Ink Ghost

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/15183083.

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
Category: F/M, M/M, Other
Fandom: Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship: Draco Malfoy/Reader
Character: Draco Malfoy, Harry Potter, Hermione Granger, Ron Weasley, Luna Lovegood, Neville Longbottom, Ginny Weasley, George Weasley, Fred Weasley
Additional Tags: Will add more characters as they come along, Slow Burn, tid bit of swearing
Stats: Published: 2018-07-07 Updated: 2019-04-21 Chapters: 9/? Words: 9505

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by audimanrium

Summary

The cunning flicks of a snake's tongue may wrap around that of a lonesome eagle and dig its fangs into its meal - which is exactly what Draco Malfoy had done.

An awful situation had been dug and one Ravenclaw had been buried into the horrendous mess of it all. Ravenclaws were intended to be the wittiest, but it just seems that for once you were found at odds with a Slytherin nevertheless.

The points will be dealt, the board has been set, the pieces will move, and the game has begun.

Ah, what a world blackmail brings you.
context notes

Chapter Summary

You may skip this chapter, it's solely about the context of the story and certain altercations from the original book to this.

Chapter Notes

Also, this was originally on Wattpad.

notes

the war conducted in the wizarding world will never occur in the context of this story simply because it's been a shame that most long stories of harry potter fanfiction hardly highlight fun bits and bobbles that occur in the wizarding world; and usually ends with the war.

also, this does not follow the books' storylines whatsoever, but will include nudges and winks toward it. it's also tiring reading stories in which the events of the novels are reiterated loosely, so here's a hopefully breath of fresh air.

in addition to that, this begins in third year because at least that's more proper to start developing a relationship rather than being like eleven or twelve like most fanfiction — thirteen is a better start, though not ideal and it will only develop then.

you are a ravenclaw in this. don't fight me on this. i'm a slytherin personally, but it's boring to have both characters from the same house or from gryffindor. hufflepuff is also too much of an opposing against slytherin in fanfiction contexts, so ravenclaw seemed like a good middleman house for the reader.

finally, voldemort is dead after murdering harry's parents and that's final — all tragedy following will never occur. sirius is very much alive, so as fred, and tonks and remus, etc. there are no death eaters, but those who had been are still very evil in the eyes of most and exist.

please take note that i do not own any of the images featured, but the quotes before said images are mine - so please do not reuse them (though i feel it to be doubtful to be reused) without crediting me this story is also very long with quite a bit of slow burn

thank you! and enjoy! and i promise my grammar isn't horrendous in the actual story.
"our world is brimmed with judgement and clouds of melancholy, and hardly shall the sun shine through the toxin,"

They say the bird is used always for messaging in numerous ways. One can be used for delivering, another for writing. The pluck of a feather is harming toward the creature, but very essential for the function of the rest of world — not a single bat of lash would anyone give simply because there were many like the bird, disposable and simple.

They say the snake is used for nothing. The snake is nothing shy of an example of deceit and lies dripping past the lulled hisses. They'd shed behind previous remains of their past, and while they continue onward larger — a shell of what they had been while remain even if crushed and broken, always remembered by someone.

"no matter what you may do, you're nothing more than a mere object for our devices. you're existing only to serve us. you're disposable and simple."

"no matter what you may do, you can never change who you were and who you we're born as. you cannot erase your history. you cannot run from the fact of who you were."
"through bone, flesh, and blood upon the back — a pair of winds will cut through and grow in place of loss."

The halls felt deadly quiet on holiday, the period in which you decided to stay at school rather than visiting family. If anything, they refused this once given that they wanted you to have your space and — in their words — "feel more independent". Not many fellow students had remained at the school, and truthfully you weren't sure of whom else had lurked about. You knew Harry Potter had been here, but no one else beyond him.

Aside from all the fumbles of everyone else, the solitary you had experienced was rather pleasant, albeit unnerving. The tranquility was a pleasant break from the usual hullabaloo from your peers and such, but such a break made it all the more odd. It was peculiar to not hear Fred and George's sneaky steps swish around the pillars as they attempted to frighten you and fail against you — and the collection of giggles that followed.

Truthfully, you missed all of the twins's antics and the familiarity of the others and their brilliant minds alongside lovely smiles. All felt barren as of current, but you knew that soon enough they'd be back in the bustling hallways and this quiet would soon subside. But as of now, you'd relish in the peace that always came by as a rarity aside from the lull of professor lectures and eerie creaks of night.

You stopped in your steps for just a moment, admiring the falling snow coat the grounds of the school and flutter like butterflies perching upon bushes and trees. You would've gone to play, even if for a moment, but thought against it in regards to your health and attempting to keep it pristine and ill-free. Plus, it'd be more delightful to spend it with another. Perhaps you'd invite Harry to mess around with you another time.

As you admired the scenery that few may get to witness, a familiar owl of yours — Edmon — returned with quite a bit attached to his poor feet. You hastily relieved him of the wearing parcels and scrolls, giving him a kiss upon his head and a promise for food later in the dorms. Edmon sat upon your shoulder as you sat upon the bench seated on the sides, gracing over the scrolls first.

Dear [Name],

I truly hope you've been having a lovely holiday. It's quite a shame that you and Harry weren't able to join the rest of us in our festivities and such. However, it's better to not bore or down you with our engagements, but we do have your presents all ready for you! We shall give them to you when we return, but until then I send my best and loving regards.

Sincerely,
Hermione Granger

Ever the loveliest. The following scrolls had all been of the same nature, wishing you wondrous holidays along with kisses and all their love — namely from Luna Lovegood, Neville Longbottom, some of your other Ravenclaw companions, and the Weasley Family. Ah, how lovely of them to be
concerned for the being of you.

