of students.

"They posted the new team for Quidditch. Harry and I are back on it. So is Ron. Ron's also the new captain. Isn't that great, Hermione?" Ginny asked gleefully. Hermione tried to fake another smile. She was happy for Ron, but her face just wouldn't let her smile for some reason. Ginny's grin disappeared. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Look. Here's Ron now," Hermione said, trying to shift the attention off of her. Ginny looked at her again, then both she and Harry turned to Ron. He was stepping through the portrait hole. He glanced at the crowd then looked at Ginny and Ron. Hermione seemed to be trying to back away from them.

"Hey, you guys. What's going on?" Ron said, gesturing towards the students. Harry and Ginny looked at each other and smiled.

"They posted the Quidditch tryouts results," Ginny said. Ron nodded.

"Am I still Keeper?" Ron asked. Harry nodded.

"There's also something else. Ron, I'm sorry to tell you this, but..." Harry began. Ron faced him, looking a little worried.

"What?" he asked frantically. Harry smiled widely.

"**YOU'VE MADE QUIDDITCH CAPTAIN**" he yelled at the top of his lungs. Ron seemed to just pause and stop breathing for a moment and stare at Ginny and Harry, who were laughing maniacally. He was just staring at them. Ginny stopped laughing hysterically and looked at her brother.

"Ron, are you okay?" she asked. Ron nodded numbly. Then he smiled.

"This is bloody awesome! I have to start making up new strategies and..." Ron went on and on. Then he noticed Hermione standing there, looking sullen and worn. "Hey, Hermione. How's it going? Are you feeling all right? You don't look so good," Ron said, looking at her with concern in his eyes. Hermione looked up at him. She'd been avoiding him like the plague, but it was still understood that they hadn't broken up. Ginny and Harry decided this was the best time to go to breakfast.

"Well, why don't we all go to breakfast?" Ginny said gleefully. Harry and Ron nodded.

"Yeah. We should celebrate this joyous occasion. Hermione, are you up to it?" Harry asked. Hermione shook her head, and everyone's smile faded.

"You all go on ahead. I have to study. I'll meet you down there when I'm done," she said, turning to go back upstairs. When she was gone, Ron squeezed his hands into fists so tight, it looked as if he was going to draw blood. Harry walked up next to him.

"Let's go, mate."

"Yeah." Ron took one last look at the stairs where Hermione had disappeared then followed Harry and his sister out.

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At breakfast in the Great Hall, Harry watched Ron pick sullenly at his food.

"I just don't bloody get it!" he said, pushing his plate away finally. Harry and Ginny looked up from their conversation.

"Get what?" Harry asked. Ron looked in his direction as Aurora, Neve, Tommy, and Draco sat down. "Hey, you guys," Harry mumbled. They all nodded.

"Congratulations, Ron. I heard you made Quidditch captain. Draco did, too," Aurora said, smiling. Then she noticed the look on Ron's face as he mumbled a thanks. "What's wrong?" she asked, looking concerned.

"It's Hermione. She's so fucking distant. All she does is study, study, study. Has she forgotten that I exist or something? Nowadays, I'm lucky if I even make eye contact with her. What the bloody hell is wrong with her?" Ron asked, his face turning red. Ginny looked at Aurora. Aurora nodded.

"Ron, I think you ought t..." Ginny didn't get to finish because Hermione had just graced them with her presence.

"Hello, all. Sorry, I can't really talk. I just came by to get a muffin. Neve, I like your hair that color," she said happily. Ginny, Harry, and Ron all looked dumbfounded. This was a totally different person than the one they left upstairs. Hermione grabbed a blueberry muffin, and was off to the library. Everyone sat in silence until Ginny broke it.

"Is it just me, or did that strike everyone as a bit odd?" she asked, looking around the table. They all nodded except Draco.

"Not me, Weasley. Granger's been acting weird like that for a good minute now," he said, stuffing a biscuit into his mouth. Aurora nudged him, and he nearly choked on it. Ron frowned.

"I'm going to have a few choice words with Miss Granger," he said, standing abruptly. For Ron, this was quite an intimidating move, seeing as he was well over six feet.

"Ron, wait. I think there's somethi..." Ginny was cut off.

"No, Ginny. Don't try to save her. The bitch has had this coming for two months now. I'm sick of being treated like I'm the scum of the fucking universe. I'll see you all later." Ron marched off like a man on a mission. Ginny sighed.

"Can't say I didn't try," she said quietly. Harry nodded.

"This is not good, Ginny. Who knows what Ron might do? He's not exactly the most self-restrained person when he's angry," Neve said. Ginny nodded. "But, they have to deal with it sooner or later. It'll become painfully obvious soon." Everyone nodded.

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In the library, Hermione was sitting at a table, immersed in a book on Astronomy. Ron burst through the door and looked around. There were only about a handful of students in there. Rina Tremaine was one of them. Ron went over to her.

"Hi, Ron. I heard you made Qui..." She was cut off by Ron slamming his hand on the table. Rina jumped a little. "Are we a wee bit frustrated, Ron?" she asked sarcastically. Ron nodded.

"Thanks for the congrats. But, I'm not here for that. Have you seen Hermione?" he asked. Rina nodded.

"She's on the other side, sitting at a table. I saw her come in a little while ago. You know Hermione. She's always studying. Who knows what she's studying for now," Rina said, shrugging. She returned to her book.

"Yeah, I know. That's the fucking problem. Thanks, Rina." Ron walked off. He went to the other side of the large library. Sure enough, Hermione was looking in a book, oblivious to the world around her. Ron furrowed his eyebrows and walked up to her. He grabbed her by the wrist. Hermione looked up, shocked.

"Ron, what are you..." She stopped as Ron pulled her to her feet. He dragged her to an aisle between the bookcases. Hermione struggled in his grip. Ron came to a solitary spot and turned. "Ron, let go of me!" Hermione whispered urgently. Ron finally released her. Hermione looked at her wrist. It was red where Ron had grabbed her. "What the bloody hell is wrong with you?" she asked, sounding a little hurt and rubbing her wrist in pain. Ron crossed his arms.

"No, Hermione. The question is what's wrong with **YOU**. Why all of a sudden do you avoid me? Why do you always snap at me for no justifiable reason? Why the hell are you always studying? You weren't even this bad in first year. That's when all you did was read and study. This is ten times worse! What the hell is wrong with you?" Ron didn't bother whispering. Hermione just stared at him.

"You don't know anything," she whispered. Ron threw his hands up in the air.

"I know that since you came to the Burrow you've been acting like a total bitch. Everything I say is wrong. You're treating me, and everyone else for that matter, like shit. No one else is man enough to step to you. Me, personally, I'm fed up with it. So either you tell or stop making everyone feel like crap," Ron said. Hermione frowned. This time Ron had overstepped his boundary.

"Hold up. Did you just call me a bitch?" she asked. Ron sighed.

"I said all of that, and all you heard was 'bitch?' Yes, I called you a bitch," he said defiantly. Hermione's eyes flashed a warning, but Ron took no heed of it.

"You have some nerve, Ronald Weasley! How dare you call me bitch! You have no idea what's going on with me!" she yelled. Ron sighed. He looked into Hermione's eyes and took a step forward.

"I would if you would just tell me. Stop being so secretive about everything," he said almost softly, but his voice still signaled anger. Hermione turned her gaze away from him.

"You wouldn't understand. You'd just blow up," she said, her voice shaking. Ron's ears began turning red. He grabbed Hermione by her shoulders and pulled her closer to him.

"Who are you to tell me how **I'M** going to act?! I'm the only person who knows how I'm going to act! I hate it when everyone assumes that I'll act like a raging animal when I find out something! Yes, I know I have a bad temper! But, that's not how I act all the time! Damn it, Hermione! Just tell me whatever the fuck it is!" Ron was yelling now. Hermione looked like she was on the verge of crying.

"I... can't. I'm sorry. I just can't tell you," she said sadly. Ron released her. He took a step back.

"Fine. If you can't tell me, then why am I with you? You apparently don't feel the need to let me in on how you're feeling. I do care a lot about you, Hermione. Everyone else cares a lot about you. We all love you. Why do you treat us this way? Nevermind. Fuck it. If you don't care enough, I won't bother to care either. Goodbye, Hermione," Ron said in a tone Hermione'd never heard him use before. He pushed past her. Hermione turned around and watched him go. She wiped a tear from her face.

"I'm pregnant, Ron," she whispered as she stared at his back.

---

That night, Ginny sat at the table in the common room with Hermione. Hermione was writing furiously on her parchment. It was her History of Magic essay. Ginny was studying for her Potions test. Ginny looked at the clock on the wall. It was past one in the morning. Ginny yawned as Aurora came downstairs.

"Hermione, give it a rest, will you? It is entirely too late. You can finish that essay tomorrow," Aurora said. Hermione shook her head. Aurora looked at Ginny with pleading eyes. Ginny sighed and snatched the quill out of Hermione's hand. Hermione looked up.

"Give that back!" she yelled. Ginny shook her head.

"Hermione, it's one in the morning. Your paper is due on Tuesday. It's Saturday. Wait, no, it's actually Sunday now. Go... to... bed," Ginny said, snapping Hermione's quill in two. If Hermione was a telepath, Ginny would be dead by now. Ginny stared at Hermione with indifference. Hermione realized she wasn't going to win this fight.

"Fine. I'll go. But, first, I want to take a shower. I really need it to calm down. I've had a really tough day," Hermione said, thinking of the row she'd had with Ron. Ginny and Aurora nodded.

"Ok, Hermione. I **WILL** be waiting for you to return. Do not let me have to come after you," Aurora said. Hermione nodded and headed for the prefects' bathroom.

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In the bathroom, Hermione turned on all the stalls. She loved it when it sounded like it was raining. It gave her a feeling of pure serenity. She went in a stall and just stood under the water as it fell on her.

"Oh, Ron," she whispered. She was sure he hated her. "And it's all my fault... Aaaaaaaaah!" Hermione touched her lower abdomen. A sharp pain had just rushed through her. She felt almost woozy from it. Standing up straight, she felt another shock. This time, it lingered for a long moment. Hermione doubled over, breathing hard. She squeezed her eyes shut.

*What's going on?* she thought. Hermione opened her eyes and looked at the tiles. The water was being mixed with something red. Hermione's eyes widened *it's coming from me. I'm bleeding. But why?* she thought. Panicking, she took a step back and tripped over the divider between the shower and the undressing area. She grabbed the shower curtain in order to hold her balance. Instead, she managed to somehow become entangled in it. Hermione hit her head against the wall, knocking herself into unconsciousness. Blood trickled from her head.

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Aurora looked at the clock. It was 1:30. It doesn't take thirty minutes to take a shower. Unless, of course, you were Draco Malfoy. Sighing, Aurora got out of her bed and went to the sixth-year dorms. She walked over to Ginny's bed and shook her. Ginny turned over.

"What is it, Aurora? This had better be really good or you will be really sorry," she asked, sounding extremely irritated.

"Hermione has not come back yet. Come with me to Harry's room," Aurora said, literally pulling Ginny out of bed. They snuck into Harry and Ron's room. Ron sounded like a locomotive. Aurora took Ron, and Ginny took Harry. Harry sat up rather quickly. He held his wand to Ginny's throat. He blinked twice as Ginny came into focus. He reached for his glasses.

"Gin? What is it?" he asked, putting them on. Ron was just realizing that Aurora was not a giant spider.

"We need to use your map, Harry," Ginny said. Harry sighed and got out of his bed. He rummaged around in his trunk for a moment, then pulled out the old piece of parchment. He touched it with his wand.

"I solemnly swear that I am up to no good," he said. The map appeared. He looked up at Ginny. "Now, who are we looking for?" Harry asked.

"Hermione," Aurora and Ginny answered together. Harry looked at Ron, who shrugged. Harry opened the map up.

"There she is. She's in the girls' prefect bathroom. The only problem is..." Harry's voice trailed off. He looked up at the rest of them. "...her name is fading. That means something's wrong. Mischief managed," Harry said. They were off in ten seconds flat. When they reached the portrait that was the entrance, they all just stood there.

"Does anyone know the bloody password?" Ron asked frantically. Ginny thought for a moment.

"Chocolate strawberry frogs," she said. The door swung to the side, letting them in. They all looked at her. "What? Hermione told me one day. I wanted to use the shower alone. Big deal," she said, heading inside.

Inside, the room was filled with steam. All the showers were still running. They quartet looked around, trying to find Hermione. It was nearly suffocating standing in the steam-filled room. Ron looked around. He saw a trail of red liquid coming from one of the stalls. Walking towards it, he saw a hand, then an arm, and finally a body.

Hermione was lying in her own blood. A pool of it was surrounding her, and the water was mixing with it. She was wrapped in what looked like a translucent shower curtain. Ron kneeled down to her. Ginny and Harry came up behind him. Ginny gasped.

"Is she..." She couldn't bring herself to say the words. Ron shook his head, picking her up.

"No, she's not. She's just unconscious. She has a concussion, I bet. It looks like she fell. All of this blood couldn't have come from her head, though. Come on," Ron said quietly. He sounded unnaturally calm.

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When they reached the hospital wing, no one was there. They went and beat on Madam Pomfrey's door. She opened it, looking like she was ready to give whomever it was a good tongue-lashing.

"What the... Sweet mother of Merlin! What happened to this child?" she asked, examining Hermione in Ron's arms.

"We don't know. We found her like this. What's wrong with her, Madam Pomfrey?" Harry asked. Madam Pomfrey led them to a private room.

"Lay her on the bed," she said. Ron did as he was told. "Go and get me Professor Douglas, one of you. It looks like she sustained a head injury. It's cut just a little bit, but why is she covered in so much blood?" Madam Pomfrey asked as Aurora ran off to find Aislin. Ron and Harry shrugged. Madam Pomfrey looked at Ginny, who looked like she knew something. She nodded at Madam Pomfrey.

"Boys, if you would be so kind as to wait outside," Madam Pomfrey said. Ron and Harry looked a little hesitant, but complied just as Aurora and Aislin came into the room.

"What's wrong, Poppy?" they heard Aislin ask as the door was shut behind them. Ron sighed and sat down in the seat. He looked like hell. Harry sat down next to him.

"I wonder what's wrong with her," he wondered aloud. Harry sighed. He had a pretty good idea of what happened to Hermione, but he wasn't sure if he was the one to tell Ron. After about fifteen minutes, Ginny and Aurora emerged from the room. Harry and Ron stood. The two girls looked very sullen and solemn.

"How is she?" Ron asked, looking hopeful. Ginny looked at Aurora and shook her head. Aurora nodded.

"Ron, I think you should sit down for this," Aurora said quietly. Ron looked at her with a quizzical expression on his face.

"Why do I need to sit?" he asked. "She's not..." he began. Aurora immediately shook her head.

"Oh, heaven's no, Ron. Hermione will be fine...physically. But, there is something you need to know before I tell you exactly what happened," Aurora said slowly. Ron was still looking at her skeptically. He didn't move an inch.

"No. I think I'll stand. Just tell me what it is, Aurora. I'm tired of being left in the dark," Ron said. Aurora sighed and looked down.

"Well, you know how Hermione's been acting rather strangely the past couple weeks, right?" she asked. Ron nodded.

"Yeah. What does this have to do..."

"I'm getting to it. The reason we all were pretty much immune to her outbursts of rage and her mean comments was because we knew what was wrong with her. Hermione was pregnant," Aurora said. The last word seemed to ring in the air very loudly. Ron just stood there, unblinking. His eyes seemed out of focus. Ginny and Harry looked at each other.

"Ron?" Harry asked, taking a step forward. Ron shook his head. His eyes seemed to focus back on Aurora.

"What do you mean 'was'?" he asked. Aurora took a step back, suddenly afraid for her safety.

"Exactly what I said. It means that Hermione **WAS** pregnant. It means that she is not anymore; Hermione had a miscarriage," Aurora said. Ron still just stared at her. There was almost no readable emotion on his face.

"What causes one of those?" Ron whispered.

"There are many causes of one, Ron. Aislin said that the most likely one was that Hermione was pushing herself too hard with her schoolwork. She was putting too much strain on her body and mind. Stress could've been a strong factor," Aurora explained. Ron nodded. Then he backed up into the bench. He sat down hard in it. Harry sat down next to him.

"It's all my fault," Ron said. Harry shook his head.

"No, it's not, Ron. Don't blame yourself. No one knows why these types of things happen. They can't be predicted," Harry said. Ron shook his head.

"I made her sad. I stressed her out." Ron put his head in his hands. Seeing Ron do this tore at Ginny's heart. She kneeled in front of him.

"Ron, it really isn't your fault. There could've been a number of reasons why..."

"Why didn't you all tell me? Why didn't she tell me?" Ron asked, looking up. Ginny looked at Harry, who looked at Aurora. Aurora shrugged.

"We didn't think you could handle it. Hermione made us promise not to tell you. Plus, you know how you get when you hear news you don't like," Ginny said. Ron stood up, suddenly raging mad like a bull. It made Ginny jump back. That was obviously the **WRONG** thing to say. Harry sighed, as he knew exactly what was coming.

"What makes you think that I'm some fucking nuclear warhead that's set to blow at any moment?! It's not your choice to decide what and what not to tell me! It is shit like this that makes me blow up; when you keep stuff from me! Some friends you all turned out to be." Ron turned to go. Harry jumped up and touched him on his shoulder.

"Ron..." Harry began. Ron, in his anger, turned and punched Harry dead in his jaw. Harry fell back into Ginny. Ron looked at him with a satisfied, yet sad, look on his face. Then he turned and ran off.

"Harry, are you okay?" Ginny asked. Harry nodded, moving his jaw around.

"I suppose I had that coming. We shouldn't have kept it from him. He's right. It wasn't our decision," Harry said, standing up.

"It was not our decision to keep it from him in the first place. Hermione told us not to tell," Aurora said.

"We owed it to him to tell him. After all, Aurora, he was the father," Harry said. Aurora had nothing else to say to that. That's when Aislin came out of the private room.

"How is she?" Ginny asked quickly. Aislin looked up.

"She'll live. But, she's going to need a lot of time to recover. I trust that you will not blabbing about this to the rest of the school. I'm sure whoever knew she was pregnant to begin with will figure it out eventually. Tell only whom you must. I don't want her to suffer any shame. I don't think she could take it. We'll send her to St. Mungo's for further evaluation and treatment. Where's Ron?" Aislin asked.

"Well, Ron was the only one of us who didn't know. He just found out, and he was rather sad at first. Then, he sort of blew up at the fact that everyone kept it from him," Harry said. Aislin crossed her arms as she looked at Harry's purple eye.

"I'm not surprised at all that he reacted the way he did. One of you, if not Hermione herself, should've told him. Regardless of what Hermione said. He had a right to know. He shouldn't've had to find out like this. Anyway, get to bed. It's late," Aislin said. The three nodded and headed back to Gryffindor tower.

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Ron sat in Astronomy tower, looking up at the stars. An empty bottle of firewhisky rolled around next to him in the wind. He closed his eyes and pictured how happy he and Hermione used to be.

"Mione... Why?" he whispered before he passed out from the whiskey.

## Chapter 6: Death Threats

*Chapter 7 of 17*

Draco shows his dislike of Tommy. Tommy meets with Voldemort. Neve gets into a fight.

### The End

Chapter 6: Death Threats

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Hermione was sent to St. Mungo's to recuperate. Ron hadn't mentioned the entire incident and had thrown himself into schoolwork and Quidditch practice. The others had decided it was best not to interfere with anyone. They'd all taken an oath not to mention it unless Ron or Hermione mentioned it first.

One day, Draco was sitting in the Slytherin common room trying to finish up an essay for Aislin's class. Ava came down the stairs from her dorm and saw him. Using stealth, she snuck up to him. Leaning close next to his ear, she let out a long sigh. Draco rounded on Ava, knocking her down and pulling his wand to her throat. Ava looked up at him.

"Relax, Draco. It's just me," she said, looking him in the eyes. Draco looked at her a moment longer and then decided it was safe to rise up off of her. Standing, he held his hand out. Ava took it and pulled herself up. "Why are you so damn jumpy? You're worse than Tommy," she said. Draco smirked.

"It comes with being a Magus. You shouldn't sneak up on us. Normally, I mutter the curse or hex before I even point the wand. So, unless you want your eyebrows singed off, I suggest you don't do that again," he said. Ava nodded, then looked at Draco's homework.

"I see you haven't finished Professor Douglas' essay."

"The woman demands nothing but perfection from everyone who was under her tutelage last year. She was one of the Magi that trained us. I personally think she's crazy. It's not like we don't know these potions already." Draco looked over at the clock. It was almost 3:15. He began hurriedly gathering his things.

"Where are you going?" Ava asked, watching him move at light speed.

"I've got to get to the Quidditch pitch. Practice starts in fifteen minutes. I'm captain. I'm the last person who needs to be late. Plus, we play Gryffindor tomorrow. I'll see you at dinner." With that, Draco was off. Ava smiled as she watched him go.

"Cute, isn't he?" a voice said from behind Ava. Ava frowned and turned around. Millicent Bulstrode was standing there, glaring at her with her arms crossed.

"What do you want, Bulstrode?" Ava asked, sounding annoyed. Millicent smiled and practically glided down the stairs.

"I noticed the way you look at Draco. I don't blame you. He is quite a ladies' man. A bit of a pretty boy though. It's a pity that Assante bitch has him. If it weren't for her, I'd be running with glee. She is a horrible little Italian wench," Millicent said. Ava sighed.

"I am in no way interested in Draco like that, Bulstrode. I don't think Aurora would be too happy if she heard you talking about Draco like that. In fact, I think she might even

get a little rough with you," Ava said, smirking. Millicent frowned.

"I can take that girl anytime, anyplace, Zaviera. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to get to the Quidditch pitch," Millicent said. Millicent was a new Beater for the Slytherin team. Ava suddenly got a sick feeling in her stomach. Aurora was a Chaser along with Ginny and Seamus Finnigan. Tomorrow's game was going to be a messy one...

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Draco was rushing down the hallway. The hallways were practically deserted except for Draco and the occasional ghost. As Draco passed an empty classroom, he heard what sounded like a mixture of a moan and a cry for help. Draco listened for a moment, and his eyes widened as he realized whose voice it was. He opened the classroom door and saw Neve and Tommy. Neve was sitting on a table. Tommy was standing between her legs, fumbling with her shirt. Neve was half laughing and half trying to push Tommy away. Tommy was smiling and kept kissing her neck. Neve opened her eyes and saw Draco standing there.

"Draco!" she said, a little shocked. Tommy didn't seem to hear her. Draco marched forward and pulled Tommy off of her. He slammed Tommy into a wall and pulled his wand. He held it to Tommy's neck. Neve jumped off of the desk she was on.

"What do you think you're doing!" Tommy yelled, looking Draco in the eye. Neve ran up beside them. Draco stared at Tommy with hatred in his eyes.

"Draco, what the hell are you doing! Let him go now!" Neve yelled, buttoning her shirt. Draco took no heed to her words and continued staring at Tommy. Tommy swallowed hard. "Draco!" Neve yelled one final time. Draco finally listened and released Tommy. Tommy looked at Draco like he was crazy, then he looked at Neve.

"I'll see you at dinner," he said. Neve nodded, then looked at Draco. Draco was putting his wand away. Neve punched him in the arm, hard. Draco frowned and looked at her.

"What the bloody hell was that for?" he asked. Neve frowned at him.

"What is your problem?" she asked. Her eyes were blazing. The roots of her hair were starting to turn red. Draco still had said nothing. Neve crossed her arms. "Well? What have you got to say for yourself?"

"You shouldn't be messing with him," Draco said. Neve's eyes widened.

"And since when did you become my older brother? Draco, I don't need you to tell me who is good for me. You aren't related to me in any way except for the fact that you're screwing my sister. So, just mind your own damn business," Neve said. Then she stormed out of the room. Draco sighed.

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The next day at the Quidditch game between Slytherin and Gryffindor, Ron stood at the front with Harry.

"Ready, mate?" Harry asked. Ron nodded. The doors opened.

"You better believe it." Ron mounted his broom and flew off. Both he and Harry circled the pitch once then took their places. Madam Hooch released the Snitch and the two Bludgers. Looking up at the students she threw the Quaffle up and blew her whistle. Aurora grabbed it first. She passed it back and forth to Seamus and then Ginny. She ducked as a Bludger came flying her way. She looked in the direction that the Bludger had come from. Millicent was smiling down at her. Aurora glared at her and continued.

"Watch yourself, Aurora!" Ginny yelled. Aurora nodded and shot another nasty look at Millicent before flying off in pursuit of the Quaffle.

After about an hour of play, it started to rain. Harry had yet to see the Snitch, and it was becoming very difficult to see in all of the rain. It had started coming down in sheets. The score was 90 to 120 with Slytherin leading. Harry looked down from his safe spot high above the game. Then he saw just how brutal Quidditch could get.

Aurora, purely by accident, knocked into Millicent in order to avoid being hit with a Bludger. She passed the Quaffle to Ginny, who went to make the score, bringing Gryffindor up to 100. Aurora, unsuspecting and cheering her teammate on, wasn't paying any attention. Millicent flew over to the Bludger that her fellow Beater, Goyle was about to hit. She almost knocked him off his broom. Hitting the Bludger as hard as she could, she sent it flying at top speed towards Aurora. Harry watched this.

**"AURORA, WATCH OUT!"** Harry yelled as loud as he could. Aurora looked up at him. It all sounded like he was mumbling. She squinted in the rain and saw Harry pointing at something behind her. Aurora turned just in time to get hit in the face the Bludger. All of it seemed to happen in slow motion.

In the stands, Neve had seen the whole thing. She watched her sister fall about fifty feet to the sand near the goal posts. Madam Hooch blew the whistle. Everyone landed, and Neve ran down to the pitch. She pushed her way through the crowd of players. She gasped at what she saw. Aurora's face was covered in blood. Her eyes were closed. Her nose was obviously broken, and she was completely unconscious.

"Is she all right?" Draco asked Madam Hooch, looking genuinely concerned. Madam Hooch nodded. One of the guards of Hogwarts came sauntering up. Madam Hooch mumbled to him, and he picked up Aurora and marched off with her. Madam Hooch turned towards Ron. Ron and Harry were watching Neve. The roots of her hair were beginning to turn red.

"Did you see what happened, Weasley?" Madam Hooch asked. Ron shook his head no, still looking at Neve. Millicent was holding her broom, looking very smug. Finally, Neve spoke.

