

A New Revelation

by GryffindorGoddess06

Another year at Hogwarts begins, but with an unexpected turn of events. While Harry Potter looks for the hidden pieces of the Dark Lord's soul, the life of the students and their professors is chaotic. Love, danger, risk, betrayal; everything at once and none apart. It takes a lot of courage for Draco and Hermione to face change, and survive through the surprises life gives you. When there's hardly any hope...what must they do?

Owl Post

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Disclaimer - None of these characters belong to me, all of them are the work the ingenious JK Rowling. I'm just using her settings and characters.

~This is the first story that I have ever written and I welcome reviews and criticism. If you don't like something, or have a suggestion, I will go back and try to fix it, so please speak up! I will answer any and all questions/reviews! Happy reading!~

Chapter One Owl Post

Friday, August 25th

- Hermione's Story -

I awoke with a start late Saturday night, aroused out of my deep slumber by an unusual noise. Stumbling out of my warm bed, I fumbled around in the darkness for my wand. Upon feeling the tip, I muttered, "*Lumos*," and my room immediately lit up. Listening for the strange sound, it dawned on me that it was the scratching of an owl's claws.

I headed over to my window and, after making sure that my cat, Crookshanks, was nowhere in sight, let the owl in. After a moment's flapping, I found not one, but two incredibly wet owls sitting on my bed. I recognized the first one as Hedwig, Harry's snowy owl, while the second looked as though it came from Hogwarts. I decided to open Hedwig's letter first, and she happily deposited her big burden into my hands. The letter read:

Dearest Hermione,

Thanks so much for the birthday gift; it was really very generous of you. I love the book of Dark Arts, and I assure you that it will indeed help me in my missions. I, rather unfortunately, have some news to share. My hunt for the "treasures" is going badly, as I have not yet recovered any. It is proving to be far more difficult than I had anticipated. Any news would be good news, for I am alone in this world. The last time I had laughed was when Ron tripped over Fleur's ridiculously long wedding dress and

knocked over the cake!

I paused. The wedding had been indeed wonderful; though it was the last time I saw any of them: Harry, Ron, Ginny, Tonks or Professor Lupin. I continued reading.

I have come to a new decision, which is far too important to put on paper, but I am going back. I shall explain why later. Tell Ron for me please. I will see you on the first, Hermione, so be good till then!

Everything will be clarified at that time.

Love,

Harry

I smiled as I refolded his letter, glad that he had decided to return to Hogwarts. True, life without Dumbledore would be hard for all of us, but he and I both needed the education. It was unfortunate to hear of his luck with the quest for the Horcruxes, and, not to be smug, but I could have helped him a lot! If only he had allowed it. Leaving this issue to ponder later, I turned to the barn owl for the news from Hogwarts. Not surprised that the letters were reasonably later than most years, I beckoned to the brown creature. He flew over, landing gracefully on my outstretched arm. Opening the letter that it carried, I was taken aback by the contents:

To Miss Hermione Granger:

We are happy to inform you that you have been chosen to be this year's Head Girl. It is a great honor to be picked from the hundreds of possible students, and yours and the Head Boy's efforts will be greatly appreciated.

Hmmm, wonder who he will be... probably Ron. I read on.

Please arrive promptly fifteen minutes before the departure of the Hogwarts Express for further instructions.

Congratulations,

Professor M. McGonagall

Headmistress;

Professor Vector

Deputy Headmaster

Enclosed with the brief letter were a Head Girl badge and a list of the required materials for the seventh year. Replacing the letters and badge, I thought of what will happen at Platform 9¾. How many students will return? How many will be allowed to by their parents? Will the train be empty, only to be filled by Harry, Ron and myself on the first of September? I surely hoped not because, even without Professor Dumbledore, Hogwarts was probably one of the safest places for students. The Ministry sure wasn't doing a great job of rounding up Death Eaters and ensuring people's safety. I wanted to sleep, but I didn't until I wrote a quick reply to Harry, saying that I was happy to hear of his decision and hinting lightly that I had been selected as Head Girl. Then I sent Hedwig and the barn owl on their separate ways.