You then moved onto the parcels, fingers daintily gracing the deep blue wrapping about the parcel — which had been rather odd since most packages remained in a manilla like covering and coaxed with stamps and the like. The box was kept rather well, with some claw marks here and there and little bumps in the corners. You carefully opened the parcel, neatly lifting the tape from each section off the bottom layer of wrapping.

Eventually a black box had been revealed to you with silver decorating the edges and the top — directly in the center. You carefully opened the box, Edmon cooing softly while rubbing his head against your neck. You chuckled gently as his nudge and opened the box finally, surprised to see what you had been embedded within the confines of the box.

Buried in the black velvet had been a simple ring with one smooth gem held by the palladium claw attached to the band of the same material. Along the sides of the claw was a design of peculiar circles with two (possibly-lab-forged) dumortierite quartz.

You admired the ring with a smile, slipping it upon your left hand middle finger — a perfect fit. You rose your hand gently up, a pinch of the sun’s light cutting through the snow clouds and beaming onto the ring, shimmering rather beautifully. A note had been written in beautiful cursive almost too fanciful for you to read given the close proximity of every swish and line of the letters.

*Truthfully, I was more forced into this than you would believe. A necessary gift to give if you will. I hope you find this to be a well-off representation of you and your house.*

*Moonstone holds the power of mystery. Its secrets are locked beneath a pearly veil, and with them, our own hidden truths.*

*Duomortierite stimulates the brain and enhances your intellectual abilities.*

*The jeweler's words, not mine*

From there onward, no name had been listed. Truthfully, you couldn't tell if this had been a purposefully anonymous send, or a legitimate mistake in forgetting a signature. You paid no mind to it, pushing the box to the side and simply admiring the ring bestowed upon your finger once more. Truly, you felt it suit you.

"What about it, Edmon? Do you agree that it's fitting?" You asked with a chuckle. He cooed and you grinned at his jovial response, his beak nipping very gently against the lobe of your ear - an affectionate gesture for him.

You gathered the lot of your remaining parcels and scrolls along the trash to return to your dorm - placing them in a pile before pulling out your wand from your pocket and casting a spell upon the items to have them safely bestow upon your bed in the room.

"Let's go to the Tower, shall we?" You spoke to Edmon with a gentle smile, standing from the bench before walking the rest of your way to the end of the hallway - the clicking of your boots echoing in the empty corridor.

You buried your hands into the pockets of your bottoms, tongue in cheek as you hummed throughout the numerous halls - your wordless sing echoing even louder than your steps.
"happy as the hearts, warm as the sun — the intertwine of two may be the greatest or the fatalist,"

You smiled toward the conductor as you boarded the train alone, the only person from Hogwarts expected to be visiting Hogsmeade — from what Filch had mentioned to you as he checked off your name. As you boarded, the conductor stopped you to remind you that the final train for today will be at 8:00 PM — and you nodded in response to show that you understood.

You walked further back into the train, seated in the second car and in a nice compartment on the right hand side. You sat by the window, silent as the train began to move. You had to wait for just a moment, at least until everything had begun to move further from the confines of Hogwarts — at least past its grounds. As you waited, you sat upright and watched as the views passed on by.

Truthfully, the sight from outside the window had been lovely — though it wasn't quite as lovely given you were boarded off by a simple window. The snow still fell gracefully, and it still coated on the trees, bushes, and rooftops of the school. At least now you could take notice in the icicles that hung low from the roof of the train, it's ice melting very slowly and dripping back down onto the blankets of snow on the ground.

Your graced your fingertips against the glass, feeling the chill of the ice pressing through the window and to your fingers. You swiped a semi circle alongside the addition of two lines for eyes — a really cute smiley face.

"Is this illegal?" You quietly asked into the open air once all had been settled. Your eyes flickered from the window to the empty seat parallel to your own. You chuckled, leaning back into your seat — more relaxed. Your index finger touched against your lips as you cracked a tinge of a smile.

"Also, learn to control your breathing — I can hear you loud and clear," You commented. A groan then emitted from the blank, and you lowly laughed once more. Harry swished off his cloak, folding up the fabric and placing it onto the table between you two. He tousled with his hair and smiled up at you, someone sheepish yet still boyish as ever.

"This might be illegal, but what's the fun in following the rules?" Harry responded with a cocky grin, adjusting his glasses afterward. You nodded in response to his answer and crossed your arms at level with your torso.

"Ask Hermione about that," You jested in regards to the 'fun in rules' bit.

From there onward, the ride remained to low chatter between you two so as to not tick off to the conductor that someone else had been smuggled along. It was pleasant to just chat with Harry one-on-one again. More often than not he's bundled with Hermione and Ron and you hardly spend your alone time with him.

Soon enough, the train abruptly stopped and Harry was sent into the table, wheezing from the sudden abdomen pain he experienced from the thrust of the train stopping. You snorted slightly, but nevertheless played the good friend role and shuffled over to him.

"Aw, is the sickly baby hurt?" You teased with a babied, mocked tone — all the while patting his stomach. Harry laughed at your treatment of him, sticking his tongue at you after. He rose up from his seat, swiping his cloak from off the table.
"I'll follow close behind," Harry whispered before draping the entirety of the cloak over him. You inspected him, ensuring that every inch of him had been covered. You bustled out of the compartment, closing the door behind you and hastily exiting the car. You made your way to the front of the train once stepping out from the second car, nodding to the conductor to ensure that you had gotten off.

Once the train left, Harry removed his cloak and smiled at you. He breathed in the sight before him — the cold air rushing through his senses, and the snow-covered village twinkling in his eyes and reflecting off his glasses. You took Harry's hand and you both walked together into town, bouncing about through the snow without a single care in the world.

"Anything in mind?" You asked him. "It's not everyday that you can pull off illegal stunts," You added in with a cheeky smile, earning an equally charming one from Harry.