*"So esattamente ciò che è successo. Quella ragazza scervellata.."* Neve pushed her way through the Slytherin team, and her fist met Millicent's nose. Millicent fell back. Neve climbed on top of her and started pummeling the poor girl's face. Millicent wasn't taking it lying down, either. She was doing almost as much damage as Neve. Neve seemed completely unaffected by it, though; she was too concerned on causing Millicent as much pain as possible.

"Girls! I demand that you stop this at once! Fifty points from Gryffindor and Slytherin! Stop it! Boys, don't just stand there! Pry them apart!" Madam Hooch yelled. The boys all looked at her like she was crazy. Madam Hooch sighed and whipped out her wand. *"Petrificus Totalus,"* she said. Both girls entered the body bind. "Get them off my field, and hurry up so we can continue the game," Madam Hooch said, sounding a lot madder than she looked.

Harry and Ron mounted their brooms once again.

"So now we're down by a Chaser and Slytherin's down by a Beater," Ron said. Harry nodded as Madam Hooch blew the whistle. For the first time since the game started, Harry saw the little golden ball known as the Snitch. It was hovering right between he and Draco. They looked at each other. Draco flinched and went zooming off at the same time Harry did.

"Oh, no," Ginny whispered as Harry and Draco collided. They both fell to the ground. When they landed, Harry and Draco both sat up, looking very dizzy. Harry held his hand up, revealing the Snitch. Madam Hooch blew her whistle.

**"GRYFFINDOR WINS!"** she yelled. All the Gryffindors went up in applause. Harry stood and helped Draco up.

"Good game," he said. Draco was rubbing the knot that was forming fast on his head. He nodded.

"I've got to go see Aurora," he whispered. Harry smiled as Draco ran off. Harry turned around to get practically mauled by his teammates and roommates.

---

In the hospital wing, Aurora had a cast on her nose. Draco walked up beside her bed. She tried to smile, but was failing miserably. He sat down on the bed, smiling at her.

Neve was across the room, waiting as Madam Pomfrey tended to a cut on her eye.

"I am absolutely appalled at this, Miss Assante! Fighting! What nonsense is this? It is so unladylike..." Madam Pomfrey was just chewing her out. Neve sighed.

"Listen, Madam Pomfrey. Bulstrode started it! She hit Aurora with that Bludger on purpose! That wasn't fair. Look at Aurora! Her nose is broken!" Neve said. Madam Pomfrey made a noise that sounded like a cross between a cough and a snort.

"Well, you also broke Miss Bulstrode's nose and jaw, Miss Assante. Not to mention a rib. All she managed to do was scratch your eye. Young ladies don't brawl like boys, mind you." Madam Pomfrey was lighting into Neve's ass. Three beds down from Neve was Millicent, looking very beaten and bruised. She was moaning and holding her side in pain. Neve smirked in a satisfied way. "Not everyone is a Magas-in-training, Miss Assante." Madam Pomfrey stood and left, leaving Neve to sulk. She looked over at Aurora and Draco.

"All right there, Aurora?" Neve asked. Aurora nodded stiffly. Tommy came in the room after that. He went straight to Neve's bed. He was followed closely by the Tremaine twins. "Hey, guys," Neve said bluntly.

"That had to be the best fight I've ever seen! You practically murdered that girl. What was her name anyway?" Rina asked. Neve smiled.

"Millicent Bulstrode. She purposely hit a Bludger in Aurora's direction. Plus, the bitch had it coming for a while now."

"I hate to break it to you, Neve, but that's the way the game is played," Draco said. Neve glared at him.

"With intent to harm the other person, Draco? Millicent knew what she was doing because she practically mauled over a fellow Beater just to hit that Bludger at Aurora. You don't do that, Draco. Millicent has had it in for Aurora since last year in the Dueling class when Aurora beat her. I'm not stupid," Neve argued. Draco shook his head.

"You read much too far into things, Neve. Anyway, Potter ran into me as we both tried to get the Snitch. He ended up getting it. Oh well. There will be other games. I'm going to shower and get dinner. I'll see you later, love," Draco said, looking at Aurora. Aurora nodded, not daring to open her mouth. She was afraid she'd scream in pain. Neve hopped off of the bed.

"And where do you think you're going?" Lina asked Neve. Neve looked at her and smiled. Then she looked at Tommy.

"We have unfinished business," Tommy said. Draco tried really hard to ignore it. He just hoped he never caught them together again. He recoiled at the thought.

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A long way away, Giovanna Zaviera was meditating in her room at her flat in London. A knock came at her door. Nyoka was slithering around the floor, hissing all kinds of obscenities at the intruder. Giovanna sighed and went to the door.

"*Calm down, Nyoka. I'm sure it's no one*" Giovanna said in Parseltongue. The snake nodded as it took in her words. Opening the door, Giovanna came face to face with her sister and rival. Nicola stood there smiling smugly. Giovanna sighed and walked away from the door.

"Well, hello to you, too, Vanna. Looking rather ragged, aren't we?" Nicola asked, walking in. Giovanna turned and faced her sister. She sat on the couch.

"If you are referring to my attire, Nicola, then I do have days where I don't paint my face and put my nicest clothes just to sit around my house. I'm not you, thank Merlin," Giovanna said, sitting down on her couch. Nyoka slithered around her feet. Nicola looked down at the snake.

"Why on earth do you keep that damn thing, anyway, Vanna? It's bloody hideous if you ask me," Nicola asked, sitting across from her sister. Giovanna looked down at Nyoka, who was looking at Nicola with all the malevolence a snake could muster. Giovanna smiled.

"Because, Tom gave it to me. And, I don't believe I asked you to begin with. Besides, snakes are very loyal creatures, Nic. They're not at all like humans. Humans can be so spiteful and violent and conniving and hateful," Giovanna said. Nicola frowned.

"Last time I checked, snakes aren't the most kind and civil creatures in the wizarding world, Vanna. In fact, I think they're the most fearsome," Nicola said, looking at Nyoka. Giovanna sighed.

"And for that, they are respected. Why are you here, Nic?" she asked ingenuously. Nicola looked up at her sister and smiled.

"A little straightforward, aren't we Vanna? Eager to get rid of me, aren't you?" Nicola laughed. Giovanna rolled her eyes and held her hand out.

"I have half a mind to curse you into the next life. State your business with me and be off, will you? I don't want to have to be in your presence any more than necessary," Giovanna said in a very flat voice. Nicola's eyes narrowed.

"Watch it, Vanna. I am just curious as to why you've decided to come back after seventeen years. I mean, you kept the fact that Tom had children from him forever. What made you decide to return? You could've kept your children out of this whole fight," she said. Giovanna gave her sideways glance.

"Although this is none of your damn business, Nic, I will answer you. I came back because I wanted to help Tom. I, at one point in time, loved him," Giovanna said, turning away from her sister. Nicola smirked and sat back in her chair.

"You still love him, don't you? You're such a sucker for love, Vanna. He wants only one thing, Vanna. And you know exactly what it is," Nicola said. Giovanna looked at her.

"And what's that, Nic?"

"What do all men with power want?" Nicola asked. Giovanna cracked a small smile and looked out the window. She sighed deeply.

"More power. He's just using Tomás, isn't he?" Giovanna asked. Nicola nodded.

"You know he is. I've never known Tom to care for anyone but himself..." Nicola looked at her sister. Giovanna looked over at her. Their eyes met. "...and you. Something about you made him think twice. But, instead, he heard about that damn prophecy. And he left you," Nicola said. Giovanna smiled.

"That's the first relatively nice thing you've said to me since we were sixteen, Nic. Why is that?"

"Because I'm a power hungry vixen that likes making people suffer with and without magic, Vanna," Nicola said. Giovanna nodded.

"I'm glad you can admit that to yourself."

"I'm not going lie and say that I'm not. I know exactly what I am. What I don't know is what made me become this way..." Nicola's voice trailed off. Giovanna nodded, and the sisters sat in silence.

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Tommy stepped out of the portrait hole leading to the Gryffindor common room. As he turned the corner to leave the staircases, a hand grabbed him by the collar of his shirt. Before Tommy could protest, he was thrown into an empty classroom. Falling on the floor, he looked up at the culprits. Neville and Draco stood there, looking smugly down at him. Draco held Tommy's wand. Although these were the **LAST** two people you'd expect to work together, they seemed to be pretty intent on intimidating Tommy.

Tommy stood and dusted himself off.

"What is your two's problem? Who spit in your coffee?" he asked, sounding a little tired. Neville looked at Draco, who was way ahead of him. Draco pushed Tommy into a chair and mumbled something, pointing his wand. Tommy tried to stand back up, but found that he couldn't. Draco looked at him.

"Sit. Shut up. We talk. You don't," Neville said rather calmly. Tommy frowned, but did not voice his thoughts. Draco smirked and looked smugly at him. "So you fancy, Neve, huh?" Neville asked. Tommy raised an eyebrow.

"What business is of yours who I fancy and who I don't? If Neve likes me and I like her, why do you care?" Tommy asked. Draco pointed his wand and a mild electric shock went through Tommy.

"Wrong answer. This is a yes or no interrogation, Zaviera. Next time, I won't be so lenient. Answer Longbottom's question," Draco said. Tommy made a face.

"Yes, I do, and I suppose she fancies me as well," Tommy said. Neville nodded and looked at Draco.

"Listen up, Zaviera. Neve's been through a lot the past year. The last thing I want to see is her hurt. Both Longbottom and I have grown a kind of brotherly love for Neve. If she so much as breaks a nail because of you, I will kill you with my bare hands. If you hurt her emotionally, I won't kill you. I will just make you wish I had killed you. This conversation doesn't leave this room. Got it?" Draco asked, putting his wand a mere five millimeters from Tommy's face. Tommy frowned up at him with all the malice he could muster.

"Answer him, Tommy," Neville said. He didn't look the least bit like he was going to help Tommy if Draco did "accidentally" let a curse fly. Tommy still didn't say anything.

"Tomás," Draco said, putting the tip of his wand on the tip of Tommy's nose. Draco seemed to be really enjoying himself.

"Fine. Whatever you say, Malfoy," Tommy said. Draco stood there for a second. Then another electric shock ran through Tommy's body. This one was more powerful than the first. Tommy fell out of seat, suddenly able to move. Neville snickered, and Draco put his wand away.

"Sorry about that, mate. It slipped." Draco tossed Tommy back his wand as he stood up. Tommy's eyes burned with hatred. When the two other boys left the room, Tommy just stood there, his temples beginning to hurt.

"When the final battle comes, he'll be the first one to go," he mumbled. Then, Tommy's arm began burning. He looked at it. Where the Dark Mark had been burned into his arm, letters were forming. Tommy squinted at it. There was a message.

The Gryffindor common room fire.

2:45 am

DO NOT BE LATE

As the words disappeared, the burning sensation did also. Tommy covered his arm back up and walked out of the classroom. As he walked out, he almost ran into Ava. She paused and looked at him.

"Tommy, es-tu bon?" she asked in French. Tommy nodded. He looked at her. The expression on Ava's face clearly stated that she believed he was lying straight through his teeth.

"Really, Ava. I'm fine," Tommy said. Ava nodded apprehensively. Then she looked in the room behind him.

"Why were you in there?" she asked. Tommy sighed.

"Ava, what is this? Twenty questions? When did you become so interested in what I do?" Tommy snapped. Ava glared at her brother. She stared at him long and hard. Tommy looked in her eyes. Ava stepped back.

"Fine then, Tommy. Keep your thoughts to your damn self." With that, Ava stormed off. Tommy watched her go. He didn't like keeping things from his sister, but this was for her own good. He wasn't too sure he wanted her mixed up with the Death Eaters and their father. Ava was a very powerful witch. She could easily defend herself. After reassuring himself that he was doing the right thing in keeping Ava out of it, he turned to go the Great Hall.

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At 2:45 that night, Tommy slunk out of his dorm and made sure no one was there. He looked at the fireplace. Sitting there for about three minutes, the flames rose brightly, revealing the face of his father. He looked even more intimidating in a fire than in person.

"Well, what have you got to tell me, Tomás?" he asked. Tommy frowned at his curtness.

"Hello to you, too, **DAD**. I haven't found out much except that there are now several guards here. They're from the Magi. So, it would be quite foolish to attack the school. There are also these girls whose parents are Magi. Maybe you've heard of them. Their surname is...let me think...Turner? Trellis? Truman?" Tommy racked his brain. Voldemort's eyes widened considerably.

"Tremaine?" he asked. Tommy snapped his fingers and nodded.

"That's it. Celerina and Catalina Tremaine, a.k.a. Rina and Lina. Plus, they're older sister is one of the guards here. I think her name was Cy or something like that." Tommy heard rustling in the background. Then he saw a woman in the background. She pushed Voldemort unceremoniously out of the way.

"You said Tremaine?" the woman asked. Tommy squinted at her. She reminded him of his mother.

"Yeah. Who are you?" Tommy asked. The woman smirked.

"I'm Lady Nicola Feleti, Tomás. I'm sure Vanna didn't tell you about me. I'm your aunt, your mother's younger sister. Now, how many Tremaines are there at the school?" she asked. Tommy counted on his fingers.

"Six. Two are sixth-years. Then you have a third-year, Camilla, a second-year, can't remember her name, and a first-year, Carmelita. The sixth one is one of the guards. I think her name was Cytheria. What is it with the Tremaines?" Tommy asked. Nicola smirked.

"I'm literally shocked that Ricardo sent his finest Magi. Wait until they see our secret weapon. They shall be pleasantly surprised." Nicola was smiling evilly. Then she walked out of sight. Voldemort's face came back.

"She didn't answer my question," Tommy said.

"Right you are. The Tremaines are like a dynasty or clan. All of them have always been Aurors or Magi for almost five centuries. They are extremely good at what they do and are not to be taken lightly. Become friends with the twins. They are relatively powerful ones. They've been in training since they were twelve. Stay out of Cytheria Tremaine's way. She's a real tough one. Have you been getting close to anyone?"

"No," Tommy lied. Voldemort stared at him.

"You're lying, Tomás. I know when you lie. Who've you been getting acquainted with?" he asked. Tommy looked down.

"Neve Assante," he whispered. Voldemort almost smiled. Tommy looked at him with question written all over his face. "Why is that good? Why are you smirking like that?"

"I captured Neveah Assante last year. I held her for ransom. A real spirited and headstrong witch, that one. She's very high maintenance. It is good that you've been getting acquainted with her. Get as much information out of her as possible. This is where I leave you." Before Tommy could protest using Neve in that way, Voldemort was gone. He sighed and headed back up to his dormitory.

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Several days later, Harry woke up in his bed. It was abnormally early. Ron was snoring next to him with his mouth wide open. Harry smirked. He'd always told Ron that one day, something was going to fly in his mouth while he was sleeping. After lying there for quite some time, he decided to go down to the common room.

When he reached the balcony above the common room, Harry's breath caught in his throat. A girl with thick brown hair was sitting in one of the plush armchairs, staring into the fire. Harry took a step, and the floor creaked. The girl turned her head and smiled. Harry bounded down the stairs as the girl stood.

"**HERMIONE!**" He hugged her as tight as he could. Hermione was practically choking. Harry realized what he was doing and released her. Hermione stepped back from him and smiled.

"Hi, Harry. I've missed you, too," she said, giggling. Then, her face dropped as she looked past Harry. Harry turned around and saw Ron standing there. He walked over to the two and looked down at Hermione, who is relatively short compared to Ron.

"Hi, Mione," he said. Hermione looked down. Harry took this as his cue to leave the room. He went back up to his room. Ron smiled down at her. "Mione?" he asked quietly. Then, Hermione threw her arms around his neck. This feat was incredibly hard to do. She literally had to jump in order to accomplish it. Ron caught her. She started sobbing in his chest.

"Oh, Ron," she cried. Ron's eyes were wide with shock. He rubbed her back and carried her to the plush sofa.

"Mione, it's okay. Please stop crying," he said gently as he sat her down. Hermione was sniffing like there was no tomorrow. Ron had to try his hardest not to laugh at her. Her face was all rosy and pink, and she looked radiant as the fire played tricks with her face. Hermione wiped her eyes and looked at Ron. He was watching her smugly.

"What are you smirking at? I thought you were going to hate me," she said. Ron shook his head.

"No, I'm not mad...**ANYMORE.** I was at first, but then I realized why you didn't tell me at first. I was madder at the others than you, per se. They had to deal with me. Plus, you know I can't stay mad at you for more than five minutes no matter how hard I try. I've missed you so much." Ron kissed her. Hermione let herself melt into him. When they came up for air, Hermione looked into his eyes.

"Has anything worthwhile happened while I was gone?" she asked. Ron laughed.

"Well, aside from the fact that Harry and I have had no one to copy for our History of Magic essays... nothing. Except at the first Quidditch match of the season. It was us against Slytherin. Millicent Bulstrode hit a Bludger at Aurora on purpose. She clearly wanted to hurt her. It hit Aurora right in the face," Ron laughed. Hermione frowned.

"Ron, I don't find that funny at all..." she began. Ron shushed her.

"That's not what I'm laughing about. Yeah, we were all really worried about Aurora. The funny part was that Neve saw the whole thing from start to finish. She came down to the pitch, and she was **LIVID**. After Aurora was taken away, Madam Hooch was questioning us. Neve said something in Italian or whatnot. I'm sure it wasn't very pleasant. Then she launched herself at Millicent. Talk about catfights. It was like watching two lionesses going at it. It was classic. Madam Hooch had the audacity to ask us to pry them apart. I wasn't trying to die. She ended up just putting them in body binds." Ron was openly laughing now.

"Is Neve all right? I mean, Millicent Bulstrode tried to kill me in second-year during that Dueling Club practice. She's no pixie, you know."

"Oh, Neve is fine. Millicent was a different story though. Neve really did a number on her. Broken jaw and everything. Neve came out of it with a couple of cracked knuckles and a scratch under her eye. That was it. Aurora broke her nose," Ron said, looking off as if he was remembering something. Hermione shook her head.

"Ron?" she said, looking sternly at him. Ron put a finger to her lips.

"Shhh. I don't want to talk about any of that anymore. Just lay with me tonight," he said quietly. Hermione nodded, and in seconds, they were out of it together on that couch.

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Harry came out of the dormitory and saw Ron and Hermione. Ginny was with him.

"Now isn't that cute? I'm glad they've made up," Ginny said. Harry nodded.

"We'll know for sure in the morning, I guarantee you. They'll be yelling at each other again in no time," Harry said. Ginny looked slyly at Harry. Harry looked back at her. He was examining the look in her eyes. He knew exactly what she was thinking. "Let's go," he whispered. Ginny smiled, and they went to Harry's dormitory. Harry put a Silencing Charm on his bed, and pulled the curtains.

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**So esattamente ciò che è successo. Quella ragazza scervellata** = I know exactly what happened. That brainless girl.

**es-tu bon** = Are you okay

## Chapter 7: Too Blind

*Chapter 8 of 17*

Voldemort and Nicola chat while Giovanna reminisces.



## The End

### Chapter 7: Too Blind

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Nicola Feleti walked merrily into the room where Voldemort sat. She leaned up against the wall, eyeing him with interest. Nicola pulled her hood back revealing her vibrant red hair. She heard Voldemort sigh heavily.

"What is it that you want, Nicola?" he asked. Nicola smiled and walked around his chair. She conjured one up and sat down in it. Voldemort never took his eyes off of her. Nicola looked into the man's eyes.

"Such a harsh gaze that you have, Tom. Why do insist on looking like you'll kill someone on a whim? You look positively terrifying if you ask me," Nicola said. Voldemort glared at her. Nicola sighed. He was more like her sister than he knew.

"Thankfully, I didn't ask your opinion on my facial expressions. Do you always talk this much? Anyway, you still have yet to tell me what your business is with me, Nicola. Are you going to do that sometime within this century?" Voldemort said. Nicola nodded and intertwined her small, chubby fingers.

"Well, your evilness, do you remember the disappearance of the second Tremaine daughter?" Nicola asked. Voldemort sighed.

"Yes. They tend to pin things like that on you. What about the disappearance of that girl? What relevance does this have with what we are trying to do now?" he asked. Nicola shook her head.

"So very straightforward! You and Vanna really need to take chill pills or something. You two get on my damn nerves with that. Anyway, I did not kidnap... what was her name... Chaylse Tremaine. I know who did, however. Surely you've heard of Enrique Consuelo, right? He's a very prominent and feared Spanish Dark wizard. Well, Enrique became very interested in the Tremaine clan, since they produce such extraordinarily powerful witches and wizards," Nicola said. Voldemort looked at her with a very bored expression on his face.

"Significance, Nicola. Significance," he muttered. Nicola pretended that she didn't hear him.

"Anyway, Enrique kidnapped the Tremaine girl in order to train her to become a Dark witch. He partially erased her memory and trained her to become very powerful. She might even rival Chrissy and Clyde, her parents. Those two are said to be the most powerful Magi on the face of the earth. Well, since Enrique is always willing to help me out in my conquests, I thought it would be nice to use the Tremaine girl as either bait or as a warrior. What are your thoughts on this, Tom?" Nicola said. Voldemort looked at her with interest in his narrow eyes.

"It sounds like a good plan, Nicola. How do we know that this girl won't turn on us?" he asked. Nicola scratched her head.

"Well, we don't know that. But, it is always possible that we could kill her to get what we want out of her parents. Or, we could at least threaten to kill her. It really doesn't matter to me, Tom. You know how I just **LOVE** using the Unforgivable Curses. Not to mention Le Maledizione Pericolose," Nicola said. Voldemort nodded.

"Fine. We'll entrust the help of this Tremaine girl. I want to meet her first. Contact Consuelo as soon as possible. Voldemort said. Then he glanced even harder at Nicola. "Why are you so eager to help me? I thought you despised me," he said. Nicola smiled and sat back in her armchair.

"Well, Tom, I have always found you quite intriguing. Plus, I think I've already stated this, but I heard about Vanna's return to you; I really had to see it to believe it. There is also no way you're going to win this war unless you have my help, and you know it. I rival you in expertise and power, and you know that as well. The problem with that is that your head is too far up your arse to admit it to yourself and to me," Nicola stated placidly. Voldemort's eyes narrowed.

"You always had a problem with talking to damn much, Nicola. Some things just do not need to be said," he said. Nicola smirked.

"Only if they are not true, my dear Tom. In this case, they are. Plus, you are such a blind idiot," Nicola said. Voldemort raised an eyebrow.

"And what, pray tell, do mean by that?" he asked. Nicola shook her head, her bushy hair shaking also.

"Tom, have you not really sat and pondered why Vanna came back? Are you really that dense?"

"She told me why she came back. She wanted to help me, right?" Voldemort asked. Nicola nodded.

"That's what she told me as well, Tom. The thing about that is, she's not telling us the whole truth. Yes, it might be true that she actually wanted to help you. If I was Vanna, I would've never come back. Has it ever occurred to you that maybe Vanna knows something that we don't know?" Nicola asked.

"No. Why would she know something and not tell me?" Voldemort asked. Nicola looked at him like he'd grown antlers. Then she chuckled to himself.

"It is obvious that she's keeping something from us. It is not my place to reveal it to you, though. I won't do this because, one, I don't know, and two, it really is none of my business. I'll let Vanna come clean on her own. Why did you leave Vanna, Tom? You knew she loved you."

"I had a duty to fulfill," Voldemort stated calmly. Nicola shook her head. "Plus, the last time I checked, she left me."

"No, actually, you left her. After you left, she left from here because she knew you were not coming back. You were just too caught up in all that Death Eater bull. There is one true reason that Vanna did not disclose to you as to why she came back, Tom. Aside from the one we all ready know and the one she is keeping from us, there is also an obvious one," Nicola said. Voldemort looked away from her. He furrowed his eyebrows.

"And what is that, might I ask?" he said. Nicola frowned.

"You really are that daft, aren't you? I can see why she likes you, Tom. Even though you are not too bright, you really can't tell why Vanna is here? It's so bloody obvious. I'm sure even that Lestrangle dame could tell you what it is," Nicola said, throwing her hands up. Voldemort looked back at her with an expression of genuine confusion. Nicola sighed. "She loved you at one point in time, Tom. The thing that eats at Vanna is that she still does, no matter how hard she tries not to."

"Giovanna loves me?" Voldemort asked, quite mystified.

"Oh, Tom. I agree with Dumbledore when he says that there are still many things in this world that you will never understand. One of them is women, and the other is love. The reason that Vanna wants to help you is because she loves you. She would've happily stayed with you seventeen years ago. Vanna would've given her life for you.

**YOU** were just too damn blind to see that. After you two parted ways, she found out she was pregnant. I keep forgetting that under all that exterior, you are still just a mere man that doesn't understand a bloody thing having to do with emotions and women."

"I still don't understand why she just didn't tell me that..." Voldemort said, his voice trailing off. Nicola was starting to feel as if she was a marriage counselor. She sighed deeply.

"Listen, Tom. I, once upon a time, was a mother. As you've probably guessed, I haven't seen my daughter for years. I couldn't take the responsibility, so I left her on some Muggles' doorstep here. That was after Gianni died. So, I wouldn't really know what went on in Vanna's mind when she made her choice. I can, however, see why she made it. If you'd known about your children, surely someone else would've found out. From what I've heard about that Snape fellow, he betrayed you. So, if he found out about Tomás and Avarielle, he would've told someone else. That third party could've been someone in Dumbledore's camp."

"That still doesn't expl..."

"Put yourself in Vanna's shoes. Children aren't expendable, Tom. They are definitely not like your followers whom you can just dispose of at free will. Vanna was probably thinking in terms of your children's safety. She thought they would be far better off growing up away from all of that killing and brutality. Therefore, she kept everything from you. It also didn't help that a year after they were born, you disappeared, never to be heard from again for ten years. Wasn't that when that Potter boy started attending Hogwarts? Would you have wanted your children to witness all of that and live in hiding all of their lives?" Nicola asked Voldemort. Voldemort had been silent as she spoke. He finally blinked and shook his head.

"No. I'm not **THAT** bloody vile and evil, Nicola. I don't take any particular pleasure in killing children. The only reason I went after the Potter boy is because of the prophecy," Voldemort stated. Nicola nodded.

"Well, I suggest that you make very good use of Vanna's time. Plus, I really think you owe her an apology after all this time. You really put in on her hard, you know," Nicola said placidly, starting to file her nails. Voldemort snorted.