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Saturday, August 26th

- Draco's Story

Saturday was the day that I always slept later than my usual 10 o'clock, but this morning I was woken by a bloody owl at daybreak (okay, 8 a.m.)! I threatened to hex it, since it was making a terrible racket outside, but it refused to leave, forcing me to get out of my cozy bed. It turned out that all that the stupid creature had to give me were two measly letters! Throwing them aside, I went back to sleep, and the letters lay totally forgotten until Mother made me clean my room. I saw that the letters were from Hogwarts by the stamps, but to me it was truly unfathomable as to why. Did they want me back? Hadn't I made it perfectly clear that I was with the Dark Lord now? Obviously, McGonagall didn't think that I was truly intent on working for the Dark Lord and made another attempt to bring me back. Ha!

Mother had looked over the first letter, the supply list for our final year, and though she reasoned that it might be incorrectly addressed, she still dragged me immediately to Diagon Alley. I couldn't say that the decision made me happy, but I couldn't argue with her, so that day we set out to Muggle London. On the way, Mother explained why exactly she was forcing me to return to the Mudblood-loving school.

"Draco, dear, you know that nothing is more important than your education. No matter how much you disliked being there, you have to admit that what you learned was helpful. No, don't interrupt me," she added, seeing me open my mouth to respond. "I know you loathed Dumbledore, I would have, too, but he is no longer there, thanks to you.

"But there is another reason; the Dark Lord has ordered you to return. As it turns out, from the events of your last term, we don't have a spy inside of Hogwarts. Naturally, Severus cannot go back, and the Dark Lord has commanded you to become the newest spy for him." She finished with a disapproving shake of the head, but I was elated! I couldn't believe that the Dark Lord gave me a second chance... Not after what had happened after June. Then I scolded myself, *The Dark Lord giving someone a second chance is a rare thing, and a third is nearly impossible. I cannot mess this up; it's my last try. Grow up!*

Still, to stop myself from jumping with joy, I tried to reassure her. "Mother, I will be fine, please trust me." I pleaded with her in a calm tone. "Honestly, do not worry over me." As we entered Diagon Alley, there was no more talk of my assignment, much to my displeasure. I could hardly wait to boast to the Slytherins at school... *Wait*, I thought, *I can't. I can't tell anyone of this job, for as a spy, I must seem inconspicuous* Oh, all right, I wouldn't tell anyone. It'll be difficult, though, I have to admit. Yes, very hard to keep this great secret to myself.

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Friday, September 1st

- Hermione's Story

I rolled over in my bed to glance at the Muggle clock hanging over my door. It read 8:36, so I stumbled out of my comfy bed. Pulling a pair of tight-fitting Muggle jeans and a cashmere shirt, I ran a brush lazily through my hair, making a mental note to cast an Anti-Frizz spell on it on the Hogwarts Express. Gathering my neatly packed trunk and grabbing Crookshanks, I descended the stairs and went into the kitchen.

At the table sat Tonks, her hair a light shade of rose and wearing her Weird Sisters t-shirt. Smiling 'Hello,' I sat next to her and she offered me a cup of steaming coffee. I took a sip and set the cup down absentmindedly, wondering what Tonks was doing in our kitchen. The cup landed much too close to the edge, and it slipped off. With the reflexes and speed of a fox, Tonks snatched the mug out of the air and handed it back to me. I stared at her in surprise, and her cheeks flushed at the expression on my face.

"Been practicing," she muttered, looking down. Not wanting to embarrass her further, I asked, politely, what she was doing here.

"Minerva asked me to escort you to King's Cross, in case of any dangers. She wanted to send backup but I told her I'd go alone," she said, sounding bored. That was very unusual of her; Tonks was a very cheery woman. Dismissing my uneasy feelings, I started a friendly conversation.

"How are things going with you and Professor Lupin?" I inquired.

"Oh, everything's fine," she said shortly, and I could tell that for some reason she didn't want to talk.

"Okay. Um, should we get going?" She nodded yes, and I went off to find my parents.