"Hm, the Three Broomsticks, Honeydukes, and Zonko's?" Harry suggested, almost hesitant with his answer.

"So every stereotypical shop?" You joked with a laugh, nudging Harry with your elbow. "It's all good," You remarked to ensure that you weren't being legitimately judgemental of his choices.

You both mutually agreed upon visiting the Three Broomsticks first of the three. You both traversed in, relishing in the intense warmth of the pub. Soon enough, the scarf around your neck came off — as did your jumper. Harry slid into a booth and you glanced toward him, leaving your extra clothing onto the other side of the booth as you spoke.

"A Butterbeer for you, I'm assuming?" You asked with a quirk of a brow, smiling ever the slightest.

"Correct, you are." Harry responded with a bright grin. You nodded and walked over toward the bar itself feeling a bit uncomfortable as it felt as if you were doing another illegal act on top of the other; but you weren't, so there shouldn't be any real worries.

"Good afternoon, Madam Rosmerta!" You chimed with a bright grin, hands held politely behind your back as you gleamed at her. She beamed at you in return, asking of what you'd like to order from her — and of course you ordered two non-alcoholic Butterbeers. Soon after the order had been noted of, you returned to your shaggy companion and slid into the seat before him.

"Is the Butterbeer any good?" Harry asked the moment you sat down, and immediately you had shot a perplexed look toward him. You opened your mouth to scold him for ordering an item he's never even tried before, but swallowed those words once realizing the dumb nature of it — there's always a first for everything anyhow. You nodded in response to his question — silent for a moment before speaking up.

"Someone has recommended it to you before at least, correct?" You asked to ensure your thoughts, it'd be a shame if the drink wasn't all how it worked up to be in his mind and it'd go to waste.

"Oh, of course! Ron told me about it. He said it's really sweet and butterscotch-y, and sugary, and all that." Harry described very plainly, but then again he'd been using Ron's words. Though, at least he has gotten a good word in for him, and not too fanciful to the point in which he could be sourly disappointed.

"Okay, question of the day," Harry had popped in out of the blue the moment his previous words registered into your mind. Quite evidently, a realization popped into his head and truthfully you were rather confused.
"Who do you think changed the most from last year to now? Appearance-wise that is," He inquired, and that's when it clicked to you.

"Oh blimey! I do remember having this conversation on the train going home last year," You muttered the latter comment, interlacing your fingers together and resting your chin atop them. You pondered for a moment, lips pursed and your gaze affixed above as you thought.

"Well, from what I've seen so far, Neville has definitely been loosing some of his cute baby-cheek fat and his hair has gotten curlier," You noted, humming as you thought a little longer. Harry nodded in agreement, but came to the same conclusion as you — 'no, he's not the most changed'.

"I'd reckon Hermione," Harry added in. "The girl's gotten taller and her hair's less-" Harry made a 'poof' noise with his mouth partnered with his hands releasing from a clutch next to his head. You chuckled and nodded in agreement.

"Truthfully, you and Ron still look the bloody same — just slightly taller and with shaggier hair," You teased slightly, scrunching your nose just a tad. Harry stuck his tongue out at you, chuckling alongside you with a small grin.

"Ginny? Or Luna?" Harry suggested.

"Nah, Ginny's hair has just gonna longer and Luna's hair has been getting curlier," You shook your head. You now leaned back into your seat, arms crossed against your chest — insanely deep in thought now simply to determine who had changed the most from second to third year.

"Oh," You sat up, the realization of a forgotten student dawning into your head. "Bloody Malfoy," you stated, snapping your finger and pointing it toward Harry.

"You're right, damn," Harry mused over, hand pressed into his cheek. "Malfoy grew almost half a bloody foot," He was nothing short of the truth, Draco has gotten insanely taller from before to now.

"And I don't know if his hair just grew, or he just decided to stop slicking it, but the lad looks far better," You commented alongside the matter, Harry agreeing with you. You pursed your lips after, and Harry's brows furrowed. He licked his lips and a sigh followed after, his eyes diverting from you.

Silence passed the both of you, your eyes soon enough meeting again — staring at each other moments before fake vomiting. You both were hurled over the table, absolutely exaggerated in the physical formation, but your reactions were nothing short of how you felt inside.

"I can't believe we agreed on that," You murmured, coughing for no reason other than playing off the vomiting ploy. Harry laughed at you faked illness, hands pressing against his stomach as he cackled at you reaction. You smiled at him, immediately snorting due to his absolutely contagious laughter.

Some other wizards and witches enjoying their drinks had glanced over to you both as you shared your laughing fits. Some rolled their eyes simply due to the mutual distain with the youth, for whatever reason; and others looked upon you two with an awe to their hearts as you both had your moment of pure joy.

"Draco Malfoy, the most despicable boy in our year," Harry mused over after his fits of laughter died somewhat, scrunching up his nose in disgust as he thought of the matter. The boy couldn't even finish his thoughts before gagging with disgust, and you laughed in response to him.

"God, that's just," You couldn't even finish your thoughts, shaking your head and sticking out your
tongue as a churning noise emitted from your throat.

"We're pretending that conversation never picked up from last year," Harry joked with a cute smile, and you nodded in tandem with him. As that subsided, the two ordered Butterbeers came floating in your direction. You glanced to Madam Rosmerta and gave her a nod — a silent motion of thanks, but pushing Harry's drink toward him.

"Gather around, for Harry Potter is going to have his first drink of Butterbeer," You had jokingly announced, using your wand as a fake microphone — once again causing Harry to laugh loudly. He brought the cup to his lips, dipping the glass back. The butterscotch liquid dribbled down his throat with a few stray beads rolling down his chin. He sighed with gusto, lowering the drink and nodding.

"That's pretty damn good," Harry remarked with a shy smile.