"You should be talking. That's like the pot calling the kettle black. You slept with me, Nicola. Shouldn't you be apologizing for that?" he asked. Nicola looked up slowly from her nails at Voldemort, her eyes wide. In a flash, she had transfigured the file into a sharp knife. She held it against his neck. Voldemort tilted his head back. He looked in Nicola's eyes.

"If you **EVER** mention that again, Harry Potter will be the least of your worries, Tom. I lament doing that to this very day. I try to forget about it every day, and I don't like it being brought up like that. So, do I make myself clear?" Nicola asked, fire burning in her eyes. Voldemort smirked and nodded. Nicola stood up straight and transfigured the knife back into a nail file.

"Crystal, Nicola. Crystal. You were always the aggressor, Nicola," he said, rubbing where the knife had been poking him. Nicola smiled evilly.

"Always, Tom. Always and forever."

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In London, Giovanna sat on her balcony, watching the sun set. The colors along the horizon looked even more radiant as the lights below in the city flashed their neon colors. Giovanna sighed and closed her eyes, remembering the time when she was truly happy with Voldemort.

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## **October 19**

### **18 years ago...**

A 23-year-old Giovanna Zaviera walked up to the doors of the Riddle house. There were several Death Eaters looming about the premises. All of them looked at her as she passed. Giovanna stared all of them directly in the eyes. Knocking on the door, a tall man opened it.

"Hello, Mistress Zaviera," he said jovially. Giovanna nodded as she stepped in.

"Hello, Felix. Is Tom here?" she asked. The man now known as Felix nodded. He pointed to Nagini, Voldemort's snake.

"Follow Nagini," he stated simply. Giovanna nodded and walked along the snake. Nagini guided her into a dark room with a fire lit. The room was bare all except for a red armchair and a large bed. Giovanna stood in the doorway, gazing at the back of the chair. She saw a hand motion for her to come nearer.

"Come in, Giovanna. Do not linger at the door. It is quite rude," a cold voice said. Giovanna'd known this man for quite some time now, but his voice still sent shivers down her spine. She smiled and walked forward slowly. The hand now had a wand in it. It conjured up a chair. Giovanna sat in it and looked at the man.

"How did you know it was me, Tom?" she asked. She saw Voldemort smirk under his hood. He turned his gaze towards her.

"I always know when you come to visit me, Giovanna. That's the joy of being me. What brings you to my home at this late hour?" Voldemort asked. Giovanna smiled and looked down.

"I just wanted to see you. You know I can't go long without seeing you, Tom. It's nearly impossible. Plus, Spain can get so boring. I have no one to talk to. Did I tell you that Nic got married?" Giovanna asked. Voldemort shook his head.

"Nicola Janis Chenille Zaviera got married? Oh, that's rich. I really need to see the man who could tame that wild animal. You're sister is virtually uncontrollable. Who did she marry?" Voldemort asked. Giovanna laughed at his antics.

"She married some easily manipulated git named Lord Gianni Feleti. He's Italian and very rich. Plus, it was really easy to see who wears the pants in that house. Nic, of course. She's a demon, that one. Now, she's even more of one. Anyway, is this some sort of meeting? I'm not intruding or anything, am I?" Giovanna asked. Voldemort shook his head.

"A scout is supposed to be coming by. Other than that, nothing is happening tonight," Voldemort said calmly. Giovanna nodded. She sat back in the chair, sighing and closing her eyes. Voldemort took this time to explain something to her. "Giovanna?" he asked. Giovanna opened her eyes and looked at Voldemort.

"Hmmm?"

"I do not think it is wise for you to visit me so frequently. I wouldn't want anyone to find out that you and I are... you know," he said. Giovanna looked at him as though he was speaking Japanese.

"You don't want me in harm's way is what you mean to say, isn't it?" she asked. Voldemort nodded. Giovanna crossed her arms. "You think I cannot take care of myself, Tom? Is that it?" Giovanna asked. Voldemort shook his head immediately. "Then what is it?"

"Well, I just don't want anything to happen. I would hate to see you go to Azkaban when you've done nothing wrong," Voldemort said softly. Giovanna raised an eyebrow.

"Let's get something straight, my dear 'Lord Voldemort.' I would happily go to Azkaban for your sins in order to keep you out. I'd do anything. I'm probably more loyal than any of those Death Eaters you've got out there. I do think the Lestranges are really loyal. But, that's besides the point. Tom, you don't have to worry about me. I can handle myself very well. If I go to Azkaban, I would've definitely earned it..." Giovanna stopped as the door opened. A woman stood there. She looked back and forth between Giovanna and Voldemort.

"My lord, I'm sorry to interrupt, but..." she started. Voldemort sighed. Giovanna sank back in her chair.

"What is it?"

"Edison Wyndham is here to report. He's says it is really important," she said. Voldemort nodded. He looked over in Giovanna's direction. Giovanna nodded.

"Sorry, love. Duty calls." Voldemort rose. Giovanna watched him go and then looked back in the fire.

Voldemort entered a room. A rather short man was standing in the middle. Voldemort walked up to him. He looked down on him.

"You're Wyndham?" he asked. The man nodded meekly, obviously afraid for his life. Voldemort rolled his eyes. "Well? What is that you have to tell me? I'm entertaining and I do not have all day," he asked. Wyndham nodded.

"My lord, I was in the Hog's Head Inn, and I overheard a Seer giving Dumbledore a prophecy involving you and another." The man stammered through his words. Voldemort raised an eyebrow.

"You have engaged my interest. What was in this prophecy?" Voldemort asked. Wyndham looked around.

"My lord, it said that the one with power to vanquish you will be born at the end of July next year. He will be born to parents that have thrice defied you. That was all I heard before I was thrown out," Wyndham said. Voldemort nodded. He looked introspective for a moment, then looked at Rodolphus Lestrangle.

"Rodolphus, who has escaped me three times and are getting ready to have children?" Voldemort asked. Rodolphus looked at his wife Bellatrix. She shrugged.

"I have no idea, my lord," Rodolphus answered. Voldemort nodded. Lucius Malfoy stepped forward.

"Actually, my lord, I believe both the Longbottoms and the Potters are about to give birth to children. Their children should be born around the same time, in July I believe." Lucius said. Voldemort smiled. "Which one do you deem more of a problem, my lord?" Lucius asked. Voldemort again looked thoughtful for a moment.

"The Potters. They are relatively crafty and smart," he said simply. He turned to his servants. "Find them. By now, I'm sure that fool Dumbledore has put them into hiding. This meeting is adjourned." Voldemort left the room. He returned to the room where Giovanna was. She turned and looked at him. Smiling she stood up.

"You're still here," Voldemort said. Giovanna nodded. She untied her cloak. Voldemort watched her movements. Giovanna unzipped her dress. It fell to the floor also. Voldemort looked at her with wide eyes as she continued walking forward and stripping. When she reached him, she was stark naked. Giovanna took the pin out of her hair. It fell to her shoulders and down her back.

"Yep. I haven't gone anywhere," she whispered in his ear.

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**July 18**

**17 years ago...**

Giovanna looked at her twins. She still hadn't gotten around to telling their father about them. They slept peacefully. She'd named them Tomás and Avarielle. They were beautiful children and Tomas looked almost exactly like his father's younger self with exception of his eyes. Avarielle had inherited those.

I can't tell him, yet. If he finds out, then more people will find out. Then, they'll be marked for death. I can't let that happen*she thought. She looked out the window of her house in Spain.* Tom, wherever you are, please be safe. For Tomás and Avarielle's sake*she thought wistfully.*

## Chapter 8: Ava vs. Hermione

*Chapter 9 of 17*

Ava and Hermione lock horns. Tommy meets with "Daddy Dearest" again.

### The End

Chapter 8: Ava vs. Hermione

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Harry stared at Aislin in Potions. She was talking about something. Harry couldn't make out the words she was saying. It just looked like her lips were going in slow motion. Harry blinked once, twice, three times...

"**HARRY!**" a voice yelled. Harry's eyes flew open. Aislin was standing over him, looking extremely pissed. Next to him, Ava nudged him in the side. Harry flinched and shot a nasty look at Ava who shrugged. Then he turned his eyes back to the raging witch named Aislin Douglas.

"Yes, Professor?" Harry asked meekly. Aislin sighed, looking down on the poor boy.

"Are you a little tired, Mr. Potter?" Aislin asked, crossing her arms. Harry shook his head at an alarming speed. Aislin raised an eyebrow.

"I was just resting my eyes, Professor," Harry said quietly. Aislin's eyes continued staring down into him.

"Isn't that the same thing as sleeping?" Aislin asked. Hermione turned her head and opened her mouth to say something. As if sensing her oncoming argument, Aislin shot her a malicious look. Hermione turned back to her potion, not uttering a sound. Harry shook his head slowly. Aislin smirked wickedly. "Twenty points from Gryffindor and take another five for Miss Granger's attempted comeback." Aislin turned to walk back to the front of the classroom.

"But I didn't even say anything!" Hermione screeched. Aislin turned her direction, smiling evilly.

"You did just then, didn't you? What you've really gotta think about now is if you would've said something if I hadn't said anything." Aislin smiled. Hermione made a frown so deep, it looked as if her face was going to be permanently stuck that way. Draco and Aurora snickered quietly.

---

At lunch in the Great Hall, Hermione was fuming about Aislin. She was just shooting off at the mouth to the Tremaine sisters and the Assante sisters. They all watched her with wide eyes, and she was just laying into Aislin.

"What an evil little... ooohh! She makes me so mad sometimes. How are you going to take ten bloody points for me not even saying anything? That is so unfair. Then, because she took the points, I made an outburst, and she said that's what caused it in the first place. That doesn't even make any sense! She basically egged me on!" Hermione fussed. Ron and Harry sighed.

"She's been mental about that all day, mate. I'm afraid to just tell her to drop it. She might chuck a book or something at me," Ron said through a roll in his mouth. Harry nodded and looked back over in Hermione's way. She was still going on about it when Ava and Draco graced everyone with their presence.

"Potter, Weasley," Draco said, sitting next to Aurora. Harry and Ron nodded in his direction. Aurora sighed.

"When will you all start calling each other by your given names?" Aurora asked. Draco raised an eyebrow.

"What? Potter and Weasley aren't their given names? I honestly didn't know that. How did you know, Aurora?" Draco asked in a teasing tone. Aurora glared at him with all the malevolence she could muster. Harry and Ron snickered and looked down at their plates.

"You know very well what I mean, Draco Malfoy. Call them by their first names," Aurora said through her teeth. Draco shrugged.

"Harry and Ron just doesn't sound right coming from his lips, Aurora," Neve said. Draco, Ron, and Harry all nodded.

"I already can't stand calling him Draco. It's been Malfoy since the day we met," Ron said coolly. Aurora rolled her eyes.

Meanwhile, Ava was getting very tired of listening to Hermione's tirade of insults on Aislin. She'd been listening to them since they'd left Potions nearly two hours ago, and it was really starting to take its toll on Ava's patience. Sighing very loudly, she got the attention of everyone. She turned toward Hermione.

"*Pourquoi vous ne vous taisez pas just&*" she asked. Hermione looked at her with a surprised look. Ava stared right back at her. Tommy leaned over to his sister.

"Do you realize that you are speaking in French?" he asked. Ava looked at him. Tommy nodded. Sighing, she turned back towards Hermione.

"Why don't you just shut up? We get the point that Aislin was being a bit unfair. You've been going on about this for about four hours, and it's really getting annoying. Complain about something else," Ava said. All was silent as everyone turned to look at Hermione's reaction to Ava's words.

"What?" was all Hermione said. Ava sighed.

"*Donc vous ne parlez pas d'anglais maintenant? J'ai dit pourquoi ne font pas vous fermez ce trou dans votre visage. Personne ne veut entendre votre fait de plaindre stupide tout le jour.*"

"You're speaking in French again, Ava," Tommy mumbled.

"She understands me," Ava said. Everyone looked at Hermione, who somehow looked even angrier than she did before.

"You understand French?" Ron asked. Hermione nodded.

"I took it at school before I started at Hogwarts. My parents liked visiting Paris when I was younger. It's like their second home or something. Listen **AVARIELLE**, I'll say what I want, when I want to say it. No one else here seems to mind it." Hermione turned to face Ava. "*Pourquoi tu ne reculez pas juste et allez et boudez ailleurs? Personne n'a besoin de votre attitude renfrognée pour toujours casser l'humeur,*" Hermione said. Ava and Hermione continued to stare at each other with spiteful looks in their eyes. The others could practically see the lightning crackling between the two. Then, Ava got up abruptly and stormed off.

"Well, that went rather well," Harry said with blunt sarcasm in his voice. Ginny laughed as Hermione shot him a glare of doom.

"And the rivalry begins," Draco said.

"What do you mean by that? There is no rivalry between us," she said. Ginny sighed.

"Oh, come off it, Granger. If Ava went here her entire school career, she would probably be Head Girl instead of you. That or Dumbledore would have a mighty hard time choosing between the two of you. The girl has all the same classes as you and is the only one in the school with the same grades. When I say the same grades, I mean the exact same. You are both tied," Draco said. Hermione frowned at him.

"I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about. I have the highest scores on everything," Hermione said.

"Sorry to push you off your 'throne,' Granger. Ava is just as good as you in everything," Draco said. Hermione frowned and stood up.

"Look, **MALFOY**, I don't have to listen to this. I'll be in the library. See you in class," Hermione said. With that, she was gone in a swirl of her robes. Ron watched her go.

"I told you she's straight psychotic," he mumbled to Harry. Hermione whirled around, glaring at Ron.

"I heard that, Ronald," she said. Then, with her brown hair swinging, she disappeared out of the doors. Ron looked at Harry who was laughing his head off.

"Yeah, she's really psychotic, Ron," he said in gasps of air.

"Sod off, Harry."

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Two days later, Tommy and Neve were sitting outside, watching Draco and Aurora pelt each other with snowballs. Tommy thought this was as good a time as any to start asking Neve questions about the group.

"So, tell me about your training, Neve," Tommy said. Neve looked over at him as Draco got in the face with snow, knocking him backwards. Aurora nearly fell over with laughter.

"Well, training to become a Magas is really hard work. I'm not too good at the spell casting stuff. I would probably say I'm mediocre to above average. I like other methods," Neve said slyly. Tommy smiled.

"Other methods?" he asked. Neve smiled.

"Well, I like Muggle weaponry and hand-to-hand combat. I pretty sure I could beat your arse. How do you think I managed to beat up Millicent Bulstrode? The girl is twice my size. The only person I have a remotely hard time with is Draco. He's not the strongest person, but he is the fastest. Almost as fast as me. Plus, I also like espionage. I could be a spy if I wanted to." She said.

"What does everyone else excel at?" Tommy asked. Neve looked up at the clear sky. By now, Ginny, Harry, Hermione, and Ron had joined the fight, and it was girls against boys.

"Well, Harry's extremely good at Soliopathy. He's better than most people who've been practicing it for years since he's a natural. Aurora's okay at Soliopathy, but she is better at telepathy. Harry seems to have thrown telepathy off and doesn't really practice it. Ginny's a Shai and a partial telepath. Hermione is above average in almost everything. Draco is good with magical weaponry; mainly the enchanted arrows. Neville is good at various charms, especially medical ones. Ron is the best at almost everything. I've never fought him, but I'd expect him to be pretty tough. He almost killed Harry last year when he found Ginny and him together. That was a great fight." Neve looked at the two boys, who were throwing snowballs at a pretty fast rate.

"You mean to tell me that those two got into a fight and Ron almost murdered Harry? I thought they were best mates," Tommy said. Neve nodded.

"Well, Ron had a mildly good reason. I mean, Ginny is his younger and only sister. He was just being protective of her. Harry's a pretty good fighter, but Ron managed to break not one, but two ribs. Both punctured one of Harry's lungs. I think that may be Ron's greatest weakness: his temper," Neve said. Hermione was now wrestling Ron in the snow. She was rubbing his face in the snow before he rounded on her, causing her to go flying backwards. Neve chuckled a little.

"So, you all have weaknesses?"

"Well, yeah. Everyone has at least one weakness, right? Ginny's weakness is so obviously Harry. She'd do just about anything for that boy. Hermione's weakness, believe it or not, is being so damn smart. Aurora's weakness is that she's entirely too nice. She believes in giving people second chances or what not. That's a load of shit if I ever heard one, if you ask me. My philosophy is this: If you're bold enough to do it in the first place, you're bold enough to take the consequences and repercussions. Neville's weakness is clumsiness. I am surprised the boy doesn't tie his shoes together in the morning. Draco and Harry have the same weakness, amazingly. They are so much alike, and yet they don't even know it," Neve said. Tommy looked eagerly at her.

"What is it?" Neve looked Tommy in the eyes.

"I think I'm the only one that sees it. They firmly believe that they both have no weakness. The truth about that is that they really don't have a weakness. They just tend to want to do things by themselves, and they don't think they need anyone's help. It's a really sad thing, to tell you the truth. They are both way too independent for their own good. One day, it will be their downfall. So, technically, their weakness is the fact that they try to avoid having a weakness. They try to keep us from being their weakness, but what they don't see is that because they do that, we will always be their weakness. Understand?" Neve asked. Tommy nodded. Neville, Luna, Rina, Ava, Lina, Seamus, and Dean had now joined the fight. They now had barriers and blockades out of snow built.

"Wow. That's pretty deep. You never did say what your weakness is," Tommy said. Neve looked at him.

"Now, I don't have a weakness, Tomás. Never have and never will. I'm way too strong to have a weakness," Neve said. Tommy smiled and leaned in for a kiss. Suddenly, a rather large ball hit them both in the face. They turned toward the group to see them all laughing like hyenas, and Draco standing there with a smug look on his face. Neve frowned and got up. "So you wanna play dirty, huh, Draco?" Neve balled up some snow and began hitting anyone within distance. Tommy laughed, but stopped as his arm began burning lightly. Raising up his sleeve, he looked down at his arm.

## The Gryffindor common room fire

### Tuesday morning at

3:30 am

### DO NOT BE LATE

Tommy sighed heavily then got up to join the fight, brushing off his discomfort. He didn't like using Neve, but it was necessary.

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That Monday in Defense Against the Dark Arts/Dueling, Professor Catriona Onsu was looking very lackadaisical as she watched the Dean and Seamus going at it. Sighing as Dean finally disarmed Seamus, she stood up, clapping.

"Very good, you two. Finnigan, you need to work on being quicker. Who wants to go next?" Onsu looked out around her students. No one dared to meet her in the eye. Sighing, the brunette professor scanned the room. "Granger, you and... let's see... Zaviera." Onsu said. Hermione nodded and stood. Tommy stood also, thinking that Onsu meant him. Onsu shook her head. "Not you, Tomás. Avarielle, you go," Onsu said. Hermione's jaw dropped as Ava stood and glided over to the dueling stage. Ron and Harry exchanged cautious glances. "You know the rules, ladies. Anything goes with you two, since you've had exceptionally good training. On my clap..." Onsu clapped, and the dynamic duel began.

"This ought to be interesting," Harry whispered to Ron. Ron nodded slowly, watching the two girls exchange murderous glances. Hermione was first to draw her wand.

"*Expelliarmus!*" she yelled. Ava threw up a barrier with her wand. The spell disintegrated and Hermione frowned.

"*Rictusempra!*" Ava blasted Hermione backwards. Hermione stood quickly, shrugging off the tickling sensation, and then pointed her wand forcefully at her opponent.

"*Tarantallegra!*" she screamed. Ava was hit this time, and her legs went crazy against their will.

"*Finite Incantatem.*" Ava muttered, pointing her wand at her legs. Hermione was smiling smugly. Ava stood up. "*Gli Scarafaggi Seguono!*" she yelled. Everyone looked amazed. No one had ever heard this curse before. Hermione dodged, but the curse followed her relentlessly. It finally hit her. She flew forward onto the ground. Standing up, she glared at Ava, who was smiling very complacently.

"Wipe that smirk off your face, Avarielle. This is far from over."

"Yes, it is. You'll be reaping the rewards of that little curse in about two minutes anyway. Shall we continue?" Ava asked. Hermione looked at her for a moment, as if trying to read something.

In the audience, Aurora looked as though she was trying to comprehend something. Draco noticed her look.

"What are you thinking, Aurora?" he asked. Aurora looked over at him.

"Most spells are in Latin and resemble Italian a bit. The thing about it is that I know exactly what she just said, but that cannot be what that particular spell does," Aurora said. Draco looked confused. Aurora sighed. "*Gli Scarafaggi Seguono*, loosely put, means 'roaches follow,'" she said. Draco looked like a child that just walked into a room 1,000,000 Galleons, presents, and free candy.

"That should be pretty funny," he said, and then he turned his attention back to the girls.

"*Caderel!*" Hermione yelled. Ava's small frame was quickly drawn to the ground. She tried to stand up, but it looked like it was extremely hard to do so. Hermione took this opportunity to cast another spell. "*Lumache!*" The hex hit Ava as she stood completely up. Then, both girls doubled over. Hermione was holding her throat. She looked very ill. Ava looked the same way. Her face was becoming very pale.

"I wonder what's wrong," Ginny whispered to Harry. Harry shrugged. Both Ava and Hermione were now on their knees holding their stomachs. Then, they both put their hands on the ground and opened their mouths. Roaches began falling out of Hermione's mouth. Ava was belching up slugs one after the other. Ron's face frowned up in disgust.

"Aw, that's so bloody disgusting!" he complained. Onsu was desperately trying to stifle her giggles. She grabbed the two young women and started to drag them out of the room.

"I will be right back. No one is to do anything until I get back," she said, then left the room. They could still hear both girls retching as they walked down the hall. The moment they were gone, Draco started laughing maniacally, as did Neve.

"That... was... so... bloody... awesome! I'm going to... have to ask... where they got those... hexes from. They... were classic... They must be hi... ding a book of some... sort," Draco said between fits of laughter. Neve was about to fall out of her chair. Aurora and Tommy rolled their eyes. Tommy noticed Ron's face.

"What's wrong, Ron?" he asked. Ron looked in his direction.

"One, I have to kiss that mouth later on. Two, I know exactly what Ava is feeling with the slugs right now. I had a bad experience in second-year," Ron said. Harry chuckled a little and Ron shot him a glare.

"What happened?" Aurora asked, trying to stop Draco from falling on the floor. He was still laughing like there was no tomorrow. Ron turned his attention to her.

"I... had... a... bad... experience. Let's just leave at that, savvy?" he said. Aurora nodded, smiling wryly. That's when Onsu returned.

"What is their fate, Professor?" Neve asked, wiping the tears from her face and sitting up straight.

"Well, Madam Pomfrey said there's nothing she can do. They just have to wait until it stops, which will be in about two or three days. Those were some pretty hateful curses. Did I do the wrong thing in matching those two up or something?" Onsu asked. Everyone in the room nodded. "Oh, well." Onsu shrugged. "You have to admit that it was pretty entertaining watching them destroy themselves. They are the best students I have; so attentive and willing," Onsu said, as if she wasn't aware she was still speaking.

---

That night, Tommy stared at the fire in Gryffindor's common room. He glanced at the large clock on the wall. The minute hand moved ever so slightly to the six. The fire roared upwards, and Voldemort's face appeared.

"Hello, Tomás."

"*Père*," Tommy said, inclining his head ever-so-slightly. Voldemort looked to his left and another face appeared. It was Giovanna's. Tommy's face lit up.

"Hi, Tommy," Giovanna said, smiling at her son.

"Bonjour, Mamá. How are you?" he asked.

"*Je fais bien, mon fils*," she replied. Tommy nodded. Voldemort cleared his throat, signaling to all that he was still present.

"So, what new information do you have for me, Tomás?" Voldemort asked. Tommy sighed and told them about their weaknesses. Voldemort nodded at all of this. After Tommy was done explaining, Voldemort looked long and hard at him. "What about Neveah?" he asked. Tommy frowned.

"Neve doesn't have a weakness. She's too strong for one," Tommy said. Giovanna shook her head. "What?"

"She told you all of this, right?" she asked. Tommy nodded.

"What does that have to do with anything?" he asked, looking from one parent to the other. Giovanna and Voldemort exchanged looks. "What is it? She doesn't have a weakness. I certainly can't see one on her," Tommy said.

"Oh, everyone has a weakness, Tommy," Giovanna said sadly.

"But, she doesn't..."

"I think she does, Tomás," Voldemort said evilly. Tommy's eyes widened in understanding **LOVE** is Neve's weakness. In other words, **HE** was Neve's weakness. **HE** will be her downfall.

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**Pourquoi vous ne vous taisez pas juste** = Why don't you just shut up?

**Donc vous ne parlez pas d'anglais maintenant? J'ai dit pourquoi ne font pas vous fermez ce trou dans votre visage. Personne ne veut entendre votre fait de plaindre stupide tout le jour** = So you don't speak English now? I said why don't you shut that hole in your face. No one wants to hear your stupid whining all day.

**Pourquoi vous ne reculez pas juste et allez et boudez ailleurs ? Personne n'a besoin de votre attitude renfrognée pour toujours casser l'humeur** = So why don't you just back off and go and sulk somewhere else? No one needs your sullen attitude to always break the mood.

**Je fais bien, mon fils** = I'm doing well, my son.

## Chapter 9: Enrique Consuelo and Chaylse Tremaine

*Chapter 10 of 17*

The puppet is introduced.

### The End

Chapter 9: Enrique Consuelo and Chaylse Tremaine

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The doorbell of the Riddle house rang loudly, startling all whom resided inside its walls. Bellatrix and Rodolphus looked at Nicola, who was calmly sharpening her nails. She looked back at them like they'd grown horns.

"Well, don't just stand there! Open the bloody door!" she yelled. Bellatrix frowned and growled something underneath her breath. She walked out of the room, still mumbling. Nicola's eyes followed her out. She loved making Bellatrix's life hell. The thing about it was that Bellatrix couldn't do anything about it because she did not know the full extent of Nicola's power and just how evil she could be. Nor did she really want to find out. When Bellatrix opened the door, she came face to face with a tall man and a shorter girl. Both wore red.

"Who are you, and what in the bloody hell do you want?" Bellatrix asked curtly. The man looked at Bellatrix like she'd said something offensive.