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Friday, September 1st

- Draco's Story -

Today was the first day of my last year at Hogwarts! I was taking care of last minute things, like packing my trunk, when I heard the call of my mother telling me to hurry up. I stuffed the last of my clothes into the leather trunk and shouted, "Coming!" down the stairs, while searching frantically for my wand. As I was looking, I found a letter addressed to Mr. Draco Malfoy, in green ink, and remembered the morning it had arrived. I totally forgot about it, but now I was curious to what it said.

"Draco, come down this instant!!" came another shout from my mother, who hated being late, and I hurriedly stuffed the letter into my pocket and hauled the heavy trunk down the stairs. From there, we Apparated to King's Cross Station (I had successfully passed my test earlier in the summer), and I rushed through the barrier to find Platform 9¾ bustling with parents and students alike.

Glaring at the puny first-years in my way, I pushed through a throng of chatting people to the train steps, just as the train whistle blew. Quickly gathering my things, I boarded and paced the length of the train, looking for an empty compartment. I figured no one would want to sit with me after what happened last year, but the thought didn't bother me. I was better off without those oafs Crabbe and Goyle, anyway. It was only as the train started to pull out of the station that I got the chance to open the letter. Unfolding the wrinkled paper, I read:

To Mr. Draco Malfoy:

We are happy to inform you that you have been chosen to be this year's Head Boy. It is a great honor to be picked from the hundreds of possible students, and yours and the Head Girl's efforts will be greatly appreciated. Please arrive promptly fifteen minutes before...

Holy shit! It was already at least five after eleven! I placed a quick protective ward around my stuff, then headed off at a run to the front of the train. I arrived a few minutes later, red and panting, to be greeted by the glaring face of none other than Ms. I'm-too-perfect-for-anybody Granger.

"No," I gasped, not believing what I saw. It wasn't possible that she was Head Girl and I was Head Boy. Then again, it made perfect sense. Granger was such a teacher's p.... My thoughts were interrupted:

"Where have you been?" she asked, trying to contain her anger. "You should have been here twenty-five minutes ago!"

"Cool it, Mudblood," I replied casually, or at least as casually as I could in between gasps for air.

"Oh, how dare you call me that!" she fumed. Unflinching, I watched as she regained composure and turned away from me. Further argument was cut short by the appearance of a rather tired looking McGonagall, who started talking in a fast voice.

"Thank you for finally gracing us with your presence, Mr. Malfoy," she said, looking at me through those stupid spectacles, as Granger snorted behind her. "Last year has been hard on us all, with the sad passing of Professor Dumbledore, as well as the attack on the castle, and many students are taking it rather badly. It is your duty as the Heads to be a role model to everyone, showing them how to cope." She cast a meaningful look in our direction when she saw the murderous looks we gave each other.

"For the benefit of everyone else, I shall make it a rule that you two must get along, or else you will lose your position. If many serious arguments break out, I will, without a doubt, appoint new Heads. Do I make myself clear?" Granger murmured a quiet, "Yes, Professor," while I glowered angrily. I realized it'd be a lot better to do this "assignment" for the Dark Lord with my new position, because Heads were practically free. *That meant one thing: I couldn't fight with Granger TOO much.*

"Good," she said, motioning us over. "For now your job is just to patrol the train, making sure everything is running smoothly; then, when we arrive at the castle, I will have a carriage waiting for you with a house elf that will show you to your quarters. Good-bye for now."

And with that she left, without a backward glance. I think she had a suspicion of what would probably happen. I wasn't about to let her expectations for us go unnoticed. I started the first fight of the year by yelling, "Oh, Merlin. Why YOU of all people?? Why?"

"I can't believe I allowed myself to dream that the last year here would be good," she said in a strained voice, but as if to herself. "There was no way that would happen, unless some kind of a miracle occurred! Oh, I have to be stuck with you for a whole y...." I cut her off by stomping out of the compartment, not caring to hear more of the Mudblood's ramblings.

I was just heading down the narrow corridor when the train gave a lurch, and everything went black. I heard a scream just before I collapsed on the ground from the suddenness of the stop...

A/N: PLEASE LEAVE ME A QUICK REVIEW!! I LOVE FEEDBACK!!!!

Credit: ArsFalcis and Scarletheartedlioness; Thanks!