"I figured," You joked before leaning over to wipe off the excess of his drink with a napkin. You folded the used tissue and placed it against the side, sitting properly in your seat once more. You rose your Butterbeer to Harry, a nod and a smile following from you after.

"To solitude, freedom, illegalities, and one hell of a friendship," You said with a smile, both of your glasses clinking together gently before you both continued to indulge in the sweet treat.
"the eyes of one are left unnoticed by that of beauty. sophistry waves away the truth of wander and all is left secret,"

The massive doors to the Great Hall had been feebly pushed open as one late individual came wandering in after breakfast had shortly began. Truthfully, you hadn't been your most presentable today — with two pieces of your garments slung over your arm and worn clothing messy and improper. You took notice in Luna Lovegood, as she had in you, and she smiled at your sweetly. She waved calmly, beckoning for you to join the rest of them for the first meal of the day back from holiday.

As you strode over to her and the lot of them, you awkwardly slipped into your sweater vest and fastened up the last two buttons of your button-up. You swept the your robes onto your shoulders and fiddled with your tie as you made your way toward the table.

The night prior you had been practicing your charms and such; one hour became three more, and soon enough it was five in the morning and you'd forgotten to sleep. The only alternative was to sleep for an hour and get up for breakfast, but — as it had the night before — one hour had turned into another and soon enough you were fifteen minutes short.

"Never thought I'd see the day when [Name] was late," Ginny remarked with an all-well chuckle, brushing her long strands of hair behind her ear. You rolled your eyes with an endeared smile before sitting between Luna and Ron.

"You look terrible!" Ron remarked and you hit him lightly on the back of his head. He laughed sheepishly and you joined him with a light snicker.

"Just a little tousled, not terrible," Neville gently retorted, smiling at you small. You flushed gently at his defense, smiling at him sweetly in return.

"What were you up to anyway?" Ginny asked with genuine curiosity, her cheek pressed into her hand as she looked at you. Luna smiled and took hold of you by the tie, bringing you to face her direction. Before you could speak to answer her, Luna had shushed you with a gentle press of her finger to your lips.

"[Name] was up until five in the morning to practice spells and the like," Luna explained, finger dropping from your lips to fix your tie. You kept silent as her slender fingers swept the fabric of your tie ends to properly do your necktie for the day. You smiled embarrassedly, sucking in your cheeks as you waited for Luna to finish the finery of your uniform.

"You need to get your rest," Hermione inputted with a concerned frown. Ron rose his brows, unnecessarily aghast at Hermione's suggestion. Hermione furrowed her brows in response, silently biting back at Ron before he could spit out something to say.

"Says you!" Ron scoffed. Truthfully, she was being rather hypocritical, but technically not at the same time. Everyone aside from you had glanced over to Ron, and then back to Hermione — all primarily agreeing with the nature of his outburst.

"No, she's right," You defended, nodding at Luna as a thanks for fixing you up before turning back toward everyone else. Luna shook her head silently, obviously indicating that she hadn't been
"I've hardly been sleeping," You pointed admittedly. As you continued to speak, Luna came up behind you and began to fiddle with your mess of hair.

"At least Hermione still gets at least a reasonable amount of sleep. I only was able to grab two last night, or rather — today," You shrugged, pursing your lips.

"Well, never mind [Name]'s piss-poor schedule," Harry waved with a smirk and snicker following. Luna's glanced up slightly, subtly glaring at the boy as she took his words to offense toward you — which had been offense to herself by default.

"Wow, thanks Harry," You sarcastically droned out with a smile.

"How was everyone's break?" Harry inquired with a smile, glancing about the table until someone spoke up — which had been none other than Ron. He and Ginny bit back and forth about their winter trifles and the small bits of fun experienced.

The voices began to merge and drone out in your head; you most definitely heard their words distinctly, but didn't pay much depth to them. Luna pulled at your hair gently, running her hands through the tousled locks until everything evened out and began more pristine as it should be.

Just for a moment, though you didn't notice Luna do such, she had glanced up to lock eyes with another. Her fawn eyes fluttered, and a smile curled upon her lips as she glanced downward at the top of your head. To ensure her thoughts to be true, she glanced back behind her to see no one else seated in their general direction.

Luna swept downward, curling your hair behind your ear before whispering something of importance to you. Your ears turned read and you perked up ever the slightest, trying to not show any expression upon your face and kept neutral as you focused on Hermione — who had begun speaking of interesting Muggle occurrences.

"It really is bizarre now that I think about it," Hermione had begun to muse. "Just sitting on some stranger's lap as he dresses like Father Christmas," Hermione hummed, arms crossed as she thought deeply of this and with concern laced on her brows.

The lot of them continued to shoot conversation back and forth about whatever happenings, but all of that faded in your mind as you sourly focused on what Luna had informed you of,

"Draco's looking at you,"

It was hardly anything to worry over, but you couldn't help feeling a chill kiss down your spine — especially when taking note of Draco's scrutinizing gaze deduct you through your peripherals.
"the night is a mistress for the wicked, and a protection for the wayward soul — and through the
moon's cries will a new light shine upon the renegades and the mendicant of knowledge,"

You sat still in bed, not even blinking for a moment as your heart anxiously pounded in your chest.
Your fingers traced the folds in your skirt, curling around the fabric and gripping tight. You watched
the clock methodically, breath hitched in your throat as the hands chimed to midnight. Every tick
following after only meant more milliseconds of chance slipping right through your fingers. This
offer was far too good to be true, but you needed to take this chance.

You carefully crept out of bed, dancing about your dorm upon the balls of your feet as you
gracefully swept everything toward you with the assistance of magic. You sent your scarf to whirling
about your neck and the Invisibility Cloak wrapped about your shoulders. You lifted the hood over
your head, sighing deeply before completely wrapping the fabric around your body to allow yourself
to disappear from sight.