"I'm Enrique Consuelo. I'm looking for Lady Feleti. Is she here?" Consuelo asked. Bellatrix nodded and stepped to the side. Consuelo stepped in, followed closely by the young lady. She still hadn't said anything. She looked at Bellatrix as she followed. Bellatrix examined the young girl. She couldn't have been any older than 20 or 21. She looked oddly familiar, but Bellatrix couldn't quite place where she'd seen the girl before. She led Consuelo and the young girl to the room where Voldemort and Nicola were. Consuelo smiled. "Well, hello, Lady Feleti. Long time, no see," Consuelo said. Nicola looked up and at Consuelo. Smiling, she stood and walked over to him. Consuelo held out his arms, expecting a hug. Instead, Nicola's fist met his face. His head snapped to the side. The girl pulled her wand and had it pointing very close to Nicola's face. Nicola glared right back at the girl.

"Now, what are you going to do with that?" Nicola asked, looking quite smug. The girl's hand didn't falter.

"I could easily kill you without feeling. At this distance, it would also be mighty hard for me to miss." Chaylse pushed the wand into Nicola's neck. Consuelo turned, rubbing his cheek.

"Lower your wand," he said. The girl lowered her wand and took a step back. Nicola dropped her smirk and glared spitefully at Consuelo. "I may have deserved that, Nicola," he said.

"Good. I'm glad you realize that." Then, Nicola hit him again. This time, he stumbled backwards. He turned back towards her, rubbing his other cheek.

"You've got a mean hook, Nicola. I'm not quite sure I deserved that one, though. Well, my lady. How have you been?" he asked. Nicola made a scoffing noise and crossed her arms.

"Like you'd actually care, you insolent bastard. Is this the Chaylse?" Nicola nodded in the girl's direction. Consuelo nodded. Then he looked over at Voldemort, who was sitting with his fingers intertwined and looking mighty serene and placid. It could be said that he looked almost smug.

"And whom might you be?" he asked. Voldemort looked honestly confused.

"I'm Lord Voldemort; only the most powerful wizard in this room," Voldemort said with a hint of contempt and irritation in his voice. Consuelo nodded.

"I've only heard of you. I've never actually seen your face. I am Enrique Consuelo, a renowned Dark wizard in Spain," Consuelo said. Voldemort nodded. It was mildly hard for him to follow what he was saying because he spoke extremely fast, and his accent was exceptionally thick. Voldemort then examined Chaylse Tremaine.

Chaylse was a slender girl with dark brown hair. Her small, round face showed no readable emotion. She wore her hood that cast a light shadow over her eyes. Chaylse looked every part of the Dark witch, but there was an empty air about her.

"Bellatrix, show Chaylse to her room. Consuelo, stay in here. I'd like to have a little chat," Voldemort said. Bellatrix nodded. She tapped Chaylse on her shoulder. Chaylse looked at her, then at Consuelo, who nodded. She then followed Bellatrix out of the room. Voldemort gestured to some chairs, and Nicola and Consuelo sat, glaring at each other. Voldemort smirked at the two. "Dare I ask what the history is between you two?" he asked.

"No," Nicola replied calmly, crossing her arms and sitting back in the plush armchair. Consuelo chuckled, and Nicola shot him another look. "Listen, you pompous..."

"Enough, children. I am very sorry I asked. Settle your differences later. I have no wish to listen to your squabble. Now, Consuelo. If you would please oblige me with letting me know about Chaylse's ability," Voldemort said. Consuelo nodded.

"Well, Chaylse is partially under the Imperius Curse. I had to do it after I erased part of her memory. She has long-term memory loss. She can't remember anything of her past, but she can retain new information. She'll just forget it about two months later. It is possible for her to remember, but I doubt anyone knows the incantation. Chaylse has had the training of a Magas plus more. She's trained in all forms of magic and is exceptionally good at doing forbidden curses because she does not feel anything. She excels at Soliopathy and Legilimency. My spells on her are virtually unbreakable," Consuelo said with a certain amount of pride in his voice. Voldemort nodded slightly.

"What do you mean by 'virtually'?" The spells can be broken?" Voldemort asked. Consuelo nodded slowly.

"It would take an abnormally powerful witch or wizard to do it. A Shai would have to do it. But, as I understand it, there are no Shais alive today."

"Actually, there is one. She is rather young, though; she's only sixteen. Not many know of her power, and she is not fully trained at doing it. So, I doubt we'd have to worry about it," Nicola said quietly. Consuelo looked appalled.

"There is a Shai amongst us? Who?"

"You've never heard of her. She's Arthur Weasley's daughter, Ginevra Weasley. She doesn't know exactly when Chaylse was taken. She also doesn't know exactly how you accomplished your feat of capturing Chaylse. So, I highly doubt she'd do it."

"I would not completely and totally rule out her ability, Nicola. Ginevra has proven herself many times," Voldemort said, looking slightly worried. Nicola nodded, but still looked incredulous at the suggestion of Ginny changing Chaylse's fate.

"How obedient is the girl? Is she good at espionage?" Nicola asked. Consuelo nodded.

"Yes. She's an excellent spy. Do you need her services in that field?" he asked. Voldemort nodded.

"When the time comes. Well, I suggest you get some rest. Tomorrow will be a long day," Voldemort said, rising from his seat. Consuelo nodded.

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Elsewhere, Ginny opened her eyes. She'd fallen asleep in History of Magic. Professor Binns was still droning on and on. Ginny noticed she was sweating. She could not believe what she'd just seen. She needed to tell someone.

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At dinner, Ginny sat next to Aurora and Neve. The Tremaine sisters weren't sitting far from them. Aurora noticed Ginny's pale face.

"What is troubling you, Ginny?" she asked.

"I accidentally used my power again. This time I just separated my mind from my body and saw a conversation between Voldemort, that Italian lady we fought at Diagon Alley, and some guy with a very thick Spanish accent. I didn't quite catch his name. I could barely understand what they were saying. I do know that they mentioned some girl named Chaylse. I couldn't hear much about her, though," Ginny said as quietly as she possibly could. She heard a fork drop and a collective gasp. Ginny and Aurora looked over in Rina and Lina's direction. They had suddenly gone still as stones, staring down at their plates.

"Did you say Chaylse?" Lina asked. Ginny looked very unsure for a moment. Aurora and Ginny looked at each other, suddenly fearful of what was about to be said next. Harry, Neve, Ron, Hermione, Neville, and Tommy were now paying very close attention to the conversation, not uttering a sound. Ginny nodded very apprehensively.

"Yes," she mumbled.

"Did you hear her last name?" Rina asked, barely audible. Ginny shook her head slowly.

"No. They just called her Chaylse."

"Do you know who she is?" Harry asked with a mouth full of food. Rina and Lina nodded their heads, still staring at their plates.

"We think she might be our sister, Chaylse Tremaine. She disappeared three years ago after her graduation from Meloni. No trace of her was ever found. There was no ransom note or anything. It was like she just vanished from the face of the earth. They stopped looking for her last year," Rina said.

"Our parents assume she is dead. Cye, on the other hand, never gave up hope. She had an awful row with our parents, and they have not spoken since that argument a year ago. Cye was still looking for her until Ricardo Assante asked her to come here."

There was a deafening silence following Lina's words. Everyone had virtually stopped moving. Then, everyone jumped when a rather deep and raspy voice broke the silence.

"Hello, young ones," the voice said. Everyone looked up in unison to see Cye Tremaine and Seph Vardalos standing over them. Cye had spoken. Seph looked at them suspiciously.

"You look very conspicuous when you do that. You would not be hiding something from us, would you?" Seph asked, crossing her arms and smiling slickly. Everyone shook their heads. Rina looked over at her sister.

"Cye, we need to talk to you. It is important," she said. Cye looked down at her younger sister.

"What is it?" she asked, her voice cold. Hermione winced at it. There was almost no emotion in her. She looked as frozen and icy as Voldemort.

"Well, I think it would be best if Ginny told you," Lina said. The twins looked over at Ginny, who looked a little frightened. Ginny looked over at the sinister looking woman. Although Cye was only 22, she looked much older than that.

"I am a Shai. Today in History of Magic, I fell asleep while listening to Professor Binns. I am really not trained at my craft and can't control it very much. So, um, this time I saw a conversation between Voldemort, some Italian woman we fought at Diagon Alley, and some guy with a really heavy accent. I would say it is a Spanish one."

"Get to the point, Weasley. I do not have all day," Cye said, sounding very irritable. Ginny frowned and almost started to mouth off, but Hermione pinched her lightly on the arm. Ginny stopped herself and sighed deeply instead.

"Anyway, they were talking about some girl named Chaylse. I barely heard the conversation; it sounded muffled. They were talking about something like training. I never heard her last name. Nor did I see her. When I arrived, Bellatrix was walking off with some short girl with a red hood over her head. I never saw her face," Ginny said. Cye's face had softened considerably.

"Do you know where you were?" she asked, her voice wavering. She looked close to tears. Ginny swallowed hard. She wanted desperately to help. Shaking her head, she looked down. Suddenly, Cye grabbed her harshly and pulled her up. Ginny tried to wrench herself free. "Celerina, Catalina, come with me," she said. The twins nodded and followed their sister out of the Great Hall. Seph sighed deeply and ran after them.

"I wonder where they are heading," Neve said.

"Most likely to Dumbledore's office," Hermione answered, watching their forms disappear around the corner.

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In the hallway, Cye was walking rather briskly. Seph ran to catch up with the four of them.

"Cye, where are you going?" she asked, trying to walk as fast as them. Ginny was still trying to wriggle out of Cye's iron grasp. Cye looked over at Seph.

"To see the headmaster. He was not at dinner," Cye said. Seph nodded and followed in silence the rest of the way. When they arrived at the gargoyle, Cye stopped abruptly, almost sending Ginny flying forward.

"Skiving Snackboxes," Seph said. The gargoyle sprang to life. Ginny looked a little shocked. She didn't think Dumbledore knew about them. Cye pulled Ginny up the stairs roughly and burst through Dumbledore's office without warning. Dumbledore was writing on a piece of parchment and did not look up.

"Well, who so graciously has forgotten the common courtesy we call knocking?" he asked. Cye said nothing as the old man finally looked up. He looked at the five ladies standing before him and crossed his arms on the desk. "Well, what seems to be the problem, Miss Tremaine and Miss Vardalos? Surely these three haven't been troubling you," he said serenely. Cye and Seph shook their heads. Cye took a very deep breath.

"Miss Weasley has some valuable information," Cye said, pushing Ginny forward, finally releasing her. Ginny rubbed her sore arm and looked over at Dumbledore. Dumbledore nodded in her direction, and Ginny sighed. She retold her story and then looked at the aging warlock. Dumbledore looked thoughtful.

"Do you know why the conversation sounded so muffled, Miss Weasley?" Dumbledore asked. Ginny shook her head.

"No, I don't," she said softly. Dumbledore nodded.

"It is because there was a barrier to block you. Voldemort knew to put it up most likely because he knows of your power from a third party. He only wanted you to hear certain parts of the conversation. He knew that you would mention what you saw to us. How someone would know that you would see something like this is beyond my intelligence. As I am to understand it, members of the Order are the only people who know of your power. You have not disclosed this delicate information to anyone else have you?"

"No, Professor. I have only just recently told these three. I also told Ava Zaviera that I am a partial telepath because our minds melded by accident when we met. Seph already knew because of her relationship with Charlie. It sort of came up in a conversation," Ginny replied. Dumbledore nodded again.

"Well, Miss Zaviera seems like a most trustworthy person, as she did not try to find anything else out about you. You would know if she did. You would be able to sense the information she was looking for. Miss Zaviera is an exceptionally powerful telepath, as I have sensed in my meetings with her. She rivals Miss Assante. I cannot think of who else could have found that information out. You are the only known Shai alive. Someone else must've told someone who is a spy for Voldemort. I will be investigating the matter. You may return to dinner, Miss Weasley. However, I would like you to send the rest of the Tremaine sisters here, Persephone," Dumbledore said. Seph cringed at the sound of her real name. She nodded and led Ginny out.

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In the hallway, Ginny looked over at Seph.

"By the way, why do you hate your full name, Seph?" Ginny asked. Seph smirked.

"It runs in my family to be named after an ancient Greek god or goddess. Well, my mother's name is Demeter. My father's name is Zeus. In Greek mythology, Demeter had a daughter by Zeus. Her name was..."

"Persephone," Ginny said smiling. Seph smirked.

"Bingo. Well, Persephone, according to mythology, is the wife of Hades and goddess of the Underworld. Not exactly the greatest position to be in. She was said to be very beautiful. That is a plus. Hades, the god of the Underworld, and brother of her father, gave Persephone a pomegranate. When she ate it, it bound her to the Underworld forever. She had to stay in the Underworld with Hades for one-third of the year. Then she stayed with her mother. While Persephone was gone, Demeter, being the



goddess of the harvest, made it cold so that nothing would grow. That is said to be the origin of winter. As to why I do not like my name, I do not like being associated with the Underworld. Plus, it makes me sound too much like a girly-girl. **ANDM/i>** since Persephone was beautiful, it would make me sound like some stupid bimbo. It also has way too any syllables, and many people tend to mispronounce it. You would be surprised how many times I have been called Per-si-phone. They say it like it is spelled," Seph said placidly. Ginny giggled a little.

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When they arrived at Great Hall, Ginny took her seat.

"Camilla, Cascata, and Carmelita, the headmaster would like to see you. Follow me," Seph said. The three sisters looked at each other and then followed after the beautiful woman. The others watched them go. When they arrived at Dumbledore's office, his twinkling eyes looked at them.

"Welcome, ladies. Please have a seat. Persephone, that will be all," he said. Seph shuddered again and nodded. She turned and walked briskly out of the room. Dumbledore then examined the Tremaines. "Welcome Camilla, Cascata, and Carmelita. I bet you are all wondering why you have been called here. A friend of the twins has told me something. We may know where your older sister is."

"You mean Chaylse?" Carmelita's squeaky voice asked. Dumbledore nodded. He retold Ginny's story.

"I will be contacting your parents and letting them know as soon as possible. We will begin searching for her whereabouts immediately. Hopefully, her trail will lead us to Voldemort and Lady Feleti. Do you know of a Spanish Dark wizard, Cytheria?" Dumbledore asked. Cy nodded.

"The only one that comes to mind is that scum, Enrique Consuelo. He disappeared around three years ago. He's done nothing recently. Do you think he had anything to do with Chaylse's disappearance?" she asked. Dumbledore shrugged.

"We shall see, Cytheria. We shall see," he said quietly. Cy nodded.

## Chapter 10: Training Resumes

Chapter 11 of 17

The group resumes their brutal training with the Magi.

The End

Chapter 10: Training Resumes

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"Harry. Harry! **HARRY!**" Ron yelled. Harry's eyes finally fluttered open. Ron looked a little surprised that his friend hadn't sat up immediately and pulled his wand on him. Harry sat up lethargically and glared at Ron. "Getting kind of lazy, aren't we, mate?" Ron asked jokingly. Harry continued to stare at Ron's blurry form blankly.

"What the bloody hell is so important that you had to wake me up at **THREE** in the fucking morning?" Harry asked. Ron smiled sheepishly.

"Well, Hermione said to meet her and the others down at the Quidditch pitch in fifteen minutes. She said put on your Magus uniform. So, up you get, and be quick about it," Ron said, putting on his utility belt. Harry sighed and reached for his glasses.

"I am going to rip Hermione's lungs out of her chest when I see her. I just went to sleep," Harry moaned. Ron laughed.

"Well, if you'd started studying for McGonagall's final three days ago, you wouldn't be in this predicament, now would you?" Ron said. He turned only for his face to be met with a pillow. "Hey!"

"Sod off, Ron," Harry said and finished dressing. Neville was waiting for them in the common room, desperately trying to fasten his belt. Aurora was coming down the stairs and saw him.

"Let me help you, Neville," she said. Neville watched her do the elaborate buckle and smiled when she was done. "You really need to learn how to do that. You are now a rather powerful wizard, yet you still cannot even buckle on your utility belt," she laughed. Neville blushed a deep red color. Aurora looked at the old clock and gasped. "We need to hurry."

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Out on the Quidditch pitch, Hermione stood with her arms crossed. Draco, Rina, Lina, and Cy stood next to her. Three other people stood with them. Hermione looked exceptionally pissed.

"I specifically said fifteen minutes. Not thirty," she growled underneath her breath. Draco smirked. Then he saw the troupe galloping up toward them.

"Relax, Granger. Here they come now," he said. Hermione trained her eyes on her boyfriend. Ron saw the look on her face and leaned over to Harry.

"She is pissed at us," he said. Harry nodded and readied himself for the tongue-lashing they were about to receive.

"Listen up. From now on, I'm going to need you all to be here in a **TIMELY** fashion. If I say in fifteen minutes, I mean fifteen minutes. Not thirty, not forty-five **FIFTEEN!** Do I make myself clear?" Hermione asked, looking at all the sleepy faces. They all nodded somewhat. Hermione looked over at Draco. He took a step forward.

"Let's look alive, people. Dumbledore so graciously made Granger and I the leaders of what he now calls the Junior Order of the Phoenix. That would be us. So, as our first order of business, we have decided to continue training. The good thing about it is, we will not be leaving school. The bad thing about it is that this is an everyday thing. Actually, I think both of those are pretty bad things. Anyway, we will meet here every morning at three-fifteen. These are our new trainers." Draco gestured to the adults.

"You already know Cy Tremaine. The other three are Ferris Winfred, Aiko Shang, and Darien Shamus. You may know Darien from what Fionnula told us about him. He's now her husband. They were married last weekend. Well, Rina and Lina will be joining us, as they are better trained than us. They've been training since they were twelve. We need all the help we can get. Now, I will leave the rest to them." Hermione stepped back. Ferris and Darien stepped forward. They looked over all of them.

"Get in a straight line, shortest to tallest, facing us," Ferris said. He was a tall man with his hair cut very short. They obeyed quickly. Neve was the shortest, and Ron was the tallest. Ferris and Aiko began walking the length of the line, examining all of them. Cye and Drake just watched.

"Fionnula and Drake told me that you are somewhat mediocre in your skills," Aiko said. Ron scoffed. Hermione closed her eyes and sighed heavily, hoping Ron would hear her. Apparently he didn't, and his incessant mouth started shooting off without thinking.

"Mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself, but talent instantly recognizes genius.' Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said that," Ron said smugly. Aiko turned towards Ron. She stalked back down the line. She looked up at Ron in his eyes. Aiko was much shorter than him, but the aura about her was very threatening. She had straight black hair in a high ponytail and very narrow eyes.

"You must be Ronald Weasley. I can tell from that hair of yours. So, you think you're past mediocre, do you?"

"Well, yeah. We took on Voldemort and his cronies and lived to tell the tale," Ron said, looking almost as intimidating as Aiko herself. Ron had never met her before. He stared Aiko right in her light brown eyes. Aiko smirked.

"Step forward, Weasley," Aiko invited, taking a large step back. Everyone in line turned their heads to look at the two. "Are you any good at hand-to-hand combat, Weasley?" Aiko asked, removing her robe and handing it to Darien. Ron nodded and threw his at Harry. Aiko cracked her knuckles and her neck then looked at Ron. "If you can hit me, I will call you above average. If not, you'll have to run fifty laps around the pitch in thirty minutes. Deal?" Aiko held her hand out. Ron looked at it.

"Deal." He shook it. Aiko smiled. Ron looked solemnly at Aiko. Aiko just stood there, looking complacently at Ron. Giving almost no warning, Ron lunged forward. Aiko was unnaturally fast. She grabbed Ron's fist and pulled him closer. She spun around him, knocking him in the back of his head with her elbow. Ron went flying forward. He got up quickly and turned to look at the young woman. Aiko was standing there with her arms crossed. Ron went forward again. This time, Aiko grabbed his arm and flipped all 215 pounds of Ron's muscle over her shoulder. Ron landed on his back. To make matters worse, Aiko twisted his wrist quickly. Everyone heard a loud crack. Ron let loose a very loud yell. Aiko stood up and looked out at the others. Cye walked forward to Ron, pulling her wand out.

"Well, does anyone else here object to being called mediocre?" Aiko asked, retrieving her robe from Darien, who was smirking. Everyone shook their heads quickly. Cye was muttering a healing charm. Ron stood up, moving his wrist around. Aiko winked at him as he got back in line. Ron scowled back at her. He snatched his robe away from Harry, who was trying very hard not to start laughing. Hermione was shaking her head, and Draco was looking off in space, also trying not to laugh. "Well, now that we've gotten that out of the way, start running," Aiko said. Ron began mumbling a few choice words and started to go off.

"Have fun, Weasley," Draco whispered tauntingly.

"Fuck off, Malfoy," Ron growled. Aiko turned and looked at the others still standing there.

"What are you doing still standing there? Didn't I say run?" she asked. They all looked at her like she'd sprouted wings. Ron stopped and turned to watch this scene.

"Excuse me, but I thought you meant just Ron. You did say it to him," Hermione said. Aiko grinned like a madwoman.

"Sorry, Hermione. But, I meant the whole lot of you. Now, time is wasting. If any of you finish after thirty minutes is up, I'll had five more laps to everyone. Now get moving." Aiko said in an unusually happy voice. Rina, Lina, Neve, Aurora, Hermione, Ginny, Harry, Neville, and Draco all turned to look at Ron, who was standing there, grinning sheepishly.

"Get him," Ginny said. They all started running after him. Ron took off as fast as he could.

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Thirty minutes later, all ten of them were sprawled across the grass, panting like dogs. Aiko was certainly looking quite satisfied with herself.

"Congratulations, you all. You made it under the set time limit. Now, back to business. I don't need you to get up. I just need you to listen. You should be quite proud of being called mediocre. In Magi rankings, you all would probably be Prosaics. A Prosaic is the second ranking. The first are the Neofitas. We are Arbitrarios. That is the second highest ranking. The highest ranking Magi is a Magus called Cyril Jones. He's the Capo Superiore. The next is a Magas named Jovianne Benedict, the Capo Inferiore," Ferris said. He looked over at Cye.

"We are trying to get you to the level of Adeguato. That is the third highest ranking. Now, regardless of this training, you will be expected to keep up with your studies. Now, who is a telepath?" Cye asked. Harry, Ginny, and Aurora all raised their hands. Cye nodded, then stepped to the side. Ava stood behind her.

"Avarielle is one of the more powerful telepaths on this planet. I understand that you, Harry, are more interested in Soliopathy. Am I correct?" Darien asked. Harry nodded.

"Well, your focus will be on that. Aurora, you and Ava will work together on your telepathy. You have the potential to match Ava. Hermione, you are pretty good at everything, so you will continue to train hardest in everything. I would also like to see you start in on Soliopathy. You look like you have the mental capacity for it," Aiko said, reading a piece of parchment. Hermione stood up with a questioning look on her face.

"Mental capacity? Are you trying to say that I'm..." Hermione was pulled back down by Neve.

"Let it go, Hermione," she whispered. Hermione nodded and glared at Aiko, who was smiling. She went back to the paper she was reading.

"Longbottom, you have shown exceptional skills at charms. So, Cye will help you heighten your skills. Draco Malfoy, let's see... You like magical and Muggle weaponry, right?" Draco nodded. Aiko looked back down at the paper. "Darien will be assisting you. Catalina and Celerina, you will get general training like Hermione. Neveah and Weasley..." Aiko looked over at the two toughest teenagers she'll probably ever come into contact with. They were both glaring at her. "I am to understand that you two outshine everyone in physical combat. Your other scores are not that bad either. I guess you will be continuing in general training," Aiko said, folding the parchment. The two nodded.

"Um... what about me?" Ginny asked, standing up and brushing herself off. Aiko looked in Ginny's direction. She seemed to be in deep thought.

"You are a partial telepath, right?" she asked.

"Yes," Ginny replied. Aiko nodded, then looked over at Ferris.

"She's a Shai, too. Do you know how to fully control it?" Ferris asked. Ginny shook her head.

"I do know somewhat how to work it. I still need a little training because I still do it when I don't intend to," Ginny said quietly. The four adults nodded.

"So you're saying that you can do it when you want to, but you also do it when you don't mean to? That could become a problem later on in life. You are the only 'registered' Shai known. We're the only ones..." Darien began but was interrupted by Cye.

"No, we're not. The other day when Ginny found out about our sister being alive she was being blocked by a barrier built for Shais. Somehow, Voldemort got wind of her being a Shai," Cye said. Darien looked at her, and then back at Ginny, who nodded.

"Well, then what do you think you excel at?" Aiko asked. Ginny looked at the short Asian woman.

"I'm rather good at shooting with a... what was it called... a sniper rifle. I'm also a pretty good archer," Ginny said. Aiko nodded.

"So, you like long-distance fighting. Well, I'm not going to work you any harder today. You still have to go to classes. Unfortunately for you, tomorrow, you belong to me for

three lovely hours of pain. Now get lost before I change my mind," Aiko said. The others nodded and immediately started walking off.

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At breakfast, Ava and Draco sat with the other Gryffindors. Ginny sat next to Ava.

"So, how powerful are you exactly as a telepath?" Ginny asked. Aurora looked over at the two. Ava smiled weakly.

"I consider myself rather talented at it. I can project fake images, give people dreams, and all kinds of things. I trained myself. The only other person who knows I have this power is Tommy. I killed his dog by accident because it destroyed my favorite teddy bear. He literally ripped it to pieces. So, I caught myself wanting the dog to be dead, and it just fell over. Tommy was angry at me for months. I still don't think he quite forgave me for it," Ava said. Aurora and Ginny both looked like they were trying very hard not to laugh. Ava looked at Aurora. "You did the same thing to your brother's parakeet," she said calmly. Aurora's mouth dropped open.

*"Gli spiriti superiori finiscono per incontrarsi"* How did you know that?"

"I read it in your mind."

"But, I did not feel you. How did you do that? Enter without being detected?" Aurora asked. Ava looked down at her plate, smiling like mad.

"I'm very talented, as stated before. The only person I cannot read against his will is Tommy. Something about being his twin. Plus, I think he has walls up around him. He's been very distant towards me as of late. Normally, I can get anything out of him. Now, he won't even look at me..." Ava's voice trailed off as she looked at Tommy and Neve laughing. Draco was scraping his spoon in his bowl, making an ear-piercing screeching sound. Aurora kicked him.

"What was that for?" he demanded. Aurora sighed.

"That is a very annoying sound. What is your problem?" Aurora asked. Draco sighed.

"Do you really have to ask?" he asked, nodding in Neve's direction. Aurora followed his gaze. She shook her head and made a scoffing noise.

"I swear you spend more time hating Tommy than you spend with me, Draco. Cannot you see Neve is happy? Why do not you just live and let them be?" Aurora said loudly. Draco didn't appear to have heard her. She kicked him again.

"Why do you keep fucking kicking me!" Draco yelled. Everyone in the Great Hall was now quieting down, listening to Aurora and Draco argue.

"Why do not you just marry her since you are so damn interested in her well-being!" Aurora threw her juice on him then stormed out of the Great Hall. Draco just sat there, looking just as shocked as everyone else at Aurora's actions.

"Wow. That's the maddest I've seen her get since we last saw your father, Malfoy," Harry said quietly. Draco growled something illegible. Hermione looked over at Draco.

"Well, aren't you going to even go after her?" Hermione asked. Draco looked in her direction.

"No. I'm not trying to die. How bloody stupid do you think I am, Granger?" Draco asked. Hermione sighed and shook her head. She took out a vial of blue liquid. Pouring it into her juice, she swirled it around, and then drank it. Ron watched her as she did this.

"Apparently, you're not too bright if you can't take a good tongue-lashing when you obviously need it, Draco. I can see why she's mad at you. You've been ignoring her. I think you should go apologize," Hermione stated calmly. Draco squinted at her.

"Shut up, Granger," he said spitefully. Hermione made a face and kept stirring her concoction.

"What was that?" Ron asked with a mouth full of biscuit. Hermione swallowed and looked at Ron.

"What was what?"

"What you just put in your juice. What was it?"

"Oh, I've just been getting these horrible migraines lately. I went to Madam Pomfrey, and she gave me the recipe for a special headache potion. Nothing special, Ron," Hermione said. Ron nodded and apparently thought nothing of it.

Ginny was in deep thought. She remembered what Dumbledore had said about her knowing if Ava had entered her mind.

*But, Ava can get inside a person's mind without being detected. If she can do that, who is to say that she didn't find out about my little gift? What if she's Voldemort's spy?* Ginny thought intently. Ava was engaged in a conversation with Rina and Lina. Ginny closed her eyes. *Harry, I need to talk to you tonight. Meet me in the common room at midnight,* Ginny transmitted to Harry. Harry looked up and over at Ginny. He nodded, signaling that he'd gotten her message.

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Much later, Aurora sat in the common room, fuming. She stared into the fire, her eyes burning. Neve and Tommy sat across the room, looking at her. Tommy sighed.

"Why don't you just go talk to her?" he asked. Neve stood up and shook her head.

"I know what I have to do. I'll be back," She walked out of the portrait hole. Tommy sighed.

Neve stalked down the hallway to the Slytherin common room. Lucky for her, Millicent Bulstrode was coming out of it, looking very happy. The moment she saw Neve, though, her smile dropped. She stopped moving and crossed her arms. Neve stopped a few feet in front of her.

"What do you want, Assante?" she muttered. Neve smiled.

"Unless you want this to be round two, Bulstrode, I suggest you do as I ask. I need you to go and get Draco Malfoy. I want to have a word with him," Neve said. Millicent stared at her for a moment longer, then she turned to go back inside. Neve waited for a moment. When Millicent returned, Draco was in tow.

"There you are, Assante: one blonde Malfoy for you," Millicent growled, and then kept walking. Neve nodded and stared Draco in the face. Draco looked right back at her. Then Neve grabbed his arm and led him all the way to an empty classroom.

"Did you apologize to Aurora?" Neve asked. Draco scoffed and crossed his arms.

"For what? She's the one who kicked me twice and threw juice in my face. Why should I be the bloody one to apologize?" Draco asked. Neve's eyes narrowed, and the roots of her now black hair were turning orange. Draco took no notice of these warning signs.

"Because she's mad and sitting in the Gryffindor common room. She looks like she just lost her best friend. Last time I checked, that was you. Aurora isn't one to just be mad for no reason. You had to have done something to her. What was she screaming about anyway?" Neve asked. Draco smirked.

"Oh, she was mad because I hate Tommy," Draco said. Neve nodded. She walked forward. Grabbing Draco by his collar, she slammed him hard against the wall. Their faces were so close together that their noses almost touched.

"Let's get something straight, Draco. Contrary to popular belief, I do not need you to wipe my arse for me. You spend so much time worrying about me that you've forgotten to pay attention to the one girl probably besides your mother that loves you. So, leave me be, and let me live. **YOU** need to apologize to my sister. It is **YOUR** fault. What is it about Tommy that you don't like?" Neve asked. Draco took this time to reverse their position.

"Listen, Neveah. There is something about that guy that rubs me the wrong way."

"Listen to yourself, Draco. Everyone bugs you in some way or another. I don't need you to look after me so much. I've proven myself to be pretty capable of taking care of myself. Why do you feel the need to protect me so much?" Neve asked. Draco opened his mouth to say something. Unfortunately, nothing came out. Neve still stared at him. He stared right back at her.

"Because I..."

---

At midnight that night, Ginny and Harry were the only ones left in the common room.

"So what is it, Gin?" Harry asked. Ginny looked over at him.

"Earlier, Dumbledore told me that Ava couldn't possibly be the leak to Voldemort. He said that if Ava entered my mind, I would've sensed her presence. I'm a partial telepath, Harry. Ava entered Aurora's mind today without Aurora realizing it. She did it all by herself. Could that mean that she's the leak to Voldemort?" Ginny asked. Harry looked long and hard at her for a moment.

"I don't think that Ava would do something like that. Did Dumbledore say he trusts her?" Harry asked. Ginny nodded.

"Yes. What does Dumbledore trusting Ava have to do with her being the leak?" Ginny asked.

"Normally, when Dumbledore says he trusts someone, he's right. I mean, look at Snape. He trusted Snape, and Snape paid dearly for being on his side. Someone else is the leak. But, in any case, I think I'll ask Draco to keep an eye on Ava since he's in Slytherin, too. Does that satisfy you?" Harry asked. Ginny cracked a smile at him.

"I'm not worrying for anything, Harry. I do have good reason," she said.

"I know. We have to get up in three hours, Gin. I suggest you go and get some sleep." Harry stood, yawning. Ginny nodded and they parted ways.

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Neve came in the common room shortly after Ginny and Harry deserted it. The fire was beginning to die down. She sat in a plush armchair and stared long and hard into it.

"What just happened?" she whispered.

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**Gli spiriti superiori finiscono per incontrarsi** = Great minds think alike.

## Chapter 11: Luna's Surprise

*Chapter 12 of 17*

Luna surprises everyone with a little magic of her own. The Kana-Kaori Curses cause trouble for Aiko and Harry.

### The End

Chapter 11: Luna's Surprise

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At 3:15, all ten students were jogging up to meet their new trainers. They were standing there, looking wide awake and ready to work. Aiko looked at her peers and they all nodded.

"Good morning boys and girls. You're late," she said softly. Harry scoffed loudly and Aiko's head snapped in his direction. "Something to say, Potter?" she asked, crossing her arms. Harry nodded and stood up straight after catching his breath.

"It's exactly three-fifteen. You said be out here at three-fifteen. How in the bloody hell are we late?" Harry asked. Aiko smiled.

"In my book, Potter, if you are on time, you are late. If you're early, you are on time. Do you get me?" she asked. Harry frowned and nodded, not bothering to rebuttal. Aiko smiled again. "Good. Ferris, take it away."

"Thank you, Aiko. Listen up. If you receive general training, you will be with Cy and me. So, who has general training?" Ferris looked over the group. Five hands went up. Ferris nodded. "Well, let's get to it. Follow me. The rest of you will be with those two," Ferris said, nodding in the direction of Darien and Aiko. Lina, Rina, Hermione, Ron, and Neve followed Ferris and Cy to the center of the pitch.

"Welcome to your first day of training. This is going to be some really grueling work. I expect nothing but the best from all of you. Lina, Rina, do not expect special treatment because you are my sisters. If anything, you will be pushed the hardest from me. Now, a few ground rules." Cy looked at Ferris.

"If you mess up once, you will be corrected. If you mess up twice, you will run a kilometer around this pitch. That's about six laps around the pitch. If you mess up three times, I will break my foot off in your arse, and then you will run a kilometer. If by some odd reason you mess up a fourth time, I will again break my fucking foot off in your arse, and you will run three kilometers. That's about eighteen laps. Do you get me?" Ferris asked. They all nodded solemnly.

"Now, we begin. How good are your reflexes?" Cy asked. She pulled out her wand. The students exchanged looks.

"Well, I would say they're pretty good," Ron said. Cy nodded.

"Wands out. Take five large steps back." After they obeyed, Cy pointed her wand. "I will not give you any warning as to when I'm going to shoot..."

"Expelliarmus!" Ferris yelled. The curse sped towards Neve at top speed. Neve, whose reflexes are much less than perfect, was blasted backwards. She stood up quickly, ready to retaliate. "That is a perfect example of not being on your guard," Ferris said.

---

On the other end of the pitch, Harry was trying to hit Aiko with a spell using Soliopathy. He was quite unsuccessful. She was too fast.

"Damnit! Stand still!" Harry yelled, still shooting spells off. Aiko smirked and stood still. Harry took this moment to shoot again at her. His spell seemed to go straight through her. Ginny, Aurora, Neville, and Draco all gasped. Harry looked utterly confused. A hand tapped Harry on the shoulder. Harry whirled around quickly to see little Aiko standing there. She was smiling as hard as she possibly could. Harry looked behind him and saw another Aiko, only it was dissipating into nothingness. "How?"

"I will explain. What I just did is called the Toshi Technique. It requires a vast amount of magic to do and takes years to master. What you are doing is basically leaving an image of yourself while the real you moves to safety," Aiko said, walking over to the nearly gone image.

"How did you get behind Harry without any of us seeing you? You couldn't have Apparated. We would've seen you," Ginny said. Aiko smiled and looked down.

"Well, I did Apparate, Miss Weasley," Aiko said. Ginny looked utterly confused.

"That's impossible. We didn't hear you. Plus, we're on Hogwarts' grounds. You can't Apparate here," Draco said, crossing his arms. Aiko shook her head.

"What you must understand, Mr. Malfoy, is that I am a highly trained Magas. I know exactly what I am doing. Now, in this case, I did Apparate. I did do it on Hogwarts' grounds, also. We both know that it is ***SAID*** to be impossible because of the enchantments and charms surrounding the school. There are ways around everything, Draco. You must learn to bend and break certain things like enchantments. I did a special kind of Apparition called Silencieux Apparition. In other words, it's a silent and quick Apparition. Like the Toshi Technique, it takes years to master," Aiko said, stretching her arms.

"Are you going to teach us how to do that?" Aurora asked.

"I am not going to teach you that. That's a little too hard for me to teach. Now, Darien might be able to teach it, as he is a better person at doing it. I do not have the patience to teach you all that. My main specialty is Soliopathy. Harry and Aurora, come with me," Aiko said. She looked over in the other group's direction. "Hermione! Come with us!" she yelled. In the distance, Hermione started to run over with them. Aiko guided them to the goals. She turned to face the three. "Now that we're all here, let's get started."

"Why am I here?" Hermione asked. Aiko glared at her.

"I said I wanted to get you to start in on Soliopathy. Now you will begin by learning the hardest spells. These can only be done with Soliopathy. But first, I want you, Hermione, to summon this glass to you." Aiko conjured a glass up with her wand. Hermione looked at her.

"How?" Hermione asked.

"Hold your hand out and say the spell with feeling in your mind. Concentrate," Aiko said, holding the glass out in her hand. Hermione nodded and stared at the glass. She held her small hand out. Harry watched as the glass began shaking. Hermione frowned, and the glass came flying towards her. Aiko raised her eyebrows.

"Wow," Aurora said simply.

"Wow is right. Do you have any idea how long it took for me to summon a water goblet?" Harry asked. Hermione smiled. Aiko nodded.

"Good job, Hermione. But, because you are not a natural Soliopath, these next spells will come a little harder for you. Summoning the goblet just proved that you are capable of doing Soliopathy. Now, these new spells have a name. They come from my native land, Japan, and therefore, have Japanese names. They are called the..."

"...Kana-Kaori Curses." Hermione finished. Aiko looked in her direction and nodded.

"Correct, Hermione. There are three curses: the Nariko Curse, the Nami Curse, and the Raiden Curse. The Nariko is simple enough to use, but it requires a lot of practice in order to use it right. It's like the Patronus charm in terms of learning to use it. Anyone can produce a Patronus. The thing about it is, can you produce a silver mist or a corporeal one? Do you understand?"

"Yes. What does the Nariko Curse do?"

"It gives the person you direct it on the impression that they are hearing a loud, deafening sound. It is so unbearable that the person's ears will literally start bleeding. It has the power to deafen a person, also. There are ways to overcome this curse, but few can ignore the pain it imposes. The sound is not real, it is merely an illusion that the mind puts on a person," Aiko said.

"So, how are we going to practice this curse?" Aurora asked. Aiko smiled.

"Well, that leaves us in a little bit of a pickle, doesn't it? The incantation cannot be said. It will have no affect. You must think it. The incantation is *Narishi*," Aiko said. The others nodded. "Now, when you do this curse, you do not need to point it. The tricky part is that you must hold eye contact with a person long enough for them to get the curse. For example..." Aiko turned around and looked over at the others. "Darien!" she yelled. Darien looked over at her. Her brown eyes met his.

*Narishi*, she thought strongly. Darien flinched for a moment, and then started reeling in pain. Aiko blinked, and he stopped, looking around cautiously. Then he glared at Aiko.

"Damnit, Aiko! Why am I always your damn guinea pig?" he yelled towards her. Aiko smiled.

"Sorry about that, Darien! I was just trying to make a point." She waved at him. Darien merely put up his middle finger, mumbling to himself. Aiko laughed it off. She turned back towards her pupils. "Do you get the idea?"

"His ears didn't bleed," Hermione said. Aiko nodded.

"I stopped the curse by blinking. You only need to maintain eye contact to put the curse upon them. Once you blink, the curse will end. You also need to keep looking intently at that person. I know how to fight off the curse, depending upon how powerful it is thrown upon me. Aurora, why don't you try first," Aiko said. Aurora nodded and met Aiko's narrow eyes. She stared hard at her for a moment.

*Narishi*, she thought. Aiko flinched and took a step back. She closed her eyes. Aurora kept staring at her, long and hard. Hermione and Harry watched with wide eyes. Aiko looked back at Aurora. Aurora was struggling to keep from blinking. Finally, she did, breathing hard.

"You must remember to keep breathing, Aurora. If you don't it will be easier for you to drop the curse. That was rather good on the first try. Very normal, though. You need to work on putting your feelings aside. I sensed way too much regret at having to throw the curse at me. Forget who I am for a time. I do not sense the feeling that you actually want to hurt me," Aiko said.

"That is because I do not wish to hurt you," Aurora said calmly. Aiko nodded.

"Put your feelings aside, Aurora. Now, Hermione, you try." Aiko nodded at Hermione. Hermione smiled and stared at Aiko long and hard.

*Narishi*, she thought powerfully. Aiko blinked and kept staring at Hermione. Hermione was breathing steadily. Aiko smiled a little, although you could tell that she was in a little pain. Hermione's hands began to shake and finally, she blinked.

"That was a little better than Aurora, Hermione. I actually felt a little bit of hatred. Who or what did you think of?" she asked.

"Don't worry about that," Hermione said, looking at the ground. Aiko looked at her for a moment longer, and then turned her gaze to Harry. Harry took off his glasses, and his green eyes met Aiko's. She smirked.

"Let us see what the *Boy-Who-Lived* has to offer for me," Aiko said. Harry gave her a smirk of his own. He stared intently at Aiko. Aiko's eyes widened slightly.

**NARISHI**, Harry thought with all his might. A wave of energy seemed to be projected from Harry, as the grass bent like the wind had touched it. Aiko took a step back, a little overtaken. She frowned and bent down to the ground, holding her ears. Hermione and Aurora looked startled. Aiko seemed to be losing this battle. Blood started to trickle down the sides of her face from her ears. Hermione looked at Harry. He didn't seem to want to give up.

"Harry!" she yelled. Harry did not stop. Hermione stepped up beside him. He seemed to be in a trance of some sort. Aurora closed her eyes. Harry fell to his knees, holding his head. Hermione kneeled beside him. Aiko uncovered her ears, her hand bloodied. She looked over at Harry, who was now unconscious. Hermione looked up at Aurora. "What did you do?" she asked.

"I stopped him by using his own telepathy against him," Aurora answered quietly. Hermione nodded and looked down at Harry. Aiko stood up straight. Ferris and Cyé had run up beside her.

"What happened here?" Cyé asked. Aiko looked over at her.

"**WHAT?**" she yelled. Cyé put a finger to her lips. Aiko nodded. Cyé then looked at the two girls.

"Well?" she asked.

"We were practicing the Nariko Curse and it was Harry's turn. He entered some sort of trance and managed to get the best of Aiko. In order to make him stop, Aurora used her telepathy. If he hadn't stopped, he would've made Aiko deaf," Hermione said quickly. Cyé nodded and looked over at her friend. Ferris was cleaning the blood from the sides of her head.

"How long will it take before her hearing returns?" Aurora asked.

"An hour, two at the most. It takes about eight minutes for the hearing loss to be permanent. I doubt he would've been able to hold the curse for that long. It draws a lot of energy from the person projecting the curse. Aiko will be fine, and a bit peeved when she gets her hearing back. I think she might want revenge." Cyé laughed. Aiko was glaring at Harry.

"I didn't think the little bastard would be that powerful," Aiko whispered, obviously trying not to yell. Ferris laughed at her.

"I think Aiko has met her match in Soliopathy. She's one of the most powerful ones, second only to Madam Cosette Constantine, headmistress of the Constantine School of Soliopathy," Ferris said. Aiko read his lips.

"Bite me, Ferris," she mumbled and the group laughed at her.

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A long way away, Voldemort's eyes sprang open. Nicola looked up from her seat on the sofa. Giovanna was next to her, dozing. Voldemort was holding his head, as if in pain. Nicola looked at him harder, narrowing her eyes.

"What's wrong with you?" Nicola asked. Voldemort glared over in her direction.

"That stupid Potter boy. He just did something rather amazing, and drew power from me. It hurts like hell," Voldemort said. Nicola smirked.

"I guess you now get a taste of what he feels when you are particularly happy or feeling rather evil about something. And since when does the foulest person in the world use naughty language?" she asked. Voldemort narrowed his eyes as she chuckled to herself. He sighed.

"I am far from the foulest person in the world, Nicola. It is you who holds that title, I'm afraid," Voldemort said. Nicola nodded solemnly.

"I guess you've got me on that one, Tom," Nicola said. She stood up from her seat. Giovanna stirred next to her and opened her eyes. A piece of paper fell from Nicola's robes as she started to walk off. Nicola hadn't noticed. Giovanna picked it up. It was a picture of a baby girl. She seemed to be smiling at the camera. Giovanna stared long and hard at the picture. She'd seen those eyes somewhere before, but couldn't place where. They were big, beautiful eyes. She turned the picture over. It read *Ivi at three months*, in Nicola's elaborate handwriting.

"Ivi?" Giovanna whispered. "Nicola's a mother?" she asked. Nicola had returned to her seat. Giovanna put the picture in her lap. Nicola looked shocked. "So, what happened to her?" she asked. Nicola looked down at the picture.

"She was born after Gianni died. I couldn't take the responsibility, so I left her someone's doorstep. I haven't seen her since," she said quietly. Giovanna frowned at her sister.

"I've seen her. I can't quite remember where, though. How could you give your child away, Nic? Just like some old trash?" Giovanna asked, looking a little peeved. "Then you don't even tell anyone about it," she said, raising her voice. Nicola continued to stare at the picture.

"Lower your damn voice, Vanna. I was very young and stupid then. I was only eighteen when I married that man, and nineteen when I had her. I couldn't raise a child on my own," she said. Giovanna crossed her arms.

"And I'm the one with all the secrets."

"Fuck off, Vanna," Nicola said.

"No, Nic. It's **IS** your fault that Gianni is dead in the first place. I raised not one, but two children, who were babies at the exact same time, on my own."

"But you were twenty-five, Vanna. Or have you forgotten that I am six years younger than you? You try being a mother of a little girl at that age, and being alone in the world at the same time. Not to mention that I was a wanted criminal, and I still am!"

"Nic, you are filthy rich! You could've hired a nanny!"

"With my record, Vanna? I'm sure the little bitch would've given me away the first chance she got! I couldn't take that risk. I did what was best for the child and me. She would've had a horrible childhood."

"Why don't you try finding her, Nic? I'm sure she's a witch. And a damn good one, I'd wager. She looks like she might've had that bushy, brown hair like Gianni."

"Maybe I will someday, Vanna. When I'm reformed or something. I guarantee you that I would've been a terrible mother. I'm nothing like you," Nicola whispered. Giovanna put her arm around her sister.

"I'm confident you would've made a great one."

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"**RON!** Watch where you're shooting that damn thing!" Hermione yelled, dodging one of Ron's arrows. He looked over his hand.

"Sorry about that, Mione. Watch out." Ron shot another one. It flew past everyone. Draco ducked and turned to watch where the arrow would land. It was heading straight for a body. Draco gasped.

"**GET OUT OF THE WAY!**" he yelled, waving his wand wildly. The body instead put a wand up. The arrow exploded. When the dust cleared, everyone saw Luna standing there, smiling. She walked over to them.

"So this is where Neville's been sneaking off to every morning," she said, her large eyes twinkling. Everyone looked genuinely surprised that Luna could produce such a barrier. She smiled, and put her wand away in her robes.

"Since when did you become so powerful?" Hermione asked, taking a step forward. Luna looked over at her.

"Well, I was never 'weak' to begin with, Hermione. When I was let out of St. Mungo's in June, I started to train on my own. I read through countless defense spells before I'd mastered most of them. I'm a fast learner, you see. So, while I've been here, every night I go to the Room of Requirement and practice. One day, I was returning rather late, and I saw Neville trying to buckle a belt while running down the hallway. I started seeing him more and more. So, I decided to follow him this time. What exactly are you guys doing?" Luna asked. Everyone was staring at her in disbelief. Most of them had written Luna off as a very simple girl. Now, she'd proven herself to be somewhat powerful. Neve blinked.

"Well, uh, we're training to become Magi. You know, to help out the Order. It was on Dumbledore's orders."

"The Magi, huh? I read about them. Some secret organization of extremely powerful wizard folk. Said to be higher than Aurors. Well, I'd love to join you. I'd consider myself a Neofita. I guess I might be as powerful as one of them," Luna said. Everyone was still in a sort of stupor. Luna sighed as Neve turned to face them.

"Oh, snap out of it, you guys!" she yelled. Everyone else blinked and seemed to come back to life.

"Well, can I join you?" Luna asked meekly, smiling. Everyone looked at Hermione, who was leader of the Junior Order.

"Sure. I don't see the harm it could do. We need all the help we can get and she's rather powerful..." Hermione's voice trailed off. Luna jumped up and clasped her hands together.

"I won't let you down, Hermione," she said giddily. Hermione smiled and nodded.

"Well, let's see where you are, Luna," Ferris said. Luna nodded.

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As training drew to a close, Harry was rubbing his head. Aiko was still sitting, constantly rubbing her sore ears. The both looked somewhat in pain. The group crowded around them.

"Well, training is done for today. You will not be allowed to return home for Christmas break, I'm afraid. Sorry to dampen your holiday spirits, chaps. You will be here, helping us guard a very special event," Cye said calmly. Everyone looked at each other.

"Like what?" Rina asked, looking a little skeptical. Darien smiled, crossing his arms.

"Well, in light of the recent events, and events to come, some of the Ministers and Mistresses for Magic will be meeting here, at Hogwarts, for a meeting to decide what action to take next. I am to understand that several European countries will be represented; including your grandfather, Neve and Aurora," Darien said. Everyone nodded.

"Regardless of this event, you will continue your training as planned everyday. This time, though, you will practice from sun-up to sundown. You will not be residing in the castle, either. Consider these next two weeks as boot camp."

"Where will be staying?" Lina asked, looking a little afraid of what they were going to say. The four Magi smiled evilly.

"Tents, out here, in the snow. You will eat in the Great Hall, and bathe also. Other than that, you will be on the pitch everyday, all day. If we are needed in the castle, you will be asked to help. If not, welcome to the coldest desert in the world," Cye said. Everyone's face immediately fell.

"You can't be serious? Have you bloody well lost your mind? I refuse to stay out here!" Draco exclaimed finally. Ferris looked over at him.

"You, the second in command, are afraid to...what's the term...rough it? Oh, I might as well tell you. Percy, Fred, and George Weasley will be joining us. So will Penelope Clearwater, Angelina Johnson, Lee Jordan, and Alicia Spinnet. They complete your group. They were being trained by some of the other Magi back at the Burrow, but now they would like to join you for this training," Ferris said. Ginny and Ron's faces lit up.

"That's bloody great!" Ron said. Harry winced.

"Oi! Ron, try not to yell please," he grumbled.

"Oh, sorry, mate."

"Well, off you go. No need in you staying out here any longer. I expect breakfast will be waiting for you in the Great Hall. Training is over, for now." Cye waved her hand. The group started off back towards the castle.

## Chapter 12: The Cursed Professor

*Chapter 13 of 17*

The winter holidays begin, and with it comes a price.

## The End

### Chapter 12: The Cursed Professor

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Voldemort sat in his usual spot, in deep thought. Giovanna sat across from him, staring into his face. She smirked, making a sound. Voldemort was jerked out of his stupor at Giovanna's noise. She cleared her throat, avoiding his eyes. Voldemort continued to stare at her.

"What?" he asked. Giovanna looked over at him, still smirking. "Well, what is it? Out with it," Voldemort said. Giovanna nodded.

"Well, you just looked so very serious. You look funny when you look serious," Giovanna said, now smiling. Voldemort raised an eyebrow, looking at her as if she was speaking a language he did not understand. Giovanna sighed. "Oh, lighten up, Tom. You are really starting to get on my nerves with this serious bit. It's a wonder your face hasn't shriveled up into a tiny ball. All you do is frown," she said. Voldemort cracked what looked like what was threatening to be a smile.

"You know, I really wish you would call me Voldemort," he said. Giovanna scoffed.

"You will never hear me call you anything other than Tom Marvolo Riddle. I'm not afraid of you. I'm probably the only person on your side who is not. You do not scare me, Tom. You never have."

"You are wrong on that one, Giovanna. Nicola is not afraid of me," he said. Giovanna scoffed again.

"Nic is afraid of one thing and one thing only," she said somberly. Voldemort intertwined his fingers.

"And what, pray tell, is that? I have never known Nicola to be afraid of anything."