Tension rose in your throat as you crept out of the dorm, fear etched into your skin in the form of
bumps. Your footsteps remained practically silent as you softly stepped throughout the halls —
weary of Mr. Filch and Mrs. Norris out for stranglers' heads. Truthfully, there were not many words
to describe the painful amounts of trepidation you had experienced. Every muscle in your body had
been numb, and every step felt as if you were floating — and your mind felt enveloped with
distraught and rebellion.

Before you knew it, you were tasting the biting breeze from outside the school confines. You inhaled
sharply, a waver of relax coursing through you. From nearby the Black Lake you could see another
figure standing by the water's edge. You crept slowly, glancing down at the ground to ensure you
weren't stepping upon any branches of sorts.

"Laszlo?" You whispered out into the night, the eyes of another shooting up from the water toward
your general direction — bright silver burning into you.

"[Name]?" Laszlo, supposedly, whispered in return. You made haste toward him, stopping before
him for just a moment — glancing about the scene. You removed the cloak from around you when
all seemed to be well, meeting eye-to-eye with the man.

Laszlo lowered his hood, looking down at you with a soft smile upon his lips. It's been quite a while
since you last seen the former student, especially since he had been expelled from school —
however, lucky him, the bastard completed his O.W.Ls and didn't have to face the wand-breaking
consequences.

You felt almost scared to see him, worried of what the tricky man had hidden in his cloaks. This
single night could either make or break your entire standing as a student of Hogwarts and even
potential future — especially if you end up getting expelled and banned such as him. This was one of
your more questionable decisions that was purely based on that of your will, desperation, and heart
— not your sensibility and voice of reason. Shortly, it was awfully idiotic of you to be dabbling in
these matters.

Laszlo, without hesitation, swept into his cloak to bring out to you a rather hefty journal — book
even — that had been entirely blank in regards to the cover. Your fingers traced the leather, feeling
some amount of bumps and etches on the cover, but nothing too flashy or extravagant.

You cautiously began to flip through the pages, also discovering that it had been blank. Your brows furrowed in confusion, but then it crossed you for just a moment — potential invisible ink. You waved your wand, casting the *Aparecium* charm upon the pages, of which all of the neatly scribed ink work had been revealed.

"No wonder you're a Ravenclaw," Laszlo commented, and you gave him a pained, weak smile in return. He guided you over to the Lake's edge, both of you seated together in quiet.

"Now, this book is pretty much every single spell known to Wizard-kind — and mainly includes spells that don't get taught here at Hogwarts," Laszlo had explained, leaning over to you to flip through the pages for you.

"Like this one, *Legilemens*," He had pointed out, his finger stopping on said page. You hastily skimmed through the words, eyes wide at the description of the incantation.

*The incantation for intrusive legilemency - delving deep into a victim's mind and simply taking the information you need. The use of legilemency is generally frowned upon, and never used.*

"This is why it's perfect! It's never used and that means no one today *really* knows it, and you do want to be impressive don't you?" Laszlo had pointed out to you with a cheeky grin. His hands had gripped your shoulders gently, looming behind you like a shadow.

You glanced over your shoulder to glance at him, a tinge of worry fluttering in your eyes — your mind commanded a strong 'no', but your body moved to agreement. This spell wasn't one you should reckon with, especially since it's frowned upon, but it would be rather impressive to at least have the ability to do it.

"So, from here on out," Laszlo had began with a rather impish grin. "I am going to help you out with everything so you don't accidentally kill yourself." Laszlo had jested, and you returned with a shy smile.

"How often will that be?" You asked rather softly, curiously looking to Laszlo for a definitive answer. He pondered for a moment, mentally figuring out his schedule and deciding upon what days were best for him.

"Thursdays," Laszlo said to you, hesitating for a moment before nodding once more in confirmation to himself. "So, does every Thursday sound good for you?" He perked up again, smiling at you calmly.

"Yes." You had stated with strong confirmation, though all had still remained rather shaky within yourself. Laszlo grinned with utmost delight, clapping his hands gently as he just absolutely beamed at you. You couldn't help but smile in return at his expression, extending your hand toward him as you both cupped together to confirm the pact between you two.
"Shut up, Malfoy," Harry seethed as he glowered venomously at Draco Malfoy. Hermione and Ron glanced at one another with a spell of hesitation and confusion of what to do in the moment. Draco began to saunter up to the boy with a scowl and a swish to his hips, taunting and testing Harry's patience as Draco kept to his snarky, unbearable self. You sighed and stepped hastily in front of Harry, glaring at Draco with a deep frown.

"Enough of your messing with Harry," You warned him with a stern tone, earning an insanely haughty scoff from Draco.

"Yeah? And why should I listen to a puny Ravenclaw like you?" Draco chuckled, hands in the depths of his pockets as he intimidatingly glared vile daggers into you. You narrowed you eyes, taking a step forward to meet closer with Draco. If looked close enough, one could practically see the fiery emblem burst about in your eyes.

"Because I, at the very least, still can manage on my own accord without having to cry for my father, Mr. Daddy Issues." You insulted with a crude scowl, earning some coughs from those who attempted to conceal their laughs — even from some of the Slytherin folk. Draco scrunched his nose at you, sneering coldly at you before his lips curled into a vicious smirk. He leaned toward you, brushing a curl of your hair behind your ear before whispering to you very lowly.

"I'd suggest you watch your mouth, [Last Name]." Draco had growled, causing shivers of fear to trickle down the length of your spine. You tensed, ever the subtlest, with your inner cheeks clamped down between the rows of your teeth as you kept your gaze affixed to his.

Draco released a single, breathy laugh before shoving you over. You stumbled in your steps, but kept your strong stance as best you can. You exchanged no more words with Draco, turning back to Harry instead to ensure that the blond didn't verbally abuse him too terribly.