"Lady Nicola Janis Chenille Zaviera Feleti is afraid of meeting her daughter face to face. She is afraid of what Ivi, or whatever her name is, might say and how awkward a moment it would be," Giovanna said. Voldemort looked very shocked.

"Maybe we should try finding her daughter."

"I saw a picture of her. Of course, she was just a baby. She had these eyes that I've seen before: big, pretty eyes. They were full of wonder and amazement. I have seen eyes such as them before. The thing about it is, I honestly cannot remember where I saw them. It was recently, too," Giovanna said distantly. Voldemort nodded. "What were you thinking about anyway?"

"Oh, I was just thinking that I should let them know that I am still around. I've been dormant for too long now. I think it's time to stir things up a bit, don't you?" Voldemort asked. Giovanna nodded slowly.

"What did you have in mind?"

"Tommy told me that the Assante child has been asked to stay for Christmas. They are to help guard the school. A meeting is being held there with some of the Ministers and Mistresses for Magic. All of the teachers are going home, save Dumbledore, Catriona Onsu, Rubeus Hagrid, and Minerva McGonagall. I think it's time for a little revenge, don't you think? I figured out from an anonymous source that three of the Weasley boys will be going to Hogwarts over the Christmas break to also help out. Their significant others will be there as well."

"So, what does that have to do with anything?" Giovanna asked. That's when Nicola entered the room with a black woman. She wore robes of forest green and looked very happy to see them.

"Ah, our guest has finally arrived. What took you so long?" Voldemort asked, rising from his chair. The rather tall woman walked forward.

"Well, it takes a while to prepare for an Apparition this far from home, my lord. Who is this?" she asked nodding to Giovanna. Giovanna frowned and stood up also.

"I should be asking who you are," Giovanna retorted. The woman snorted and looked over at Nicola.

"Jada, meet my older sister, Vanna Zaviera. Vanna, meet Jada Williams. Jada is an American Dark witch. She is hated and feared over there and wishes to help us. She's rather talented at her craft," Nicola said. Jada held out her hand, and Giovanna shook it.

"Vanna, is it? That's a rather pretty name. Simple, yet pretty," Jada said snidely. Giovanna frowned. She squeezed Jada's hand rather tightly. Jada winced in pain, though it was noticeable only by Giovanna.

"Actually, it is Giovanna. If you ever, in your life, call me *Vanna*, I will be forced to end your life. Only two people are allowed to call me that: Nic and Tom," Giovanna said. She released Jada's hand.

"Abnormally strong little thing, aren't you? All right, Giovanna. I'll respect your wishes," Jada said, frowning. Voldemort, sensing the obvious tension, led the ladies to the seats in the center of the room. Consuelo entered with Chaylse not far behind him.

"You rang, Lady Feleti?" he asked. Nicola nodded and gestured toward a seat. Consuelo took it and Chaylse stood behind his chair, her arms behind her back. Jada raised an eyebrow.

"What? Is she your bodyguard or something? A big, strong man such as yourself shouldn't need a mere woman to protect you," she said. Consuelo glared at the pretty woman. Jada smiled wryly. Voldemort cleared his throat loudly just as Consuelo was about to retaliate. They all turned their attention toward him.

"Consuelo and Chaylse, this is Jada Williams, an American Dark witch. Jada, this is Enrique Consuelo, a Spanish Dark wizard. The pretty young girl..." Giovanna coughed loudly. Voldemort looked at her and then continued on. "...is Chaylse Tremaine. Would you like a lozenge, Giovanna?" Voldemort asked. Giovanna glared at him. Jada nodded and examined Chaylse a little more.

"A Tremaine, you say? I thought they fought on the side of good? How did she wonder so far away from her flock?" she asked.

"I kidnapped her after she graduated from Meloni. What does it matter anyway?" Consuelo asked. Jada shrugged.

"General information, my dear Enrique," Jada winked. Consuelo growled something in Spanish. Voldemort cleared his throat yet again.

"Well, now that we've gotten introductions out of the way, I will now tell you my plan. I feel that we should let the Order know that we mean business. Most of the teachers at Hogwarts will be arriving at King's Cross two days from now. The teacher that I am targeting is Catriona Onsu. She will be carrying special information that is to be delivered to the headquarters of the Order. We need them. Who wants the job of disposing of her?" Voldemort asked.

Dead silence.

"Oh, come on. It is way too risky for Tom and me to be seen. We're wanted for too many crimes. I don't think it is such a good idea to send Vanna. I mean, her children are at Hogwarts," Nicola said. They all nodded.



"Well, I will go. You want to just steal the information?" Chaylse asked. Voldemort shook his head. Chaylse's eyes lit up. "You want to kill her," she whispered. Voldemort nodded.

"I want her dead. Do not use the Killing Curse her. That would be way too noticeable. She will be seeing her friend Aislin Douglas off. You must kill her before she makes the pass off to Aislin. Jada, who is also a Seer, informed me that this would occur two minutes before the train leaves for King's Cross. You must kill her the discreetly and efficiently. Failure is **NOT** an option," Voldemort said. Chaylse nodded. "Keep your hood on and make sure it never comes off."

"Okay," Chaylse mumbled. Voldemort nodded.

---

Ginny woke up with a jerk in a cold sweat. She was breathing very hard again. She looked over at the others in her dormitory. The Tremaine twins were still asleep. Neve was snoring rather loudly. She'd just seen a meeting between a few Death Eaters. Voldemort was definitely planning something sinister. He had the barrier up again. All she knew was that they were sending a girl on a mission in two days. Ginny counted in her mind. That was when everyone left for Christmas break. They were planning to steal something. But what was it? Sighing, Ginny went back to sleep.

---

At lunch the next day, Harry was rubbing his sore ears. Ron was watching him.

"Are you alright, mate?" he asked. Harry glared at him.

"I don't think I like the Kana-Kaori Curses very much."

"What exactly are those curses, anyway?" Neville asked, stuffing more food in his mouth. Harry looked in his direction.

"There are three of them. One is called the Nariko Curse. The incantation is *Narishi*. It gives the unlucky soul it is placed upon the impression that they are hearing a horrible noise that is unbelievably loud. It can deafen a person. The next one is the Nami Curse. The incantation is *Namishi*. This curse is a water curse. It gives the illusion that you are being drowned," Harry said.

"So, with that one, basically, you're drowning in your own saliva?" Rina asked. Harry nodded half-heartedly.

"Something like that, Rina. It's not quite that simple, though. It's more like it stops you from breathing. If you keep it up long enough, the person will either drown, or pass out. The third one is called the Raiden Curse. The incantation is *Raishi*. This one, to me, is the worst. You actually see this one, and it affects more than one person at a time. Unlike the other two, you don't need to maintain eye contact for a period of time. A light appears, and it blinds anything and anyone within its radius," Harry said.

"Well, why don't people just close their eyes to it? It doesn't seem that effective if you are able to do that," Ron said, eating another roll. Hermione sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Wrong, Ron. The thing with the Raiden Curse is that you can't help but look at it. No matter how hard you try, you will be drawn to hold your eyes open and stare directly into it. It projects a sort of mind control. It's almost like magnetism. Or even a better example: when you sneeze. No matter how hard you try, you **WILL** close your eyes. It's almost like a moth is attracted to a lamp," Hermione said. Ron made a face. "You've got sauce on your cheek, Ron," Hermione said in a disgusted voice.

"Shove it, Mione."

"I love you, too," she said, smiling. Harry and Ginny laughed.

"That's the first time you've smiled all day, Ginny. What's on your mind?" Harry asked. Ginny seemed to jump at his words.

"Well, I saw something last night. I guess Voldemort has a new recruit or something. Plus, they're sending some girl on a mission in two days. That's all I could hear. Voldemort had that barrier up again," Ginny said.

"Where is this happening?" Lina asked, all of a sudden very attentive.

"I didn't hear. Voldemort has the power to let me hear what he deems necessary for me to hear. He somehow knows when I'm there now. I don't know how, though," Ginny said. They all nodded.

Down the table, Neve was working reading over some notes for Transfiguration. She half listening to the conversation involving some girl and Voldemort. When Voldemort's name was said, she felt Tommy tense beside her.

"Are you okay, Tommy?" Neve asked. Tommy jumped at her question and looked down at her. He smiled down at her shining eyes.

"Nothing, love. I just don't like hearing his name, you know? I haven't gotten quite used to it being said," Tommy lied. Neve nodded.

---

Across the Great Hall, both Draco and Ava were staring intently at the two. They were both eating almost mechanically. Then Draco dropped his fork loudly. Ava jumped and looked over at him.

"And why did you just do that?" she asked. Draco sighed. He pulled at Ava's sleeve. She stood up, and they walked outside of the Great Hall. He pushed her against the wall. Draco just stared at Ava and Ava stared right back at him. They stood like that for a moment. Then Ava's mouth dropped. "No," she whispered. Draco nodded. "Why?" she asked.

"It sort of just happened. I didn't mean for it to happen," Draco said. "And you need to stop cheating. If you'd waited, I would've just told you." Ava didn't seem to hear him.

"How do you not mean to do that? What? Did she just fall onto you?" Ava asked loudly. Draco's eyes widened.

"What are you trying to do? Get me caught? Keep your fucking voice down. She came and got me after Aurora and I had that row a while ago. We had a fight, and she asked me why I do what I do in protecting her. I started to say why, and then it just sort of happened. If it's any consolation, nothing else happened after that," Draco said. Ava was still in shock.

"No, it is not of any consolation. That was basically as bad it gets, Draco. Ooh, when Aurora finds out, you are dead. When Tommy finds out, you are dead. Either way it goes, you are going to die and long, slow, and painful death, Draco," Ava said. Draco looked at her.

"Gee, thanks for that joyful input, Ava. As for your brother, I think I can handle him," Draco said. Ava laughed outright.

"That is what you think, Draco. Tommy is a lot more powerful than he lets on. You just do not know it yet. Well, I will not tell anyone. By the way, did you two ever make up?" she asked.

"Tommy and I?" Draco looked confused.

"You and Tommy? No. That would almost be asking too much. I mean you and Aurora. She's been looking terrible these past couple of days."

"No. She's been avoiding me like a plague. She won't let me apologize to her," Draco said. Ava smirked. "I've gotta go talk to Potter," Draco said. Ava nodded and watched

him walk away. Then, she felt a familiar coldness. Ava blinked just as every glass in the Great Hall broke. She turned around and saw everyone looking confused and dusting glass off of them. Then she turned and looked around the corner. No one was there, but she knew exactly who the culprit was. She sighed and walked off. Filch was laying into Peeves.

"I'll have you out of Hogwarts for this, Peeves!" he yelled. Ava smirked as she passed him.

---

Two days later, Harry and Ron were helping Professor Onsu and Aislin carry Aislin's trunks to the train. The two women were talking very fast and in hushed voices. Harry seemed to be having a hard time. Aislin told them they couldn't use magic and she'd give them extra points on the final they screwed up on. They agreed and were now paying dearly for not studying.

"I would like nothing more than to take my wand out right now," Ron said.

"Aislin, what do you have in here? Boulders?" Harry asked, dropping the trunk on a trolley. Ron followed suit as Aislin and Onsu turned. Aislin was smiling at them.

"You'll be all right, boys," Aislin said. The train station was rather crowded. There were a lot of students going home this Christmas because of the meeting later on in the break. In fact, the vast majority of the school was going. The five-minute whistle sounded.

"Well, you better hurry. Ron, take the trolley over there. Hurry before they shut it down," Onsu said. Ron nodded and was off, leaving Harry with the two teachers. Suddenly, a short but firm woman pushed past Harry. Harry saw a glimmer of something silver in her left hand. She bumped into Onsu. Harry saw the one eye that Onsu showed widen in pain. Harry saw the woman's hand twist in Onsu's chest. Then, just like that, the woman was gone. Harry looked at Onsu. Aislin was turning around.

"Catriona, do you think that..." Aislin looked at her friend. Onsu was barely breathing. She fell into her. Aislin looked at her chest and saw the blood staining her light blue robes. Onsu coughed, and blood spluttered out of her mouth. Harry just stood there. Onsu's eyes were glazing over.

"Aislin! Say a medical charm or something!" Harry yelled at his stunned teacher and friend. Aislin shook off her shock examined the wound as Ron came running up. People were beginning to crowd around them.

"I can't heal this. The wound is fatal. No. This can't be happening," Aislin whispered. She looked frustrated and confused at the same time. Onsu looked as if she was trying to say something. "What is it, Cat?" Aislin said, tears running down her face.

"Parchment... gone... information... in open... Tell... Kingsley... yes..." Catriona's eyes closed. Aislin was openly crying now. Harry didn't know what to do. The conductor of the train ran up. He began barking orders.

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Aurora looked up. She looked off towards Hogsmeade. The red horizon seemed to tell the story of spilt blood.

"Something has happened," she whispered. Ginny looked over at her and then towards Hogsmeade. She saw the same thing.

"You're right," Ginny said.

"But what..." Lina said.

"The dark-haired twin has died," Ava whispered. They all looked at her. Ava looked at the sky. "It is written all over the sky. The blackness high in the sky, the light blue in between, and the red at the horizon."

"Onsu was wearing light blue, like the sky," Rina whispered. Ava nodded.

"Oh, no," Aurora said.

## Chapter 13: The New Plan

*Chapter 14 of 17*

A new plan is made for the holidays.

### The End

Chapter 13: The New Plan

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"Is it done?" Voldemort asked from his chair. Chaylse stood behind him, her head lowered.

"Yes," she replied quietly. She handed him the parchment she'd stolen. Voldemort looked at it and nodded. Giovanna stood against the wall in the room. When Chaylse left, she glared at Voldemort with all the anger her face could show. He sighed when he saw the look on her face.

"What is your displeasure now, woman?" he asked, slightly annoyed. Giovanna raised an eyebrow.

"First of all, my name is not woman, Tom. I have a name, and I expect you to call me by it. Second, was it really necessary that you had to kill the Onsu woman?" Giovanna asked. Voldemort sighed deeply again and looked away from her.

"Why are you questioning me, Giovanna? Do you not believe that I made the right choice?" Voldemort asked, standing. Giovanna watched him intently as he slowly began coming forward.

"No, I do not believe you made the right choice. I just wish I knew your logic for killing her. You could have just attacked her. Her blood did not need to be spilled. It was senseless to do that. You also risked the exposure of that Tremaine girl." Giovanna noticed that Voldemort was still advancing on her. She glanced at him with a questioning look upon her face. She backed up into the wall just as he reached his hand out for her. Her head slammed against the wall as his fingers closed around her neck tightly. "What the hell are you doing? Let go of me. You're hur..." She squirmed under him. Voldemort leaned in close to her.

"If you ever question me again, Giovanna, I will start to believe that you will betray me. I cannot have traitors in my midst. So, if I even suspect you of treason, I will not hesitate to kill you," Voldemort said. Giovanna's eyes narrowed considerably, and she stopped struggling.

"You would really kill the mother of your children?" she inquired in a rather scary voice. Voldemort's fingers began to grow hot on her neck. Giovanna felt a burning sensation and tried to get his hands off of her. Voldemort smiled at her pain. Giovanna growled something in French. "I do not believe you would," she said in a hoarse voice, obviously straining. Voldemort leaned in next to her ear.

"Believe it," he whispered. Then Giovanna's scream filled the air.

---

At Hogwarts, Ava's eyes popped open. A voice that could've only been her mother's was in her mind. She was screaming. But why? Sitting up, Ava realized that she had an hour before she was supposed to be on the pitch. Sighing, she got up, decided to get ready, and go sit in the common room. When Ava arrived at the common room, she felt a little dizzy. Suddenly, she could hear seemingly everyone's dreams. Shaking her head, she managed to block out the noise. She saw a body sitting in an armchair by the fire. By the slick blond hair, she knew exactly who it was.

"Why are you up so early, Draco?" Ava asked. Draco didn't even flinch. This was surprising to Ava, as she was exceptionally good at stealth and always seemed to scare Draco and the others when she snuck up on them.

"If you're thinking about why I didn't jump, I felt you in my mind when you entered the room. You're starting to lose a little bit of control on that, aren't you? Ava, the Telepathic Scholar and Queen of Espionage," Draco taunted, still looking at the fire. Ava smirked and sat down next to him.

"Since we heard about Professor Onsu, my mind has been on the fritz. I cannot seem to control what I read or hear any longer. It just all comes at once, and it comes against my will. I do not know why it is happening. Aurora said she feels the same way sometimes. Occasionally, Harry will complain. Since he throws off training, he is not really affected by it. The only good thing that came of Onsu's death was that now we do not have to stay outside. I feel really bad for her sister and brother. Aislin told me that she was getting married to some poor bloke..." Ava seemed to be trying to think about what his name was.

"Kingsley Shacklebolt. He's an Auror that works for the Order. Rather nice chap, too. I feel a bit sorry for him. Tell me something, Ava," Draco said, still not looking at her.

"What is it?"

"How did you read the sky like that to tell that Onsu had died before you even knew it?" Draco asked. Ava looked over into the fire.

"I can just read things like that. I guess it is just a weird kind of Divination. My mother taught me when I was younger that everything can be written in the sky. All you need to do is just look. No, I am not a Seer or anything. I just learned to read the colors and stars of the sky," Ava said. Draco nodded.

"Sounds pretty creepy if you ask me," He snorted out. Ava threw a pillow at him.

"Everything sounds creepy to you, Draco."

---

Out on the pitch, everyone was sluggishly standing there, looking at the four Magi. Aiko looked very solemn.

"Well, you will not be training with us for three days," she said quietly. Everyone's eyes widened considerably.

"What?" Harry asked. He looked utterly shocked.

"Why?" Hermione asked.

"Our presence has been requested at Catriona's funeral. A lot of important people will be there. We are needed to protect them in case of any Death Eater activity. The parchment that was stolen will lead them to Catriona's funeral," Cye said.

"How would the parchment know that Professor Onsu was dead?" Luna asked.

"The parchment was enchanted to change into different messages in case it got into the wrong hands. It is now in the wrong hands. Now, it probably says that the Ministers and Mistresses for Magic will be meeting at the Ministry of Magic three days from now. So, that is where we will be waiting for them," Darien said. The students nodded. Ava narrowed her eyes, thinking very hard. Cye noticed the incredulous look on her face.

"Something to say, Ava?" she asked. Ava's head snapped up. Suddenly, her mind was filled again with the voices of practically everyone around her. As Ava shook her head, Cye looked a little worried. "Are you okay? What's wrong?" Ava looked back over at Cye.

"Nothing. I'm fine. I just have a really bad feeling about this," Ava mumbled. Cye nodded.

"I can assure you that nothing will happen here. We do expect you, though, to be on your guard as if something was going to happen here. The Ministers and Mistresses for Magic will be here tomorrow for the meeting and staying over into the next day. That is when we will return. The others will be here tomorrow, also. You may go inside now and get breakfast," Ferris said. Everyone nodded and started walking towards the castle.

Ava was the last person off of the pitch. She paused suddenly and turned around. There was nothing behind her but snow and the goalposts. She couldn't possibly have heard what she'd just heard. She can only hear voices within a certain distance when her mind did it against her will. **HE** was all the way back in the castle. Shaking off her suspicion, she ran to catch up with the others. When she caught up beside Aurora, Aurora leaned over to her.

"You felt it too?" she asked. Ava looked at her and nodded.

"He couldn't possibly be out there. He's in bed," Ava said. Aurora nodded, but still looked a bit skeptical. They didn't say anything else on the subject.

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Tommy sighed and slid down the goalpost. He was almost caught as he let his guards down for a moment to block his sister out. Now, he had to figure out a way to beat them back to the dormitory. He stood up decided to take the long way where no one would see him. He just had to be very quick about it.

When Tommy arrived in the dormitory, he immediately undressed and dried his tracks up and boots off. He then flung himself into his bed right before Harry, Ron, and Neville entered. Dean and Seamus were still snoring loudly. Tommy closed his eyes. When he heard Ron, Harry, and Neville leave again, he sat up and went to his desk. Pulling out a piece of parchment, he wrote a quick letter.

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Nicola sat outside, drinking a cup of tea on the porch of the Riddle house. She saw a plain brown owl flying towards her at a pretty high speed. The bird, unsuspecting of the barrier around the property, flew right into it. Sighing, Nicola got up and walked over to the fallen owl. Picking up the letter, she gave the owl a piece of the bacon she'd been eating. The letter was addressed to Giovanna. Walking in the house, she threw the letter on the table in front of Giovanna.

Giovanna was rubbing her neck. Her curly hair was rather wild and covered most of her face. Nicola could only see her lips. Giovanna looked down at the letter.

"For me?" she asked. Nicola sighed.

"It is addressed to you, is it not?" she asked rhetorically. Giovanna snarled something and Nicola smiled. Bellatrix sat across from her, watching her every move. Giovanna just stared at the letter.

"Well, aren't you going to open the bloody thing?" Bellatrix asked. Giovanna glared at her through her hair. Nicola sat down next to her sister. Giovanna opened the envelope and pulled out a piece of parchment. The handwriting was sloppy and obviously rushed, but she knew whom it was from. She read it silently.

Mama,

*First, Happy Christmas. Second, I have news for you.*

*Remember my professor that my father had killed a couple of days ago? Well, the parchment she was carrying that was stolen is enchanted to say something different if it was to fall into the wrong hands. Seeing that it did fall into the wrong hands, it changed to say that the meeting of the Ministers and Mistresses for Magic is at the British Ministry in two days. It is actually supposed to be at the school. If you all are planning to do something, then Hogwarts would be the place to do it. Just thought you ought to know.*

Tomás

Giovanna sighed and folded the letter back up. Nicola took another sip of her tea.

"So what did it say?" she asked Giovanna. Giovanna picked up a quill that was lying on the table and began twirling it in her hair. Once her thick curls were in a ball, she stuck the quill down hard into the ball, and her hair stayed in position. Nicola shook her head. "I will never understand how you do that."

"When you take care of two wild toddlers, it becomes necessity to be able to put your hair up that quickly. It's really not that hard. The letter was from Tomás. He said that the meeting is actually at Hogwarts, not the Ministry in London. We need to tell Tom that the plans have changed." Giovanna started to stand up. Nicola then noticed her sister's neck. She pulled her back down to her seat. "Nic, what are you doing?" she asked, looking a bit bewildered. Nicola frowned as she looked at her sister's neck.

"What happened?" Nicola asked sternly. Giovanna rubbed her neck.

"Nothing. I just got a little careless when I was hot curling my hair with my wand," she lied. Giovanna's neck was littered with bruises and burn marks. Nicola examined the marks closer.

"Vanna, he touched you, didn't he?" Nicola asked. Giovanna didn't look at her sister. Nicola slammed the cup down on the table and stood up.

"No! Nic, wait!" she yelled and went after Nicola.

Nicola burst into the room where Voldemort was talking to Consuelo and Lucius. They all looked at her. Nicola looked at the other two men.

"Get out," she said in a deadly tone. They didn't waste any time and left immediately. When they were gone, Nicola waved her hand, and the door slammed shut behind them. Giovanna ran into the door just as it locked.

"Damn it," she swore.

Voldemort stood up and looked at Nicola. She seemed to be in a bit of a rage. He started to walk forward, but instead, he went flying into the wall not far from him. Before he could move again, Nicola had her long, sharp nail pushing into his throat. Voldemort smirked.

"Are you going to kill me, Nicola?" Voldemort asked, snickering a little. Nicola pushed the nail in harder, almost to the point of drawing blood.

"If you ever touch my sister again, I will do something that I should've done ages ago, Tom," Nicola said in a serious tone. Voldemort cackled again.

"And what, pray tell, might that be?" he asked. Nicola pushed even harder. This time, a little blood trickled down his neck. Nicola smirked.

"Ah; he bleeds. I will do something that you might consider unbearably horrific, Tom. Vanna may have some sort of attraction to you, but, thank Merlin, I do not. You don't know everything about me, Tom. That includes the fact that you don't know the extent of my power. Do not test me. If I ever see Vanna's neck looking like that again, I will burn something that I'm sure every guy would miss off the way you burned Vanna's neck. Then, I will feed it to Nyoka." Nicola released his neck. Then she turned and left the room. Giovanna was leaning against the wall, still rubbing her neck.

"You didn't have to do that, Nic," she mumbled. Nicola whirled on her sister, her red braid swinging from one shoulder to the next. Giovanna took a step back as Nicola advanced on her.

"You shouldn't let him touch you like that, Vanna. Don't give him another reason for him to feel superior over you. You're better than that. Regardless of how much you make me sick, you are still my sister, and I'm the only one who can inflict damage upon you and get away with it," Nicola said. Giovanna nodded. Nicola smiled a little, then turned and walked off. Giovanna watched her until she turned the corner and then went in the room. She gave Voldemort the note Tommy had sent. He read it silently and nodded.

"What are you going to do?" Giovanna asked. Voldemort looked thoughtfully at the fire for a moment.

"Attack both places at once. All the Aurors and the Magi plan on being in one place, right? So, if we hit both places, they won't be able to go to Hogwarts because they will be defending the Ministry," Voldemort said. Giovanna nodded.

"I guess you're right on that one."

"We will attack tomorrow." Voldemort smiled evilly.

---

Back at Hogwarts, Draco was shooting arrows at different fruits that Harry was throwing up. Ron, Neville, and Tommy were watching.

"So, Malfoy, what's with you and Aurora?" Ron asked, eating a chocolate frog. Draco looked at him and shot the arrow just as Harry threw an apple up. Although Draco wasn't looking, he still managed to hit the apple in the center.

"What do you mean what's with us?" he asked with an unpleasant look on his face. Ron smiled, knowing he'd just struck a nerve.

"Well, you two used to swoon over each other. Now, all of a sudden you act like you each have some kind of disease. You barely ever talk to each other anymore. So, what is with you two?" Ron asked. Draco flinched a little bit, trying his hardest not to punch him. Ron knew of Draco's conflict between hitting him and not hitting him. He smiled slyly.

"Mind your business, Weasley. It doesn't concern you what Aurora and I are going through," Draco said. He shot an arrow at a tree, barely missing Harry's head. Harry actually felt the air being displaced as it flew past him. He turned and looked at it. The arrow was lodged rather deeply in it.

"Well, that was a pretty good shot."

# Chapter 14: An Eerie Resemblance

*Chapter 15 of 17*

The meeting starts.

## The End

Chapter 14: An Eerie Resemblance

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Hermione sat up. She had been sleeping at the table in the common room. Aurora sat next to her in the same condition. Hermione tapped Aurora on the shoulder. Aurora jumped up quickly, drawing her wand and looking very alert. She looked at Hermione, who was shaking her head.

"Rise and shine, sleeping beauty. We fell asleep again doing this mess." Hermione nodded down at the papers strewn across the table. Aurora put her wand away and looked at the table. Little yellow notes were everywhere. Books were open, and quills were spread across the small round table.

"We have got to finish up this research soon, Hermione. I'm losing too much sleep over it," she said, gathering her things. Then she looked over at the clock. "We should really be getting ready to go meet the others down at the train station," Aurora said. Hermione took a glance at the clock also.

"You're right. Let's move a little faster, shall we?" Hermione began hurriedly shoving all the papers into her bag. Ron and Harry came down the stairs and looked at the two girls.

"Good morning, ladies," Ron said loudly and jovially. Both Hermione and Aurora jumped and pulled their wands on them. A spark came out of Aurora's. Ron and Harry began laughing like crazy. Both girls put their wands away, scowling at the boys.

"Did we just catch you girls in the middle of something secret?" Harry asked. Hermione narrowed her eyes and continued putting her papers away.

"Now what makes you say that, Harry?" Aurora asked innocently. Harry shrugged.

"Well, for starters, you nearly blasted our bloody heads off, Aurora. You're hiding something from us. I can tell," Ron said. Aurora frowned as Hermione grabbed her arm.

"Ignore them, Aurora. Let's go. We'll meet you all at the train station to escort the others," Hermione said, shooting a glance at Ron. Ron smiled broadly, and Hermione rolled her eyes. She pulled Aurora all the way to the dormitory.

"Mental, I tell you. There's no better word for that one," Ron said. Harry nodded, watching them disappear. "Let's go get some food. I'm starving," Ron said. Harry nodded, then looked back down on the table. A single note was left. Harry picked it up. He read it and looked quite confused.

"Phobophobia?" he whispered.

---

At breakfast, all the boys were sitting together. Harry pulled out the note he'd nabbed from the table in the common room and showed it to them.

"Now I know what phobophobia, necrophobia, and musophobia are. What the hell is illyngophobia?" Draco asked as Lina and Rina sat down noisily next to him. Aurora, Ava, and Hermione were still missing from the table. Neve looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Illyngophobia is the fear of vertigo or getting dizzy when you look down," Ginny said quietly as she sat down next to Harry. Everyone looked down at her.

"How did you know that?" Ron asked. Ginny looked up and smiled.

"I have a bit of it, I guess. Draco, what are the other three?" she asked.

"Necrophobia is the fear of death or dead things like people, animals, et cetera. Musophobia is the fear of mice. Phobophobia is the fear of, for lack of a better word, fear. Why would Granger be looking up different phobias?"

"Well, look at it this way, Draco. So far, we each have one of those," Ginny said. Draco raised an eyebrow.

"I'm not following you," he said blankly. Ginny sighed.

"What she means is that from what you've read, at least one of us is one of those. I have musophobia. I'm so scared of mice that I'd probably drive myself crazy. Ginny already said she had illyngophobia. Whether she'll admit or not, Aurora used to have necrophobia. She had to get help for it. Then there's phobophobia. Guess we all have that to certain degree, don't you think?" Neve said, eating a strawberry rather slowly.

"I am not afraid of fear, Neve," he said. Neve didn't seem to pay him any mind. She was examining the ripe strawberry in her hand.

"Sure, you're not, Draco. You can keep telling yourself that," she said lackadaisically. Draco narrowed his eyes and said something unintelligible.

"We really should be going, you guys. We'll ask them about it later," Harry said, standing.

---

Down in Hogsmeade at the train station, the students stood around. They walked back and forth, waiting for the train to come. Aurora looked at the clock.

"The train is late," she mumbled. Hermione nodded.

"The train is never later. I don't think it knows how to be late," Ginny said, giggling a little. Hermione cracked a smile and then heard the train.

"Here it comes," she said, pulling her wand out. As the red train slowed to a stop, Harry saw a hint of red hair in the windows. He smiled to himself and thought of the fun they were going to have with the twins there. Fred was the first one off, pulling Angelina with him.

"How's it going, mate?" he said cordially to Harry. Harry nodded.

"Great, now that you think about it. You guys have one day for rest and relaxation. Then our trainers get back and give us hell. So, my advice is to have as much fun as humanly possible before the others get back," Harry said. Fred saluted him.

"Will do, Harry. Will do." Fred looked slyly at Angelina, who was talking to Hermione and Ginny in excited tones. Ron and Harry watched the other people get off the train. They all had serious looks on their faces and looked at the students with a high amount of disgust.

"They're the Mistresses and Ministers for Magic from other countries. Look, there's Fudge guiding them all," a voice said from behind them. Ron turned to see Percy standing there with Penelope in tow. Penelope smiled at Ron, and he nodded in her direction.

"You were definitely the last person I expected to come with the twins, Percy," Ron said. He still held somewhat of an aversion towards Percy for his stupidity in their fifth year.

"Yeah, well, join the club, Ron," Percy said in a dull voice. Ron smirked and hit his brother playfully on the back. Ava and Tommy were standing off to the side, watching this scene. Ava looked up and saw quite possibly the cutest person she'd seen in her life. Ginny noticed her staring. She walked over to her.

"Do you think he's cute?" Ginny asked slyly. Ava's eyes snapped towards her. She swallowed hard and tried not to look too conspicuous.

"I have absolutely no idea who you are referring to, Ginny," Ava said. Ginny smirked.

"His name's Lee Jordan. He's in business with my brothers. You know, the redhead twins. They all run that joke shop at Diagon Alley. He's nineteen, but he'll be twenty in March. Oh, and most importantly, he's single," Ginny whispered and walked over to Harry and Ron, smiling evilly to herself. Tommy sighed and hit his sister. Ava jumped and glared at her brother.

"What is your problem?" she asked.

"Snap out of it. You look like you were going to start drooling," Tommy said, crossing his arms. He looked a little more disturbed than usual. Ava frowned and turned away from him. Then, she sensed something. Turning around, Ava saw a crowd of people getting off the train. They seemed to just be greeting family members or something. They all wore white cloaks with the hoods up. Ava squinted. She swore she'd felt her mother's presence. Tommy looked at her. "What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said. Tommy looked at the group of people as Ava turned. One of the figures looked over at him. Tommy saw the snakelike eyes flash at him. Sighing, he headed after his sister.

---

Back at Hogwarts, Neville, Fred, George, Harry, and Ron were waging war on Ginny, Luna, Angelina, Alicia, and Neve. Snowballs were flying at high speeds whether they were propelled by magic or hand. Ginny got hit with one by Harry right in the face.

"No fair, Harry! You can't use Soliopathy in a snowball fight! You cheater!" she yelled at him. Harry shrugged.

"Yeah, well, my hands are really cold and all that. You know how it is when they get numb," Harry said. Ginny glared at him. Suddenly, she took out her wand. Harry jumped a little.

"*Caderel!*" Ginny yelled. The spell caused Harry to be sucked to the ground. He looked up as Ginny walked over to him. She put her wand up. Kneeling down to his level, she wiped snow off of his nose.

"That really hurt, Gin," he said, spitting out snow. Ginny smiled.

"Well, my hands were numb, so all I could do was pull out my wand," she said. Harry smirked and tackled her. They continued to roll across the battle zone. All snowballs halted as they rolled. Neve and Ron looked at them like they smelled of something very disgusting.

"Aw, you two, that's bloody disgusting. Get a bloody room!" Neve yelled. Harry and Ginny pretended they didn't hear her. So, in protest, Fred and George began pummeling them with snowballs.

Across the lawn, Aurora, Hermione, and Ava were looking inside different books. Aurora looked up and saw the others.

"Look at them. They are all going to be sick and want us to make them potions to make them feel better. Watch. I can see exactly how that conversation is going to go," Aurora said. Hermione noticed how much she sounded like someone's mother. She reached to her side for a flask. Ava noticed her action.

"Hermione?" she asked. Hermione took a swig of it then looked at Ava.

"Yes?" she answered.

"What's in there anyway?" Ava asked slowly. Hermione looked at her flask.

"Oh, just a potion to help my throat. It gets scratchy around this time. Plus, I spend most of my day freezing my arse off with those buffoons. If I don't take this potion, I might be confined to a bed forever. I'd go crazy if I had to do that," Hermione said. Ava looked at her for a long moment, and then went back to her books.

"Hi, Draco," Ava mumbled without looking over her shoulder. Draco stopped dead in his tracks. He was going to scare the girls. Crossing his arms, he walked around the three girls. Ava still hadn't made eye contact with him.

"That really gets on my nerves, Ava. You can't scare you. Stop being in my mind all the time," he said. Ava smirked and looked up at him. Draco's normally slick hair was starting to look like he just woke up and ran a hand through it.

"Since when do you not comb your hair, Draco? Trying to go for the Harry-look?" Aurora asked absent-mindedly. Draco blinked twice, obviously surprised that Aurora had said anything to him at all. Aurora smiled up at him.

"What nonsense are you talking about? Why on earth would I want to look like that bloody idiot?" Draco asked. Aurora shook her head.

"The typical Draco-Malfoy-answer. I do not know why I expected anything other than that from you," Aurora said. Draco frowned up a bit.

"I'm surprised you're even talking to me. Lately, you've been acting as if I have some sort of contagious disease," he commented. Aurora's smile disappeared from her face. She stared at him hard for a long moment. Then she stood up.

"You, of all people, should know the reason for that, Draco." Aurora stared at him directly in his cold eyes.

*I know*, she transmitted to him. Draco's eyes widened as she flounced off. He just stood there and watched her go.

*She only thinks you two kissed* Ava told Draco via telepathy. Draco nodded slightly, relieved somewhat.

---

Neve had been watching that exchange rather closely. She figured that whatever made Draco's face suddenly change like that could not have been good. She also had a feeling that Aurora knew something. Her train of thought was interrupted by Tommy tackling her. She fell back on the snow with him on top of her.

"Tommy!" she yelled.

"Hey, beautiful. What are you pondering so hard about?" he asked. Neve smirked. In one fluid motion, she managed to put Tommy on the bottom and herself on top. Tommy blinked twice before he realized what just happened.

"Nothing. Don't worry about it." Neve kissed his nose and stood up.

---

In Hogsmeade, Nicola stared out of a window. She saw the ghastly frame of the school on the horizon. Her red hair was down. She heard the door behind her close. Not bothering to turn around, she spoke.

"You know, there is this little thing called common courtesy..." she began.

"Shut that hole in your face, Nic. I surely don't want to hear you talk about courtesy," Giovanna said. Nicola turned around, her hair swinging. Giovanna smiled. "My, my. This is surely a rare and auspicious occasion. Since when do you wear your hair down, Nic?" she asked. Nicola smiled.

"Well, Vanna, never actually. The reason it is down is because I **WAS** going to retire. But, since you have so graciously come to pay me a visit, how can I go to sleep now? You don't plan on going tomorrow, do you?" Nicola asked. Giovanna shook her head.

"What? And give my son and daughter away? I don't think so, Nic. You can't possibly think that I am that dense."

"Well..." Nicola said in a joking manner. Giovanna threw a pillow off of her bed at her.

"The reason I came up here is to tell you to watch out for my children. I know that Tomás will try to fight in order to not look suspicious. Tom tends to get a little carried away. Plus, I don't think that Lestranger woman will make any distinction about whom she curses. Just do me that one favor, Nic. That's all I ask of you," Giovanna said. Nicola nodded.

"Sure. They are my niece and nephew anyway. What kind of aunt would I be if I didn't?"

---

The next day, Harry and Draco stood at the main entrance to the school. All the students had been placed in different positions around the school while the meeting went on in the Great Hall. Draco looked extremely sullen. He kept staring out into seemingly nothing. Harry cleared his throat loudly.

"So, do you want to talk about it?" Harry asked quietly. Draco's head turned toward him so quickly, it looked as if had it been any faster, Draco's neck could've snapped like a twig. Harry tried hard not to chuckle at it.

"Talk about what, Potter?" Draco asked.

"Whatever has you looking like you've just lost your entire inheritance. Believe me. I've seen that look on your face before," Harry said. Draco raised an eyebrow.

"When?"

"When you lost your entire inheritance last year, smart one," Harry said. Draco frowned at him and then looked back out towards the lake.

"Something is bothering me, if you must know, Potter. But, that does not mean that I'm going to sit here and discuss it with the likes of you," Draco said. Harry nodded.

"Okay, Malfoy," Harry said. In his mind, he counted down. Draco rolled his eyes and sighed.

"Aurora found out something that happened a while ago between Neve and I," Draco said quickly. Harry smirked.

"It took you less than five seconds. I'm impressed. I knew Aurora knew about it. Being her virtual opposite has its privileges," Harry said. Draco looked utterly confused.

"What the hell are you talking about? How did you know?"

"Like I said, I'm her virtual opposite. I know more about the way Aurora feels at a particular time than you will ever know, Malfoy. Do you remember the day that every glass in the Great Hall broke? It happened at lunch," Harry said. Draco looked at him in an odd manner.

"Yes, I do. We all thought it was Peeves," Draco said. Harry shook his head.

"No. It wasn't Peeves. It was Aurora. She heard you talking to Ava. I let my mind wander, and I heard the entire conversation via our link. When you came back in the Great Hall, every glass broke. That never struck you as odd? Anyway, it was Aurora losing control. If you remember, I was rubbing my head after that," Harry said. Draco nodded.

"So, what was she feeling?"

"I thought it would be obvious, seeing how she tried to kill the entire population of the Great Hall. She was mad, sad, and above all, she felt betrayed. That's why she's been avoiding you and Neve. I think you should explain what happened to her. Girls only see one side to everything. Then, they tend to choose the most irrational way of seeing it. Aurora will listen if you just talk to her. Plus, I consider myself pretty good at reading other minds without being detected. For once, Ava had her guards down, and I got the complete story on what went on between you and Neve. Aurora doesn't know the whole story, but I think you should tell her soon," Harry said. He looked over at Draco, who was staring at his feet. "Oh, don't tell me you have 'Auroraphobia,'" Harry joked.

"Actually, Potter, that's the fear of the aurora borealis or the aurora australis. No, I'm not scared of Aurora. I have no reason to be."

"Yeah, right," Harry said, leaning back against the stone wall. Draco sighed. Then, Harry noticed someone walking up the walkway to the school. Draco looked at him. Harry shrugged. They stood up and took a few steps forward.

"Stop right there!" Draco yelled. The figure stopped. The person wore a hood that covered their face. All the two boys could see was their mouth. By the way the person was smirking, they could tell it was a woman. Draco furrowed his eyebrows. He slowly pulled his wand.

"Who are you and what is your business here?" Harry asked, getting on his guard. The woman pulled her hood back.

"Oh, Potter. Don't tell me you've forgotten who I am." Bellatrix Lestranger stood there, smirking at Harry. Harry frowned and got ready to hex her when she put her hand up. "I really don't want to fight you, Potter. All I want is to see the meeting," Bellatrix said.

"I have no idea what you are talking about, Bellatrix," Harry said. Bellatrix smiled her grimy smile.

"Come now, Potter. You aren't a very convincing liar. Plus, my sources tell me that a meeting of the Ministers and Mistresses for Magic is taking place inside the school. You thought you were pretty smart trying to trick us into going to the Ministry, huh?" she said. Draco noticed several Death Eaters coming up behind her.

"Uh, Potter..." Draco began.

---

On the other side of the school, Ava had her eyes closed. Hermione sat beside her. Suddenly, Ava looked up, scaring Hermione. Hermione pulled her wand and pointed it at Ava. When she realized what she was doing, she dropped her guard.

"You've got to stop scaring me like that, Ava," Hermione said. Then she noticed Ava's face. "Ava, what's wrong?" she asked. Ava turned around and looked back inside of the school. Then she looked forward.

"Someone's coming," she whispered. Sure enough, four Death Eaters appeared over the hill. Hermione stood and pulled her wand back out.

"Ava, contact the others," she whispered. Ava nodded and closed her eyes. One of the Death Eaters looked up at Hermione. Hermione knew instantly who it was.

"We meet again, Miss Granger," Lucius Malfoy said. Hermione grumbled something unintelligible. Ava stood there and watched the interaction between the two. Lucius noticed Ava and bowed. "And whom might you be?" he asked. Ava was a little surprised at the man's demeanor. He looked very familiar.

"Avariella Zaviera. Who are you?" Ava asked, not bothering to pull her wand. Lucius took note of her relatively relaxed disposition. He smirked as he realized who she was.

"Lucius Malfoy. You're very pretty, Miss Zaviera. So much like..." Lucius didn't finish, as one of the Death Eaters nudged him. Ava squinted at him for a moment.

"Malfoy?" she whispered.

"He is Draco's scum of a father," Hermione said. Ava nodded.

"Surely I'm not all *THAT* bad. Well, you have one of two options, Miss Granger and Miss Zaviera," Lucius said. Hermione kept her wand trained on him.

"And what's that, Malfoy?" Hermione asked. Ava looked around at the other Death Eaters. None of them had pulled their wands. Then she noticed one of them wore white. The Death Eater came forward, pulling their hood back. It was the woman from the train station. She resembled Hermione in an odd way.

"Lucius, I'll handle this." Hermione squinted at the woman.

"I remember you..." Hermione said. The woman looked at Hermione and smiled.

"Yes. I'm Lady Nicola Feleti. You saw me at Diagon Alley a few months ago," Nicola said. Then she noticed something. Hermione had very familiar eyes. They were most like her ex-husband's. Hermione's grip on her wand faltered for only a moment. Nicola took this time to summon it. Hermione's wand flew into Nicola's hands. "Nice wand," she said, examining it. Hermione grumbled something. Nicola handed the wand to Lucius and walked forward. She looked into Hermione's eyes. Then, something clicked.

"Ivi?" she whispered. Hermione frowned.

"How do you know my middle name?" she asked. Nicola gasped. Ava and Lucius watched the two with wide eyes, wondering what was going to happen next. Hermione and Nicola just kept staring at each other.

"It can't be..." Nicola murmured. Hermione continued staring at the woman whom she bore an eerie resemblance to.

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#### Just a little side note...

I was informed that Hermione's middle name is Jane, but I was not aware at the time this story was written. I'm leaving it as is to suit my plot. Thank you.

## Chapter 15: Showdown-Pt. 1

*Chapter 16 of 17*

Bellatrix, Nicola, Lucius, and others attack Hogwarts.

### Chapter 15: Showdown Pt. 1

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"**AHEM!**" Lucius cleared his throat loudly. Nicola blinked back into reality. Hermione was still watching her with suspicious eyes. Nicola frowned.

"Get out of the way," she said sternly. Hermione laughed.

"Do you really think that I'm just going to stand to the side and let you in the school? How dense can you get?" Hermione said. Ava smiled a little. Nicola shot Ava a hard glance and looked as though she was trying her hardest not to curse her into oblivion. Then she turned her gaze back to Hermione. Hermione was definitely enjoying herself. Nicola met her eyes for a moment, and Hermione grinned evilly.

*Narishi*, Hermione thought. Nicola flinched a bit. She made a face like she was hearing something particularly nerve-racking. She dropped Hermione's wand, and Ava made a move to pick it up. Lucius looked at Nicola. Ava turned to run inside.

"Hermione, come on!" Ava yelled back at her friend. Hermione blinked and smiled. Then she turned to run off with Ava. Lucius looked down at Nicola, who was holding her ears. He touched her. She popped up and watched the girls run away.

"Are you okay?" Lucius asked, taking a step forward. Nicola rounded on him, glaring murderously, and then turned back around.

"She's a Soliopath. Excellent. This makes my life a hell of a lot easier," she said loudly and sarcastically. She rubbed her ears. She pushed the large door open and walked in the school.

---

Hermione and Ava ran into Ginny, Aurora, and Neve.

"We're under attack. We just saw Malfoy and that Italian chick from Diagon Alley," Hermione said. Neve and Ginny nodded.



"We need to alert Dumbledore and the Ministers," Ginny said.

"Ginny and Aurora, go with Hermione to get Dumbledore. Neve, you and I will find the others and try to head the Death Eaters off," Ava said. They all glanced at each other.

"Good luck," Hermione said. Ava nodded and looked at Neve.

"Ready?" she asked. Neve nodded sadistically.

"Are you kidding? I live for this," Neve said, brandishing her wand. Ava shook her head and rolled her eyes. They went the opposite direction from Ginny, Aurora, and Hermione.

---

Meanwhile, Draco and Harry watched as the Death Eaters surrounded Bellatrix. She just smiled at them as though nothing was happening around them. Harry squeezed his wand tighter.

"Have any bright ideas, Potter?" Draco whispered urgently. Harry shook his head.

"What about you?" Harry whispered back.

"Leave it to me," Draco whispered. "Get back inside the school."

"Are you sure?" Harry looked over at Draco as if he'd said something offensive. Draco nodded. "Can you handle all of them?"

"Who says I need to handle all of them? Death Eaters are like certain kinds of animals. They won't fight without their apparent leader. Now, go before I change my mind, Potter," Draco said. Harry took a step back inside the school.

"Good luck," he whispered. Draco nodded and continued staring intently at Bellatrix.

"You really intend to hurt me, nephew?" Bellatrix said. Draco smiled and nodded slowly.

"Why else would I be standing here?" Draco readied his wand. His smirk never left his face. They stood still as stones for about a minute, and then Bellatrix struck.

"*Expelliarmus!*" she yelled. Draco dodged the spell and smiled openly now. Bellatrix was a little stunned at his speed, considering she was standing only five feet away from him. "A little fast on your feet, aren't you, boy?" she asked sarcastically. Draco nodded.

"Maybe a little too fast for you, dear sweet Aunt Bellatrix." Draco smirked and Bellatrix scowled. The Death Eaters behind her drew their wands. Bellatrix held up a hand.

"No one interfere. He's mine," she said in a deadly tone, never taking her eyes off Draco. Draco merely smiled at her.

"*Gli scarafaggi seguono!*" he blurted out. Bellatrix tried to dodge, but the curse followed her until it hit her. She flinched, but nothing happened. She looked up at Draco.

"It seems your little curse has no affect on me, baby Malfoy," she said arrogantly. Draco merely smirked.

"Oh, don't worry, **AUNT** Bellatrix. You won't be saying anything in about five minutes anyway.*Cadere!*" he yelled again unexpectedly. Bellatrix clearly was not expecting this, so she was hit and instantly sucked to the ground. She tried to stand up, but her muscles would not allow her to do so. The other Death Eaters watched her, confused as to what to do. Draco took this time of confusion and amazement to strike again. "*Legatura insieme!*" he yelled. Several strips of white light flew from his wand. All the Death Eaters watched as they were drawn together. The light secured itself around them. Bellatrix finally was able to stand up.

"You will regret that, Draco," she mumbled.

"Yeah, whatever you say, **AUNT** Bellatrix," he mocked her. Bellatrix opened her mouth to retaliate, but closed it soon after. Draco smiled. His curse was taking effect. He could have sworn Bellatrix's face turned a light shade of green. She fell to her knees and dropped her wand. Opening her mouth, roaches spilled out of it openly. Once it stopped, it started up again. Draco tried his hardest not to just burst out laughing. The other Death Eaters were all making faces. "*Accio wands!*" he yelled. All their wands went flying towards him. "I'll be seeing you, **AUNT** Bellatrix." Draco turned to go. He did not see the small figure coming around the pillar.

---

Harry turned the corner and ran squarely into Ron and Neville. They flew back onto the ground. Ron was first up and pulled his two friends back up.

"You're pretty solid, Ron. It hurt running into you more than it did hitting the ground," Harry said, rubbing his shoulder. Ron smiled.

"I'll take that as a compliment. We heard there was some kind of disturbance. What's going on?" he asked. That was when Angelina and Fred ran up beside them.

"What's going on, Harry?" Angelina asked, panting.

"We're under attack. I left Draco alone with Bell..."

"You left him **ALONE!** Harry, what the bloody hell were you thinking!" Ron yelled loudly. Harry winced.

"Hush, Ron. Someone's coming," Harry said, pushing them all into the wall. He peered around the corner and saw Draco. Sighing, he stepped out.

"So, how'd it go?" Harry asked. Draco smiled rather smugly.

"I think I did rather well, Potter. Where are the others?" he asked. Harry shrugged.

"At the moment, this is all I could find. Hogwarts is a really big school, Draco. They could be anywhere," Harry said, looking around. He looked slightly past Draco's head, but before he could say anything, a curse was heard.

"*Stupefy!*" the person yelled. Harry decided words were not of any use at this point and pushed Draco down with one hand. With the other, he threw up a barrier. All the wands that Draco was carrying fell and scattered across the floor. Harry looked up and saw well-toned girl in a black robe standing there. She looked somewhat like the twins, Rina and Lina. Her face showed no emotion. Angelina took out her wand.

"Stay where you are!" she yelled. The girl merely stared at them with the same blank expression as before. Angelina held her wand shakily, not sure of what to do next. Ron answered that question for her.

"*Expelliarmus!*" he yelled. The girl made no move to dodge. She just continued to glare at them with no readable expression on her face. Ron smirked as the girl just stood there. "Now, stay where you are. *Lega...*" Ron began the charm, but did not finish, as he found himself unable to move. His eyes darted to the side. The girl still showed no signs of emotion.

"Ron? What happened?" Angelina asked. Neville's eyes widened in realization.

"She paralyzed him," he whispered. Before he could pull his wand, he also found himself unable to move. The girl had paralyzed him also.

"*Rictusempra!*" Fred yelled. This time, the girl had to make a move. She slid to the side and picked up her wand in one fluid motion. She was rather light on her feet. She immediately pointed the wand very close to Harry's nose.

"Drop your wands or he gets it," she said. Not wanting to risk Harry's life, everyone obediently dropped their wands. "Stand up," she said to Harry and Draco. They both got up obediently. That was when the Tremaine sisters rounded the corner with Luna. Before they were seen, they ducked around the corner. The girl's eyes never left Harry's. Then, a very pissed Bellatrix Lestrange walked up behind the girl.

"That was a rather tricky curse, baby Malfoy," she grumbled. Draco smirked.

"Yeah, well, I do try," Draco said smugly. Bellatrix would have liked nothing more than to slap him at that exact moment. Instead, she just looked around on the ground for her wand. She picked it up along with the others. Meanwhile, Rina and Lina were devising a plan.

"On the count of three, you two reverse the paralysis on Ron and Neville. I'll throw everyone off guard with the light charm. Be quick about it. Okay?" Lina whispered softly. Rina and Luna inclined their heads just barely, so only Lina could tell they had done so. "One, two..."