Soon enough, once all had been arranged and the ice had been broken in the designated area for today's classes, Hagrid stepped before with a gigantic beast following his trail. You looked to your professor and his fantastic beast, palms pressed together with a gasp escaping into the cup of your hands.

"This a Hippogriff," Hagrid had introduced with a proud smile. You shuffled over to primly sit upon one of the trunks of the cut off trees, admiring the gigantic beast with pure fascination — eyes lit up at the sheer magnificence of the creature. You smiled at the Hippogriff, its orange eyes catching your gaze for a long while.

"Buckbeak is his name," Hagrid had introduced before going along on a tangent of the pride of these creatures and how easily offended they may get. Pretty much, all his words drowned for a moment as you continued admiring Buckbeak — but his cautionary words kept in your mind for future reference.
"Any one wan' ter give 'im a bow?" Hagrid had asked, and you immediately had shot up your hand with an excited smile. He looked to you and smiled in return, motioning for you to approach the Hippogriff. You stood before the beast, smiling before giving a nice, low bow for him.

"What a freak. I wouldn't go near that horrendous beast," You had heard Malfoy snicker with his companions Crabbe and Goyle. You inhaled sharply with your lips pursed as you continued to look at the Hippogriff. Buckbeak seemed to take notice of Draco's insult and crowed aggressively with anger laced behind his sound. You smiled awkwardly, waving shyly before bowing once more — despite Hagrid's warning to back away if the Hippogriff does now bow in return.

"Goodness, you're absolutely stunning," You earnestly told Buckbeak with a wide smile, hands held properly behind your back. Buckbeak gave a rather pleased coo, before bowing down before you.

"How abou' yeh give the 'ol fella a pet?" Hagrid suggested and you happily obliged. You steadily held your hand out for the Hippogriff, and he dipped his head down underneath your hand. You began to stroke the soft feathers of his head, smiling with pure glee at the experience provided for you. Buckbeak made an odd purr-like noise, nuzzling his head into your hand and soon enough against your cheek.

"He seems ter like yeh," Hagrid had commented with a hearty laugh as Buckbeak showered you with little flashes of love and such. As Buckbeak had warmed up to you, other students began to grow intrigued with the creature. You stepped back, bowing once more as a sign of thank before allowing other students to have a go at petting the wondrous Hippogriff.

"Ugh, anyone can please this filthy creature," Draco snorted with a haughty tone. This comment immediately alarmed Buckbeak and Hagrid, watching as Draco had been first to stride up to the Hippogriff after you.

"Oh no," You shook your head, repeating the word 'no' quite a bit after; your hand pressed against his chest as you shoved him back to his place. You inhaled sharply before shoving him once more back. Draco narrowed his eyes at you, fists clenched at his side. The other students began to stare at the lot of you with curious and intrigued eyes.

"You don't so much as glance at Buckbeak, okay?" You warned with steady eyes, locked with Draco in a tranced glare. You studied his face carefully, watching his expression twist from angered by your forceful touch to somewhat stoic and understanding. The blond stuck his chin up, glowering you down nevertheless.

"Buckbeak could very well kill you if you dare insult him, and I'm sure none of us want to wait until your father hears about this," You added on to the flame, now seeing Draco's expression revert to his more angered self. Draco exhaled sharply before rolling his eyes, not saying a single word before walking away from the bundle of students — occasionally shoving one over.

From there onward, everyone else indulged in their interactions with Buckbeak — laughter and tinges of fear filling the air. You sat up in the trees with some other students who finished up, smiling softly at the pure enthusiasm about the lot of them. You leaned against the tree, hair messed about your face as you shut your eyes for a mere moment — relishing in the warmth of the sun alongside the gentle breeze of the leaves tickling your skin.

"Alright ev'ryone, class will be over soon. Time ter go back!" Hagrid shouted, interrupting your moment of serenity. You sleepily smiled, sitting upright and watching the other students hop down from the somewhat low trees and land upon the ground. Before you could jump, Draco had been standing directly underneath you.
"Malfoy, could you please move? I'd like to get down," You asked as politely as possible, hands clutched around the branch. Draco hummed for a moment, giving you a cocky answer in the form of a rejection. You signed, pleading eyes looking down at him.

"Please," You pleaded more so, lips slightly pouted and brows furrowed into a somewhat sorrowed expression. Draco cracked a wide smile, hands in his pockets as he gave you a cocky raise of the brow.

"Is that begging I'm hearing?" Draco perked up jokingly with a coy smile.

"God, don't make this weirder and more complicated than it has to be," You rolled your eyes with a hint of a smile to you. While Draco was an obnoxious prat, you can admit he had a bit of fun charm about him in very rare occasions. Your relationship never withheld the same scorn as him and Harry, but rather held a tinge of it.

Draco sighed exaggeratedly before side-stepping to allow you room to hop down from up in the trees to down on the ground. Once landed, you brushed down your bottoms and glanced up at Draco — seeing a rather impish going about his eyes.

"I did suggest to watch your mouth, didn't I?" Draco asked rhetorically, expression showing an odd mixture of anger and boyish charm; but the tension was all the more there in that moment. Most of the fun tones from earlier suddenly evaporated into nothing, and you felt your heart sink terribly low.

You had nodded slowly to his words, a tinge of fear sparkling in your eyes. Yes, a threat from Draco Malfoy was practically nothing, but this was a first of him bringing it up again with a look that shows real threat and intention of going through with whatever had been swarming in his head.

"Well-" Before he could finish whatever he had planned to tell you, Harry had come up beside you two calmly. He glared at Draco, his hand sneaking to grab hold of yours. Draco scoffed, looking down at Harry with an awfully disgusted expression.