"Well, it seems that this is your end, Potter," Bellatrix said spitefully. Harry just smirked. He knew what was about to happen and was smiling on the inside. Bellatrix looked annoyed with him. "Wipe that smirk off your face, Potter. You, of all people, shouldn't be smirking this close to your doom," she said dryly. Harry just closed his eyes.

*Luna, Rina, and Lina are about to set a plan into action. They're hiding behind the wall behind us. When you hear their curses, pick up your wands and run as fast as you can in the opposite direction,* he said using telepathy to the others. Not knowing what to do, they all grunted in response. Bellatrix looked suspiciously around at them. Something was not right. Before she could say anything, a voice was heard.

"...**THREE!**" Lina yelled. The three girls appeared around the corner and pointed their wands.

"*Finite incantatem!*" Luna yelled, pointing at Neville.

"*Finite incantatem!*" Rina yelled pointing at Ron. Before Lina could do her charm, everyone immediately dropped to the ground, picking up their wands. When Lina saw all of them drop, she decided it was time.

"*Lumos maximal!*" A blinding light filled the hallway. Lina felt everyone rush past her. She sensed someone else directly in front of her. Dropping the charm, she pointed her wand steadily. Rina stopped and hid. The girl and Lina were holding their wands to each other, about three feet between them. Bellatrix rushed past them and followed the others. Rina watched the other two, careful to stay out of Bellatrix's eyesight. Lina's face softened when she realized who it was. Her sister, Chaylse, was standing directly in front of her. Yet, it was not her sister she was looking at.

"Chaylse?" she asked. Chaylse's face did not change, but she did seem to look a bit confused in her eyes.

"How do you know my name?"

"Chaylse, it's me, Catalina. You don't remember me? I'm your younger sister," Lina said. Chaylse flinched a little, but it was barely noticeable.

"You must be mistaken. I have no family," she said. Lina's face dropped as she realized that her sister's memory had been wiped clean. Chaylse looked slightly past Lina's head and saw a little hair. Taking Lina completely off guard, she grabbed her around the neck and held the wand to her forehead. Lina's wand fell to the floor. "Show yourself," she said. Rina flinched when she realized that she'd been talking to her. She rounded the corner, holding her wand. Rina looked her older sister directly in the eyes. Chaylse flinched visibly when she realized that this girl looked exactly like the one she was holding, with the exception of hair lengths and positioning of the moles on their faces.

"Chaylse?" Rina whispered. Lina looked her sister in the eyes. She knew Rina was not going to be able to curse her own sister.

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Elsewhere, the others all slid to a stop when they came to the Great Hall's doors. Draco, who was in front of them, saw the one person he did not care to see at that exact moment. His father stood about ten feet away from him. Nicola stood next to him, and several Death Eaters were along the sides of them. They all turned to go the other way, but Bellatrix came around the corner. Five more Death Eaters had caught up with her.

"Looks like you've run out of options, my dears," Bellatrix said snidely. The seven teenagers all looked at each other.

"Not quite, Bellatrix. You still have to get to us to get to them," Harry said matter-of-factly. He motioned towards the doors of the Great Hall. Nicola scoffed loudly. Everyone's head snapped to her.

"As if that will be hard. Surely, you don't want your friends to be hurt, do you, Potter?" Nicola asked. She was still talking rather loudly from the spell Hermione had placed on her.

"We're prepared to go down fighting, if that's what you're getting at," Angelina said. Nicola smiled.

"No, I'm not talking about you all. But, we do have a little leverage which puts us at an advantage." She stepped to the side, revealing Ava, Neve, and Tommy. Ava was frowning rather deeply, and Neve looked ready to murder. Tommy looked rather placid for one in harm's way. Draco noticed this.

"Let them go," Harry said. Nicola laughed.

"As if **YOU** telling me that is going to coerce me into doing it. Have a little bit more sense than that, Potter. You'll get a lot further in life, believe me. Now, step aside, and we'll happily give these three back to you," Nicola said. Harry frowned.

*Listen, Harry. Hermione, Ginny, and I aren't inside the Great Hall. The Ministers and Mistresses of Magic have been moved to Dumbledore's office. Hermione, Ginny, and I are behind Nicola and Lucius. Throw up a barrier around the others. The barrier has to be really powerful or else it won't work. Hermione and Ginny will put one up around Neve, Tommy, and Ava. I'm going to use the Raiden curse,* Aurora transmitted to Harry. Harry blinked. Nicola looked at him impatiently.

"So what's it going to be, Potter? My patience is wearing thin," Nicola said. Harry smirked and nodded.

"All right." He stepped to the side. The other six looked at Harry as if he had gone crazy. Harry looked at Ron and winked slowly. Ron understood immediately and pushed them all together.

*Here it goes, Harry,* Aurora thought to him just as the three Death Eaters holding Neve, Ava, and Tommy pushed them to the side. Aurora pushed her way through Nicola and Lucius. Hermione ran over to where Tommy, Neve, and Ava were leaning against the wall. Aurora nodded to them, and Harry and Hermione put up their hands. Barriers surrounded them. **RAISHI**, Aurora thought powerfully. She closed her eyes, and a blinding light was emitted. All the Death Eaters seemed to be drawn to it, and they stared up at it.

Harry watched the curse. It was very bright, but because of his barrier, it was not as intense. The light was indeed mesmerizing. Then he felt a surge of pain in his head. Aurora could not hold the curse that long. Harry looked over at her. She looked like she was in a lot of pain. Suddenly, the curse ended, and both Harry and Aurora passed

out.

Nicola blinked and rubbed her eyes. Everything was very blurry and bright. She blinked a couple more times and then ran to the doors of the Great Hall. She blasted them open and saw nothing. She turned to face the teenagers, who were still a little shocked.

"This is far from over. You won't get away from us next time, I assure you. Use your Portkeys," she said sternly to all the Death Eaters. Within seconds, they were all gone.

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Back in the other hallway, Rina continued to hold her wand at Lina and Chaylse. Neither seemed to be able to shoot the other.

"Shoot me, Rina," Lina said in a scratchy voice. Chaylse was holding her rather tightly across the neck. Rina shook her head.

"You're both my sisters. I can't blast either one of you."

"Then I'll take that liberty. *Crucio!*" Chaylse yelled. The curse hit Lina just as Chaylse released her. Lina's body began curling up in pain. She screamed. Rina closed her eyes.

"*Rictusempra!*" she yelled, not looking at where she pointed it. The curse hit an unsuspecting Chaylse. The curse was lifted from Lina. Lina lay on the ground, reeling, but her screaming had stopped. Chaylse stood and took out a card. With the blink of an eye, she was gone. Rina sighed and ran to her sister. "Lina, are you okay?" she asked, moving Lina's hair out of her face. Lina smiled weakly at her.

"I'll live. I have a feeling she didn't really want to hurt me. That curse wasn't nearly as strong as it should've been. I think she just did it to make you blast her so she could get away," Lina said. Rina helped her stand up.

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Later that night, they all ate in the Great Hall. Dumbledore walked serenely up to them. Hermione stood up.

"How are they, Professor?" she asked.

"Harry and Aurora are both fine, but Madam Pomfrey wants to keep them overnight. I want to thank you all. You fought valiantly today, and thanks to you, nothing happened and no information leaked out. However, there is one thing that was brought to my attention," he said.

"What's that?" Draco asked glumly.

"The Ministry informed me that they were also attacked. That is why you were left to fight alone in this matter. It never occurred to you that none of the Aurors or Magi made their way here to assist you?" Dumbledore said. Realization seemed to wash over everyone's face.

"Now that you think about it, it was kind of strange that no one showed up to help us," Neville said. Hermione clasped her hands together.

"Of course! If they attacked both places simultaneously, then no one could save the Ministers of Magic here! They planned it that way. Great strategy, if you ask me," Hermione said. Ron frowned.

"I thought you were on our side," he said. Hermione looked over at him, drinking something out of the flask that had become her best friend.

"Oh, Ron. I was just saying that it was a great plan, whoever thought it up," she replied.

"The real question now is..." Neve began.

"...how did they know that the parchment was telling a lie?" Ava finished. She looked over at her brother, who was staring at his plate of food.

"They could've just taken a wild guess," Lina said. Ava shook her head.

"Not possible. From what I've witnessed, Death Eaters aren't that smart. Someone must have told them that it was here," Ava said. Draco nodded.

"Ava's right," Draco said. Everyone looked at him.

"How so, Malfoy?" Ron asked. Draco sighed.

"If you all cared to noticed, all of the most powerful Death Eaters, with the exception of Voldemort, were here. Why would he send all of his powerful Death Eaters here and just send some expendable ones to the Ministry?" he asked. Dumbledore nodded.

"I hate to say it, but Draco does have a point, you all. That doesn't seem especially strange to you?" Hermione asked Dumbledore. Dumbledore shook his head.

"I am not the least bit surprised. All I can say to that is that someone in the school is the leak. The question is finding out who it is. That most likely will not be easy to find out."

"But, Professor, no one knew about the parchment's concealing charm except us. No one else was on the pitch when Darien and Aiko told us about the charm on the parchment. It was just us. How would anyone else know?" Ginny asked.

"I have absolutely no idea, Ginny," Dumbledore said, sighing. When he did this, he looked as old as ever. "Get some rest. Your trainers will be here tomorrow." Dumbledore glided away. The group all looked at their plates and ate in silence, until it was broken by the great Neve Assante.

"This is just fucking great. Now we have another lying snake amongst us," Neve said in an irritated tone. The others nodded.

"All we have to do is find out who it is," Hermione said. Ava was looking at her brother, who was still staring at his pie. Draco noticed this, but said nothing.

*I have a funny premonition on who it is, too* Ava thought to herself.

## Chapter 16: Test Run

Hermione, Aurora, and Ava show just how smart they really are.

## Chapter 16: Test Run

"Enlighten me, Tom. Why are we staying in a cabin that's not even two kilometers away from the school? Don't you think we'll get caught?" Giovanna asked. Voldemort shook his head slowly.

"Staying this close to the school is the last place they will think to look for us. Think about it. They are probably thinking that I am not that dense when in actuality this is a relatively smart plan," Voldemort stated in an arrogant voice. Giovanna scoffed and looked out the window. Then, Nicola Apparated in the room, looking pissed.

"That yielded absolutely nothing," she said in an angry tone. She glared maliciously at Voldemort, who just looked as placid as ever. "Did you know that was going to happen, Tom?" Nicola asked, crossing her arms.

"If you are asking if I expected you to return with any relevant news, then no, I did not."

"Why Tom Marvolo Riddle! I didn't know you expected so little of me. What about the other team that was sent to the Ministry?" Nicola asked, taking a seat across from him.

"They did some major damage to the Aurors and Magi that were there. So, we should have a relatively easy time ahead of us. Most of the Aurors and Magi were sent to St. Mungo's with serious injuries. We also suffered some losses, but none that were too serious to our plan," Voldemort said. Nicola nodded and then looked at her sister. Giovanna was still staring blankly out of the window. She had not said a word since Nicola had entered the room.

"If by any chance you are wondering, Vanna, your children are doing just fine. I even saw Avarielle. She looks exactly like you. Unfortunately, she has your demeanor and unbelievably scary eyes, Tom," Nicola said, laughing inwardly. Voldemort narrowed his eyes.

"And what do you mean by that?" he asked, staring at her. Nicola smiled wickedly.

"Well, she has your seriousness. She also seems to like wearing a lot of blank expressions on her face. It's uncanny how much she looks like Vanna, but acts exactly like you. She doesn't strike me as the evil type, though. Tell me, Vanna. Did Avarielle inherit anything other than Tom's character?" Nicola asked. Giovanna turned and looked at her sister.

"She's a Parselmouth, and she's been trained as a Soliopath, whereas Tomás was born with the ability. But, I guess she could've gotten the ability to speak to snakes from either one of us, now that you think about it. Nic's right, Tom. Ava has always been sort of a recluse and serious person. The only difference is that she hates Dark wizards with a passion. She's also one of the most powerful telepaths in the world, to be so young. In my opinion, you should've used her instead of Tomás," Giovanna said, sitting down next to Nicola on the couch. Voldemort nodded.

"How powerful is she exactly?"

"Powerful enough to kill, I suppose. She thinks I don't know that she is a telepath. Tomás told me some time ago that she was when she killed his dog. It was intentional and inadvertent at the same time. She wanted the dog dead, but she didn't really mean to kill it. Tomás was furious, and they didn't speak for at least a month," Giovanna said. Voldemort nodded.

"Hopefully, Tomás will not let me down. He seems bent on keeping his friends safe. Especially Neveah Assante, his sister, and you, Vanna," Voldemort said. Giovanna, unsure of what her reaction should be, just nodded slowly.

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Ava sat in Slytherin's common room, staring at the fire. She heard footsteps coming down the stairs behind her. She closed her eyes and focused on the thoughts around her. Smirking, she made a sound.

"Nice try, Draco," she said before he could even say anything. Draco frowned.

"You cheated. That's not fair," he said, taking a seat in a dark green armchair. He noticed Ava's grave facial expression. He raised an eyebrow. "What's wrong with you?" he asked. Ava looked at him. Her silver eyes seemed to burn holes right through him.

"I have a funny feeling about someone among us. The thing about it is, I can't seem to get a lock on their mind to find out the truth," Ava said, being careful not to mention her suspect's name. Draco nodded.

"You think that someone here is leaking information to the Death Eaters?" Draco asked. Ava nodded. "Who?"

"I can't tell you that because I am not completely sure. Plus, I wouldn't want anything really bad to happen," Ava said quietly. Draco raised an eyebrow.

"Ava, you have to say something. If not, something bad **WILL** happen to us because of that person."

"That's the conflict. Either way it goes, someone will get hurt. I would like to be sure before I tell anyone of this person I am suspecting. I will just have to investigate further," Ava said, sighing deeply. Draco nodded.

"Is this person really close to you?" he asked. Ava looked up at him. Answering this question truthfully would give Draco a clue as to whom she was referring. She stared at him blankly. Draco raised his hands in defeat. "I get it. If you were to reveal that to me, then I would probably be able to guess who it is, right?" he asked. Ava smirked and nodded.

"You know me too well, Draco," she said. Draco nodded.

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Harry woke up. He looked around, realizing he was in the hospital wing. The last thing he could remember was the barrier and a very bright light. Then a sharp pain in his head reminded him of everything that had transpired. The sun flooded through the windows, nearly blinding him. A figure stirred across from him. Aurora sat up quickly, looking scared.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow. Aurora looked at him questioningly. "Aurora?"

"Yes, Harry?" she asked. Harry let out a sigh of relief. He was hoping that her memory hadn't been erased from the past day's events.

"How do you feel after what happened yesterday?" he asked. Aurora held her head.

"Like the Knight Bus ran over my head repeatedly. How do you feel?" she asked. Harry smiled.

"I feel what you feel most of the time, Aurora. It's kind of frustrating, though," he said, smiling. Aurora faked a smile.

"Ha ha, very funny, Harry. Let us go get something to eat before Madam Pomfrey comes in," she said. Harry nodded and started to get off the bed. That was when Poppy Pomfrey burst through the doors. She was holding a tray of potions.

"Ha! Caught you in the act! Thought you could get away from me, didn't you? Back in bed, both of you!" she said, placing the tray down. Harry and Aurora sighed. "Sigh all you want. You will not be slipping out of my grasp today. You of all people should know how things are done around here, Potter," Madam Pomfrey said. Harry grumbled something illegible and sat back down. Madam Pomfrey eyed him suspiciously.

"Yes, Madam Pomfrey." It was then that he realized that he was the student who probably spent the most time in the hospital wing at Hogwarts. All the portraits were practically his friends. Aurora frowned and sat back down also.

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In the Great Hall, Hermione sat down, holding a folder. All sorts of papers were sticking out of it. Ron looked down at it for a moment. Then he looked back up at Hermione, who was reaching for an apple.

"For Merlin's sake, Hermione! It's Christmas Break! Must you do homework when there is none to be done?" he exclaimed. Hermione glared at him and took a bite out of her apple.

"It's not homework, Ron. It is what Aurora, Ava, and I have been working on for about nine months now. Aurora and I started around the last time we fought Voldemort. Then we included Ava when we realized how smart she is," she said, opening the folder. Neve, who occupied the seat across from Hermione, looked down into the papers. There were drawings of all kinds with notes and little yellow pieces of paper sticking to them.

"What are these?" Ron asked, pulling one off the paper. Hermione sighed and snatched it back from him.

"They're Post-Its, Ron. Muggles use them to leave little notes and reminders on things," she said, looking down at some of the papers while still chewing on the apple. Neve squinted to try and read the sloppy words when Ava and Draco plopped down noisily beside them.

"What is all that, Granger?" Draco asked. Hermione again shot another one of her death glares.

"If you must know, it is what Aurora, Ava, and I have been working on for the past nine months. When Aurora comes, I will happily share it with you all. Now until then, mind your own business," she snapped. Draco raised an eyebrow and then started helping himself to some of the food.

After about ten minutes, Harry and Aurora showed up, looking pale and sick to their stomachs. Ginny looked at Harry with concerned eyes.

"What's wrong with you? Are you ill?" she asked. Harry shook his head.

"If I was, I'm not anymore. Madam Pomfrey just gave us quite possibly the most disgusting potion known to mankind. It tasted like... I can't even begin to describe it," Harry said, looking for something to wash the taste out of his mouth. Aurora, Ava, and Hermione started whispering to each other. Aurora nodded. Both she and Hermione looked out at their friends.

"You guys, Hermione, Ava, and I have been trying to come up with some curses of our own," Aurora said. The group just continued to stare at them.

"Yeah. So what?" George asked groggily. Alicia hit George in the arm, and he glared malevolently at her. Before they could start yelling at each other, Ava spoke.

"Well, we call these original curses the Zaviassagran Curses. If you're wondering where the name came from, we just took the first four letters of each of our last names and put them together."

"What are these curses?" Harry asked with a mouth full of biscuit. Hermione frowned at his display of rudeness, but continued where Ava left off.

"Well, our curses necessitate using a specific phobia against a person. The person doesn't have to already have this phobia, but we can give it to them to a high degree. The curses are basically just distractions, but if held long enough, they could drive a person insane with that particular phobia placed upon them," Hermione said.

"You guys definitely have too much time on your hands," Lina and Rina said together, both peeling oranges.

"I guess you can say that. But, these curses could come quite in handy when the final battle arrives. The only thing we need now is test subjects," Hermione said. She looked at all of the boys. They all realized that the girls were staring at them.

"You can't be serious," Harry said. Aurora nodded. Ron's jaw dropped.

"What if these curses go wrong? You could permanently damage one of us," Ron said. Hermione shook her head.

"Not probable, Ron. It is true that our curses haven't been perfected, but the Room of Requirement can only go so far with imitations of you all. So, we decided to test them out on you guys," Ava said. Tommy shook his head.

"There is no way that I'm letting you three point a wand at me and put some vicious curse on me," he said. Ava glared at her brother, and he stared defiantly back. Neve sighed, ending their staring match.

"I can't believe you guys. What a bunch of punks! I'll do it, Hermione. I'm sure that you can't do anything to me that Madam Pomfrey can't fix," Neve said bravely. Hermione smiled, not knowing whether to take that as an insult or a compliment.

"Thanks, Neve," she said. Neve smiled and nodded.

"I can't believe you guys are going to let me show you up," Neve commented, crossing her arms. Ron frowned.

"Fine. We're in," he said.

"Good. We will go outside after this," Aurora said.

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Out in the snow, Hermione took out her wand.

"Ron, be a dear and stand right there," she said, pointing next to a tree. Ron nodded. Hermione looked down at her piece of paper. "Okay. The first curse we are going to try is the Pho Aichmo curse. It implies aichmophobia," she said. Ron stared uncomprehendingly at her.

"Which is...?"

"Aichmophobia is the fear of pointed objects like needles. You should feel little pins and needles picking at you. In addition, you will get unnaturally and unreasonably frightened of them. Ready?" Hermione asked. Ron nodded slowly. Hermione readied her wand. "*Aichmolus!*" she yelled. A jet of yellow light flew from the tip of her wand, hitting Ron squarely in the chest. At first, nothing happened.

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Ron felt little prickly things all over his body. He began getting a little worried and thinking that this was the way he was going to die. Everyone around him seemed to disappear. All he could see and feel was needles. He began picking at his skin, trying to brush them off.

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Meanwhile, the group was watching him with wide eyes.

"Hermione, I think you should lift the curse now," Ava said. Hermione nodded slowly.

"*Pho finitel*" she yelled. The curse was lifted, and Ron looked over at his friends. They were all watching him with wide eyes. He found he could not remember what he had just been doing.

"What in the bloody hell just happened?" he asked. Hermione smiled and clasped her hands together.

"It worked! The Pho Aichmo curse worked!" She jumped up and down. Ava stepped up and looked at the paper. Tommy stood before her. She smiled at her brother.

"The next curse I will test is the Pho Api curse. Apiphobia is the fear of bees," she said. Tommy nodded apprehensively, praying that her curse worked. Ava held her wand out. "*Apilus!*" she yelled. The same yellow jet of light flew from her wand. Tommy stepped back as it hit him.

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Tommy looked back up and saw swarms of bees coming at him. He tried to bat them away. His fear of them was starting to take over his mind. He continued batting them away, screaming profane words and such.

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The group watched him. To them, it looked like Tommy was swinging at the air. They obviously did not see what he saw. Ava decided it was time to lift the curse, although she did it begrudgingly. Ginny and Draco took notice of her facial expression as she did it.

"*Pho finitel*" she said. As the curse lifted, Tommy noticed his hands were up. He looked confused. Neve was giggling profusely.

"What?" he asked. Neve shook her head, trying desperately to stifle her giggles. Next, Draco stepped up and faced Aurora. Aurora watched him with no emotion on her face. He stared back at her with even more of a cold expression.

"This curse is the Pho Keno. Kenophobia is the fear of voids or empty spaces," she said dryly. Draco inclined his head ever-so-slightly. Aurora nodded, pointing her wand. "*Kenolus!*" she yelled loudly. Everyone blinked at the force in which she yelled. Neve's face went serious as she watched.

"*Intende farla tan danno come possibile..*" she whispered in Italian. Tommy looked over at her. Her eyes were filled with worry.

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Draco looked around him. Everything was black. There was nothing around him. He looked below him and realized that there was nothing either. He began walking, looking desperately around for some light somewhere. Instead, there was nothing but a big empty space, devoid of any color or light other than him. Draco began panting.

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Outside of Draco's mind, Aurora was staring at him vindictively. Neve walked up to her.

"Aurora, lift the curse," she said sternly. Aurora did not seem to be paying her any attention. Neve sighed and took out her wand. She looked at the paper and pointed the wand at Draco. "*Pho finitel*" she yelled. The curse was lifted. Draco looked around and noticed that he was on the ground. He looked up at Aurora. She looked down on him with same disgust as before. Everyone noticed this, but no one bothered to say anything.

"Come on, Neville. You're next. This is curse is called Pho Mnemo. Mnemophobia is the fear of memories, particularly bad memories," Hermione said. She looked at Neville. "Are you sure you want me to do this?" she asked. Neville nodded.

"It can't be that bad, can it?" he asked jokingly. Hermione smiled.

"Okay. Get ready. *Mnemolus!*" she yelled. This time, a red jet of light was emitted. It hit Neville and he closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he was standing in St. Mungo's.

Everyone watched Neville look frightened and miserable all at once. Hermione looked away. She hated watching Neville this way, so she immediately lifted the curse.

"*Pho finitel*" she said lazily. Next, it was Lee. Ava smiled at him sweetly. He smiled back. Ginny rolled her eyes. The two had been beating around the bush since they met, and it was starting to get on her nerves. She wanted them to get together and get it over with already.

"This curse is the Pho Pnigero curse. Pnigerophobia is the fear of being smothered..." After everyone had a chance with a curse, Aurora and Harry faced each other.

"So, what curse are you going to do on me?" Harry asked nonchalantly. He really did not care about the answer. Aurora smiled and thought for a moment.

"I think I will do the most obvious one. You do not seem to fear much, Harry... except maybe the death of one of us. I will just do one that you will never think of being afraid of. Ready?"

"Do your worst," Harry said, smirking superciliously. Aurora nodded and pointed her wand.

"*Phobolus!*" Aurora yelled. A black jet of smoky light streamed from her wand. It hit Harry in his chest, and he was jolted backwards for a moment. Hermione looked at Aurora.

"You used the fear of fear itself on Harry?" she asked. Aurora nodded. They watched Harry.

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Inside Harry's mind, he was seeing everything that had ever frightened him at least once in his life. It was starting to frighten him. Then, something clicked in his mind. Harry closed his eyes and put his hands on his head.

"This is all in my mind. None of this is real..." he repeated over and over. Aurora and Hermione watched him. Ava looked shocked.

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"He's fighting it off..." she whispered. She looked at Aurora and Hermione. "How is that possible?" she asked. Hermione shrugged her shoulders. "Lift it, Aurora," Ava said.

"I do not think I need to," Aurora said, barely audible. "Look at him." She pointed at Harry.

Harry was still shaking his head and whispering to himself. Then, he threw his head back. Opening his eyes, he saw the sky above him. His heart was racing. He looked back down at his friends. Ava blinked.

"Wow. You're the first one to have done that," Ava said. Harry looked confused.

"What are you talking about?" he asked. Hermione sighed.

"You, Harry, just managed to fight off the curse. Aurora used the one curse she thought you wouldn't be able to fight off. Somehow, you managed to fight it off, though," she stated. Harry still looked confused. He stood up, rubbing his head.

"What curse was that?"

"The Pho Phobo curse. Phobophobia is the fear of fear itself. You managed to fight it off. We made it the toughest curse to fight, and you did it without even training to do so. We have not even made up a way to throw the curses off ourselves," Aurora said. Harry nodded.

"What did you do to do that?" Ava asked.

"I told myself none of it was real. I basically did the same thing I do when I'm subject to one of the Unforgivable Curses, especially the Cruciatus Curse," Harry said. Ron walked over to him and pulled him off the ground.

"Good job, mate. You should teach me how to do that sometime. Mione, you wouldn't happen to have a curse on spiders, would you?" Ron asked. Hermione's eyes narrowed evilly.

"*Arachnolus!*" she yelled, pointing her wand. A yellow jet of light stung Ron.

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**Intende farla tan danno come possibile** = She intends to do him as much harm as possible