"Excuse me, Malfoy," Harry sneered, glancing to your softly for just a moment. "I have to take [Name] away from the awful likes of you," He seethed, gently leading you away from Draco before the blond could retort or say anything in response. You went away with Harry without can opposition, truthfully wanting to get out of that mess for as long as you could.

"I'm sorry for that, [Name]. You just looked like you were in a bit of trouble," Harry softly apologized, truly apologetic for his rather brash actions. You brushed off his actions, smiling at him nevertheless and thanking him for his saving grace.

—

The nightfall came as swiftly as the rising dawn, and soon enough your shared dorms were enveloped in darkness. You steadily walked over to curtains, swishing apart the blue drapes to allow the shining moon to bleed into a small section of the room. Usually these nights meant letter writing, as you lacked the time of day to just relax.

Your scrolls of parchment, ink bottle, and quill floated over to you as you were sat before the desk. You sighed softly, dipping the tip of your quill into the ink carefully — tapping it lightly against the rim so as to not allow the black to blot and bleed onto the paper.
The initial letters were to be sent to your parents — hopefully they'll be home to read this one especially as they haven't responded to your past ten. Your letters to them have felt like diary entries that are jotted down every two weeks — and truthfully it disappointed you insanely, but you continued to write anyhow.

Dear Mother and Father,

I'm unsure of when you'd be receiving this, but this is my eleventh letter gone unnoticed or not responded to. I miss you both dearly and I hope you both kept your promises to be safe always.

In regards to school, I'm still battling with Draco Malfoy for that 2nd highest — and it's a lost cause to even be better than Hermione, she's too wonderful and bright for me to peg down. Classes have been exceptionally well, and I'm still riding along straight A's.

Not much else has occurred thus far, but I have been-

Before you could finish, the peck of a beak against class startled you out of your wits. You sighed, rubbing the bridge of your nose before opening the window to allow the owl inside. As quickly as his arrival, he left into the night — but had left behind a single letter. You cautiously opened it, eyes tracing over the words of the letter sent to you.

Dear [Last Name],

I'm assuming you're awake right now. You usually are.

From,
Draco Malfoy

You hummed, curiously flipping the parchment front and back to ensure you weren't missing anything. Soon enough, you decided upon sending your letter to him in response — rather cautious with writing out your regards.

Dear Malfoy,

Admittedly, you are correct. What is it that bothers you this fine evening enough to interrupt my own?

Sincerely,
[Name] [Last Name]

You immediately had Edmon deliver the letter to the dungeons. From there, you continued on with your letter to your own parents to pass the time until his response fleeted in. As expected, it had, and you found yourself curiously opening his inked words.
Dear [Last Name],

Going insanely posh, I see. We never got to finish our talk earlier. When given the chance, I want you to meet with me at a point. I'll reconvene with you when the time is right."

From,
Draco Malfoy

Your teeth captured at your bottom lip as you felt suddenly nervous in regards to the 'reconvene' section of the letter. Usually, most ends with Draco never find themselves tied at the end given his stubbornness and most others's wit to avoid such, but now you feared you hadn't enough 'wit' to wiggle out of this situation.

You considered ignoring any advances from here forward, but you weren't entirely sure. Perhaps going to the Wittiest girl you knew and the boy who constantly dealt with badgering from the blond would advise you in getting out of this situation.

Dear Malfoy,

Noted.

Sincerely,
[Name] [Last Name]
"God, I feel dreary," You complained as you tapped your face to keep yourself awake in the library. You glanced to Hermione with a begging glance, hands intertwined as if preparing for a prayer. Hermione barely glanced at her container before reluctantly gliding it over to you. You beamed at her, opening up the container to take a nice swig of Hermione's brewed Wide-Eye Potion.

Harry lurched forward for the container you had, but Hermione immediately slapped his hand. Harry quietly groaned and glared pure daggers at Hermione, jokingly crying with bright puppy dog eyes.

"You've already drunk more than enough — you'll turn into some Potion-holic," Hermione very seriously jested, her words playing on the word 'alcoholic' evidently. You smiled at them and returned the potion to Hermione, glancing to Harry as you did so.

Proceeding from that, the three of you continued onward with studying for History of Magic — you feeling more woken up now, but still insanely tense and terrified. You know Draco Malfoy had something in store for you, and you wouldn't be surprised if what he had in store was your head on a platter.

As Hermione quizzed you on a question, you had spaced out and didn't even take note of her repeatedly calling your name. Hermione furrowed her brows due to your lack of cooperation and pulled out her wand — sending a nonlethal zap in your direction. You sparked up immediately, staring at the frizzy-haired witch with wide eyes.

"[Name]? Hello?" Hermione called out to you exasperatedly — rather insulted by your lack of attentiveness despite your recent drink.

"I'm sorry," You meekly apologized. Your elbows dug into the table the three of you had been seated at — hands digging into your scalp and frizzing about with your locks soon after.

"I have a lot on my mind." You mentioned pointedly, hands slipping from your head and onto the crook of your neck. You huffed lowly, eyes flushed ever the slightest with a tinge of frustration.

"Maybe talking about it would help?" Harry suggested, glancing to Hermione for approval. She quite evidently hadn't been pleased with his suggestion, but nevertheless was a good friend and always willing to listen to you in your moments of desperation. Hermione kept her finger upon where she left off in the book, now giving her gaze fully.

"It's with Draco Malfoy," You had begun and not even before the surname could roll out did Harry scowl. He slumped in his seat, arms crossed over his chest and a glare permanent on his bright eyes.

"He's threatened me in a notion," You mentioned, hands twiddling with the hair on the nape of your
neck. "He told me to 'watch my mouth', and I initially thought it to be nothing more than an empty threat." You explained with your eyes averted from the attentive stares of Hermione and Harry. Hermione's brows furrowed in thought as she concentrated on your expressions and words whereas Harry was still solely fumed on the topic of Malfoy and him hurting you possibly. He ears had been flushed red at the lips, and he bit on his cheek while clenching his fists tight.

"Malfoy never usually keeps true to his threats, but I genuinely have a bad feeling about this and I fear he's going go do something terrible." You rushed out, eyes frantic and pleading. You sucked in on your cheeks, biting down on them as you looked between the two before you.

"I don't know what to do." You finalized to signify the finish of your ramble to ensure that they understood your point clearly. Hermione looked down at the table for a moment, registering sensible solutions while Harry babbled on about either challenging him to a dual or simply ignoring him. You were highly considering Harry's suggestion of ignoring any invitation of his that suggests a meeting between you both, but truthfully you weren't sure if said option was going to suffice.

"Rather," Hermione interrupted. "Either confront him on the matter and furthermore break him down another notch or conclude any bicker between you two — through apology, or otherwise." She meticulously suggested, though the whole idea came out immensely simplistic from her voice. It was simple, but her choice of words deemed it seemingly otherwise.

"I could, really, but that feels rude of me to do," You remarked. "Whatever helps is what I will go with." You added in meekly, chewing on your tongue as you got lost in thought once more.

There was a very probable possibility of a hectic happening occurring. Either you and Draco going at odds with one another either through pure hatred or an actual dual, or there was the possibility of everything getting fixed which had been unlikely from a Malfoy.

"Who cares about you being rude? He's the one who's threatening you!" Harry retorted exasperatedly, getting a series of shushes and glares from on-going library folks.

"I, on the other hand, want to be more civilized than the git," You remarked with a somewhat proud smile, yet somewhat weary. "I refuse to stoop as low as Malfoy." You added in with dark eyes.

"Exactly. Just because you and Malfoy are always at each other's throats doesn't mean [Name] has to as well," Hermione nodded in with a light smirk upon her lips. You glanced to her and shot her a flushed grin, a light exhale escaping through your nose — kind of like a snicker.

"But, back to it," You cleared your throat, earning an immediate roll of the eyes from Hermione. She closed her book slowly soon after this, realizing that no useful studying would get done today with your Malfoy problem lingering about.

“What do you think he’s gonna do?” Harry asked with a raise of a brow, adjusting his glasses directly after. You hummed for a moment, tapping your knee with the tips of your fingers.

“Hex me? Duel me? Try to get me expelled or a detention? Or- ” You babbled, listing off any idea that flourished in your mind palace. Harry shushed you, leaning over the table to grab your hand. He gave you an assuring squeeze, gaze flickering from your hands to your face.

“He’s a wuss, he wouldn’t be able to hurt you — you’re stronger than that twig of a ferret.” Harry snickered with a grin. Hermione nudged Harry a bit in the side.

“For the mean time, let’s just go get food to calm your nerves.” Hermione recommended with a sweet grin.
chapter seven

Chapter Notes

i'm so so sorry for the delay!

i've been busy studying for exams and have lost time for extracurriculars, my apologies:

and additional apologies for the awfully short chapter

"ignorance may be bliss, but is it really all so lovely in the end?"

—

All was tranquil for a time. No disturbances for a temporary spell. It was just you beneath a tree at Hogwarts, book about Muggles in hand, and reading the Sunday afternoon away. Although your eyes flickered amongst the printed text, your mind fled elsewhere. It had merely been three days, technically less, since this whole Draco debacle began and you couldn't help but find yourself swarmed in panic with this situation.

Everything felt all too quiet here.

Literal quiet was broken by the familiar caw of Edmon. You looked up to see the lovely owl clutching a scroll in his claws, and you felt goosebumps rise upon your skin the moment that your eyes laid upon the parchment from afar.

"Good boy," You praised as you smoothed Edmon's feathers on his head and then dug around your bag to find the little sack of treats you usually gave to him. As Edmon ate from the palm of your hand, you flicked open the scroll with much difficulty in your free hand.

library, during dinner.

you know exactly whom

You inhaled sharply, breath shallow and knot tied at the throat. You gave a shaky kiss to Edmon's head before sending him off, and your hands clutched at your clothing. You stared blankly down at your book, not a single sliver of interest in continuing your studies came to mind. All that had swarmed was the fear of Malfoy.

It felt a little ridiculous to feel terror at the thought of some blond fool, but in all fairness, the boy held a lot of power - none of which you were willing to meddle with. You should've kept your mouth shut.

You packed up your belongings and swung it over your shoulder, fingers curled around the strap for a perch of some surface to keep some steady hold. Your weak legs quickly walked back to the main campus of Hogwarts.

Once your shoes began colliding with the clatter of concrete, you forcefully broke from your dreary trance - properly alert and 'normal' as it were. You smiled at some of your peers passing by and
masked your fear with false content. Although, your eyes really gave your fear away for Luna Lovegood side-stepped directly in front of you and took hold of your jittery hands.

"Draco, I assume?" She assumed correct, and you let out a little feeble nod. Luna nodded in return, without whispering out another syllable. The girl guided you away from the sea of people and into the primarily empty hallway - save for the few couples who were snogging.

You immediately began fishing in your bag for the letter, and all without another exchange of words. It had always been this way with Luna, and you're glad you never had to deeply explain anything to her - unlike how it had been with the infamous trio and others. It was just Luna who understood.

The paper was guided into her hands and her eyes skimmed over the short words. She folded up the paper before taking her wand and igniting the parchment, watching the ashes of the piece clumping to the ground.

"I suggest we stay in the dorm for dinner tonight, and I'll ask Cho to smuggle in food for us if you really do get hungry," Luna offered with a sweet grin. "Wouldn't want Draco to barge into the Great Hall looking for you once realizing that you weren't going to meet with him," Luna noted with risen brows.

You nodded hastily and Luna took hold of your hand again, guiding both of you out from the hallway and back toward the Ravenclaw Tower.

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